

# BARISTA

by Sean Reid Scott



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**[Author's note: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for  
ADULTS ONLY.  
If you are not an *adult* who wants to read this kind of smut, please do not continue.]**

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I

t was one of the hottest days of the year-- summer had been unleashed with a vengeance.

Consequently, the local coffee shop wasn't very crowded; the only patrons there were the people who didn't have air conditioning-- or a blanket at the beach. Not too many hot drinks were being served that day; mostly iced mochas and the like.

As for me, I wasn't there for the drinks-- or the air conditioning. What drew me to the Coffee Hole was Riley. That's what his name tag said anyway. He was a barista. He was a blonde god. I mean, his body made me ache, it was so gorgeous.

I loved to sit at my laptop and watch Riley prepare drinks because as he reached forward, either for the espresso machine, the coffee urn, or even the cash register, his big, muscly arms bulged with lumps and size that exuded power. He must have been some kind of competitive bodybuilder, because every one of his muscles was honed and built to its full potential. God, I was glad the uniform at the Coffee Hole consisted of short-sleeved polo shirts. And the blue ones they wore contrasted with Riley's rich, blonde hair just perfectly.

When he was taking your order, he was the nicest guy. His smile could melt you. Gorgeous teeth. It was hard to remember whatever it was that I was ordering

because I kept going into a trance. I bet he was used to it. He didn't seem to mind, and he seemed to be genuinely patient with those who stuttered, choked or simply lost all train of thought as they looked at him. I loved to watch the people as they came into the cafe. Frequent double-takes. Many hushed whispers: young girls and young women who giggled and pointed at him when they came in; "That's him," you'd hear one say to another.

He'd stand there patiently, his arms at his sides, while the customer tried to speak. His chest would rise and fall slightly with each breath-- hell, his pecs under that blue polyester shirt must have been carved by God Himself to show how a man **should** look.

This day, like I said, was really hot outside. Halters, tank tops, khaki shorts and cutoffs dotted the room as their wearers drank frozen concoctions that had been expertly prepared by Riley, or his associate-- a young girl whose name escapes me at the moment.

As occasionally happened, a couple of guys came in from doing their skateboarding thing, wearing only cutoffs-- no shirt. And as the sign says, "No shoes, no shirt, no service." The kids were kind of cocky, and after Riley told them they needed to get a shirt on, they lipped off to him with quite a selection of profane words and derogatory remarks. Riley brushed it off and tried to wait on the next person, but the dudes didn't let up.

They weren't big guys at all. Like I said-- skateboarders. Possibly, they had been skateboarding under the influence, because they were getting belligerent.

They kept mouthing off, and it was obvious that the customers were getting uncomfortable. Riley told them to leave again, to no avail. He told the girl to call the cops and stepped out in front of the counter.

Riley could have easily taken both of them, I imagine, if one of them didn't have that knife. The dude whipped it out and brandished it, swinging toward Riley, who took a step back. Of course, everyone inside already had their attention riveted on the scene at the counter, but now the whole place came to a complete stop.

The knife dude's partner seemed to grow a little uncomfortable with the whole confrontation; he tried to calm Knife Kid down, but KK was already committed to his course of action. KK swung the long knife at Riley, "Hey muscleman-- you fuckin' prima donna, you ever do battle with one of these?" He stabbed the air with it, grinning up at his opponent.

What happened next was one of the most stimulating things I've ever seen. As KK was going off on how macho he was with that knife, Riley took one step forward. With his free leg, he kicked KK's hand with the speed of lightning. Knife Kid never saw what hit his hand; the knife flew out and clinked loudly against a big window. Riley lost no time in grabbing KK and wrapping his big arms around the punk's neck. There was no struggle; even if KK had *tried* to squirm out of Riley's powerful grip, there was no chance.

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KK's partner made for the door and ran out.

"Get your fuckin' hands off me you faggot," KK yelled.

Riley's grip tightened; you could see his shaved forearms bulge with veins and striations. God, they grew to the size of a normal man's *upper* arms! As Riley's biceps muscle buried itself in KK's neck, the kid choked and cried out. His legs did a little kicking, but there was no moving Riley. The hunk had a good 12 inches on the asshole, and easily a hundred pounds.

It took about five minutes for the cops to arrive, and when they did, they took custody of the scum bag and the whole store erupted in applause for Riley. The kid turned deep red and returned to his position behind the counter. I stayed until the cops were done interviewing Riley and the girl, and a few customers.

"Dude, you were amazing," I said when I went up and ordered a mango smoothie.

Riley smiled and thanked me.

"You take some karate classes or something? That kick to the knife was awesome," I continued. I thanked the gods that I had an excuse to gush over Riley.

"Yeah, I've studied a few marshall arts," he said.

"And apparently some bodybuilding, too," I said, admiring his upper torso.

"Oh, yeah," he smiled. He busied himself with preparing my drink, and I watched his wide lats flare as he faced away from me. God, his shoulders were wide! These shoulders were obviously built up from years in the gym, but the kid had freaky genetics to begin with. Why do some guys get the breaks like that...

"Here you go, sir," Riley said, waking me from my thoughts as he handed me my smoothie.

"Thanks, man," I smiled. I looked at his name tag, as if it were the first time I had taken notice. "Riley, right?"

"Yeah," he said. Then, as if suddenly remembering his manners, he said, "and you are..."

"Sean," I said.

"Good to meet you, Sean," he said.

Fuck, the sound of *my* name falling off his lips was like a drug-high or something. A rush of pleasure filled my whole body.

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"Great to meet you too, Riley," I said. "Officially-- I've been in here a lot, so I kind of know you..." I didn't like how my thoughts were being conveyed, but he got the idea.

"Yeah, I *have* seen you in here before," he said, and I got the impression he actually had remembered seeing me-- a concept which also brought me great pleasure.

This is where it got kind of interesting.

There were no more customers waiting behind me, and Riley just stood there, close to the counter-- like he kinda wanted to keep talking. So, I obliged. I felt a little uncomfortable, but whenever there was a lull in the conversation, Riley just stood there. He could have busied himself with cleaning up, or whatever, but he didn't. He'd look at me and smile, and then he'd think of something else to say.

Now, I was easily 10 years older than the kid-- I figured he was in his early 20's; and I wasn't very big at all. I do a lot of swimming, and I guess I have what they call the "swimmer's build." Not huge at all, but very lean and fit.

Riley seemed to look at me in a friendly way-- not gay or anything-- but just like he looked at me as a peer, and appreciated me.

As for me, I was lost in lust.

"So why aren't you out at the beach or something?" Riley asked.

"Oh, I don't know," I hemmed. "I might check it out later. Maybe just no one to go down there with." Now, as soon as those words hit the air between us, I *knew* how corny they sounded; but Riley didn't miss a beat.

"Well, I can help you with that," he shot back. His perfect-- perfect-- perfect teeth beamed and his cheeks dimpled.

I looked at him, trying not to die right there in front of the counter. I didn't know what to say, but I found another string of words jumping off my lips, "Really? That's cool. When do you get off?" Another really, really lame-- if not totally obviously gay-- sentence on my part. I wanted to cower next to the counter and hope Riley hadn't heard it.

"Three-thirty," he smiled. He turned to shut off a ringing timer behind him-- the coffee needed to be replaced, apparently. "You live close?"

"Yeah," I said. "Just around the corner in the townhouses."

"Cool. You want to give me the number? I can be at your place by 4:00 if you want."

My knees literally buckled. I actually had to put my hands on the counter to keep from falling down. Luckily, I think I pulled off the maneuver without revealing what was happening to me. "That sounds really good, man," I smiled. I looked at his adorable model-perfect face and smiled. "This is cool. I get to hang at the beach with a hero."

Riley smiled and blushed. "Yeah, whatever," he said.

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I had seen Riley at the Coffee Hole many, many times in his blue polo shirt, but nothing had prepared me for when I saw him standing at my door, wearing a tank top and swim trunks. He smiled like he owned the world and said, "You ready to soak up the sun?"

I think I did a pretty good job of hiding my coronary.

My place is only a couple of blocks from the beach, so we walked down. The place was pretty crowded; it was the hottest time of the day, and the weather was fantastic. Of course, being the stalker that I am, one of my pleasures came in walking next to Riley, and looking at the other people as they noticed him-- watching their double-takes, stares and smiles of admirations. He had the looks, muscles and personality, and it was so cool to be seen with him.

We talked about nothing and everything on the way down there, and when we laid out the big beach blanket I had brought, the conversation didn't slow. Except that I probably inadvertently paused while I watched him pull his tank top up over his torso. I think there were more than a few other people watching the little disrobing ceremony as well. Not that Riley made a show out of it; he acted like he didn't notice. I, however, stopped mid-sentence to catch a quick gasp. If I had been in love with him at the Coffee Hole, and if I had nearly swooned when he showed up on my doorstep some ten minutes ago, I *definitely* was near death now. God almighty, this young dude was off the charts! Oh. My. Holy. God. For all intents and purposes, you could in all truth say there was *nothing* wrong with this guy's body, and *everything* was right. We already agreed that his face and head was worthy of any magazine cover, and we already agreed that he has muscles out to here, right? But my story-telling is woefully inadequate to paint a picture that *really* capture's Riley's painfully gorgeous physique.

Perfectly, overdone proportions. Not so much that he looked roided out; but more than enough to tell you that this was more than mere genetics. This guy obviously spent more than his share of time in the gym! His arms were Herculean-- there's just no way around it. And his chest looked like he probably benched more than a *lot* of power lifters do. His abs: rocky ridges. And his legs, well, they were the perfect foundation to this blonde's amazing physique.

Riley looked out at the surf, completely oblivious to the riot he had nearly created by taking off his tank top. He was also either oblivious to my verbal lock-up, or he was really used to having people freeze whenever he did this. I forced my eyes off

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his body to gauge the crowd, and it would have been easier to count the people who *weren't* looking at Riley than those who were.

I tried to find my place in the sentence I had abandoned, but couldn't, so I totally switched gears and, looking out at the surf myself, said, "Beautiful beach, huh?"

"Oh, yeah," Riley said. Then he looked at me and asked, "You ever do any body surfing?"

"Yeah," I smiled. "I've ridden a few waves before."

Within a few minutes we were both up to our necks in salt water, riding and paddling in with the waves. We must have spent an hour out there, and we both had a blast.

Walking back onto the sand, I noticed that the crowd had not diminished at all. It really was a beautiful day, and the whole town seemed to turn out to enjoy it.

Riley dried himself with his big beach towel and I watched as his sinewy, vascular muscles danced under his lean skin while he did so. He put the towel on his head and rubbed his hair quickly, treating me (and the other gawkers) to a fantastic display of his flexed, bulging biceps. *God, he was probably causing multiple orgasms at this very moment!* I imagined that many of the young boys who now headed into the surf were doing so out of necessity, to discretely empty the jism out of their trunks.

As he laid down on his back, how I wished I were the blanket. He closed his eyes and soaked up the sunshine, warming his body to dry.



"Dude, how do you get so big and stay so lean?" I asked.

Without raising his head or opening his eyes, he smiled and said, "Aw, I dunno-- just like living the healthy lifestyle, I guess."

"You ever do any bodybuilding shows?" I ventured.

"Yeah, I've done a few," he said.

"Put the other competitors to shame, I bet."

He laughed. "Well, it can be pretty competitive." He raised his hands behind his head-- eyes still closed-- and said, "But I do okay." A smile formed on his lips.

"Fuck," I said in a sarcastic tone.

His smile broadened.

I laid down next to him. I was getting hard, and I knew I had to get my mind off Riley or it'd be very embarrassing. I tried to think of *anything* to take my mind off the gorgeous god next to me: dying babies, brussels sprouts, women... but I could tell it was going to be a "hard" fight.

He eventually broke the silence with, "So, where do you want to catch dinner?"

"Dinner?"

"Yeah. After fighting the ocean like that-- I'm gonna need to refuel," he said.

I could tell his eyes were still closed as he talked, as were mine.

I hadn't really contemplated getting dinner together; but I was pleasantly surprised that he brought it up.

"Well, there's a great place down the beach," I said. "The Cantina-- they've got a nice outdoor bar, and some good food."

"Yeah-- I love that place," he said. "Haven't been there in a long time."

The crowd at The Cantina was as appreciative of Riley's body as the beach crowd was, and I enjoyed that. The food was fantastic, and the drinks were great. Afterward, after we enjoyed the sunset together, we made our way back to my place. I invited him inside, and he accepted.

There were some more drinks.

As we both slumped back on the couch, and I tried to compensate for the robust buzz I was experiencing, Riley complimented me on my condo. Then from out of the blue he said, "Uh-- would you mind if I crashed here on your couch?"

I sat up and opened my eyes. "No, not at all. You okay?"

"Yeah," he grinned-- his eyes closed. "Just don't feel like walking anywhere."

Well, long story short, as we were each preparing for bed (I had told Riley to take the guest room), I made one final trip to the kitchen for something (I don't

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remember what it was, and to tell you the truth, it was probably a ruse just to cop a glance again at Riley while he was shirtless), he came out of the bathroom, wearing boxers only. But the show-stopper was this: While our bodies passed in the hall, and I excused myself, Riley stopped and put his hand on my butt.

I froze.

He looked at me; I looked at him, and neither one of us flinched. His hand remained on my ass cheek. There was obviously a connection being made.

Then, and I swear this is the truth, Riley smiled, leaned forward and started kissing me. I gotta tell you it was the most seductive, sensual kiss I had ever had in my life. I went from semi-limp to crowbar in 15 seconds flat. And Riley was there feeling out my cock to confirm it.

At this point, we spent quite a few minutes in the hallway, exploring and feeling. Myself, I came very close to needing CPR about three times. God, it was heaven-- just un-fucking-believable heaven. My hands were *made* to traverse this guy's body. I know I was trembling as I slowly felt his broad shoulders, heavy-big arms, and thick-pouty-rockhard pecs. When I slipped my hand beneath the elastic of his boxers and started to feel his tight ass, I nearly passed out. Here, in my arms, was the man who could *take down* the man of my dreams. And he was kissing me-- and letting me touch wherever I wanted.

The hallway got *way* too hot very quickly, so I pulled Riley into my bedroom, where we fell onto my bed after quickly disrobing ourselves of any residual clothing we might have been wearing. I have to admit, I'm not too experienced in this kind of intimate contact-- preferring to jack off in front of the computer monitor-- but Riley seemed to know exactly what to do and where to touch-- and kiss.

I came before either of us was really ready for it. Sorry, but I just had no control whatsoever. *You* try lying on a bed with a Herculean-Adonis god and see if *you* can have self-discipline. I defy any red-blooded muscle worshipper to spend two minutes in bed with Riley without involuntarily coming.

Just isn't possible.

As he held my ankles wide and gently pushed himself into me, I looked up at his beautiful eyes. God.

His cock was generous, and very hard. Thick muscle invaded my ass, and the sensation of having the essence of his body moving inside of me once again brought me to orgasm. I jizzed all over myself before he was even halfway in. He smiled, somehow knowing that I couldn't be expected to restrain myself in the presence of such male beauty.

He bit his lower lip slightly as he smoothly moved in to the hilt, burying his brown pubes against my quivering ass. Then he rocked. Gently.

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He was perfect.

His body, looming above me, was totally muscled out of this world. A bodybuilder's bodybuilder. A model's model.

And to watch himself pleasuring himself with my rectum; it was pure pleasure. I was still coming, mind you, and it was the most astounding orgasm of my life-- before *or since*. One of those moments that is seared into your memory forever.

When he came, he seemed to be genuinely lost in his climax. He stared a hole in my face, smiling and wincing, occasionally groaning-- but he wasn't a yeller, that's for sure. Upon finishing, he bent forward onto my body. I wrapped my arms around his muscular torso and we embraced for quite a few minutes.

The next morning, we awoke in the same bed, both exhausted from the night-long meet-and-greet.

It was the beginning of a life-long friendship with benefits; not the least of which was free coffee down at the Coffee Hole, whenever I wanted.



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