

# Damon

by Sean Reid Scott

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The young man looked uncomfortable as he sat in the chair across from my desk. Understandable, since many men of his physical caliber are used to being exploited and used, just because of their build.

I tried to put him at ease by feigning attention on papers that were stacked on my desk, although it was difficult for me to do; the guy was an orgasm waiting to happen-- and it's not like I wasn't used to seeing muscular hunks parade through my office. I had seen em' all: bodybuilders, models, fitness trainers-- and this guy could put them all to shame.

His golden-brown eyes glowed with life-- they didn't sparkle, they burned. His thick neck, hugged by his dress shirt and tie, was a testament to his build-- a dead give-away to the muscle that lie beneath. His face was chiseled-- this, a testament to the low fat content of his body.

"So, what brings you to my agency..." I finally asked.

He fidgeted. I could tell he preferred working out and contest work to parading his body in front of oglers and people who get off sexually at the display of big muscles. "Well, sir," he started, "I've done some bodybuilding shows and a few people have told me that I should look into modeling."

"I see," I replied. "Well, I think they might be right." I looked down from his face to the barrel chest that protruded under his sports coat. The guy was huge. "But, do you think you want to jump right into *this* kind of modeling?" I asked.

"Well, I was told this is where the real money is," he smiled, obviously trying to hide his nervous.

"True, you can make good money in this kind of modeling," I smiled. I leaned forward and continued, "but we're talking nudity and sexually suggestive situations here. Your friends and family will approve?"

"My friends and family don't put bread on my table," he said.

I chuckled. "I like your attitude, son."

He relaxed a bit.

"So tell me, if you are cast in a porn movie where your character is gay, and there are other guys there admiring your body, is that something you can buy into?" I asked, leaning back in to my leather desk chair.

"Yes, I think I can."

"Have you ever done this kind of 'adult entertainment'?"

"No."

I shifted my weight, trying to surreptitiously adjust my growing boner in my suit pants. "How about off-camera... Are you experienced in any kind of posing-- you know, the kind that takes place behind closed doors?"

"Uh, well..."

I could tell I hit a nerve here. He didn't want to talk about it, but there was something there for sure. "Damon," I said smiling, "If you're going to get totally naked for the camera, you're going to have to be able to talk about these kinds of things."

He sighed. "Yes. I know..." Then he continued. "Yes, there have been a few times. Mostly with my younger brother." He paused and then said, "and some 'private' posing sessions with this guy at my gym..." His face flushed.

"Any blow jobs?" I said bluntly.

"What?"

"Blow jobs. Has anyone ever given you a blow job?"

He laughed again, still nervously. "Well, yeah. Lots of girls."

"I'm not talking about girls, Damon."

"Oh..."

I waited for another answer.

"Well, yeah... sometimes it's happened."

"Okay, now we're getting somewhere," I said. "I can understand your timidity, but if you're going to get into this industry, I want you to be comfortable with it-- and talking about it is the first step."

"I know," he said. He folded his hands in his lap.

God, even his hands were lean and veiny. I wished he wasn't wearing a jacket.

"It's just kind of new to me... talking about it and all," he said.

The time for chit chat was over now. I wanted to see this kid. I was getting hard, and the more I thought about it, the harder I got. I pressed a button on my speaker phone. "Russ, you guys can come in now," I said.

Damon looked a little surprised.

The door to the outer office opened, and in walked Russ, Mark and Jared-- three of my "models" and part-time bouncers.

Damon looked up at them. They were all dressed in pants and polo shirts-- shirts that were tight against their very well-muscled torsos. They were bodybuilders, and they were big.

Not as big as Damon, by any means. The new kid was gigantic-- especially for a 23 year-old. He looked up at the three guys, still a little nervous. I could tell what he was thinking.

I introduced Damon to the guys and then said, "Damon, I can tell you're a little nervous, but let me assure you, I'm not going to ask you to strip down with these guys, okay?" I smiled at him.

Damon laughed. "Okay... I guess that's good," he said chuckling. He looked up at the guys standing next to his chair and laughed. The guys didn't really respond.

"But I would like you to come with me for a minute," I said. I stood and opened a door at the side of my office and invited the four men to follow me. Inside this room were some weights, and some floor mats, as well as a big bed-- all clean and almost military looking. I closed the door behind me and locked it with a loud click.

Damon looked at the door, again, a little surprised and nervous.

"Like I said, I'm not going to ask you to strip down with these guys, Damon," I smiled. "I'm going to have these guys take your clothes off for you."

Damon's eyes grew.

"And then they're going to give you a nice, slow jack-off. On camera, of course," I said, looking up into the corners of the room and at the two-way mirrors on the walls.

"What the fuck?" Damon said, irritated.

"No, there will be no fucking... not today... unless you want to," I reassured.

Then I looked at Russ and said, "Go ahead guys. Why don't you get started by taking off your clothes. Let's see if Damon appreciates the muscular male body. Then you can work on him and jerk him off."

Russ, Mark and Jared started stripping. Damon stepped backward, toward the door. I moved aside, and he tried the knob. "Don't worry," I reassured. "I've locked it and you need a combination to open it. I know-- the fire marshall probably wouldn't approve, but what he doesn't know..."

In a minute, the three musclemen were nude; they were very casual, putting their hands on each others' asses-- Jared even brushed his hand over Mark's cock for a second, and Mark reciprocated. God it was a whole *lot* of very hot muscle! They collectively looked at me, and I nodded. Russ stepped toward Damon, who put both hands up-- "Hold

it, guys. This isn't going to happen. I didn't agree to this," he said. He was bigger than each of the guys, and he'd easily overpower any one of them, but the three of them together could deal with him.

"Oh, I know you didn't agree to this," I said to Damon, "but that's half the fun. Watching you *not* agree..."

Russ stepped close; Damon shoved him away, forcing him into Mark. It was apparent Damon wasn't going to go easily. Russ moved again, this time with Mark at his side. Damon struggled against them, forcing both of them off; but before he could recover Jared was in his face. He shoved Jared back as well. The four scuffled for a few minutes.

"Okay, hold him," I finally said. Jared took one hand and Mark the other, forcing them behind his back. I took some cuffs out of my pocket and hand-cuffed Damon's hands. He immediately kicked Russ but Mark, Jared and I took him down to the floor. Russ came back and we eventually managed to get some more cuffs around his ankles.

Damon yelled out in anguish. The air turned blue with his angry tongue. He thrashed and rolled; his face red with fury.

Finally, Mark took one leg, Jared the other, and I took his shoulders and held him still. Russ began to move over Damon. Russ' naked, muscular body rippled as he hovered over the young god. I held Damon's head still and Russ kissed the kid's cheeks and nose-- he didn't dare venture to Damon's mouth; the angry musclegod surely would have bit.

Russ moved lower and began to unbuckle Damon's pants; he unzipped his zipper. Damon thrashed occasionally, but he soon resigned himself to the fact that he was helpless.

"You know," I said to Damon, "I'd really like to take off your jacket and pants... well, actually *all* of your clothes. But I have to take off the cuffs to do it. I suppose we could just cut them off-- but it'd be a shame to ruin those clothes."

Damon lay still. He didn't respond.

A lot of maneuvering ensued; I ended up un-cuffing Damon and having the guys strip him down, but he did resist-- violently at times--

but in the end he lay again on the mat naked, but cuffed once again. His muscular body was indeed beyond my expectations-- especially for someone so young. His powerful jawline and model-face were astounding. This truly was a one-in-a-million (or two) man! I couldn't help but rub myself as the three men moved their hands up and down his powerful muscles. The kid looked like he could move a train-- an especially intriguing thought considering he was now helpless-- cuffed with his hands behind and at his ankles. Above his ankles, his legs bulged with vascular mass. God, he should have been on some pro bodybuilding stage somewhere! Completely shaved, except for his manicured pubes, he was truly going to be a porn superstar someday-- if I could get him adequately initiated.

"Do you always trim your pubes Damon?" I teased. "Looks like you might have been expecting some close inspection today, huh?"

Damon turned his head to the side and his gigantic arms flexed in anger against the cuffs. His monstrous legs, likewise showed his strength as he brandished his contempt.

I sat back on my ankles and looked to Mark. "Mark, why don't you begin. Let's see how big Damon gets when he's stimulated."

Mark smiled and moved his hand onto Damon's limp penis. He tenderly hefted the young man's ball sacs, feeling their mass. He slowly brushed his fingertips up the shaft as the rest of us watched. It took a few minutes of light touching, but eventually we were all treated to the sight of Mark fondling Damon to the point where he started to grow.

As Mark continued to caress and tickle, Russ leaned forward and began kissing Damon's thick chest. His nipples were pouty, his pecs were striated and massive, his areolae were huge round disks. Russ took obvious pleasure in them, and I couldn't help but catch my breath at the sight of such a hunk of humanity being involuntarily manipulated in such an erotic manner.

Of course, the next step in the sexual torture was having Mark change from hand to mouth on Damon's ever-growing cock. And Mark didn't have to be asked. As his tongue began wetting the stiffening rod, Damon moaned out loud-- he was obviously being turned on by Mark's expert technique, yet he still struggled to deal with his situation.

Jared moved his face to Damon's and began kissing-- like Russ had before, working around the mouth on the nose, cheeks and neck; but eventually he moved his lips carefully to Damon's mouth. Damon turned his head away, but the obviously fantastic work that Russ and Mark were doing on his body, softened his resolve quickly. As Mark took as much as he could of Damon's striated, veiny cock into his mouth, Damon groaned in obvious rapture-- Jared kissed him squarely on the lips, capturing the moan and eventually holding his lips on Damon's.

Mark sucked, Russ suckled, and Jared frenched. Damon got loud, obviously aroused.

After a while, it was time for a change, so I ordered the three men to move positions. Jared moved to the chest, Russ to the cock and Mark to the lips.

Russ was in love with that giant cock. He held it in the air-- it was now totally erect and was it huge! Precum oozed from it while Russ held it straight up. Russ began to lick it up. His long tongue began get acquainted with the monster organ. Lick after slow, sensual lick, Russ' tongue seemed to enjoy every square millimeter of it. God, he had a way. After making sure it was good and wet, Russ began to go down on it. I could see his neck move, and I knew that inside, his tongue was masturbating Damon's cock with slow, slippery massages. Occasionally, Russ' neck seemed to flex as he took an exceptionally strong and long, hard suck.

Damon moaned in response every time.

As Jared sucked Damon's nipples, he moved his hand onto one of Damon's huge arms and felt its size and hardness. Mark felt the nipple that Jared wasn't kissing, teasing it and pinching it gently.

Damon was being driven insane.

Russ' free hand moved onto Damon's impossibly big legs and began to feel the hardness-- they were amazing! I don't know if it was voluntary or not, but as Russ' hand moved up and down the mammoth quads, they flexed.

By this time my pants were off and I was holding myself. I moved into a slow, erotic rhythm of stroking.

Now Russ moved his mouth off Damon's penis and put his hand back on it. It was slick and shiny. Russ held it up, perpendicular with the floor. It pulsed. Damon moaned more.

It was evident that only a few strokes would be needed to push Damon over the edge-- which Russ began to do, very, very slowly. God, I wished it would have been *my* hand on that organ! But there would be plenty of opportunity for that later.

As I pressed on my own dick, Russ pressed his fingers into Damon's pubes at the base of the mighty obelisk. He held it-- still. You could see the heart beating in it. You could tell, by Damon's moans and the shifting of his hips-- trying to give himself more resistance-- that he was only seconds away from blowing.

Russ continued to hold the shiny penis still. He knew I would want to see it blow, even though he so wanted to have it in his mouth when it happened. But Russ was good-- that's why I pay him so well. And true to form, he held the thick, throbbing, wet cock in the air-- motionless-- for the few more seconds it would need. And then, without any actual stimulation at the end (save for the hard pushing at the base to keep it pointed up) Damon's extra large cock tightened once, then flexed twice before opening like a garden hose. His stream pushed straight up-- a thick glob of white cream. The first stream shot up probably three feet into the air; the jizz seemed to pause--in mid air-- before lazily changing direction downward, eventually landing on Damon's rippling abs.

The second blast came with a loud vocal accompaniment by Damon. It too shot up straight, but some of this blast not only hit Damon's abs, but also Russ' forearm as he held Damon securely.

Damon's whole body thrashed. Jared kept kissing the meaty pecs; Mark, however, sensing the orgasm, moved his lips off Damon's mouth to let the young lad breathe easier. And Damon *did* breathe. Loudly-- moaning and yelling, hissing and groaning. His whole, muscular body tightened and as I watched his arms, legs and abs morph into something entirely worthy of muscle worship, I, myself came. I

propped myself up, from leaning back on my ankles, to my knees, where I was right above Damon's head. My cum reined down on Damon's face, but his orgasm was so intense that he didn't have the presence of mind to care.

Russ began to slowly stroke Damon's cock, milking everything he could from the buck's robust balls.

Damon groaned more, and his ejaculations continued.

God, he put out a lot of jizz.

As soon as he was done spurting, I had Russ undo Damon's ankles and Mark his wrists. The four of us moved back from Damon, and just watched him as he recovered. His body was wet with sweat, and his narrow waistline was white with his fresh, glistening semen. My semen was splattered in various spots on his face and neck.

We watched with interest as he lay there, breathing heavily. He cleaned himself a little, occasionally looking up at us. It would be difficult for him to do anything since there were four of us and only one of him-- his huge size notwithstanding. Plus, I reminded him that I was the one who held the combination to the lock on the door.

"Thank you, Damon," I finally said. "I'm sure your debut movie will be wildly successful." I moved toward the door-- the young musclegod was far away. I unlocked it, and my three compadres and I went back into my office. I poked my head back inside to see the breathtaking image of Damon standing, totally nude, muscles bigger than should be allowed, trying to clean himself off.

"There are towels in that closet," I said. "You are free to go whenever you want. You can exit out of that other door over there." I motioned to the far wall. "I will see you tomorrow back here in my office," I continued, "when we will talk about the terms of your contract. And I promise, Damon, you will be rewarded for your work."

Damon looked up at me. His anger turned to curiosity, then to a slight grin. He brought a fingertip to his cheek, wiping a bit of my cum. He nodded, and I closed the door.