

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 characters in this story are played by professional, fictional actors and are not intended to represent any real people. Any similarities to actual people are unintentional and should be ignored.]

After a morning breakfast with Ivan, on the glass-enclosed patio, the two men made their way to Ivan's basement. "I have a large studio down here," Ivan said. "But before I show you in, I'd like you to wait in here." He opened the door to a waiting salon. "I have a man in the studio right now-- he's one of the bodybuilders I told you about. We've been taking his picture for the last half hour or so, and I want to capture his reaction-- unrehearsed and genuine-- when he sees you for the first time."

"I see," David said.

"I've supplied you with some posing trunks. There-- on the chair. Can you put them on please? I'll call for you in a few minutes. I'd like you to come into the studio wearing just those trunks-- and nothing else." Ivan surveyed David's huge frame. "That should induce quite a reaction from our champion bodybuilder. Quite a reaction."

"I understand," David smiled. "I'll change into them right away, Ivan."

"Splendid. I'll call for you shortly." He started to leave, then turned back to David. "Oh, and David... feel free to do anything you want with this guy. I really want to see your body compared and featured next to his. You remember what we discussed last night..."

Ivan closed the door and David stood there still-- remembering the conversation they had had late last night. The edges of his mouth turned up slightly in a smile.

He started to undress. There were plenty of mirrors. David found a new kind of pleasure in the anticipation of this photo session. He wondered what the bodybuilder would be like-- what his reaction would be. Certainly, he had intimidated more than his fair share of bodybuilders in his lifetime-- it was unavoidable. But for some reason, this scenario intrigued David. He looked forward to it.

David actually had to step away from the mirrors after a few minutes. Examining his huge physique, along with the anticipation of the bodybuilder's reaction, actually had the effect of starting a minor boner in the huge man. David looked almost embarrassed as he stepped away from the mirror; caught-- by his own self-- growing a woodie, looking at himself and imagining how his huge body would make the champion bodybuilder feel small, and weak.

A knock on the door caused David to turn quickly.

"Mr. McAllister, we're ready for you," an unfamiliar voice said through the door.

David opened the door. A man standing there gasped. His eyes went wide at the sight of David's near nude physique.

"Uh... this way please."

David followed, walking down the hallway clad only in posing trunks. If there had been someone following, he surely would have been overwhelmed by David's broad back, narrow waist and gorgeous muscle butt & legs.

The man stopped at a door, knocked, and opened it. He motioned for David to enter.

And David entered.

A flurry of camera clicks ensued as David strode confidently to a stage area where a very well-built man stood. Scratch that. This guy was stacked! Huge muscles bulged everywhere, and he was lean beyond belief. His six-foot frame must have held 250 pounds of solid muscle. He was enormous, and gorgeous, by normal standards. But David's standards were far from normal.

As David moved to stand next to him, the cameras continued to click-- as well as more than one movie camera. There were about a half-dozen men in the room manning all manner of photo and video equipment. The bodybuilder looked up at David and tried to hold a game-face. But there was just no way-- no way he could act tough enough to stand up to the huge musclemans who stood next to him.

David said nothing. He stood motionless, allowing the cameras to do their best in recording the moment. Then he smiled at the smaller man. As his smile melted away, his chest rose-- at the bodybuilder's eye level. A thicker

than life set of pectorals filled the face of the young bodybuilder, and he could do nothing but stare.

The cameras clicked away.

It was an intense moment of intimidation that this bodybuilder guy could never have imagined coming. His eyes met at David's hairy chest, and they were mesmerized on the hugeness, thickness and pure muscularity of the pectoral muscles. And that hair-- the bodybuilder was well-enmeshed into the competitive bodybuilding culture, and seeing hair on a chest was quite new and different to him. And yet, the idea that "I'm-so-big-I-don't-have-to-shave-to-show-off-my-muscles" that David projected was so erotic-- so hot to the young muscledude. He just stared at the chest that hung in front of him. It was as if it was suspended in air-- floating, as it were, in front of his face. And indeed, David's pecs pushed out so far-- even totally relaxed-- that his nipples nearly faced the ground, and the overhang of his pectoral plate looked like something a rock climber would have had a hard time navigating.

And that was just his chest! David's deltoid and trap development made the bodybuilder depressed with envy. The shoulders that stood before him were way beyond the reach of this guy, and he knew it.

The young bodybuilder had always believed that his arms were his best features. He routinely blew guys away with his mammoth guns. Other guys would practically drool with envy whenever he wore a short-sleeved shirt. Fuck, he had rippling, huge arms.

But looking at David's bazookas made the guy feel faint. He found it difficult to believe how a human could possess guns so huge and well-defined.

Shit.

The guy's eyes moved downward over David's abs-- just amazing. Lower, to his narrow waist-- to his gargantuan legs. And then there was that freaky huge cock in the posers.

"Ken, this is David," a voice from the darkness said. The lights shining on the stage area where the two men stood made it hard to make out who was in the room. But the voice was familiar to David. It was Reed. David looked in the direction of the voice but could see nothing. Nevertheless he smiled in that direction to give a greeting.

"David, this is Ken," Reed continued.

The two men shook hands: David, with his usual confidence; Ken, with a new-found envy.

They broke their handshake and looked into the lights, shading their eyes to peer into the darkness to get further instructions.

"Okay, we're going to be shooting now for an advertiser who manufactures home weight-lifting equipment," a new voice from the darkness said. He must be a director of some kind. "Ken, you're going to represent the man who used the competitor's home machine, and David, you're obviously going to play the man who used our advertiser's machine. We want some shots of you two comparing your muscle size. And just some more candid shots of you, Ken, admiring David's physique."

"That shouldn't be too hard," Reed said softly-- but he could be heard by both David and Ken. "The guy's practically drooling all over him."

"Okay," the director said, "Just start talking to each other. Get to know each other. Feel free to pose for each other.. we'll just start shooting for now."

"Shit, man," Ken said, "you're huge! How come I haven't seen your picture in any muscle magazines?"

David smiled. "Must be looking in the wrong places, dude."

Ken's eyes were wide. Again, he looked at all of David's big, bulging muscles. David looked down at Ken's posing trunks and clearly saw a boner forming. The guy's cock wasn't huge by any means, but it was steadily thickening with every passing moment he stared at David's magnificent physique.

Ken became flustered. He was straight! How could this be happening?

David smiled and put his hand on the smaller guy's shoulder. Any other man would have been blown away by touching Ken's big, full-blown deltoid. But David's hand was huge on it. "It's okay, dude," David comforted. "It's perfectly normal." He raised his other hand and put it on Ken's other shoulder.

Ken looked up into David's piercing sea-blue eyes. God, his face was gorgeous. Ken's boner continued to grow.

"Okay, let's have you give us a one-arm biceps pose, Ken," the director said.

Ken summoned his composure and faced the lights and cameras. He lifted his right arm and flexed it; a huge, beautifully-peaked muscle formed, and

Ken's face seemed to relax as he displayed his pride-and-joy. He seemed to forget his envy, and actually preened a bit for the cameras.

"David, stand behind him."

David obeyed, moving his huge physique behind the bodybuilder. Ken continued to hold his flexed arm up in a tight, hard pose, occasionally lengthening it and then bending it again, causing the vein-lined muscles to bulge. His confidence was only interrupted when David, standing directly behind him, put his big hand on his biceps, feeling it. Ken looked back at David's smiling face.

"Nice arm, dude," David smiled. He felt all around the large, tightly flexed arm. Ken's expression turned from confidence to suspicion. David withdrew his hand and bent his knees just a bit, to get down to Ken's level. "Hold that pose, man," he said. He brought his own, massive arm up and flexed it, right behind Ken's. His giant biceps formed a split peak that was head and shoulders higher than Ken's, while his triceps muscle-- the size of an overstuffed football, clearly hung inches lower than the smaller man's triceps. The whole of David's mammoth arm completely framed Ken's arm. David moved closer to Ken; the hair on his chest brushed against Ken's back.

Ken scoffed and lowered his arm, humiliated. David kept his arm flexed, and lifted his other one and flexed it as well. Ken turned and faced David's unbelievable body and stared-- wide-eyed.

"Come on, dude," David smiled as he posed, "You're supposed to be posing with me, not watching the show."

The cameras clicked and whirred as Ken watched. Finally, Ken turned around and resumed posing, although he wasn't nearly as enthusiastic as he had been.

David started following Ken's poses. Each pose Ken struck, David matched-- pose for pose, completely out-gunning him at every turn.

"Okay," the director's voice from behind the cameras interrupted, "Ken, turn and face David again, but this time, let us see some of your face-- just part of the side of it. Look at him, but turn your head a bit so we can see your reaction."

Ken obeyed, reluctantly. David resumed posing: double bi, most-muscular, side-bi, chest, lat-spread. Then David tugged down on his skimpy posing trunks, exposing just a bit of his manicured pubes and maybe even a tad of the trunk of his massive cock. Then he put both hands behind his head and

spread his lats into two overwhelming wings, tightened his abs, exhaled, and grinned.

Ken looked in awe.

"That's great David," the director said. Cameras clicked. "Now, Ken. Put your hands on David's abs."

Ken turned around and glared at the voice in the dark.

"It's okay, dude. Just do it."

Ken turned back to David and looked at the twin rows of abdominal muscles that could have easily been mistaken for river rocks aligned in a perfect wall of soft, black hair that formed his glory trail. The individual mounds of muscle were each enough to fill Ken's palms. He put his hand on one of them, then raised his other hand to a mound opposite.

Some of the cameras moved to the side of the room to catch the encounter.

Ken's hands moved softly over the rock-hard muscles. David slowly twisted his hips, occasionally smiling, giving Ken more than his money's worth.

Ken's large arms bulged with rippling mounds of muscle as his fingers felt their way over the ridges and valleys of David's stomach.

"Okay, move your hands slowly Ken, up over the abs; all the way up to his pecs. I want you to pause just under his chest."

Ken did as he was told-- and more. His hands and fingers moved up and down, back and forth, slowly, over the mounds as David flexed for him. Ken was starting to pop a boner, too, although he was so distracted with David's torso that he hadn't noticed yet. Finally his hands made it up to the top of the two rows of abdominal muscle. His fingertips paused under the overhang of David's unbelievably massive chest. Ken's face was level with David's luxuriously carpeted pectoral muscles. David lowered his arms and stood relaxed, to let Ken take in the whole of the inhumanly-sized chest that dominated his field of vision.

"Alright, Ken. Go ahead. Start feeling your way around those babies. Slowly move your hands up onto David's chest. Knock yourself out, dude."

Just the thought of it made Ken even harder; and as his fingers felt their way into the hair of David's pecs, and his palm started to feel out the mammoth plates of muscle Ken's penis actually popped out of his posers, a thick

bead of precum dribbling off his piss slit. He was totally mortified, and made like he was going to shove himself back in, but was rudely interrupted by the director.

"No, Ken. Just leave it. Keep your hands on David's pecs. Don't worry about your shorts."

David looked down and smiled, comfortingly. "Don't worry, dude. I have that effect on guys all the time. Thanks for the compliment." His beautiful blue eyes somehow comforted Ken, and the bodybuilder relaxed and continued his feel. His hands slowly moved outward, and then back; fingers buried themselves in the gorge that separated the mountains; palms brushed over David's nipples, causing the giant to inhale quickly. Ken stopped and squeezed the warm, hard pec muscles. David let out a sigh.

More feeling; more caressing. More cameras clicking; more videos running.

"You got really nice hands, Ken," David smiled.

"Shit..." Ken whispered.

David slowly started flexing his pecs for Ken's hands. You could see Ken's cock start to bob as he began breathing heavily. Fuck, the feeling of all that muscle, erotically and slowly moving and flexing right underneath his fingers-- it was just more than the guy could bear. His precum drooled and fell to the floor. His balls, still constrained under the posers, churned with desire.

David looked down at his admirer's engorged penis; it was straining to break free of the posers, poking out awkwardly through one leg of Ken's trunks. "Here. Let me help you with that, dude," David smiled. He took both hands and started pulling down Ken's posing trunks. When they got caught up on Ken's dick, David gently took it in one hand and moved it so that he could take them all the way off. As he released it, it sprang against his chest with a "thwak," splashing clear precum. David shimmied the trunks down over Ken's huge legs, first the left, then the right-- back and forth, until they were free of the thick, striated quad muscles. Then he let them fall to Ken's ankles. Ken stepped out of them, never taking his hands off David's chest.

David stood tall again, and the worship session resumed. "There, that's better," he smiled.

Some audible moans and expletives could be heard from the cameramen.

David looked down at Ken's now-free cock, which stood at full attention. "Looks like that's a lot more comfortable." He took one hand and placed it on Ken's balls, and then curled his fingers around the base of the trunk. Slowly, David gave Ken one long, slippery stroke, and then returned his hand to his side. "Yeah," he smiled. "Feels pretty comfortable to me." He looked down at Ken's throbbing hard-on and grinned even more. "Geez, dude. You got it bad."

Ken, lost in a new-found lust for muscle, had held his breath as David had slowly stroked him. And now, he let the breath out, nearly fainting with the stimulation. His hands continued to stroke David's pectorals, feeling every inch. David flexed them more in slow, continuous waves.

After about two minutes, David could see in Ken's eyes that it was time. He moved his hand once again onto Ken's aching cock, and grasped it very lightly. His large hand held it-- still-- just at the mid-point of the shaft. Pre-cum quickly oozed out of the piss slit and started streaming down, over David's thumb.

With just the slightest, gentle downward pressure on Ken's shaft-- almost imperceptible-- David brought the bodybuilder to climax. He held his hand still, sensually squeezing, yet not too hard. He could feel Ken's racing heart-beat in the dick. He held it still, motionless. As Ken's cock burst forth with ropes of cum, he gasped and groaned. His hands tightened on David's large pecs, and David hardened both of them to meet the resistance. They steeled into rock. Ken's hands continued to feel them out.

His cock blasted David's abs and chest with his love offering.

As Ken caught his breath, David leaned forward. Taking Ken's cheek with his free hand, he gently began kissing the bodybuilder. Ken moaned. David's tongue began to explore. Ken's orgasm was reinvigorated, and his cock renewed its creamy ejaculations with vigor.

The cameras continued to click as the two men embraced in erotic passion.

When all was said and done, the musclemen parted. A few splotches of cum were on Ken's torso, but the bulk of it was embedded in the hair of David's chest and abs. What wasn't caught by the hair dribbled downward in white rivulets over and between the cobblestone wall of his abdominal muscles.

Ken's cock began to lower.

David's posers had grown bigger, but he was still contained.



“Awesome,” the director called from the darkness. “That was just awesome.”

Attendants approached the stage area and started wiping off David’s milky torso as he stood perfectly still. Ken was handed a large towel, which he quickly wrapped around his waist. Someone handed him his posers as well. The director came up to Ken and spoke softly to him. After a few seconds, the two of them walked into the darkness, the director’s arm around Ken’s broad shoulder.

Your feedback is **TOTALLY** encouraged!

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Thanks!