

Magazine Man

Chapter 1

by Sean Scott

[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

I love coming here to the local coffee house. I could just as easily do my work at home, but I need to get out of the place sometimes. So, I bring my laptop down here and park it at a table to do some web work and writing.

Last week while I was sipping coffee and cleaning up my website a good looking guy came in, ordered something to drink and sat down. He was not real tall, but he was solid, with a wrestler's build-- maybe even a little more buff than your average wrestler. He was carrying a magazine that he had apparently taken from the bookstore that houses this coffee house. He received his hot drink and sat down.

Yeah, under that jacket, you could tell he had some nice stuff going on. As he sat down, I could see his lats push out against the coat. He leaned forward as he lowered himself into his chair and, yeah, he had some wings. He took out some glasses from his inside coat pocket and put them on. Shit, they made him look cute-- kinda smart. He opened his magazine and started browsing through the pages. I couldn't tell what kind of magazine it was, but from my vantage point, I knew I'd be able to determine the kind of stuff he like to look at in just a few minutes. I could see the sides of the pages as they fell into place.

It only took about four or five flips through the pages for me to determine that it was a bodybuilding magazine. Steroid-enhanced arms and torsos ripped to shreds were on each page. He looked like he was planning on reading (or at least checking out) every page from front to back!

He had very short hair; looked to be in his late 20's, maybe just a tad over 30. He had an easy-going demeanor, and he wasn't distracted by anything that the coffee house had to offer. He wanted to have some quiet, quality time with his muscle magazine.

A wedding band graced his left ring finger. Initially, my heart always sinks when I see this, but it's also kind of hot to know that there's some woman out there who knows what it's like to enjoy the guy. And, I've learned through the years that being married rarely has any bearing on what a guy is interested in, in the pleasure department. You'd be amazed at how many married guys don't mind that occasional blow job, and many don't care whether the lips that surround their cock belong to a female or male.

I sat to his left, watching his profile as he looked at the glossy pages. At first he seemed to just look at the pictures, but shortly he stopped turning the pages and began to read.

I tried to burn a hole in the side of his head with my gaze, just to see if he was aware of me; but either his peripheral vision wasn't that good, or he was just really a focussed individual. He never looked up from his read.

He seemed to finish the story and move on, looking at some pictures again. I wondered what went through his mind as he gazed upon the colossae-- the Herculean bodies that lay there just for him to see. I wondered if he thought, "Shit, I wish I was that big," or some such thing. Or maybe he was seriously culling information to help in his workouts.

Yeah, it was becoming more and more apparent that he worked out. His arms, though not a threat to Ronnie Coleman or anything, certainly filled out the sleeves of his jacket, and he also had the mark of a REAL bodybuilder-- legs. Again, they weren't huge, but they were certainly developed more than your average joe-- even your average joe gym rat.

I remember when I used to look at the bodybuilding magazines-- before I found enough confidence to do it openly-- I was scared that people would know I was lusting at the guys, so I did it surreptitiously. This guy obviously didn't have that problem. He just sat there in front of God and everyone, enjoying his magazine, looking at gorgeously developed muscular men. I continued to wonder what was going through his mind.

At one point, he turned his head slightly to look at the left part of a page, tilting his face toward where I was sitting. I looked right his face. But he didn't pull his eyes from the page.

Wow, this guy really doesn't have any peripheral vision.

He leaned forward whenever he wanted to look at something more intently, whether it was a picture, caption, ad or story.

As the thickness of the open magazine became greater on the left and lesser on the right, he continued to intently read, and look. I swear, from the moment he sat down he hadn't lifted his eyes off the pages once. It wasn't like he was *devouring* the magazine. No, he was just leisurely leafing through the pages, enjoying a slow, quiet break, getting inspiration and information to make himself in to a buffer, bigger guy.

Eventually, my coffee was gone, and I needed to get something more. I stood, leaving my laptop on my small corner table, and walked toward the counter to order a latte. Now, I'm not in any danger of being mistaken for a competition bodybuilder, but I think I fill out my shirt and pants pretty well. I do quite a bit of chest work, and even clothed, it's pretty obvious that my chest and shoulders are pretty powerful. I walked right in front of Magazine Man and stood at the counter. It would be a good opportunity to see him from another angle. As I waited, I looked over at him, and his eyes were peeking over the top of the magazine, right at me. Right at me. Evidently he found something that perhaps competed with whatever it was on those pages. He averted his gaze quickly, and so did I. I received my drink and went back to my table, wondering if his eyes were following me.

I think they might have; because after I sat down, and looked back over at him, he turned his head and looked at me. That was the first time he had done that.

We spent the next five minutes or so playing cat-and-mouse eye games, always looking away from the other when we were discovered. Finally, when he caught me again, instead of looking away, he paused and kept his gaze on me. He gave a faint nod, and a subtle smile.

What did that mean? "How you doin'?" It was a guy-enough thing to do, but it left me wondering, once again, what he was thinking.

When he gave me that half-smile, I noticed an indent in his cheeks. God, I'm a sucker for dimples.

Our eyes met a few more times and each time we seemed to grow more and more comfortable with that fact.

The bookstore cafe was getting busier; school had probably just let out, and the serenity that had characterized the place was turning into a low-level din. Back packs were piling on tables and cell phone conversations were getting louder. Maga Man was having a harder time concentrating on what he

was doing, as was I. I really wanted to pack up my computer and head for quieter climes, but I didn't want to leave while this hunky muscle admirer was there, regardless of his sexual orientation. He looked over at me again, and then closed his magazine. He took a sip of his coffee drink and looked around the place.

It seemed as if we were at an impasse. Neither one wanted to take an overtly obvious next step; and I liked that, actually. I liked that this guy wasn't a cruiser. I surmised that he wasn't used to making contact with a guy like this, and I even considered the fact that there really wasn't anything sexual going on in this game of visual tag. But... was it possible he just identified with me somehow? Or maybe he really was interested in me? But then, he sure wasn't showing that.

Finally, I realized I could stay no longer. I had to make some kind of move, even if it destroyed our "relationship." I turned off the computer and slowly shoved my stuff into my satchel. I stood and made my way out of the coffee shop portion of the store and found myself walking toward the bodybuilding and fitness books. To my pleasure, Maga Man apparently had had enough of the coffee shop as well, and as a matter of fact, was also making his way toward the books I was currently perusing.

We stood close to each other for a few seconds, when finally, he said, "Man, it's hard to know whose advice to take-- all of these books seem to say so much."

"Pardon?"

"These bodybuilding books," he said. "There's so much information out there, it's hard to know what will take you to the next level."

"Oh, yeah," I smiled. "I know what you mean." I turned to him. He was a good four inches shorter than me, and now that he was standing, I could see his thick neck and bulging chest and shoulders. He really filled out his clothes well; and those eyes were stunningly beautiful. He smiled at me-- this time full on-- and his dimples deepened. Immediately I could feel my face flush. God, he was gorgeous! I was taller and bigger than him, and I could tell he was admiring that; but he totally had me as far as muscle mass and proportion goes. Yeah, I'm big, for his height, this guy was big, buff and ripped.

"Chet," he said, holding out his hand.

We shook, and I said, "John." I was nervous. I wasn't a cruiser myself, but I had hung around enough places to see how it was done. Nonetheless, almost all of my encounters with men took place on the pages of my stories. It was quite a bit less threatening there, that's for sure. I tried to ease the situation (for me, at least) by talking. My refuge of choice is usually to use conversation. "You seem to have a pretty good grasp of the sport, though," I said.

He looked down and scuffed his feet on the floor.

"I mean, you look pretty solid," I said, "and I couldn't help but notice you were pulling quite a bit of information out of that magazine," I said, motioning to the volume still rolled in his hand.

"Oh, yeah," he smiled. God, I was going to get weak in the knees if he did that again. "I like to see what guys are doing. Always want to get bigger and better."

I resisted the urge to mentally pull out my psychology coursework and examine why he wanted to get bigger. He was short-- maybe five-foot nine-- so that probably had something to do with it. I just love finding out what a guy thinks about his own body, and how he compares it with other guys'. "Yeah, I guess that's why we all do it."

He smiled again, seeming to appreciate that even someone whom he might aspire to be like also wanted more size and muscle. He looked down at the books on the rack and I did likewise. I racked my brain to find the right words to continue the conversation. Without looking up, he said, "So, where do you work out?"

"Twenty-five hour," I said. "Down on Broadway."

"Oh, yeah," he replied. We were both looking at the books. "I go to SF Fitness."

"I heard that's a nice place," I said.

"Yeah, it is. My wife likes the pool there." He paused a second and I noticed out of the corner of my eye that he seemed to regret bringing up his wife, for some reason.

I let the comment drop, although I wish there was some polite, straight way of saying something to the effect that it's okay to be married and want me. But, of course, there isn't.

We shuffled among the muscle tomes for a few more minutes. I pulled one book off the shelf, one purposely chosen with a cover that featured a totally-built hunk. "Look at this guy," I said, showing him the book. "Man, I'd love to look like that."

His eyes softened even as they lit up. "Shit, he's buff." He took the book from me and stared at the cover. He looked up at me and said, "His face kind of reminds me of you."

Okay, we're going to bed, dude. That was a total come-on.

I squinted as I frowned, taking the book back to examine it. Actually, we did have some of the same facial features-- and hair color. "Well, if the face looks like me, that's where the similarity ends, man," I smiled. I put the book back on the shelf and we continued our dance, if sometimes clumsily.

Once again, it came to the point where something had to be done. There were only so many books to look at. But this time, Maga Man did the initiating.

"So, you ever do any competing?" he asked.

I tried to suppress my laughter, but I was only partially successful. "No, man." I did my squint-frown face again and said, "You think I compete?"

"Well, you are kind of big."

"Dude, you're the one who's big, man," I came back. "I mean look at you, you're buff."

He was pleased at the compliment.

"You have to have done some contests, haven't you? I asked.

"Naw. Not yet anyway. Maybe someday."

"Well, I've been to more than my share of contests, and I can tell you've got a good foundation there. And you look pretty lean," I said.

I was having quite a bit of success getting those dimples to appear, and they were really doing a number on me. Shit, he was really hunky. His neck was powerful-- as wide as his whole head, and his ears stuck out only a little bit. He looked like he could be some kind of a Marine sergeant or something.

"Well, maybe when I get ready to do some competing, I'll have to give you a call. If you've been to a lot of contests, you probably know a lot about posing routines and stuff," he said.

"Yeah," I answered. "I have seen quite a few routines. I'm no coach or anything, but I never have a hard time giving my opinion," I smiled.

Chet laughed. God, I'm going to be sick, he's so cute. "Well, you'd have to be easy on me, man. Don't know how much my fragile self-image could take."

"Oh, I'd be easy on you. Believe me, I don't think I'd find too much to criticize." I let my eyes move down over his muscular, although jacket-covered, frame. "I bet you're closer to competition-ready than you might think."

"You think?" he said, once again pleased with my compliment.

"Uh-- yeah," I said in my best stating-the-obvious tone.

"Well, maybe one of these days, after a workout or something, I could give you a call..." he said, half-hoping, half-fearing he was being too forward.

"Sure, dude," I said, my heart pounding. I looked down at the ground, knowing that it was now or never. "But really, now's a good as time as ever." I moved my eyes up his muscular, compact body and found his eyes. "You got anything going?"

"Right now?" he sounded scared, but then his facial features softened into that all-too-familiar dimpled grin. But just as soon as it appeared, it turned to a frown. "Oh, well, I have to pick up my wife from work in a half hour," he said, glancing at his wristwatch.

"Oh," I said.

"You free tomorrow afternoon though?" he asked, hopefully.

"Uh-- sure," I said. "That'd work well."

He hesitated just a second, almost glancing around to see if anyone was listening. "Uh, well, if you want to, you could give me your number, and I could call you..." I could tell he was getting nervous-- probably about asking for my phone number, and probably about committing to meeting someone for a "posing" session.

"Sure, man," I smiled, melting his apprehension. I had a supply of business-type cards in my satchel, with just my name and phone number on them. Yeah it was a kind of gay thing to have, but-- whatever. I pulled one out and gave it to him.

His face lit up. "Cool. I **will** call you tomorrow. How about around one o'clock?"

"Sounds good to me."

"Oh, and, uh, do you live close to here?" he asked.

"Yeah. Just down the street. We can go over to my place if you want," I smiled, wondering how such luck had come my way on this day. Just imagining having this guy in my apartment and him asking me to look at his muscular body as he posed it for me... well, it was getting me hard right there in the bookstore.

"Awesome," he said. "I'll see you tomorrow, then."

"Cool. Nice to meet you, Chet," I said, extending my hand.

"You too, John. See you tomorrow."

My boner was so hard and tender by the time I got back to my apartment; I locked the door behind me and unzipped my pants. Within minutes I was jerking with pleasure and spewing my white cum all over my shirt.