

Pictures of Van

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PART ONE

Van was the most incredible-looking 18 year-old I had ever seen. And I had seen plenty of them, as a professional photographer of bodybuilders.

Big muscles? I have books full of pictures. Walls pasted with the best-built men in the sport of bodybuilding. Teenagers through 40 year-olds. Drop-dead gorgeous bodies? My files are full of them. From standard competition poses to what I like to call "professional courtesy" photos; the pictures I take after the regular posing session, for my own private collection.

I don't know how many times I have taken the negatives from some of my "select" camera sessions and developed them onto paper, only to ruin them with blotches of milky cum as I enjoyed them. Then I would throw the picture away, only to reprint it a few days later and repeat the process.

There was one bodybuilder, Clark, who took fantastic pictures, and he was a favorite subject of my lusting sessions. He was about 24 years old. Huge shoulders and chest. Throbbing triceps and biceps; arms so powerful that he routinely bent thick pipes in my studio, just to get me off. And he loved my weak-kneed reaction to his unbelievable power. His body was a work of art. Rippling abs. Solid, thick legs. Dark brown wavy hair and a smile that nearly melted the lens of my cameras. And when he stripped down for me at the end of the sessions (for my "professional courtesy" pictures), his nude body, as he flexed it and posed it just for me, nearly sent me into an involuntary orgasm as I clicked my camera away. He was one of the taller and larger bodybuilders I had met, and his powerful, nearly fat-free physique blew the pants off his peers.

But as I stood and looked at Van, I knew I had just found a new favorite subject. He hadn't even taken off his tank top yet, and I could tell this guy was a one-in-a-

million. He wasn't that huge; just under 6 feet tall. But his proportions were astounding! His thick shoulders were capped with the most gorgeous, round delts you could ever imagine. And those arms! The muscles were long, making them look almost narrow. And yet they had to be over 18 inches of powerful man-crushing muscle! How I'd love to see him go up against an older, thicker bodybuilder! I could tell his arm strength would be overwhelming. His triceps hung on his arms like lumps of thick meat, and the vein that ran down his bulging biceps made my cock stir. His skin was so young and warm looking! His body rippled, even as he stood there smiling at me. That smile! He was so confident! A trait that sent my head spinning.

Van had curly blonde hair. It was cut short on the sides, and he kept it a little longer on top.

"Well, what do I do now?" he asked innocently.

I told him to wait a second and I loaded some film into my camera.

"O. K., go ahead and take off your tank top while I start photographing you," I instructed.

Van obliged happily. He started by slowly moving his perfect teenage fingers to the waistband of his shorts and pulling on the black tank top. I couldn't believe how narrow his waist was! Even though his shoulders and arms would rival those of the most overdeveloped bodybuilder, Van was not a massive teen. He was just incredibly virile and muscular. His waistline was obviously under 30 inches. Way under. He looked up at me coyly, and I snapped a shot. His bulging arms and piercing eyes would make that one a keeper.

His arms continued to bulge and ripple as his fingers fiddled with his shirt. Slowly- torturously slowly- he pulled his tank top up. I nearly began to cream my pants. His abs were the most deeply-cut set of abdominals I had ever laid eyes on! And I had seen hundreds of the BEST!

Van rippled his abs as he held his tank top at chest level. He looked right into the camera and smiled again. His bright teeth were devastating.

Snap. Another perfect shot. Van obviously had some experience in photo shoots before. He mesmerized the camera!

With an effortless motion, Van lifted the tank top all the way over his head. He brought both arms out wide in a graceful, yet powerful motion, showing off his incredibly ripped and muscular upper body. He opened his fingers and his tank top fell to the floor as he stared down the camera.

Click. Click. Click. He smiled and stood there, intimidating the hell out of me. He bent his arms just a bit and fingered his abs. Click.

He moved his left hand higher and bounced his thumb up over the mountains and deep valleys of his abs. Click. His arms bulged. Click.

He smiled right into the camera and rippled his abs as he relaxed his arms. He was obviously proud of his body, and he didn't mind showing it off. You need that in a young teen bodybuilder.

Van pierced the camera with his eyes once again and flashed that smile. He straightened his arms and locked his elbows, bending his wrists so his hands were sticking out at right-angles from his body. A triceps pose.

His arms swelled and his skin rippled as the muscles moved and danced underneath.

"Shit," I mumbled. My fingers trembled as I snapped the camera. Van grinned wider. He liked the effect he was having on me. He relaxed his arms and just stood there. I kept clicking for a minute, then stopped and admired the teenage muscle standing in front of me.

"You O. K.?" he finally asked. He smiled.

"Uh. Sure." I didn't know what to say. I was frozen with lust.

He just stood there, his thick shoulders wrapping above his pouting chest, both of which floated wide above his narrow, cobblestone waist. He exhaled, and the skin on his abs receded, revealing even more definition.

"Shit." I couldn't help myself. He was incredibly beautiful. The separation between his shoulders and his upper arms was astounding.

He slowly spread his arms wide and with a graceful circular motion, he lifted his hands above his head, and then bent his elbows and clasped his hands behind his head. His biceps bulged against his ears, nearly smashing them. He exhaled again and his abs rippled in obedient submission. He grinned as he saw how much he was killing me.

I hadn't noticed how full and thick his lats were until now. They stuck out from his torso like wings.

He tightened his body slightly, wincing as he softly and seductively bit his lower lip. He uttered a soft grunt as his muscular torso flexed.

I began to ejaculate in my pants. In all my years of photographing musclemen, I had involuntarily shot my load only once, and that was with Clark while he was nude. I would never have guessed that I would start creaming this early in a photo shoot. But cream I did. I lowered the camera just a bit as my whole body jerked. I looked down at my pants, trying to detect any wetness that might start to show through.

I looked up again and saw Van standing there, with his arms relaxed at his sides, smiling widely. He had a teasing, taunting look of curiosity on his face.

"You O. K.?" he asked for the second time in as many minutes.

I couldn't answer. I moved the camera down in front of my dancing cock, mortified with embarrassment. I must have been beet red. I tried to counter the uncontrollable jerking of my body, but I know he saw everything.

"You must have a heck of a time getting pictures if you react like this all the time," he grinned.

I looked at the floor, softly jerking, and mumbled "You're the first time this has happened."

Van grinned.

I sat the camera down on the table and supported myself by holding on to the tabletop while I finished my orgasm. I thought I would die from embarrassment. I kept my head low. I pressed my cock against the tabletop and occasionally grunted as my cum continued filling my pants.

I looked up at Van, and in an obviously seductive move, he began to move his arms behind his back. He grinned as he bent his arms a bit and locked his hands just above the small of his back. He twisted his body sideways and smiled as he looked deep into my eyes. Then, he pressed his hands lower and flexed his triceps in an absolutely beautiful pose. The muscles on the back of his arm grew. They kept growing. They rippled. His chest protruded and swelled.

Just when I thought I was coming down from my climax, my orgasm intensified. I audibly shuddered as I pressed my cock tightly against the table.

Van bit his lower lip again and winked as he sent me over the edge again.

"Holy shit," I whispered. I looked away, trying in vain to regain some kind of control of my bodily functions.

Van relaxed from this pose, then smoothly raised his arms out to his sides, forming an iron cross. The beef of his biceps weighed heavily on his arms as he stretched them wide. I thought I would die. Van looked at his left arm. Then he slowly turned his head and studied his right. He bent his arms and his muscles grew. He tightened them all the way, and his arms blossomed into two round baseballs; actually they looked more like the size of softballs as they peaked.

I held on to the table tightly, helpless to move away. Totally impotent against the onslaught of this virile god. Van contemplated his arms as he posed them for me, moving his eyes over their massive leanness. Then he turned his head toward me and smiled, knowing he held me captive in his powerful grip. I couldn't move if I wanted to. And I didn't want to.

Van relaxed his arms and gracefully dropped them to his sides once again. But his relaxation provided me with no relief. He looked absolutely perfect in a relaxed state. His body continued to attack me with its youthful perfection.

Finally, my orgasm subsided. My pants were filled.

"If you need to go clean up, that's O. K.," Van smiled. "I'll just take off my jeans and strip to my posing trunks while you're gone," he taunted.

My pants could have been sopping wet with milk, and still I would not have missed this sight.

"That's O. K.," I said. "I'll take care of it later."

Van grinned in agreement and began to fondle his pant button and zipper. His muscular arms forced the zipper down, and he spread his pants opening wide, revealing red posing trunks. He moved his jeans down, fighting them as they struggled over his thick quads muscles. Finally, his pants laid on the floor and Van stepped out of them. The briefs were VERY brief, narrowing to just a strap on his hips.

The fabric clung to his thick teenage penis like it was wet, but it wasn't. It showed everything, including his thick, pouty cut. The massiveness of his upper legs pushed his large, egg-shaped gonads forward; a brazen display of his virility.

By this time, Van was really enjoying his hold on me. He looked down at his trunks and then looked up at me and smiled. He shifted his weight on his legs, and his whole body gyrated. He was subtle. His muscle moved slowly and easily. He just stood there, somewhat relaxed, somewhat in fluid motion, taunting me with his rippling physique and his overwhelming smile and sparkling eyes.

He took a few steps toward me, his eyes transfixed on mine. I couldn't look away as he moved closer. I hadn't picked up the camera again. He moved closer to me, hypnotizing me with his gaze. Finally, our faces were only inches apart. I could smell his teenage body. I was paralyzed.

Without breaking our lock-stare, Van reached onto the table and picked up my camera. He nuzzled it into my stomach and said "You gonna use this or just stand there?" He moved his face closer to mine as he handed me the camera. I took it from him. Our noses were less than two inches apart. He opened his mouth slightly, then exhaled as he grinned and nearly laughed. His breath enveloped my face as he turned and moved back to the posing area. My knees nearly buckled.

I managed to regain some sort of composure, and I began clicking away as Van began to perform the smoothest, most erotic posing routine I had ever seen. Every motion was a classic mix of grace and power. Van knew what he was doing. I was astounded that an 18 year-old had such a complete grasp on posing. He moved better than most bodybuilders who have years of competition experience.

After about 15 minutes of torture, Van stopped posing and said "You have enough?"

I brought the camera down from my face and smiled. "Yeah, I think that's about enough of the standard pictures."

"Standard pictures?" he asked. "Is there something else?"

I hesitated briefly, but I had no doubt that once I explained the "professional courtesy" policy that most bodybuilding photographers have, Van would be willing to show off for me.

I told him that in order for me to do my best work on his pictures, I really would appreciate some additional "inspiration." He listened, smiling occasionally. When I was done, he didn't say anything. He simply stood there, and then looked down at his trunks.

His left hand moved up his bulging quad muscle very slowly. Soon, his thumb was inside his trunks, tediously moving father and farther inside. He slipped it all the way in and moved it up and down his cock.

Immediately, his cock began to stir.

I picked up the camera again and began clicking as my dick thickened and hardened.

Van pulled his trunks down and over his legs, exposing himself to me. His genitals were hairless. His meat was thick and getting firm. The trunks dropped to the floor and he began posing again, leisurely displaying his magnificent body to me in all its glory. His muscles rippled, and my camera went wild, clicking frame after frame of hot teen nudity.

He moved his left hand behind his cock and lifted it forward and out from his legs just a bit. Click. He closed his eyes as he touched himself, obviously enjoying the feeling.

Precum began to drip from his slit hole. His arms tightened and bulged as he fondled himself. He grew.

Within a minute, Van sported a full, rock-hard erection. He moved his fingertips up and down it, pausing to caress his testicles, then resuming his light stroking.

He sighed. He kept his eyes closed.

Without firmly grabbing himself, Van tickled himself to orgasm. His muscular body gave a quick, short convulsing jerk and a thick ropy loop of milk burst into the air. He gritted his teeth and involuntarily groaned on the first shot.

I began to squirt my pants again.

Van kept his fingers open as his cock throbbed with successive bursts of semen. His testes churned squirt after squirt of milk high into the air. The whole time, Van never grasped himself tightly. He just stroked his open fingers slowly up and down, lightly expressing his teenage musclemilk onto the floor of my studio.

I tried to continue taking pictures, but my own orgasm prevented me from holding the camera steady.

I don't remember how long we both jerked off, but the minutes seemed like hours.

Finally, Van stopped. He bent over and put his red trunks back on, making a dark spot where the wetness of his spent semen soaked in. Then he pulled up his pants and put his tank top back on. The session was over.

"Thanks for the pictures. I can't wait to see them," he smiled.

"Any time," I said.

"Do you have any openings for a posing session this weekend?" he grinned.

"I'd have to check my schedule, but..." I stammered for a second then stopped.

"Damn my schedule. I'll clear it. What time?"

"How about Friday? I'm done with my classes at about 3 o'clock, and I don't have any plans all evening," he smiled. "Maybe if we had more time you could coach me on some more posing."

"Uh, sure. That'd be great," I said. "Three on Friday."