

Chapter 1.5

2023—0205 Note: I don't know how this fits into the story; I just found it in the file and thought I'd include it. It might be a repeat of what was already included in the main chapters. Too over-worked to re-read it all. You understand, don't you? —Seanny

The empty beer bottle stared back at Brad. The muscular blond with the flat-top haircut looked up at the bartender and ordered another. As the bartender sat the bottle on the lacquered bar top, he couldn't hide his amazement, shaking his head as he talked. "How in hell do you put those things down like that, and look like *that*?" His eyes made reference to the body-builder muscles that bulged under Brad's tightly fitting black polo shirt.

Brad smiled just a bit and shrugged his shoulders without offering an explanation.

The bartender continued shaking his head as he walked away.

Normally, this kind of attention would have bolstered Brad's spirits. Indeed, more than likely, whenever Brad went out in public, *someone* said *something* expressing awe and respect for Brad's body. And secretly, Brad fed on this public adoration. He had gotten quite used to it, for sure; and he had become somewhat dependent on it. But tonight, his night off from his job at the gym, Brad found himself pretty much sulking-- trying to drown his sorrows in alcohol. And why, the curious reader might ask, was our protagonist in such a funk? In a word: David.

Ever since David had moved into town, the white-hot spotlight of public adulation toward Brad had begun to dim. Brad, heretofore the constant object of everyone's idolatry, had been suddenly-- and summarily-- replaced as the town's reigning perfect muscleman. David was taller, wider, heavier, more muscular, more proportional, more handsome, more ripped, and just about any other "more" you could imagine. And Brad knew it. Worse, everyone else knew it.

"God, that guy's bigger than *you* are!" was one of the more familiar comments Brad had been hearing.

So here Brad sat, on a Friday night, at a packed bar, nursing his deflated self-esteem with his fourth bottle. The many hushed exclamations of the

other patrons, including the bartender's statement, did little to console him. It's funny, but no matter how good you look, when you know there's someone else who's better, well... it was pretty hard for Brad to swallow. Every bit of praise he got for his body he dismissed with the thought, *Yeah, but if you saw David, you wouldn't be as impressed.*

As true as that statement was, it was also true that all eyes were currently on *his* own hugely muscular body. There wasn't a guy in the bar who wasn't envious of Brad to some extent; and there wasn't a woman in the place who wasn't lusting about what that blond god sitting at the bar would be like in bed-- all those huge rippling muscles!

As Brad took another swig from the bottle and sat it back down, the feeling in the bar suddenly changed. He couldn't put his finger on it-- the music in the background was the same, the lighting was the same... But somehow something had just changed. The talking. Yeah, that was it. The volume of the many conversations taking place in the bar had suddenly gone down a few decibels. Brad turned, slowly, to see what was going on. As he turned, he got a very sick feeling in his stomach. A painful, cold pit in his stomach.

It was David.

Oh, God, it was David.

Entering the room, the huge body drew stares like a magnet. Many people stopped talking all together. Whispers started circulating. This was something like what Brad experienced whenever he entered a room, but with David, it was everything Brad got, *times two*. Maybe *times three*, because of the fact that Brad was already there in the room and had clearly been the de facto king of muscle bodies; and now he had just been dethroned. A few eyes looked back and forth between David and Brad, and Brad could see what was happening. They were assessing; judging; measuring; comparing. And to a person, Brad could see the unanimous conclusion. The winner of the comparisons was David.

Perhaps the most inimical aspect of David's appearance in the bar was the fact that Brad wholeheartedly *agreed* with everyone else's assessment: David was better. Better by far. And the pit in Brad's stomach threatened to swallow the entire universe like a black hole.

David wore a white mesh tank top that was virtually see-through, leaving very little to the imagination, which was a good thing because the imagination could in no way have conjured up anything half as good as the real

thing. That hairy chest just filled the tank with monster muscles. And under the narrow, tucked bottom of the mesh, twin rows of abdominal muscles bulged with David's every step. This writer could go on and on about David's other inhumanly muscular qualities, but suffice it to say that *everyone* in the room, including Brad, was quite smitten with lust for David.

Although new in town-- only moved there a few months ago-- David made friends quickly (duh); and as he casually moved through the crowd he occasionally stopped to acknowledge some people he knew. Some of the braver souls made direct comments about how he looked, and he took each compliment with grace and humility. Occasionally he'd laugh it off, sometimes he'd give out a genuine, "Thank you." He turned down two requests to lift his arm and flex, but finally by the third time someone asked, he acquiesced-- to the sound of gasps all over the room.

"*Fuck,*" Brad thought. He was torn. "*God, that is the mother-fuckin' biggest biceps I've ever seen!*" was his first reaction. It was quickly tempered by "*that bastard.*"

But as David approached the bar, almost all of Brad's hostile thoughts melted into genuine, hopeless lust and idolatry. All those muscles! Those gorgeous, ripped, huge muscles.

David seemed genuinely friendly, and despite his body, not conceited, if that was possible. Lots of bodybuilders kind of ignore anyone who might present any kind of competition-- an effort to put on the "game face"-- and Brad was frequently guilty of that. But as David got close to Brad he looked right into the blond's eyes.

Deep, yet vibrant and bright blue eyes pierced Brad's soul. David smiled, glanced at the empty seat next to Brad, then asked, "Mind if I join you?"

"Sure," Brad answered. "I-- I mean, not at all. Uh, have a seat."

"Thanks," David said as he mounted the stool. He looked up at the bartender, who had completely abandoned any other task he might otherwise have been doing, in order to service David. "Heineken, please," David said. The bartender looked like he was disappointed that the conversation was so short, but eventually he unglued his eyes from David's physique and turned to get the beer.

David turned his face to Brad. "How's it goin' man?" he asked Brad.

"Good. Can't complain. Well, I could, but no one would listen anyway," Brad offered. Shit, he couldn't believe he just spewed out that overused cliché.

"True enough," David nodded.

"Don't think I've seen you in here before."

"Naw-- my first time here," David said. "Just moved to town a month or so ago. Finally got unpacked and settled in my place, so I thought I'd start venturing out and exploring the social scene," he smiled.

The bartender placed a green beer bottle in front of David. "You want me to start a tab?"

"Sure, man. Thanks."

"And your name?"

"David," the musclegod smiled.

"Thanks," the bartender said, turning away.

"And what's your name?" David asked, stopping the bartender.

He turned back around and extended his hand, "Jesse."

"Glad to meet you Jesse," David said. "You have a nice place here. You'll probably be seeing a lot more of me. Really nice place here."

"Good. I'll look forward to that," Jesse said as they shook. He didn't want to let go of David's hand, but finally he released and went his way.

"Name's Brad," the blond stud said as he took his turn shaking David's strong hand. The pain of envy in Brad's stomach turned soft and warm as they shook. In fact, as they released, Brad began to sense a powerful stirring in his crotch. *God almighty, that guy is gorgeous.*

They exchanged small talk and sipped their beers for the next 20 minutes. Occasionally someone would call out to David-- usually someone he already knew, but sometimes it would be a complete stranger admiring his build. Whenever David turned to acknowledge someone, Brad would take the opportunity to run his eyes up and down David's physique, taking in as much as he could of his impossible body. With every examination, no matter how

short, Brad's lust increased and his cock hurt more. His facial expression, however, belied his lust; he was a master of the game face.

It was at this point that someone approached David and placed his hand on David's shoulder. "Dude," the guy said. "I got a bet going with three guys in that booth over there that you'll take your shirt off and hit some poses for us if I ask."

David turned around and smiled. "Sorry, man. You know the saying, 'no shoes, no shirt, no service.' I don't want to get kicked out, dude."

"Aw come on, man," the guy smiled. It was clear he had been drinking quite a while. "Ol' Jesse here isn't going to throw you out for just a minute or two of showing off."

David shyly looked down at the ground for just a second. "Naw, but thanks for the compliment, man."

Jesse had heard the interchange and stepped closer to where David was sitting. "Hey, man, don't let me stop you," he offered.

"See?" the guy grinned. He lifted his hand and pointed at Jesse, "See? he's not going to kick you out. Come on, man. You know everyone wants to see what you got." He glanced around the bar, and the people closest, who had been able to hear the interchange nodded and prodded.

Just before the gathered crowd was about to break into spontaneous chanting, David stood and faced the guy directly. The guy was obviously built, but David just *towered* over him in every way. The giant looked down at the guy and said politely, but emphatically, "Thanks for asking, man. But I'm not taking off my shirt." He stood there silently, and his demeanor clearly communicated that he would not be entertaining and further requests.

The surrounding crowd, although not completely silent, was immediately persuaded that David was serious, as was the guy, who with a quick, "Okay, man. No problem," slunked back to his booth, his tail between his legs, as it were.

David sat back down and ordered another beer, "And one for my friend here," he said, motioning to Brad.

"Thanks, man," Brad responded. Although Brad had gotten many requests similar to what David had just experienced, he had never had a whole room

full of people nearly riot over his body, as had David just now. Brad made a passing nod at the people behind David and said, "So, you giving second thoughts to what you said about coming back here?" He smiled as he talked.

David grinned too. "Naw, not at all. I get that a lot. You get used to it." David looked at Brad and continued, "Shit, man, you must know what I'm talking about. You're pretty built yourself."

Pretty built. *Pretty built.* Inside, Brad could feel himself seething. "Well, yeah, I do. But I've never caused a riot, like you almost did."

David laughed. "Well, like I said, you get used to it."

You get used to causing riots because you're so powerfully built? Brad's seething intensified.

Brad's arm bulged as he took a swig of his freshly-delivered beer-- an act that would usually have garnered stares, but with David standing next to him, hardly anyone noticed.

The two men finished their beers.

"Well, I guess I'd better be getting home. Need to finish my laundry," David finally said as he stood. He hailed Jesse and paid his tab, turned to Brad and shook his hand again, then began to make his way out of the bar.

Finish your laundry?

As David walked through the room, he diverted over to the booth where the guy and his friends were sitting. Brad could tell the guy looked a little nervous as David approached, but even though he couldn't hear the conversation this far away, it was apparent that David was being friendly, and even joking with the guys. By the time he left, David had shaken the hand of the guy; and all of the other guys were smiling and responding very favorably to whatever David had said.

David left the bar and Brad turned to finish the last drink from his beer. It took only about 30 seconds to finish his beer and clear his tab with Jesse, and then he turned around to leave-- just in time to see the last guy from the booth group going out the door. Brad's eyes snapped to the booth. It was empty.

Hmmm, Brad thought.

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"Nice place, man," Jeff said as the guys entered David's condo. "Really a sweet flat, man."

"Thanks," David smiled. "Make yourselves at home. You guys want a drink?"

Although they had all had more than enough of their share of drinks that night, in unison they accepted David's offer.

David brought out four bottles and distributed them among his guests. He leaned down to each guy, allowing them to experience his size quite closely.

"Fuck," Jeff said as he took his first sip of beer, "I've never seen a guy built like you. You must win every contest you enter!"

David didn't answer directly; he waited for a second while the guys drank, and then said, "Who wants to take it off me?"

The guys looked perplexed.

"You want to see, you're going to have to do a little work, guys. Who wants to take off the tank?"

Jeff, the guy who had approached David in the bar and was the obvious ring-leader, stood up. David smiled and moved his hands out from his body just slightly so as to offer Jeff room to work. Jeff hesitated. He didn't really know what to do. David slowly took a step toward Jeff, then another, so that now they were practically touching. David's massive chest hovered right in front of Jeff's face. "Go ahead," he said softly. "I won't bite."

Still, Jeff just couldn't bring himself to undress another man, especially right here in front of his homies. David pulled a few inches of mesh fabric out of the front of his pants, then gently took Jeff's hands and brought the smaller man's fingertips to the mesh. With that coaxing, Jeff took over and slowly started lifting and pulling more of David's tank top out. It took some time, and in the end Jeff wasn't able to finish the task without David's substantial help, but the tank top did come off. It seemed to take, like, maybe, 15 seconds for the tank top to hit the floor from the moment it left David's finger-

tips-- that's how slow time was moving. Jeff stood close to David, not backing up-- frozen in awe.

One of the other guys mumbled something like "Holy shit," and the others concurred.

David, also not moving away, smiled down at Jeff. "So, what did you want to see first?" David asked.

Jeff could only swallow hard.

David slowly began to ripple his pectoral muscles, only inches from Jeff's eyes. He pushed his arms downward, allowing his traps to grow, and began to tighten-- everything-- into the most unreal "most-muscular" pose any of the guys had ever seen.

Instinctively, Jeff lifted his hands and placed them on David's traps. The giant seemed amenable to Jeff's advances-- he held the flex longer. He grinned at Jeff and his sapphire eyes nearly blinded him. Jeff's shaking hands moved outward to David's deltoids. David bent over just a bit, affording Jeff a better feel, then he stood up straight, pretty much ensuring that Jeff's hands would move down onto his enormous chest. As Jeff's hands began to move inward and outward all over the soft carpet of hair that covered David's pecs, he couldn't keep from moaning. "Fuuuck," he whispered.

David's soft, friendly eyes continued to invite Jeff to enjoy himself, yet in the corner of his eye, in his peripheral vision, he could see that more than one of Jeff's friends was having to adjust his pants.

As for Jeff, he was going to need some serious coaxing to persuade him to remove his hands from feeling out David's chest. Perhaps a lifted biceps would do the trick.

It did.

"Shit!" one of the guys said as David's upper arm bent and formed a split-peak mountain of muscle. The bowling-ball sized arm flexed and rippled, and Jeff's hand rose to the occasion. "Oh my god," another guy said.

But then, David lowered his arm, gently took Jeff's hand and opened the palm. David hand moved Jeff's onto his abs, where Jeff's fingers began to explore the mounds and valleys of the twin rows. Then, slowly, David moved Jeff's palm lower-- and even lower, onto his belt-- and then-- lower.

Jeff trembled as David, without any resistance from his admirer, moved his palm even lower, so that now it came to rest on the giant's crotch. David tightened his grip over Jeff's hand and squeezed. They squeezed together. David released his grip and let go of Jeff. Jeff kept his hand there.

At that point, David began posing again and Jeff continued to squeeze David's growing crotch.

One of the guys watching took his shirt off and started to unzip his pants.