

by Sean Scott

Staring [David McAllister](#),

[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.]

THE STRETCH LIMOUSINE STOPPED in front of Seven World Trade Center-- one of the still-standing buildings around Ground Zero. The side door opened before the chauffeur could get there, and a single foot hit the cement. What followed was the most developed, contoured, huge body that the onlookers had ever seen. David stepped out onto the sidewalk and looked up at the Lower Manhattan skyscraper. He paused a second, allowing the gathered crowd to take in his mass-- his astounding physique. Well, at least they took it in as best they could.

He walked toward the main entrance of the glass building. The chauffeur closed the door to the limo. David's tailored suit hugged his massive body.

Inside, security did a double-take.

David could have presented the required documents; he was, of course, invited. But he needn't bother. Security just sat at their station, astounded. David was... well.. he was rather intimidating.

He took an elevator to the penthouse suite. He used the 30 second express ride to the 70th floor to adjust his tie and check for lint on his suit. The mirrored walls of the elevator confirmed to David, as mirrors always do, that he was impeccably dressed, flawlessly accessorized, gorgeous, and-- most of all-- hopelessly proportioned with huge, astounding muscles beyond credulity.

The doors of the lift opened onto the 70th floor, and David stepped off the red carpeting of the elevator onto the marble floor of a lobby. Behind a rich wood panel counter sat a beautiful woman who, despite obviously working in an industry that was filled with beautiful men, nearly gasped audibly when David's physique emerged from the lift.

"Good afternoon," David said politely.

The woman composed herself and answered, "Good afternoon. How may I help you?"

"David McCalister; to see Ivan Dubarko.

"Yes, Mr. McCalister. Mr. Dubarko is expecting you. Please have a seat for just a moment." She motioned to the plush leather furniture at her right and David's shoes clicked on the marble as he walked. He sat in an oversized chair-- the only one that could contain him. The leather creaked as he lowered his huge body onto the cushion, and the metal frame of the chair protested as his 375 pound frame tested its strength.

The receptionist lifted her phone, pressed a button and spoke for a few seconds before replacing the receiver.

After about three minutes, one of the two huge double doors at the center of the lobby opened, and there emerged a very well-built man-- a few inches shorter than David, and easily 150 pounds lighter-- but extremely well-built, nevertheless. His fire-red hair was cut impeccably, and his strong neck and handsome face actually gave David pause-- the huge muscleman wasn't used to seeing someone so gorgeous.

The hunk smiled as he approached, but gave no indication of being intimidated, as men are frequently given to do when they see David for the first time. Even as the giant muscleman stood, the man only continued to smile as he extended his hand. "Mr. McCalister. Welcome. I'm Reed Walker, Mr. Dubarko's assistant. Will you follow me please?"

The good-looking, smartly dressed man turned, and David followed. This was an interesting feeling to David; redheads had always been more than just a curiosity to David-- they were quite attractive to him. And this redhead was a man with confidence and a very, very strong build. Of course, David wasn't a man given to superficial urges, and yet this Mr. Walker was someone to whom David was attracted.

The two men moved past the reception area, through the double doors and into a large office area. Ceiling to floor windows dominated the room, providing a breathtaking view of Lower Manhattan. There were sitting areas to the left and to the right, with book-lined walls, and directly in front of the two men, a huge desk faced them. Behind the desk, they could see the back of a large chair which faced away from them and toward the windows. There was obviously someone sitting in the chair, apparent from the muffled voice coming from it, but he couldn't be seen, for the high back shielded him completely.

David's escort stopped about 15 feet in front of the desk, and David did likewise, standing next to him. Reed said nothing. The two men must have stood there for a good five minutes before the man in the chair finally

stopped talking. His arm extended outward and he placed the receiver back on the phone. Slowly, his chair turned.

"Ahh, Reed. You've something for me," a smiling man said. He was probably in his 70's-- maybe late 60's if you felt generous. The man didn't even glance at David. His eyes twinkled as Reed began to speak.

"Mr. Dubarko, Mr. David McCalister."

At this point Ivan Dubarko allowed his eyes to move onto David; and they remained on him for quite a few minutes. His eyes, at times, belied looks of awe and astonishment as he inspected the muscular McCalister. Without even a glance to his redhead assistant, Ivan said, "Thank you, Reed."

Reed took a respectful step backward before pivoting, and left the room, closing the big door behind him.

Ivan Dubarko's eyes hadn't left David since they first landed on him. He continued to examine every square inch, every bulge in David's suit where the fabric just wasn't able to camouflage the massive muscle underneath.

"You're a lot bigger in person," Ivan smiled. He cleared his throat. "A lot bigger." His accent was definitely Eastern European-- maybe even Russian.

David smiled politely. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Dubarko."

"Ivan, please. I may be the head of an advertising conglomerate, but I'm really quite an informal man. Please, call me Ivan. All of my models do."

"Thank, you, Ivan," David answered, as naturally as if he had always been on a first-name basis with Dubarko.

"So, David," Ivan said as he stood and slowly walked around the side of his large desk. "I've seen your portfolio. Very impressive. Very impressive." He rounded the corner of the desk and stood a few feet from David. "Almost as impressive as you are in person," he said, looking way up into David's eyes. "I'm afraid your six and a half feet make me feel... well, make my five and a half feet seem quite diminutive." Once again, his eyes began to travel up and down over David's body. He cleared his throat softly as he looked at the specimen. "I, uh." He didn't bother to finish his thought. He took in the sight of David's huge, protruding chest and the breadth of those mammoth shoulders. "My, my, my." His eyes moved back up to David's radiant blue eyes. "You certainly are something." His marginally effeminate characteristics amused David. These kind of guys often came on to him, but he wasn't one to reciprocate.

David smiled again. "Thank you, sir."

"May I?" Ivan said as he placed his hand on David's shoulder. The question was obviously meant only as a courtesy, because he began moving his palm across David's shoulder and down over the massive arm before David was even able to give permission. Ivan's hand tried to squeeze David's triceps muscle. He let out a soft grunt as he realized its impenetrability. His hand moved back upward onto the impossible shoulder, farther up, onto David's trap. Another squeeze, and another moan. "Impressive. Very impressive," Ivan smiled.

David was used to being scrutinized, especially when he worked in the modeling world. It was the job. But admittedly, Ivan's approach was a little more thorough than usual.

Ivan moved to David's back and placed both hands on the wool material of the suit jacket. Back and forth, over the ridges and bulges of David's back--evident even though covered in such luxurious fabric. "Impressive. Very impressive," Ivan repeated. His hands cupped David's broad lats. A soft gasp, as Ivan held and squeezed them. "Astounding. Just astounding." His hands moved downward. He lifted David's jacket tail and pushed it aside so he could feel the round, hard globes of the muscle giant's ass. "I hope you don't think I'm taking liberties with you here, David," he said as he moved his nearly trembling fingers over, under and around David's taut ass. "But I like to know what I'm buying. You know how it is..." he said.

David said nothing. He looked forward at the skyline of New York, trying to hold still for the legend who was feeling him out.

Ivan's hands moved down a bit farther and he felt a small part of David's hamstrings, and then his upper quads. He stood straight up and moved to David's side, then in front of him. "I'll have to save the rest for later. In a more relaxed setting, perhaps." His twinkling eyes emanated such a friendliness, such a caring demeanor. He could put anyone at ease. "I've seen your work, David, and now that I've met you in person, I just have just one word: "Astounding."

"Thank you, Ivan," David smiled. "I'm glad you like what you see."

Ivan took a cigarette from a stainless steel case on his desk, lit it, and extinguished the match in an ash tray. He lifted the case to David and raised his eyebrows in an obvious offer.

"No, thank you," David said.

Ivan put the cigarettes back down. "I'd like to offer you a contract. Would you like your manager to go over it? I can send him a copy." Ivan leaned against the desk with his butt and folded his arms.

"That would be great," David smiled. "Thank you. I look forward to looking it over."

"Yes," Ivan said. His eyes were transfixed on McCallister. "Yes, I'm sure you do." He pressed a button on an intercom on his desk and said, "Reed, would you please bring the in contract for David?" He lifted his finger from the button.

There was no response, but within seconds, a side door opened and Reed emerged with a portfolio folder in his hand.

"Thank you, Reed." Ivan took it and handed it to David. Reed pivoted, as before, and left.

David took the folio but didn't open it.

"Can I expect an answer soon?" Ivan asked.

"Oh yes, sir. I'm sure I'll have my response to you in a few days," David said.

Ivan's eyes again searched the wonders of David's body. "I think you'll find everything satisfactory. I look forward to working closely with you. I have quite a few ideas for some clients that would utilize your..." his eyes gazed onto David's chest, "...your attributes."

David said nothing. He was pleased. He was pleased that Ivan Dubarko, arguably the biggest name in advertising was offering him such an incredible opportunity. He was pleased that Ivan enjoyed looking. He was pleased with the gleam and twinkle in Ivan's eyes. He seemed like such a friendly man.

Ivan reached for the portfolio in David's hands. "May I?" He took the leather folder and sat it on his desk. "I'd like to see a little more... if I may." He pulled the lapels of David's jacket apart. "Would you mind if we stepped into my salon?" He nodded his head toward another side door.

"Certainly," David agreed.

The salon was luxuriously appointed. David felt so comfortable there. Ivan poured a brandy for both of them, but before handing David his, said, "Why don't you remove your jacket."

David obliged the magnate, placing his suit jacket on a chair. Ivan was obviously pleased once again. He handed David his brandy, and took a sip of his own.

"Thank you. You're very kind."

"Nonsense," Ivan smiled. "I believe a happy model is a lot more sexy than a frustrated model. It's my business philosophy. It serves me quite well, I might add."

David smiled and took a sip of his drink. It was smooth and warm. Obviously not a Costco box of brandy.

"I noticed, from your portfolio," Ivan continued, "that you have done some very suggestive photo shoots-- I mean, you don't seem to be averse to work in the nude, and even in very sexual situations with other men."

David was getting warm all over, from the brandy-- as was Ivan. He cracked a smile as he responded, "I'm very comfortable in just about any setting." He looked down at his muscle-filled shirt and said, "I've just never found a situation where I was intimidated." He smiled as his eyes met Ivan's.

"Uh... no. I'm sure you haven't." Ivan was definitely warming up-- and loosening up. "Please," he continued, motioning to a large couch. "Make yourself comfortable."

David moved over to the couch, sat down, and relaxed into the leather. Ivan took a leather chair to the side.

"I have no doubt, David, that with your physique, you will be our prime model. You are just stunning; and I know that demand for you will be overwhelming." He took a sip of his brandy.

David did likewise, without responding.

Ivan's eyes were now in a routine-- they had established a pattern-- of checking out David's anatomy, starting with the face, moving downward over the traps and shoulders, onto that chest (where they were wont to linger until they were pulled by force to continue) down the narrow waistline, onto David's more-than-generous package (another lengthy examination) and

then farther downward to his unbelievable legs. Once the examination was complete, Ivan started all over again with David's gorgeous face.

David was aware of all of this, of course. He was used to it. But coming from a man of Ivan's stature, and power, it didn't bother him.

"So, where are you staying?" Ivan asked. He lit another cigarette.

"Westin, Times Square," David answered. "It's very nice."

"Yes. Indeed." He blew smoke into the air. "I'd like to schedule you for a few photo shoots. As soon as possible."

"Very good," David smiled. "When did you have in mind?"

"How long will you be in New York?"

"Actually I don't have any plans until Wednesday."

"Excellent," Ivan smiled. He took another sip of brandy. "I'll arrange a shoot for Monday and one for Tuesday." He picked up a telephone, but before pressing any buttons, he looked back up at David and said, "If that's alright with you..."

"Certainly," David smiled. He drank more brandy; his glass was getting low.

"Please," Ivan said, "Help yourself to more brandy while I make the arrangements. I'd like to get this booked now, before my photographers leave for the weekend."

David stood and walked to the wet bar while Ivan began talking on the phone. After he refreshed his glass, he walked over to the window to enjoy the view and to give Ivan a little privacy while he was on the phone. Ivan turned his head and enjoyed the back-side view of David as he talked to various people and finalized schedules.

The view was indeed breathtaking. Both for David, and for Ivan. David had been in New York many times, but he never tired of it. The excitement, the fast pace, the glitz, the money, the skyscrapers...

A hand on his right deltoid brought him out of his daydream.

"Spectacular," Ivan said. "Just spectacular." He stood directly behind David and felt his shoulder with his right hand, then lifted his left hand to grasp the other. His hands were outstretched and high.

David stood motionless, except to take an occasional drink, as Ivan continued his examination.

Ivan's hands moved down the white cotton of David's dress shirt, over his lats and lower, onto David's suit trousers. His left hand moved lower and cradled David's gluteus. His right hand moved onto David's hip.

David could feel his gigantic cock begin to thicken.

Ivan's right hand moved farther forward, and lower, onto David's upper quad.

David took another sip. "Beautiful view, don't you think?" he asked his host. He stood still, totally relaxed, enjoying the skyline, the brandy and Ivan's hands.

"Yes, indeed," Ivan agreed. "Beautiful." His right arm was wrapped around David's waist, and his hand moved up slightly, now coming within inches of David's package. It protruded out-- his tailor-made slacks fitting and holding everything perfectly.

David continued to enjoy the mighty erections of the New York skyline.

And then-- the back of Ivan's hand brushed against David's mammoth package.

David took another sip of brandy.

Ivan froze.

David said, "You know, I just love the Manhattan skyline."

Ivan remained motionless.

"These building are just amazing," David continued.

"Mr. McAlister," Ivan said, "If you feel at all uncomfortable, please let me know."

"They're so powerful looking," David continued, taking another sip of brandy. "I just love New York." It was a calculated and thought-out strategy by David. He knew that Ivan Dubarko was **the** premiere player in the advertising industry. Allowing Ivan a few liberties that he would never give to others-- well, it was an investment.

Ivan breathed an internal sigh. And his right hand moved onto David's cock. Well, his hand tried to contain it, but it only covered a small part of David's genitals. The wool fabric of the suit was rich and warm against Ivan's trembling hand. But it was the organ underneath that truly warmed Ivan's digits.

"I'd love to see the Woolworth Building someday," David said, seemingly oblivious to Ivan's touch.

Ivan's breathing was shallow, and quick. "Just astounding," he mumbled. His grip tightened slightly around the musclegod's balls. Ivan moaned softly.

David's cock continued to grow. Yet the supreme being stood there, seemingly unaffected, turning his head to enjoy each and every building in front of him.

Ivan's hand, trembling, released David's genitals. "Truly amazing," he said. He, short of breath, leaned against David's back.

David stood strong.

"Forgive me, Mr. McAlister," Ivan said. "I feel a tad faint."

David, oblivious to Ivan's palpitations, smiled at the evening shadows cast against Manhattan's icons. "Mr. Dubarko, please." David turned and grasped Ivan, holding him closely. "Call me David."

Ivan looked up into David's eyes. "Oh. Yes. Of course." He was visibly flustered. "Thank you."

"Are you alright?" David asked.

Ivan looked up, over David's massive chest. "Yes. Thank you. I'm fine." He pulled back and stood up under his own power, resisting all urges that threatened to overtake him. He struggled to gain his composure, but in time, regained control. "David, uh, I have arranged the photo shoots for Monday and Tuesday." He pulled down on his jacket, unflustering himself. "And I'd like to invite you to a reception at my home on Long Island, Sunday evening."

David smiled. "That sounds just fine. I'd be delighted."

"Very good," Ivan responded. "I'll have a car pick you up at the Westin at 4:00 on Sunday afternoon."

David took a last sip from his drink. He nodded at Ivan. "I'd best be going then."

"So soon?"

"Yes. Thank you Ivan, for everything. I look forward to working with you," David smiled. "And..." he leaned down and looked Ivan in the eyes. "...and thank you... for the brandy." He moved his gorgeous face to Ivan's, and slowly, sensually, kissed the advertising magnate. Their lips caressed for what seemed, to Ivan, like hours. Finally, David released his worshipper. "Well, then. I'd better be getting down to my car." He stood tall, walked to the couch on which his jacket was draped, threw his suit coat over his shoulder and walked toward the door. He turned and glanced back at Ivan. "Looking forward to Sunday evening, Ivan." He winked at his host, turned, and exited through the tall door.

David's limousine made its way through the Manhattan traffic. He hadn't been in the car five minutes before his cell phone rang. He didn't recognize the number, but answered it anyway. "This is David," he said.

"Mr. McAlister," the voice said. David instantly recognized who it was. "This is Reed Walker, Mr. Dubarko's assistant. I hope you'll forgive me calling you like this, but I got your number from our files. Mr. Dubarko wanted me to make sure you were comfortable here in New York, so I'm inquiring if you have any plans for this evening."

A slight grin raised the edges of David's mouth. "Well, actually, no, I don't."

"Would you be interested in joining me for dinner? I have reservations at Scirocco." It was one of New York's finest restaurants, sitting atop the American Trade Building; exquisite food, wine and breathtaking views. David knew it well.

"That sounds fine. What time?"

"I'll be in front of the Westin at seven o'clock, if that is fine with you," Reed said.

"Very good," David said. "I'll see you then. And, thank you Mr. Walker."

"My pleasure. And please, call me Reed."

"Only if you'll call me David."

Reed chuckled. "Fair enough. See you at seven."

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David slid the key through the reader on the door and the green light flashed. He pushed down on the door's handle and entered his suite. He had over two hours before he had to be downstairs to meet Reed Walker's car; he closed the door behind him and started to undress. He stepped into his bathroom-- a huge room with a raised, oversized tub at one end-- and drew a steamy, hot bath.

He returned to the living area and tossed his wool overcoat onto the back of a love seat. A bright bouquet of flowers on the dining table caught his eye. It hadn't been there when he left. It was huge-- and dazzlingly beautiful. David walked over to it and read the card. "Looking forward to working closely with you, David." It was signed by Ivan Dubarko, Goliath Advertising. David smiled. Ivan had to have had them sent up while David was with him in his office. He admired the gorgeous flowers. It really lit up the room.

The hot water running into the tub could be heard, and David returned to the bathroom to check on its progress. Not even a quarter full yet. He walked into his bedroom and removed his already-loosened tie, his jacket and shoes. He carefully hung his suit jacket and continued to undress, starting with his cuff links, and then the buttons on his white shirt. The full-length mirror seemed impressed as David opened his shirt and exposed his huge chest, full with warm, soft hair.

He returned to the bath, fully naked now, tested the water and turned off the faucet. Mirrors throughout the bathroom watched with fascination as the gorgeous giant stepped into the large tub. As steam rose, David's massive physique lowered into the water. The displacement of his mass caused the water to rise farther than he had anticipated, and he had to open the drain valve for a minute, before he could fully submerge himself. He never seemed to get that right-- how much water would be needed, combined with his body, to fill the tub without overflowing.

David closed the drain, and sunk lower, very slowly. The water was very hot-- just like he liked it. As his head tipped back and rested against the porcelain, he closed his eyes in luxurious comfort. His right hand slowly began to move over his abs and onto his thick, muscular chest.

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David's massive frame completely filled the rotating section of the revolving door as he pushed his way through. At the curb sat a stretch limousine. The doorman, a strong-looking man himself, looked up at David and after

blinking, escorted David to the car. The driver, standing next to the car, opened a rear door and stood at attention. David reached into his overcoat and pulled out a \$10 bill and palmed it into the doorman's hand-- even though he hadn't done anything, really.

"Ah, David, good to see you," the redhead said as David climbed inside.

"Thank you, Reed. So nice of you to invite me. I'm looking forward to this," David replied. He looked over at Reed and their eyes twinkled at each other. They shook hands. The driver had closed the door and now assumed the steering wheel. They pulled into traffic.

"I trust you had time to relax after your appointment?" Reed inquired as the limo sped through the Manhattan traffic.

"Yes. Thank you. Had just enough time to freshen up and relax."

The lobby of Sirocco was full. It was a Friday night, after all. But Reed led David directly to the maitre' d who greeted him immediately. "Mr. Walker, your table awaits. This way please."

Reed's good looks and build would have normally been quite enough to elicit stares and double-takes from the diners; but of course, he seemed almost boring next to David.

"Reginald will be serving you tonight, Mr. Walker," the maitre' d said as he seated the two men. "I hope you and your guest..." he looked intently at David, "will have a pleasant evening."

The diner was exquisite. The food delicious, the wine fantastic, the view astounding, and the company refreshing. They talked about the advertising industry, modeling, even football and-- of all things-- farming. Seems Reed had relatives in Oklahoma, and as a child would spend summers on their ranch in the panhandle. Of course David, with his Texas roots, thoroughly enjoyed discussing the land, the animals, and rural life.

As a light dessert was being served, Reed asked David, "Can I interest you in a sightseeing excursion tomorrow? Unless you have other plans..."

David wiped the corner of his mouth with his napkin. "Actually, I've pretty much seen the New York sights. But I don't have any plans for tomorrow. I was just going to look up an old friend or two..."

"Oh," Reed said. "Well, if you have someone to spend the day with..."

"No, I really don't," David smiled. "It was just my backup plan in case a good offer didn't come along. What did you have in mind?"

Now the corners of Reed's mouth curved in a slight smile. "Well, let's see. If you've already seen the sights... How do you feel about a carriage ride through Central Park?"

"Mr. Walker," David smiled, "I do believe you might be a kindred spirit. That sounds like a lovely way to spend an afternoon."

Reed smiled.

The limousine pulled to the curb in front of the Westin Times Square. David turned to his host and said, "Can I invite you up to my room, for a drink?"

Reed flushed; he swallowed hard. "Why, yes. Thank you. I'd like that very much." The driver opened the door and both men got out. Reed gave the driver some instructions and the two men walked past the doorman and into the lobby. David talked to the concierge for a second, and the two men took the elevator to David's suite.

Inside, a single light shined down on the dazzling flowers that Ivan had sent. David turned on the other lights in the room and dimmed them. "I'll have to remember to thank Mr. Dubarko for the flowers. They're just stunning."

Reed smiled. "Ah, the florist worked his usual magic." He cupped a rose in his hand, admiring it.

"Please," David said, motioning for Reed's jacket. The giant had already shed his own. Reed slipped his off and handed it to David. Before David could invite Reed to have a seat there was a knock on the door.

"Room Service."

David opened the door and invited the young man in-- he pushed a linen-draped table that was adorned with small deserts and bottles of wine and hard liquor. David tipped the awe-struck boy and closed the door as he left.

"Can I pour you something?" David inquired.

"Scotch, on the rocks," Reed smiled.

The two men sat in a pair of leather chairs, their glasses tinkling with the sound of ice cubes in liquid, as they each rested their large arms on the arms of the chairs. The conversation was warm. They seemed to really hit

it off; Reed had known about David for years, and had enjoyed seeing him in magazines and on the Internet ever since he had first heard of me mega-model. He knew that working for Dubarko might possibly allow a meeting someday, but he only fantasized about something like this. David's occasional smiles, during conversation, just melted him. He was in a perpetual state of arousal. David's orientation hadn't come up in the conversation, but it was well known that the musclegod was...

"Reed," David said, bringing him out of his daydream.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Reed said. "What were you saying?"

David smiled. "I was saying that I really like this room. The bath area is especially large. I enjoy taking a nice hot bath; don't you?"

"Oh. Why, yes. Indeed."

"You really ought to try out my tub. It's very comfortable," David smiled. "I know it's getting late, but we can always start our day tomorrow a little later." He stood up and motioned Reed to follow. He turned away and started walking. There was really no question as to whether Reed would obey. It was assumed.

And assumed correctly. Reed stood and brought his glass with him, following the broad back, huge shoulders, tight waist and muscular, taut ass that consumed his vision.

"Isn't this nice?" David said, turning on the lights in the bathroom and then dimming them."

"Wow. Very nice."

David approached Reed, took his glass of scotch and placed it on the counter. "I want to thank you again, for such a nice evening. It was so good of Mr. Dubarko to suggest that you take me out."

"Oh, well, Iva-- Mr. Dubarko didn't actually suggest that I take you to dinner. He just asked me to make sure you were comfortable while you were in town. Dinner was my idea."

David smiled. "Well, then, thank you even more. I'm so glad you accommodated my need for companionship." He stepped closer to Reed. His chest was just below his eye level. If he would have been shirtless, Reed could have merely leaned forward and started sucking his nipples.

"My p-- pleasure."

David slowly stepped closer; he put his hands on Reed's upper arms and pulled him close. He bent slightly as Reed stepped on his tippy toes and the two men kissed. Reed's heart raced. David's warm tongue invaded the red-head's mouth and Reed moaned. David wrapped his huge arms around Reed and Reed reciprocated; it was a long, warm embrace, with hands slowly feeling out rippling backs, lats and shoulders. As the kiss broke, Reed panted. David smiled. "Won't you let me draw you a hot bath?"

Reed nodded.

David's powerful, yet gentle embrace broke and he walked to the bathtub and turned on the faucet. He turned back to face Reed. "I took a nice hot bath right before dinner. I'm sure you'll enjoy this."

"Uh. I'm sure I will. And... you?" Reed asked.

"Well," David said as he walked back to Reed, "I was actually thinking of stripping down and practice some posing. I have a few bodybuilding routines I like to keep up on, although I don't compete very much. And I thought maybe you could give me some feedback on some of the modeling poses I'd like to use for the photo shoot next week..."

Reed swallowed hard.

"...while you soak in the tub." David started unbuttoning Reed's shirt. Their eyes locked. David continued releasing each button, then he started pulling Reed's shirt out of his slacks.

Ten minutes later, Reed's very muscular body rested in the steaming water. David had refreshed Reed's scotch, and he took a sip.

"I'll be right in," David called from the bedroom. "I hope you're comfortable. How's the water?"

"Nice. Just wonderful, actually. This is really nice," Reed called back. He moved his leg and arm, and the water sloshed. The oval tub was huge. It was too big for just one person-- perfect for two; but he imagined that David's frame would fill it completely. He looked down at the red hair on his chest and abs. He felt small. Sure, any average man would feel totally intimidated by Reed's huge muscles and 4% body fat. But Reed was in David's presence...

"I hope you're not falling asleep," David said.

Startled, Reed jerked his head to see David enter the room. David had taken off his slacks and wore only a T-shirt and string briefs that barely contained his genitals. The image of all that muscle filling out that thin, white T-shirt was just astounding.

Reed's penis had been under control-- perhaps because of the hot water-- but now, seeing David stand there, with those freakishly massive legs, and his posers filled to overflowing-- and that inhuman cotton-clad upper body-- well, his cock immediately began to swell. He could feel it engorge to full attention. Record time. He tried to think of paper clips; cabbage; fat women-- whatever he could to make his cock settle down. But with David standing there, it was useless. Resistance was futile.

"I figure they'll want to take some partially clothed pictures, don't you think?" David smiled.

"Yeah."

"What do you think?" David stood relaxed, allowing Reed to feast his eyes.

"Un- believ- able," Reed said softly.

David looked down at Reed's steel pipe, throbbing as it rested on his abs. It reclined on a blanket of red that formed a beautiful glory trail on the cobblestone abdominals underneath. "Am I doing that to you?" David asked.

Reed looked down at his pulsing cock. "Uh, yeah. Guess so."

"Thanks," David said. "Thanks for the compliment."

"Bet you get them all the time," Reed smiled up at the gorgeous muscleman.

"Been known to."

Now that it was "out there" in the open, Reed reached for a bar of soap and lathered his hand. As David started to peel his T-shirt off, Reed began soaping up his genitals, slowly stroking himself. David let his shirt drop to the floor. He just stood there. Reed gasped, holding his rod tightly. A muffled "Ughmph" escaped his mouth. The cephalic veins on both his biceps pulsed as he held his cock tightly.

David began a slow, methodical set of poses that seemed designed to blow Reed over the edge. His arms-- in a double-bi shot, his rear lat spread, those incredible quads-- bigger than any muscle Reed had ever seen! Reed's soapy hand stroked his pulsing penis slowly; his mouth open in awe.

David stepped closer, and with a pure look of innocence on his face, said, "You going to be able to hold off for a few minutes? I really wanted to do some posing for you."

Reed breathed heavily and released his grip. His cock dropped with a "thwap" onto his abs.

David lifted both arms and put his hands behind his head. His abs rippled as he tightened his whole body for Reed. He slowly shifted his hips from side to side. As Reed watched in lust, David could feel his cock begin to engorge. He held the pose and drove Reed wild.

"Oh my god," Reed gasped. "You're unbelievable."

David relaxed and dropped his arms to his side. He looked down at his posers and used his fingertips and thumbs to "adjust" them. "I have a hard time finding trunks that fit. Do you think these look okay?" The small patch of fabric barely contained David's cock and balls. In fact, a small portion of his ball sac was clearly visible to Reed.

"Absolutely," Reed said.

David stepped closer to the bathtub. He looked down on Reed and said, "Can you help me adjust them? It's hard to see how to make them cover just right."

He bent his knees slightly and Reed's hand rose to touch the skimpy piece of fabric. Reed's hand trembled. He pulled on the pouch. His thumb slipped under and inside. He pulled some more. David was getting harder.

"Go ahead. Feel the fabric. It's very nice," David prompted.

Reed's hand opened and he cupped David's pouch.

"Just leave it there. Feel how it holds me. It's a very comfortable set of posing briefs. How do they feel to you?"

Reed's trembling hand fondled David's genitals, curling his fingertips around them, testing their weight, lifting them slightly, squeezing oh-so-gently. He could feel David getting hard. "Wow," is all he could get out.

"Hmm," David said innocently. "I think they're gettin' too small." He straightened out his legs and Reed's hand slid down the marble-hard quads. He left it there. David noticed that Reed's other hand had once again found a home and was stroking his cock. "I think I'd better get rid of these. Looks

like you don't have long to go." With that, he grasped the thin string that held the corners of the cock fabric, and snapped it. His string bikini fell to the floor and his massive genitals fell forward.

Reed's mouth was wide. He moaned again as he stroked himself.

David stepped into the tub and placed his feet on each side of Reed's waist, straddling his torso. He looked down at his worshipper and smiled. "Water feels just right. Nice and hot."

Reed's soapy hand stroked long, slow and hard. His other hand grasped David's calf-- bigger than many men's upper legs.

David smiled down. Reed looked up, onto David's growing cock, up over his abs and up onto that magnificent chest. David made his pecs dance very, very slowly. And his cock, still flaccid, thickened.

Reed marveled at it-- a throbbing piece of man meat that even limp was bigger than his own erection. Still he stroked.

David bent his knees, lowering himself. He steadied himself on the tub as his butt lowered to rest on Reed's abdominals. His cock was inches away from Reed's mouth.

Reed stroked harder. The veins on his forearm felt like they would burst. His muscular hand tried to bend and bend his cock as it slowly slid up and down... up and down, but it wouldn't budge; it was the hardest erection he had ever had.

David's fingertips moved his cock until his thick, apple-sized head rested on Reed's chin. As Reed opened his mouth, David bucked his hips forward and Reed raised his head. The redhead's mouth filled with David's head. It was warm, plump and meaty. He immediately tasted a syrupy stream of pre-cum, and he swallowed-- almost gagging for the size of the moist ball in his mouth. He continued to stroke himself. David continued to grow. Reed's mouth felt the pressure of farther insertion. He tried to wrap his lips around the cut, and finally accomplished that goal. David smiled.

The two said no more words for the duration of their bath time together. As Reed's strong hand stroked him to the height of all orgasms, his tender, warm mouth massaged as much of David's cock as possible. His body jerked with the first volley of semen. It squirted up onto David's back. Reed gulped and moaned. Each burst of juice splashed harder and harder onto David's back. Within a few seconds, rivers of white milk cascaded down over the ripples and ridges of David's deeply defined back muscles.

Reed tongued David as he shot. David smiled.

It was the longest orgasm ever, for Reed. So far. The night was still young.

Your feedback is **TOTALLY** encouraged!

Please email me at sean@musclewank.com.

Also, for more of my stories, check out my website: www.musclewank.com.

Thanks!