

Pictures of Van

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PART TWO

It took decades of time to reach Friday afternoon, but finally 3 o'clock came. My heart seemed to be beating a thousand beats a second.

Van arrived at my studio/apartment at about 3:30, a torturous half hour late. He was wearing a powder blue tight-fitting T-shirt and dark blue denim jeans. The blue contrasting against his blonde locks was unbelievably beautiful. But then Van could have worn smelly rags dipped in horse shit and he would have looked astounding!

He smiled broadly and his bright teeth and small dimples melted me. His thick neck looked so powerful!

"I didn't know how long I'd be staying," he smiled as he sat his large duffle bag down. "So I thought I'd bring some extra clothes, if that's O. K."

I loved his assertiveness. "Sure," I grinned. "I'm glad you came prepared."

We sat down at my kitchen table and had a little after-school snack together and talked for awhile. I was amazed at how educated and articulate Van was. A freshman at the local University, Van was a 4.0 student, studying communications and education.

"That's an interesting combination of majors," I noted.

"Yeah," he laughed. "But I want to keep my options open. I'm really interested in journalism; but I also want to teach kids. I'll probably end up being a high school newspaper advisor or something like that; maybe also coach some football. I'd really love to try and introduce bodybuilding into the high school sports

curriculum someday too. I know that'd take quite a bit of pioneering spirit, but I think it can be done."

I began to grin. "So, you'd like to work closely with some teenage hunks and bodybuilders when you get older?"

"Hey," he answered, "I think I've got some firsthand information on the subject." He grinned a bit. "So do you, taking all of these pictures of musclehunks. How do you like working with them?" he grinned.

"They're the best," I smiled back.

"Thought you'd think that." he said.

We both laughed together.

"Besides," he said as he tried to squelch his laughter, "I plan on offering them some of my expertise on the subject." He raised his left arm and flexed his biceps muscle. It stretched the T-shirt fabric taut and formed a huge ball. My cock began to tighten.

"Shit, Van," I said. "If anybody has expertise on teenage bodybuilding, it's obviously YOU."

He looked at his flexed 18 inch arm and then seemed to squeeze it harder, bulging it higher into a rock of muscle. He slightly turned his thumb away from his face, twisting his vascular forearm. His biceps danced with life, rippling with veins and waves of muscle. He turned his face back toward mine and locked his eyes on mine. He held his arm tight and violated my inner sexual desires with his overbearing stare. I tried to unlock my eyes from his, and move my gaze back to that bulging arm, but I couldn't.

Van's power over me was total. I guessed that his power over just about anyone would be total. I couldn't comprehend anyone overpowering him. And yet, my plan for the evening, already set in motion, would soon determine if I was right.

Van unlocked me from his stare and he relaxed his arm. He tugged on the sleeve edge with his opposite hand, trying to pull it down to its original muscle-hugging position. He seemed to make sure that his triceps bulged for my eyes as he adjusted his sleeve down.

We finished our snack and got up from the table, moving over to the studio portion of my apartment. I turned on the bright lights and began to fiddle with the camera equipment.

"What's this for?" Van asked, holding up a two-foot long pipe.

Good. Everything was going according to plan. "Oh, that's just a little idea I had. I was wondering what it might be like to get some pictures of you bending some metal; you know, exerting your hardened muscles against some steel, flexing and bulging as you overpower the metal..."

Van smiled. "That sounds pretty cool. Let's go for it."

I finished loading the film and we discussed the shoot. We decided to have Van take off his shirt and work on the pipe while dressed just in his jeans. Unfortunately, I didn't get to see the unveiling this time; my attention was on the camera when Van quietly slipped his T-shirt off. But nevertheless, my eyes (and my heart) were treated to the most beautiful visage as I turned to face Van. He just stood there and seductively gazed at me, his perfectly proportioned, shirtless teenage body screaming with silent power. I must have froze for a second or two.

Van picked up the pipe and I began shooting, opting to let him run the show. My instincts to leave him alone proved correct. Van's muscular hands wrapped around the metal and he tightened his forearms, locking his grip. His thick forearms swelled and the veins began to bulge. His whole torso became taut and his face began to wince as he tested the metal's strength. Click. These pictures were going to be great.

Van relaxed his grip for just a second, and then took another run at it.

His body tightened once again. His upper arms bulged as he began to fight the pipe. His face began to contort just a bit, and he started to hold his breath as he squeezed. Click.

The metal shaft began to bend just a bit. Van's whole body tightened and he loudly expelled a breath, sucking in oxygen for another advance against the foe he held in his large hands. He squinted his eyes and forced the metal to buckle just a bit more. The two ends moved downward, forming a slight curve. Van's arms began to tremble. Click. His teeth began to show. Click. My cock was tightening.

I could tell Van didn't like losing to this thing. But he was nearing the end of his effort. At last, his strength failed, and he stopped. For all his massive muscles, the metal had been bent only an inch or so. He let it fall to the floor and he leaned over, placing his hands on his knees, panting hard. His triceps were swollen, jutting out from the rest of his arms.

"Shit, that's harder than I thought," he gasped.

My cock had reached full tilt in record time.

Van stood back up tall. A few beads of sweat ran down his face and he wiped his cheek with the back of his hand.

"Don't worry," I assured him. "Those were some great pictures!"

Van smiled.

With almost perfect timing, better than I had even planned, the buzzer at the front door of my studio/apartment buzzed. I set my camera down and excused myself. I opened the door and Clark walked in.

"Oh, did I come at the wrong time?" Clark asked as he looked at shirtless Van.

"Well, I think I had you scheduled for tomorrow evening, Clark," I said, feigning a look for my appointment book. "Let me check to be sure." I fumbled through

some papers on my desk and retrieved my calendar. I turned around to see Clark and Van looking at each other.

"Where are my manners?" I laughed. "Van, this is Clark. He works in construction and does some modeling for me too." Van's eyes were examining Clark carefully. Clark was in a word: huge. He was wearing a dark red tight T-shirt and black jeans. His shoulders were like two bowling balls under that shirt, and his thick chest protruded way out over his narrow abs; the fabric of his T-shirt wrapped itself over and around his muscular pecs, showing off his peanut-sized nipples as they pointed to the floor.

His 6'4" frame dominated the room with his 275 pounds of muscle. Well into his 20's, Clark had come into the fullness of his manly physique. Gone was his teenage innocence, replaced with mature, square-jawed power. His jet-black hair was short and wavy; his skin was tanned and amazingly vascular.

Clark walked slowly toward the blonde muscleteen and extended his mammoth arm. The two hunks shook briefly. Clark's body towered over Van's.

"Clark, Van is a freshman at the university. He's just started doing some modeling for me," I said.

"Looks like you've got what it takes, kid," Clark smiled. He looked at Van's torso and said. "Nice set of abs." Van didn't respond.

It was apparent that Van was at once intrigued with Clark's huge body, while at the same time hopelessly intimidated by it. I enjoyed watching the conflicted Van deal with these emotions. Clearly, he wasn't used to being overshadowed by someone bigger.

I pretended to fiddle with my appointment book. "Oh yes, Clark. I had you down for Saturday at 5 o'clock," I lied.

"Oh man, I'm sorry," Clark said as he moved away from Van. "My mistake. I'll come back tomorrow night." He was playing it just as we had planned.

Clark grabbed his duffle bag and slowly made for the door. I could see a slight look of disappointment on Van's face. Perfect.

"Well, wait just a second Clark," I said. "I just had an idea. Could you hold on just a minute?" Clark agreed, and I walked over to Van.

"Would you be interested in doing some joint pictures with Clark?" I quietly asked. "It'd be totally awesome! Your knockout body in the same shot as his?"

It didn't take much convincing to get Van to agree, although I could tell he was still torn between envy and lust. Something inside him wanted to see more of Clark, and yet something inside him didn't like the competition. As the evening progressed, I would find that Van was able to set that conflict aside, the more he got to know Clark.

After the three of us all agreed that this was going to be a great photo shoot, we decided on an approach. I had Clark move up to join Van on the platform, still fully clothed.

"O. K.," I began. "Van, you stand on this short stool behind Clark and face him. Clark, you face the camera and grab that metal pipe there." The two obeyed. Van showed quite a bit of interest in what Clark was going to be able to do with that slightly bent pipe.

"All right," I said. "Now, Van, while Clark starts to work with the pipe, you place your hands on his shoulders and watch. Just let yourself relax and enjoy this. I really need you to just be natural. When he starts to work on the pipe, just react naturally. Let your hands move onto his arms as he strains, if that feels right for you."

Van nodded. Clark grinned and held the pipe at his waist, his palms facing down over it. His hairless, vein-crossed arms bulged with muscle as his grip tightened. Van placed his hands on Clark's cannonballs, and his eyes got a little bigger as his fingers began to assess Clark's hardness and size. Van's hands moved up slightly, and he squeezed Clark's block-like trap muscles through the tight T-shirt fabric.

Clark raised the pipe up to chest-level and began tightening his mammoth hands around it. His 20 inch arms began to bulge. His torso tightened.

Van's right hand almost involuntarily began to inch its way down Clark's huge arm and onto the dark, bulging mountain of muscle. Click.

"Great," I said. "Keep it going, Van."

Clark strained harder.

"Bend the pipe Clark," I said.

Clark tightened his grip and held his breath. Van's eyes grew wide as Clark started to bend the pipe. Farther and farther the metal bent, forming an inverted "V" shape as the two ends moved closer together.

Clark's body shook as Van's hands trembled on top of it. Finally, the pipe was bent in two. Clark dropped it and Van's hands remained on Clark's shoulders. I could see Van eyeing Clark's muscular body as he nearly shook his head in disbelief. Finally, Van removed his hands from Clark's shoulders. My own pipe was probably as hard as the one Clark had just bent, but it was straight as an arrow and wetting my underwear with precum.

It ached for release.

The two men separated. Van got off the stool, and Clark, clearly hot and sweaty, quickly removed his shirt. Van nearly gasped as his eyes began feasting on the amazing upper body development of the 24 year-old musclegod. Clark was the personification of SOLID. His thick muscles rippled. He held his 275 pounds of muscle with unbelievable sensuality.

He wasn't as narrow-waisted as Van, but his 32 inch waist was made to look even narrower by the unbelievable width of his shoulders. His arms hung wide, being pressed outward by his lats. Clark breathed heavily, recovering from his strength demonstration. His chest heaved as he inhaled and exhaled. His large nipples stared at the floor, being pushed into that position by his overdeveloped pecs. There seemed to be no fat on Clark's huge body.

I gazed at the two men on the posing platform. Where Van was the image of powerful beauty, Clark was the image of beautiful power.

Clark finished recovering and I started to resume shooting. Clark moved back toward Van.

"Move closer," I encouraged. The two men moved closer together.

"Closer," I insisted. "Almost touching."

Van seemed to almost snuggle into Clark's mass as his chest nuzzled under Clark's. They were nearly pec to pec. Their relaxed arms bulged at their sides.

"THERE," I said, and the two of them froze as they looked at the camera. Click.

"Now. Van, move one hand up onto Clark's chest," I said. I hoped that by now Van was feeling comfortable enough for this.

He hesitated, trying to hide a nervous laugh.

"It's O. K., kid," Clark reassured him. "I won't bite."

The challenge to Van's bravery was enough to do the trick. Van slowly moved his hand up and placed his large pale hand on Clark's dark pec.

Click. I nearly began to ejaculate inside my pants. Clark slightly flexed his pec under Van's fingers, and Van -almost involuntarily- moved his hand around to feel the muscles ripple. Van's fingers took no time at all to make themselves at home.

"O. K., Clark. Now you do just what comes naturally. You two feel free to take this wherever you want," I suggested.

Clark was clearly enjoying this. He decided to go for the kill. He moved his hand onto the crotch of Van's jeans and squeezed.

"Hey! I don't get into that shit!" Van nearly shouted, pulling away just a bit.

"Like hell you don't," Clark smiled. "If you really don't like it, just move my hand off."

Van removed his hand from Clark's pec and grasped the meaty forearm. He made like he was going to push Clark off, but Clark slowly started massaging Van's jeans, and Van froze. Clark's muscular fingers squeezed tightly, his hand pressing downward on the erect rod in Van's pants.

Click.

Van couldn't move. He knew he should move, but the sensation of Clark's muscular hand pushing on him left him motionless.

"Jeez! This is excellent!" I interjected. "Keep this going! This is HOT!" I tried to encourage Van into continued participation. Click.

Click. Click.

Clark released his hand from Van's pants and began to unbutton them. Van offered no resistance. He was clearly overcome. His muscular teenage body seemed helpless to fend off the advances of his new idol, even if he wanted to. Clark undid Van's pants and pulled the opening wide. Van closed his eyes in either apprehension or anticipation, I couldn't tell which.

Clark slid the tip of his finger behind the rim of the front of Van's briefs and pulled them forward, allowing Van's head to expose itself above the fabric. Clark gently removed his finger and released the fabric so it laid just under Van's cut, allowing his head to poke up out of his briefs.

Precum dribbled out of the slit and slowly ran down onto his posing trunks.

Clark stood there and smiled. Van still couldn't move. Click. Click.

Clark admired the teenage head as it quickly became drenched in clear, shiny fluid.

The dark musclegod moved his forefinger to the tip of Van's penis and began to move the fluid around it, making sure to spread it all over, moistening Van's

thick, pouty cut and pausing briefly near the sensitive sex spot just below the head. Van held his breath. Clark removed his finger and just stood there, smiling.

"O. K.," I interrupted. "Now. Van. Why don't you return the favor?"

Van smiled.

"Start by moving your hand back up onto Clark's pec, then slowly go exploring," I suggested.

Clark held his massive arms at his sides and relaxed while Van began feeling him out. Van's fingers caressed Clark's pecs once again and Clark treated them to a ride of rippling, waving muscleflex. Then, slowly, Van traced his finger down over the mountains and valleys of Clark's cobblestone ab work. Almost instinctively, Van's hand moved down over Clark's belly button. He fondled it a little bit. Then moved his hand a little lower. And lower.

Then Van, without suggestion from me, tucked the tip of his fingers inside Clark's pants. Clark offered no resistance. Click. The muscleshow was better than I had even imagined it could be.

Van's triceps muscle bulged as he slowly forced his fingers inside Clark's pants. It was a tight fit, but within seconds I could see by Van's reaction that his fingers had found their goal. Van froze. Clark flinched, but in a good way. I could see the muscles on the back of Van's hand move, so I could tell that the tips of his fingers were playing with something. Had they found the tip of Clark's cock? Or was it hair? The bulge in Clark's pants was huge, but its shape was nondescript. I couldn't tell what Van had found.

The precum dripping from Van's penis was getting his trunks very wet.

"O. K., Van," I said. "Now. Where do you want to go from here?"

He didn't answer. I didn't blame him. It was one thing to do what he was doing, it was quite another thing to actually verbalize his obvious lust for Clark.

"Maybe I can suggest a direction," Clark said. Without waiting for permission, Clark moved his hand back to Van's genitals and began massaging them. Van closed his eyes. Click. After a few minutes of touching Van through his briefs, Clark pulled them down and exposed all of Van. His thick cock was blonde and so young!

Clark started lightly running his fingers up and down the shaft. He bent down on his knees and moved his mouth close. He started blowing light shots of air out of his lips and onto Van's cock. Van, his eyes still closed, groaned. Van put his hands on Clark's traps and neck. Clark began kissing the cock, but not sucking it.

Suddenly, while Clark was gently kissing his way down the shaft, Van began to shoot his wad. It flew up into the air as Clark kissed and landed on Clark's back. Click.

"Fuckin' SHIT!" Van moaned as he came. Clark quickly enveloped Van's cock in his mouth and began drinking the milk. Van's body convulsed as he ejaculated. Clark milked his dick of all its cum, gently holding his balls in place with his right hand. Click. Click. Click.

Van recovered quickly. Clark stood and began kissing the teenager on the lips, obviously turned on by what he had just done to the lad. Clark stripped his own pants off while he frenched Van. He also pulled Van's pants and briefs all the way off. Within a few seconds, Clark was nude and was forcing Van to bend over. Clark gently massaged Van's ass hole open and began to insert his dark, thick, meaty cock. He didn't have to hump very many times before he began to cuss and moan. His whole body tightened as he came, and he occasionally flexed a pose and felt his own muscles as he ejaculated. He especially enjoyed feeling his own chest.

Clark fucked Van's ass for nearly ten minutes. Van moaned occasionally, not having any experience in accepting a man's cock. Clark held Van's ass close. Click. Click. Click.

The rest of the weekend was taken up with various photo shoots. The session in the shower the next morning was particularly hot, as was the weight lifting session the next afternoon.

The End

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