

Magazin Man

Chapter 2

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 TWO

At 1:30 the next afternoon, my phone rang. It was a local number calling, so I assumed it was Chet.

I was right.

I told him my address and in 20 minutes he was knocking on my door. Let me tell the Curious Reader again that I am not used to doing this at all. I don't really pick up men. I guess I'm just shy about it-- maybe scared too. There are too many weirdos out there. So, suffice it to say I was not only excited about this meeting, I was nervous. But as soon as I saw Chet's gorgeous, and disarming, smile, I think my blood pressure went down. I asked him in, and took his jacket. He took off his shoes-- (nice manners, man.)

This was my first look at what his tight body looked like without a coat. God, he looked good. First thing I noticed was his traps. There's something about a guy with a thick neck, and traps are essential to a good, strong look. Chet's traps were just awesome. I could gaze at them all afternoon, except for the fact that his polo shirt was bulging all over hell everywhere else too.

Nice, thick pecs, obviously separated by a deep valley; wide, round shoulders (wide, for a guy of his height); and his arms? Well, they were big and ripped, with a thick vein running down each one. His forearms were really muscled, with all sorts of blood vessels too. I've always maintained that a guy's forearms are a dead give-away to the rest of his physique. If they have a lot of muscle, you can bet there's a lot of muscle on the rest of his body. And Chet's forearms were just sickeningly big, thick and veiny. He wore jeans, and as I had noticed the day before, his thighs were thick and powerful.

He walked over to my patio door and I took the opportunity to check out his butt. Was certainly not disappointed-- it was tight and hard looking.

"So," Chet said as he turned back to me, "You said you've been to some bodybuilding shows... what are they like?"

"They're pretty cool," I answered. "Lots of huge guys there-- and lots of people **looking** at huge guys."

Chet laughed. "Yeah, I bet."

"Have a seat, man," I said. "You want a beer?"

Chet sat. "Uh, sure. Got anything lite?"

"Coors Light okay?"

"Yeah. Good," he said as I entered the kitchen. I emerged with two bottles of beer and sat down across from Chet. My coffee table separated us; my gas fireplace was on one side of us; my sliding patio doors were behind Chet. The kitchen was behind me. Sorry if this sounds more like an architect's review, but I still get nervous now, just remembering this. I tend to babble on when I'm nervous, I guess.

As the beers loosened both of us up (I could tell Chet was nervous too, but at the time I really had no idea of where he was thinking this would go either), we continued to talk about bodybuilding shows. "We should go to one together, man," I said. "I'll check and see if there are any coming up."

"That would be cool," he smiled. "My wife would probably think it's cool too, if I went with a guy... you know..." He fidgeted. Just the mention of his wife seemed to bring out all kinds of nerves-- and it looked funny on a guy of his stature. And what exactly did he mean by, "...if I went with a guy... you know..."? That's something a guy would say if he had something to hide-- like his wife thought bodybuilding was... well... funny. What was funny, was that I was familiar with all of these feelings. I remember my mom finding my muscle magazines in my room once (**long** before I came out to her), and she clearly didn't think I should be interested in such things.

I tried to keep the conversation moving. "Yeah the shows are cool. You can learn a lot about the sport. There are a lot of people there who know what they're doing." I took a good look at him and continued, "But you obviously know what you're doing, man. You look really good."

Chet actually blushed. "Thanks, man. I don't know, though, if I'm ready to get up on a stage and have people judging me and all."

"Well, there's only one way to find out," I smiled. "I'll look into when the next show is, here locally, and we can go. You'll have the opportunity to see if that's what you really want to do."

"Cool," Chet smiled. He took another drink from his beer. "And thanks for inviting me over like this. It's good to talk to someone who has a little experience."

I laughed. "Well, like I said yesterday, I don't have any actual experience in competing-- just in watching."

'Oh, yeah," he smiled. "That's what I meant. I mean, you know what goes on in the competitions."

I leaned back in my couch. "So, you want to show me what you've got? I'll give you my 'expert' opinion," I grinned.

Chet laughed, "For what it's worth, right?"

"Right. For what it's worth. I promise I'll go easy on the criticism."

Chet continued smiling. He put his beer on the coffee table, then started pulling on the bottom of his polo shirt. He paused. "Oh, I don't know.... You've got me nervous now."

I didn't want him to back down now. "Nothing to be nervous about, dude," I said. "Hell, you can't tell me that a guy built as well as you is embarrassed to take his shirt off!"

That seemed to boost his nerve, and he pulled his shirt all the way out of his jeans. He stood up.

My heart was pounding hard. I had never had this happen before-- a muscle guy actually take his shirt off so I could... you know... look at his muscles.

He raised his shirt off his head and tossed it on the chair behind himself. Holy fuck! The guy was amazing!

"Holy fuck, man!" I exclaimed. "You've got to be kidding! You've been kidding with me haven't you-- man, you are fuckin' huge! And ripped!"

Chet couldn't hide his pleasure with my declaration. He even lifted one arm and flexed it.

God, this guy's muscles were **way** bigger than I expected. I swear to you that he could have made a decent showing at a local contest. His biceps peak was split nicely, and the shape and size were eye-popping. "Dude! You've got to get into a contest, man. You'll blow 'em away!"

"Aw, come on," Chet said as he lowered his arm. His pecs-- god they were beautiful; his nipples were really big and round, and the tips stuck out like peanuts. His skin was golden and smooth-- not smooth *fat*, but smooth as far as blemishes go. No, there wasn't much fat on him at all. His vascularity was very evident-- especially in his forearms. Seriously, I couldn't find anything about this guy I would change. He was one tight, big package of muscle.

My cock was as tight as it could get, within the confines of my jeans. I wanted to touch myself as I looked at him, but I reminded myself that this guy was **real** and not a .jpg on my computer screen. Jpg's don't mind if you touch yourself while you look at them. Chet, however, probably would. Nevertheless, I'm not sure how good I was at hiding my pleasure with his physique.

"Man, dude," I said. "You're giving me a line, aren't you, about never competing, right?"

"No, man," he smiled. "Never."

I stood up and took a few steps toward him. I was totally nervous about doing that, but in the context of the moment, and seeing his acceptance at my enthusiasm, I figured it was okay. I was a good six inches taller than him, but I bet he weighed at least as much as me, and it was all muscle. Standing next to him his muscle mass became even more overwhelming. "Fuck, man. You're huge! How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight," he said.

"Man, you're packing a lot of muscle for a guy that young. A LOT of muscle."

"Thanks," he said, rather coyly. "So, how do you do the posing? I mean the routine?"

"Well," I was a little flustered, standing right there next to him, looking over all that exposed muscular flesh. "I'm thinking we should hold off on the posing routine for now. Uh... I'm not sure I'm going to help much, I mean... at least at the moment. Besides, after you go to a show and see what they do, I think that'll give you a better idea..."

Undeterred, Chet smiled. "So, you want to check out my legs too?"

"Yeah, but I can already tell you that if the legs are as good as the upper body, you don't have anything to worry about."

Chet unbuttoned his jeans and moved the zipper down. The denim easily slipped down over his slim hips, but the legs-- he had to push them down over them. He stepped out of his pants and stood there, wearing only boxers and low-cut ankle socks-- the kind that don't even cover your ankle bone.

"GodAlmighty," I said. "You belong in a magazine, man."

Chet smiled, then placed one hand on one of his quads. "I've seen 'em do this in video clips," he said. He rolled his huge quadriceps muscle back and forth for a few seconds, then in an instant, he hardened the muscle, flexing it into a huge mass of rippling meat.

It made me go weak. "Holy shiiiiiiiit," I said.

He lifted the hem of one of the legs of his boxers to show me more of the leg. "I don't have any of those posing trunks."

"You'll have to get some, dude."

It was at this point I could see that Chet was actually getting a little aroused, apparently pleased in more ways than one with my reaction to his fabulously muscled body. Of course, I pretended not to notice.

Chet relaxed his leg and stood at ease. He seemed a lot more relaxed than when he had first arrived. Evidently my enthusiasm was a good thing.

"Okay, well, let's try one pose," I finally said. "You know the most-muscular?"

"Oh, yeah," Chet said, "I've seen them in some of the magazines." He schrunched his upper body and brought his hands together in front of his belly button, forcing his amazing traps into huge mountains. As if they were

exploding, the veins on his arms, shoulders and chest popped all over hell, and he even had some really nice striations separating his pectorals. His upper arms-- my personal weakness on a man-- were freakin' huge, especially when you consider that they weren't even flexing in a biceps pose.

I stepped back, to admire. His face was turning red from the force of holding the pose. I looked at his legs. Holy shit! They were rippling with mounds of muscle! "Fuck, man, you're going to start a riot if you ever do that in front of people!"

Chet was immediately overcome by my comment, bursting into a long, hard laugh, totally losing the pose. "A riot? I don't think so, man," he laughed.

God, it was amazing when he laughed.

"Shit, your wife must climb all over you," I said.

Chet's laughing subsided rather suddenly. "Well, actually... not really."

"Really? Man, I'd think women in general would love having that in bed," I said, motioning to his upper body.

He smiled, "Well, not all women are in to muscle."

"Wow, that's a shame. Having all that go unappreciated," I said. As soon as I said it I realized how bad it sounded, and Chet's reaction confirmed it.

"I wasn't in to bodybuilding when we got married. I was actually kind of skinny," he said. "I only started working out about three years ago, and well, she kind of resents the time I spend at the gym. She kind of has some issues..."

"Wow, man; I'm sorry-- I didn't mean to make it sound like..."

"Naw," he interrupted. "I'm the one who's... I mean I didn't mean to unload all that on you."

"Well," I said, sitting down on an arm of the couch, "Don't feel bad about that. Everyone needs somebody to talk to."

"Thanks," Chet said. "It IS nice to have someone appreciate my hard work, though," he said smiling at me.

"I'm totally on board with you on that, man. I mean, you obviously have some major self-discipline and drive-- in order to develop a body like that; but everyone needs encouragement," I said.

I had been keeping track of his semi-erection; it had gone way down when his wife was brought up, but now, now that we were talking more about "encouragement" of his body, well, his boxers were starting to sport a bulge again, and it looked like in a minute that thing might just start peeking through the slit in the front.

Chet was also aware of this, and he shifted his position to compensate and hide himself.

"So yeah," I continued, "if you ever need some encouragement, just bring your ass on over here. I'm the founding member of the Chet fan club."

Chet laughed. God, it was cool how his abs tightened when he laughed. He couldn't help it, they just oozed with muscle. "The Chet fan club, huh? That's cool! So, today's our first meeting, then, right?"

It was at this point I caught myself adjusting my own cock area. It was getting pretty tight down there-- and uncomfortable. Chet also seemed to notice my problem, but he didn't say anything about it.

"You bet!" I laughed.

"So, you think posing trunks are in order, huh?" he said.

"Yeah, man, unless you plan on posing nude. Those boxers just aren't going to cut it if you really want to show it off," I said. I couldn't believe I had ventured that statement out into the open air.

"Well, nude probably won't cut it up on a stage," he said. "I don't know what kind of competitions you've been going to, but..." he grinned.

Now it was my turn to burst out laughing. "No, I've never been to a nude bodybuilding show. I wonder if they even have 'em..."

"Yeah, that'd be strange," he smiled, laughing as well.

"Well, if I had some posers, I'd let you borrow them," I offered.

"Naw. I'll pick some up," he said. He put one hand on the back of the lounge chair and crossed one ankle in front of the other. He looked down at his boxers, and at the imminent emergence of his growing member. "I think one thing I'll need to do is to figure out how to... well..." he fumbled with the material of his boxers. "I guess it's kind of embarrassing..."

"Oh, that," I said, reassuringly. "Don't worry about that. Most guys have a problem with that at first. It's natural, especially when you're not used to having someone really appreciate what you look like..."

"Really?" He sounded relieved.

"Yeah, man. It's kinda part of the training. Pretty soon you'll be able to focus more... you know, like you do when you're in the gym. Then when you get on stage, you'll have no problem keeping it down." I could tell he was totally buying what I was saying.

He adjusted his underwear again. Looking down at his still-growing boner, he said, "Well, I'd take these off and try some poses, but I wouldn't want to freak you out..." He didn't look up. He fidgeted with his waistband.

"Hell, Chet," I said, "Really, don't worry about that. I've seen guys with boners before. Geeeee, to tell you the truth, I've kinda got that problem right now."

"Really?" He looked up at me.

"Really. You're kind of... well, let's just say this is all kind of unusual for me too. I don't usually have guys up to my room and have them... you know, pose or anything," I said.

"Well, it's... nothing going on, you know. I mean, it's just two guys interested in bodybuilding," he said.

"Yeah. Oh, yeah-- I know. Totally. Just two guys... you know," I said nervously.

"But," he was fidgeting with the elastic waistband again, "I mean, so you wouldn't be freaked out if it was, a little... hard?"

"Not at all man," I said. "That is, as long as you don't mind that I am."

Chet laughed. "So does that mean you're going to show me yours?"

I hesitated. "Well," I paused a little longer. "If you want me to..."

Our eyes locked, and it was apparent that we were crossing over from something totally innocent to something... well... more. His cheeks dimpled as his subtle smile grew. He talked slowly. "Well, we'll cross that road when we come to it; but for now, maybe you can give me a few pointers..." and with that he slipped one thumb inside the waistband of his boxers and started pulling them down. Slowly. He looked down at what he was doing while he worked the cotton boxers downward. In a few seconds they lay at his feet and he stepped out of them, now wearing only those low-rise anklets. His cock was semi-erect, that's for sure. It was *big*. It stuck out at an angle, just below horizontal, and it looked like it belonged on a much taller, larger guy. Cut, his head was large and bulbous, and his shaft was *really* thick and covered with veins. For a second I could see it throb with his heartbeats, but then it seemed to settle down. His pubes were dark, and trimmed. He obviously liked to be clean and he took care of himself.

"God, man," I offered, "there's nothing to be ashamed of there..."

Chet smiled. It was at this point that things really started to change. Chet kind of did a little stretching motion; he slowly brought his hands up above his head, stretched like a cat just waking up from a nap, and then brought his hands behind his head, clasping them. The skin around his abs shrunk as he expelled the air out of his body and the muscles of his twin rows of cobblestone seemed to grow as the skin shrink-wrapped into them. He flexed his leg muscles too, and now the whole pose was perfect.

God, I thought I'd cum right then and there, in my pants.

Chet held the pose, and smiled. He held it, his cock again began to throb and grow upward even higher.

I know my eyes must have been bugging out of their sockets.

Chet smiled even more, still holding the pose. He breathed occasionally, and his abs danced as he did it. He twisted his waist. And his cock rose more.

"Fuuuuuck," I mumbled.

Chet released the pose and lowered his arms to his side. Flexing his whole body like that, for a prolonged period like that, had given something of a pump, and it showed. He looked down at his penis, which was on the verge

of locking up against his abdominal wall. "Uh, sorry, man," he said, half shy, half proud. "It won't settle down."

I smiled. My voice cracked as I said, "Neither will mine."

Chet chuckled. "I guess we both must suffer from the same thing."

"Uh, yeah, I guess. I mean... what's that?" I asked.

"I don't know what you call it," he said, taking his hand and feeling his rock-hard cock with his muscular fingers.

Oh God, he's playing with himself.

He gave himself a long, sensual stroke and then looked up at me. "I don't know what you call it," he repeated, "but as far as I know, there's only one treatment." His smile turned into a wide grin.

My heart nearly pounded right out of my chest cavity.

Chet moved his fingers down his shaft and then pulled the skin down; his cock head grew with resistance and deepened in color. A single, clear drop of fluid oozed out the slit and slowly began to move downward.

"So, there's two ways we can deal with this," he said. "We can treat ourselves... or we can treat each other."

"Uh..." I squeaked.

He looked down at his muscular body and tugged on his rigid pole again. "You think you might want to treat this for me?"

I realized that this is why I invited him up there, and obviously why he came, and that fact did seem to assuage my nervousness, but to say I was ready to ravish his body with abandon, would be a little premature. Nevertheless, I pushed myself off the arm of the couch and stepped in front of him. "Well, as a matter of fact, I think I might have just the thing for that." As I sidled up beside his ripped, muscular body, I moved my fingertips onto his vertical erection.

He inhaled a quick breath as my open fingers first touched his boner. Tenderly and very slowly, I moved my hand up, and then down to his balls, cupping

them gently. His eye rolled back into his head and he steadied himself on the back of the lounge chair. "Oh, man..." he sighed.

I moved my body closer to his. He looked at me and our lips found each others' in a long, slow kiss. He moaned as we kissed; I continued my slow and easy hand job. My index finger reached the piss slit and I obtained a crystal clear drop of his juice. It formed a long string as I moved my hand away. I broke our kiss and put my shiny fingertip in my mouth. As soon as I had cleaned it off, I returned it to his dick and wrapped my hand around the hard shaft. I pulled it away from his stomach and he winced with the pleasure. A long, slow stroke made his eyes close again.

Within a minute or two I was naked as well, and somehow we found ourselves on my bed-- Chet on top of me, both of us locked in a passionate, yet very tender kiss.

I moved my hands up and down his back, feeling his wide lat muscles, then his waist, and of course his tight ass, occasionally fingering his sphincter with my fingertip.

Chet pressed his cock against mine, and we both breathed hard.

And then, we came. Both of us. At the same time. It was the most amazing thing I had ever experienced. Our cocks spurted out our milky loads between us, and when it was done, we were both drenched, although I was much more wet than Chet just because of gravity.

He rested on top of me for quite a long time afterward, resting his frame on his elbows, steadying himself with his big, powerful arms. We smiled, kissed (a lot) and talked for maybe a half hour before we got up. Our joint semen pool had cascaded around my torso and had left a large wet spot on my bedspread.

I just let it dry-- didn't wash it for weeks.

And it was a good thing I didn't bother, because the stain only got bigger over the following few days. Chet had taken to visiting me frequently after that, and although the bed wasn't the only place we enjoyed each other, it was our favorite spot.

