

Chad

CHAPTER 2

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musclewank.com

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NOTE 1: This story contains *vivid* descriptions of **homosexual** encounters, and is thus intended for **ADULTS ONLY**. There's lurid, kinky sex here. It's proolly straight out of HELL, if you hold the religious perspective. Really, this story is *not* for those who button the collar tightly. *If you can't stomach this kind of smut, skedaddle. Likewise if you're under 18.* Also see **NOTE 2** at the end of story for more disclaimer stuff.



THE MORNING RUSH HAD ENDED about a half hour earlier, and I was taking it easy, cleaning up and stocking the shelves to that things would be within easy reach. My sister was a savvy businessperson, and she had this coffee hut running like a well-oiled machine before I ever came onto the scene.

I could look forward to bringing in almost a thousand dollars a week with this place, and it was really a cool gig. The people were nice and the job was easy. Radio on in the background, computer and Internet (with my bookmarked muscle sites) on my left. For a guy just out of college, without too many earth-shattering aspirations, this was going to be good.

As I bent down to move some stock under a shelf, I heard the rumble of a car as it pulled up to my window. I stood up and turned to the window, and my throat contracted to the point where I couldn't speak.

It was Chad.

I had only met him two days earlier, on Saturday, and although I had planned on going back to the car lot this afternoon, here he was--beating me to the punch. For the life of me, I couldn't believe that he actually followed through on his mention of coming over here. I was scared shitless. And totally surprised.

"Hey dude," he grinned as he put his Acura TSX into park, "you got any coffee in there?" Oh fuck. He was wearing a T-shirt and shorts. My vantage point was above his car, looking down inside. He put his hands on the steering wheel, and his upper arms just freaked me out. Unbelievable size and vascularity. And those forearms! They were as thick and muscular as any guy could want for his upper arms!

"Whoa, hey!" I smiled. Instantly my boner was at the ready. "I thought you said you don't ever get over to this side of town." "Don't," he said. "But I also said I wanted to check out your place here." He leaned his head out the window and looked at the exterior, the eaves, the signs.

"Pretty nice!" He looked inside my window, trying to see what was inside. "Never been inside one of those. Looks comfortable. Is it crowded?" "Naw," I smiled. His disarming way made me feel good, in spite of being frozen in my lust for his huge, gorgeous body. "It's actually nice. You want to come in and see it?" I caught myself wondering where I got the nerve to ask him that, but before I could answer myself, he answered.

"Sure, cool, dude," he smiled. He put his car into gear and said, "Let me park this thing." With that, he pulled forward and took a spot. My heart was racing as he walked toward me.

I opened the door and he stepped up inside, closing it behind him. "Nice," he smiled, looking around. The already small quarters of the hut were now pretty cozy-- nicely so. I was forced to stand pretty close to the muscle giant. I pointed out some of the things inside, and showed him how the espresso maker works. He noticed the computer and said, "Cool-- you get the 'net on that thing?" "Yeah. We spare no expense at making our employees comfortable here." He laughed. "You're the only employee aren't you?" "Yeah," I smiled. "So, what can I make you?" He leaned back against a counter. "Well, I'm on my way to work out. How about a large, 4-shot nonfat latte," he said.

"Coming right up," I smiled. Once again, our eyes met and seemed to lock. Gawwwwd he was just too much to handle.

I refused to take payment from him and he protested.

"No," I insisted. "It's our Monday special. Free lattes to all guys over 250 pounds with less than 10 per cent body fat." Chad grinned. "Shit, dude. You're good! You have me pegged almost exactly!" I took the opportunity to look his huge body up and down-- the perfect moment, considering the conversation. "Just a lucky guess," I shrugged.

"You must be into bodybuilding," Chad said as he took a sip of his latte.

I hemmed a little. "Yeah, I guess so," I said. Chad wrapped his lips over the plastic lid of the cup again and attempted another sip-- it was pretty hot. "You must compete," I ventured. Fuck, I was nervous.

Chad's eyes twinkled and he put the cup down on the counter. "Needs to cool," he said, watching the cup as he sat it down. He looked back up at me and said, "I've done a little." "I bet," I said.

"Well, you wouldn't want to bet against me," he smiled. It didn't come across as bragging-- just confidence.

"No. Don't worry, I wouldn't." Chad picked up his latte again. "Well, dude, thanks for the free drink. Is this special you run good on all Mondays?" "Well, if you want to make the trip over here on Mondays, I think I can hook you up," I said.

Then, he took his hand and mussed up my hair. "You're awesome, man. Thanks. Thanks a lot." He turned and returned to his car, and I was left standing there, pondering what had just happened. I had never had so much acceptance from a jock guy like this. My head was spinning. As soon as he drove off, I closed the shutters and jacked off inside the hut over Chad. I did it again about a half hour later, and then again when I got home that night.

Tuesday was a long day. When it rains, business really picks up, and it poured on Tuesday. People want hot coffee when it's cold and damp. It seemed the line of cars never went down, and by the time 2:30 rolled around and I was closing up, I was exhausted.

Just as I was lowering the awning to lock it down, a Toyota Tacoma pulled up. It was silver, with lots of chrome and nice, wide wheels.-- the kind of rig that can actually give you a boner.

But it was the driver who gave the boner this time. Who else, but Chad! I grinned on the outside, but on the inside I was really nervous.

“Hey man, you got any more caffeine in there that you can spare?” Chad said as he rolled down his window. He was wearing a red tank top, and I thought I would die. Now that all of his arms and shoulders were exposed, I was amazed at the size, and the definition. The cut between the triceps and his delts was deep and so powerful-looking!

“Well, I think I might be able to find some in here,” I laughed. “You on the way to work out again?” “Naw, takin’ today off. Just cruisin’ around, lookin’ to see what kind of trouble I can stir up! Don’t have to be to work till tomorrow, so I’m just out havin’ a good time,” he grinned.

“Cool!” He looked at the little shack and said, “I see you close up right on time, huh?” “Oh, yeah,” I said. “Afternoons are usually pretty slow.” “Yeah, that’s why I came by now. I saw the sign says you close at 2:30. You got plans this afternoon?” My heart skipped a beat. I couldn’t believe this guy would drive all the way over here and ask me to hang with him! I mean, he was such a muscle hunk, and I was such a-- well, kind of a geek. “No, no plans at all,” I said.

“Cool. Why don’t you lock that thing up and hop in-- I’m starving-- you want to grab something to eat?” “Sure. Uh-- no coffee though?” I said, motioning back to the coffee machines.

“Naw-- I was just trying to make conversation. I need meat,” he said.

Uh. Okayl.

I closed up the place, grabbed the day’s till and hopped in his rig. “I can leave my car here, if you can drop me back off here later,” I said, buckling my seatbelt. When I latched it, I got an eyeful of Chad’s gigantic arms again, and his massive chest-- everything ripped to shreds. But his legs-- now visible, since I was up in the truck with him-- they were huge masses of rippling mounds of muscle! He was

wearing cargo shorts, and even though they partially hid his quads, what I could see was unreal-- and his calves, OMG! "Sure, no problem," Mike said.

"I also need to stop by the bank and deposit this. Is that okay?" "Yeah-- which bank?" "Second National," I said. "It's just a few blocks."

I had to go inside the bank to make the deposit. When you have a business deposit with a lot of cash, they make you go to the merchant's window because the teller has to count all of the cash and it takes a few minutes. Chad joined me and as we walked into the bank lobby, his physique kind of made it an "E. F. Hutton" minute-- you know, those old TV commercials where everyone stops and is silent: "When E. F. Hutton talks, people listen." Well, this was just like that. Everyone's head turned and gawked at Chad's muscles. In his tank top and shorts, he was really "out there" as far as showing off; yet he seemed to take it in stride, without even acknowledging that it was happening.

I went up to the window and gave my cash bag to the teller while Chad waited by an outer counter.

The teller started counting out the cash for the deposit. "Mmm, mmm, mmm," she said, looking up at Chad. "Your friend there looks like he could lift our vault and just walk out of the bank with it." I smiled. "Yeah, you might be right." She smiled back and continued counting, taking every opportunity she could to cop another look at the huge specimen.

Back in the truck, I told Chad what she had said, and he laughed.

"You probably get that a lot, huh?" I said.

"Yeah, all the time." We drove through town and found a restaurant that served bar-be-que. Chad wolfed down about half a steer.

As the afternoon progressed, we found ourselves back at Chad's house. It was modest, but he kept the yard nice-- and inside he kept a good, clean house.

"And this is my trophy room," he said, opening a bedroom door. It was half den, half display room. On one whole wall, a bookcase held dozens of trophies, ribbons, medals and pictures of Chad at both bodybuilding contests and powerlifting contests.

"Hooooooly shit," I sighed. The display covered a few years, and the trophies were really impressive.

"I actually have more powerlifting trophies than bodybuilding ones," Chad said. "But I like bodybuilding the best." He smiled and then lifted one arm in a biceps flex. It grew and the heads on it split in two. He looked at it and then at me and smiled. "Nothing like blowin' dudes away with stuff like this!" I swallowed hard. "GoddddddAlmighty," I said. My hand trembled. It twitched, wanting to move, but my brain repeatedly ordered it to stand down. "Fuck," I said. "I've never seen a guy so huge-- so ripped-- in person. Ever! Shit, you're bigger than most of the guys I've seen in magazines!" Chad kept flexing it. "You wanna cop a feel?" I looked at his eyes, scared. "Are you sure? Really?" "Yeah, man. It's harder than rock," he said confidently.

Finally, my twitching hand was released to do what it was created for-- it slowly moved upward and as the fingertips spread out over the massive bowling ball of muscle they continued to twitch nervously.

“Shit, dude,” Chad smiled. “There’s nothing to be afraid of. I love this. This is why I work out.” I moved my hand over the ball. He was right. It was as hard as a rock. I could feel the little veins under my hand as my palm moved over them.

Chad flexed it even harder and moved his forearm upward. It shook with power. His teeth gritted. He grunted, and without thinking I brought my other hand up to feel. I couldn’t wrap both hands around it. It was huge!

And so extremely hard!

Chad started rotating his forearm while he flexed, and the biceps danced under my hands. My right hand moved underneath and felt the triceps muscle.

Chad immediately responded by changing positions, lowering his arm and turning. His straightened arm now bulged under my touch so that his triceps muscle just shot out. You could see, and feel, the multiple striations next to the horseshoe, and my fingers nervously flowed all over the muscles.

Then, with my hands still on his arm, Chad moved into a side chest pose. His enormous pecs jutted out, beneath his tank top. He looked down at his chest and then up at me, inviting me to move my hands there.

I hesitated.

“But you never felt anything like this,” he smiled, nodding back down at the horizontal plate that made up the top of his chest.

As if drawn there, my right hand moved onto the fabric of his tank top; my left stayed to tend to the triceps and biceps that flexed as his hands gripped each other.

I felt lightheaded.

Again, with trembling fingers I felt the massive, ripped muscle of this guy.

And he just kept on flexing and smiling. "Shit, man; you want me to take this thing off? You really can't feel it through the shirt," he said.

I didn't respond. I was so enthralled-- and scared.

"I'll take that as a 'yes,'" he smiled as he relaxed from his pose. He stepped back and my hands fell off his body. But their remorse only lasted a few seconds, because as soon as he pulled the tank up over his body, they found themselves again on his muscles, feeling as he flexed.

This must have lasted for about five minutes-- Chad flexing in a new pose and my hands following his lead. All the while, he alternated between confident smiles and intense concentration on making his muscles as big and hard as he could for me.

Then, it happened. Chad was posing in a most-muscular, and my hands were working their way down his shoulders and arms, onto his pecs. While his hands were low, he turned the palm of one hand and very lightly opened it and felt the raging hard-on in my pants. He smiled. "You must see something you like, huh?" I was petrified. I took my hands off him and just stood there. But then the sensuality quickly overwhelmed me, and as Chad undid my belt and opened my jeans, I watched intently. My cock rose out of my briefs, saluting the musclemans.

“Whoa-- thanks, dude,” he smiled as his hand slipped inside my shorts, down to the base of my dick. “This is the best compliment you could give me.” His touch was light, and he slide his open fingers up and down in slow, smooth strokes. Precum dribbled onto his wrist and his fingertips tickled under my scrotum.

I moaned.

Chad took one of my hands and placed it on his pec. He slowly flexed it under my palm and smiled while he gave me another long, slow stroke.

I moaned again.

Chad whispered. “Yeah, man. This is why I work out. Dude, cum for my muscles.” “Mmmmmghhhh,” I whimpered.

His pec was too big for my hand-- and too hard. It was like moving rock or something-- something you can't describe; you have to experience it. The rolling muscle hardened, and yet it moved too. Really kind of weird, and yet it was the most sensual, exciting thing I had ever experienced.

Chad's hand stroked me again, long and slow. He closed his fingers around my throbbing boner and pushed-- lightly.

I closed my eyes.

Chad opened his fingers and ran them up and down again, then closed them once again and pushed-- lightly again.

I moaned. My whole body tightened. I raised up onto my tiptoes. I groaned. I flexed my cock in his hand and he held it very, very still.

Through my squinting eyes, I could tell he could tell I was about ready to go. He flexed his pec again.

Then, his face moved close to mine. Inches away. I could feel him breathing. I could smell his muscle body.

He smiled slightly, and then his lips moved to mine. As his warm tongue slowly explored my mouth, my cock tightened even more. I moaned into his mouth.

His pec hardened. His hand squeezed.

I shot.

Hard.

His forearm became a landing strip for my cum. His biceps a backboard for the balls of jism that spewed up onto it and dribbled down.

He kissed tenderly; flexed his pec lightly again; slowly pumped me.

I jerked. My whole body jerked. Never shot this hard in my life. It was my ultimate fantasy come true.

Chad withdrew his tongue and nuzzled his face into my neck. He whispered. "Yeah, dude. Cum for me. Cum for my muscles. Just let it out for me. You know you love this. All this muscle. Yeahhhh." I was lost in agony-- in the pure agony of knowing that this-- right now-- was probably the highlight of my entire life. Everything after would pale. This was the climax.

And what a climax it was. It was long and hard, and when it was over, Chad's biceps was splattered with my cum, his forearm was drenched with it.

He released my cock and withdrew his hand. He smiled at me, and I back at him.

I was panting. Hard.

Chad put his hands on my shoulders to steady me, and off his right arm dripped my cum onto his carpet. But he didn't seem to care. He looked deep into my eyes and asked, "You alright?" I couldn't answer. I breathed hard and just nodded, trying to eke out a slight smile.

Chad smiled bigger. He kissed me lightly, on the lips, and then touched his forehead to mine as he talked. "God, that turns me on, making you do that," he smiled.

I sighed.

Chad stepped back and looked at his wet arm. "I think I'm going to leave this stuff here, if you don't mind." He looked up at me and said, "Now, you think you can return the favor?" With that, he unzipped his shorts and reached inside. He pushed them downward and slowly pulled out a boa constrictor of a cock. He looked up at me and grinned.

[More to cum...]

– SRS

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