

# THE ELEVATOR

by Sean Reid Scott

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orking downtown has its disadvantages-- the long commute, weirdos on every corner asking for money or drugs, crowded sidewalks, and no place for solitude (read: a place to jerk off).

But there are some definite advantages, not the least of which is the available male scenery. The density of people definitely increases the chances of finding something very worthwhile to gaze at, almost every day.

This day being no different, I found myself finishing my lunch and following a huge-- and I do mean huge-- body as it walked down the sunny sidewalk in front of me. I had seen the guy from about a block away, and even from that distance, he stood out. And even being fully clothed in a suit, he stood out. He was that obvious. Tall, immaculately styled hair (but not over-styled), square jawline, and a body that no amount of clothing could disguise: broad wide-as-the-bus-I-took-to-work shoulders, a massive chest that was obviously used to pumping hundreds of

pounds, arms that filled his suit jacket sleeves, and an ass and legs that even from a block away made people stare (including yours truly).

So I quickly tossed the last few bites of my sandwich in the trash receptacle and made a beeline for this giant of a man. As I approached, the breadth of his back became more obvious; and as he walked the occasional movement of his suit jacket revealed a really narrow waistline. I made a point to keep back about 20 feet; just enough to enjoy the show, but also far enough to blend into the crowd.

His stride was confident. Why wouldn't it be? Even from the back, I could tell he was gorgeous. Thick neck, meaty traps. Yeah, he knew where he was going, that's for sure.

He was leading me away from my building, which was about five blocks behind me now, but I didn't care. I still had a good half hour of lunch break left, and there was no way in hell I was going to let this guy go without a good look at his face.

He turned and walked into the entrance lobby of one of the taller skyscrapers in town.

I followed.

Once inside the lobby, I scanned it. His mammoth build would be easy to spot. My heart started beating fast, in disappointment, when I couldn't see him. But I glanced into the little gift-shop-combination-sandwich-stand off the lobby and there he was, perusing the magazines.

What the hell, I thought to myself. I walked in and started perusing my own magazines as well. I stood about five feet from him when I stole my first glance of his profile.

*Oh, sweet Jesus.*

From the side, his chest looked like that new glass-floored cantilevered observation spot at the Grand Canyon-- you know, where people can actually stand on the glass walkway and look straight down into the canyon? Well, this guy's pecs stuck out from his torso so far, that the tip of his tie was probably two inches in front of his belt line, just dangling there!

I'm sure my jaw was slack.

He had such a stunning face. That strong jawline I had seen from a block away was square, and the skin covering it was taut, smooth and without blemish of any kind. Just delicious, perfect skin wrapped tightly around sturdy, young bones.

He was easily three or four inches above six feet tall.

He stood there, scanning a magazine-- holding it with his enormous arms that, even under his jacket, seemed bigger than watermelons; and undoubtedly harder.

His suit was a herringbone tan/gray color that complimented his skin and his rich brown hair. The guy was dressed well-- but not like he was a prima donna or anything. No, this guy wasn't a fashion queen, he was just right. God, he must have been born in a gym.

I would have loved to be the tailor who fitted his suit. I can imagine the incredulity that met his tape measure.

If it weren't for the guy's hair being more sandy brown, and maybe cut a little shorter, this guy could have passed for a Christopher Reeve/Superman, although ol' Supes would have probably felt a little uneasy in his presence.

I know I did.

I tore my eyes off him before they mutinied and threatened never to look away. I scanned the magazines, my eyes involuntarily finding Ironman, MuscleMag, Muscle & Fitness, and Flex. Funny how that is. I reached down and picked up a Men's Fitness, and trembled as I tried to turn the pages nonchalantly. Of course this choice in reading material presented its own danger, in that it was possible that the muscle giant would see my reading material and actually comment on it, and even start up a conversation-- a conversation in which I would be hopelessly unable to participate, for my nervousness.

As if he would ever want to talk to me.

Apparently the guy was also interested in fitness literature. Who knew? He moved close and bent down next to me. He picked up a bodybuilding magazine from the lowest shelf, coming so close to me that I could smell the muscle that was packed inside the suit. I don't know what cologne he wore, if any, but whatever the sensation that now wafted against my olfactory sensors was, it sent me into near cardiac arrest. I had to step back, steadying myself on the store shelves behind us. His lats spread out like the wings of a manta, threatening the integrity of the seams of his jacket.

*MotherOfGod.*

He stood tall and opened the magazine, and I moved away-- it was my only hope of survival. I could tell the beads of sweat were forming on my forehead as I continued to feign interest in pictures of men who would grovel in front of God Himself if He would make them as beautiful as this guy.

And he seemed oblivious to the effect he was having on me.

As I composed myself, I wondered how many men he had inadvertently killed, just by smiling at them, or walking by.

Finally, in a bittersweet relief to my arousal, the muscle monster put the magazine down, turned and left the little shop without making a purchase. I counted to one and followed.

But apparently, I should have been a little faster on the draw. I lost him-- again. Like a little boy, separated from his mommy, I searched the high-ceilinged lobby, near tears.

Nothing.

In the depths of despair, I found a bench, not far from the security/information desk, and sat down. Moving from the height of stimulation to the very pit of disappointment, I just sighed. I would never in my entire life find someone like this guy. There just wasn't anyone who could hold a candle to him.

As I grieved over my loss, my peripheral vision caught a figure coming out of the restrooms to my left.

Praise be to Whoever Is Up There! As thousands of angels joined in chorus, my heart jumped. It was him, emerging from the can-- ostensibly having just completed his business, which, I'm sure involved holding himself. Fuck, the thought of that just makes me dizzy!

Anyway, I remained seated and watched as he walked toward the elevator hall. Shit! The elevators! (If you're of the British persuasion, I believe you refer to them as "lifts".) I stood and walked as fast as I could without running, but as I rounded the corner to the bank of lifts, one of the doors was closing, and the muscle giant was nowhere to be seen. I raced to it, but it closed in front of me-- but not before I was able to ascertain that the guy was alone in the elevator. We didn't make eye contact.

Being the sleuth that I am, I planted my gaze on the floor indicator above the elevator door. He stopped at the 28th floor. And the car stayed there. So, by my incredible tools of deduction, I deduced that he got off at the 28th floor, since it didn't stop anywhere else-- no one could have gotten on or off except on that floor.

I pressed a call button and a bell rang behind me as a door opened. I got in and pressed the button for 28. Don't ask me what I was thinking. I had no idea what ruse I was going to submit for my reason to go there. I wasn't really thinking with my brain at the moment.

The door to 28 opened. The whole floor was occupied by one tenant, thus a lone, yet large, receptionist area stood at one end of the elevator hall. A ravishing receptionist sat behind the counter, on the phone. Behind her a glass wall held a sign that said Wanker, Bator & Jackman-- obviously a law firm. Behind the glass sign, you could see a stunning view of the city. On the left and right of the reception area sat delightfully appointed couches, chairs and end tables, one of which was occupied by the muscle giant (a couch, not an end table). For the umpteenth time that day, my heart stood in need of someone to yell "CLEAR" and put those electric paddles on my chest. He sat reading some magazine (probably not a bodybuilding magazine, given the context of the office here), and didn't look up to meet my gaze.

"Can I help you?" the Marilyn Monroe look-alike smiled from behind the counter.

"Oh, uh, can you direct me to the restrooms?" I said. Now, I was dressed in a full suit myself, so I didn't look like a panhandler; I was hoping the woman would give me a pass for the moment.

"Certainly," she answered. "They're at the end of the elevators, right behind you."

"Thank you." I turned and slunk into the men's room, which providentially opened onto the lobby area in such a way that I could discretely watch the man by keeping the door propped open just a bit. Sherlock Holmes would have been proud of me. I prayed that no one was inside the restroom, preparing to exit, because they would have encountered me and I would have been unexplainably embarrassed. If anyone approached from the lobby, I could easily move to a urinal, although I'd have to fake whatever job I would "do" there as I was not in any way prepared to pee.

Another woman approached Marilyn and handed her a big manila envelope. Marilyn, in turn, addressed the muscled man and he stood, approaching her. (I can only imagine her thoughts, interacting with this more-than-perfect man.) The two conversed for a second and just as I thought he was going to exit into some attorney's office, she handed him the manila envelope; he turned and came toward me. I was preparing to duck inside the can when he stopped and pressed an elevator call button. One last chance to take him in, I told myself; he had to wait for a car to come. I soaked in as much of his astounding body as I could as he waited. He stood still, checking lights to see which elevator car might get there first.

As a bell rang twice and a door opened, something inside me stirred-- and no, it wasn't my cock. For some reason I will never know, I opened the restroom door and moved into the elevator car right behind him! Upon realizing what I was doing, I panicked and tried to reverse my course; the result being that the elevator doors closed upon my body, but immediately reversed, nonetheless making a muffled banging noise. I looked at the man who had just turned around in the elevator to face the front, and our eyes met. I couldn't back down now.

"Oops!" I said sheepishly. "Barely made it." I entered the car and stood at one side, trying to remember which floor was the main lobby. Was it "L1," "L2," "G" or what? The hunk pressed "L1," and I decided to do nothing, realizing that he and I had entered from the same street level.

I inadvertently looked up at him, and he returned the look, saying, "How's it going'?"

He talked to me.

"Good." That was the only word my brain could summon. Thank god the word it found wasn't something like "spinach," or "ink," or-- heaven forbid, "aroused." There are a lot of words inside my brain, and I'm thankful that it came through with an appropriate one right then.

The elevator descended through the building, relatively routinely, until-- and this is where the story really gets interesting-- until it stopped. Just stopped.

I mean-- right between floors 15 and 14, it... just... quickly slowed... to... a... stop.

The lights remained on.

Our knees buckled at the rapid deceleration.

"What the..." the guy said, looking at me, and then up at the ceiling. (Why is it that people look up like that when something like this happens-- as if there'll be a note up there explaining the situation? But, I looked up too...) Mr. Muscles moved to the panel of buttons and we both scanned them. The "L1" button was still lit.

"Should we press the alarm button?" I asked. Now I was not only fighting a butterfly stomach standing next to this Herculean god, but I began fighting an entirely new flock of butterflies because of our stuck situation.

The guy was a man of action. Without answering, he pressed the button. The bell rang only as long as your finger was actually depressing the button, so he repeatedly pressed it a few times.

Then we waited in silence for a response.

The building wasn't brand new, although it wasn't old either; but there was no phone or intercom system in the elevator.

Mr. Galaxy pressed the button again a few times; again, no sounds from outside were heard.

"Well, it doesn't seem like a power failure, since the lights are still on," I said.

He agreed. He pressed the alarm a few more times, and in the absence of any response again, he yelled out for help. "Hello! We're trapped in the elevator!"

His voice carried, that's for sure. He cupped his hands, to the delight of my arm-watching eyes, and called out again, "Help! We're trapped in the elevator! Between fourteen and fifteen!"

Still nothing.

"Well," he said, "Looks like we might be in here for a little bit." He bent over and leaned his manila envelope against the wall of the elevator and then stood back up and extended his hand, "Jordan," he smiled.

I could talk about how the sound of his name, wafting upon my ears for the very first time nearly sent me into an orgasm, but I won't-- even though it's true. His eyes twinkled with a bonfire when he looked at you. There was an inner strength of

personality in them that looked like it was every bit up to the job of matching his physique.

"Reid," I said. I wanted to exchange last names too, since I was mentally already at my computer googling this guy, but I hesitated and the moment was lost.

I again had to threaten my eyes with the brig in order to get them to comply with my order to stand down, but they eventually obeyed. Pulling them off him was like using a hand shovel as a fulcrum to pry roots loose from a 100-year-old oak tree.

I don't know where I got the temerity, but I looked up and down his mammoth body and out of my mouth fell these words: "I sure hope we aren't exceeding the maximum weight of this elevator, with you on here."

Jordan chuckled; he seemed used to getting comments like this. "Well, the plaque there says it's rated for 2500 pounds, and I only weigh 275, and I'm guessing you're probably 180 dripping wet," he smiled.

"Dripping wet," I said with a sarcastic humor. "Funny."

He laughed again, appreciating that I appreciated his humor.

"So if my math serves," I continued, "that makes our combined weight 460 pounds..."

"Four-fifty-five," he corrected.

"I weigh 185," I re-corrected.

He smiled.

"...and that means we should have a buffer of..." my mind tried to calculate the number, but I was told there would be no math in this story.

"Two-thousand-forty," he said without missing a beat.

"Ah..." I sighed. "Brawn, and brains."

Another volley of his smile-weapon, and I nearly passed out. I tried for another retort, to keep the conversation going, but I was at a loss.

After about ten minutes of pressing every button on the panel, the panel went dark. The lights flickered, but remained on. However we both could hear that the air conditioning in the elevator had gone off. Being the hot summer day that it was, it only took ten or fifteen more minutes for us to become uncomfortable. The stuffiness turned into a staleness and the box began to warm considerably. Occasionally we took turns calling out for help, but no sound from anywhere was heard. Apparently everyone on the 14th and 15th floors had taken the day off,

because I have a pretty loud call when it's needed, and Jordan's resonant voice could've summoned the animals of the jungle far better than Tarzan ever did.

It got hotter, and I took off my jacket, lying it in a corner.

It was like I was writing this story myself, scripting the plot to make it my fantasy, but I swear I didn't. After I took off my jacket, Jordan followed, and let me tell you, I had to sit down on the floor to keep from passing out. His shirt must have been custom made, because although it was big enough for his chest, shoulders and arms, it tapered to his waistline with hardly any extra fabric to tuck in-- something that an off-the-shelf shirt would have never done. God, with a normal shirt, there would have been acres of fabric left over if the chest and shoulders were that ample.

I wanted to whimper in his presence. He was more virile than any fantasy-- in fact, other than being transfixed on all those muscles, that word virile just kept repeating in my mind. The guy was the epitome of virility: young (under 30, for sure), gorgeous face, strong (duh), confident, smart, probably rich.

He remained standing while I sat. He took off his tie and unbuttoned the top button of his dress shirt. I did the same, placing my tie on my jacket. We each, now, had our own little piles in our corners-- his with a manila envelope too.

"So, do you work in this building?" Jordan asked.

Oh, shit. Busted.

"Uh, no. Uh-- actually I was looking for.. my cousin, actually. I was thinking she worked in this building and I was going to ask her out to lunch. But I didn't find her. I think maybe I have the wrong building. She told me the address but I didn't write it down and so I thought I'd just take a little walk and check out some places.."

It didn't become apparent that I was rambling until Jordan's eyebrows started to raise and then I realized that my many words were betraying my story, so I shut up. For a second I became afraid. Had he remembered me from the gift shop in the lobby? Was he now realizing that I had been following him-- stalking him, really? The gorgeousness of Mr. Galaxy's body morphed into a giant punisher-- those huge arms could break my back without any effort at all on his part. I envisioned the first responders finding the elevator in a few hours with Jordan emerging without a scratch and my mutilated body, lying in a pool of blood on the floor.

"Maybe she's in the Marquam Building," Jordan finally said. "I know a lot of people confuse these two buildings because they're both on Broadway and the numbers are similar."

I looked down, relieved. "Yeah, maybe I'll try that-- if we get out of here alive," I joked, happy to have dodged that bullet.

Jordan chuckled. "God, it's getting hot in here," he complained.



"Yeah." I looked up at him.

He rolled up his shirt sleeves, revealing thick ropes of muscle that wrapped around his forearms. I can honestly say I had never seen anything like it.

"God," I half gasped.

He looked down at me, noticing where my eyes were focussed. He twisted his wrists and the muscles rippled. I could tell he was looking at me, but I didn't care; and apparently, by flexing his forearms for me, he didn't seem to mind my attention.

"You want me to roll them back down?" he asked.

"What?" I shook myself out of my trance. "Oh, sorry. No. Make yourself comfortable. I didn't mean to stare."

"Not a problem," he smiled. "I get it a lot."

"I bet you do," I said. "Something tells me you work out a little bit."

He laughed. "Yeah, I do."

I can't recount everything that was said after that, before he took off his shirt, but when the heat became more and more unbearable, we both eventually had to. Had to, I tell you. As I remained seated, Jordan continued to stand, towering over me. He unbuttoned his shirt and opened it. He wore a T-shirt underneath. He dropped his dress shirt on the pile of his stuff and pulled up on the T-shirt as I held my breath. We both knew these next few seconds were going to be extremely dramatic.

And yes, they were.

With a combination of easy-going obliviousness and dramatic flair, Jordan lifted his T-shirt up, first revealing abs that looked like they belonged on a fireplace in some cabin in the woods-- river rock, man-- I'm tellin' ya, the guy's abs were astounding rows of what looked like porcelain mounds of muscle. My words are all over the world here, I know-- but please forgive my lack of lucidity. He literally made my brain freeze up, and he didn't even have the shirt up over his pecs yet!

The pecs-- well, I think I already introduced you to them when we were in the gift shop, and all I can say is that seeing them in all their glory, without the benefit of fabric covering-- I think the most accurate way I can describe it is to liken it to when Moses was on the mountain, getting the Ten Commandments, and he asked God if it would be okay to actually see Him. God relented, but said he'd have to hide Moses in the cleft of a rock and He would only reveal just a pinch of his Magnificence because if Moses saw any more of Him, he would surely die. So when God passed near Moses and pulled back just a tiny bit of whatever it was that hid him, Moses was overwhelmed, and indeed, when he returned down the mountain to

the Israelites, his face glowed for days because of the encounter. (That's your Sunday School lesson for today.)

So, where was I? Oh yeah, the pecs. When Jordan revealed the pecs... well I can go two ways with this metaphor. First, I could say, that the cleft between his pecs is definitely where I'd like to hide if God Himself came around. Jordan could protect me; that's for sure. But the original direction I wanted to go with this convoluted metaphor was that when Jordan revealed his massive, beautiful pectoral muscles, I really should have been hiding somewhere so I could survive the onslaught of muscle mass. I just know my face glowed for days afterward.

They were just astounding. Twin, shaved mounds covered with very thin skin that barely seemed to cover his insanely striated muscles. Aside from their incomparable size, they were adorned with two very large areolae, that seemed to approach the size of coffee cup saucers. I'm sure they weren't that big, but you get the idea. And the peanut nipples? No. More like Brazil nuts.

"Uhhhhhhhhggggghhh," I gasped as he dropped his T-shirt on his stuff. I think I had to wipe a speck of drool from my lip. "Sweet jeeeeeesussss," I said. "Holy fuck, you are..." at that point, my up-until-now reliable brain-- you know, the one that could be relied upon to come up with an appropriate word in a pinch-- well it failed. I'm surprised it kept functioning enough to maintain my involuntary body functions, like heartbeat, blood circulation, kidney function, etc. Certainly it had a problem with breathing. And speech-- that was now entirely out of the question. "Uhhhhhhhhggggghhhhh," I groaned again.

"You okay? I can put it back on, if you want. But it's just that it is so damn hot in here," he smiled.

"N-- n-- no. That's okay-- you-- can." Again my speech stopped. But I think Jordan got the message.

Instead of putting anything back on, the Mr. Galaxy dude flexed his pecs, then rolled his neck around, as if to work out some kinks. Then another pec flex.

"Mmmmmmgmph," I mumbled.

In retrospect, I can see that Jordan knew exactly what he was doing to me, and he obviously enjoyed it. I didn't quite make that connection at the time, though.

He rolled his neck and rubbed his traps with one hand over his chest. His forearm and upper arm bulged.

"Shiiiiit, man," I said, having finally rebooted my speech systems. "You-- you're like nothing I've ever seen in any muscle magazine! God, you look like you're not human!"

And really, he did look like he wasn't human. Definitely Superhuman.

Well, it didn't take but a minute for Jordan to realize (as if he hadn't already) that having this captive audience in the elevator afforded him the opportunity to do a little showing off (as if he needed to). So, he raised both arms, and flexed his biceps into two watermelon-sized (I told you!) limbs. He held them there, admiring them, allowing me to gawk, and then-- then he tightened them even more and as they rippled and flexed, they each grew peaks that separated and split at the top. The guy was striated and ripped beyond belief! How could someone be so big and so ripped?

For the first time in my life, I had an involuntary orgasm. I was creaming in my pants. To my horror, I was actually cumming in my boxers! Oh, god! I looked down at myself (the terror of this act was the only thing that could make he look away from Jordan at this point) and grabbed my crotch, trying to will myself to stop ejaculating.

But it was no use.

It was as if Jordan was opposing me, in a sense willing me to continue.

So I did.

As I held myself, I looked back up at Jordan who smiled and continued flexing.

"Ooooooohhhhhh gaawwwwwaaaadddddddddd," I groaned as I spurt thick, warm milk all over the inside of my boxers.

Jordan rolled his pecs again-- he seemed to know this was irresistible to me. Fuckin' shit-- his chest was unREAL!

I spurt with abandon now, realizing resistance was futile. It was one of my more prodigious orgasms, and was certainly my first non-stimulated orgasm ever. When I finally stopped flinching with each shot, Jordan bent down and pulled me up to stand.

I was mortified. It was obvious what I had just done.

But he just smiled. I stood perfectly still, except for the trembling, and Jordan put one hand on my crotch and squeezed. He felt my boner through my suit pants and held his hand on it. He pushed lightly and it contracted in one final spurt. The corner of Jordan's mouth turned up a bit as he felt the jerking sensation. He put both hands on my belt and undid it, then my zipper. Pulling open my slacks he exposed my very wet boxers.

I couldn't move. I had never been so embarrassed in my life, and yet Jordan's ease of movement somehow put me at ease too. He certainly didn't seem distressed over this, like I was. And he wouldn't be opening me up like this if he was angry and disgusted, would he?

He pulled open the elastic of my boxers and looked inside. My thick snake of a cock dribbled out some white glue, and globs of the stuff covered my pubes.

"Mmmmmm," Jordan said softly, his face next to mine as he looked inside my shorts, "did I make you do that?"

I could only nod.

Jordan smiled. "I guess-- thanks for the compliment," he said. "You must like what you see."

I couldn't nod now.

Jordan leaned into my face and kissed me. My hands moved onto his impossible body, and I nearly went into convulsions as I felt more muscle than I thought was possible on a man. Perfect, warm, hard muscle.

In the heat of that elevator car, I eventually found myself on the floor, naked, with Jordan, naked, on top of me. He held my ankles with his hands, pulling my legs apart. As I watched his god-like face, he rubbed his erect, big cock against my ass, wetting it with the precum that trailed out of the slit, preparing it. As he slowly slid his penis back and forth-- up and down, really-- I would see the cock head appear as the base of his cock moved up to my anus. His big balls pressed against my ass and his wet cock rose in the air. Then he'd pull back down and his head would rest against my sphincter. He did this many times, getting me, and himself, ready. His huge arms and shoulders were so powerful. I felt so privileged to be there, providing some kind of pleasure to this guy.

Finally, the slow methodical rocking slowed, and I saw the head of his cock rise in the air one final time. On the next down-stroke, the head would nuzzle my hole and stay there. He rotated his hips, angling his mighty pole for penetration. He squinted as he pressed himself inside.

My ass twitched as my sphincter closed around his cock head. I groaned, and so did Jordan.

Slowly he moved inside me with a tender, yet powerful push. Our eyes locked, until I couldn't bear the pain without turning my head and calling out. Jordan stopped his progression, but resumed as soon as it was obvious I was okay.

As two security guards watched the scene on their monitors (obviously unbeknownst to us), Jordan began to fuck me-- slowly at first, then with more vigor. His muscular back almost filled the monitor.

"We should be able to move car five now," a maintenance man said, interrupting the trance of the two security men-- one of whom had already creamed his pants just watching the scene.

"Oh-- okay," the other guard said. "Good. Let's get it back in service."

As Jordan moaned very loudly, his first ejaculation shot out and began to fill me. He leaned down on top of me and embraced me-- holding me very tight as he let go and began to fill me with his essence. His back muscles flexed under my hands. He buried his face in my neck, kissing it between passionate outbursts. I felt his ass muscles, and the glutes tightened with his every thrust. It was a long, powerful, passionate orgasm. He hugged me and my hands ran up and down his back side slowly, caressing and rubbing every hardened, mountainous muscle.

It was like a dream, really. No-- better than any dream I could have ever dreamed. I mean, who could have thought up this scenario?!

It wasn't until we heard someone clearing his throat that both of us looked up to see that the elevator door had opened, and we were surrounded by security and maintenance people-- on the 14th floor. A few paramedics also stood at the ready. I don't know when the elevator moved, nor when the doors actually opened. Neither one of us were very aware of anything except each other and the pleasure we were giving each other.

As Jordan pulled himself out of me, the gasps and expletives of astonishment I expected didn't happen. Instead, as Jordan stood and his boner slapped against his abs, the ten or so people gathered in the lobby just stood there, their mouths agape-- not at the sight of two men having sex in an elevator, but rather at the sight of Jordan's god-like body. His nude visage was beyond any words.

Somehow, it was as if they forgave our little sex-capade—hell, it was as if they expected it, given Jordan's irresistibility.

We got dressed and cleaned up the floor of the elevator, each grabbing our belongings. Jordan picked up the manila envelope, and my curiosity got the best of me. I asked him what was inside.

"Divorce papers," he smiled.

Oh, and we *did* end up exchanging last names; and phone numbers. And, a little later, semen again...





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