

The Beach

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[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

HE HAD THE BIGGEST, THICKEST shoulders I had ever seen. That was what first struck me. That, and his eyes. Deep, dark, long eyelashes that belonged on a model. And a square jaw to match.

But it was the shoulders that caught you from a distance. Then (after the face) it was that chest. This guy looked like he was walking around with a school bus draped across his shoulders, and a thick-necked head poking out the top of it.

Of course, he had the arms to go along with the whole package.

One had to wonder what this guy was doing in this small seacoast town. I mean, it was pretty much a weekend get-away spot for Portlanders, and not much else. But then, it did have a big enough population to support this gym, such as it was. It was newer, but it lacked many of the amenities that the bigger clubs

offered. Still, it had the necessities-- a few treadmills, stationary bikes, enough machines to get by, and a full compliment of free weights-- which Mr. Bus Guy hefted with a familiarity that his build more than confirmed.

When you stayed at the Haystack Suites, you got to use the gym for free. It was just a block from the beachfront hotel. I stayed at that hotel regularly-- and had just decided to use the gym amenities this trip. I checked the clock and made a mental note to schedule any future visits to this little gym for when this guy was here.

It was a fortunate arrangement of the exercise equipment. The treadmills faced the free weights, and one could wile away the hours with an exceptional view of the native life, so to speak.

At 42, I had long passed the age where I got boners involuntarily, but this guy really had the potential to take years off my life, in that regard. I was still in really good shape-- the best shape of my life, actually. I spent most of my workout time on the free weights myself, but seeing how Mr. Bus Guy was putting on such a great show, I decided to get a front row seat on a treadmill and take it easy.

He was alone, and I think that's why he stopped at 405 pounds on the bench. If he had had a spotter, it was obvious he could have done more. I came this close to dismounting the treadmill and offering to spot him, but my nerves got the best of me.

He wore a long sleeved white T-shirt and blue shorts. Whenever he bent over, his "V" shaped back, tapering to a svelte waistline and an awesome tight butt, gave away that he wasn't just a power lifter; he was a bodybuilder. The "V" aside, the fact that he kept checking out his calves in the mirror was also a dead giveaway that he was interested in more than just lifting heavy

weight (which, as I mentioned, he did quite well, thank you very much).

After an hour on the treadmill (I set it to a healthy walking pace so I could stay a long time), I figured I had walked long enough. Mr. Bus Guy was doing incline flys; I got off and grabbed my duffel. Donning my hoody, I headed for the door. As I passed him, our eyes met and he smiled.

He smiled!

Back in my room, I showered and then relaxed on the couch. There was a gas fireplace in the room and despite having no crackle to the fire, it was pretty cozy. I dozed off. Quite unusual for me, I actually fell asleep while I was fantasizing.

I awoke and prepared for dinner. I decided to head down to a little hole-in-the-wall on the main drag. It was popular with tourists and locals alike. Almost a tavern (except that it was non-smoking), it served some of the best food in town.

The November storm had the rain falling sideways. You couldn't even hear the surf, for all of the wind pounding on the buildings and trees. To employ an over-used bromide, it was a dark and stormy night...

The door to the restaurant nearly blew out of my hand, and I had to use both of my hands to reign it in and finally close it. Inside, it was dark and warm-- glowing with ambiance and smelling of prime rib, wine, french fries and beer. A fire crackled (a real fire) in a river-rock fireplace on one wall. Patrons lined the booths, and a few of the tables in the middle of the room were also occupied. Man, this place took off the chill in a hurry. I opted for a seat at the bar-- a decision which in minutes I would be thanking the gods for.

I hung my coat on a hook on the wall and mounted my bar stool, taking another look around the place, admiring the fire.

“Can I get you something to drink?”

I turned back to the bar and immediately my throat felt like it rose into my head. It was Mr. Bus Guy. He was the bartender. I struggled not only to answer him, but to answer him in such a way that he wouldn't suspect my primal attraction to his huge, muscular body. Unfortunately, I think I was barely successful in the former, but certainly not in the latter.

“I-- I-- how about an IPA...” I forced out from my lips.

“India Pale Ale, coming right up,” he smiled. Yeah, he smiled, again. God, he was so hot. He turned his massive shoulders and chest-- and I could swear that the Earth lost a second off its rotation-- he was that big. Arms that looked like most men's legs hung at his sides; he wore a white T-shirt with a bunch of writing on it-- I didn't really take the time to see what he was advertising-- and the short sleeves of that shirt looked like they were two sizes too small for the guy, in spite of the fact that everything else about it fit just beautifully. Yeah, beautifully-- showing off every bulge.

I think I'm going to need something stronger than a beer, I thought.

He turned his back to me and pulled on the long stick of the tap and filled a glass. You could have shown a movie on that back. I could see part of his forearm as his hand rested on that long stick and shit-- the veins and vessels looked like spaghetti underneath the thin, shaved skin.

“Here you go,” he smiled as he sat my beer in front of me. “You want something to eat?”

I bit my tongue at that one. God, my mind belongs in the gutter... "Uh, I hear your prime rib is pretty good," I said.

"Sure is. Best on the coast," he said.

"Okay, I'll have that."

I don't really remember how we sorted out the issue of potatoes, veggies, etc., but he could have served me dog shit and I would have gladly eaten it.

On my second beer, before my meal had arrived, I finally worked up the nerve to say something to him. "Was it you that I saw at that gym up the street a few hours ago?"

"Oh, yeah," he smiled. God, that smile again! "I remember you from there. Yeah, chest day today. Are you staying at the Haystack Suites?"

"Yeah," I said, taking a sip of my beer. "Thought I'd come down here for some storm watching this week."

"Well, you picked a good time for it. Nice weather for that. And during the week like this, it's pretty deserted," he said. He leaned back against the counter behind him-- the bar was between us.

"Yeah. It really is. Kinda nice," I said.

He gazed at me-- like he was enjoying me. "That's a cool deal that the Haystack Suites has-- that you can use the gym when you stay there," he said.

"Yeah. I've never used that amenity before," I said. "But I'll be back there again. Nothing like a good workout."

"Yup." He turned and started rinsing out some glasses in a sink, but continued to talk while he worked. "They have nice equipment there, even though it's kind of a small place." His massive arms bulged while he washed the glasses. God.

Just then his cell phone rang. He stopped what he was doing and grabbed it off his belt clip. Glancing to see who it was, he opened it and answered it. He turned away from me and slowly took a few steps while he talked softly. His gargantuan biceps muscle swelled as his bent arm held the phone to his ear. I could tell, as the conversation went along, that he wasn't entirely happy about whatever the other person was saying. But I couldn't hear any particulars.

He hung up, clearly not pleased. "Girlfriends," he sighed.

"Ah, yes," I agreed. "How do we live with them-- or without them..."

"Tell me about it," he sighed again. "She can be so bitchy sometimes. And unpredictable. Sometimes it's like we are two different species."

I tried to empathize, but he apparently didn't feel like divulging the specifics of their conflict. Despite my efforts to reverse the traditional roles of bartender and patron, he didn't open up very much.

The horseradish and au jus added just the right amount of tang to the meat. It was truly delicious-- some of the most tender prime rib I have ever had.

Desert was marion berry pie à la mode, served up with a generous portion of eye candy. Mr. Bus Guy stayed at the bar, right in front of me, for the duration of the meal. He served the

one or two other people seated at the bar, but seemed to gravitate back to me whenever he wasn't busy.

As I worked on my pie and ice cream, he dried the glasses he had previously washed-- again, his muscles rippled right in front of my eyes. I hadn't ever seen such a personal, up-close muscle show, to be honest. I was still pretty closeted, and my experience with men of muscle (my fetish of choice) was nil.

"So, will I be seeing you at the gym tomorrow?" he asked as I savored the last sweet bite.

"For sure, man. I have to work this off," I said, motioning to my plate with my spoon. "You usually there in the late afternoon?"

"Yeah; I try to get there at about three o'clock," he said. He put the dry glass down and stuck out his hand. "I'm Hayes, by the way."

"Stan Cox," I said as we shook. It was so beautiful just touching him.

"Good to meet you, Stan."

We made some more small talk, and finally I had run out of excuses to stay. I paid the tab and stood to leave, making sure to give Hayes a generous-- very generous-- tip.

As I put on my coat and headed for the door, I heard a cheerful, "See you tomorrow, Stan." I turned and saw Hayes smiling and giving a small wave.

"Three o'clock, man," I said. "I'll be there."

As I struggled against the powerful wind and rain, I mumbled more than once to myself, yeah, Hayes, I'll be there. You can count on that.

CHAPTER TWO

MY ATTEMPTS AT FINDING SOMETHING to keep my mind off Hayes the next day failed miserably. I couldn't read my books. Going for a walk on the stormy beach was of no help. Eating, drinking--everything I did, I was accompanied by that brawny stud, following my thoughts everywhere, irritating the hell out of me.

By the time three o'clock rolled around, I was ready to explode both figuratively and as far as my penis was concerned, literally. I intentionally arrived at the gym a little later than three, not wanting to appear obvious. Hayes was busy doing lat pull-downs. God-in-heaven, his back was beautiful. Once he finished out his set and turned around, he saw me-- and smiled that genuine smile again.

I thought I would be able to handle it this time, but I was wrong. Fuck, I could just die I wanted this guy so bad! There was a pronounced aching in my gut. Desire like I had never experienced before in my life.

"Hey Stan," he said, extending his hand. "You made it!"

"Yeah, you made me eat that pie, remember? I have to do something to work that stuff off," I laughed.

He laughed too, "I don't remember making you do anything last night."

"Yeah, well, I'm taking no responsibilities for my own actions while I'm down here at the coast," I smiled. He nodded and grinned, then turned back to the lat pull-down machine. I warmed up on a stationary bike while watching Hayes. Between every one of his sets he looked over at me-- as if to check on me to see if I was still there.

We played cat-and-mouse with our eyes for the bulk of the time we were there, engaging in conversation occasionally, between his sets. I think it was the longest hard-on I had ever had. Hayes physique was just music to my soul-- and stimulation to my libido.

As it looked like he was getting to the end of his workout, he walked over to a mat on the floor and started working his abs. Shit, he was strong, and had so much endurance! I probably was drooling. When he was done, he walked over to me-- out of breath and panting.

I asked him, "You working tonight?"

"Nah," he smiled, looking somewhat disappointed. "I've got tonight and tomorrow night off. It's my weekend."

"Too bad," I said. "Who's going to serve me my dinner?"

Hayes smiled again, "Oh, I'm sure Katie or Vick will be working; they'll treat you okay."

"Yeah, I suppose."

He stayed there, kind of shuffling his feet as he looked at the floor-- almost like he didn't want to leave!

"But it just won't be the same. Maybe you should bring me my dinner to my room," I joked, hoping to God that he wouldn't take offense at my overture.

He thought for a second, and then said, "Well, I could... but it'd have to be pizza or something like that. I'm a real good bartender, but I can't cook worth a shit," he grinned.

"Actually, pizza sounds pretty good, man," I said. I was walking at a slower pace on a treadmill at this point. "But really-- you don't have to bring it to me. You know of any good places in town?"

"For pizza? Sure, man. Antonio's is the best. You want to go and catch one?"

"Sure. You serious?" I asked.

"Yeah. You know where it is?"

"I think I saw it-- next to the Surf Shack-- right?"

"Right," he smiled. "How about 6:00."

"I'll meet you there, man! That's awesome!"

"Cool. Lookin' forward to it, dude. See you then." He put his sweat shirt back on, which provided its own special brand of entertainment-- let me tell ya; then pulled his hoodie up and left.

He called me "dude." That was just awesome. I took that as a complete compliment. Like, we were buddies.

Antonio's Pizza had a little more lively atmosphere than the place where Hayes worked. It wasn't really loud, but it had

brighter lighting, and more of a family feel. Still, it also had a big fireplace and nice booths, which we both found ourselves in. A few of the locals recognized Hayes and greeted him.

Sitting across from him, with nothing to look at but his upper torso-- it was just heaven. Muscles everywhere. And where there weren't muscles, there was that damn gorgeous grin that showed itself quite often. The pizza was fantastic. We had some beers. And then some more.

We talked, and talked. He was originally from California, but came up here as soon as he was old enough to move out, finding odd jobs in Eugene and Salem, before moving to the coast. He didn't have huge plans for his life, but he was an avid bodybuilder, and was trying to learn everything he could about the sport-- hoping to enter a contest within a year.

"Shit, man," I said. "You look like you've probably won a bunch of contests already. You're huge! And ripped!"

He couldn't hide his pleasure at my assessment of his body. As we continued to talk about bodybuilding, I could tell he was aware of the fact that my eyes kept landing on his huge arms (and on his chest and shoulders, too, I guess). And I think he was liking that.

And we had a few more beers.

"So, what's the Haystack Inn like? Nice?" Hayes asked.

"Yeah, it's really a great place to stay. I kind of splurged this time and got a room that has a jacuzzi right in the living room area. I figured it'd be cool to do some storm watching while relaxing in some warm water," I said.

Hayes smiled, "That does sound awesome."

Of course, I couldn't let this opportunity pass me by; he was opening the door. "Dude," I had adopted his style of addressing, "You want to come on up and check it out? It's pretty nice."

He cocked his head to one side and raised his eyebrows just a tad to think, but he didn't have to think long. "Sure, man. You sure?"

"Yeah. Let's stop by the market and grab some snacks-- maybe a bottle of wine..."

Within a half hour we were peering out the huge beach-front window of my room, trying to see how far out the tide was. But it was so dark, and stormy, that you couldn't see more than a few feet out the window. I turned away from the window and Hayes did likewise. "Well, there's not much out there to see anyway," he said. "Man, this is a nice room."

"Yeah, it is." It was at this point that I started to realize the predicament I was in. Of course I wanted to offer the jacuzzi to Hayes. I mean, what a great way to get him to take off his clothes, and let me see all that enormous, beautiful muscle! But on the other hand, how was I supposed to do the same without showing him my obvious state of arousal? I mean, I had a hardon just thinking about Hayes-- and being with him gave me a boner that was so hard it hurt! This was going to be a touchy situation.

"Wow, the tub is bigger than I thought it would be," Hayes admired."

"Yeah. You're welcome to hop in, dude. Have at it."

"You going to join me?"

"Yeah," I turned toward the kitchenette. "Let me just open some wine, and these snacks," I said as I walked away. I was getting very nervous.

With my back to Hayes, I worked on the food. When I had the stuff ready, I turned around-- and saw a sight that made me gasp. Hayes was just finishing up pulling down his boxers and stepping out of them. He was totally nude. His muscular physique was more defined and sculpted than anything I had ever seen! Astounding. Overwhelming, really. God, those shoulders and pecs! And huge-- just gigantic-- arms! As he stood there, smiling comfortably, his stomach moved with each breath, in and out. And as he breathed, the skin on his six-pack abs seemed to shrink-wrap over those cobblestones-- back and forth, back and forth. His lats made his arms stick out; they tapered down and inward to a tight, small waist. He was Adonis and Hercules all wrapped into one hunk of a man.

And then my eyes fixated on his member. Forget that stereotype they say about bodybuilders having a small one. His was long and thick, mounted on a small tuft of brown hair-- the only hair on his body, save what was on his head-- and arching downward and out in what must have been a semi-soft state. I'm not sure, but I think I saw it twitch a few times, but I couldn't tell if it was growing or if it was just throbbing with his heartbeat. He was cut, and the fruit at the end of his penis was a shiny plumb, perfectly dangled by his very, very thick shaft. Two more plumbs supported his cock, hung low and heavy in a scrotum that looked warm and wet. God, his sac was gorgeous! I never really thought about a guy's ball sac, but Hayes' was one that caught me off guard in its-- desirability.

His genitals were framed and supported by two columns of beef that looked like they could squat thousands of pounds. Fuck, they were massive. I hadn't really noticed them that much before, probably because he wore sweat pants when he worked

out. But God, they were huge-- and rippling with striations; just cut to shreds!

I don't have any idea how long I stood there after my initial gasp-- with was clearly audible to Hayes. But the funny thing was, he didn't do anything to interrupt my enjoyment of this first look. He just stood there, smiling-- not like a statue or anything; no, he moved a little, shifting his weight to let me see each leg ripple as it traded off his weight. I got the impression that he was going to break into a posing routine, but he didn't. He just let me look.

"God Almighty," I finally eeked out. "Fuckin' God Almighty."

Hayes laughed softly. It was a polite laugh, not a hearty one. Almost had an "Aw, shucks" feel to it.

"Uh--" was the only other thing I could get my mouth to say.

Finally, Hayes said, "I didn't bring a suit. Is that okay?" He looked down at his naked body, seeming to focus on his exposed genitalia, then back up at me with a soft grin.

"No-- no problem at all," I responded. I was holding two empty wine glasses in one hand and the bottle in the other. At that point I noticed that I had been gripping the glasses so tightly that I was actually in danger of snapping the stems. I tried to place them back on the counter which was behind me, without actually peeling my eyes of Hayes. It was clumsy, but I did it. "You want some wine?" I asked, still staring.

"Sure." Hayes stuck his toe in the water. The tub was set into the floor, so you had to step down into it. He held on to a railing and his whole body became a symphony of muscles, each one moving to balance his mass while he tested the temperature of the water. "Ah, this is going to be nice," he said, looking back at

me. His face relaxed and assumed an inquisitive look. "You need some help?" He had noticed that although I had offered the drink, I hadn't actually moved to do anything about it.

"Uh... Oh, no, I'm fine," I said, barely moving to find the corkscrew. I turned away from Hayes again and started working on the bottle. I was trembling. In my wildest dreams I had never imagined being alone in a room with such a perfect man-- a man that even my fantasies couldn't touch. I finally opened the bottle and made to pour out. Then, I felt a presence right behind me. It didn't startle me-- it was gentle.

"Here, let me help," Hayes said softly. His hairless, thicker than hell forearm moved around me and took a glass, he moved beside me and took the bottle and filled the glasses. "You okay?" he asked as he poured. "You look a little pale.

"What? Oh-- no, I'm okay." I steadied myself against the bar.

The heat emanated from Hayes' enormous body as he poured the wine. There wasn't a single blemish on his tan skin. His eyes twinkled-- framed by those gorgeous lashes-- as he handed me my glass. "Here, maybe this will help," he smiled.

Here I was, only inches from the most muscular naked body I could ever imagine. And this guy was liking me! He seemed to be enjoying this.

I took a sip, and indeed, I did warm up. Hayes did likewise. God he was gorgeous. He relaxed with me for a moment, then put his glass on the bar. He looked right in to my eyes and moved closer to me.

My heart was pounding so hard I thought it would explode.

Hayes gently put a hand on the crotch of my jeans and felt my aching boner. "If you're afraid to take off your pants and get into the water because of this," he said softly, "don't worry about it. Happens to a lot of people, and it doesn't bother me at all." He softly moved his palm and fingers up and down over my cock-- very slowly-- without squeezing, and then removed his hand, taking his glass and sipping some more wine.

"I-- I'm sorry man," I stuttered. "This is embarrassing."

"Don't be embarrassed. Please."

He seemed genuine; so cool and at ease with the situation; as if he had done this before. Probably had. But he didn't come across as arrogant or "experienced" in this kind of thing. He turned away, taking his wine with him, and walked toward the tub. Fuck, he had an ass to die for! As he walked, with all that lat muscle, and those freakin' huge legs-- his ass bobbed with each step-- inviting me to stare. And stare I did.

God, I can't screw this up.

Hayes stepped into the tub, down one step. He turned his head to me and grinned "Come on in-- the water's fine!"

I finally found a chuckle inside, and let it out. At once, my body relaxed. I unbuttoned my shirt and started to undress. Hayes stood on the step inside the tub and watched. And for some reason, it didn't bother me. I did hesitate when I got to the pants and boxers, but Hayes looked away and took another sip of wine, so I stripped them off-- albeit hesitantly. When I was totally naked, my cock was so stiff it almost stood right against my abs. I was producing quite a bit of precum, too, and it dribbled down my ridge. I walked toward Hayes, who was blocking the entrance to the tub.

Hayes looked at my cock and said, "Thanks. I take it that's because of me?"

God, he had the ability to make me so nervous and afraid, and at the same time put me totally at ease. "Uh, yeah. Guess it is," I said.

Hayes put his glass down and stepped up out of the pool. We stood facing each other. He didn't say anything; just looked deeply into my eyes. Then he kind of looked down at his muscles and tightened his pecs. He looked back up at me, and then down at them again as he continued to make them ripple in slow waves. Still, he said nothing.

I swallowed hard.

He looked at me, and his pecs, again, and I got the distinct impression that he was giving me an invitation. He nodded an encouragement.

I had never touched a man like this before-- let alone a musclegod like Hayes. My knees buckled at the touch. His pecs were hard and warm. And huge.

At this point, I really can't remember the sequence of events very well. I think I felt out his chest for a few minutes. I do remember his gasp when I started touching his nipples. He really seemed to enjoy that. But after that, it's kind of a blur. At some point, without any provocation from manual stimulation, I started to squirt semen up onto Hayes' torso. Then, I do remember the kissing. Tongue wrapped around tongue, while my hands explored his back and that tight ass. His arms wrapping around my body and holding me firmly as we kissed, and as I continued to spew white milk between us.

I also remember separating, at some point, and Hayes then holding my stiff cock with his fingers-- not his palms, just his fingers-- and gently pressing down on it. I remember feeling it throb as his fingers pushed-- semen ejaculating upward as he milked out the last few drops.

And then more kissing.

God, I wish I had more control.

When I was done with my orgasm, Hayes invited me to more thoroughly explore his body, which I did with great pleasure. We suspended plans for the tub and moved onto the bed-- Hayes on his back. He became hard. I couldn't believe what it felt like to hold his penis in my hands. And that scrotum-- it was indeed just as amazing to hold as it was to look at. I moved his heavy balls throughout his large, warm, moist sacs. His rigid cock dribbled precum onto his abs and it trailed down toward his back.

We kissed more as he enjoyed my hands exploring every one of his muscles. I don't know who enjoyed it more-- him or me. I tried to give him so much pleasure, working at extending the foreplay out as long as possible. My hand slowly jerked him off, and he bucked, trying to increase the pressure. He panted with his eyes closed.

Eventually, he turned his face toward mine, opened his eyes and said softly, "I want to fuck your ass. Is that okay?"

He had me lay on my back with my butt at the edge of the bed. He lifted my legs high, holding onto my ankles. He was very gentle, but no matter how slowly he went, you don't get something that thick and long into a hole that small without a certain amount of pain. But ohhhh, it hurt so good.

Hayes' hyper-muscular body flexed and rippled as he opened my ass with his plumb. Finally, it slid inside and my rectum wrapped around the lip. He held still right there. God, he had so much self-control. When he saw that I had adjusted, he moved in farther. Slowly. His arms bulged as he splayed my legs. I moaned. It went in more. Farther. Slowly.

Finally, I felt the warmth of his crotch against my ass. He was up to the hilt. And he just held still. I could see in his face that this wasn't going to take long. And you know, he never actually had to pump! He just held it still, pressing and pushing. Maybe he rocked just a half-inch or so, but that was it. He squinted his eyes and I saw the most beautiful sight in the world. His whole body seemed to moan in pleasure as it began to rhythmically pump his semen into me. In seconds I could feel my insides begin to fill. Oh God this was heaven!

As he finished, he collapsed onto me and we embraced, kissing passionately once again. Occasionally the kisses were punctuated with a push from his cock as he let out some last-minute sperm boys making their way into me.

Hayes ended up spending the night at the Haystack Inn. And amazingly, it wasn't just a one-night stand. Nor was it a simple sexual affair. It was actually the beginning of a long-lasting friendship, a mutual relationship, a coupling.

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