

The Hypermales



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CHAPTER 2: MEETING YOUR DREAM

HOLY SHIT! BUSTED! Adrian's heart almost began palpitating. He quickly turned away, trying to act cool. But he knew he hadn't at all hidden his rapture at seeing the Epic. He stole a glance back at the guy; the man was still looking right at Adrian. Adrian froze. The fact that the man seemed to be waiting for him was quite comforting. Yet, Adrian's mind also filled with the fear that Epic might simply be waiting to waylay him in a fit of homophobic anger.

And there was still Dave to contend with. *Would he stay in the coffee shop? Maybe whip out his Bible and start studying?* It'd been done by countless Bible thumpers before. Or would he soon be leaving, now that Adrian had departed? Adrian had given Dave the excuse that he was late for class, so if Dave came out and saw the teen lingering, he'd suspect something was up. Although, Adrian thought to himself that Dave wouldn't be likely to suspect his sthenolagnic attraction to the Epic man, since, like, Adrian had nearly had an involuntary orgasm right in front of the pastor when Epic had walked out, and Dave didn't have a clue. Still, the disingenuousness

of Adrian's excuse would be evident if he weren't consumed with high-tailing it to class.

Fuck Dave. If caught loitering, Adrian would just have to come up with a quick excuse. *I can't find my keys...* or something.

The Epic man had pushed himself from leaning against the pole, and was staring even more intently at Adrian now. Adrian, for some reason, nervously waved. Like maybe they were friends or something. At that, the man lifted his chin upward, cocking his head slightly in a "come 'ere."

Shit. The pit forming in Adrian's stomach was nearly debilitating. He was frozen in place.

Epic's physique was beyond stunning. He didn't move. Adrian would come to him.

It was a good thing the man wasn't standing closer to the intersection, Adrian thought, because his muscles would undoubtedly be such a distraction to drivers that it'd be a hazard. Adrian imagined tires screeching and horns honking as cars crashed when distracted drivers couldn't peel their eyes off the muscleman. He was that stupendous.

Finally, Adrian was able to place one foot in front of the other. He started toward the man. As they had pretty-much established as protocol, both men stared at the other as Adrian approached.

"Mason Banning," Epic said as his white smile pushed his dimples into formation. He extended his hand to Adrian.

God. Those teeth. On the street scene, the sun seemed to dim in compensation for the man's smile.

"Adrian," the teen coughed as he returned the shake. "Uh, Adrian January." Mason's grip was strong (duh) but polite. He obviously was restraining himself. But what couldn't be restrained was the nearly obscene display of vascularity on the man's forearm as the two shook hands. Adrian nearly gasped as the veins jumped out from the paper-thin skin as Mason's grip encircled his own.

"Nice to meet you, Adrian," the giant smiled.

His smile didn't relieve Adrian much. It seemed genuine, but Adrian couldn't be too sure as to the man's intentions.

As they released, Mason said, "I was going to introduce myself inside the cafe, but then your friend arrived."

“Oh, yeah. Pastor Dave.” Adrian suddenly flinched. He could kick himself! *WTF did I just reveal? PASTOR Dave?* Would Mason be dissuaded by Adrian’s apparent church affiliation? *Hell, dissuaded from what?* Adrian’s contradictory thoughts swarmed.

Mason smiled again, and all seemed right with the world. “It didn’t appear you were expecting him.”

“No, I wasn’t. We just bumped into each other.”

Mason nodded. Silence followed.

So, what now? Do we just stare at each other while I try to fend off an orgasm? Is there a point to your nodding me up the sidewalk? WHY were you planning on introducing yourself?

“Well, anyway,” the gorgeous specimen continued, “I noticed your cap. You a Magic fan?”

Adrian pulled off his baseball cap and said, “Uh... aw, no. I just wear it because I like to do magic tricks: pull a bunny out of a hat, card tricks, sleight-of-hand stuff. You know.” He looked at the purple logo on the front of his black cap. “I’m not really into baseball.”

Mason burst out laughing, and Adrian nearly swooned. Just realizing that he was able to get this response out of the giant gave Adrian a rush. “Serious?” Mason laughed. “The Magic is an NBA team.”

“Oh, uh, never mind,” Adrian said, slowly placing his cap back on.

“Were you serious?” Mason chuckled.

“Yeah,” a reddened Adrian said. “Guess I don’t follow basketball much either.”

“Well, I wanted to say ‘hi’ to you when I saw your cap,” Mason said. “I’m from Orlando.”

Adrian gave no expression.

Mason laughed again, “That’s where the Magic plays.”

“Oh. Oh, yeah. I knew that,” Adrian said in his best *mocking-innocent voice*, eliciting another delightful display of Mason’s perfect teeth, thickened neck and dimples.

“So, I take it you’re not from Orlando, huh?” Mason smiled.

“Nope. Native Portlander,” Adrian said. “What brings you here to Oregon?” He was pleased with his ability to overcome his nerves and hold a normal conversation with this god.

“Just moved here last fall. Working on my medical degree at OHSU,” Mason said.

Fuck. Brains too. “Cool. Do you have a specialty planned?” Adrian asked.

“Not sure yet. Maybe gastroenterology. Maybe urology.”

“But something to do with the nether regions, huh,” Adrian offered.

Mason looked like Joy Itself as he grinned into another laugh. “Yeah, I’ve always been interested in the nether regions.”

Adrian was downright proud of his quick wit. It was making this heady encounter totally doable. He’d always prided himself on his ability to make people laugh. Today’s meeting with Mason was the perfect payoff for one of his favorite personal qualities. He wanted to—but dared not—make a crack about looking up Mason in a few years if he needed his nether regions examined. *God, what would that be like?* He thought.

His fantasy rectal exam was interrupted by a sudden sobering of Mason’s expression. The hunk was looking over Adrian’s shoulder, toward the entrance to the coffee shop. “Oh, your pastor guy is coming out,” he said.

Fuck. “Oh shit,” Adrian said. “I—uh, I told him I had to leave because I was late for class.” Adrian didn’t turn around to look. “He’s gonna wonder why I’m still hanging around. Does he see me?”

“Not yet,” Mason said softly. “He’s looking down the street—the other way.”

It occurred to Adrian that Mason had quickly jumped into the roll of confidant-informer, helping Adrian avoid detection by verbally relating events, so Adrian could keep his back to Dave.

“How about now?” Adrian asked.

“Um,” Mason paused. “Yeah... I think... now he’s seen you. Yeah, I think he made you.” A second later Mason said, “Yeah. He’s coming this way now.”

“Shit.”

“I’m your cousin, from Orlando. You just bumped in to me,” Mason said.

“What?”

“Yo, Adrian,” Dave’s voice called from behind. “I thought you had to get to class.”

Adrian turned around and tried to disguise his embarrassment. “Oh, yeah. I’m going to be late for sure.” He waved a hand at Mason and said, “but I just bumped into my cousin here. All the way from Orlando! Can you believe that?”

Dave’s oblivious grin faced Mason’s perfect one, and the two men shook hands.

“Pastor Dave Williams, this is my cousin Mason Banning,” Adrian said. *Oh, shit, I’m glad I remembered his last name!*

“Glad to meet you, Mason,” Dave said. “Must be cousins on one of your mothers’ sides?”

“Yeah,” Adrian interrupted. “Our moms are sisters.”

“What brings you to Portland, then?” Dave asked, looking up at the hulking mass of muscle, apparently unaware of the giant’s appeal.

“OHSU,” Mason said. “First year med school.”

“Nice,” Dave said. A few moments of uncomfortable silence finally ended with Dave saying, “Well I have an appointment. Gotta run.” He looked at Adrian and smiled, then back at Mason, saying how nice it was to meet. Then he looked back at Adrian, and the teen got the distinct impression that oblivious Dave wasn’t quite as oblivious as he’d originally thought.

Shit.

After Dave left, Adrian looked up at Mason. The huge man’s pecs met at Adrian’s eyes, so he had to drop his head back to make eye contact. Mason was smiling. “Seems like a nice enough guy,” he said.

“Yeah, I guess so,” Adrian said. “To be honest, I’m not sure I get in to all that church stuff anymore.”

Mason nodded. “Sometimes, once a person grows up, his perspective changes—on a lot of things.”

“I just wish Dave would understand that. But to him, my eternal salvation hangs in the balance. And the worst part is that my parents are in the same camp.”

Mason nodded again. His face seemed genuine, interested. But a lull in the conversation made Adrian’s stomach tighten. He felt like a nerd just standing there. He tried to call upon his famous wit, but his nerves precluded any words that would rescue him from his silent discomfort. Yet Mason seemed actually content in the

silence. It was like he had no cares at all, and that just standing on the street, with a guy you've barely met, wasn't a thing.

"So, what about that class you were going to?" Mason asked. "Was that a total ruse?"

"No, not really. I *do* have a class." Adrian pulled his phone from his pocket and checked the time. "But it's too late now. I guess I never really intended to go, once I saw y..." Adrian stopped himself from finishing the word.

Mason ignored it. He gazed out across the street, toward the Willamette River. "Well, I guess I should get moving," he said as he looked far away. "Need to get in my workout, before I hit the books later this afternoon."

Finally, Adrian found his humor. "Oh, you work out?" He flashed a sly smile up at Mason's handsome face, then finished off the sarcastic comment with eyes that traveled down Mason's bulging muscles, just to make the point.

Mason barely smiled. He returned Adrian's snark with a straight delivery: "Been known to."

Adrian nodded, smiling again. "Wouldn't have guessed."

Now Mason smirked. "Well, smart mouth, I was thinking of inviting you to work out with me, but now I'm not sure..."

"Ha. I don't think I'd have a prayer in hell to keep up with you."

Mason looked at Adrian's respectable physique: "Well, you obviously spend time in the gym. We wouldn't have to lift the same weights to work out together."

Really? He wants me? He wants me to work out with him? Adrian's heart rate increased once again. He tried to talk himself down. Then he tried to talk Mason down. "Aw, well I really shouldn't. I... uh, I have stuff I gotta do."

Mason raised his eyebrows. "You just said you're skipping a class. What other thing would you have scheduled at the same time?"

"Uh... well, nothing really," Adrian backpedaled. "I just don't think I should. Um..."

"I promise, I don't beat up my spotters," Mason grinned.

"I know. It's not that," Adrian said, addressing Mason's joke with seriousness. "It's just that, I..." He couldn't think of a good way to express his fear. Hell, he didn't even actually understand his fear.

"No worries, man," Mason relented. "Maybe some other time?"

“Really? I mean, yeah. That’d be cool. Really?” Adrian squinted as he looked up at Mason’s twinkling eyes.

“Sure. Like I said, you obviously know your way around a gym. And I need a workout partner. We should give it a try.” Mason pulled out his phone. “What’s your number?”

“Oh... uh...” Adrian’s hands grew sweaty. He chastised himself for his nerves. *Come on, man. It won’t hurt to give him your number.* He nervously gave his number to Mason, who immediately called it. Adrian’s pocket began singing (not his dick—*that’d* been singing Mason’s praises since the kid first laid eyes on him). The teen whipped it out (the phone) and took the call.

“There,” Mason said. “Now you have mine too.”

Adrian nodded, slipping his phone back inside his pocket.

“How about day after tomorrow?” Mason asked.

“Sunday? Um, yeah. I guess that would work. In the afternoon.”

“Yeah, that works for me too. I can get you a temporary pass at my gym. It’s the South Waterfront Athlete’s Gym.”

“SWAG?” Adrian asked. “I’ve heard of it. Spendy.”

“A bit. But it’s worth it. It’s a really nice gym. And the owner bought some heavier weights, just for me.” A brilliant grin broke across Mason’s rugged face. Then he said, “How `bout you meet me in the gym’s parking lot at 2 PM. It shouldn’t be too busy on a Sunday afternoon.”

Adrian nodded. “Sure. That sounds good.”

“Okay. See you Sunday then. Call me if something comes up.” With that, Mason shook Adrian’s hand again, and turned to leave.

Too late, man. Something’s been up for about a half hour now.

ADRIAN ROAMED AIMLESSLY FOR AN HOUR OR SO, so he wouldn't get home too early. If his mom caught him skipping class, there'd be hell to pay. When he *did* get home, he went directly to his room. His teenage cock had been pipe-hard since he'd met Mason; driving around Portland hadn't changed that situation in the least. Now, Adrian quietly locked his bedroom door, tossed his backpack on his bed, and began peeling off his clothes.

He caught a glimpse of himself in his full-length closet-door mirror, and for an instant he caught himself admiring his own muscular body. But just as suddenly as he'd started, he stopped. He chuckled at the absurdity of getting turned on by his own body, when it looked emaciated and sickly in comparison to the images of Mason that had been running through his mind all afternoon. He pushed his boxers down, and his cock sprang out with a jerk, smiling up at him. *Damn, I don't think I've ever been harder!* he thought. He touched himself, and his rigid organ shuddered in pain. It was *that* hard.

Adrian had intended to play with himself, luxuriating in the mental images of Mason's impossibly gorgeous body. He wanted to touch himself for as long as possible, extending out his masturbation session as long as he could.

Turns out, "as long as he could" would be quite brief. He stood in front of his mirror, buck naked now, and gave himself two long strokes, smearing pre-com generously over his long, thick cock. He thought of that muscle-filled polo shirt. Mason's dark hair. Those gigantic deltoids and mounding traps. That thick neck. That wide, pronounced chest. Those phone-pole-sized legs. And those leg-sized, rippling arms. Then those twinkling eyes and that gorgeous, dimpled smile. That was all it took. As Mason's muscles filled his mind, Adrian's dick exploded with a long thick rope of come; it splattered against the mirror. Before the first volley could even begin to dribble downward, it was joined by another. Then another. Adrian's muscular body tightened as he expressed more and more semen onto the glass. He bit his tongue to prevent an audible expression of his orgasm. Mommy would not be pleased if she knew what was going on behind Adrian's bedroom door.

In Adrian's mind, Mason's image smiled as the teen steadied himself against his closet door, masturbating over the musclegod. Adrian inhaled deeply and finished the most powerful orgasm he'd ever had. He'd need to clean up the mirror quickly.

—Hypermales 2—

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