

THE OUTING III.

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.]

It was the most bizarre display of anger Trent had ever seen, he told himself as he stood in the locked bathroom scooping the jizz from his pubes and rubbing it out of his boxers. Ben had just gotten up, snapped the branch, and it was over. On one level, Trent hoped that Ben was a man who could contain that anger. He'd hate to ever be the recipient of that wrath.

When Trent emerged, he walked past Ben's closed bedroom door. Ben was apparently in there. It was completely silent. Trent returned to the porch, and Ben came out about 15 minutes later.

"You get cleaned up?" Ben said as he sat back into his reclined wooden chair.

Trent just looked at Ben, not knowing what to say.

It was quiet for a few minutes; then Ben said, "You hungry?" He leaned forward, preparing to stand. "I'm going to get some food." He stood up and went into the cabin.

Trent had come to grips with the fact that his attraction to muscle wasn't negotiable. He had tried to hide it, change it, alter it, subdue it... and then, he had accepted it. His attraction wasn't to just any man. It was to muscle. The bigger the better. Sure, the guy had to be handsome, but if he didn't have a buff physique, he didn't get a second glance. Trent had definitely come to accept that this was the way he was, and that he wasn't going to change. But he was still learning the ropes as far as others' comfort with his proclivities. Kent was a prime example of a hard lesson learned.

Now that he had met Ben, though, his wildest fantasy about finding ripped, huge muscle had been more than fulfilled. And Ben didn't seem to mind being the object of Trent's lust and fantasy. It was beyond amazing that a person of Trent's desires would actually find someone of Ben's physical stature.

Ben returned to the porch with a tray of food, and more ice-cold beers. As the two ate, Ben said, "I didn't mean to embarrass you, but I did see what happened. It's okay."

"I'm sorry. I just couldn't help it. It just happened," Trent said, still somewhat afraid, and very embarrassed.

"Trent," Ben said, putting his big paw on Trent's knee, "I understand. People should be able to like what they like."

"So..." Trent said softly, "what do **you** like?"

For the second time since they met, Trent saw Ben's cheeks dimple with a smile.

GaaaaaawwwdAlmighty. The guy was as gorgeous as he was huge.

"I like women," Ben said. "Brunettes, mostly."

Trent smiled, despite his inner disappointment.

Then Ben said, "Can I ask you something?"

"I think you just did," Trent grinned, eliciting yet another dimpled smile from his idol.

"Have you been with many men?"

"No," Trent answered. "Not many." He paused, then added, "Not any."

"Why not?"

"It's not very easy to do around here," Trent said. "Too many Kents out there."

Ben nodded, knowingly.

And that was that.

As the afternoon wore on, the conversation slowed and lagged. It was all some kind of a tease to Trent.

But teasing was about to reach a whole new level.

When it was time to start preparing dinner, Ben retreated into his bedroom, and came out wearing a white wife-beater.

Trent had somehow imagined that seeing more of Ben would be something of a disappointment. He thought that Ben would be... maybe... not quite as ripped as he looked with a T-shirt on.

But any thoughts of that were quickly dismissed when Ben came out. He had rippling, lean muscles on top of muscles! Shoulders wider than an aircraft carrier-- just ginormous bowling balls of deltoid muscle! God, Ben's *traps* looked bigger than most guy's delts! And then those arms! Watermelon-sized slabs of rippling muscle gave and took as Ben moved. You could lose yourself in the cut between triceps and deltoids. Ben had cephalic veins

running down his biceps that were thicker than straws. They gave Trent an instant hard-on.

It would be another involuntary orgasm before dinner was served, and again Ben could tell that Trent had cum. Apparently, Trent wasn't very good at hiding them. The muscleman smiled slightly as Trent finished jizzing his pants, but didn't look over at the teen.

"You going to clean up before dinner?" Ben said as he got out the dishes.

God, this was hell, Trent thought.

By the next day, Trent was clearly well enough to go home and be on his own. His ribs still hurt, but he was obviously going to be okay.

After breakfast, Ben drove Trent home, and the two made sure to make a time to meet again. Ben didn't have a phone, so they decided he would drive to see Trent at his home later that night, just to make sure Trent was okay.

Trent thanked Ben for saving his life, and for all the food and stuff, and the two parted.

Trent punched the code on the garage door pad, and waved goodbye to Ben as the big guy drove away in his old Dodge pickup. As the door closed, Trent sat his duffel bag on the cold garage floor, next to the clothes washer, and then went inside the house.

It was drizzly and cool outside, quite a contrast to the beautiful weather of the past few days, and Trent was feeling melancholy. He trudged up the stairs of the split-entry home, and into the kitchen.

From out of nowhere, two powerful arms wrapped around Trent and nearly pulled him to the floor. One hand covered his mouth

and, and the other squeezed his waist, sending searing pain up and down his already bruised torso.

"You have a good time with your new boyfriend there, Trent?" the captor whispered into his ear as he squeezed.

Trent nearly blacked out from the pain-- and the horror-- but the relief of unconsciousness never came. His captor pulled him backward, out of the kitchen, through the dining area and into the living room. The drawn curtains were semi-transparent, letting a gray, murky light through.

"I bet you and that hulk had a nice time, huh faggot?" the man said.

Trent now recognized the voice, as if there had really been any question-- it was Kent.

As Kent released his hand from Trent's mouth he said, "Don't try anything funny, little boy. I can snap you in two in a second."

"How-- how did you get in? How-- did you find me?" Trent hissed and gasped.

Kent chuckled into Trent's ear. "You think a guy like me doesn't have some connections down at the gym? Got your name from the membership roster-- matched with your ID card picture on file. Name, address, the only thing it didn't tell me was your *sexual orientation*," he said with contempt. "But we already know what that is, don't we faggot boy."

Trent, horrified, was near tears. If only Ben was still here. *Where was his rescuer?* He desperately needed his hero again.

Kent relaxed his arm from Trent's waist, knowing the kid didn't have the constitution to fight back. They both knew it would be hopeless. One strike with the back of Kent's hand would send Trent across the room. One punch to his gut would send him to the hospital-- if not worse.

The two met eyes; Kent could read the animal fear in Trent. He grinned, almost lecherously.

Trent felt close to losing his urine.

It was at that moment Trent noticed that Rocco had been sitting motionless in the recliner chair the whole time. Rocco now stood, and if the odds of Trent's escape were impossible before, they were unthinkable now.

"What should we do first, Rocco?" Kent asked as his buddy came to his side. The two men stared at the helpless waif.

"Well," Rocco pretended to rub his chin, "we should start with the test."

"The test?" Kent smiled.

"Yeah. I mean, we should make sure he's still a faggot. That hulk dude might have cured him."

Kent laughed loudly, and even in his terrified state Trent couldn't help but notice the dimpled cheeks and perfect teeth on that gorgeous face. The two-day beard on Kent's face only accented the dimples.

"I doubt that hulk cured this kid of anything," Kent continued to laugh. "The monster is as much of a fag as our little boy here. If anything, the two of them consummated their love for each other!"

Rocco laughed.

"But you're right, dude," Kent smiled. "Why don't you see if our little boy here still gets turned on by dudes."

Rocco's eyes sparkled. "Gladly, boss," he said.

Trent took a tentative step backward as Rocco moved toward him, but Kent moved around and stood behind Trent, grabbing his wrists and pinning his hands behind him.

Neither man said anything as Rocco moved closer. Kent held Trent still.

Rocco wasn't nearly as big as Kent, but he was buff. If he wasn't always seen with Kent, he'd be an eye-ful in his own right. As he stood a foot from Trent, he peeled off his hoody, revealing a surprisingly vascular and ripped set of arms and shoulders, showcased in a dark blue tank top. Trent hadn't remembered Rocco being so big, but that was understandable given that Kent's body always stole the show. Rocco's chest filled out the tank very nicely, and his waist was obviously ripped and lissom.

As Rocco began to pull the tank out of his jeans, Kent turned Trent's wrists so that the teen's palms faced away from his back, toward Kent's crotch. Almost imperceptibly, Kent pushed himself against Trent's hands and held himself there.

Rocco lifted the tank up and off and tossed it on the recliner, turning as he did so to aim it thus. As he turned back to face Trent, he smiled, knowing his now bare torso was a definite turn-on for anyone who admired a muscled body. His abs rippled as he looked down at them, slowly running his open fingers down them. At the bottom, he slipped a few fingertips inside his loose belt line. He rubbed the brown hair of a very nice glory trail, watching his hands as he did so.

He looked back up at Trent's big eyes and smiled. Little did he know that one of the reasons Trent's eyes were growing was because the teen's hands were now cupping Kent's denim-clad crotch!

"Okay, man," Kent said softly. "Give him what he wants."

Rocco didn't have to be told twice.

The muscled twenty-something moved close to Trent. He was a few inches taller than the teen.

In a very sensual, suggestive way, Rocco-- hands at his side-- began to rub his bare torso against Trent's clothed body.

Trent's body stiffened in response. His heart raced.

For a homophobic straight dude, Rocco was quite sensual and adept at these erotic moves. He breathed heavily as his torso twisted and turned on Trent's. He leaned close to Trent's cheek, and the sides of their faces connected.

Trent gasped in a quick breath as Rocco grazed their cheeks together. Rocco moaned.

Geez, Trent thought, this guy is getting in to this.

As Trent's heart nearly pounded through his chest, Rocco placed his hand on the inside of Trent's thigh. Slowly, he moved it upward and onto Trent's crotch.

At the same time Trent's wrists, encircled by Kent's thumbs and forefingers, were pressed against Kent's crotch. Kent's other fingers spread on the outside of Trent's hands, forcing them against the denim of his jeans. And Kent pushed.

As his fingers began to absorb Kent's cock, Trent realized, *Kent was getting hard!* Kent moved his lips to Trent's right ear, while Rocco's cheek continued to brush against Trent's left.

Almost imperceptibly, Kent whispered into Trent's ear, "Dude, you tell a soul about this and you're dead," and when he said the word "this," he squeezed Trent's hands against his obviously growing member.

Trent didn't think his heart could pound any harder.

Rocco began to knead Trent's crotch, and eventually, despite the fear, Trent began to be affected by the ministrations of Rocco in the front, and Kent in the back.

As Trent's cock filled with blood and began to thicken and lengthen in his pants, Rocco began to undo Trent's belt and jeans. Behind, Kent bucked slightly, pushing himself into Trent's hands, using his fingers to force Trent's fingers to curl around his balls. Kent moved Trent's wrists up and down slowly, causing Trent's hands to rub over and under the hardness.

Within the minute, Rocco had secured the release of Trent's throbbing cock and the teen's pre-cum-dripping member pushed its way into the living room. Rocco lost no time in moving one hand to Trent's thick cock. He held it with open fingers-- tickling and teasing it-- feeling all of it, up and down, assessing its girth, length and rigidity. His fingertip slipped over the clear honey that was dribbling down.

With the first, tighter grip of Rocco's hand pushing downward on his cock, Trent found Rocco's tongue slipping inside his own mouth. Hot breath pushed out of Rocco's nostrils as he began to french the teen.

Trent responded by involuntarily flexing his cock against Rocco's resistance, and Rocco answered with a long, hard squeeze. A large bead of pre-cum oozed out Trent's piss slit and dribbled onto the back of Rocco's hand.

As Rocco's nostrils pushed out hot air onto Trent's face, Kent's mouth did the same on Trent's ear.

After what seemed like hours in this position, Rocco pulled his face away from Trent's, and without pause bended his knees and sunk toward the floor. On his knees, Rocco held Trent's engorged penis in one hand, examining it.

He kissed the head.

Trent didn't have time to contemplate the stark reality of what was happening-- the homophobic violence these two guys used to hide their own hidden feelings. Before he knew it, Rocco's tongue was moving up his shaft, and presently two red lips began to envelop it, and suck gently.

Rocco's tongue moved down the urethra and massaged as his mouth pushed toward the base. Burying his lips in Trent's pubes, Rocco held his mouth there while his tongue played with the shaft.

Obviously, Rocco had done this kind of work before. The kneeling man slowly twisted his head back and forth, looking up into Trent's watching eyes as he gave the teen his first blow job ever.

Trent could feel himself become more excited.

Rocco could sense this, and he backed off, seemingly wanting to prolong the session. He unzipped his own pants, and pulled his erect cock out, stroking himself with sensual, languid movements. A minute later, Rocco was totally devoid of his pants and underwear.

For his part, Kent was as hard as a log now, and he was using Trent's hands to get even harder. He leaned into Trent's back, pressing his gigantic pecs into the back of Trent's head.

Trent, despite the fear, was nearing orgasm. He could feel his balls churn and his dick, inside Rocco's warm, wet mouth, flex in its its preparation for orgasm.

Rocco pulled up, scraping his teeth lightly on Trent's long shaft. He stopped at the head and played his tongue over it before pushing slowly down again toward the pubes.

With a loud "thud," Trent was thrust forward, over Rocco, and onto the living room floor. Kent was right behind him, falling as well. The three men lay on the floor, stupefied.

"You will pay for this!" an obviously angry voice shouted.

As Kent moved off Trent and Rocco, he turned and looked up to see Ben standing above them all.

"Shit!" Rocco hissed.

Trent looked up to see his deliverer.

"Get off!" Ben commanded Kent.

Kent crawled off, but instead of moving away, he jumped up and head-butted Ben, yelling loudly in his attack.

Ben barely moved.

Kent feared he had broken his back. It felt like he had rammed into a cement post in a parking garage. His back screamed as the fire-like blaze of pain electrified his nerves. He fell backwards toward the floor, but Ben caught him, holding his waist from above as Kent faced the floor.

Kent recuperated quickly, and he flailed his arms, trying to wrench himself free. He grabbed Ben's gigantic forearms but his hands found no movement in them.

Ben tightened his hands on Kent's waist, and Rocco and Trent watched as the huge man did a kind of most-muscular pose, squeezing the inverted, folded torso of Kent as he did so.

At this point, Ben lifted Kent up, face down, legs high in the air. The smaller man (probably the first time Kent was ever referred to as "smaller"), faced away from Ben, the back of his head against Ben's shins. Kent bent his knees and tried kicking Ben's back with his heels, to no avail. The huge man was impenetrable.

As Kent flailed and yelled, Ben's attention was then diverted when he heard Rocco shout, "Hey!"

Ben turned and saw Rocco, now standing, holding Trent in a full nelson. "Let him go, or I'll break this faggot's neck!"

Immediately, Ben dropped Kent, who's head hit the floor with a thud. His body crumbled on the carpet; he was almost unconscious.

Ben took two steps toward Rocco and Trent.

"I swear, I'll DO IT!" Rocco yelled. To punctuate his threat, he squeezed Trent's head forward.

Trent cried out.

It took only one more step for Ben to reach the two, and as soon as he did, he reached out and placed his hands on Rocco's wrists. As if with no effort, he pried Rocco's interlaced fingers apart. He pulled Rocco's hands wide and forward, allowing Trent to fall free.

Anger seethed on Ben's face.

Rocco was horrified.

"You call him faggot," Ben said. "I takes one to know one." He looked down at Rocco's shirtless, muscled body. "You two are the biggest hypocrites. You are the faggots, not Trent. Trent is respectable. You have no respect." Ben's simple words told the true story.

But Rocco wasn't feeling remorse-- only fear. Terror, really. As he looked up into Ben's angry eyes, he began to feel his wrists being pulled out to their very limit. Ben's wingspan was greatly wider than Rocco's, and the smaller man was about to learn that painful reality.

Rocco let out a yip, as Ben began to pull wider.

Ben's face became expressionless.

"Aaaaaaaarrrrr!" Rocco screamed as his arms began to pull from their sockets. A few popping sounds were then accompanied by more horrendous shrieks. Rocco's muscular shoulders began to look like they were separating from themselves. His thick traps

seemed to distend. Rocco writhed as his outstretched arms gave him the appearance of being crucified at the end of the huge muscleman.

A few more pops were heard.

Ben's face grimaced only slightly as he pulled harder.

Trent was almost as surprised as Ben was when Kent jumped onto the huge man's shoulders. Kent wrapped his gigantic arms around Ben's head and began pulling, while his award-winning oak-tree-sized legs began to squeeze the big man's torso. Kent locked his heels in front of Ben's waist and tightened more.

Ben held Rocco for only a few seconds more before he was forced to deal with this assault. Rocco fell to the floor, almost dead anyway, so leaving him there would be no problem.

Kent's powerful legs squeezed into Ben, and the big man found it difficult to breathe. As Kent pulled harder on Ben's head, his humongous quads and hams thickened while his feet and ankles nearly turned white (hidden beneath his socks) with the stress.

Ben tried to reach up and pull Kent off, but the giant's arms were so fucking huge that it restricted his ability to get them back far enough to do any good.

Kent yelled and gave one HARD squeeze; Ben began to see stars.

Trent was frozen in horror.

Ben lowered his arms and began to throw his elbows back against Kent's sides. The bodybuilder on top felt pain immediately. His legs relaxed, but only for an instant. He renewed his assault by squeezing again, and by pulling Ben's head backward even more.

As Ben writhed from the pressure of Kent's amazing leg strength, he decided he'd had enough. He reached up and peeled Kent's arms off his head, placing his strong hands on Kent's amazingly thick forearms, and simply prying them out.

Kent was at first incensed, then amazed. His mighty arms fought valiantly, but they were no match for Ben's incalculable power. Realizing his arms were not going to help in this battle, Kent redoubled his leg squeeze. He locked his ankles once again and forced his upper legs to grow and harden.

Ben was visibly taken aback. He immediately let go of Kent's forearms and pounded his own arms onto Kent's lower legs. In one swift move, he pulled Kent's ankles apart, and before Kent was able to re-grab Ben's head, the bodybuilder lost all purchase of the giant and fell to the floor behind Ben.

Not wanting Ben to be surprised by another unexpected attack, Trent looked over at Rocco, who was all but unconscious. No threat there.

Ben turned around and looked down at Kent, who immediately scrambled to his feet.

The two men stared at each other.

Ben was many inches taller, and much, much bigger. He looked like Hercules. He looked invincible. His mammoth proportions were enveloped in one of his white-white T-shirts. His tailor-made jeans were filled with more muscle than Kent could have imagined possible on a human.

Ben stepped forward. Kent didn't know what to do. So much of a battle is mental, and Ben's physique had won Kent's mind long ago. Ben wrapped his hands around Kent's torso and lifted him off the ground. Instinctively, Kent began pounding at Ben, but it was hopeless.

If Kent's gigantic, powerful legs weren't able to bring Ben down, Ben's heinously strong and colossal arms would do the trick on Kent.

Despite Kent's violent protestations, Ben held the bodybuilder with ease.

He locked his right thumb and forefinger around his left wrist behind Kent's back, and began to squeeze Kent in a bear hug to end all bear hugs.

Almost immediately, as the air was expelled from Kent's mighty chest, his fits of desperation ceased. His hitting arms relaxed and he groaned as the air exited his mouth. It was a loud groan.

He tried to inhale, but it was nearly impossible. If he was going to get any air at all, it would have to be taken in very small mini-breaths. He did this, and it sounded like panting.

Ben flexed his arms hard.

Kent saw stars.

Ben's huge arms grew, threatening the very cotton sleeves that wrapped them. They rippled with snakes of muscle and veins of life-giving blood.

Trent, watching in awe, found himself stroking his renewed boner. He hadn't even noticed it until now.

Ben continued his life-sucking assault, squeezing Kent's thick torso, pushing pec into pec. Kent's lats flattened and curved under Ben's biceps. His head began to droop forward. His lungs whistled as more air was forced out. His big arms flailed outward; whether by nerves or by design, Trent couldn't tell. But the teen *could* tell that Kent had no hope. The "guy" from the gym-- the seemingly almighty paragon of power-- was being horrifically tortured by someone bigger and more powerful.

A crack signaled the first rib breaking. Then another. Ben tightened again and a thick, long drop of saliva dribbled out of Kent's open mouth.

An audible report of splashing cum was heard as Trent's first volley of jizz blasted onto the back of Ben's white T. It landed with a thud-- a thick plug of almost solid cum, surrounded by white

cream. The second shot was more powerful still, accompanied this time by a loud moan from its producer.

One more rib cracked before Ben turned to see his charge ejaculate yet another offering of worship into the air.

Ben paused, watching with interest-- if not wonder. He knew this was the standard response that many men had when they saw him. He'd just never actually seen it-- or felt it-- out in the open like this.

He liked it.

Turning totally toward Trent now, Ben's rotating body brought Kent around, closer to Trent. Ben squeezed as hard as ever now, and Kent's head threw back in a semi-conscious yelp, as yet another rib cracked. Ben even flexed his arm as it held Kent still, displaying his unbelievable triceps muscle to his young worshipper.

At this, Trent's eyes nearly rolled back into his head as he exploded with ungodly power, shooting jizz onto Kent's back, side and Ben's huge arm.

Ben held Kent until Trent was done, even though Kent was unconscious, long before Ben had finished. When he finally dropped the over-developed bodybuilder to the floor, he realized that all of this muscle action had given him an erection. Curious, he pushed on himself, but took no further action on it.

Trent collapsed onto the floor at about the same time Kent had been released; the teen panted, exhausted. He was wet with his own cum. He tried to clean himself up, but was surprised to find there was cum on his back side as well. He turned around to see a semi-conscious Rocco on the floor, soaked in his own jizm. The man-- with his arms dislocated from his shoulders-- was obviously unable to stroke himself, but he had cum nonetheless, at the unspeakable display of power.

Ben moved to Trent, and helped him to his feet. "You okay?"

"Yes. I am now," Trent smiled. His shaking hands moved up onto Ben's leg-sized arms and Ben held him snugly. "How... how did you know?" Trent asked.

"I saw the curtains move as I pulled out of the driveway," Ben said. "Someone was in your house."

"So, you came back?"

"Yes," Ben said as his worshipper caressed his huge muscles. "I parked my truck, and I looked in your windows. He-- Kent-- he wanted to hurt you. I came back to help." Ben looked at the two near-dead men. "We need to clean this place up. Your mom won't like this."

Trent chuckled. "No-- she won't." Then he laughed out loud.

Ben smiled and melted Trent's heart once again.

A half-hour later, the house looked like nothing had ever happened. Kent and Rocco were bound and gagged (as if they were in any shape to do anything; but why take chances...), and placed in the back of Ben's pickup. The house was locked up, and Trent rode back with Ben to the cabin-- the two bad guys in the back.

"What are you going to do with them?" Trent asked as they drove.

...oh, there's more.



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sean@buffmuscles.com

Also, please make sure to visit my website:

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