

THE OUTING II.

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 drifted in and out of awareness for an indeterminate amount of time. But when he finally regained full consciousness, he realized that his time "out" couldn't have been very long because Kent was still struggling with whoever it was that held him.

At this point Trent convinced himself that he must still be unconscious--dreaming or something-- because what he saw was simply not possible.

If Kent was the epitome of size and power, then who (or what) in hell was holding him from behind?

The man behind Kent was even taller. Probably pushing 6' 9" maybe? And he looked like he'd require more than one bathroom scale to measure his weight! Trent was in no condition to be calculating measurements, that was for sure, but suffice it to say, the guy who held Kent was enormously beyond what Trent thought was possible.

That's why Trent believed he was dreaming it up. Such a man stretched all credulity.

Trent looked around, as best he could in his condition. Rocco was unconscious, lying in the hay to his right. Jason was similarly out of commission to the left.

As the focus of Trent's eyes improved, he stared in front of him.

His stomach felt like it would explode.

Kent's huge arms were spread wide and two enormous triceps book-ended his handsome, yet squirming face.

The bigger man looked down at Kent. "Get dressed," he ordered.

With that, the bigger man released Kent, and Kent dropped a couple of inches to stand on the barn floor. Trent hadn't realized that the bigger man had actually been holding Kent up like that.

Kent slowly obeyed, pulling on his clothes.

"You all have one minute to get out of here. If you are here at the end of the minute, I will kill you."

Kent turned around quickly to respond, but what he saw stopped him short. It was the first good look he had gotten at his attacker, and his counter-offensive stalled immediately. He was overwhelmed.

The man wore a green hoody that must have taken yards and yards of fabric to make. Huge-- no, make that *gigantic*-- *enormous* muscles filled the sweatshirt: chest, arms shoulders. Even fully clothed, it was obvious the man was some kind of freak of nature. He was a house.

Kent's eyes moved down the extraordinary mass of muscles to the giant's waist, which was easily as narrow as Kent's, in spite of the fact that the guy easily had 100 pounds or more on the huge bodybuilder. Legs that could have passed for columns in front of the Supreme Court building flared from this tiny waistline, each one growing to a circumference that had to be larger than the waist itself. The jeans that held the man's legs were obviously custom made.

"You've got about 30 seconds," the huge man grunted. In spite of his obvious power, and his apparent anger, the huge monster of a man was surprisingly good looking. *More* than good looking, even.

Kent quickly assessed his situation-- looking up at the man, at Jason, then at Rocco. "They're out cold!" he protested. "I can't get them out of here in 30 seconds!"

"Twenty seconds," the man said.

Kent was incredulous, but he didn't want to anger the man further.

"You take the little one and I'll take the bigger one," the man said. He bent down and picked up Rocco.

Kent threw Jason over his shoulder and headed for the double barn doors, where the man unceremoniously dumped Rocco on the ground.

"Get them awake then get the hell out of here," the man said.

Trent couldn't tell for sure, but it almost looked like the giant kind of scrunched into a most muscular, *Incredible Hulk-esque* kind of pose to intimidate Kent further.

It worked.

Kent slapped his buddies on the face and they were up and gone within a minute.

The enormous man returned to Trent, who although was grateful for his rescue, visibly shook with fear. What if the giant was some kind of freakazoid who just wanted Trent for himself?

The heat emanating from the huge man preceded his arrival at the front of Trent. Still in agony from his gut punches, Trent forced his face upward, craning his neck to take in the enormity.

"Are you okay?" the man said tenderly.

"I-- I don't know," Trent said honestly.

The man looked for a way to free Trent from the cuffs and chains, but quickly decided he'd have to do it the old-fashioned way. "Hold still," he said-- as if Trent could move at all anyway. With one hand he grasped the cuff on Trent's left wrist; he placed his other hand on the links closest to the cuff. With the effort barely registering on his face, he snapped the chain at the second link. The bulk of the chain fell and clanged against the post to which the other end was attached. The man moved to the other cuff and did the same, struggling, maybe just a bit more against the chain.

As the second chain slammed against the post, Trent fell forward, now free from his restraints. The man was hard-- like a wall-- yet the soft fabric of his hoody cushioned Trent's head as it fell against the man's pecs and stomach area. The man caught Trent and held him up, and close.

Trent moaned in pain-- seeing stars again as his body tried to adjust to the stress of supporting itself again, and of not having his hands splayed apart.

"I have you," the man said. He wrapped his huge arms around Trent's trembling body and held him still. But the strain on Trent was too much. Once again, he lapsed into unconsciousness-- this time in the arms of his rescuer.

The first thing Trent remembered next was the sound of wind moving through trees, and the sound of birds chirping.

Then-- his stomach. Oh, god how it ached. Were some ribs broken?

He was moving. There was motion. His eyes still closed, he determined that he was lying horizontal-- on his back. The world was moving beneath him-- it was the motion of walking, yet he wasn't walking, he was being carried. He slowly opened his eyes. He gazed up at the trees above him. Sunlight peeked through the branches intermittently. He moved his gaze to the left and saw the familiar face of the man-- from underneath it. He blinked, trying to see better. The strong jaw of the man was clean-shaven; the man was indeed as handsome as Trent had remembered him. Trent smelled aftershave. Trent's left ear rested against the man's huge upper arm and pec. The man didn't show the stress of carrying the 170 pound teen at all.

"What-- where--?" Trent mumbled.

The man looked down at Trent and smiled. "You will be okay. You need rest."

Trent was in no condition to argue or resist, even if he did want to; and there was something wonderful about being rescued from his horrific plight by a super-human man like this.

Better than a fairy tale.

Trent took in the warm, hard presence of this huge man. His ear rested against the man's gigantic arm. The man's gait was smooth, but he walked at a good clip. The two traveled through the woods, farther away from town.

About 20 minutes later, they arrived at a small clearing which held a cabin. The woods around the cabin were trimmed and landscaped, and the small cabin itself was also well-maintained.

"This is my home," the man said as he opened the front door and carried Trent inside. The furnishings were stark, but somehow homey. A river-rock fireplace anchored one wall of the main room. One side of the room held a small kitchen. On the other end of the cabin there was a short hallway that led to what was probably a bathroom, and a bedroom.

That was it. Nothing fancy about the place at all.

The man gently placed Trent on a large couch.

"I will get you some water," he said, standing tall and turning toward the kitchen area.

Trent adjusted his torso on the couch, wincing slightly from the pain of his cracked ribs; he couldn't help, though, but watch in awe as the massive, wide back of the man moved away. It looked wider than most doorways, and coupled with those boulder-like shoulders, Trent could only imagine how the gigantic musclegod must have to turn sideways whenever he went between rooms.

The cotton of the man's hoody tapered somewhat under the lats, but from the way his jeans flowed from beneath it, Trent could tell the guy's waist was unbelievably narrow. The man must be incredibly lean.

Two galaxy-class legs supported what to Trent seemed like the most gorgeous, tight, denim-covered ass in the universe.

The man stopped at the sink and filled a glass. As he turned back to Trent, the teen had to consciously tell himself to keep his mouth closed, because at the sight of the man's expansive pectoral plates, Trent's mouth wanted desperately to fall open.

Trent, already in such physical and emotional pain, was overwhelmed. The man stood above him, and offered him the glass.

It was the most delicious glass of water Trent had ever tasted. Clear, ice-cold and delicious. Trent drank it all, and handed the glass back to the man.

"Thank you," Trent said.

"My name is Ben," the man said.

"I'm Trent."

"You can stay here until you are well," the giant of a man said.

"Thank you. But-- why did you-- how did you find me?"

The man treated Trent to another astonishing display of his back side, sat the glass in the sink, and then returned.

This time, Trent was less successful in keeping his mouth closed.

"I like to walk in the woods," Ben answered as he returned to Trent's side. "I heard yelling and fighting."

It was at this point that Trent noticed how Ben's speaking was very short-- almost sparse. His sentences were simple and to the point.

"So you came in and saw what they were doing to me..."

"And I made them leave."

Ben wasn't inarticulate, but he gave Trent the impression that he was not a man of complex thoughts.

"Thank you. You saved me. Maybe saved my life," Trent said as he winced into another position.

"Are you okay? You look in pain."

"I am in pain. I think I have some cracked ribs," Trent said.

Ben went into his bedroom and returned a moment later. He refilled the glass with water and handed it, along with two white pills, to Trent. "Aspirin," he said.

Trent took them, and drank the glass dry again.

"You should rest. Maybe sleep," Ben said. "I will build a fire." But first he left the room once again, returning with a wool blanket. He covered Trent with it.

Trent watched intently as Ben built the fire-- and it wasn't the kindling or the logs that transfixed his gaze. Ben's huge arms, back, chest and shoulders-- and those impossible legs-- captivated Trent. Watching Ben work was the most erotic display of muscle Trent had ever seen. He never imagined a man could be so off-the-charts huge and beautiful.

The next thing Trent remembered was waking to the sound of a crackling fire. The warmth felt good. His torso was feeling better now too. As the distinctive smell of chicken and dumplings wafted through the air, Trent realized how incredibly hungry he was.

He moved his eyes from the fireplace and the river-rock to the kitchen area, where he saw a set of rock-like muscles that bested what the wall held. With the room warmed up, Ben had taken off his hoody. He wore a white T-shirt. He stood at a profile, working at the stove. Arms that looked like they could uproot oak trees rippled with mind-numbing size. Ben's forearms were hairless, and as he stirred the food and moved pans, they rippled with a display of muscle that dazzled the senses. Ben's epic pecs expanded out toward the stove area, wrapped in white-white cotton that hugged perfectly (but not too tightly) the phenomenal twin-continent of chest muscle.

Trent's assessment of Ben's small waistline had been woefully inadequate. But then, no man could have accurately guessed at the proportions under that hoody. It almost looked as if Ben's waist was smaller than either of his arms-- but Trent knew that couldn't be possible. Nevertheless, the sweep of Ben's upper torso-- his chest and back-- down to the belted waistline to those jeans-- it was pure power and beauty; something that took Trent's breath away.

Even though Trent had barely moved since he awoke, Ben noticed he was awake. Without looking away from his cooking duties, he said, "Have a good nap?"

"Yes-- uh, yes," Trent said, startled that Ben must have been aware of him watching his incredible body.

"Hungry?"

"Oh, man, yes. That smells really good."

Minutes later, Ben had a small tray set up next to the couch, and he filled it with chicken & dumplings, fresh-cooked green beans, corn on the cob, steamed asparagus, sliced tomatoes, cooked squash, salad greens, warm bread, fresh fruit and water. A glass of wine too.

Ben filled his own plate after Trent had started in, and the big man sat in a very large chair next to the couch as they ate. It was the most delicious meal Trent could ever remember having.

Afterward, Ben served up Marionberry Pie with ice cream.

Stuffed beyond what was probably healthy, Trent needed to make his way to the bathroom. As he stood and made his intentions known, Ben quickly moved to the hallway, closing the door to his bedroom. Trent walked down the hall to the bathroom, thinking it somewhat odd that Ben had done that.

The bathroom, and everything else in the cabin, was immaculate, if not sparsely decorated. A toilet, a sink that hung from the wall (with no cupboard underneath it), and-- the only thing that looked like it was a recent addition, an oversized oval bath tub that also had a shower spout and plastic shower curtain. Trent surmised Ben would indeed need something larger than a standard tub, if he were inclined to bathe lying down.

Ben placed some more aspirin and fresh water on the tray next to Trent's couch-bed, and that night, Trent awoke a few times and availed himself of the medicine; but although the couch was pretty comfortable, he had a restless night.

In the morning, Trent was awoken by the sounds of birds singing in the trees outside. It was actually quite a racket. Moments later, he heard the door to Ben's bedroom open, and close, then the bathroom door open and close. The cabin was pretty small, so Trent could hear Ben pee in the toilet, and then shave, and then the shower turned on.

Trent tried to come up with an excuse to be in a position to see Ben as he emerged from the bathroom, but his ribs hurt so much that he couldn't easily maneuver himself. Ben came out of the bathroom and went into his bedroom and closed the door. A few minutes later he walked out and over to the kitchen corner.

"Good morning," Ben said as he began getting pans out and preparing breakfast.

"Morning," Trent said from his lying position on the couch.

"Sleep okay?"

"As well as could be expected, I guess," Trent said, trying to gyrate himself to take a look at the huge muscleman. He wasn't very successful. "Kinda have a neck ache, and my ribs still hurt."

Ben didn't say anything as he worked.

"But thanks for the aspirin. That did help."

"Do you need to use the bathroom before breakfast?" Ben finally asked as he cracked eggs.

"Yeah, I do," Trent said. He squirmed, wincing in pain, trying to get up.

Ben put his work down and came to Trent; his big, strong arms gently helped Trent up. "Good thing you are staying here," he said as Trent stood. "You need to rest for a few days." Ben walked Trent to the bathroom. Satisfied that the boy would be okay alone, he closed the bathroom door and returned to the kitchen.

Trent decided a sponge bath was in order, and after washing himself he returned to the living room, greeted by the awakening smell of coffee. He stood, supporting himself with one hand on the back of the couch, taking in the sight of Ben in a fresh white-white T-shirt, turning bacon in a skillet while he fussed over pancakes on another. The mountains of bulging muscle seemed just as impossible this new morning as they had the day before. Trent thought he'd never again, as long as he lived, lay eyes on such a mammoth, muscular, virile creature.

Ben brought Trent a mug of coffee.

Trent thanked Ben for the coffee, then said, "If I'm going to stay here for a few days, I'm going to need some clothes-- or at least to use your washing machine."

"I have clothes," Ben said.

Trent tried to muffle a chuckle as he finished a sip of coffee, "I'll probably get lost in your clothes," he said, making the first verbal reference to Ben's amazing size. "You have to be the biggest man I've ever seen."

"You can use whatever I have," Ben said, returning to finish up the breakfast.

After they ate, Trent took some more aspirin. "I wonder if I should have a doctor check me out," he said, returning to sit on the couch.

"They don't do anything for broken ribs," Ben said.

"Still, maybe I should..."

"You rest now. Later we can go to a doctor."

Trent finished his second cup of coffee while he watched the crackling fire Ben had built.

While Ben did the dishes, Trent occasionally turned his attention to the giant. "Can I ask you something?"

"I think you just did," Ben said, turning his face to smile.

Trent realized that was the first time he had seen Ben smile, and the dimpled cheeks of the virile hunk made the blood run to the surface of Trent's skin. Trent was surprised by the quick quip.

"True," he smiled back. "But... if you don't mind me asking, how did you get to be so big?"

"I like to lift things," Ben said. Even though this comment could have been interpreted as just as witty as his previous one, Ben didn't smile this time, and Trent got the impression that this simple answer was all there was to it.

Trent returned his gaze to the fire, not knowing what else to say. But somehow, it felt okay. Ben obviously wasn't a huge conversationalist, and Trent came to appreciate the ability to just "be" there, without having to fill the air with words. Ben rarely initiated a line of conversation, and Trent decided to take his cues from Ben and let the timing of their discussions be set by the huge, muscular man.

There wasn't a TV in the cabin; after breakfast Ben went out on the porch and brought in a newspaper. He shared it with Trent, who thought it quaint. Trent hadn't read an actual newspaper in years, preferring to get his news off the Internet.

After lunch, Ben drove Trent into town in his 20-year-old Dodge pickup. They went to an Urgent Care center, where Trent was examined and X-rayed.

"Just bruises," Trent said as he gingerly climbed back into the cab of the truck. Ben had waited there while Trent had gone inside.

"Good. Back to the cabin?" Ben asked.

"Are you sure you want... I mean, I could probably be okay at home now," Trent said.

"Alone?"

"Yeah-- I just live with my mom, and she's in Kansas visiting her sister for two weeks."¹

"You can stay with me," Ben said. "You should not be alone. Not for a few days."

"Okay," Trent said, actually relieved. He didn't want to be an imposition, but it was nice to think of having someone to take care of him while he recuperated. Obviously too, Trent was happy for the opportunity to spend a few days in a woodsy cabin with the musclehunk find of the century. "But can we stop by my house and get some clothes?"

"Sure," Ben said, starting the engine.

¹ Is this not the best literary convention you've ever read? I mean-- the dude's mom is away in Kansas for two weeks! How cool is that! You guys owe a lot to the author, Sean, for this kind of stuff!

At Trent's place, Ben again remained in the truck. Trent retrieved a few changes of clothes, underwear, toiletries, and his laptop. Ben wouldn't have WiFi, of course, but there would be a lot of time to type in his journal. He made a quick call to his boss at the Tasty-Freeze and told him he'd be unable to work for a week or so. He also called his mom, knowing he'd probably be out of cell reception at the cabin, and told her he was going camping with his friends for a few days.

His life in order, a duffel bag in hand, Trent returned to the truck and the two men returned to the woods.

"Why did they hurt you?" Ben asked as he built another fire that evening.

Trent paused from typing on his laptop and looked at Ben's massive, "V" shaped back as it tapered into his 32 inch jeans (Trent had looked on the leather belt line tag). "Uh-- I don't know. I mean..."

Once the fire was roaring, Ben turned to Trent. "You don't know?"

"Well, yeah, I do know," Trent said. He looked to a window, trying to prevent the welling of tears.

"You don't have to tell me," Ben said. Yet, he didn't stand up. He looked at Trent.

Trent looked back at Ben. "It was because... That guy, Kent. He works out at the gym I go to. So does his friend Rocco-- one of the other guys."

Ben looked puzzled. "Yeah?"

"And... well, I guess they thought I was..." Trent closed the lid on his laptop and fidgeted. "They didn't like it that I..."

Ben waited patiently, clearly not getting any of the clues that Trent was inadvertently sending.

"I guess they didn't like me to watch them... you know... when they lifted weights," he finally got out.

Ben moved from a crouching position in front of the fire to sit on the river-rock hearth. He looked at Trent. "They didn't like you looking at them?"

"Looking, mostly... well, only... at Kent. The big guy," Trent said.

Ben grabbed a thin stick of kindling wood from the pile next to him. He began to fiddle with it-- drawing imaginary pictures on the floor with the tip. "I think I understand," he said.

There was a long, uncomfortable silence-- uncomfortable to Trent, anyway. Eventually Ben looked up at Trent and said. "Some guys are like that. They are afraid."

Trent would have sighed out loud, but it hurt too much to take a deep breath. "Yeah, they are."

"There is nothing to be afraid of," Ben said, and Trent wasn't sure if he was referring to "some guys" or to himself. "They should not be afraid. People look at me all the time, and I'm not afraid."

"Yeah," Trent said, not knowing what else to say.

"You should be careful," Ben said.

"Yeah-- I learned that lesson."

Ben stood up and went to the kitchen to start dinner.

The next morning, Trent awoke with the most severe case of morning wood he had ever had. As he touched himself, he recalled some mighty powerful dream images from the night. They say people dream about things four days after they happen, but Trent proved that theory wrong, because the images he dreamt were of Ben and himself at the fireplace the day before-- and they were doing more than just building fires and talking.

Ben was already up, fixing breakfast, and Trent realized he was now faced with the task of getting to the bathroom in his boxers without allowing Ben to see his aroused state. In the end, he was successful, and his boner had subsided by the time he returned to the living room for the morning meal.

The day was spent much like the previous one-- Ben reading the newspaper, then some books. Trent typed and read some stuff too. They took up positions on the covered front porch when it got warmer outside, and Trent was amazed at how relaxing it was out here in the woods. Ben had brought them each a bottle of beer to enjoy in the warm afternoon.

"How long have you had this cabin?" Trent asked as he relaxed on an adirondack lounge.

"Two years," Ben said in his standard brief manner. He certainly wasn't one for elaboration, and every bit of information Trent got out of him had to be asked for.

"Have you lived in this area all your life?"

"Yes."

Trent felt like he was walking on eggshells, not knowing if his questions were welcome or not. "Me too," he said. Maybe if he offered up some information voluntarily, Ben would follow suit. "I like it here. It's nice to have the city so close to nature. You hardly have to drive any time at all to get out into the country."

"I like the country best," Ben said. "Used to live in the city, but didn't like it as much."

"Yeah, I can understand that. Sure is beautiful here. You really have a nice place."

"Thanks." Ben took a sip of beer.

"Where about in the city did you live?"

"Alameda. Till my mom died. Then I moved out here."

"Two years ago?"

"Yeah. She had this place--" he said, looking upward to note the cabin, "and we'd come out here to get away from everything. Then she died." Ben's demeanor didn't change at all, but the silence seemed pregnant with emotion.

"I'm sorry."

"My dad left us when I was 7." Ben was offering up the most information about himself yet.

"My dad died when I was a baby," Trent offered.

Ben gazed up at the breeze-blown tree leaves. He looked pensive. After a long silence he looked over at Trent. "It's okay that you like to look."

Trent was taken aback.

"Uh-- why do you say that?"

Ben didn't answer right away. He took another sip of beer. "Because you shouldn't be ashamed of things like that. People should be able to like what they want."

Trent didn't respond.

Ben looked back up at the trees.

"You are a very interesting man, Ben."

"Why?" Ben said, still looking up.

"Because... I don't know-- you just changed the conversation so fast. You must have been thinking about that."

"I wanted you to feel safe. I know you like to look, and I wanted you to feel safe," Ben said.

"I do feel safe. Thank you," Trent said.

"But you should be careful. Not everyone wants you to feel safe. Because they are afraid."

"Like Kent," Trent said.

"Yeah, like Kent."

Trent changed from contented to angry, and Ben noticed.

"Kent needs to be taught a lesson," Ben said.

Again, Trent was surprised. He raised his eyebrows. "What do you mean? Why?"

"Because he hurt you."

"Oh-- I don't know. I bet he's already been taught a lesson."

"He makes me mad," Ben said. "He shouldn't hurt you." Ben stood and Trent could see the wheels in the big man's head turning. Ben walked over to a cut branch on the wood pile that was stacked next to the porch. The branch was about four feet long, and probably as thick as a beer can is round. Ben picked it up, and Trent could see the anger emanating from the huge man. Ben grasped the branch, palms down. As he tightened his grip, his forearm muscles grew. His shirt filled with growing muscle.

As the thick branch snapped under the force of Ben's unrelenting power, Trent began ejaculating into his cargo shorts. He held himself as still as he could, despite one of the most powerful orgasms he had ever had.

"He shouldn't hurt you," Ben said, seemingly satisfied with his show of strength. He sat the two pieces of wood on the pile and returned to his seat.

Trent had erupted such a generous amount of semen into his pants (it had been two days since he last jacked off, so he had stored up an ample amount of juice), that he feared it would soak through and make a spot. Still not quite able to stand quickly, he subtly placed a section of the newspaper on his lap, hoping Ben would leave the porch soon, and he'd be able to make his escape inside to the bathroom.



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