

OFF-BASE



by Sean Reid Scott

*This story is based on—and much of it is directly taken from—Peterbilt's
[THE MARINES AND THE SCOUT TROOP](#).*

Thanks (and possibly, apologies) to Peterbilt for that inspirational story.

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**NOTE: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for
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OFF-BASE

PART ONE

As told by LUKE

Note: For those of you who like to know stats and measurements of your protagonists, Luke's are available at the end of this Part One.



OUR SQUAD WAS RUNNING IN FORMATION, just off base. It was a warm spring day. We came upon a meadow with a small stream running through it. Sarge had us fall out, and we took a break.

A group of teenage guys came down the path in the opposite direction. They joined us.

I guessed they were on a hike. They were some kind of scouting group. They were all dressed alike, in dark blue shorts and collared shirts. The patches on their shirts read, "Fitness Scouts of America."

As we rested next to the riverbank, the boys asked us questions about being Marines; their eyes showed they were impressed with our physical development.

Our squad was actually a special unit: We were an elite group that trained for superior physical development. And it showed. Even though our training regimen was top secret, the results were pretty obvious. Each of us was, to be honest, an implausible example of over-developed muscles. The extremely low body fat percentage we all held was actually a national security secret. Well, at least that's what we told people. So yeah, our program produced amazingly huge and lean men. All of us were, actually, bigger and leaner than most professional bodybuilders. The young scout troop that had joined us was having an obviously difficult time in tamping down their dismay that they had come across so many mega-bodybuilders in one place.

One guy in particular caught my eye. He was very well muscled. Well, all of these teens were. But this kid was easily the biggest of his troop. He was an alpha, yet when he'd seen us, he kind of shut down. Still, he came across as the kind of guy who went after what he wanted—and got it. He reminded me of myself when I was his age—about seven years ago.

Each teen *really* filled out his fitness scout's uniform *very* well. Apparently, hiking wasn't the only activity this club did to keep in shape. They all had bodies that seemed very mature, muscle-wise. Obviously they spent a lot of time in the gym. So, they all had an appreciation for physical achievement; I guess it's not surprising they were impressed with us. But truth be told, you didn't have to have an

appreciation for physical perfection to be a bit awestruck with us. More than one of the teen studs were obviously enamored with big muscles. We were all used to it.

The guy I had my eye on had naturally broad shoulders and a small waist, big arms that pushed at his short sleeves, a really nice set of pecs that stretched his shirt; thick—really large legs. But even without his nice build, the kid was breathtakingly handsome. He had the face of a model: dark, gorgeous eyes, sandy-blond hair, and a square jaw line that framed a delicious cleft at his chin—much like my own.

As we all conversed, we started breaking into small groups. Seems the kids were actually quite friendly and conversational. Being part of a fitness club, they all had an interest in working out—and obviously, they were interested in how us Marines got so big and ripped.

I started chatting up the kid I liked, and almost instinctively, as we talked, we started to walk away from the stream, and from the bulk of the group. In minutes, all of us were separated out, although since there were a few more teens than Marines, a few of us “got” more than one teen. We all dispersed and relaxed as we talked.

When the guy talked or smiled, he had a pair of knee-weakening dimples that were just adorable. And he couldn't keep his eyes off me. He kept examining my T-shirt-covered torso. We were all wearing running shorts, so he also kept raking his eyes over my really large legs too. He was obviously very taken with my build. It was something I was used to. I'm not bragging about it. It's just a byproduct of being in this unit. You're gonna get lots of looks and stares. I'd seen the way he was looking at me—many times before. And to be honest, that the looks were now coming from someone so young and good looking gave me a lot of pleasure.

The cute hunk and I stopped walking when we arrived at a very small clearing with a fallen log. Tall grass surrounded us, and you really couldn't see anyone else.

“So, do you guys get out often?” I asked. “You do much hiking?” His eyes kept up their repeated examination of my body.

“Yes, sir,” he said respectfully. “We put a premium on physical fitness.”

“Well, it's working, in your case,” I said, giving him a quick once-over that communicated my admiration and respect. “And obviously you all spend a lot of time in the gym.”

“Yeah, you guys too. Big time,” he said. He was fidgeting, more than a little nervous. Yet that didn't seem to stop him from continuously looking over my body; he was obviously taking mental pictures of me, categorizing and memorizing my physique—for later enjoyment no doubt. Damn, it was hot.

An image of his muscular, young, naked body jacking off to thoughts of me, briefly flashed across my mind. And that made me stiffen a bit. The kid occasionally aimed glances right between my thighs, although he nervously averted his gaze frequently. I got the impression he was a bit stupefied by how I filled out my running shorts.

“Can I ask you a question?” he said without meeting my eyes.

“Shoot,” I said.

“How do you...I mean...I've never seen guys built like you. Not even in the gym. And you must be the biggest guy in your company. How do you...fuck, man...you're just amazing!”

I chuckled. “Thanks, man,” I smiled, trying to put him at ease. “That's very kind of you. Actually, our whole squad is part of an elite group. It's called Unit 55. It's a muscle building and strength program. Lots of it is top secret. But the basic idea is to propel the male physique to the very limits of physical development.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Really? Wow! Well...” and once again his eyes travelled all over my tight muscles, “...someone absolutely knows what they're doing...whoever is in charge of your program. I'd say you guys *exceed* the limits of physical development!” His mouthed kept falling open when he gawked. “You're just amazing!” He blushed a bit and tried to look away.

I smiled. “Thanks.”

When he resumed his inspection of my physique, his face actually held an expression of incredulity. He was trying to process what he was seeing. And the cool thing was that even though he was having a

hard time processing it, he apparently liked what he was seeing. Finally, he just blurted out one word: “Damn.” He caught himself, turned red, and gave a soft apology.

“No worries, dude,” I smiled. “To be honest, I’m—we’re all—used to it. Don’t worry about it.” I inhaled a deep breath, allowing my chest to rise and fall slowly. His eyes widened. “I take it you like big muscles.” I tightened my body, just a bit, knowing it’d be torture for him. Damn, I had a diabolical side to my personality.

He didn’t actually answer, and it was at this point that he first demonstrated a lack of concentration regarding our conversation. Certainly, he was preoccupied with something else. I decided to cut him some slack. He said, “You’re huge!” He looked at my arms, and then my chest.

“Well, thanks,” I said, trying to project a bit of humility.

His eyes were still busy, but they came to rest at about crotch level. He was awfully interested in my crotch.

“Your legs are fuckin’ *amazing*,” he said.

I glanced down at my legs; the standard-issue running shorts I was wearing were bunched up because my legs were so big. I have enormous quads. Biggest on base. Their size, definition, and vascularity were pretty impossible to miss. “Thanks,” I said. I was getting used to thanking this kid for his compliments.

“You have bigger muscles than I’ve ever seen,” he gushed nervously.

It was cute, how he was all taken with me.

His lips and tongue moved as if he were getting parched. He checked out my entire body again, slowly. “Damn. You’re like nothing I’ve ever...” He seemed to catch himself, like he wanted to take the words back, embarrassed at his outburst. But just as soon as he’d pulled back, he examined me once again: “Your arms! They’re gigantic! And your chest...your *everything*!” He just couldn’t help himself, I guess. The dude was mesmerized.

“Do you like looking at big muscles?” I asked, with a slight smile.

The question flustered him even more: “Oh, well, yeah. But, I mean...it’s noth...I mean...I guess.” He fidgeted, then added, “I mean, it’s nothing like...you know.... It’s just...well, because I’m interested in bodybuilding...and strength...strength conditioning...you know.”

“It’s okay, son,” I interrupted him. “I’m glad you’re interested. That’s awesome. Being fit is a great way of life. I’m glad there are young guys like you who want to maintain a strong body. It’s important. So, don’t worry...I’m flattered. Kinda makes all those hours I spend in the gym worth it, you know?” I gave him a relaxed smile. “And besides, a little inspiration never hurt anyone, right?”

“Yeah,” he said with a nervous laugh. “Well, yeah, right.” He was becoming more and more distracted. I just stood there patiently. I kept pretty much still, and let him look. I was wearing a Marine-issue olive green, T-shirt that hugged my torso. If I do say so myself, it showed every lump and mound of my upper body muscles.

I glanced down at his crotch. *Damn, the kid was definitely enjoying what he was seeing.* He actually adjusted himself in his shorts. Then he noticed that I was staring at it—the thickening rod in his pants. He turned beet red and put his hands together in front of his waist. Clearly embarrassed, he looked down at the ground.

I chuckled. “Hey, don’t worry about it, dude. It’s a natural reaction,” I said. “Believe me. Happens all the time.”

“Really?” His eyes darted back up to mine.

“Honest truth,” I nodded. “I’m used to it. You’d be surprised how often it happens.” I chuckled to relax him. “Seriously. It’s not a big deal. Just between you and me, I think it’s cool. I take it as the highest compliment when a guy gets a bone...um...I mean...has a reaction to my body like that. Don’t worry about it, son.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. It’s okay.”

"You don't mind? I mean, I really don't want to get all weird on you or anything. I'm awfully sorry about it."

"Really, man," I assured him. "You're not getting all weird. Totally normal reaction. Nothing I haven't seen before."

He sighed, and relaxed a bit. His obvious embarrassment didn't keep him from looking though. We'd only actually met eyes a couple of times since we started talking. Most of the time, he was looking... well...elsewhere.

"To be honest, it's cool. It just reinforces my training. It's an inspiration for me; it makes me want to work out harder. It's a good thing. Honestly."

He didn't respond. I don't think he was listening.

I looked around the little clearing we were in, making sure to keep still so he could continue his perusal of my body. "This is a nice place," I said. "Nice and secluded."

"Yeah," he said. He very briefly glanced around the area, but his assessment of our surroundings was cursory, for sure. He resumed his examination of my physique. He definitely gave the impression he wasn't always attentive to the convo.

I studied his tight, muscled, teenage body. "You obviously work out a lot," I said. "You like the gym, for sure."

"Yeah." His mind was moving further and further away.

"Can I ask you a question?"

"Yeah."

"What's your favorite muscle?"

"Uh...oh...*huh?*" He seemed to wake up. He met my eyes for a second and turned red again. He had a bit of rosy color in his cheeks naturally, but when he blushed his whole face colored up. So damn cute. "Sorry," he demurred. "I didn't mean to keep staring. I mean...I don't know if any of...your muscles...is my favorite. I mean...fuck...they're all unbe...fuckin' unbelievable." He overtly examined my muscles, trying to come up with a specific answer.

I grinned. "I meant, what's your favorite muscle...to work out." I felt horrible for what I was doing to this kid.

"Oh! Oh...I understand." Now he was *really* embarrassed. He tried to recover. "Well, I guess, chest, I guess."

"You like to bench, huh?"

"Yeah."

I examined his pecs. The buttons of his Scout's shirt were strained by his considerable pec development. "Yeah, it shows," I said. Without asking permission, I took a few steps, reached forward, and felt him out with my right hand. Feeling his pecs, even through his shirt, sent a bolt of electricity to my cock. "You have some really good chest muscles there, son." Before I withdrew my hand, I made sure to accidentally brush the backs of my fingers over one of his nipples. "Nice."

His breath actually hitched. His eyes darted nervously, but he was able to give a faint smile. "Thanks."

"I think mine's probably pecs too," I continued. His eyes landed on my thick chest. Admittedly, it's pretty intimidating. I decided to give him a little show. Slowly, I flexed my pecs, rolling them under my T-shirt. I bounced them and waved them at him. "Nothing like a powerful chest to establish a dominant position when you walk into a room, right?" I smiled down at his now-white face. Seems the color had run off his skin.

His eyes were wide. He put his hand on his crotch and fought to adjust what was obviously a thickening erection.

"I think, second, for me, is arms," I continued, making like I didn't see his distress.

He didn't take his eyes off my chest.

"But I suppose it's a tie, with quads and hams. I think people really appreciate a strong pair of legs."

His eyes blinked—again. He tried to swallow, but his mouth seemed too dry.

“How about you?”

“I’m sorry?”

“You obviously work your legs pretty hard, son. You don’t see wheels like yours on very many teenagers.”

He gave a quick glance down to his legs. Damn, they were nice. “Oh...yeah...” He looked back up at me and said, “I mean...thanks.”

“Lots of guys ignore their legs. I think that’s a shame,” I smiled. “If a guy is really serious about having a big, well-proportioned physique, he can’t neglect his legs.”

“R-right.”

“After that, I guess I like all of ‘em equally. Shoulders, back, abs, calves—oh yeah, I definitely like to work my calves. A lot, actually.” I put my right foot forward and twisted my leg to show him my 23-inch calves.

He literally gasped. (Like I said, our Marine unit is very elite, and our training and nutrition systems are top secret. The results can often make a person literally gasp.) He blinked, hard. “Holy fuck!”

I rotated it a bit to give him a better view, and flexed it hard for him. “You like looking at it?”

“Fuck, man.”

“Thanks,” I said humbly. I smiled down at him, but he didn’t take his eyes off the bulging twin muscle-teardrops of my lower leg. I relaxed and pulled my leg back, and he met my eyes again. “But yeah, to be honest, I could *live* in the gym if they let me. But you gotta give the muscles recuperation time though, right?”

He nodded. He fidgeted.

I took a deep breath, making sure that my chest expanded really big again, looked up to the clear blue sky, and soaked in the warm beauty of the day. “I love this time of year,” I said. “Don’t you?”

“Yeah. Yeah, me too,” he said.

I met his eyes again. “Great hiking weather.”

“Yeah. Yeah, me too.”

I kept my chuckle to myself. Damn, I was scrambling his brain.

He tried to be discreet about adjusting his cock again, but yeah, he had such a hard-on growing, he couldn’t really keep it hidden.

I figured I’d torment him a little more. I took a few steps away from him, toward a small mound of dirt. Facing away from him, I stretched my arms outward, then up, making sure to flex the tiredness away. All the running, you know.... I twisted my torso to the left, held it for a moment, then to the right—making sure to get all the kinks out of my back. There had to be some, *somewhere*.

He just stared. I could sense it, even though I was looking away. His eyes practically lasered through my back. Probably my ass too. I was torturing the kid. No one ever accused me of being a saint.

I turned around to face him and smiled. “I didn’t get your name.”

“Oh...um.... He blinked, trying to remember it. Wyatt...it’s Wyatt.”

“Nice to meet you Wyatt.” I extended my hand. “Corporal Lucas Tanner at your service. Luke to you though.” We shook. His hand was markedly sweaty and cold.

“Glad to meet you, sir.”

I loved his respectful nature. “Glad to meet you as well,” I smiled. “I have to say, Wyatt, your parents can be damn proud of you. I can see you place value in honing a strong, muscular physique.”

“Thanks,” he said, looking down at the ground.

“I hope I can inspire kids like you in that endeavor.”

“Oh. Well, okay. Yeah. You definitely do. For sure.” He resumed his muscle study. “I mean, fuck... *inspiration*. You have no idea....” He added a quick, “Sir.”

“Well, I’ve always believed that visualization is one of the most powerful tools we have,” I said. “When I was your age, I used to bury myself in books about bodybuilding, in muscle magazines, in

videos of muscle men...you know, anything I could get my hands on that would help me imagine what it would be like to be built like a firetruck, you know?" I chuckled.

"Oh..."

"Yeah," I chuckled, "I used to spend hours looking at those muscle magazines and bodybuilding websites. To be honest, I largely credit that for making my physique what it is today." Just for effect, I lifted my right arm, pulling the sleeve up to let him see more of it. I flexed my right biceps for the kid. I made it grow and tighten, right in front of his eyes.

"Holy shit!"

I made it grow even more. The twin heads of my biceps split in two, and the striations and veins pulsed all over hell. I rotated my forearm, and the 24-inches of my upper arm grew and bulged. And the vascularity and definition made the whole display really *pop*.

Wyatt went white again. "Hollllllly..."

"You want to feel it?"

He almost choked.

"It's actually pretty hard." I lowered it a bit so he could see the top of it better. "I think you'll like feeling the top, where the muscle heads split in two."

He was beside himself. I've never seen eyes that big. He lifted his left hand to my right arm. When it landed on the muscle, I could feel it trembling. I swear his eyes almost rolled up into his head. He brought up his other hand and put it on the bottom side—my triceps. Together, his hands squeezed my arm, hard.

I rotated my wrist and made the muscles bulge and ripple. Fuck, he was enthralled. His brazen muscle lust was amazing. But fuck, he was struggling to tamp it down. He was scared, but that didn't stop him. I straightened my arm slowly, and the muscles in my upper arm lengthened, although the mass of it didn't actually diminish much. I'd been pretty amazed, after a year or so in Unit 55, that I actually could keep the peaks of my biceps pretty high, even when I straightened my arm. I have to admit, it was pretty freakin' amazing.

He started to move his hands over and around my upper arm. I bent it again and made it bulge and dance under his trembling fingers.

"Holy fuckin' shit..." he whispered.

"You like touching it?"

He didn't answer.

I eventually relaxed my arm and let it fall to my side. He reluctantly let go. "So yeah. I guess I'm saying that I feel motivated to inspire kids like you, man. I received a butt-load of inspiration from staring at those muscle men when I was your age. It was amazing. Just seeing those muscle bodies bulge all over hell turned me into a muscle maniac, I guess." I chuckled, then continued. "I just figure, if I can motivate a guy like you, well, that's all the reward I seek."

"Fuck," he mumbled. He looked like he was going to either cry, or explode. I don't know which it really was.

I took a few steps backwards. "Well, anyway, time to get off my soapbox, I guess. I don't mean to get all preachy, about inspiration," I chuckled.

"No. It's okay."

"So, do you ever do that? Do you ever look at muscle guys, like on the Internet, or in magazines... and get really motivated to keep working out?"

"Well...yeah. I guess so. Yeah."

"See? Inspiration, man. It's imperative. You're not going to reach your full potential if you don't have some way of visualizing your future."

He nodded.

“And actually, getting back to your reaction to...me...to my body,” I continued, “well, I don’t want to embarrass you or anything...” I stared at his crotch. “But I have to admit that I...well, often...I reacted exactly like that,” I glared at his crotch, “when I studied the musclemen in the magazines and stuff.”

“Re—really? You did?”

“Fuckin’-A, man,” I smiled. “That’s when I realized that studying those muscle bodies could be a fantastic way to push myself to my limits. In fact, I have no doubt that that’s exactly why I ended up in this elite Marines program.”

“Yeah. Yeah.”

“So, that all ties together, I think. The inspiration and visualization shit and the sexual reaction. I mean, I truly believe it’s all tied together. I don’t mind you getting all hard and stuff when you look at me, because, well I guess...well, I have a theory. I suppose it might be a bit unorthodox, though.”

“Oh? What do you mean?”

“Well, I think—and this is just my theory—I believe that a sexual reaction is almost necessary. When you think about it, it’s the most powerful motivation factor we humans have. I mean, without that kind of drive, the human species would go extinct, right? So you know that it has to be hugely powerful. Right? So, anyway, when a guy gets hard by looking at me, I figure he’s tapping in to his most powerful drive, his biggest motivation. And well, if that’s the case, I figure I’ve achieved what I wanted.”

He looked confused.

“Well, I’ve adopted a little motto to help me drill it down.”

“Oh? And what is that?” he asked.

“Well, it might be a little cheesy. But...whatever,” I smiled. “Here goes: If you want a hard body, you have to get hard.” I smiled down at him and chuckled. “Get it? It’s all about the motivation. Guys who get hard looking at muscles are the guys who are going to really get hard bodies.” I chuckled again, hoping he’d think I was a total muscle schmuck.

“Oh,” he said absently. “Oh. I mean...what? I mean...oh, I think I get it.”

“What I’m trying to say is...if I get a guy all hot and bothered, and my body gets him hard...then maybe that’ll motivate him to work harder on his muscle development. And maybe that’ll make *him* into a genuine hard body. It’s like paying it forward, I guess.” I was trying so hard not to laugh.

“Oh...” He blinked, contemplating my theory. “I think I get what you’re saying.”

I swear this guy’s brain was on Saturn by now. Maybe Uranus (ha). But his penis was definitely right here on Earth.

I pulled it back a little, looking down at the ground. “Well, anyway,” I continued, “I’m just hoping that maybe I’m motivating you, that’s all.”

He swallowed hard. His Adam’s apple moved up and down. Fuckin’ fuck, that was hot. The dude dripped with teenage muscle. Hard, big, teenage muscle. He was so fuckin’ young & virile. I could only imagine what kind of sex machine he was. He drew a deep breath, then let it out slowly. He was thinking. He was silent for a moment.

I tightened my body slightly, again, to give him another tingle. It seemed to work. He blinked and tried to look away, but he just couldn’t look away for very long. Then his eyes landed on my crotch. Again. “Those are so tight...wow...I mean...you’re so big...you look like you’re about to bust out of them.” He offered up a stressed chuckle. I couldn’t believe he’d somehow found the balls to say that to me.

I have to confess, my erection was now testing my shorts’ limits. Although being horse-hung wasn’t always a byproduct of our training regimen, most of us had noticed a marked enlargement once we began the secret training. I, however had already been quite a bit bigger, down there. Admittedly, it was pretty damn thick. So yeah, there was no containing it in my pants—let alone in the skimpy running shorts they issued us.

I made sure to be slow in responding to his observation. I looked down at the log growing in my running shorts. “You might be right,” I said deadpan. I glanced up. “But to be honest, it’s not like it hasn’t

happened before—bursting out. I actually have ruined more than one pair of shorts that way.” I smiled. “Sorry, but yeah. Having a huge cock is a blessing and a curse, I guess.” I looked down at it again. It was growing down the left leg of my shorts, big time. “But you know, there are some things you just can’t help. It’s part of who you are. And sometimes, part of who you are is a man who gets hard when a teenager is turned on by your muscles.” I looked back up at him with a tight smile.

“Oh. I mean...sorry.”

I laughed—probably too loudly. “No apology needed, man. It’s not like I’m ashamed of who I am. Nobody should be, dude. And honestly, I’ve seen other guys with boners before. Bet you have too.” I quickly glanced around to make sure I hadn’t brought any attention to us.

“Yeah...I mean...no. Uh...actually, no...I haven’t.” He shuddered and fumbled for words. “Actually, no.”

“No?” I pressed. He looked up at my eyes. “You’ve never seen a guy’s cock when it’s erect?”

“No!” he blurted out, shocked at the concept. He pulled back: “I mean...no. I don’t think so...no. I can’t remember.”

“Okay. Fair enough,” I shrugged.

He was definitely out of sorts: “I don’t know if that’s something that would be....” He didn’t finish.

“Well I was thinking like in the showers or something. Maybe it’s just me, I guess. But hell, nearly every time I hit the showers there’s at least one guy with...well...at least a *partial* erection. And it’s not uncommon for me to see a total hard-on, to be honest.” I chuckled. “I just thought it was normal for guys to do that.”

He scuffed the ground with his boot, and said, “Yeah, well it definitely might have something to do with you.”

I laughed.

He looked up at me and seemed pleased that I’d reacted that way. Then he blinked, and went back to his *blown-away* mannerisms. “You are so fuckin’ big, man.”

“Thanks.”

Eventually he asked, “Do you ever...sometimes...I mean, other than in the showers...and stuff...I mean, do you ever...you know...take your shirt off? To let someone look?”

Fuck, I really liked the absolute control I had over this stud. His brain was scrambled, and I swear the dude was just a few seconds away from whipping it out and masturbating himself right in front of me.

“Well, it depends. On the situation. And on how curious—and receptive the guy is.”

“Oh.”

I let the silence hang for a moment, to let the concept sink in. Then I added, “I remember how intimidated I was, when I was your age. Whenever I saw a huge muscle man, I practically melted. And damn, I’d get as hard as you are now, just watching a bodybuilder work out. I could hardly step inside a gym without popping a boner. It was pretty embarrassing. But yeah, I was always trying to work up the nerve to ask a muscle man to take his shirt off. So, yeah, I dunno. It just all depends.”

“Oh.” Again, he was fading into his lust-driven stupor, not really paying attention to my words. He obviously had only one thing on his mind.

“Usually, I actually don’t show my muscles to guys. I mean, sometimes I do.” I sighed and glanced to one side. “Some guys are pretty intimidated when I take my shirt off.” I looked back at him. “It can cause a big commotion sometimes...if I’m out in public, you know?” I studied his face; his countenance was falling. “And...well, I don’t like to be too much of a show-off,” I chuckled and gave him a wink. (Never mind that I was wearing skin-tight clothes that showed off *everything*. I should have been punished for what I was doing to this kid.) “I mean, yeah, I definitely want to provide bodybuilding inspiration. But I like to make sure the dude is appreciative—and serious.”

“Yeah. I mean, no—I mean.”

I hated myself for what I was doing. I was driving the kid insane. But fuck, it was fun to see him sweat bullets like this. He wanted me to take off my clothes *so bad*. I kinda wanted to make him beg for it. Shit, I was one morally bankrupt muscle man.

I stayed quiet: Give him a minute to figure out what we should do next. He kept fidgeting his hands. He glanced all around. He wanted. He really wanted. But he was unsure. He was nervous—tentative. He was trying to figure out what to say next. We stood there, together, in silence, for a very long moment.

Damn, I'd never been eye-fucked like this before. Sure, guys always looked, but I'd never had someone just keep blatantly running his eyes all over me like this. My shoulders, chest, arms, waistline, legs...crotch. And each time he finished raping my muscles with those dark brown eyes of his, he'd start all over.

I chuckled. "You really do like looking at my muscles, don't you." I drew a deep breath again. He seemed to like when I did that. "Thanks for the compliment, kid. Your eyes—and..." I looked at his crotch, "...and your *down there*—are telling me they like what they see. That's awesome. I appreciate that."

I stared at his face for a second, then at his crotch: "You have a really big hard-on going on there, Wyatt. Are you okay?"

He cleared his throat.

"I'm thinking the reason you're all hard is because you want to see more of my muscles."

His breathing was heavy.

"Can I ask you another question?"

"Yeah," he said absently.

"And don't take this wrong, son. But back when I was a teenager, I did a *lot* of jerking off, you know?" I paused to gauge his reaction to my bringing up that subject. He had no reaction at all. Just kept ogling me, up and down. "And well, most of the time I, when I did it—when I jerked off—it was when I was looking at those pictures and videos of bodybuilders. You know?"

"Yeah," he muttered.

"And I was wondering, if you're like me in that way."

"What?" He looked up at my face again.

"Yeah. I mean, are you like that too? Do you ever jerk off to men? Bodybuilders? Men with big muscles? Like me? I mean, like I did?"

The bright redness returned to his face. Yeah, *now* he was listening.

"It's okay if you do," I reassured. "Like I said, I did it all the time when I was your age. To pictures and video clips. I had a *library*, dude," I sniggered. "I'm telling ya', my bedroom smelled like a semen factory, 24-7."

He was obviously having a hard time processing what I was saying.

"I never got to do it while I was looking at an actual muscle dude though—*live*. You know? That would have been cool—to jack off while some huge bodybuilder flexed for me."

He blinked, obviously not believing what he was hearing. "Really? You?"

I nodded.

"Really? You jerked...to...to.... Back when.... Really?"

I chuckled and stood tall, assuming an *attention* stance. "Guilty as charged." Then I gave a demure expression, and feigned coyness, trying to blush. "I guess that's why I ended up getting big like this. I think there's some psychology to it, anyway. They say that you become what you think about most of the time." I shrugged my shoulders. "So, you gotta know what *I* thought about most of the time, right? Damn, and sometimes three or four times a day." I gave him a wink.

"Really? Oh, yeah, I've heard that—that what you think about...." His voice trailed off.

"Like I said, kid, I think we're a lot alike. I'm glad I met you. I promised myself long ago that I'd make sure to be really friendly to guys who got aroused at looking at me. I didn't want to make them feel bad for something they couldn't help."

“Yeah,” he said. Then he added, “Yeah? What?”

“And to tell you the truth, now I find it kind of...an honor, I guess, when I find a guy who is really fascinated with muscle...you know, to give a dude something to...well...*inspire* him.” I gave another sly wink.

His eyes grew, but he maintained his composure.

I studied him. “Do you think you will? You know...maybe?” I asked, innocently.

“Will I? Will...what?”

“When you get home today? Do you think you’ll jerk off? While thinking about me?”

He swallowed again, not answering.

“It’s okay if you do. It’s okay if you tell me, son. I don’t mean to make you uncomfortable or anything. I’m just curious.”

“Oh...yeah...of course. No...I understand.”

“So? Do you think you will?”

“I—I—I’m not sure.”

“I understand. No worries. I probably shouldn’t have asked. I don’t think I’d tell some complete stranger something like that. Especially before he even took his shirt off.”

“Huh?”

It was becoming apparent that if we were going to get anywhere here, it was going to be up to me to move things along. He was just too scared to proceed. “Oh, yeah...I wasn’t trying to make you feel bad. I was just wondering. If I took off my shirt and let you look at my muscles...do you think you might jerk off to me, when you get home later?”

“I—I—maybe. I—dunno. I mean, I don’t know if it’s appropriate...if it’s...something I wanna talk about...I just...you know....”

“Well, anyway, I wouldn’t have a problem if you ever admitted it. Like I said, I’d be flattered.”

“Um....” He uttered something very quietly, but I couldn’t make it out.

“Well, anyway, whatever.... It’s fine with me. It’s not something I could prevent anyway—you jacking off to my muscles when you’re all alone—even if I wanted to,” I chuckled.

His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down while he swallowed slowly. Damn, I’d never been so turned on by a guy’s neck. He was working up his nerve; I could see it. His eyes glanced back and forth, then froze...then started again. Finally, without meeting my eyes, he asked, “So, do you ever...do you ever take...you know...do you ever take your shirt off? And let others look? I can’t imagine what...what you...your muscles...do you ever let people look?”

I pretended to give it some thought for a moment. “Oh, I don’t know. I mean, all of you guys in the fitness club, you’re obviously interested in being in shape though...so, I suppose...if you really wanted me to.”

“Really? I mean...not if you don’t....” He was so nervous it made me want to laugh. Yet also, to somehow comfort him. He was terrified in my presence, yet he just couldn’t look away.

“You want me to take off my shirt?”

He nodded. At least, I think he did. I almost couldn’t tell.

“So you can see all of my muscles?”

Again, a very slight nod.

I shrugged, like it was no big deal, took a glance to my left, then to my right, as if checking to make sure no one was around, and then I started.

I brought my fingertips to the base of my T-shirt and started to pull on it. It hugged my abs and obliques. It wasn’t 100 percent cotton. There was some synthetic stuff in it to let it stretch over our bodies. They had to be able to stretch, in order for us to get them on and off. I started to pull it up.

His eyes were glued to my waist. They were big. But he was making a valiant effort to tone it down.

I exposed my lower torso to him. He stared at my abs. As I lifted my shirt more, my intercostals came into view.

“Fuck.”

I have to admit, it was a pretty decent muscle show. When I pulled the hem of my shirt up to my pecs, I had to stretch the fabric out so it could get above my chest. At this point I had to fight my shirt a bit. I pulled and yanked it higher. By the time I lifted it all the way over my head, and was able to see him again, he was paralyzed...frozen. I felt a slight smile form on my lips. I casually tossed my shirt on the log and inhaled a deep breath, then relaxed.

His lips thawed. “Holy fuck! Holy fucking fuck!” He was practically spitting his words out. “Holy fucking fuck!”

I stood still, letting him work it all out.

“Holy fucking fuck,” he repeated.

“Thanks.” I gave him a modest smile.

“So, there you go,” I said. I remained still for a moment longer. Realizing I wasn’t going to get much out of him other than his favorite expletive, I decided to not ask him what he thought just yet. I tightened my body, from traps and delts, then chest and arms, then abs. It wasn’t an actual pose, but let’s just say I made my muscles dance a bit for him. I figured I’d take it slowly. The kid was obviously beside himself with awe, and unchecked lust.

Indeed he was actually holding his crotch. Not adjusting his cock...actually holding it. Maybe even squeezing it a bit. I don’t think he had any idea that he was touching his crotch, right there in front of me.

I lifted my arms outward and with a measure of gracefulness and artistic flow, moved into a double biceps. Although posing wasn’t part of the Unit 55 program, all of us guys took turns posing for each other. We watched videos of bodybuilding contests and mentored each other in the art of display. Most of us figured, if we got the goods, why not learn to show ‘em off a little bit. I moved my hips to one side and gave him an asymmetrical pose. My biceps became mountains. I doubt he’d ever seen 24-inchers before, so I held the pose for a minute, making sure to bulge and flex them in a fluid, moving display of brawn.

“Holy fucking fuck!” He was definitely in some kind of playback loop. Didn’t bother me at all though. When he wasn’t cussing, his jaw was as low as it could get.

I transitioned into a side chest pose. My striations were, admittedly, pretty amazing. The sheer mass of my pectorals was hard to take in. I made sure to ripple my pecs for him, making the waves of muscle move really slowly. Nothing like a languid, sensual pec flex to put a muscle worshipper over the edge. The muscles fanned out from my sternum—the deep canyon between the pectorals—with freakish striations and definition. I tightened my chest, then relaxed it, then flexed it hard again. I believed that a muscle show shouldn’t be a static, motionless display. You have to ripple and wave your muscles to really show them off. Otherwise, you’re just a stagnant, immovable statue. People want to see living, flexing, moving muscle.

When I put my hands behind my head and gave him an ab and leg flex—swiveling my hips seductively—I thought he would pass out.

I moved through all of the poses—slowly and methodically—making sure to inflict as much torture as possible on the kid. I didn’t relax until I was satisfied that I had rendered him stark raving mad. When I ceased tormenting him, I stood still, relaxing, yet breathing hard from my labors.

He was still touching himself.

“So, what do you think?” I smiled.

“Holy.... Fucking.... Fuck....”

Yeah, mission accomplished. The kid’s brain had been puréed to perfection.

“I take it you approve?”

“Holy fuck! How big is your waist?” He was staring at my waistline.

“Thirty-two inches.”

It took him a minute before he removed his hand from his crotch and actually offered up something other than the “F” word. “I can’t believe...you are amazing...I mean...shocking...just incredible!”

“Thanks, man. I appreciate it.”

He was silent for a moment. I made sure to keep rippling and tightening my body for him, ever-so-slightly, just to keep up the tension. He grabbed the small canteen off his belt and shakily unscrewed the cap. He gulped the water down like he was dying of thirst. Once again, his Adam's apple. This kid was giving me a brand new fetish. My cock squirmed as I watched it bob up and down.

He put the canteen down. Eventually his eyes landed, once again, on the anaconda growing down my leg. Admittedly, all this flexing...and watching the guy get so turned on by my muscles...well, yeah...the cute kid was getting me harder and harder.

He wiped his wet lips with the back of his hand, then blurted out, "So, holy fuck...I've never met a guy who's crotch pushed against his.... I mean, it's the biggest...but then, all of your muscles are the biggest I've ever seen too...."

I rolled my muscles for him, and he resumed his "Fuck" routine; I moved my leg to allow my shaft to lengthen more.

"I mean...that thing is...fucking huge! How big...do you ever tell people...I mean... how big it is? I mean...fuck. I'm kinda wondering how big...it...is...it has to be amazing!"

Damn! What was in the water he'd just swallowed?! He'd gone from silent and awestruck-nervous to chat-me-up-talky in about 30 seconds! I smiled again. "It's okay, Wyatt. Most guys have a hard time when they see how big I am. I mean, yeah, my physique, but yeah, my penis, too. It's not a problem dude. It doesn't bother me."

"How big...how big you...I mean, how big are you Corporal?" he asked, his gaze fixed on my growing crotch.

"Luke."

"Yeah. Sorry. I mean, can you give out *that* number?"

"Six-foot-five; 290 pounds,"

He gasped. "Holy fuck! Luke! You're.... I mean, and you have a 32-inch waist? Holy shit!" And again his eyes moved thoughtfully all over my body while I rippled it for him again. But then he sighed: "But I was really wondering, how *big* are you?" He looked at my crotch once again.

"Oh," I chuckled. I couldn't believe what he was asking! This teenage stud was asking me about the size of my cock! Holy fuck!

I had never been so enamored with someone. Wyatt was all of the virility and youthful enthusiasm I could ever want. And even though I would never admit it, he was doing a number on me. I needed to regroup. *Damn* I loved how he was so turned on by my muscles! But there was no way in hell I was going to let this whippersnapper overwhelm me.

[To be continued.]

CPL. LUCAS TANNER, USMC; UNIT 55:

Note: While these measurements and stats may seem incredible, if not impossible, remember that Cpl. Tanner is in the *Top Secret* Unit 55.

Age	25	
Height	6-foot 5-inches	195.58 cm
Weight	315 pounds	142.88 kg
Neck	19.5 inches	49.53 cm
Arms	25 inches	63.5 cm
Chest	61 inches	154.94 cm
Waist	32 inches	81.28 cm
Upper Leg	34 inches	86.36 cm
Calf	24 inches	60.96 cm
“Length”	12.5 inches, hard	31.75 cm
Bench	727 pounds, raw (315 lbs x 47 reps)	329.76 kg
Squat	1,076 pounds	488.06 kg



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This story is free; your encouragement is priceless.

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