

David and Brad in the Gym ch.1

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.]

CHAPTER ONE

Brad tried with all his might to keep it down, but he loved the fact that he was losing that battle. He let his eyes move slowly up and down his vast, muscular physique in the mirror. And no matter how hard he tried, the more he looked at himself, the more he got aroused.

His blood pumped faster and faster throughout his body; the epinephrine and serotonin flooded his cells. He could sense his breathing depth increasing. His chest rose with each breath-- and he liked what he saw. Man, did he like it. Yet he wanted to be able to maintain control. He wanted to look away-- that was just about the only way he could relax and stop his excitement, but the whole point was to be able to *look* at himself, and enjoy his body, without getting stimulated. How he wanted that control.

Control-- like David had. Shit, that guy had unbelievable control, in every way: Obvious self-discipline, the ability to resist all kinds of temptations (Brad had practically thrown himself at David, but the musclegod only indulged when *he* wanted to), strict diet, relentless discipline in working out. In truth, David had *everything* Brand wanted.

Brad allowed his fingertips to venture into his pubes and he let all of his breath out, flexing and twisting just slightly. His veins popped out. He looked down at his big cock-- it had been pumping and thickening despite his concerted effort to resist himself. Now, he could see it throbbing as it grew. God, he wanted to touch it.

He briefly closed his eyes. *Concentrate!* he told himself. He opened his eyes again and began to stare at his cock, trying to *will* it into submission: *Rest. Relax. Down.* Still, it throbbed, and it glistened. Brad looked up from it, and his huge upper body tightened for his eyes. More cock-throbs. He held

his breath, trying to enjoy the muscular feast before him, while commanding himself to become limp. He resumed breathing, but this time with shallow, almost panicked breaths.

His cock began to lower. He nearly stared a hole through it. Still lower. Brad winced out a small, hopeful turn-up of the corners of his mouth. He closed his eyes in a long blink.

But then, as he opened his eyes, standing behind him, if only in Brad's imagination, was David. Nude.

Huge.

Unbelievably huge.

He was taller, wider, thicker and more ripped than Brad. Brad closed his eyes to make his imagination come in line, but it was no use. The image had been planted-- retrieved from a previous encounter with the gorgeous giant-- and was now indelibly carved on the inner wall of his mind. David wasn't going away.

Brad's breathing increased again as he imagined David moving close to his back, hovering, as it were, behind and above him-- dwarfing his award-winning physique with more muscles than were possible on a man. David's soft chest hair bristled against Brad's back and neck. Then the blond man felt one of David's nipples against his shoulder.

Brad's cock was now hopelessly erect, and dripping with precum. Once again Brad closed his eyes-- hard-- trying to squint David out of existence. David gently took hold of Brad's shoulders. He didn't smile, but his expression was one of pleasure, mixed with knowing dominance-- as if he were thinking to Brad, *You can't resist me, and we both know it.* David moved his cheek to Brad's neck and nuzzled. As Brad's hand moved up and down his torso, feeling his own thick chest, tight abs and pubic hair, Brad imagined it was David's hand. Their joint hand slowly moved onto Brad's stiff cock. It was so stiff that it hurt. A big, thick, clear drop of fluid fell out of the helmet and onto the hardwood floor below.

Their hand gave it one long, soft stroke. And that's all it took. With a shot that echoed throughout Brad's changing room, splattering with such intensity that it could have been heard out in his bedroom, had anyone been out there, Brad's jism began to spray onto the reflection. His whole body jerked hard. Then he shot another volley. And another.

He had once again failed.

And this time, as was often the case, it was David's fault.

Damn that David, Brad thought as he squeezed his balls and pulled downward on the skin of his blasting dick. He put his free hand outward and steadied himself with the wall; his knees were wobbly. God, this was one *intense* orgasm! Brad looked at his cock as it just *sprayed* the floor-length mirror with jism once again. He jerked out one last shot, and then looked back up at his reflection. A semi-transparent image behind him in the mirror, barely smiled. Actually, it wasn't a smile at all. David didn't need to smile. He just watched. From somewhere, David placed a cigar in his mouth, and then slowly lit it. He looked back at Brad, staring.

Brad blinked his eyes. *GodDamn, David. Leave.*

As if to say, *I'll leave when I'm good and ready*, imaginary David took another long drag from his cigar, still staring at Brad. He blew the smoke out of his mouth slowly, and then became more and more transparent. Finally, there was no more reflection of him in the mirror. There was no trace of David.

Except for a distinct smell of cigar smoke wafting through Brad's dressing room.

... to be continued.

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