

The Ox of Xbux

by Sean Reid Scott

musclewank.com

*I recently encountered a man-beyond-men at my local Starbucks.
He had arms the size of most men's legs.
Thence, I present this fantasy story which is based on this god.
Unfortunately, it is pretty-much fantasy.*

THE GUY LOOKED LIKE HE must bench cattle for fun. But he didn't have the usual power-lifter's gut. He was thick, but his waistline wasn't. I had a difficult time figuring out if he was a bodybuilder or a power lifter. His shoulders and chest bespoke unspeakable power.

He was built like a *herd* of oxen!

I blinked my eyes while I tried to shake the image out of my mind, but when I took another look, I was no less astounded.

So, if you're a reader of gay erotica, you've certainly read yarns about *the pickup at the coffee shop*. These stories are almost ubiquitous. But when I looked at this guy, standing in line at my own, personal S-bux, my mind filled with the fantastical possibilities.

Now, I got not vibes whatsoever from this guy, as far as registering on Gaydar. He *did* look around the store a little while he waited, but hell, if you looked like you could throw a cow into orbit, you'd probably be at least mildly curious about who was looking.

I was looking—and when our eyes met, I immediately averted my gaze. Too late. He kept looking. At me. I'm not going to go on a bragging tirade here, but until Mr. Ox came in, I do have to admit that I didn't really have any competition in the restaurant, as far as muscle size and aesthetics go. I spend more than my fair share of hours in the gym, and it shows. And when I'm cruising the gay bars, I usually have my choice as to whom accompanies me home.

But when this guy came in, I was out. Blown out of the water. Not even in his league. Not even in his *galaxy!*

And apparently, he knew it. How could you not....

I looked back at him, to find him still checking me out. My heart rate increased. He turned to the counter as the line moved forward one position. A moment later our eyes met again.

I'd say the dude was just a tad over six-foot; the more I studied him, the more I found myself in the "this guy is a bodybuilder" camp, than the "powerlifter" camp. Although I dunno....

He wore a tight shirt—but not too tight. His arms were literally *so fucking huge* that they wouldn't let the sleeves slip lower than his broad shoulders. Obviously designed to show off everything, but not so tight that it made him look like he was *trying*. Fuck, he certainly didn't need to try. His arms were the size of legs. He was really lean and vascular. Veins like a Thomas Map Book of highways. Yeah, bodybuilder.

When he ordered, he faced directly away from me, and I saw his lats. *God in fucking heaven almighty save us from destruction.* The gym I work out in has some heavy-duty bodies there, but this guy would have them in tears. His shoulders were the stuff of *cannonball* legend. And from the back, his triceps screamed with more definition than I had seen when he had first walked in. Then there was that ass! I nearly spilled my Frappuccino®. Rigid ass muscles—big enough to be delicious, but as tight as rock, from what I could tell. God, to be those jeans. His upper legs were behemoths.

He stepped to the barista's oval and waited for his drink. He glanced at me again. I hadn't looked away.

Was that a friendly nod he just gave me?

Fuck, his chest was *astounding*. I consider myself to be quite the connoisseur of muscle dishes, and just for the record, Mr. Ox was now the meal to beat. I'd never seen someone so gorgeously gigantic and so wonderfully wide.

He whipped out his cell phone and fiddled with it while he waited.

“Venti Caramel Flan Frappuccino® for Jarrett,” the barista announced.

He stepped forward and grabbed his drink.

Jarrett. I was now officially in love.



[Photography—of the actual guy on which this yarn is based—by Sean Reid Scott.]

He walked away with his drink, trying to balance his attention between whatever app he was using on his phone—and deciding where to sit. Turns out there just happened to be a small table in front of mine. He sat, facing *me*, at the next table. Like, you know, we were facing *each other*. Now I noticed how gorgeous his short, tight-curly brown hair was. It had a suggestion of blond highlights. He started sipping his drink, and continued to work his app. Again, I averted my gaze, but my eyes weren't *about* to ignore this feat of muscle magnificence that sat at the table directly next to mine.

He finished with his phone and slipped it into his belt holder. His gigantic triceps grew and undulated with this task. *Fuuuuuuuggege...* I nearly melted into the floor watching that. He glanced up at me, & caught me looking again—or *still*. He gave the slightest of smiles.

I know I was gawking. How could I not? I hoped he was used to that. How could he not be?

"How's it goin'?" he said to me across our tables.

"Good," I responded with a nod. Then I said, "Man, I just gotta say, you look astounding."

He smiled a bit more now. "Thanks."

"No, I mean, *really*," I insisted. "I don't think I've ever seen someone built like that."

He smiled broadly, but not so much that he looked amused.

"Thanks. I appreciate that." He took a sip. "You work out around here?"

Like I said, I'm built well enough to stand out in a crowd, but the fact that Mr. Ox had noticed, made me feel really good. "Yeah, over at Hercules' Haven," I answered. "You?"

"Just moved to town," he said. "I've got a one-week pass to Samson's Strength Salon; giving that a try."

"I've never been there. But I know Hercules' gives out those one-week passes too. You should give it a try."

He nodded and took another sip. "Well, I think I will. When do you usually work out?" His eyes were twinkling.

“Me?” I choked. “Oh, um, well I usually work out first thing in the morning.” *But if you want to work out in the evening, I’ll be sure to show up then!*

“Cool,” he smiled. “Me too. Do you have a workout partner?”

“No,” I said. “Actually, I’ve been looking for one. My old partner just moved to Schenectady.”

Now he stood. He pulled out the chair at my table and extended his hand. “Jarrett Baker,” he said. *I knew about the Jarrett part.*

I rose off my butt, but not to a full stand and shook his paw. “Sean. Sean Scott,” I said. “Welcome to Constantinople Village,” I offered.

“Thanks. Mind if I join you?” His smile now held a hint of a smirk.

If you only knew! Join me? Uh... yeah! You’ll never know the WAY I’d like to have you join me! “Sure, have a seat,” I said. Now, only inches from my eyes, his forearms bulged with muscle fibers. I just stared. Finally, still ogling them, I said, “God almighty. Those are the thickest forearms I’ve ever seen!”

Without saying anything, he wriggled his fingers, and all hell broke loose on those babies: muscles dancing, veins pulsing, tendons and fibers all rippling. He watched my reaction, but didn’t respond.

“Fuck,” I mumbled. I smiled faintly. “Oh, sorry,” I said. I didn’t know if he’d be offended by my expletive.

He smiled. “No problem. I’ve said my share of cuss words.”

“I guess I’m just at a loss for words. You’re blowing me away, man.”

He chuckled. His eyes twinkled more. Then a thought struck him. “Hey, since I’m new to Constantinople Village, maybe you could suggest a restaurant or two.”

“Sure,” I brimmed. “What kind of places do you like?”

He fiddled with his straw. Again with the rippling forearms! He looked up at me and said, “Oh, I don’t know. Where do you like to hang out?”

Personally, I *did* have a few favorite places, but they were mostly gay bars. I decided to just get this all over with. “Well, I have a few haunts that I like. But I’m not sure you’d be interested in them.”

“Why not?”

I cleared my throat. “Well... a couple of them are gay bars.”

He pursed his lips, thinking. He paused about five years, it seemed, fiddling with that damn straw again. He looked up at me and said, “What makes you think I wouldn’t like that?”

I sighed; he smiled.

“I... I guess I just wasn’t getting the vibe, man,” I said.”

“Well, maybe you will after some time.” He took another sip, sat his Frapp down, then said, “But you know, now that I think about it, I’m kind of in the mood to stay in tonight,” he said. “Besides, I can’t think of a reason to go to a bar now—now that I’ve met the hottest guy in Constantinople Village.”

I wanted to swing around to see if he was looking at someone behind me. “Dude, you have no idea,” I said. “I mean... I’m kind of *in* to muscle guys.”

“Really?” Now he was teasing me. He laughed now. “Sean, I know who you are. As soon as you said your name. I’ve read all of your books, Seanny. *And* your short stories. Your devious mind—what a turn-on.”

I swallowed hard. “Wow. This is not unlike one of those stories, Jarrett. Here I am, just minding my own business, sitting at a S-bux, when Mr. Ox walks in and...”

“...and,” he said, “the rest happens in Chapter Two?”

I smiled. “Precisely.”

CH.2

Jarrett followed me to my stylish condo. When I opened the front door and escorted him inside, I was struck by how much *bigger* he seemed now. Just thick with muscles!

I turned around once I got to my living room, and I just couldn’t believe the physique that was following me. He was also a lot more

handsome than I had seen at the coffee house. It just wasn't fair that a man could be so blessed. Sure, he had taken the genetic gift he had been given, and had honed, shaped and worked it to the extreme—but it just wasn't fair.

"Nice place," Jarrett smiled, looking up at my vaulted ceiling and out my big windows.

"Thanks," I said. "Can I offer you something to drink?"

"Um... what are you having?"

"I'm feeling like some cabernet."

He smiled. "That actually sounds pretty good."

When I returned with the wine glasses, he was staring out my living room windows, facing my right. His profile was dizzying. Those pecs stuck out in front of him, pointing at the windows. I could see his nipples through his shirt; they were pointing at the floor. His shoulder and right arm were no less mind-boggling. I really *did* think his upper arm could compare to many men's legs. And at his waist, he tapered to what I knew had to be less than 30 inches. I mean, *come on!* The guy was everything I ever wanted to experience.

"It's some of the 2014," I smiled as I handed him his glass. "A very good year."

He laughed.

I nodded toward the kitchen. On the counter you could see the wine-in-a-box. "I only buy the best boxes of wine."

He laughed louder, then took a sip. He looked back at me and said, "Actually it's not that bad."

I nodded. "I'm of the opinion that it's the company that makes the wine. And right now, this wine is the best I've ever had."

"Hmmm..." he squinted as he smiled. "Mine too."

I said, "I imagine you have quite the healthy appetite, what with all those muscles and everything." My eyes travelled over his physique as I talked.

"Been known to eat my share," he said. "I have a high metabolism."

“Shit, I’d think so. But now that we’re here, I’m not sure I have enough food for you,” I said. “Maybe we should consider a run to the store.”

“Tell you what,” he said. “After we finish these wines, I’ll take you out for dinner. My treat.”

“Really?”

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About an hour-and-a-half later, we were returning to my place, after a delicious surf-n-turf meal. He actually ordered *two* full meals.

I was getting us some more drinks from the kitchen—this time a little more potent—when he asked me from the living room, “You feel like watching any TV? I feel like I need to let this food settle.”

I came around the corner to the living room, carrying two martinis, to see Jarrett sitting on my couch—right in the middle of it. His gigantic arms were spread across the back of the couch, and his monstrous legs were wide. My TV was on the opposite wall; he faced it directly. I could have sat in one of the chairs at either end of the couch, but that’d mean I’d have to turn my neck to see the screen. Didn’t want to do that.

So, I handed Jarrett his drink, and sat down next to him. I was tentative.

After he took a drink, he sat it on my coffee table. “Go ahead and relax,” he said. “You can lean back.”

Obviously, that meant that one of his tree branches would be at my neck, but *he’s* the one who suggested it! So I reclined against the back of the couch, and his warm arm. Immediately his hand cupped my shoulder.

My cock was thickening into its favorite state.

He rubbed his fingers over my shoulder. It didn’t compare to his own wide delts, but it wasn’t anything to sneeze at either. The drink—and the ones I had already had—relaxed me.

After a minute like this, Jarrett said, “I’ve seen this one before.”

I chuckled. Where *were* my manners? “Oh, I’m sorry. I guess I could turn it on.”

“Or not,” he said. He gripped my shoulder a bit more firmly. He leaned into me, and forward slightly. Our faces met, and his eyes twinkled as he gave me a gentle, yet wonderful kiss. God, he smelled good. I don’t know the scent; I’ll call it “Whisper of Muscle.” He held the kiss for—like—ten seconds or so. So, yeah, it was a really good kiss. He actually teased me with his tongue, but pulled back before he committed to actual insertion. “Thanks for inviting me up,” he said. “This is much better than the Welcome Wagon.”

I smiled. “You’re welcome. I consider it my community service.”

We kissed again, and this time he slipped his palm onto the crotch of my pants, where he found a very hard rod of humanity. I moaned while we kissed; he inserted now, and his tongue warmed my mouth. He squeezed his fingers around my cock.

My hand moved to where his was on me, and surprise-surprise, I found the exact same thing he had found on me—if not proportionately larger.

A few minutes later, we were both lying on my couch. I was on the bottom and Jarrett’s full muscle body was on top of me. We were kissing, and feeling each other through our shirts. I definitely got the better end of *that* deal. My hands explored his wide back, his broad shoulders and his enormous arms. It was like there were muscles *on top* of his muscles!

And *I* was obviously giving him pleasure.

I had envisioned that he’d give me a bit of a posing show before we went further, but a few minutes later he was following me into my bedroom, taking off his clothes as he went, mimicking my strip. Under the covers, my trembling hands were treated to the full-on muscle experience. Jarrett was gentle, but god, his body was so *hard*. I felt *all* of it. He seemed to like that. I know *I* did! After an acceptable amount of foreplay, Jarrett coaxed me onto my stomach. *Doggie style*? I thought. This was going to be interesting.

He was methodical. His fingers spread my hole apart, and prepared me as best they could. When it was time for his long, thick, cock, I was more than ready to receive him. As he inserted his hard,

uncompromising organ, he let himself move lower, resting those gargantuan pecs on my back. He nestled his face into my neck. His breathing was heavy. His cock was a glorious addition to my evening. He pushed, then pushed again. His strong arms tightened around mine. He groaned, and I winced with his to-the-hilt shove. He held it there—for a long time—not moving anything. When he pulled it out, about halfway, he *thrust* in back in quickly.

This guy had been nice and gentle, but now he began to assert his power over me with ardent incursions—inside hard, then outward slowly. And again. And again. Pretty soon his powerful body settled into a good, strong rhythm. My ass was getting used to the in-and-out assault.

I'm not that much of a talker when it comes to sex, but for some reason, being overpowered by this Ultra-Alpha brought out a few words. I found myself muttering, with his rhythmic thrusts, things like, "God, yeah. Push harder. Do me, man."

To which, Jarrett responded with a few statements of his own: "Fuck your ass. Crush your body. Feel my power."

While he was approaching Mt. Climax, I started spewing cum onto my sheet. "I'm coming, man. I'm coming, Jarrett. Fuck me harder!"

He loved it. Within the minute he was feeding my ass with his essence. I could feel the warmth as it squirt out of his cock and coated my walls.

"God, what a fuck," he said a few minutes later; he was still inside me, laying on top of my grateful body.

"Yeah," I said. A few minutes later, we still hadn't moved. I said, "Can you spend the night Jarrett?"

I felt his breath on my neck as he said, "Thought you'd never ask."

The End. Thanks for reading!



Sean Reid Scott

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