

The Hypermales



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Hypermales are a unique manifestation of male pulchritude and strength. Each hypermale is a one-in-a-hundred-million specimen of masculinity. Most of them aren't even aware of the label "Hypermale," and most don't have any idea about the power they possess, especially the emotional and sexual power they hold over other people. This is a story of self-discovery; it is also a story of what happens when these men are discovered by others.

CHAPTER 1: A MUSCLE DISCOVERY

HE DARED NOT LOOK UP AGAIN, so he just stared at his half-empty latte mug. Risking eye contact for a fourth time would definitely be beyond Adrian's preferred level of risk. He just couldn't chance outing himself as a hopelessly obsessed muscle-lover. His past, and his family mores, demanded only straight behavior or desires.

Adrian's object of affection—the man with whom he just couldn't meet eyes again—was, in fact, the epitome of huge, lean—even overdeveloped—muscle that he just couldn't resist. Actually, the instant Adrian had spied him sitting across the coffee

shop, he nearly lost it. In all his years of video-watching, magazine cruising, Internet-masturbating, bodybuilding contest attending, and live-stalking, he'd never seen anyone as big and beautiful as this guy. The dude was off-the-charts gorgeous and masculine.

Adrian slowly raised his mug from its saucer, swirled the mixture of milk and coffee, then took a sip, keeping his gaze inside the cup as he drank. It was at that point he realized his hands were shaking. He tightened his grip—both hands—on the mug, but his efforts to maintain his composure were only mildly successful.

The man, at a table some 20 feet away, faced Adrian as he sat. In Adrian's peripheral vision—above the rim of his mug—he saw that the red muscle-filled polo shirt was remaining still. *Probably checking his cell phone*, Adrian thought. Adrian had seen him holding it, looking at it between glances up at the lusting nineteen-year-old. It had happened three times, their eyes locking, and even though the first look was momentous in its "connection," the subsequent encounters seemed exponentially more significant. On the third meeting of their eyes, the guy had actually given Adrian a very slight nod. Adrian couldn't tell it if was a nod of, "How you doin'?" or "I know what you want." Regardless, it scared Adrian so much he nearly bolted from the cafe.

As Adrian sat there now, the nervous teen couldn't decide if he was happy that he hadn't bolted, or distressed that he was still there. He was scared. He felt like he wasn't in his own body anymore. It was as if this man of magnificent proportions and pulchritude had pulled Adrian outside himself. Now, Adrian almost felt as if his essence—his persona— hovered somewhere in midair, halfway between his own body and the herculean body of the man who had shattered all of Adrian's muscle dreams, simply by sitting in the coffee shop.

The man had been seated when Adrian stumbled into the mom-and-pop bistro, so the teen didn't know how tall he was. But from his stature in the chair, Adrian guessed he was quite a bit over six-feet tall. Regardless, the muscle hunk was big. He was enormous, yet not in a monster way. His shirt size certainly had to have more than just one or two "Xs" in its designation. But not just big. Yeah, he was huge, but his bigness was equalled by his gorgeous, youthful, square-jawed good looks. There was no sign of roid blight. His skin was flawless; his whole face seemed beyond healthy. His proportions were perfectly shaped. He truly looked like a "natural" bodybuilder in that respect. Yet, there seemed no way humanly possible that a man could be so jacked and swole without some external help.

Still... the guy's jet-black hair shined with luster. And those radiant blue eyes twinkled, even when they didn't look at you. Although Adrian hadn't yet seen the man smile, it was obvious that his cheeks held slight indentations that would pull in to delicious dimples when prompted. Then there was that cleft in his chin. A day's worth of tan beard highlighted its depth.

It didn't help that the guy's neck was a fireplug that any linebacker would have coveted. And spreading out from that neck, a pair of bookend traps pushed his shirt into knee-weakening mounds of muscle lumps. Yet it was obvious that the blue fabric of the guy's shirt had many more issues with which to contend, though. Those shoulders, for example. Adrian had to force himself to not shake his head in disbelief. They were wide, massive, and round. More like bowling balls than cannon balls. Almost *basketballs*. Yet the biggest problem facing that deliciously red polo was quite possibly in its effort to maintain adequate cover for the man's insane upper arms.

As Adrian placed his coffee cup back on its saucer, he found one of his hands involuntarily move under his table, landing firmly on his crotch. He'd never seen arms that even came close to what this guy had. And the thing was, even though they were bigger weapons than any one man should be entitled to, they weren't in any way bloated. Their rippling definition showed them to be really, really hard. Adrian guessed that if the guy were, for some reason, to raise his arms and flex his biceps, the red fabric would be unceremoniously, summarily rent in pieces.

The thought made Adrian shudder; he squeezed his crotch. What the hell? What am I doing?! The horror that he was actually touching himself while in a public place was only barely assuaged by the realization that it was completely out of sight to others due to the tight space under his table. Still, he whipped his hand out from under the table and placed it next to his coffee. He continued, though, to take inventory of the guy's seeming limitless muscles. The man was staring at his phone. Adrian had a thing for long, muscular-looking fingers, and the way this dude held his phone made Adrian hard all by itself.

At this point, though, the man seemed slightly disturbed by what he was looking at on his screen. Whether it was an unpleasant text he just read, or perhaps he had just noticed that one of his stock prices was falling, Adrian didn't know. But whatever it was, it caused the muscle hunk to inhale a deep breath and sigh with melancholy.

This, of course, had the effect of expanding, raising and enlarging a chest that was already too big for Adrian's good. The pecs rose and inflated. Fuck, if Adrian had the balls, he could walk his cup and saucer over to the man right now, and easily place it on the top of that chest, and the two men could have a conversation, all the while Adrian's dish ware would be supported—completely level—by that man's pectoral plates.

The man's sigh caused his chest to lower, but Adrian couldn't see any actual diminishment of size. It just moved downward.

Despite an obvious lowering of the gorgeous man's countenance, his face never lost one bit of its arresting attractiveness. That thick jawline. His blemish-free skin. And those purple, thick lips. *Oh, God, how had I not noticed those perfect, pouting lips?* (Yet Adrian immediately forgave himself for not noticing; there were obviously lots

of other distractions this musclegod presented.) Those eyes. Each sapphire was shaded by dark, thick eyelashes. And even in a sigh, they twinkled with life. Just gorgeous, bright eyes... eyes that were now gazing hard at Adrian's own eyes.

It took a moment for Adrian to realize it, but as the teen's heart began to race again, it registered that the two men were now locked in their fourth eye-to-eye encounter. They were staring at each other. Adrian's throat was in his mouth. For some reason, he was unable to avert his gaze. He couldn't look away!

The man's face slowly—painfully slowly—changed from his previously pensive disappointment, into what Adrian thought was curiosity. At least at first. The muscle hunk seemed intrigued by Adrian's attention. Still, Adrian stared back, his eyes refusing all orders to stand down. Then, the slightest, almost imperceptible change in the man's expression: As he continued to watch his admirer across the room, the corner of his mouth began to turn up in the tiniest smile. Or was it a smirk?

Or was it a razor-thin admission of irritation?

Adrian couldn't tell for sure, and in an instant the man's curious expression fell from his face as Adrian realized that the phone in the man's hand began ringing. The musclegod's gaze pulled from Adrian's and he looked to ID the caller. Now expressionless, he pressed what was obviously the "accept" button, and raised the phone to his ear. But as the man began his conversation, his eyes returned to the teen momentarily. Then, obviously consumed in his phone conversation, he turned partially away and poured his attention into his call.

But now, oh god-almighty. Adrian wanted to pee his pants. Since the guy had bent his arm to hold his phone to his ear, Adrian's eyes locked on to the biceps-and-triceps bulging and stressing the short sleeve of that blue shirt. Again, that bazooka was ginormous. Yet, it was so lean and ripply that Adrian swore to himself that he could see the split in the guy's bulging biceps even though the thing wasn't flexing. The elastic band at the end of the sleeve wrapped around the highest part of the peaking biceps, and Adrian wondered once again how it kept from ripping. The man was now facing slightly to the side, and holy fucking fuck... his profile was incredible! The man didn't have a bad side. He was perfect.

Adrian determined that he would stay at the cafe as long as the man did. He might have to skip his afternoon class, but he didn't care. This guy was a once-in-a-lifetime find, and barring earthquake (at least one bigger than this guy probably caused when he walked), Adrian would remain at his muscle-worshipping post until the very end. He tried to mentally record every detail, every tiny rippling of muscle, every single splendid facial expression of the man. He'd be recalling this visage in jack-off sessions for years to cum. He'd likely return to "the guy in the cafe" for the rest of his life. Skipping out on Economics 215 would be nothing. He'd much rather stay and watch *Muscle Freakonomics 415*.

The muscle-god eventually ended his call; he resumed drinking his coffee and occasionally touched buttons on his screen. Sometimes he'd glance out the large window at the street. And yes, he returned his gaze to Adrian a few times. However, Adrian's heightened sense of fear had finally enabled him to look away whenever it looked like the stud would catch him looking.

"Yo, Adrian," a voice called from the side, "how you doin'?" It was Dave, Adrian's youth pastor.

Adrian looked up and made a smile. "Good, good, man." Dave stood above the table and smiled back. He stared at Adrian for a second, then pointed his thumb over his shoulder toward the cafe's counter and said, "I'm gonna grab a coffee. You gonna be here a few?"

Fuck. "Yeah, sure," Adrian said.

"Sweet. Be right back." Dave turned to place his order.

Adrian glanced up at the guy, making eye contact once again. The man's face was expressionless. For some reason, the first thing Adrian wondered was, *Does he think Dave and I are hooking up?* He thought that was a stupid conclusion. No one would think that. For one thing Dave wore a wedding ring. Yet, nowadays that didn't really matter, did it.

"I didn't know you came here," Dave said as he pulled out the chair across from Adrian.

As a matter of fact, yes, I am about to COME here.

"Have you known about it long?" Dave sat.

"Yeah, I've liked this place since high school. It's nice and quiet. Good sandwiches and coffee." The Bistro Bar was pretty far from Adrian's house, and from the church. That was one of the reasons Adrian liked it: hardly a chance he'd run into someone he knew here. It was a place where Adrian felt independent. What were the odds that he'd run in to Dave here?

Dave nodded. Adrian always felt like Dave's eyes penetrated all the way into the deepest, darkest reaches of his soul. Like he had some special God-powers since he was a youth pastor. It made Adrian uncomfortable. There were some really big secrets in there that Dave wouldn't appreciate, if he knew. The church Dave worked at, and Adrian attended, wasn't what you'd call *gay-friendly*.

"So, how's the community college treating you?" Dave smiled that uncomfortable smile at Adrian.

“Oh, not too bad,” Adrian said. He debated using his pending afternoon Econ class as an excuse (however valid) to end this little chance-meeting, but then he knew if he left, he’d also lose sight of the dude. “I’m still taking general studies courses, so it’s really not a thing.”

Dave nodded, not decreasing that shit-eating-type grin.

Adrian found it quite a bit easier to avert his gaze from Dave’s prodding face, than to do the same for the guy. He studied his almost-empty coffee cup.

“That’s cool,” Dave jumped back in. “Do you know what you want to study after?”

Adrian looked up. Over Dave’s right shoulder, the guy still sat at his table at the far wall. Adrian’s eyes so wanted to focus there, and indeed they occasionally did. But he knew he’d better reign in his stray glances, or Dave would wonder and turn around to see what the deal was.

The deal was huge, literally and metaphorically. And Adrian was getting more and more pissed that his youth pastor was ruining quite possibly the best muscle encounter Adrian would ever, in his entire life, have—even though it was only an across-the-room encounter.

Dave continued talking. At first Adrian followed what he was saying... something about how he decided to go into the ministry only after getting a degree in communications. Then the Lord called him and... after that, whatever Dave was saying became something of a blur. That was because over Dave’s shoulder, the man stood up.

Now, Adrian just couldn’t keep his eyes on Dave. Fuck Dave. The man was standing now, and...

OH. COME. ON.

Despite spending the past fifteen minutes or so moving his eyes all over the mountainous glory of the guy’s upper body, Adrian nearly went in to shock now. His assessment that the guy would be well over six-feet tall had been correct, if not too conservative. The stud towered. *Towered*. But his height was only the beginning of the beyond-belief proportions that now presented themselves to Adrian. That delicious red polo shirt? It tapered down to a compact, lean waist. But above where the torso poured like milk into the guy’s jeans, that shirt clung to a delta-wing formation of lats that would be comical on a normal man. But not on this guy. He was huge, but proportionally perfect for Adrian’s taste.

The faded jeans wrapped around two enormous legs that balanced perfectly with the rest of the man’s body: they were overly developed, yet just ideal in the symmetry and beautiful strength they exuded.

The man slipped his phone into his pocket, drew in a chest-expanding breath, then proceeded toward Adrian and Dave's table, where he would veer off when he got to the door. As he walked straight toward Adrian's gaze, though, he kept his own eyes on the teen's. And Adrian ignored Dave. As the huge being turned, he nodded again at Adrian, and Adrian got the distinct impression that the man wasn't upset. It was almost as if the huge man were thinking, *I know you can't help it, dude. No worries.* The glass door closed as the man stepped onto the sidewalk, through the glass those lats practically spanned Adrian's entire vision.

"And so the Lord just opened the doors for me to attend Calvary Seminary," Dave said as Adrian came out of his stupor. Adrian pulled his eyes from the direction of the door and returned them to Dave. He literally wanted to burst into tears. The man was walking out of his life forever, and oblivious Dave just kept on talking—totally unaware that Adrian had just experienced the deepest spiritual event of his life. And that fact—that it was spiritual—suddenly hit Adrian like a load of stones. Sure, he was definitely overcome with carnal lust. But in a very real sense, his desire for connection with His Epicness was deeper than simply a need for sexual expression. The pang in his gut was much, much more than lust.

Adrian's emotions quickly turned from anger and depression to hilarity. He kept himself from laughing, but only at great exertion. He wanted to laugh, because the thought now struck him: Try explaining to Pastor Dave the spiritual connection you just had with the man of your dreams. *Yeah, Adrian. See how that goes.*

"Have you?" Dave hadn't ceased talking, and obviously Adrian had missed a question. At least Dave hadn't seemed to notice Adrian nearly falling off his chair as Epic had walked by. "Huh?" Dave probed.

"Huh?" Adrian blinked. "Oh, I'm sorry. What did you say?"

"Have you ever sensed the Lord's leading like that?" Dave repeated.

"Oh..." Adrian tried to call upon the deep reserve of his church-speak, trying to come up with an adequate answer. "Oh, well I'm not sure," was all he could come up with.

"Well, like I always say," Dave continued, "if you can't hear the Lord speaking, maybe you're not standing close enough." Dave chuckled.

Adrian chuckled too. Then he picked up his phone. Looking at the time on the screen he jumped, "Oh, man. I'm gonna be late for my economics class. I'm sorry. I gotta go."

Dave stood as Adrian gathered his backpack. They shook hands and Adrian bolted out the door to his *Freakonomics* class. On the sunny street, Adrian stopped, turned first to his left, then to his right. The guy wasn't to be seen.

Where could he have gone so quickly? Adrian made a sharp turn to his left, then looked around the corner of the building. His heart jumped. It leapt! The guy! But to Adrian's horror, the guy wasn't walking away—like to his car or whatever—he was just standing there, leaning against a phone pole about halfway up the block. Facing Adrian.

—Hypermales 1—

| **SrS**



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