

New Year's Eve

by Sean Reid Scott

Before Seth's Jeep Cherokee even came to a stop, I had the passenger door open, and was throwing my duffel in the back. I hopped in and pulled the door closed, but Seth didn't move the rig. He just looked at me.

"What," I frowned.

He didn't immediately answer, but after a second he said, "I just found out Ray is going to be there."

I tried to not show a reaction. I looked away from Seth, straight out the windshield at the dark night. His wipers were barely keeping up with the snow. "Well, that'll be interesting," I said.

Seth finally pulled the Jeep forward, slowly. "Yeah," he grumbled. "That guy's a flake." Then he turned to me again and said, "A real douchebag."

"Well, I think you'll be able to handle it," I said, again trying to keep my emotions out of it.

Seth accelerated, and we sped out of the dorm parking lot. We hopped on Interstate 81 and headed north.

I changed the subject. "My phone says we could get half a foot of snow tonight."

"That's what I heard too," Seth said. His demeanor remained sour.

"How many people did Tiffany invite?" I asked.

"Knowing Tiff, there'll be a crowd. I'm guessing maybe fifty? Not all of 'em will be staying all night though."

I grinned. "I just hope they have plenty of booze."

"Don't worry," Seth said, now smiling. "I've been to Tiff's parties for years. You won't be disappointed." A few seconds later he mumbled, "But I'll be needing quite a bit of booze if I can't get away from Ray."

Twenty minutes later, the Cherokee pulled into the long driveway of Kellington Palace, as it was lovingly called, on account that Tiffany Kellington's family lived there. It wasn't an actual palace, but in the scheme of Syracuse's upper crust, the house was definitely on the high end. Three-stories were visible from the street. The snow was falling pretty hard, but the mansion was lit up like a concert hall; the snow wasn't deep enough yet, to bury the outdoor lights.

Seth cruised up the majestically long driveway and parked next to the other cars packed in. We grabbed our gear and hopped out. Tiffany greeted us on the front porch. "Hey guys," she smiled. She sidled up to me and gave me a peck on the cheek and a hug, then she did the same to Seth. "You guys are upstairs. Take a left at the top, and head toward the end. Second to last on the right. It's the only blue room up there," she instructed.

We double-stepped it up the stairs and found our room. Everything about this house dripped money. Our room, while not the largest of the guest rooms, was certainly no disappointment. Twin beds sat against both the left and right walls; two large windows were above each bed at the head. We threw our bags on the beds, checked out the rest of the room, then returned to the top of the stairs and stopped. We looked down at the large entryway where Tiffany was greeting more guests.

A large chandelier dominated the entry. To our left, as we looked down at the front door, a big formal living room, with gold carpeting and dark woodwork, already held some twenty people or so, and everyone had a drink in hand.

“Come on, man,” Seth said, “Let’s get this party going.” He started down the stairs, and I followed.

Someone handed us beers as soon as we got into the living room. Most of the faces were familiar; a few were not.

“Hey Caleb,” Tiffany called out from the entry, “can you hunt down my brother and have him come here please? He should be in the family room—off the kitchen.”

“Sure,” I called back. “What’s his name? What does he look like?”

“Ryder,” she said. “He’ll be the big buff one.”

My heart quickened at that thought. No one knew of my obsession with big, muscle guys, so I kept my inner-grin to myself. I left Seth in the living room and headed to the back of the house.

Tiff was right. It was obvious who Ryder was; he was huge—probably six and a half feet, and from the way his skin was pulled tight against his square jaw, he looked freakishly lean. His thick neck supported a gorgeous head that had blond hair, cut businesslike—and the most gorgeous face in upper New York state, complete with a cleft in the chin, and dimples that were now fully dented as his smile gleamed at a girl to whom he was talking. He wasn’t only tall and lean. He was magnificently muscled. Astoundingly so. I mean, this guy could have graced the cover of bodybuilding magazines. And GQ. He was off the charts.

He was wearing a polo shirt that fit perfectly—not too tight, but just right to accentuate his thick traps, bulbous shoulders and massive chest. Oh fuck, that chest! It was wide and thick; it thrust forward like some kind of padded armor. The guy must bench cattle. The short sleeves hugged his gargantuan arms. Ryder definitely spent more than his fair share of time in the gym. Bigger—and better—than anyone I’d ever seen in person.

I nearly seized with lust. The hunk was a full-blown Red Alert.

I made my way across the kitchen/family room—it was even more crowded than the living room—and introduced myself to Ryder.

“You must be Tiffany’s brother, right?” I said as his conversation with the girl paused.

“Guilty,” he said as he looked at me. God his smile was gorgeous. Gawd, he was huge!

“I’m Caleb. Tiffany asked me to have you come to the entryway,” I said.

He extended his hand and I couldn't help but look down at his thick, veiny forearm as we shook hands. "I'm Ryder," he said. He smiled at me and his eyes twinkled. "Well, guess I should go see what she wants. Thanks for the word, man. And welcome to Kellington Palace." He turned quickly, so I didn't have time to thank him for the welcome (and the boner). But I did have time to follow Ryder's massive frame, with my eyes, out the door. A wide, "V-shaped" bodybuilder's back if there ever was one. And a tight, small waist. That ass, covered in nice khaki slacks, was the most erotic thing ever. And it was supported by two gigantic, powerful-looking legs that seemed to bulge with every step.

I followed Ryder to the entry; when I arrived Tiff was asking him about which room they had assigned the new guests who were standing next to her. Using his hands to help him think out who was where, Ryder quickly told Tiffany which room was theirs.

"Thanks," Tiff said. Then she introduced the people to Ryder, both of whom were obviously impressed with the hunk's imposing presence.

As soon as the guests left to find their room, Ryder moved to return to the family room in the back. I was turning to follow him, like a little puppy, when I was stopped by someone calling my name from the open front door. I looked back at the door and saw Ray standing there, smiling at me.

He looked good. I had forgotten how good he looked. Tall and fit, his smile always melted me. His bleached-blond hair—nearly white—poked out below his wool hat; he wore a double-breasted wool coat—very stylish. But that was the way Ray rolled.

"Hey, man. Long time, huh?" he grinned, shining his teeth. I was obligated to greet him. Even though his good looks were nothing to ignore, I wasn't that excited to see Ray again, undoubtedly for different reasons than Seth had.

As I made it close enough to give him a compulsory hug-greeting, Tiffany closed the door behind him.

"How you doing, Ray?" I asked.

"Great," he said. He gave Tiffany the same hug-greeting, and she told him how to find his room. As he left to deposit his duffel, he turned to me and winked. "We've got a lot to catch up on, huh?"

I smiled and nodded, and as I did, my peripheral vision caught Seth standing in the wide double-doorway that led to the living room. He was nursing his beer. He wasn't smiling.

Ray left, and as I brushed past Seth I said, "Nice party, huh?"

He mumbled, "It was, until a second ago."

I stopped and returned to Seth, looking him in the eye. "What's your problem with Ray? Why can't you just ignore him?"

"Because he won't ignore me," Seth answered.

"He did just now," I said.

"That won't last. I'd put money on him finding me as soon as he gets back here. He'll try to sit on my lap or something."

I squinted. “Dude, you’re paranoid.”

Yet, truth be told, I knew Seth’s draw. Ray, obviously attracted to the same sex, would be nuts to ignore Seth. Seth was gorgeous.

Then Seth said, “And he’s an effeminate fa—”

Before Seth was able to complete the pejorative, his comment was interrupted by the return of Ray, now standing right next to us.

“Hey, Seth,” Ray smiled. “Long time no! Huh?” He extended his hand enthusiastically.

Seth begrudgingly took it, and shook for as short a time as he could. “Hey Ray,” he said. And that was all.

After an awkward moment, Ray said, “Well, I gotta grab one of those beers. Catch you two later.” He pushed between Seth and me, into the living room. He was bigger than both of us; as he brushed by, Seth’s expression toward me was unpleasant, at best.

“Well, at least that didn’t last long,” I tried to reassure Seth.

He just sneered at me.

Tiffany approached from the entryway, and said to both of us, “I think that’s just about everyone. Maybe one or two others... If I don’t hear the doorbell ring, will one of you guys come and find me?”

“Sure,” I said.

She joined her guests in the living room, where Ray had already started working the crowd. He was loud. His enthusiasm always made him pretty popular, but there were those who thought like Seth, or who just didn’t like Ray’s over-confidence.

I knew Seth would stand there for a while, watching Ray, hating everything about the situation, so I made an exit through the entryway, and through the door under the staircase, back to the kitchen/family room to check up on the new man of my dreams.

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Ryder had resumed his conversation with the girl he’d been talking with before. He looked as astounding as the first time I laid eyes on him. I tried to find a spot in the room where I could position myself for maximum Ryder-watching. I ended up standing next to the very large kitchen island that was filled with all kinds of chips and food. Convenient. I could fill a small plate with goodies, then stand at one end eating, while I enjoyed an unobstructed view of the muscle hunk in the family room.

I was in heaven. I called on my extensive experience of surreptitious muscle-man watching, making sure to avert my gaze from Ryder at regular intervals, feigning interest in... whatever: Other people, the family room’s floor-to-high-ceiling rock fireplace, the Kellington’s Basset Hound—who certainly wasn’t wanting for attention. Like I said, whatever.

But always, my eyes came back to that tall, beyond-muscular hunk, whom I’m sure was the object of desire for more people than just me.

Occasionally, Ryder's conversation-partner would say something that the muscle-god found amusing, and he'd smile or laugh. Once in a while he tipped his head back as he laughed. Fudge, he was gorgeous. And he appeared to be genuinely interested in what the woman had to say—to the point of being flirtatious.

Dang. I suppose it was too much to ask that Ryder be inclined to my orientation. But I can dream, can't I?

"He looks dreamy, doesn't he?" a subdued voice said into my left ear.

In nearly hit the ceiling. Once I recovered from being startled, I turned to see Ray at my side, grinning.

"Dude," he said, still softly, "you need to work on not being so obvious."

I blushed.

"Yeah," Ray said, "we can all see."

I tried to regain my composure. "I think you can see, because you're looking too," I said. "But I don't think the straight ones suspect anything."

Ray raised his eyebrows. "I wouldn't be too sure...." He looked toward Ryder, across the room and changed the subject. "I'm sure you already know his name...."

I chuckled. "Ryder. He's Tiffany's older brother. Ryder Kellington."

Ray nodded. "You know he's straight, don't you...."

I look away from Ryder, to Ray. "Your gaydar is that good?"

"Of course," he scoffed. "I mean, look at him. He's mesmerized by that girl. Gay guys do not look at women that way."

I sighed.

Ray sighed too, then looked at me. "It'd be better if you focussed on your own team," he smiled.

I raised my eyebrows now. "I suppose that means... you?"

Ray laughed. "Well, you'll definitely have more luck with me than Mr. Muscle Hunk over there."

I didn't respond.

"What's the matter?" Ray smiled. "Feeling some regret over our little tryst last year?"

"It wasn't a tryst," I said. "I was just experimenting."

"Really!" Ray said. "Hmmm... and how did your 'experiment' turn out? Did you gain any empirical information on which way you swing?"

“I did,” I said. “But I’m not interested in sharing that data with you—or anyone else for that matter.”

“Firmly in the closet, are we?”

“Yes.” I looked downward then added, “At least for now.”

“Too bad, Caleb. You won’t be able to celebrate with me tonight.”

“Celebrate?” I asked, looking up to Ray’s eyes.

“I’m coming out. Here. Tonight. I thought it would be a great way to start the new year.”

I raised both eyebrows.

“So,” he continued, “just before the stroke of the new year, I’m going to make my announcement. Pretty cool, no?”

“Suit yourself,” I said. “I wish you well, man.”

“But?”

“But, don’t expect me to join you on the podium,” I said.

Ray’s face fell in fake disappointment.

“And,” I continued, “don’t get your hopes up regarding everyone’s reaction.”

“What do you mean?” he said, regaining his seriousness.

“Well, I think most of your friends will be supportive,” I answered. “But not everyone.”

As if on cue, Seth entered the kitchen. He tried to ignore Ray and me as he grazed the food island, but Ray would have none of that.

“Hey Seth,” Ray said. “What a spread, huh?”

“Yeah,” Seth said, not looking up from his task of grabbing salsa and guac for his plate.

“Well, I’d say you can indulge as much as you want tonight,” Ray said. “You look like you’ve been keeping up with the workouts. Nice and buff, man.”

At that, Seth looked up and gave Ray a brief stare. As he resumed with the plate-filling, he mumbled, “Thanks.”

“You’re saving some food for the rest of us, I hope,” Ryder said, startling me. My conversation with Ray, and observing their interaction, had distracted me from my Ryder-watch; I hadn’t seen him approach. His question seemed directed at all three of us, standing next to the food, even though it was only Seth who was loading up.

“Well, I think we’ll be okay,” Ray smiled at Ryder, “but I hope you have some stash of tuna or chicken somewhere, big guy. You look like you need a bit more food than the rest of us.”

Seth met my eyes with a less-than-enthusiastic gaze.

Ryder laughed. “Well, I’ve been accused of eating my parents out of this house,” he said. “But I have my own fridge out in the garage in case I have a calorie emergency,” he laughed as he extended his hand to Ray. “Ryder Kellington,” he smiled.

“Ray Barber,” Ray smiled back as they shook.

When the shake was over, Ryder looked at me and said, “How’s it going, Caleb?”

He remembered my name!

“Great,” I coughed out. “You guys pulled out all the stops for this party.”

Ryder flashed his teeth, then looked across the island at Seth, and reached out his hand. “And you are?” As his beefy arm extended, I couldn’t decide which I wanted to watch more, his thick, rippling forearm, or the mountain of biceps muscle that bulged on his upper arm—even though his arm wasn’t bent!

I caught a glance of Ray, out of the corner of my eye, and I do believe he was having the same problem as me.

“Seth. Seth Jennings,” my friend said.

“Glad to meet you,” Ryder said. Once again he said to no one of us in particular: “Make yourselves at home. Hope you enjoy the party.” He grabbed a small plate and began to make his way around the island.

Ray and I stepped to the side to give Ryder access. We stood next to the fridge, and when Ryder and Seth left, I said to Ray, “I thought you told me to stick with my own team. Not quite willing to take your own advice?”

Ray shrugged. “Well, I had to try...”

We both chuckled.

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An hour later, I was mingling through the living room. I found myself reveling in the fact that I could rub shoulders with so many of the University’s jocks, movers and shakers. I had been able to settle into friendships with many of them, despite the closeted, gay-produced shyness that I’d carried with me from high school. I wondered if any of my Syracuse friends suspected my orientation, as I knew many did regarding Ray’s.

While I was laughing at something one of my dorm friends said, my eyes caught sight of Seth, leaning against the door jam that led to the back side of the house. Next to him, Ray was holding a beer, laughing. Seth looked pissed. He was definitely not pleased with his situation. I made my way through the crowd toward the two men.

“And then I decided that chartreuse just wasn’t my color!” Ray laughed as I moved into range. Seth’s demeanor was sullen. Obviously not amused. His arms were crossed.

Ray saw me approach and flamed, “Well there he is!” He lifted his bottle to me and continued, “Caleb! Aren’t you and Seth sharing a room tonight?” he laughed.

I glanced at Seth. Obviously, he was making no effort to hide his displeasure with having to endure Ray. I decided to work it. “Well, yes we are, Ray. But I’m sure you understand, we’re in twin beds.” I glanced at Seth and saw a glimmer of a smile.

But that smile quickly faded when Ray said, “Oh, I’m sure you are! Twin beds are much more cozy!” Seth pushed himself away from the door jam and walked away.

I glared at Ray. “You asshole,” I mumbled. “Can you put a cork in it for even a few minutes? Seth is one of my best friends.” I leaned in to Ray and hissed, “Lay off him, okay? He’s dealing with his own issues, alright?” I pulled back, happy with Ray’s startled reaction. I didn’t bother to explain that Seth’s “issues” were basically grounded in homophobia.

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The evening was loud, and as it wore on, I found myself needing to sit more than stand. The beers were wearing on me. I hoped they wouldn’t wear me down so much that I’d inadvertently blurt out to Ryder what I really thought of him, or what I really wanted to do with him. I think Seth was watching me—more than usual. I suspect that he was a bit curious about my friendship with Ray. Either that, or the beers were making me paranoid.

Ray kept making eye contact with me, from across the room or wherever, and that made me a little skittish. “Just a half hour away till the big reveal,” he said to me around 11:30. “You ready?”

“Me?” I asked. “Why should I be ready for anything? I’m not the one who’s coming out.”

Ray pouted his lower lip. “Oh, I wish you would. Wouldn’t it be fun?”

I sneered at him. “Ray, so help me, if you even hint anything about me, I’ll...”

“I know. Don’t worry,” he reassured. “But if you change your mind in the next half hour, let me know.” He winked as he walked away. Then, as if written for some snarky soap opera, Seth came in to my focus, his arms folded across his chest as he watched Ray and me talk from across the room.

“Dude,” someone said, once again providing me with a wonderful startle. I turned to see Ryder next to me. He continued, “you’re not drinking enough.” He handed me a new beer. God, that was cool of him.

“Thanks, man,” I said as I accepted it. “Yeah, I have to watch how much I drink. When I get too drunk, I start saying things I regret the next morning.”

“Loose lips, huh?” Ryder grinned. “I can’t imagine you have too many secrets worth keeping, man.”

I raised my eyebrows. “Well, keep handing me beers and stick around. You might just uncover one,” I smiled.

Ryder laughed loudly. His cheeks dimpled and I literally felt my knees buckle. Then he said, “Caleb, consider yourself lucky. You only have to worry about blabbing stuff. When I get drunk I hop in bed at the drop of a hat. Hell, I never know who I might wake up with.”

Now I laughed. “I can see where that might be problematic,” I grinned. “But you don’t know any of my secrets.”

Another good laugh from Ryder.

“Besides,” I continued, “I’d guess that a guy like you has a reputation to uphold anyway, huh? A little under-the-covers activity is to be expected from a guy like you.”

“And just what is a ‘guy like me’?” Ryder asked, his eyes twinkling down at me.

“Oh, you know,” I said. “Jock. Buff. You know. A real ladies’ man.”

“Ah yes,” he smiled. “I guess you’re right. But that kind of lifestyle can have consequences.”

I nodded.

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It was five minutes till midnight, and Ray was in the living room, trying to get everyone to quiet down. There were still many people back in the family room/kitchen, but many of them had come into the living room, once Ray had taunted them with a pending, big announcement.

Among those assembled in the living room were Seth—I spotted him across the room—Tiffany, and her brother Ryder, to whom I had been talking for the last twenty minutes or so. It had been dreamy for me.

Ray finally got people to be relatively quiet. He stood next to the Kellington’s grand piano. “Well,” he started, “I just wanted to say something as I start this new year. It’s something that many of you might have suspected, but... I don’t know... Anyway, I figured that announcing this at the beginning of a new year was a good way to get it all out there,” he said.

Someone toward the back of the living room called out, “You’re gay, right?”

There were a few laughs—more than would have been offered if everyone were sober. I looked at Seth, who was—in his own inebriated state—laughing.

Ray chuckled and said, “Well, I guess more of you suspected than I thought.”

Then everyone laughed. Quickly the laughter turned to applause. At that, Seth stopped laughing. But he didn’t clap. No surprise there.

Ryder, next to me, was applauding and smiling.

Not everyone was cool with it. But those who weren’t, couldn’t really make a thing about it; this is 2015 after all. Or at least it will be in three more minutes.

Seth had soured again, and as a few people went up to affirm Ray, he made his way across the room and ended up passing right between Ryder and me on his way to the back family room. “I need another beer,” he mumbled for both of us to hear.

I looked at Ryder after Seth passed. He looked pensive. “I guess not everyone is open minded, huh?” he said to me.

“No. Unfortunately, no.” I said. “Seth needs a little coaxing to be brought into the 21st Century.”

Ryder chuckled, then asked, “You and Ray are friends, right?”

I nodded.

“Did you know?” he asked.

I hesitated. Then I nodded slowly.

“That’s cool,” Ryder said. He took a drink of his beer. People started moving back and forth again, and Ryder and I moved to let people through the walkway more easily.

It was just a minute before midnight, and—coincidentally—the woman with whom Ryder had been talking earlier in the evening showed up next to him.

“Time for the count down!” someone yelled, and everyone joined in. “Five, four, three, two, one... Happy New Year!”

At that, the girl looked up to Ryder, and of course, he bent forward to participate in the traditional New Year’s kiss.

Funny thing was... during the kiss, the whole time, Ryder kept his eyes open, and looked right at me.

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Seth had gotten more and more drunk, and as those guests who weren’t able to spend the night began to leave, he found me. We sat on a couch in the living room, alone.

“Told you so,” he said as we both worked on our beers.

“Told me what?” I asked.

“That faggy friend of yours,” he mumbled. “Told you so.”

I turned my face to Seth and said, “Seth, let it go. You’re drunk.”

“And I think you’re gay too,” Seth said.

“What? Why would you...” I tried to stop vocalizing the question—because I really didn’t want to hear him present his evidence—but it was too late. The words floated in the air, right in front of Seth’s face.

“I’ve seen you two talking,” Seth said. “And word on the street is that last year you and him... did some... stuff.”

“Word on the street?” I asked.

“Yeah, man.” He looked at me now. “Is it true? Did you do some down-low stuff with that fag?”

“You’re drunk,” I repeated.

He just stared at me—the very same look he had given me when he’d picked me up, in his rig.

“Either of you guys see where my sister went?” Ryder interrupted as he walked past the grand piano.

I looked up. “No, not me,” I said.

Seth shook his head.

Ryder plopped down into a recliner next to us. “Well, maybe she’s out front, saying goodbye to someone. No biggie.” He looked at us and I got the idea that he realized he had interrupted a serious conversation, and was only now realizing it.

“Awesome party, man,” I smiled at him, hoping he’d engage in conversation and stay.

“Thanks,” he said. “I’m glad our parents are in Prague, so we could take over the whole house, and Par-Tay!” he smiled.

I nodded and smiled back.

Seth was moping, silent.

Ryder’s eyebrows dipped, almost imperceptibly as he considered Seth’s demeanor. Apparently concluding why Seth was so out of it, and why we were sitting there talking, Ryder broached the subject. “That was cool, about Ray coming out tonight. I imagine that took some balls to do.”

I gave Ryder a renewed expression of gratitude for saying so. “Yeah, I thought so too,” I responded.

Seth said nothing.

On that silence, it grew uncomfortable. Finally, Seth stood and mumbled, “Gonna hit the sack. Thanks for the party Ryder.”

As soon as Seth was gone, Ryder leaned forward in his recliner and said, “He’ll get over it.” As he said that, he put his elbow on his knee and up-turned his hand in an obvious request for mine. Without thinking, I placed my hand in his. At first I thought it’d be a guy-to-guy kind of comforting gesture on Ryder’s part. But it lasted too long for that. I loosened my grasp, but he didn’t. He looked deeply into my eyes. Deeply.

I was scared out of my gourd. Ryder was piercing my eyes, and holding my hand. I pulled my eyes from his, and shifted my weight, hoping he’d take the cue and release my hand. He did, and I stood. “Thanks for caring, man. I appreciate that.” I started to walk toward the entryway, and the staircase. “I need to get to sleep too,” I said.

Ryder stood, and his massive body blocked my path. He looked down at me, and his gorgeous eyes were tender. “Hey, man. If you ever want to talk...” He put his hands on my shoulders. “Okay?”

“Okay, thanks Ryder,” I smiled. I was still too scared to say anything more.

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Up in the room, Seth was already under the covers of his twin bed. I left the overhead light off and clicked on a lamp next to my bed while I undressed.

After I took off my pants and was preparing to crawl into the bed, Seth mumbled, “You never answered my question.”

I twisted around; Seth's eyes were closed. I said nothing as I finished pulling down the bedcovers.

“Are you gay, Caleb?”

I sighed. “If I were, why would I tell you? After your reaction to Ray....”

“You’re avoiding the question,” Seth said. “Are you gay?”

“I don’t have to answer to you,” I said, my irritation obvious.

Suddenly, Seth sat bolt-up in bed. “Dude, if you want to sleep in this room tonight, you do have to answer to me. I ain’t sharing no room with a fag!”

That was the moment our friendship ended.

My jaw dropped to the floor. “Are you kidding me?” I burst. After that, I didn’t know what to say. Finally I constructed a thought, and said, “I can’t believe how I never saw this in you.” I drew in a deep breath and said, “Well, man, unless you’re planning on bolting, you’re going to be sharing a room with a fag, you asshole.”

I could tell he was taken aback, but I don’t know if it was because of my revelation, or if it was from my brazen assertion—undoubtedly bolstered by alcohol—that he was an asshole. He’d never heard me talk like that. Hell, I’d never heard me talk like that.

Once he gathered his wits, Seth pushed off his blankets and stood. He wore only boxers. His upper body was toned, and if I wasn’t in such a tizzy, I might have stopped to admire it. It didn’t occur to me until I was reviewing this scene in my mind, that showing his body to me like that was really a weird thing to do if he was too homophobic to even sleep in the same room with me. Ah, the effects of drinking.

At first, as he stood and stared at me, he was silent—as if he was trying to think of the words to justify his position. Then he said just two words, “Dude: Out!” He jerked a straight arm and pointed toward the door.

Now, I’m not a fighter. But I also don’t consider myself a runner when the going gets tough. But I have been known to shed a tear or two when I get flustered. I felt my eyes watering; I did not want Seth to see that. I grabbed my clothes and bag, and walked to the door.

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Downstairs, everyone had either gone home or gone to bed—except Tiffany and Ryder, whom I could hear in the kitchen, cleaning up. I quietly snuck into the darkened living room and lay down on the couch. As soon as I was lying down, the tears did come, but thankfully it wasn’t an out-and-out audible sob session. I hoped that Tiffany and Ryder would take the other way out of the kitchen when they were done cleaning.

Tiffany did.

But a few minutes after I heard Tiffany go up the entry stairs, Ryder walked into the dark room where I lay. At first he didn't see me on the couch, but then he stopped. I could see him, even in the dark room, leaning forward, trying to figure out who was on the couch.

"Caleb?" he said softly.

Evidently Ryder had pretty good night vision.

"Yeah," I answered.

Ryder took a few soft steps toward me. "Hey man, why are you down here?"

I sat up. "Uh... my bed was kind of uncomfortable."

I could tell he wasn't buying it. He looked more intently at me. I'm sure my demeanor gave me away. He sat down next to me on the couch. "Dude, come on. That's not true."

I fought back the tears in earnest now.

Ryder clapped his hands twice and the living room lamps came on. Now, my face showed long tear-tracks and red eyes.

Ryder waited a few seconds, then said, "Seth?"

I nodded, wiping one of the tear streams.

"What happened?"

I sniffed. Surprisingly, the words fell easily: "I came out to him."

Ryder put a hand on my knee, and instantly I felt better. I didn't even lust after his thick forearm or those sexy-long fingers. He just—cared, and that was all that mattered.

"What did he say?" Ryder asked softly.

"He told me to get out," I said quietly. "...that he wouldn't share no room with a fag," I said, imitating Seth's tone of voice with sarcasm.

Immediately Ryder's posture stiffened. "That asshole." His voice changed from soft and caring—to indignant and angry. He took his hand off my knee, preparing to stand. "Well, he can't treat people like that in my house." He stood and started for the staircase, saying, "That bastard is no longer welcome under this roof."

"Ryder," I said. "Wait. The guy is stone drunk. You can't make him leave in that condition."

Ryder stopped in his tracks and slowly returned to me. "Yeah, you're right." He sat back down on the couch. His voice softened again as he tuned his face to me. "Well, you're certainly not sleeping on the couch, man." He stood again and extended his hand down to me, entreating me to stand. "Come on. You can sleep in my bed. I'll take the couch here."

I said, "No. I can't make you do that."

His hand remained extended. "Dude, this is my house. Do you want me to carry you up there, or are you going to come peacefully...." His face was friendly; his eyes twinkled.

God, what I'd do to have you carry me up, I thought.

"Come on," he said to my silence.

I hemmed and hawed. "Don't you have a cot or something that I could use?" I stood slowly, and as I did my mind filled with images of what Ryder's bedroom might look like. Pictures, awards, posters, even things like his computer and his speakers. Suddenly, I couldn't wait to be alone in Ryder's room, snooping out all kinds of delicious information about the stud. The only thing that would be better would be if Ryder would stay in the room with me.

"As a matter of fact," Ryder said as he remembered, "we do have a cot in the garage." He turned toward the kitchen and said, "Wait here." A few minutes later, Ryder returned, his muscles tight as he carried the folded cot. "Come on," he smiled. "I'll set this up in my room. I can use this and you can take the bed."

"Come on," I whined. "I can take the cot."

Ryder sat the cot down and his face turned playful. He lifted one arm and gave me a single biceps flex. "You sure you want to argue with me, man?" he smiled.

I laughed, sniffing back the tears one last time. "No, I guess not," I said.

.....

Upstairs, Ryder's room was a jock's paradise. Yeah, he had a cool computer setup, awesome speakers, a few gaming setups, a huge TV on the wall, and all over the place there were posters: Muscle cars, a few posters of outdoor scenes, and even one of Lee Priest back in the day!

Ryder put the cot down and started to set it up. He told me to make myself comfortable on his queen bed.

His room was immaculate.

I plopped my bag on his bed and glanced again at the Lee Priest poster. I noticed it had been signed. "Did you get his autograph?" I asked, staring at the poster. It was black-and-white, of Lee in some kind of outdoor gym. God, that guy was fantastic.

"Yeah," Ryder said, opening up his closet doors to grab some blankets for his cot. "He was at the Olympia in Las Vegas a few years ago, at a booth."

"Sweet," I said.

"Really nice guy," Ryder said. "But pretty short."

"Yeah, what... five-feet four?" I said.

"Yeah, that's right. You a fan?"

Before I could realize what I was saying I blurted out, "Oh yeah. I'm a fan of all bodybuilders—just... you know... muscles..." Immediately, my face went red. I turned to Ryder, who had just finished opening up the blankets for the cot. "I mean..."

I decided to stop talking. More words would probably complicate matters.

“Me too,” Ryder said. His smile was sincere.

I cleared my throat.

“You go to many contests?” Ryder asked as he returned to his closet.

“Nah, not really,” I said, grateful for his seeming indifference to my revelation.

Ryder was reaching up to a top shelf in his closet, and his “V” back-spread was just unbelievable. “Yeah, I’d like to go to more too,” he said, his back still to me, “but with my grad classes, and the hours at the gym....” He turned and came back into the room, holding a towel and some other things I couldn’t see. He tossed them on the corner of the bed.

“You spend time in the gym?” I said with a crooked smile. I let my eyes move from his face, down to his still-clad chest.

Ryder smiled. He lifted both arms and shot me a double-bi. “Been known to,” he said, admiring his enormous left biceps, then his right.

“Good god,” I mumbled. “You’re amazing.”

“Thanks,” Ryder said, lowering his arms. Then, almost subconsciously (it seemed to me), he kind of shook out his upper body and went into a makeshift “most-muscular” pose, just to tighten everything up and make it bulge under his clothes. Not at all intense enough for a contest pose or anything, but it did the trick for me!

“Shiiiiiiit,” I said, hoping my awe would encourage him on.

Ryder relaxed his tightened body. He turned to a bookshelf. “Yeah, I’ve done a few contests myself,” he said.

How had I not seen those trophies and ribbons? I walked toward the display and I studied his awards and accomplishments. “Wow, two Overalls,” I gasped. “How long have you...” my voice wandered off.

“I did a show in high school,” Ryder said. “Placed fourth in my class. I decided to hold off and wait until I was bigger and learned the ropes better. I really started competing when I was 20—about four years ago.”

“That strategy seems to have paid off,” I said, still ogling the gold and silver bling on his shelves: trophies that featured morphed-looking Bodybuilder-men with both arms raised high, standing on pedestals; other men in most-muscular poses; a few round medals hanging from red, white and blue ribbons. And there was one trophy of a man lying on a bench, pressing up a heavily-laden barbell.

Ryder had laughed at my latest statement, then seemed to enjoy my tour of his trophies.

When I saw the bench press trophy I inquired about it.

“Yeah, I did a strongman once, and a power lifting contest too,” he said.

I examined the inscription on the trophy: First Place, Ryder Kellington, 2011, 200 pounds.

“You got a trophy for benching 200 pounds?” I asked. I could bench almost 200 pounds.

Ryder laughed. “No, silly. I was in the 200 pound weight class. I got first in that class with a 435 pound bench.”

“Fuuuuuuck,” I sang. Then I corrected with a mumbled, “Sorry.”

Ryder chuckled. “No problem man. It’s cool that you’re here seeing this stuff. I don’t usually bring people up here to show it all off,” he smiled. Then he picked up the bench trophy and admired it. “This was about four years ago,” he said. I haven’t done any power lifting contests since then—just concentrated on bodybuilding.”

“I wonder how much stronger you are now,” I mused aloud.

“Well, I weighed around 215 back then. I’m 235 now, and I know I’ve added some serious weight to my workouts,” he said.

I stepped back and took the opportunity to assess his last statement, making sure to show just the right amount of admiration. “You weigh 235? Holy shit!” I said. “But you are really lean! I mean, your waist!” I gawked at the base of his torso, where his polo shirt gracefully slid into his slacks.

Ryder smiled and looked down at his belt line, forcing his neck forward so he could see over his magnificent chest. “Yeah, I don’t like to get too fat in the off-season,” he said, pulling his polo shirt tight against his abs. Even with the cotton covering his abdominals, you could see the defined mounds of stomach muscle. “I hate dieting down for a contest,” he continued, “so I keep within ten or fifteen pounds of my contest weight.”

“Shit,” I said.

Ryder, aware that he had an appreciative audience, used his delicious, long, muscular fingers to slowly pull his polo shirt up from his pants, and out from his body. He lifted the front of his shirt, revealing two rows of obscenely-defined abdominal muscles.

“Oh my god...” I said.

Ryder exhaled his breath, and the skin seemed to shrink-wrap into his torso; his abs became even more bulging and separated.

“Damn!” I said. “That’s amazing! So cool! Shit!”

Ryder let go of his shirt and smiled down at me. “Well, dude, maybe it’s fortuitous that you have to spend the night in my room. I might just have to give you a quick posing routine,” he grinned.

Oh, please don’t make it quick!

“Really?” I asked. I was fighting the urge to fawn all over him. It was hard to strike the right balance between interest and worship.

“Sure,” he smiled. “If you want.”

“Yeah, that’d be awesome!”

Ryder looked down at my boxers and grinned. When I had left the room after Seth's outburst, I hadn't put any clothes back on. Drunk for sure. I was still wearing only a T-shirt and boxers. Anyway, I had been holding my duffel at my waist to kind of give myself a modicum of modesty, but up here in Ryder's room I had tossed it on the bed.

Long story short: "Mr. Caleb" was no longer short, but now long—and making quite a bulge in my boxers.

"I kind of got the impression that you might be interested in seeing more," Ryder smiled.

I turned dark red; I tried to adjust my boner, to make it less obvious, but it was hopeless.

Seeing my embarrassment, Ryder reassured me: "Hey, man. Don't worry about it. You told me you came out, remember?" Then a big grin took over his face as he admired the obvious erection under my underwear. "It's just that I didn't expect you to come out in that way as well," he laughed.

I wanted to crawl under a rock.

Ryder took a step toward me. Very gently, he out-turned his hand and softly palmed my boner through my shorts.

I couldn't move.

"Nice, man," he smiled down at me. "I'm glad you like what you see." At that moment, the cotton of my boxers seemed so thin to me. His strong hand had a soft touch. Letting his fingertips tighten around my shaft for just an instant, he then removed his hand. Then he stepped back.

Still, I was motionless.

"Tell you what," Ryder said. "How about you get comfortable on the bed, and I'll strip down and give you a little show."

I just swallowed hard. How can this be happening?

"You in?" he asked.

I finally remembered how to use the muscles in my neck that controlled nodding, and I engaged them.

"Sweet," Ryder smiled. He bent down and picked up the posers he had plopped on the bed with the towel. He smiled as he held them. "I was thinking I might be able to talk you in to watching me flex my muscles."

I nodded again.

"How 'bout you get undressed—so I can see my impact on you," he said, looking down at my boxers, "and then lie back on the bed. I'll strip down and show you some of my routine, 'kay?"

I swallowed hard. God, my mouth was dry. I began to strip. I only had my T-shirt and boxers to take off. I was nervous; I moved slowly. Ryder realized I needed some encouragement, so he started to loosen his belt and unbutton his pants.

By the time I was naked and lying on the bed, Ryder was about halfway through lifting off his polo shirt. Fucking god-almighty. When I saw his bare upper body I couldn't believe it. My totally erect cock started dripping golden pre-cum on my torso.

Ryder tossed the shirt on a nearby chair and looked back at me. I must have looked pretty dazed, because he asked, "You okay?"

"Yeah," I said with parched breath.

Ryder smiled.

I moved my gaze all over his incredible body. It was better than contest-ready: Just thick, lean, bulging mounds of rippling muscle—all over hell. His shoulders—good fuck they were wide. He definitely had some amazing genetics—genetics he had leveraged into a bodybuilder's dream-physique. His shoulders—again, so wide—were capped by a pair of deltoids that looked almost as big as bowling balls. His neck and traps were beefy and full. The guy almost looked like an Internet morph.

His triceps: Where the deltoids dove in to meet them, an insanely deep crevasse formed, from which his mind-boggling triceps flowed downward. If I thought he had big arms inside the sleeves of that shirt, now—fully exposed to my lusty eyes—those guns looked almost disproportionately large compared to the rest of his body.

Almost, but not really.

In reality, the breathtaking size of every one of his muscles made him look out of proportion—and indeed he was, to the average man. Every one of his muscles blew you away, but the total package was pure, erection-causing beauty. At that instant, I knew that I would cherish this moment forever, returning to it in my mind countless times, as jerk-off fodder.

The over-developed truth of Ryder's muscles was no more evident than in his spectacular chest. You could serve a full-course meal on that thing. At the top, where his pecs dove in to his collar bone, the thickness of those twin slabs caused them to be actually horizontal with the floor. And the separation of his pecs: a deep cleavage that begged for exploration. What I wouldn't give to be on that expedition! You could hide the core from a toilet paper roll between those babies.

Lower, my eyes feasted on those abs once again. The lower torso narrowed so much, it just wasn't fair. His skin was without fault: Golden, absolutely blemish-free, warm, and paper-thin. The ratio from shoulders to waist had to be some kind of human record.

"...okay?"

Suddenly I realized that Ryder had been talking—I don't know how long—but I had only registered the last word.

"I'm sorry?" I apologized.

Ryder chuckled. He had been fiddling with the buttons on his khaki slacks—those gut-wrenchingly gorgeous, long fingers again—and had been asking me if I'd be able to stop stroking myself, and put my hands down to my sides while he undressed, okay?

Obviously, I hadn't realized that I had been masturbating to his body, but my hand held the rock-hard, wet evidence. I released my grip and put both hands at my side. Then I lifted my

butt just a bit and tucked my hands under my ass. I'd have to lie on them to make them behave.

Ryder smiled and continued his slow strip. Pulling open his fly and letting the ends of his belt hang loose, he revealed his boxers. It wouldn't be until I held them to my face the next morning that I'd realize Ryder's boxers were a "Cat in the Hat" print, straight out of a Dr. Seuss book. Goddam adorable.

He started to push his pants down over his hips—a comparatively easy task compared to what was to come: forcing them over his way-too-thick upper legs. Nevertheless, even though his narrow waist gave little or no resistance to his efforts, Ryder's rippling triceps tightened into the proverbial horseshoes that they were, bulging into the room as they accomplished their task of moving the pants lower. When he did get his khakis down to his upper legs, just as I had suspected would happen, his arms and hands had to work substantially harder. In fact, Ryder was forced to shimmy one side down, then the other—back and forth to get the trousers past the uncooperative quads and hams.

It was almost enough to send me into an extemporaneous orgasm. Fortunately, keeping my hands under my butt was helping.

Once Ryder won the battle of leg vs. pant leg, he stood erect as his khakis fell to the floor. He smiled, looking at me, as he stepped out of them. Then, he took one finger and lifted the bottom of one of his boxer legs, exposing his quadriceps. He shifted his weight as he wobbled the leg back and forth.

God save me, his upper leg was so big and vascular!

And then—BAM! He suddenly tightened the quad muscles into rock, and they hardened, with staggering separation between the ridges of mounding flesh. Veins running everywhere.

Again, I was grateful that my hands were being forced into submission. Yet, my cock barely needed my digits. I feared that it wouldn't take much more provocation for my rod to take matters into its own "hand," and spontaneously erupt, without the benefit of tactile stimulation.

Now Ryder began to fumble with his boxers. He slid a thumb inside the elastic waistband. The fabric looked loose on his hips; I surmised he had to get clothes that were a tad large in the waist so he'd be able to get them around his legs. The just-completed war of legs proved that. And it was obvious that his boxers were tight around his quads, if a bit limp at the midriff.

Ryder looked at his boxers as he played with his waistband. As before, he had to extend his neck forward and bend it so he could see past his thick, pouting chest. Without raising his face, he lifted his eyes and met mine. An irrepressible smile crept onto his mouth. He said nothing.

He fingered his elastic now, and as his gorgeous digits moved, it caused the muscles in his forearms—even those in his upper arms—to dance. My eyes caught the motion and I move them all over his arms. A rush seemed to blow over me as I became mesmerized again by the size and definition of his upper arms. A lone, freakishly-defined cephalic vein ran the length of his long-bellied biceps muscle.

I wanted to weep. I wanted to yank my hands out from under my goddam ass cheeks and start humping myself. Instead, I let my eyes roll back into my head, pressed my head into the pillow and sighed, lacing my exhale with some expletive or another.

My eyes closed; I could sense Ryder's pleasure at my response to his still-not-yet naked body.

I drew in a deep breath and relaxed my neck, opening my eyes to see Ryder begin the next—and ultimate—battle vs. his clothing. Again, his arm fibers danced in an erotically-choreographed performance of rippling virility as he back-and-forthed the waistline of his boxers down his legs. He bent forward with the task, obviously, and as soon as he had the victory, he slowly stood erect, daintily stepping out of his boxers.

I caught my breath. If my mouth hadn't been so dry, I probably would have choked on my saliva.

You know those stories about bodybuilders always having small cocks?

Not necessarily true.

At least, not in this case. OMG, the guy's genitals were BIG! And perfect! He was mostly limp still, but even in this state his cock was thick and long. His balls—not totally visible behind his python—must have been quite sizable, because his penis looped forward in a graceful curve. He was well-trimmed, but not manicured. His pubes were a soft, light brown.

He stood there, letting me take in the totality of his naked physique. Mostly, he remained still. He kept his arms at his sides, but a few times he kind of moved his body around, allowing his muscles to flex and tighten for my lusting eyes. Then he'd relax again, and just watch me watch him.

I couldn't believe I was here. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Manliness and pulchritude off the charts: Right there, totally naked, flexing and hardening—the ultimate in muscle: Flexing and relaxing, mere feet from me.

My face felt a line of warmth streak onto it. Before I realized what it was, another shot landed on my chin. My cock had had enough. With my hands still trapped under my butt, my orgasm began—all on its own—discharging long ropes of milky semen. My chest and abs became coated with offerings of muscle worship. A few more splashes landed on my face; my forehead even received a dose.

“Gosh,” Ryder smiled with gorgeous innocence, “And I haven't even started flexing yet.”

I moaned as my cock continued its involuntary orgasm. Ryder didn't seem to mind my lack of self-control. His eyes widened as he watched my cock jerk and jerk with its ejaculations.

“That's pretty impressive,” he declared. “Wow. I don't think I've ever seen that happen.”

I was panting. I finally allowed myself to extract my hands and put them to work. I rubbed out the final squirts of my orgasm, then sighed loudly as I pushed my head back into the pillow again. “Oh my god,” I moaned, with my eyes closed. When I opened my eyes I asked, “Do you do this often? Strip down for muscle admirers?”

He smiled. “I reserve the right to not incriminate myself.” Then he said, “How about you... Do you often have involuntary orgasms while looking at bodybuilders?”

I was still breathing heavily. “No,” I said “you're my first.”

He chuckled. He bent down and fumbled with the posers he had placed next to his towel. “Well, I guess these might not be necessary anymore, huh?”

“I’d be surprised that you could even fit everything into those,” I said.

He raised an eyebrow. “Challenge accepted.” He fiddled and fussed pulling them on, and once he got them relatively in place, he was decidedly unsuccessful in getting them to cover everything. He looked at me and said, “They fit when I compete. At a contest I’m usually softer.”

“Usually?” I grinned.

He smiled back. “Well, your lack of self-control did have an effect on me.”

“Shut up and start posing,” I said.

He laughed. “Yes sir!” With that, he raised both hands straight above his head and put his wrists together—high above, much like the pose of the guys on some of his trophies. God, it was like a statue. But the best statue ever.

Michelangelo’s David would have wept to see such a sight. From what I’ve read, Michelangelo himself would have wept to see such a sight, perhaps having the same unprovoked orgasm as did yours truly.

Ryder slowly lowered his arms into a double biceps, gracefully shifting his weight to one leg, while putting the other leg slightly out to the side. His biceps—holy Jesus—they rose and grew in both height and width, until they were like footballs, each one with a split, two-mound-baseball jutting out the top. If he would have done this flex while wearing his polo shirt, it would have been disastrous for the sleeves. I realized that when he had done it for me down in the living room, he certainly mustn’t have flexed all the way.

Ryder slowly began rotating his wrists, and the mounds of split biceps muscles danced and bobbed. His forearms looked as thick as my upper arms! He straightened his arms a bit, then brought them back to 90 degrees, then back again, then up again. He admired each arm, then turned to me, smiling. “See anything you like?” Without waiting too long for an answer, he returned his eyes to his immense arms and continued to make them come alive—and grow—with his manipulations.

Ryder was a master-poser. He took his time, making sure to bring every muscle to attention—both his attention, and mine. Some guys just get up on a stage and crank out one pose after the other, as if it wasn’t a show, but a race. Not Ryder. He knew what he was doing. He knew how to drive me insane with lust, just by taking the time to let me see each of his muscles bulge and pulse with power.

And how the fudge did he get his veins to crawl all over his arms like that?

Next, Ryder rotated his upper torso to the side, gripped a wrist with the opposite hand, then pulled the grasp of hands and wrists up under his chest, into the most stupendous side-chest pose I had ever witnessed—in person or during jerk-off sessions on the Internet.

Speaking of jerk-off sessions: Once again, without my realizing it, I had started stroking. Ryder held the side-chest pose, showing off the insane striations that fanned out from his sternum, over the balloons of his pectoral muscles. Then as he relaxed, he wagged his forefinger at the job I was doing on my cock with a tsk, tsk, kind of motion.

I got the message. I shoved my hands under my ass once again. My cock had fully recovered from my first orgasm—obviously—and was begging for attention.

Ryder next moved into a front lat spread—usually my least-favorite pose. It never does much for me. But when Ryder flared those lats and sucked in his abs, his body exploded with freakish size and definition. His back was so goddamn wide! He looked like a freakin' cobra!

He must pull railroad cars for his back workouts.

After the lat spread, he slowly, gracefully, moved into one of my favorites: hands behind the head, abdominals. It looked as if he had quite a struggle getting his hands behind his neck—what for all the size of his biceps. It was a gallant battle that made me even harder. Finally, Ryder got his hands behind his head. He put one leg in front—pointing his toe— and whooshed out a big breath. His abs popped to life as his skin receded into nothing!

“Fuuuuuuuk!” I muttered. His crazy-narrow waist was crowned with twin rows of rock, which were then crowned with twin tectonic plates of pectoral mass, set between those cobra lats. His upper legs tightened into cords of winding, twisting, moving, rippling muscle. They were so damn thick that you could have convinced me that each one was as big as his tiny waist.

Ryder—obviously pleased with my reaction—yet also obviously working hard at tightening down to show off everything, held the pose, rolling his abs slightly, loosening and then tightening his quadriceps, making sure he eked out every possible bit of virility for my enjoyment.

And god, did I enjoy. With my hands still under my ass, my cock bobbed and danced on my abs. I could easily come again, and it wouldn't take much more of Ryder's visual stimulation.

While I tried to take in all that was Ryder's incomparable physique, my eyes were continuously drawn by the motion of his flexing and re-flexing legs. While down in that area, my focus landed on Ryder's posers. Either the posers were getting smaller, or he was getting bigger.

Whatever the reason, the big guy's cock was pushing against the fabric; it looked like a war was on. A very wonderful, hot war. As I had learned earlier, when fabric and Ryder battled, the fabric was always handed a resounding defeat.

I could easily see Ryder's generous balls and his pubes poking out from behind the nylon posers. His flexing quads pushed his balls and cock forward. It was the most erotic scene! Ryder smiled at me, enjoying my stare. The thin fabric was stretching more. Ryder's cut—his thick cut on the cap of his cock—was obvious under the nylon. Kind of like the posers were wet. They clung to his penis, accentuating every bulge and curve.

Ryder relaxed the pose—slowly, as always—and majestically lowered his arms in a wide fan, eventually bringing them to his sides. He relaxed for a moment; this was just about my favorite pose: just to see him standing there, muscles everywhere. Relaxed, he looked much more like a deity than a mere man.

The effort it takes to put on a tight, slow, posing show was taking its toll on Ryder. His wonderful muscles started to glow with a mist of perspiration. Not out-and-out sweat mind you; just enough moisture to enhance—everything.

Ryder assessed his upper arms, then said, “I think I need to get my arms pumped up a bit.” With that, he stepped backward, turned around, then bent forward and placed his palms on the carpet. His delicious ass and those insane hamstrings were pointed right at me. Ryder rotated

his weight onto his straight arms now and leaned his ass, slowly lifting his legs into the air. Now with his face to me, he held this handstand while he adjusted his balance. His long legs pointed straight up; his feet were together. Shit—shiiiiit! Upside-down, all of his lean, bulging muscles took on a totally new perspective. His intercostals—holy heaven, they were diagonal lines of fingers that fanned between his abs and his lats. His legs were amazing! And his arms, now supporting his 235 pounds, rippled with the effort. At his next feat, my eyes bugged out of my head: Ryder slowly bent his arms and lowered himself into a handstand pushup! He bent his neck back and when he got to the bottom, his face touched the carpet! No half-assed dip here!

He pressed his arms and began rising. At the top of the press, when his arms straightened and toes almost touched the ceiling, he didn't allow himself to rest; he started going down again!

“Fuuuuuuuuck,” I moaned at the power show.

Ryder lowered himself, then pressed his body upward again and again. I counted: he did 15 reps! Fifteen slow, methodical, powerful reps!

I was ready to choke. It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen.

He bent his torso and lowered his feet to the floor, shifting his weight back onto them. He stood up, and turned to face me. His face was red from the exertion, and from the blood running into his head. He shook himself out.

After a few breaths, Ryder brought his wrists together at his waist and bent forward ever-so-slightly. As he did so, he distributed his weight evenly between his legs, pressing his feet flat against the carpeting. Slowly, he flexed his entire body into a most-muscular pose to end all poses. His traps grew into two bricks astride his thick neck. His deltoids bowed outward, and streaked with lines of striations. His arms grew into icons of power. Each cephalic vein jumped out from his biceps as if they had no connection to the arms themselves.

Those arms alone made me whimper aloud.

Ryder's pecs, once again, seemingly stripped themselves clean of any skin, and they rippled with waves of striations. The pectoral muscles—each one of them—rolled and rolled; Ryder looked as if he was choosing the best flex to show them off. Instead of merely bouncing them up and down, Ryder seemed to have the ability to adjust their actual shape at will. He looked at them as he changed their forms—as if trying to decide how to configure each one for best effect. In this position, the cleavage between each mountain of chest muscle was as deep, or deeper, than any I'd ever seen. Just stupendous. A canyon worthy of being named.

Ryder's abs never lost their prominence, even though they were now slightly tucked in, and under his chest. His legs—upper and lower—hardened before my eyes.

As he held the pose, Ryder began to shake, just slightly—obviously strained with the effort. He was working everything he had to make his muscles pop for me.

I moaned. “God dayammmn!”

He held the pose, trembling. A slight smile moved over his face.

“Holy shit,” I moaned. “I've never even imagined anyone could look like that.” I tried to add another sentence, but my mouth just froze in silence.

Ryder relaxed the pose, and as he did, the motion of straightening up tall caused his ever-hardening cock to poke out on one side—out of one of the leg openings of his posing trunks. He held his body erect, not moving.

Both of us looked at the wardrobe malfunction.

“Oops,” he smiled. “Guess that didn’t take long.”

My silent mouth was still open.

He looked at me and said, “I guess having such an appreciative audience kinda gets to me.” He winked.

I finally got my jaw to raise. Yet I just couldn’t help but stare at the abundance of muscle that stood before me.

Ryder returned his attention to the conundrum of his poking-out cock. He moved his penis with thumb and finger, just slightly, then looked up at me with the cutest, coy expression. “Do you think you might be able to help me with this?” he grinned. “I’m afraid if I try to fix it, I might tear the posers. And they’re not cheap.”

I swallowed hard. God please give me the strength.

He didn’t wait for me to speak; that would have taken quite a while. He took a few steps toward the side of the bed. When he stopped, my face was staring level with his now-dripping cock as it stuck through his poser’s leg hole.

“I think you’ll need to push it back in, with one hand, while you pull out my waistband with the other,” he smiled. “It won’t go back inside all the way,” he continued, “but if you can just get it out of the leg hole, then you’ll be able to pull the posers down off me.”

Now it was my turn to tremble.

“Okay?” he persisted.

“O—okay,” I said. I brought my shaking hand to his waist, and in order to make my hand stop shaking, I had to land it on his upper leg. I pressed it against his quad, steadying it with his powerful muscle. But this only exacerbated the shaking. Never in my wildest fantasies had I imagined being this close to this much muscular pulchritude—much less being only seconds away from touching his cock and pulling down his posers.

I realized that I’d have to sit up in order to use both hands, so I did. Ryder positioned himself right in front of me. Now, my eyes were level with his abs—just below that staggering chest.

His cock was getting longer, and the longer it got I knew I’d have more trouble getting it back into the posers—to a position I’d be able to work with. So I moved one hand onto the wet cock, and slid a few fingers of my other hand under his waistband. I tugged on the waistband, and pulled on the (really hard) cock.

Then I pulled again.

I tried to maneuver the cock upward, but it was going to take some considerable effort to make all of this work.

Ryder just stood there, smiling, as I fumbled my way through the task.

In the end, Ryder had to lean forward in order for me to be able to get the thing back inside the leg opening. When I did, and when he stood erect again, the tip of his cock was above his belly button!

“Sweet,” he smiled. “That feels better. Now you can pull them off, ‘kay?”

Most of his cock was exposed now. The fabric held only his balls, for the most part. I started sliding the posers down, sometimes shimmying them on one side then the other. Once I got the posers past his gigantic upper legs, they fell the rest of the way to the carpet, and Ryder stepped out of them.

His cock—it stuck straight up against his abs! It was some kind of a Super-hard-on! I’d rarely seen anything like this on any porn site. Obviously, Ryder was not a candidate for erectile dysfunction!

Fuck, the thing was a tower! And the beauty of it, other than its obvious hardness, was its enormous length and girth! You’ve heard of beer cans? Yeah. You’ve heard of foot-longs? Ditto.

“Fuck, Ryder,” I said as he stood there smiling. “How do you do that?” How do you make it so hard? And so big?”

He took a couple of long fingers and his thumb, and pulled it away from his abs. It was shiny, and getting wetter by the minute. “Well, I think you are the one who is making it so hard, dude,” he smiled. “As for the size,” he added, “well, let’s just say it gets a lot of exercise.”

I swallowed hard again. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” he said. He pulled his cock out; it wouldn’t go very far. When he had it out about as far as it looked he could pull it, he let it go. It snapped back to his abs with a loud thunk.

“Shit!” I hissed. “I’ve never seen anything like that!”

He chuckled. “You want to give it a try?”

I looked up at his face, feeling horror, while at the same time feeling dizzy with lust.

“Go ahead, give it a pull,” he insisted. “See how loud you can make it hit my abs.”

I hesitated, but only for a moment. With my hand still trembling, I stuck a few fingertips between his rod and his abs, then grasped it, bringing my thumb into the equation.

Fuck is this a dream?

He smiled down at me as I pulled it outward. The farthest I got was less than 45 degrees. It was that hard! I let go of it, and thwap! it flipped back to straight-up-against his abdominals.

“Nice,” he smiled. “You got a nice touch, Caleb. Why don’t you give it a feel—a few strokes. I looks hard,” he smiled, “but it feels even harder.”

Now, I didn’t have to be asked twice. I put my left hand where it had been before, near the wet, shiny cap, and I turned the palm of my right hand upward and extended my fingertips under his

balls. I gently—ever-so-gently—moved my fingertips onto that sweet spot right behind his balls, lightly stimulating it.

Immediately, Ryder's head fell back while he moaned, "Fuuuuuuuuck."

I had him.

I started to stroke him. Slowly. Up and down. Tenderly. Excruciatingly slowly. Tickling every centimeter of his cock. Sloshing the thick pre-cum with my fingertips, wetting as much as I could. All the while, my other hand tenderly caressed his balls, hefting their weight, then letting them fall low in his moist sacs; rolling each one in my fingers; I made sure to not neglect that sweet spot behind his testicles, though, returning to it often, always eliciting the same moan from Ryder.

While I ministered to his genitals, Ryder lifted his hands behind his head, and began to repeat the hands-behind-head ab pose that turned me on so much.

Fuck.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I looked up at this image—the epitome of all muscular manliness—stretching before me. He moaned at my handling of his cock and balls; he flexed into perfection. Huge, enormous, ripped perfection.

I started to come again. Right then and there. I was sitting on the side of his bed for crying out loud! Not touching myself, but touching him!

I squirted up and out, onto his enormous physique. Ryder was lost in my touch, lost in his own exquisite body, but as soon as my milk began to drench him, he opened his eyes and looked down at me. "Fuuuuuuuck," he exclaimed.

Apparently, the sight of his worshipper, once again forced into a spontaneous orgasm at his over-muscled body, was enough to now send Ryder over the edge. I was able to open my eyes between my jerks of exploding cum, enough to witness Ryder's inhuman body tighten into something that I'd not seen yet: An almost alien-like flex. His muscles enlarged; they became almost alive in their own right; then they tightened into the most mind-boggling, rippling mass of definition you could ever hope to imagine.

I saw what was happening, and summoning every amount of self-control I could muster, I placed my left hand firmly on Ryder's steel pipe. I squeezed it. I pushed downward, pulling his cock-skin tight, pushing down toward his balls. I gripped it hard, realizing his climax was imminent.

And god was it.

As Ryder held his hands behind his head, he bared his teeth and groaned loudly; my hand felt his dick start to throb, with consistent, hard, pulses. His first eruption burst out of his cock and into the air. Because of Ryder's backward arch in this pose, and due to the unbendable rigidity of his organ, the angle of his blast caused his milk to land on his chest and abs.

He let out a yell that I feared would wake the whole house.

I kept a strong hold on his thing; pressing down, giving him all the resistance I could—hoping it would be enough.

I think it was.

He kept flexing his body—his eyes closed now—moaning and jerking with each powerful ejaculation.

I finished up long before Ryder showed any signs of coming down at all. When he did look—and sound—like he was spent, I took my fingers and began to squeeze his shaft, working the last of his jizz up his urethra, bubbling every last drop through his slit. When I finally let go, his cock remained at full attention against his abs. Ryan brought his hands down now, and gave himself a few more finishing strokes.

His chest rose and fell with his recovery-breaths. His abs moved in-and-out with erotic, virile power. He smiled down at me. Then, he put his hands on my shoulders and pulled me up to standing. My face was level with his pecs. He pulled me close, and my mouth found itself fondling his large, brown areola and thick, protruding nipple.

God, he was warm. His body was warm.

My cheek rested against his hairless pec and I suckled. For the first time in my young life, I suckled a man's breast, like I had longed to do so, so many times.

I knew I was ruined.

Never would it be possible for me to have an experience like this again. It's just not fair that I'd never have anything better to look forward to. I'd already experienced the best. My only hope was that someday, maybe, I'd be able to experience Ryder again.

When he pulled me away from his chest and began kissing my mouth, and then whispering between kisses, "Let's get cleaned up, Caleb. I can't wait to get under the covers with you," I realized that at least for tonight, I'd be able to experience Ryder again. At least for tonight.

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Ryder had held me there, kissing me, for who knows how long. But it was long enough for me to explore his body with my hands. I started with his back. As we kissed, I moved my palms all over his wide, rippling back. It was like I was dreaming. I never thought about how, with a well-ripped man, you could actually feel the individual mounds of muscles on his back. And Ryder was definitely well-ripped. Ridges, valleys, knolls and hills of muscle moved under my hands. I felt the sides—the lats—and held them. I moved upward and felt his traps and delts. He seemed to enjoy my hands; they definitely enjoyed him.

I moved my palms outward—and mind you, we were still kissing—onto his triceps.

Fucking fuck. Fuckety-fuck! Again, my hands began to tremble as my fingers sank inside his horseshoe, and my palms moved over the abundance of muscle.

I tried to feel his biceps, but in this hold they weren't very easy to access. Never mind, Ryder would make sure I had plenty of time to feel, and caress, his show muscles in the next few hours.

Then, I moved my hands onto his back again. Destination: glutes. Ryder's ass was like nothing I'd ever considered. I hadn't thought of myself as an ass man, but right now, my hands were convincing me to reconsider that position. God, his butt was tight, taut and hard! I tried to force a finger into the crevasse, but it wouldn't so much as make a dent. Never mind that too. By the time the sun came up, there would be nothing about Ryder's amazing body that I wouldn't know—as intimately as I wanted.

Ryder decided to forego the cleaning up he'd mentioned. Instead, he pulled the covers back and placed me on the bed, on my back. Then he turned off the lights. I closed my eyes, in a trance. Before I opened them again, I felt the bed depress on my left side with the weight of Ryder's right hand. He was climbing on top of me.

His warmth enveloped me. God. Slowly, he laid his muscle-body on top of me. Then, to my shock, he began to lick my face, pulling some of the dried jizz from my first orgasm into his mouth. He started on my forehead, then my cheeks. When he got to my chin, he suspended his task in favor of a detour—onto, and inside, my mouth once again.

Once again, my hands began to move back-and-forth over his wide back. Both of us were moaning as we kissed. I could feel him rotating his hips. It was probably involuntary for him—humping me like that. His still-hard cock moved up and down beside mine, nestling into my pubes and then pulling back. This lasted for hell knows how long. I think I kept wandering in and out of consciousness—and it wasn't from the beer. No, I was totally recovered from my drunkenness. Adrenaline has a way of doing that to you. Now my dream-state was induced by something much more powerful than alcohol: Ryder's immense, rippling, undulating body on top of mine.

God, help me to never wake up.

My hands landed on his ass again. It flexed and relaxed with the gentle motion of his slow rocking. I held his glutes loosely, enjoying every single wave of muscle under my fingers.

As had been the case with me that night, it didn't take Ryder very long to move from one orgasm to the next. I could tell he was getting into a rhythm again. This time, though, I wouldn't have the pleasure of watching his jism explode out of his cock. This next orgasm would provide an entirely different kind of pleasure.

Ryder pulled his ass up, and my hands, involuntarily, moved onto his lats, then his triceps. They bulged under my hands as he adjusted his position to the next phase, as it were.

He coaxed my legs apart and into the air. He had pulled no blankets over us, so we didn't have to deal with that. A full moon shown through an upper window, and in its light, I could see Ryder staring at my eyes as he pulled his cock away from his abs in preparation for his penetration. He was gorgeous. How could one human have so much physical beauty, so many over-developed muscles, so much strength, so much poise, so much personality and friendliness? I studied his face, his eyes. He kept them on mine, even as I felt the first of his shaft move onto my sphincter. He'd take it slow, I knew—if not for my comfort, then surely because of the fact that slow would bring him the most pleasure. I got the distinct feeling that he was looking forward to watching my face as he invaded my whimpering body.

Turns out I was right.

His helmet pressed against me. I tried to relax my ass, inviting him inside. But I hadn't much experience at this. Hell, I hadn't any experience at this, other than with a dildo or two.

He stared at me, watching me wince as his first advance was made. He pushed me open. I held on to his bulging, tight arms. He pushed again, farther inside. I whimpered a soft, “yip.” He didn’t smile, but I could tell he loved what he was doing. His amount of pleasure was beyond smile. He was invading. Ultimately the invasion would lead to full conquest—something that we both wanted very badly.

Another thrust, and my virginal pain started to make my eyes water. If you’ve only ever had a dildo up your ass, I highly recommend the real thing. Ryder leaned forward, and in the most romantic thing ever, he gently licked the welling tears from my eyes, whispering, “It’s okay, little guy. You’ll do just fine.”

I nodded slightly, my eyes pleading. At that moment, it didn’t matter what I was pleading for—whatever Ryder wanted to give me is what I wanted. If he wanted slow, I wanted slow. If he wanted to shove that thing up my ass like a jackhammer, have at it.

But like I said before, I could tell that Ryder savored the moment. He wanted to milk me for all I had. He wanted this night to last almost as long as I wanted it to last.

Another protracted, even thrust; Ryder pushed inside me more. God it felt so painfully delicious. And the psychological orgasm I was having right now—in preparation for the physical one to come—it was beyond powerful. Just feeling another man invade you. Realizing that in the most intimate way possible, he was totally having his way with me. There is nothing above this.

He began kissing my mouth again, and I could feel him lowering more of his weight onto me. He started rocking in a consistent, slow rhythm now, and the fact of his control over me—his total control—became even more overwhelming to me. I don’t remember the exact moment, but at some point I remember realizing that he had pushed himself inside all the way—to the hilt. Now that he was fully engulfing my body, with his elbows providing the only relief from his total weight, my hands were on his back again, moving in languid circles and strokes. Occasionally one of them would find his ass, and marvel at the glory. Sometimes one hand would become entranced with the irresistible hardness of a trapezius muscle—or some such protruding mound.

Ryder’s immense cock moved strong & stiff inside me. I could feel it—the ridges and ripples of the veins, his helmet cap. Hard doesn’t begin to describe his tumescence.

All the while he moved inside me, and my hands enjoyed the muscular ride of their lives, Ryder was coming closer. His breathing was becoming more deliberate—heavier breaths, more intense. In a wonderful juxtaposition with his control over me, I could sense that Ryder was approaching a state where he would lose all control. That’s what I most wanted to experience. That night, I learned that it’s one thing to hold a man’s cock while he comes; it’s an entirely different thing to be so entwined with his body while he loses all control—to have his body locked inside yours, expressing the whole of his carnal desires as he romantically thrusts himself into you. For me, the act of bringing such a powerful man to the point of no return, simply by allowing him to fuck me, it was nothing like I ever expected it would be.

Although what I was experiencing was in no way a form of rape, at that moment, while Ryder panted with every motion of his brawny sweating body, I realized how, for many men, sex isn’t about the intimacy as much as it’s about the power. Even being the receiver of this power made me realize how much it is that way for me, too.

My hands on Ryder's back began to feel his muscles tighten up. I could hear his breathing rhythm increase, and I could feel his pounding rhythm—and intensity—increase. He was almost there. And thank the gods, so was I.

Finally, Ryder's whole body seemed to drop onto me—press onto me—with more weight than I had ever felt. He didn't weigh 235; he had to be a ton. His hips rocked so that his cock was farther inside me than ever before. His muscles froze into steel, and with a loud groan...

I started to come.

Yeah, I started to come. Again. Warm, white semen began to fill the micro-space between our torsos. I squeezed Ryder's lats with my hands. And then it happened. Just when I thought Ryder could bring to bear on my body nothing more, he jerked and slammed his cock even higher inside me. I cried out. Then he cried out. Then, I started to feel him fill me. His whole body seemed to coalesce into one systemic organ that had only one function: filling me with his essence.

He dropped his head into the crook of my neck and began humping again, squirting my insides, for all I knew spraying my inner walls with paint that would never come off. I hoped. He moved his lips to my ear and began sucking on it. It tickled, but I didn't let it become a distraction. Gusts of his breath blew into my ear. He hummed a low moan as he continued his conquest. It was a complete victory—a complete demonstration of his control over me, yet simultaneously, a complete loss of control for him.

I could have died at that moment, and my life would have been totally actualized.

Fortunately, I survived. And although it was late, the night was, in a sense, young. Like I said earlier, Ryder denied my hands nothing, as far as his body was concerned. I got to worship everything. All night long. And between worship sessions, we took turns having more orgasms.

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We were the last two up in the morning. Seth had already snuck out, undetected by Tiffany or any of the other overnight guests. When I appeared in the kitchen with Ryder—both of us wearing plush, white bathrobes from his closet—Tiffany's expression was one of surprise. "I thought you and Seth left already," she frowned.

I noticed Ray, sitting on the long side of the table, amongst the other guests, mouth agape. I didn't acknowledge him.

"Oh, Seth's gone?" I asked. I looked up at Ryder, then back at Tiffany. "Um... no, I didn't go with him."

Tiffany was obviously puzzled. Then she said, "Oh, I'm sorry. That wasn't very cool of him, to leave you here like that."

Then Ryder and I looked at each other and smiled. "Actually," I said turning back to Tiffany, "it was the best thing that could have ever happened, as far as I'm concerned."

Ryder chuckled. "Maybe we can tell you all about it over breakfast." He pulled out a chair for me, then himself, and we sat down at the table with the other guests. "You have any of those scrambled eggs left?"

Tiffany, still showing genuine curiosity on her face, stood and grabbed some plates.

I leaned toward Ryder and said very softly, "I hope you're not going to tell them everything over breakfast."