

# Jase

*by Sean Reid Scott*

Jase gently rubbed the inside of his thigh as he gazed out over the beach.

The sun was moving lower. The crowd was still in full-force, however.

There was plenty of eye candy around, not the least of which was Jase himself.

The man was nothing short of perfect. Just huge, young, blonde, ripped and-- well, like I said-- perfect. He glanced over at the volley ball game, still lightly stroking his massive, shaved leg on the inside. He slowly looked back at the guy. Yep. He was still staring. Was he actually licking his lips?

Jase stopped his hand and let it just hang there, next to his genitals. He gave the guy a slight smile. The guy looked away, obviously embarrassed.

The cat-and-mouse game continued for awhile.

The guy, sitting about 20 feet away, was certainly no slouch either. In fact, it could be argued that the two best-built, best-looking guys on the beach had found each other that day. Obviously experienced in some heavy bench press workouts, the guy's pecs were round, hard and thick. And his arms-- well, it was those two bazookas that necessitated Jase to stop rubbing his leg; he was getting too turned on, and he needed to dial it back in order to keep from growing.

"You want to cool off in the water?" Jase's girlfriend interrupted. Amelia was in the lounge chair next to the musclegod. She stretched, waking from a light nap.

Jase pondered the question. He had two options: 1) Get up with Amelia and walk toward the surf-- in a trajectory that would take him close to the guy, an opportunity that seemed desirable. 2) Let Amelia go by herself, and perhaps engage the guy in more eye contact-- another good possibility.

In the end, Jase opted for the walk. He acknowledged Amelia's idea and the two of them stood. All of the het guys at the beach immediately lifted their sunglasses, taking in the magnificent beauty of Amelia's young, sensual

body. Jase would be seen with nothing less than the most beautiful woman available.

All of the gay guys at the beach (and the women, and a few of the straight ones) lifted their sunglasses to take in the astounding magnificence of Jase. *Stunning* was an anemic description of the man. His broad shoulders, gigantic arms, thick chest and massive legs were unrivaled. His abs could bring you to tears.

Even *the guy* knew he was hopelessly beaten. But truthfully he didn't care. On the contrary, his heart raced as Jase and the other person approached, and then passed. He told himself he wasn't going to turn his head to follow Jase's passing, but he couldn't help it. There was just no making his neck obey his brain. His body mutinied, and his heart and genitals had overthrown the brain, taking control of everything. Including his cock, which began to thicken.

And again, his heart raced. He could feel it pound in his chest.

Jase walked without strutting; Guys built half as good as him usually strutted. But for whatever reason, or however possible, Jase didn't strut-- he glided. He seemed confident, but somehow he didn't seem stuck on himself. How a person can have that mindset with *that* body seemed impossible, but nevertheless that's the impression he gave.



Jase was completely aware of the many eyes that followed him as he and Amelia walked toward the water. He especially enjoyed the eyes of *that guy*. And as Jase passed him, he looked at him. And smiled.

Ten minutes in the water and the two made their way back to their chairs. The guy had abandoned his lounge chair and had spread his blanket on the sand, now lying face down, for reasons obvious to the reader.

At this point, Amelia began applying sun lotion to Jase's broad, thick shoulders and back, affording all on the beach with a delightful, tantalizing show. Her petite fingers gently massaged Jase, and more than one sun

worshipper changed their allegiance right then and there. He closed his eyes, obviously enjoying the fingers as they moved over his muscles, which only gave more pleasure to the now-gawking beach-goers.

The guy had his head turned toward Jase and Amelia as he lied on the blanket, which did nothing to help subdue his "problem." In fact, he had to interrupt himself more than once-- forcing his muscular ass cheeks to relax and *not* push his boner against the blanket. Finally, in desperation, he turned his head the other way, and made every effort to think about algebra-- or brands of chewing gum-- or *anything*.

Out of the corner of his eye, Jase saw the guy, and smiled to himself. When Amelia was done, they both reclined once again.

The guy fell asleep briefly, and this quelled his erection problem. When he awoke, he was on his back again, only mildly awake. The surf in the background provided ambient sound to keep him in a daze and occasionally a muffled child's joyful scream or a far-off muted holler from the volleyball game punctuated his awareness. That is, until he sensed something block the sunshine. He opened his eyes slightly to see what was casting the shadow.

"I'm Jase," the towering figure smiled. "Mind if I join you?"

The guy was at once horrified and jubilant. *What the hell is HE doing at my blanket?* He sat up on one elbow, but his efforts at maintaining a relaxed demeanor were fruitless. "Uh-- sure." He looked over at Jase and his girlfriend's lounge chairs. Both were empty. "Your girlfriend?"

"Aw-- she was getting sunburned. Went back up to the room," Jase said as he sat down with his legs folded.

"Oh," the guy said. "Uh-- I'm Bryan."

Jase extended his hand and they shook. Bryan sat up all the way now. They faced each other as they sat.

What happened next was nothing short of amazing.

"I wanted to ask you a question," Jase smiled.

"Shoot."

"Would you mind lying on your back again?"

Bryan was puzzled, but for some reason he almost immediately complied with the request. And then, Jase slowly moved *on top of him!* Bryan couldn't believe what was going on. Even more, he couldn't believe he wasn't doing anything to prevent it! Jase lowered his Herculean body onto Bryan. The two gazed into each others' eyes for a second before Jase moved his lips onto Bryan's.

Bryan had never kissed a guy before.

Jase had, and he knew how to do it.

Bryan found his hands move onto Jase's massive back. Up and down-- slowly. Then they kept moving down, and soon found themselves on top of Jase's hard, round globes.

Jase propped himself on his elbows and kept exploring Bryan's mouth.

For some reason, Bryan didn't even give a thought to what the others on the beach were thinking. If he had, he would have been distracted with the possibility that mothers were gathering their children and leaving in disgust-- guys were laughing and pointing-- girls were watching with curious, puzzled faces.

Jase gently pushed his genitals against Bryan's, and the smaller man moaned. They kept on like this for a few minutes before Jase finally rolled to one side and broke the kiss. He looked into Bryan's panicked eyes, and resumed kissing. The two embraced, feeling the bulging muscles of the other, gently moaning, stroking and panting.

Eventually, Jase took one hand and palmed Bryan's trunks, right where it mattered. It was the goddamned hardest cock Jase had ever felt. He kept his hand there, pressing in a slow, steady rhythm.

Bryan's breathing became harder, and heavier.

Jase finally did what Bryan was praying he'd do-- he slowly moved his hand onto Bryan's abs, then slid his fingertips inside the trunks. Jase pushed his hand inside and wrapped his strong fingers around the cock, stroking it.

Eventually, Jase pulled the trunks down to Bryan's thighs. He put his thumb on the base, burying it in Bryan's pubes, and fulcrummed the cock in to the air. It dripped with pre-cum. It visibly throbbed.

Jase put his lips on the head and kissed it. He began licking it with long, slow, wet strokes. More licks. Long wet ones.

Bryan was getting closer and closer. He had only *dreamed* something like this-- something so erotic and powerful-- was possible.

Jase's arm bulged near Bryan's face as he held the smaller man's cock up, licking and licking it. Then his lips separated at the purple head and the cock moved into the musclegod's mouth. Slowly.

Very slowly.

Jase went down halfway, then back up, raking his teeth on it as he went.

Bryan groaned with pleasure. He arched his back.

Jase went down on it again. This time, he went all the way down, enveloping the steel shaft in his mouth. He twisted his face on it, scruffing the pubes with his lips. Jase had no gag reflex-- an advantage of years of experience at this. The cock pressed against the back of Jase's throat. Jase held it there. He massaged Bryan's cock with his tongue, coaxing the organ closer and closer to an amazing climax.

Suddenly, Bryan yelled out. His cock began spurting hard, powerful volleys of cum against Jase's throat.

Or... was the throat there?

From the their lounge chairs, Jase and Amelia looked over at *the guy*. Their eyes went wide as they saw what was causing him to call out. The whole beach seemed to stop.

The guy, his eyes closed-- in some kind of stupor-- had his swimming trunks pulled down to his thighs; he held himself as he erupted long ropes of semen into the air. His back arched and he pressed ejaculation after hard ejaculation of his cum out of his cock. It came in big spurts, settling on his abs and pubic hair.

"Oh my god!" some volleyball dude said.

Some people laughed. Some swore. Amelia just watched in stunned silence, as did most of the other people around the guy.

Jase forced down a grin.

