

# OFF-BASE

## PART ONE

As told by Wyatt



by Sean Reid Scott

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*With thanks (and possibly, apologies) to Peterbilt. :)*



OUR FITNESS SCOUT CLUB WAS OUT on our regular Saturday morning hike. This week we decided to hike a trail the was close to the Marine base nearby. We came upon a meadow with a small stream running through it.

There was a squad of Marines—six or seven men—next to the stream. Immediately, my heart jumped. Marines. Gorgeous, muscular Marines! Even from this far away, you could tell they were massive—*and ripped!* Huge chests and shoulders, and all of ‘em had really small waists.

They must have been taking a break from running or something.

As we came up on them, my buddy Jimmy nudged me with his elbow. “Holy fuck,” he whispered to me. “Do you see those guys?”

Yeah, I saw them. All of them were built like freakin’ fire trucks. Each one of them was bigger—way bigger—than a normal man. And I couldn’t ever remember seeing any bodybuilder as big and as lean as these guys. These dudes weren’t just big, they were amazingly lean too. It looked like there wasn’t an ounce of fat on any of them!

Clearly these guys weren't mere ordinary Marines. *Holy fucking shit*. My mouth immediately went dry; my heart began racing; I just kept blinking at the big bodies of these men. These dudes were freaky!

To my irritation—although quite predictably—I immediately started getting hard.

They were all wearing running shorts that exposed their amazingly beefy legs. Just holy hell! All of them had massive legs! They all wore olive green Marine-issue T-shirts that hugged their upper bodies tightly. I mean, you could see muscles on top of muscles on these guys! Every one of them had traps bigger than I had ever seen. And deltoids that blew my mind. I swear, even though they were clothed like this, every one of these guys looked like he'd blow away any and all competition in any bodybuilding contest.

"Holy shit," another of our troop muttered. "Take a look at those dudes!" We were still some 20 yards from them, so I doubt they could hear our mumblings as we approached.

I did more than one double-take at each of these dudes. It was like I died and went to muscle heaven! I'd never seen so many huge bodybuilders in one place. And all of these guys were bigger than any bodybuilder I'd ever seen!

My heart was racing. I started to panic. These guys were the epitome of *intimidating*—and the embodiment of every wet dream I'd ever had. I knew I couldn't help my reaction; I knew I was going to get a harder boner than I'd ever had. And I didn't want that. Not in front of my buddies, that was for sure. And I sure as hell didn't want to give away to any of these muscle guys that I was turned on by them. Yet, just as sure as hell, there was no way I was going to stop looking.

The muscular men acknowledged us with nods and smiles. One of them said, "Hey, guys, how you doing today?"

I don't know who answered, but it sure as fuck wasn't me. As a certifiable closeted muscle worshipper, I was speechless. While I gawked at all of this male pulchritude, some of my buddies started chatting them up. Our scouting club is called "Fitness Scouts of America," so it was natural, looking at these muscle men, for us to talk about being in shape, and working out and stuff. These Marines were actually pretty friendly, and they didn't mind talking to us. But that didn't relieve any of my trepidation.

I think I had to manually close my mouth with my hand a few times. Okay, not literally, of course, but you get what I mean. I certainly didn't have the nerve to approach any of these gods. I stood to one side and tried not to fidget nervously.

One of the Marines kept meeting my stare. Holy hell; I think he could have been the biggest of all of them. And he kept looking back at me. Fuck! I'd been found out! I just knew it. It was probably impossible for me to hide it...even though I'd been practicing for years. Yeah, he for sure saw right through me; I was done for—my cover was blown.

The muscle god gave me a nod, and a slight smile. Then he walked over to me, all casual. I couldn't figure out how a man built like that could actually move all those muscles to walk! But he wasn't awkward. It didn't look like it took him any effort at all. In fact, amazingly, despite all that unbelievable muscle mass, he actually had a kind of manly grace to his walk.

If my heart had been racing before, now—as this muscle god walked toward me, with his sexy eyes glued to me—my heart rate must have broken the sound barrier or something. I actually felt a little light-headed. I had no idea what the fuck I was going to do or say to him.

*Holy, holy, hoooooollly*. As he walked, his proportions just *exploded* against my awareness. So. Fucking. Ripped. He was perfection squared—no, cubed. And the coup de grâce of all this unbridled muscle was the distended, thick *cephalic* vein that ran down each of his relaxed, enormous biceps. Nothing turns me on more than when a man is big and lean enough to have that sexy vein just bulge all over hell. I had, in my mind, shortened the anatomical name to "*phallic*" vein, 'cuz, whenever I see one, it really effects my... um...phallus. You know?

"What's up?" he smiled at me when he arrived.

I opened my mouth, but admittedly, I was in a stupor. It took a few seconds for any noise to come out. "Oh...uh...hi."

A slight smile formed on his face while he processed my nervous reply. He nonchalantly glanced around the meadow briefly, and said. "Nice day to be outside."

"Yeah." I squeaked. The tower of muscle radiated heat. And power. And...just holy fuck...I was dumbstruck. He was a good four or five inches taller than my five-ten. And I have no idea how much he weighed, but it was a lot. Yet when I looked down at his waistline, it was insane! He could probably fit into the same waist size as me! Except that he'd never get them up over those unbelievably huge legs. *OhMyGod* those legs! I'd never seen anything like them.

He looked at the patch on my shoulder. "FSA, huh? That's cool." He glanced at my build. "You guys a look in great shape. It's nice to see kids who put an emphasis on physical development."

I think I just stared at him. Yeah, I don't think I replied. And actually, even though he was unbelievably handsome—*GodDamn* he had gorgeous eyes—it certainly wasn't his face I was staring at.

He seemed to take my rude stupor in stride. He probably couldn't go out in public without getting a lot of gawking, and a bunch of vacant stares. He made like it wasn't a big deal that I was practically having to reboot my brain just because he stood there. Just because he *existed*.

He turned down a dirt path, walking slowly, glancing back at me. I looked around, and all of the other scouts were pairing off with a Marine too. I followed "mine." It all seemed so natural and stuff. I had no idea where I was going, but even though I couldn't make my mouth work very well, my legs seemed to know what to do—as long as it meant following this superhuman bodybuilder Marine stud.

I walked behind him, and *fucking fucking fuck*, the view of his back-side was just as epic as the rest of him. His lats were fuckin' *off the charts*. And damn, that ass! I mean, *come ON!* Those hamstrings made his glutes alternate with muscle-flexing erotic, power!

"So how long have you been a scout?" he asked as he led me down the path.

I tried to catch up. "Just since January," I said. "You have to be eighteen to be in the group, and I just turned in January." I surprised myself with my clarity. By the time I closed in on him, we came upon a very small clearing in the tall mountain grass. There was a log in the middle of it.

He stopped and turned around to me, apparently satisfied with the secluded location.

I couldn't believe I was here, standing in front of the most gorgeous assemblage of human muscle possible. And this mammoth man was just smiling down at me, talking about regular stuff, and being all friendly. As if he actually *liked* me!

"So, do you guys get out often?" he asked. "You do much hiking?"

I managed to eke out a, "Yes, sir. We put a premium on physical fitness."

"Well, in your case, it's definitely working." I was one of the more muscled guys in our scout troop, and, well, obviously we were in the FSA because we appreciated being fit. But his comment took me aback. I mean, this man—arguably one of the best-built men in this half of the galaxy—had just complimented my build! Holy fuck.

"You guys obviously spend a lot of time in the gym," he said, again assessing my body.

"Yeah, you guys too. Big time," I said. "Big time." I looked his inestimable muscles up and down. And at that moment I began taking mental pictures of this man. I knew, without a doubt, that tonight I would masturbate myself raw over him. When my eyes moved lower, down to his crotch, I froze. Holy hell! All of his muscles had distracted me from what I was now staring at. His cock was *enormous* in his running shorts! I quickly averted my gaze, but over the next few minutes, my eyes would return there, often. There was no way I was going to be able to ignore that thing.

"Can I ask you a question?" I actually didn't take my eyes off his physique when I talked to him. I realize now that it must have come across as rude, but I just could not stop looking at his body.

"Shoot," he 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!" Shit. I was running off at the mouth.

He chuckled. “Thanks, man.” My mental numbness was amusing him. “That’s very kind of you. Actually, our whole squad is an elite group. We’re part of a bodybuilding and strength program. Lots of it is top secret. But the basic idea is to build the male physique to its very limits of perfection and development.”

“Really? Wow! Well...someone absolutely knows what they’re doing...whoever is in charge of your program. You’re just amazing!” These muscle gods *truly exceeded* the limits of muscular development!

“Thanks.”

What had I stumbled on here? I mean...fuck...these guys were in some kind of experimental muscle program? Unbelievable! Finally, I couldn’t help myself. Staring at his mammoth chest, shoulders and arms, I just blurted out one word: “*Damn.*” I was instantly embarrassed at my outburst. “Sorry,” I said softly. Fuck, I hoped I could rein it in.

“No worries, dude,” He smiled. “To be honest, I’m—we’re all—used to it. Don’t worry about it.” He inhaled a deep breath, and his gigantic chest rose and fell slowly. Holy fucking fuck. This time, my mouth literally *did* drop open. He was mind-boggling!

“I take it you like big muscles.”

Oh shit. I wanted to crawl in a hole. He could see everything about me. I mean, I was practically drooling. No way was I able to hide my attraction to his muscle body.

All I could say was, “You’re huge!” I looked at his arms, and then his chest.

“Well, thanks,” he said. He looked down at the ground for a second. *Damn*, he actually looked like he was a bit embarrassed now. The dude...was he not aware of how gorgeous he was?

I took in the enormity of the bulge in his crotch again. It was just amazing. And I wasn’t sure, but I thought it might be getting a little hard. His running shorts were all bunched up because of his enormous quads. I’d never seen legs like that. And the totally hot thing was that they rippled with striations and bulges. His veiny legs were the most astounding things ever. “Your legs are amazing.”

He glanced down at them. “Thanks.”

I couldn’t stop saying things about his body. I couldn’t stop myself from giving him compliments. “You have bigger muscles than I’ve ever seen,” I practically gushed.

If he didn’t know I was enthralled with his build before, he was certainly getting the message now.

My throat was getting dry. I was definitely talking too much. But just as soon as my mouth received the command from my brain to *shut the fuck up*, it blurted: “*Damn. You’re like nothing I’ve ever...*” I stopped myself mid sentence. God, I wish I could stop talking. But just as soon as I stopped myself, I examined him again: ““You have bigger muscles than I’ve ever seen!” (I think I had already said that.) “Your arms! They’re gigantic! And your chest...your *everything!*” I knew I was stepping *way* over the line, but I just couldn’t help it.

“Do you like looking at big muscles?” he asked. I couldn’t tell if his smile was sincere or if maybe he was suspicious of me. Shit, I was so blatantly obvious. I couldn’t understand why he didn’t just start punching me down then and there.

“Oh, well, yeah. But, I mean...it’s noth...I mean...I guess,” I said. “I mean, it’s nothing like...you know.... It’s just...well, because I’m interested in body—bodybuilding...and strength...strength conditioning...you know.”

“It’s okay, son,” he gave me a gently raised hand. “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...you can look all you want. Kinda makes all those hours I spend in the gym worth it, you know?” He gave me another smile. “And besides, a little inspiration never hurt anyone, right?”

“Yeah,” I said. I laughed nervously. “Well, yeah, right.” *Damn*, if he was going to let me look, then fuck, I was going to look. His Marines T-shirt was tight. It showed every lump and mound of his upper body muscles. Just fuck. His traps were mind-boggling. And that chest. And fuck, his upper arms were

the biggest slabs of rippling, non-fat beef you could imagine! And his forearms were probably bigger than my upper arms!

At this point my cock was as hard as it had ever been in my life. It hurt. I needed to adjust it, big time; I couldn't help it. If I didn't, it would snap. I looked up at his face. He was staring at my crotch. Fuck. I looked down at the ground, so mortified.

He actually chuckled. I was getting a really obvious hard-on, and the guy thought it was funny. "Hey, don't worry about it, dude. It's a natural reaction," he said. "Believe me. Happens all the time."

"Really?" I lifted my face. What was he saying?

"Honest truth," he said. "I'm used to it. You'd be surprised how often it happens." He chuckled. He really didn't seem bothered by me. "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 hard—uh...reacts to my body like that. Don't worry about it, son."

Seriously? Did this guy just tell me that he didn't mind that I was aroused by his body?

"Really?"

"Yeah. It's okay."

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

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

I sighed. But just as soon as I'd relaxed, I was slammed in the face again with how gorgeous and big this mega-man was. As a testament to how lean he was, his gigantic muscles tapered down to a tight, almost minuscule waistline. It was unbelievable.

"To be honest, it's cool," he continued. "It just reinforces my training. It inspires me to get bigger. It makes me want to work out harder. It's a good thing. Honestly."

I was so preoccupied with how his upper body funneled down into his shorts that I don't think I responded to what he said. Wouldn't be the first time I did that. And as time went on, I realized it wouldn't be the last either.

Again, he seemed almost amused with me. He looked around the little clearing we were in. "This is a nice place," He said. "Nice and secluded." Every time he moved any part of his body—even just his head—I melted.

Oh, fuck. Yes, it was. Wonderfully secluded. And fuck if that little concept didn't make me even harder. I mean, here we were, just the two of us. I mean...holy fuck.

"Yeah," I said. I very briefly glanced around the area, but like a 100-ton magnet, his body pulled my gaze back.

"You obviously work out a lot," he said. "You like the gym, for sure."

"Yeah." I don't know what he was saying. All I could do was stare at his body. And wish to god I was wearing a looser uniform. My cock was aching for release. I was in muscle heaven, and my dick knew it.

"Can I ask you a question?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"What's your favorite muscle?"

"Uh...oh...*huh?*" What did he just ask me? What? My favorite muscle? Of his? I felt the blood rush to my cheeks. "Sorry," I said—again. "I didn't mean to keep staring. I mean...I don't know...I think all of your muscles are amazing...I don't know if any of...your muscles...any of...them is my favorite." My eyes were glued to his body.

Then he grinned. "I meant, what's your favorite muscle...to work out."

"Oh! Oh...I understand." I was so embarrassed, I wanted to run. I thought quickly, trying to recover. "Well, I guess, chest, I guess."

"You like to bench, huh?"

“Yeah.”

He looked at my upper body. Admittedly, I had some pretty decent pecs, at least for a teenager. My chest filled out my shirt pretty well.

“Yeah, I can see that,” he said. And then he reached forward and felt me out! *Shit!* His big paw moved over my whole chest! All I could think about, while he did it, was: *Can we take turns doing this?* I pushed down a nervous laugh. I couldn’t believe he was doing this. I’d *never* have the balls to do this to a guy. Then, as he withdrew his hand, he turned his palm away from my pecs and the backs of his fingers brushed over one of my nipples. A bolt of electricity ran from my chest, directly to my cock. I literally felt it jump.

“Nice,” he smiled.

I actually gasped. Fuck. I looked all over, nervously, but I was able to give a faint smile. “Thanks.”

“I think mine’s probably pecs too,” he continued.

Oh god. Do *NOT* start talking about your pecs, man, or I gonna come. I stared at his massive chest. It was the most intimidating thing in the world. Then, as if he was purposely *trying* to make me come in my hiking shorts, he began to flex his pecs under his tight tee. Slowly. It was fuckin’ *seductive*. It was mind-numbingly *hot*. He bounced them, alternately, and waved them right at me. Damn, the fucker had to know what he was doing to me. I mean, I’d been fawning all over him like a schoolgirl. And we’d already established the fact that his body made me hard. He *had* to know he was gonna make me come if he didn’t stop this.

He smiled while he watched my reaction to his chest flex. “Nothing like a powerful chest to establish a dominant position when you walk into a room, right?”

I think all of the redness had run off my face now, because I felt light headed. I’m sure I looked white as a ghost. I couldn’t help but adjust myself again. I would have passed out from the pain otherwise.

“I think, second, for me, is arms,” he continued.

I couldn’t stop looking at his chest.

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

I blinked—again. I tried to swallow, but my mouth was 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.”

I looked down at my legs. “Oh...yeah...” I looked back up at him and said, “I mean...thanks.”

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

“R-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.” He put his right foot forward and twisted his leg outward to show me his calf.

*Holy fucking mother-of-god.* I have no idea how big it was, but it looked like a fucking bowling ball! I blinked, hard. “Holy fuck!”

He rotated it a bit to give me a better view, and flexed it hard. The calf muscle grew and waved, then hardened into diamond-hard madness. “You like looking at it?”

I didn’t know it was possible to have calves like that. “Fuck, man.”

“Thanks,” he said with an air of humility. He smiled down at me, but I didn’t take my eyes off the bulging twin muscle-teardrops of his lower leg. He relaxed and pulled his leg back, and I met his 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?”

I nodded. I was visibly fidgeting. Trembling, I think.

He took a deep breath; his chest expanded really big again. Was he purposely trying to torment me with his body? He looked up to the clear blue sky, and soaked in the warm beauty of the day. "I love this time of year," he said. "Don't you?"

"Yeah. Yeah, me too."

We met eyes again. "Great hiking weather."

"Yeah. Yeah, me too."

He chuckled.

Fuck, I was such a schmuck. I tried to be discreet about adjusting my cock—again.

He turned and walked toward a small mound of dirt, facing away from me. He stretched his arms outward, then up above his head. He grabbed his right elbow and pulled on it while his right hand held the back of his head. I thought his biceps would crush his head! His forearm expanded and rippled. And what the fuck?! His back muscles, in that green Marines T-shirt, looked like a mass of snakes wriggling and twisting all over the "delta" of his back. He bent to the left and held the stretch for a moment. He stood up straight then repeated the stretch on the other side. Then he put his hands on his hips and twisted his torso to the left, held it, then to the right.

I was actually aghast at what I was witnessing. Even with his shirt on, his body bulged with unreal mounds of muscle. And let's not forget that taut, sexy ass! And his hamstrings, supporting his oversized quadriceps...!

He turned around and cocked his head hard to one side, then to the other, as if cracking his neck. He looked at me and said, "Worked back and shoulders this morning. Gotta keep 'em loose."

Never mind that no one works back and shoulders on the same day. Must have been part of the "Top Secret" routine and stuff.

He approached me again, extending his hand. "I'm sorry, I haven't properly introduced myself. Corporal Lucas Tanner at your service," he said with a relaxing smile. "You can call me Luke." We shook. His grip was firm, but not overbearing.

"Glad to meet you, sir," I said.

We broke the handshake and he just stood there, looking at me. A slight smile moved onto his face.

Oh god. He wanted to know *my* name. I was supposed to tell him *my* name now. What was it?! Damn. Oh, yeah: Finally, I said, "Oh...um...Wyatt." That was it, right? My name was Wyatt. I'm *sure* that's right.

"Nice to meet you Wyatt," he smiled. "Man, your parents can be damn proud of you. I can see you place value in honing a strong, muscular physique.

"Thanks," I said, looking down at the ground. I couldn't believe he was being so nice to me. And that name: Luke Tanner. His name alone made me hard.

"I hope I can motivate kids like you in that endeavor."

"Oh. Well, okay. Yeah. You definitely do. For sure." I frowned a bit. "But, how, though, exactly...."

"Well for starters, there's just basic inspiration."

"Inspiration?"

"Yeah," he smiled. "By visualization. I've always believed that visualization is one of the most powerful tools we have. 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 true physical greatness."

"Oh...." Damn.

"Yeah," he chuckled, "I used to spend hours looking at those muscle magazines and bodybuilding websites. To be honest," he stiffened his back and stood tall, "I attribute that one fact to making my physique what it is today." He had an air of satisfaction as his right arm lifted. He pulled back the T-shirt sleeve to expose his right biceps. He flexed it for me. It grew, right in front of my eyes.

*Holy shit!* *Holy shit!* *Holy shit!* The thing was *enormous!* *It had to be 24 inches!* And not only was it enormous, the split on his biceps peak was stupefying! I'd never see a peak like that! Astounding!

He made it grow even more. The twin heads split in two, and the striations and veins pulsed all over hell. I didn't know an arm like that was possible.

I was getting so aroused I thought I might come right then and there.

He rotated his forearm, and his biceps grew and bulged. And the vascularity and definition made the whole display really *pop*.

Then, the most amazing thing happened. He lengthened his arm just a bit, then flexed it again, and his arm grew even taller! The peak moved up! He did it again, and it moved up again! And again! Each time he relaxed, then re-flexed his arm, it got bigger and higher! I couldn't believe what I was seeing!

I think I went white again. "Holllllly..." Did this have something to do with the special Marine program he was in? How could a man make his muscles do this?! I'd never seen anything like it. Before, when it had been hanging at his sides, and...like...we were talking...it was gigantic, and *so* boner-inducing! But now, as he flexed it right in front of my face, and it rippled with hard, solid, vascularity... and you could see the baseball peak grow out of the football-sized lower part of his arm...I'd never come so close to spontaneously ejaculating than right then.

"You want to touch it?"

I almost started throwing up.

"It's pretty hard..." His voice was like he was trying to convince me. He kept it flexed, but lowered it a bit. I could see the top of the peak better now.

"I think you'll like feeling it. Check out the top where the muscle heads split in two."

Do very many teenagers have heart attacks? Because I seriously thought my heart was going to beat out of my chest. And the only thing I could hear at that moment was the pounding of my heart in my ears. I stared at his arm for a minute, then lifted my left hand onto his right arm.

The thing was so fucking big, lean, and hard! I felt it out for a few seconds, and then instinctively, I grabbed his leg-sized arm with my other hand too. My hands squeezed his arm *hard*, but obviously it wouldn't have any effect on him.

I seriously thought I was going to come in my underwear, right now, without any masturbation whatsoever.

He rotated his wrist and made his arm bulge and ripple.

Fuck, I was going to die.

He straightened his arm slowly, and it lengthened, but it didn't lose any of its mass. He concentrated on his arm. He kept flexing it for me. He *had* to know I was close to losing consciousness over his huge muscle, but he didn't seem to care.

I continued moving my hands over and around his upper arm.

He bent it again and made it bulge and dance against my hands some more. "Holy fuckin' shit..." I whispered.

"You like touching it?"

I didn't answer. I *so* wanted to check my FSA uniform for signs of my eruption, but...not when I was this close to him.

He eventually let his arm fall to his side. As I let go he said, "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." He stepped back and relaxed, continuing: "It was amazing. Just seeing those muscle bodies bulge all over hell turned me into a muscle maniac, I guess." He chuckled. "I just figure, if I can motivate a guy like you, well, that's all the reward I seek."

"Fuck," I mumbled. I tried to regroup.

"Well, anyway, time to get off my soapbox, I guess. I don't mean to get all preachy," He chuckled.

"No. It's okay." Dude, please. Preach on, man.

"So, do you ever do that? Do you like to look at muscle guys, like on the Internet, or in magazines?"

"Wha?" Fuck, he *had* to know about me. He was playing with me. Of *course* I looked at muscle pictures! Every day! And twice on Sundays!



"I mean, you know, for motivation," he clarified.

"Well...yeah. I guess so. Yeah." (And by the way, sir, yeah...you're pretty-much "motivating" me right now, too.)

"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."

I nodded.

"And actually, getting back to your reaction to my body," he continued, "well, I don't want to embarrass you or anything..." He stared at my crotch. "But I have to admit that I...well, often...I reacted exactly like that," He glared at my crotch, "when I studied the musclemen in the magazines and on the web and stuff."

Please dig me my grave right now. I'm done. I am *so* fucking done. Obviously, he could see it. I just knew my pre-cum must be making a stain the size of Lake Superior on my pants. I timidly pulled my hands aside and looked down. But no. There was no dark spot. What there was, though, was one fucking gigantic erection in my hiking shorts.

"So, yeah," he said, not skipping a beat. "I thought you might too. If you're like me, anyway." Holy hell, this guy was...what was he doing here? Was he sincerely making like getting sexually aroused at his muscles wasn't a big deal? Was he actually admitting he did the same thing? Was he truly making like this was a regular, every-day thing?

"Re—really? You did?"

"Fuckin'-A, man," He grinned. "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 division."

"Yeah. Yeah." The dude was actually...well—and I hate to use this word in describing this obelisk of muscle—but he was actually...*cute*...in his innocent way of talking. Or was that all just a facade? I had serious reservations about what he was saying. He was all *Gomer Pyle* here! I mean, *Gollilly, Sergeant!* No way was he genuine. Just fucking no way. I figured he was *this close* to knocking my lights out for getting turned on by his body. I figured I had only minutes to live.

"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...it's the most powerful motivation factor we humans have. I mean, without the sex drive—which encompasses the drive to reproduce—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."

No way. There was no way in Hades this guy was actually trying to sell me on the idea that getting sexually aroused over a man's physique had *anything* to do with achieving a fantastic body.

"Well, I've adopted a little motto to help me drill it down."

"Oh? And what is that?" I asked.

"Well, it might be a little cheesy. But, whatever," he smiled. "Here goes: If you want a hard body, you have to get hard." He smiled down at me 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." He chuckled again.

And here I thought *I* was the schmuck. But fuck, he looked like he actually believed what he was saying!

"Oh," I finally said. "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." He looked all coy again. He scuffed the ground with his running boot. "I don't know.... All I'm sayin' is that's what I think did it for me. Maybe it's not true for everyone.

"Oh..." I said. All of a sudden...the huge dude was so timid. I felt like I just *had* to encourage him somehow. "Well, I think I get what you're saying. I can see how that's possible."

Regardless of what he was saying—and maybe his demure manner influenced me here—I was in renewed lust with this muscle god. Fucking fuck!

"Well, anyway," he continued, "I'm just hoping that maybe I'm motivating you, that's all."

I swallowed hard. I drew a deep breath, then let it out slowly.

Then he did that full-body, rolling flex, where everything—under his T-shirt, and the exposed muscles too—rippled and rolled in a taunting, nearly orgasm-inducing flex. He made it look all casual, as if it wasn't a thing. But shit: It was a thing.

Then my eyes landed on his crotch. Again. And as a testament to how scrambled my brain was getting, for some reason I—and I still can't believe I did this—I just blurted out: "Those are so tight... wow...I mean...you're so big...you look like you're about to bust out of them." I gave a stressed chuckle. I couldn't believe I'd found the balls to say that to him. I was *really* going to get killed because of my mouth. But then again, if I was going to die anyway....

But there was no hiding the fact that his erection was now growing down the leg of his running shorts. And fucking fuck, it was becoming pretty obvious that this Luke guy was gonna be hung like a horse. The thing was thickening. And lengthening.

And by the way...how in hell was he getting hard like this? How in hell was this little interaction between the two of us making him aroused! HOLY HELL! I didn't have the wherewithal to contemplate what was happening. Maybe, instead of killing me, he was going to rape me! And although...what an experience *that* might be...I shuddered at the thought. And also, even if he *did* rape me, maybe he'd kill me afterwards anyway!

He was slow in responding to my observation. He looked down at the log growing in his own shorts. "Yeah, I think you're right," he said without any emotion. He glanced up. "But to be honest, it's not like it hasn't happened before—bursting out. To be honest, I've ruined more than one pair of shorts that way." He actually smiled about it. "Sorry, but yeah. Having a huge cock is a blessing and a curse, I guess." He looked down at it again. It was lengthening down the left leg of his 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." He looked back up at me with a timid smile and raised eyebrows that said, *Whatcha gonna do?*

I...um...what?! I couldn't believe what he just said! God! Shit! This wasn't possible, was it? I didn't know what to say...or do. Finally I just said, "Oh. I'm...sorry. I didn't mean to..."

He laughed—probably too loudly. "No apology needed, man. It's not like I'm ashamed of who I am. And honestly, I've seen other guys with boners before. Bet you have too." He glanced around to make sure his loud laugh hadn't brought any attention to us.

I was about ready to pass out. This just was not possible. Not in my wildest fantasies had I ever even *considered* this kind of scenario! That was it, wasn't it: This was a dream. Had to be. I sighed. I'd wake up in a minute, and my sheets would be totally creamed. That was it. Yeah. No way in fucking HELL was this anything even *close* to real. I discreetly pinched my forearm.

Didn't wake up.

"Yeah...um...no," I eventually answered his question. "No, I haven't...seen...I mean, no I haven't seen another guy's erection."

He cocked his head in surprise. "No? Really?"

I shook my head.

He put his hands on his narrow hips and cocked his head to the side in disbelief. "You've never seen a guy's cock when it's erect."

Was this something I should've done before? "I mean, not in...not in person. Just, you know...like pictures...you know...like in health class or something." Okay, that was a blatant lie. Of course I've seen many nude pictures, and videos on the computer, of guys having sex. Mostly muscle guys, of course. I wasn't in to twinkles, that's for sure. But I wasn't going to admit my porn addiction to this guy...especially when said addiction involved men who would *kill* to look like him...

He cocked his head to the side, and I could see he was trying not to laugh. Yeah, he knew I'd seen more than just anatomical pictures in health class. But he pulled back. He shrugged his shoulders and put his hands at his sides. "Fair enough."

"I know some guys do...I mean, *have*. But I don't know if that's right. To look.... Kinda seems...." My voice trailed off. I have no idea why I was trying to convince him of something that was obviously not in any way true or even possible.

"Well I was thinking like in the showers or something. Maybe it's just me, but hell, nearly every time I hit the showers, guys are walking all over the place with boners. I mean, full-on erections sometimes." He chuckled. "I just thought it was normal for guys to do that."

Holy shit. I couldn't imagine what that scene would be like. Just thinking about joining Luke in the showers, say after a workout or something...how could the place *not* just be full of guys with hard-ons? With him being there?

I looked down and scuffed the ground with my boot, "Yeah, well it definitely might have something to do with you."

He laughed.

I looked up at his face, surprised he liked what I said. That reaction was cool. But there he was again, all magnificent muscle, just standing there and making me nervous again. He was just gigantic. I blinked, and looked down to the ground again. "You are so fuckin' big, man."

"Thanks."

And then, from somewhere deep inside me, a voice reared up and said to my brain, *Ask him. Just ask him!*

No. No way was I going to ask him.

Oh, come on, man. He's already let you touch his biceps. He's felt out your chest. He's flexed his calf muscle right in front of you. And you know he was just playing with you with all of that stretching! Ask him! What are you waiting for?

I'm waiting for an ambulance to show up, so if I pass out, at least they can cart me off.

Dude, he's standing there, driving you insane. He pretty much led you down this path...

Path of *destruction*, you mean....

...to this secluded area where you're all alone with him.... He's obviously not going to mind. He's all friendly, like, too. Real friendly. He's said he likes that you are turned on by his muscles, dude. Go ahead...

"Do you ever...sometimes...I mean...well...." I lost my nerve.

"Do I ever...what?"

Wyatt, dude. He wants to know your question. Don't back down now...."

"I mean, do you ever...other than in the showers...do you ever...you know...take your shirt off? To let someone look?"

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

"Oh." Well, at least he hasn't killed me. Yet.

He let the silence hang hang in the air. Damn, he *had* to know how much he was torturing me. And I bet the bastard was loving it. "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.”

“I usually don’t show my muscles to guys. It can cause a big commotion if I’m out in public.”

Commotion? It’d cause a riot!

“Sometimes I do, I guess. But usually I try not to show it off too much.”

Never mind that the fucker was wearing skin-tight clothes that showed off everything.

“And well, yeah, I usually just keep it covered. 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.”

He was driving me insane. I could tell by the way he was feigning ignorance about me being a bona fide closeted muscle worshipper that he knew *exactly* what he was doing. And he was loving every second of it, the bastard. I was sweating bullets, and he wasn’t gonna give me what I wanted. For the first time since I’d seen him, I wanted to punch him. The asshole. But of course, I valued the integrity of my hand and wrist. Not to mention my life in general.

He just stood there. I think he even checked his fingernails. Damn. I hated him. And I loved him. Shit. I kept looking up and down his over-developed body, pretty-much eye-fucking him.

We stood there, together, in silence, for a very long moment.

Then he looked at me with a sly smile: “You really do like looking at my muscles, don’t you.” He took in another deep breath, making his chest expand all over hell.

I think I started trembling again. Or I guess it was that I was *still* trembling from before.

“Thanks for the compliment, kid. Your eyes—and...” He looked at my crotch, “...and your *down there*—are telling me they like what they see. That’s awesome. I appreciate that.” He stared at my crotch. “You have a really big hard-on going on there, Wyatt. Are you okay?”

Okay, this is...this can’t. I cleared my throat.

“I’m thinking the reason you’re all hard is because you want to see more of my muscles.” He winked at me. “Can I ask you another question?”

“Yeah.”

“And don’t take this wrong, son. But back when I was a teenager, I did a *lot* of jerking off, you know? 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.”

“And I was wondering, if you’re like me in that way.”

“What?”

“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?”

I had no thoughts. I had totally shut down.

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

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. And...coming from the muscle man of my dreams!

“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 jerk off while some huge bodybuilder flexed for me.”

“Really? You?”

He nodded.

“Really? You jerked...to...to muscle guys? Back when you were my age?”

He chuckled, then stood at *attention* and snapped a salute. God he was *so* military. His ginormous arm flexed next to his face. He looked straight ahead. So much strength. So freakin’ hot. “Guilty as charged.” He snapped his hand back down to his side and met my eyes. “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.” He shrugged his shoulders. “So, yeah, I thought about musclemen

constantly. Jerked off to them...sometimes three or four times a day!" He grinned, apparently proud of this admission.

"Really? Oh, yeah, I've heard that—that what you think about..." I was trying to keep the convo on a socially acceptable tack. Although, if he was sincere in what he was saying....

"Like I said, Wyatt, 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," I said. "Yeah? What?" And what the hell was how my cock jumped every time he used my name?

"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 the dude something to fantasize about." He winked at me again.

Well, you don't have to worry about giving me something to fantasize about, Corporal. That's been taken care-of. I seriously knew that I would never forget this encounter: seeing his muscular body, watching him flex his calf, and feeling his gigantic arm... Yeah, no. This would be a fantasy I would remember for the rest of my life.

"Do you think you will? You know...maybe?" He asked.

"Will I? Will...what?"

"When you get home today? Do you think you'll jerk off? While thinking about me?"

Okay...he was *so* just playing with me now. It was "cat-n-mouse." He was stalking me, pushing me back and forth with his big cat-paw, trying to disorient me, confuse me, and make me admit my uncontrollable lust for his muscle body. Then, once he was done playing with me, he was going to lean down and eat his little mouse meal in one bite.

"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?" The part about taking his shirt off didn't even register with me. *Shit. Of course I was going to jerk off to him.* And most likely, I'd jerk off to him every single day for the rest of my life. How could he not know that?! The son-of-a-bitch was taunting me, and he knew it. Did he actually *want* me to whip it out right there? Right in front of him? *Is that what you want, Corporal?!* I briefly considered doing it. Heaven knew I'd totally recovered from my orgasm and was ready to go at it again, but...no...he was just taunting me. Torturing me. No way did he really expect me to...to do that.... Did he?

"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...." My stomach was in my throat. "I've never talked with someone about that...about...this is just a bit uncomfortable for me...I think. 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...." *You goddamn fucker.* I think I might have actually whispered that thought out loud.

"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," he chuckled. "In fact, that'd be kind of awesome. To even watch you do that. To my muscles."

I didn't know what to say.

He kept tightening his entire body, and I know it was only because I was looking at him. Then I looked down at the anaconda growing in his short pants. And I was stupefied. I couldn't believe it!

But all I could think about is how I could somehow convince him to take off his shirt. I'd already brought up the subject, and he hadn't bitten. Did he just need more prodding? Or maybe he truly didn't want to. If I asked him to do it, would he get all offended and end our little meet-and-greet? How I did *NOT* want that to happen. Should I take the risk? Or should I just leave well-enough alone?

No. I'd never be able to live with myself if I let this guy leave without at least *asking* him to take off his shirt. I mean, of course I wouldn't if I'd just come across him on the street or something. But we'd been talking for quite awhile here, and well...he kept insisting that he wanted to inspire young bodybuilders with his physique! So, dude...*INSPIRE ME!*

"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 couldn't look him in the eye when I asked.

He 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."

I practically jumped for joy. But I restrained myself: "Really? I mean...not if you don't..."

He looked down at his waist and brought his hands to the hem of his olive green tee. He pulled it up a few inches, and I saw just his belly button and his bottom pair of abs.

I know I blinked and shook my head.

What had happened in my life that brought me to this place? How was it, that I was going to see Mr. This Half Of The Galaxy take off his shirt and show me his incomparable body? In this private location. Just the two of us. Just Luke, taking off his shirt. For me. And me alone.

Had I done something altruistic and loving to a stranger? Had I saved...like...the Dali Lama's life or something? Maybe helped Mother Theresa cross the street when I didn't realize it was her? For some reason...and this is the goddamn truth...I started to hear Julie Andrews in my head, singing, "I must have done something good." I am not making this up. But instead of Maria singing into Captain Von Trapp's handsome eyes, it was me, standing in the gazebo, singing up into a shirtless Luke's eyes: *For somewhere in my youth, and childhood, I must have done something good.* I couldn't believe this was happening.

I was so nervous, and so excited, I literally had to unlock my knees to make sure the blood would keep flowing to my legs and I wouldn't faint. My high school choir teacher taught us that. When in concert, standing on the risers, don't lock your knees. And thank you very much, brain, for your coherent, intelligent, meaningless, annoying recitation of these distracting facts.

His T-shirt wasn't 100 percent cotton. There was some synthetic stuff in it, to let it stretch all over his muscles. There was no way in Salzburg that that thing could cling to his muscles like that if it didn't have some kind of nylon or rayon or polyester, or spandex or... *Holy hell my brain was listing and categorizing synthetic fabrics!* I shook myself back to reality and made a mental note that I'd need to make an appointment with a psychiatrist (and a psychologist, a brain surgeon, an orthodontist...fuck...and a plethora of other doctors) when this day was over.

So where was I?

The Rain in Spain Lies Mainly on the Plain.

I needed to sit down. But there was nowhere.

And all of this brain-scrambling shit was just because he'd let me see a belly button and two abdominals!

He moved his hands around his waist, preparing for the big reveal.

Then he looked right at me. His countenance was serious, but it also held a bit of mischief. With his eyes on my face, as if to gauge my reaction, he lifted the bottom of the tee. He exposed his lower torso. All I could do was stare at those abs.

And: his obliques. He had the most sexy, narrowing, diagonal obliques you could imagine. His shorts rode low on his small waist, and those gorgeous, seductive obliques pointed the way to untold glory. How was it possible that a man that big had a waist so small?

Then, he raised his shirt farther. His intercostals became visible.

“Fuck.” I probably said some other things too, but my cuss word vocabulary became pretty limited. In light of the circumstances I was happy to be able to make any kind of noise at all.

When the bottom of his shirt got up to his massive pecs, he had to stretch the fabric in order to get it up over his chest. And then, the most erotic, masculine, powerful, muscular civil war *ever*, erupted. He pushed and pulled, fighting against his own enormous size, in order to force his shirt up over the broadest part of his torso: a chest like none other on Earth. He pulled and yanked his shirt higher. By the time he lifted it all the way over his head, and I was able to see his face again, I was goddamn paralyzed. I was frozen.

When he saw my awestruck expression, a slight smile formed on his lips.

Luke was orgasmic muscle itself. Everything I had ever fantasized about a muscle man—times 1,000—was standing right in front of me, smirking at me because he *knew* he was exactly what I wanted. What I *needed*.

He casually tossed the shirt on the log. His eyes didn’t leave mine. He inhaled a deep breath, and a chest the size of North America rose and expanded. And still he stared at me, a comfortable smile on his lips.

The man was so fucking big, lean and hard! His body was a living, breathing, rippling compilation of insanely separated and defined, bulging, big muscles. Whatever Marine program he was in had definitely produced a being of stupendous, unparalleled muscle. And he was gorgeous to boot.

As soon as he dropped his T-shirt on the log, I was done for. It was inevitable, I suppose. But still, it had never happened to me before. Staring at all that manliness, 95 percent naked, for the first time in my life, I came in my pants. Without even rubbing myself. I felt a long, steady stream of cum flow out of my cock into my hiking shorts. My underwear began to fill. And it wasn’t the usual jerking orgasm either. This one was just a steady, unbroken stream. It almost felt like I was peeing, but it was definitely cum. I’d never come like this before, *ever*.

If not for the fact that I couldn’t peel my eyes off him, my eyes would have rolled back in my head.

And still, my cum flowed out of my cock like Multnomah Falls on a windy day. I was mortified. He *had* to know what was happening to me. For a split second, I wondered what it must be like, to be able to make a man come just by taking off your shirt. Holy fuck.

I stood there, gaping at him, not knowing whether I should just accept what was happening and enjoy the show (he wasn’t posing or anything; he was just standing there, wearing only his running shorts and boots, but it was *definitely* a show), or run for my life. I seriously wondered how fast this man could run. Could he catch me if I made a break for it? Fuck, of course he could. Even though he was huge, he was a *fucking Marine for chrissakes*. He could tackle me in seconds, beat me to a pulp, put me in a blender and have me for lunch!

Fuck, I was going to die. The absolute worst possible outcome of me meeting this muscle god was coming true. I was having an involuntary orgasm, in my shorts, right in front of him, while he looked down on my pathetic existence and smiled.

He did another one of those whole-body flexes—subtle and seductive. It was mind-numbing what this man’s body looked like.

My orgasm continued with insane intensity. I shuddered to think how much jizz I was producing, and how it would pool up in my shorts. But there was no stopping it. My cock was a garden hose, filling my crotch area with one unbroken, powerful ejaculation. There *had* to be a wet spot on my shorts.

He just stood there. He was either waiting for me to finish my orgasm, or he was simply allowing me time to recuperate from the act of witnessing such muscular grandeur. I honestly got the impression he had no idea what was happening to me. He had an innocence about him. Did the fact that he’d just given me a spontaneous orgasm—just by taking off his shirt—not register with him? He seemed totally oblivious! Maybe because I wasn’t actually jerking, since it was just one unbroken ejaculation.... I dunno, but he didn’t bat an eye.

Could I get away with checking out my shorts? Obviously I wasn't going to pull them down, or out, or anything. But really, even a quick glance at my waistline—where my cock was pointed—would be suspect. I put my hands in front of my zipper, hoping my forearm would hide any wet spot that might be seeping through. And still it flowed!

I found some words somewhere in the back of my brain. Turns out they weren't all that original: "Holy fuck! Holy fucking fuck!" I didn't know what else to say. So I said it again: "Holy fucking fuck!"

He humbly glanced at the ground for a second, met my eyes again, and said. "Thanks." He drew another deep breath and said, "So, there you go."

Now shirtless, it was clearly obvious—even more than before—that Luke had perfect skin. His complexion was flawless. Not a blemish anywhere. His skin was a superb, tight wrapping for all those muscles.

Not ready to let me die a peaceful death, he lifted his arms outward and with a measure of gracefulness and artistic flow, moved into a double biceps pose. He shifted his hips to one side and hit an asymmetrical pose.

I felt like someone had just attached a power nozzle to my cock. Like, the blast could remove paint off a wall.

The most amazing thing about this man was that even though he had to weigh nearly 300 pounds, and you'd expect a man that big—even a contest-ready, lean bodybuilder—to look like some thick-waisted, roid-gutted block of mass, I swear to you, this guy looked more like some of the classic bodybuilders of old...Bob Paris, or Rory Leidelmeier. He almost had a Frank Zane-esque look to him. Yeah, with a lot more muscle, for sure, but fucking fuck, he was symmetry, aesthetics, narrow-waisted beauty.

I'm rambling. It's just that it's hard to describe muscular perfection, man. Luke was that, in spades. Huge and beautiful.

His biceps became mountains. I blinked myself out of my daze. The things had to be at least 24 inches! How was that possible? Mother of Moses. He held the pose for a long moment; his arms trembled with his efforts. He made sure to bulge and flex his mountain range in a fluid, moving display of brawn. With many of his poses, he held his breath, and when he let the air out, the resulting exhale produced a grunt that made it sound like he was having as much sex as I was at that moment. It was absurdly sexy.

"Holy fucking fuck!" My brain had failed me. My brain's speech center had been rendered useless. I could think of no new words. My mental thesaurus and dictionary had been burned on the holy bonfire of muscle worship.

He transitioned into a side chest pose. The striations, and the sheer mass of his pectorals, were astounding. He rippled his pecs for me, making the waves of muscle move really slowly. In all my life I'd never seen such a languid, sensual pec flex. The muscles fanned out from his sternum—the deep, deep canyon between his pectorals—with freakish striations and definition. He tightened his chest, then relaxed it, then flexed it again. And those grunts and groan continued.

*God DAMN.* It was a spectacle of moving, flowing, hardening, undulating, sexy, living, flexing, shifting, dancing muscle.

My cock kept emptying the contents of my balls into my hiking shorts. I was kicking myself for not wearing adult diapers today.

When he put his hands behind his head and gave me an ab and leg flex—swiveling his hips seductively—pushing the air out of his lungs to make his abdominal muscles bulge with insane definition, and making his quadriceps *explode* with tight muscle...I nearly passed out.

He moved through a bunch more poses—slowly and methodically. The dude should have been a ballet dancer or something. He was grace and strength combined. Don't ask me to explain my thought processes, please. I was beyond being coherent.



He seemed to know that he was rendering me stark raving mad. And that made the whole encounter even hotter. He had ultimate power and control over me, and he knew it. Finally, he stood still, relaxing, yet breathing hard from the strenuous work of flexing all of his muscles for me.

And finally, the jizz production factory in my shorts ceased operation. I think I'd been dry-shooting for a few minutes. I was panting. It was difficult to remain standing.

"So, what do you think?" he smiled.

"Holy.... Fucking.... Fuck...." You couldn't have puréed my brain more completely if you'd thrown it into a Cuisinart. I was done.

"I take it you approve?"

For some reason—maybe it was the way he was standing at that moment—the stark difference between the mass of his shoulders and chest, contrasted with his waist, just looked stupefying. "Holy fuck! How big is your waist?" I blurted.

"Thirty-one inches."

And damn those obliques. The man was muscle sex on a stick. "I can't believe...you are amazing...I mean...shocking...just incredible!"

"Thanks, man. I appreciate it."

He continued torturing me with subtle, sensual ripples of his bare body.

I needed some water. Heaven knows I'd spit enough cum into my pants to totally dehydrate myself—let alone the profuse amount of sweat I was producing just by being in Luke's presence. I grabbed the small canteen off my belt and, admittedly quite shakily, unscrewed the cap. I emptied it quickly, and wiped my wet lips with the back of my hand.

Holy fuck. His crotch. His fucking, goddamn crotch was enormous. "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...."

He looked down at it and moved his leg, purposely causing his shaft to poke down his shorts leg farther.

I knew I should pull back. I mean...who just blurts that kind of thing out? I mean...yeah, we'd definitely already broached the subject of cocks, boners, and even jacking off, but still.... It wasn't something I was used to discussing. I told myself to be quiet—again.

Yet, also again, my mouth decided to slip into gear without authorization. Fuck, I really needed to work on that. "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!"

"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."

"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 mean...yeah, you fill out your shorts more than anyone. Fuck. I'm kinda wondering how big...how big you...I mean, how big are you Corporal?"

"Luke."

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

"Six-foot-five; 290 pounds,"

I could feel—and maybe hear?—the semen sloshing in my pants.

Damn, the dude was so perfect. "Flunkin' fudge fucks!" I'd tired of the expletives I'd been using, and didn't have the presence of mind to come up with anything new. So, I reverted: "Holy fuck! You're...." Yeah, my speech pattern wasn't my top priority. I pulled back and looked back down at his crotch. "But I was really wondering...how *big* are you?" Where I was getting all this nerve, I'll never know.

"Oh," he chuckled. Yeah, the SOB liked that I was actually asking him about the size of his cock. Yet, he almost seemed flustered. Like maybe he wasn't sure of where we were going with all of this.

*[The End of Part One from Wyatt's perspective.]*



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