

THE OUTING I.

by Sean Reid Scott



[Author's note: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for **ADULTS ONLY.**
If you are not an *adult* who wants to read this kind of smut, please do not continue.]

T

rent's heart raced. Slowly, the two thugs locked his wrists into cuffs that were attached to chains. The chains were anchored to posts on both sides of Trent, which had the effect of splaying his arms wide.

"We're not going to chain your ankles," one of the guys said. "But if you try anything with your legs, this is what'll happen." With that, the man threw a hard and fast punch into Trent's gut.

Trent writhed, almost blacking out. It took a full minute for him to find his breath again, and the impact to his abs would be felt for days.

"Understand?" the guy asked, as Trent panted.

"Ye-- yesss," Trent hissed.

"Good." The man stood in front of Trent, and it was at this point that Trent recognized him. Up until now, the man and his co-thug were just two dudes who had grabbed him as he had been jogging along a trail in the woods; but now, Trent figured it out. The man was the workout partner of "the guy!"

Trent trembled at the realization. What was all this about?

"You're probably wondering what we're doing here," the man said, motioning aimlessly around the barn. He smirked as he stepped closer to Trent. "Well, faggot, we've seen you at the gym, and we've noticed you have some-- how shall we say-- 'wandering eyes.' Seems you have a certain attraction to my buddy, Kent."

"I-- I don't know what you're talking about..." Trent moaned, looking down at the dirt and hay on the ground.

"Oh, I think you do," the guy said. "In fact, what we're going to do here is a little experiment. To see for sure."

With that, the man called out, "Okay Kent, we're ready."

Around the corner of one of the barn's stalls walked "the guy." He was just as huge as he always looked in the gym. He looked Trent square in the eye as he approached. He wore a wife-beater and jeans. His shoulders were as broad and wide as North America-- two bulging, round, huge cannonballs, defined against his triceps-- which looked as big as watermelons. Thick, yet freaky-defined cephalic veins ran the length of each of his biceps, feeding forearms that were as thick as the wide end of a baseball bat.

The thin cotton of the wife-beater hugged the protruding plates of the man's pec muscles. You could even see his nipples poking at the fabric. Trent had marveled at "the guy's" massive chest, shoulders and arms, but he'd never been so close to them; and now that he was face-to-face with this muscle sculpture, he realized that the man's lats were gigantic! Manta ray wings of back muscle pushed his over-large arms out into the stale air of the old barn.

Trent grew dizzy; the combination of horror-- being held captive like this, in this situation-- and of animalistic lust over "the guy's" bigger-than-life body-- it was overwhelming.

"The guy"-- apparently his name was Kent-- stopped about five feet in front of Trent. He barely smiled-- a grin that was both gorgeous and horrifying. He said nothing.

The other man, Kent's workout partner, spoke: "We've been getting a little tired of your homo stares while we're working out. So, we decided to give you what you want, in order to prove our point." The partner dude looked at Kent's amazing body. "Your idol here is going to do a little posing for you, while we watch your reaction." The partner reached to Trent's jogging pants and pulled them down. Unceremoniously, he yanked down Trent's jock strap as well. He ordered Trent to step out of them, and then threw them aside.

Trent was too afraid to sprout a boner, despite the presence of the over 250 pounds of ripped muscle standing before him.

The three men stood there, silently, watching Trent's naked body.

It had been only a few weeks since Trent had first spotted “the guy” (Kent) at the gym. Trent had simply thought of him as “the guy,” since he didn’t know his name-- and “the guy” seemed appropriate, because he was just so huge and vascular that no other nickname seemed necessary.

It had been busier than usual at the gym that day. Trent was finding it hard to work in on the equipment, for all the people vying for time.

But he took it in stride, allowing himself the pleasure of gazing on the magnificent pulchritude of muscle that was working-out on all sides of him. The was, after all, one of the real reasons Trent came here six days a week-- to lust.

Not that he didn’t have anything to show for his frequent visits to CA Fitness. For an 18-year-old, he was remarkably filled-out in all the right places. He didn’t know it, but there were a few guys there who actually looked at *him* while *he* looked at the bigger guys. Naturally handsome, Trent could have enjoyed many of the guys there, if he only had made the advance.

As Trent waited for the pec deck to clear, he gazed over in the direction of “the guy.” The guy was the alpha of the gym today. Easily a competitive bodybuilder, the nameless, tall, broad-shouldered blond would become a regular. Trent watched him as he benched over 400 pounds-- for reps. The guy’s spotter stood at the ready, at the head of the bench-- not a slouch in the muscle department himself. As the guy finished his set, he sat up. He was facing to the side of Trent, which allowed the voyeur a fantastic view of his pecs and one arm while the muscle man paused before standing to let his partner take a turn.

The partner could press only quite a bit less weight, so Trent was treated to a muscle show while the guy removed a plate from the bar.

“You working in here?” a middle-aged, but fit man startled Trent out of his voyeuristic trance.

“Oh. Yeah. Sorry. Thanks,” Trent stammered. He sat at the pec deck and began a set. If he only knew how good looking he was, Trent would have realized he had no reason to be shy or withdrawn.

He finished his set and waited for *the guy* to resume benching. While he waited, and watched, *the guy* looked over at Trent. They made eye contact.

It wasn’t the first time they had done so, which in a way made it even more scary than the first time. Trent quickly averted his gaze and started in on another set, even though it had only rested less than half a minute.

Anything to make it look like he hadn’t been looking.

Trent didn’t see “the guy” smirk-- almost snort-- as he reloaded the bar with the necessary weight.

As his workout routine would have it, Trent's next exercise was going to be incline flyes, which put him in pretty close proximity to *the guy*.

And so it would go, for the next few weeks.

Trent made sure to schedule his workouts to coincide with when *the guy* would be there. Each new day he saw him, Trent became more enamored with what seemed to be an inhuman amount of muscle packed onto that dude's tall, wide frame. Of course, the fact that his conditioning looked "contest ready" all the time didn't hurt either.

Trent enjoyed watching the other gym rats as they watched *the guy* too. Any respectable pair of muscle-loving eyes couldn't help but lock onto this man. He was a muscle god in the flesh.

"I think he's starting to get hard," the partner said, bringing Trent back to the present. "And you haven't even taken your shirt off yet."

Kent looked down at Trent's genitals. "Naw, Rocco, I don't think so. It's just that he's hung better than you," he chuckled. "You think every dude who has a bigger cock than you is sporting a boner."

Rocco didn't seem to like Kent's joke.

The other guy did, though, laughing out loud. Trent didn't recognize this guy, but before the afternoon was over, he'd learn his name was Jason.

Rocco turned to Kent. "You ready to get on with the experiment?"

Kent smiled. He looked Trent in the eyes and slowly began to lift his wife beater up over his head. Intercostals-- that could have been used as ladders-- rippled as Kent extended his arms heavenward-- slowly, tauntingly, pulling the fabric up. Kent's narrow waist slipped into his jeans like milk from a pitcher. The waistband was very loose, giving up numerous inches of space between the brickwork abs and the belt, inviting the viewer's eyes to contemplate what lay inside and beneath. The jeans had to be this loose at the waist, because the leg size demanded it.

As Kent handed the tank-T to Rocco, he lowered his arms and just stood there, knowing that Trent's eyes were being filled with more muscle than the teenager could actually contemplate.

Trent had masturbated to fantasies of Kent's shirtless body countless times in the past few weeks; but nothing in his imagination compared with the reality of what stood before him at this moment.

Kent allowed himself a more generous smile now, as he realized that his muscles alone were driving Trent insane. The giant of a man allowed his neck to tip back ever-so-slightly, thickening it as he almost imperceptibly tightened his traps.

Whether it was Kent's smile or what-- maybe just the presence of this incomparable muscle had begun to dominate everything-- the lust began to overpower the fear in Trent... and... he began to... harden.

"What a goddamn faggot," Rocco sneered. "I knew it. Go ahead, homo, get all hard looking at a dude."

Even Rocco's taunting couldn't diminish Kent's effect on Trent, and Trent's cock continued to engorge with hardening blood. To make matters worse, Kent began a torturously slow and erotic posing routine.

Flex after mind-boggling flex burst in front of Trent's lusting eyes. It was like no muscle show Trent had ever watched on the Internet.

Kent's arms-- easily topping 23 inches in circumference-- looked even larger than possible, because they were so fuckin' shredded with veins that pulsed all over hell. He'd hit a biceps pose and then slowly twist his wrist, making the split in his biceps pull into two distinct heads. Then, as if saying '*that's nothing!*' he tightened his arm even harder, making the peaks thicken and grow even higher! As he held the pose, his gigantic upper arms began to contend with those forearms-- shaved beams of vascular muscle-- and it became a powerful struggle as forearm attempted to encroach on upper arm.

But nothing on earth could prevail against those biceps.

Kent relaxed the pose and stood erect. After allowing Trent to at least partially recover from that visual assault, he resumed his posing: Side chest, lat spread, back-double-bi, back lat spread. All the while, Trent's member rose higher and higher in appreciation.

Of course, eventually Kent exhausted the number of poses one can do while wearing pants. So, his big, thick, muscular fingers began to undo his pants and belt. He looked down at his fingers while he worked, and then up at Trent to gauge his adorer's reaction.

Nearly at full-mast now, Trent was hopelessly unable to hide his muscle-lust.

Kent smiled, and smirked, and Trent didn't know if the giant musclegod was pleased or disgusted.

Finally, it was time for a battle that Trent would not soon forget: Denim vs. Quadriceps.

Kent pulled his jeans open, exposing white boxers. He began to push the pants down, pulling them as wide as possible to facilitate their downward journey. But it would be a difficult trip. Kent's triceps tightened as he pushed the belt and waist of his jeans downward, but his upper legs weren't going to give up easily. He had to shimmy them, left-- then right-- then left again, to get them to move at all. Finally, his upper legs gave way and allowed the denim safe passage, and the jeans moved

down to the musclefreak's knees. Kent bent forward and pushed them farther, giving Trent a delicious view of his shoulders and rippling back as he bent over.

The huge man stood erect again, and stepped out of his pants.

The bright, bleached-white of his boxers contrasted with the gorgeous tan even better than the wife beater had.

Kent resumed posing, flexing quad, hamstring and calf, turning around and showing off in perfect rhythm. He gingerly lifted the lower edge of his boxers to expose his unbelievable leg development-- like nothing Trent had ever seen anywhere.

Then, for the grand finale, Kent lifted his hands and brought them behind his head. The planet-sized biceps squeezed against Kent's handsome face and he smiled as he pointed one foot forward, tightened his legs, and then evacuated the air from his body, causing his skin to shrink-wrap around his eight-pack boulders of abdominal muscle.

This astounding climax of poses caused Trent's cock to travel the last inch or so toward his own abs, and as Kent grinned and watched-- holding that mind-blowing ab pose-- Trent's piss slit gurgled forth a generous dollop of honey onto his stomach.

"Too bad you're chained up like that," Rocco chided, "'cuz I bet you'd love to beat off right about now, huh fag?"

Kent released the pose and relaxed. "Aw, Rocco, I bet I can get him to cum without any hands," he smiled. He stepped toward Trent; the kid could feel the heat from Kent's huge, tight body.

Closer, Kent's thick chest moved toward Trent's face. Kent was easily a half-foot (probably more) taller than Trent, and when the musclegod's pecs brushed against Trent's face, the nipples were perfectly at mouth-level.

Involuntarily, Trent tongued the areola and nipple.

Kent pulled back just a bit. "Tickles," he smiled. He looked at Rocco, "The dude wants to nurse," he laughed.

The two guys laughed.

For the next few minutes, Kent teased Trent with his chest, and then hit a few more poses. The two thugs watched silently, and truth be told, Rocco found the scene surprisingly stimulating.

After a few minutes of this, Kent turned to Rocco and said, "Hmmm... maybe the little dude is going to need just a bit of help."

With that, Kent brought one hand to Trent's steel-hard cock. He didn't grab it-- he just brushed his fingers against it.

Trent sighed loudly, losing his breath.

Kent smiled down at him, and then dragged his fingertips downward, cupping the teen's balls very, very lightly. He moved the tips of his fingers back, under, toward the sweet spot at the back of the balls... and tickled.

Trent's first shot of warm milky semen landed on Kent's abs. Somewhat startled, Kent stepped backward, but kept his fingertips under Trent's churning testicles. He looked surprised, and then pleased.

The second burst came to rest on Kent's warm, tan pectorals.

Whereas the first two ejaculations happened almost silently, Trent moaned deeply with the third blast, shooting the biggest spray of his orgasm-- once again onto Kent's rippling torso. "Oohhhh godddd!" he groaned.

Kent removed his hand from Trent's genitals and just stood there, soaking up blast after blast of the teen's love offering. When the orgasm seemed to go on as long as it could, Kent began posing again, as Trent's cum dribbled down his body. At the sight of this, Trent's pulsing seemed to invigorate, and he burst forth in renewed, uncontrollable, spontaneous ejaculation.

Trent's liquid display of lust finally ran out, but his orgasm wasn't over. He continued to dry-shoot, pulsing-- even though his cock could produce nothing more.

Whether upset over his own raging hard-on, or just because it seemed the thing to do, Rocco now stepped forward. "Just like we thought," he sneered. "You homo. Jerking off for a dude! What a sack of shit you are!"

With that, Rocco landed another hard blast of fist against Trent's abs. Trent convulsed as his dry orgasm turned to unspeakable pain. Chains rattled as he wailed.

"Time to pay the piper," Rocco said. "No more fag staring from you again!" Rocco punched Trent again.

The world became fuzzy. Stars filled Trent's eyes-- his head. He faded toward unawareness-- toward unconsciousness. The only thing that brought him back was one more blow to the gut.

Then, he was nearly out.

But...

Then there were loud words being spoken-- and... they weren't Rocco's words.

Were they?

Well, some of them were. Some of them were Kent's. Some must have been Jason's.

As Trent struggled to return to awareness, he realized the punching had stopped.

People were yelling.

There were sounds of impact. Bodies being thrown. Jumping. Attacking. Hitting. Punching...

But not at Trent.

Were the three guys fighting each other? Over what?

But no-- was there another voice?

Yes.

No.

Trent was in excruciating pain, teetering on unconsciousness. But there was so much activity going on in the room that he had renewed reason to fight for consciousness-- just to see what was going on.

Yes-- there was a fourth voice. Someone else had entered the barn.

Trent hung like a rag doll from the chains; his legs were limp, offering no support. His head drooped downward toward the floor of the barn. When he could force his eyes open, all he saw was hay, dirt and horse manure. When he could force his ears to hear, all he heard was fighting-- violent fighting.

Someone was there with him.

Helping him? Rescuing him?

Finally, Trent was able to raise his head enough to get a glimpse of... of whatever it was that was going on.

Unable to register any kind of reaction to the unbelievable scene that he saw, Trent passed into unconsciousness just as he realized... Kent was standing about 10 feet in front of him. But behind the musclegod, someone was holding him in a full nelson. Someone even bigger.

Kent was writhing, fighting, wincing... but to no avail...

[to be continued...]



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