

# THE CONCIERGE

by Sean Reid Scott



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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.]

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erry Thorson waited impatiently at the counter. His shuttle had arrived from the airport at the same time as two others, and the hotel check-in desk was swamped.

He ran his hand through his fine, blond hair and sighed. The flight had been long and he was bushed. Eventually he made his way to the counter and a perky young woman checked him in and gave him his credit-card-type room key. "You be sure to ask the concierge for anything you need now, okay?" she smiled.

"Yes. Thank you," Perry said. He had stayed at the Hotel Glitz during previous business trips, and had always been impressed with the level of service. He looked forward to unpacking and drawing a hot bath up in his room.

As he pulled his suitcase behind, he walked past the concierge desk. "Sir, are you sure you wouldn't like some help with that-- up to your room?" a voice from the desk said.

"No-- thank you anyway, I can handl--" Perry stopped mid-word as he turned his head to the desk. There, in a dark blue suit, stood a giant of a man. Probably 6 feet 3 or 4. His suit jacket was stuffed with mounds of muscle mass. This guy's chest must have been twice the size of his waist. And his arms, *holy christ!* His arms were

powerful-looking balls of muscle, pushing against his jacket sleeves like bombs wanting to explode. You could see the bulges of the guy's traps underneath his clothes, and his neck was a column of thick, hard power.

He was black. His face was wide, but very lean. Looked like there was **no** fat on this dude. He had the most handsome face Perry had ever seen. Bright, friendly eyes; clean, perfect skin; a strong jawline; flawless teeth. He wore a gold name badge that said, "Tyson Guest-- head concierge."

"Are you alright?" the man said. Perry's astonishment was obvious; he had frozen in the middle of the spacious lobby. "Sir?" the concierge asked.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Perry said as he pulled himself together. "I just... no-- I think I can manage," he said.

Perry was middle-aged. He was skinny-- a runner's build, but he was pretty good looking. Most people thought his eyes were his best feature, and indeed, they had a way of wrapping themselves around your psyche: Deep green pools of life that sparkled with energy. His wife, back home in San Francisco, fell in love with him at first sight-- mostly because of those eyes. Over the years, whenever the lack of sexual energy from Perry began to wear on her, all she needed to do was to look into his eyes, and any thought of abandoning the marriage seemed to vanish.

"Yes sir," the concierge smiled. "You let me know if you change your mind-- and please call me if you need *anything*," he smiled.

"Okay-- yes. Thank you," Perry said.

It was hard to tell what was more intense, Perry's overwhelming attraction to Tyson's inhuman physique, or Tyson's mesmerized pull toward those eyes.

As Perry drew the water into his tub, he struggled to get his mind off that man. He stared into the bathroom mirror and contemplated his options. He could call down to the concierge desk and ask some lame question; but that would mean the guy might not make the connection to who he was-- their encounter in the lobby. Perry turned off the tub water and opened the drain. He changed into some casual clothes and went back down to the lobby.

His heart pounded so loud in the elevator he thought it would burst.

The doors to the lift opened and Perry walked into the three-story lobby. The sound of heels clicking on the marble floor echoed everywhere. People sat at tables and sipped drinks, just outside a restaurant. Perry spotted the concierge and approached, despite overwhelming fear. He had hooked up a few times during his 13-year marriage, but this was different. His hookups were with guys who were fully all-the-way-out-there-- meetings in gay bars, or from the Internet. He had never actually tried to pick up a stranger without knowing beforehand what his reaction to the move might be. And this strapping, amazingly big bodybuilder could

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easily react in a negative way-- and Perry would be crushed, either figuratively or literally.

"You're back," the resonant voice smiled.

Perry hadn't realized that he was already standing about 10 feet from the concierge desk. God, this guy was immense!

"Oh, yeah," Perry smiled, trying to act at ease.

"How can I help you, Mr..."

"Thorson. Perry Thorson. Room 2424."

"Mr. Thorson; very good," the smiling bodybuilder said.

"Oh, you can call me Perry, please."

"Very well. I'm Tyson." The perfect smile put Perry at ease. The smile was adorable, with dimpling cheeks and twinkling eyes.

"Well, uh-- Tyson-- I was wondering... could you suggest some restaurants?" Perry asked, stepping all the way up to the desk. As he moved to the concierge kiosk, his head began to swim. The close proximity of Tyson was quite compelling.

Perry was very familiar with restaurants in the area-- he had even established a few favorites. Trips to company headquarters here in Atlanta were frequent, and he always stayed at the Hotel Glitz, so the question about restaurants was totally a ruse.

Tyson made a few suggestions, asking Perry what kind of food he preferred, trying to find out his likes and dislikes. He leaned forward just a bit as he talked. Perry's initial relaxation at Tyson's disarming smile began to turn to pure nerves again as he slowly examined the massiveness that was contained in that dark blue suit. Tyson smelled of cologne. He was clean. Manicured nails. Strong hands.

"Do any of those sound good?" the concierge brought Perry out of his trance.

"Oh, yes. I think I'll try one of them." He took the list that Tyson had written. Even the man's handwriting was perfect: masculine, blocked letters-- easy to read. As he took the paper, Tyson held on to his corner of the sheet for just a split second. The two men's eyes met and tractor beams were definitely engaged. It was a contest to see who would release the other first, but Tyson was unable to overpower those emerald eyes and Perry had to be the one to avert his glance first.

Perry's heart pounded.

*Did he just look at me?*

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Well, of course he did-- but what kind of look *was* that?

"Thanks for your time," Perry said, trying to remain calm.

"You're very welcome," Tyson replied.

A smartly-dressed employee approached Tyson from behind and engaged him in conversation as Perry moved away. But as he left, he noticed Tyson glancing back at him, and once again both sets of eyes sparkled at each other.

*God, he **had** to be looking at me,* Perry thought. He felt like he needed to stop and sit down, but instead found a post to lean against. His knees shook.

He wasn't hungry. He had eaten some food on the plane, and then snacked on some nutrition bars he had packed in his carry-on. He returned to his room and drew his bath again.

As he stepped out of his underwear, his boner thwapped against his abs. *God, I didn't realize I was so hard!* he thought.

Well, the bath was long and hot-- in more ways than one. He hadn't produced this much cum in a long time. As he dried in front of the mirror, he checked his watch on the counter: 10:30; still early evening for his body clock's West Coast time. He threw on the bright white bathrobe that the hotel provided and started to flip through the channels on the TV.

Before sleeping, Perry decided to call room service and get a snack. It took about 20 minutes for the knock on the door, and when Perry opened it, a tall, slender man stood holding a tray with a domed plate on it, and a bottle of wine.

"Room service," the young man said.

"But, I only ordered a sandwich. I didn't order any wine," Perry said.

"Compliments of the concierge," the handsome boy answered. "May I open it for you?"

Perry stepped aside and the young man came inside and popped the cork; he poured the wine into a stemmed glass he had brought, and then left.

It was good wine.

At the end of his first glass, there was another knock on the door.

"Just wanted to make sure you got the wine," Tyson said as Perry opened the door. His beautiful face beamed with friendliness.

Perry was in shock.

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Tyson was still in his hotel suit.

Every time Perry saw Tyson anew, he was amazed at how-- *no*, his memory *hadn't* inflated the reality of what Tyson looked like. The man was simply an amazingly large, muscular, gorgeous human being. "Uh-- oh yes. I did." Perry smiled nervously, and then held up his nearly empty wine glass to demonstrate he was telling the truth. He couldn't think of what to say next, and there seemed an uncomfortable moment of silence, until he drew his wits and said, "Thank you so much. You didn't have to do that."

Tyson smiled. "You're very welcome." At this point, Tyson himself seemed to pause in nervousness. He looked down at his feet (as if you could actually see them with those thick pecs in the way!) and then back up into Perry's eyes.

*Those eyes.* They seemed to almost have a visible effect on the big black man.

"I just-- wanted to make sure you felt welcome here," Tyson said.

"Well, you have. Definitely."

"Good."

And Tyson just stood there. For an eternity.

"Well, I am off the clock now," Tyson said as he looked back down at the floor, "I'd better be goi--"

"Would you care to join me for a drink?" Perry said over Tyson's trailing voice. He didn't know where those words came from, but he thanked god they came.

Tyson looked up and smiled. His confidence seemed to renew. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. Please-- please come in." Perry moved to the side and Tyson's huge frame moved right in front of him, through the entry hall. "I'm sorry, I'm only in this bathrobe," Perry said nervously, closing the door and instinctively locking it. "Let me put something on."

"No-- please don't worry about it," Tyson said. He looked around the room-- which was really more like a small suite. "I forget how nice some of these rooms are. I don't get up here very often."

"You mean you don't pay personal visits like this to *all* the guests?" Perry said as he poured a glass of wine for his guest. Perry handed the glass to Tyson and Tyson put his hand onto Perry's as the glass paused between them. Tyson looked deep into those green eyes and said, "No. I don't."

Tyson's hand was warm.

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Perry couldn't move. The physical contact-- no matter how small-- was amazing. Finally, he drew in a deep breath to make up for the ones he had just missed.

"Thank you," Tyson smiled as he slipped the glass from Perry's fingers and broke the spell.

"Well, it is me who thanks *you*," Perry said. I've never had a concierge send up a bottle of wine before.

Tyson took a drink and then sat it on a table. The two men's eyes locked again, in what should have been something they were used to by now.

But every time was new.

"Do you mind--- if I take off this jacket?" Tyson asked. He knew what the answer would be.

Perry sat on the bed as Tyson pulled off the jacket. The dark fabric didn't look like it was leaving of its own free will. By the time Tyson threw it onto the bed next to him, Perry was glad he had sat down, because the fitted white shirt showcased the most amazing upper body he could have ever imagined. Fuck! Shoulders out to here! Arms that could crush a continent. Pecs from another planet! Lats that should have required a permit. And his taut waist poured into his slacks like milk from a pitcher. And speaking of slacks, the small ass cheeks were now much more visible. *GodAlmighty*. Perry wanted to whip it out right then and there! Tyson's legs-- even covered in fabric like that-- were obviously enormous. God-- it looked like each one would rival the circumference of his waist! The suit *had* to be tailored. That much was obvious. Perry gazed at the crotch. *Holy Shit!* Yeah, they *were* tailored. He wondered what the tailor had to do to build out a crotch pocket like that! What lied beneath must rival any anaconda anywhere!

*Where did this guy come from?* He should have been on the cover of every bodybuilding magazine in the country.

"God-- you are the buffest guy I've ever seen!" Perry blurted. At first he was shocked by his outburst, but he immediately saw Tyson's smiling reaction. Perry knew, just from watching others in the gym he went to, that many well-built guys don't mind at all when another guy notices all the hard work they've done. Besides, was it, or was it not, obvious as to *why* this big black beauty was here in the room anyway?

"Thanks," Tyson smiled.

"Why haven't I seen any pictures of you? You're huge! You gotta be a competitive bodybuilder, man," Perry said.

Tyson leaned his butt against the dresser across from the bed and folded his arms. He looked like he could have moved the earth if he wanted. "I did some competing a few years ago," he explained slowly. "Won everything I entered. But people had a

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hard time with-- this." He slowly moved his right hand onto his crotch. He squeezed himself slowly. His big hand couldn't contain the whole bulge. "Even when I had posers custom-made to hold it-- well, it kinda freaks people out."

Perry swallowed.

Tyson should have let go of himself by now; his point had been made. But he didn't.

Perry watched Tyson's strong hand massage the pouch. "I bet it does," the businessman said.

Beneath the starched, blazing white fabric of Tyson's shirt sleeve, the huge man's upper arm bulged-- both biceps and triceps-- as he held himself. Tyson studied his hand as it slowly-- painfully slowly-- moved over his crotch; then he looked up at Perry's slack-jaw expression. Tyson acknowledged Perry's interest. He knew he had him. Or, was it those eyes that had *him*?

Tyson spoke softly. "Yeah, and then once during a contest, there was this one dude who couldn't stop staring at it." He looked back down at his hand. The bulge seemed to be growing. "To tell you the truth, it actually started turning me on-- that some dude-- a fellow bodybuilder-- would be so enamored with it that he just couldn't stop staring. I mean, it was pretty obvious. Anyway, it was such a turn on that I could do that to a guy-- get him all hot and bothered-- that I started gettin' hard." He looked back up at Perry and continued, "Kinda like I am right now, the way you're watching me...."

Perry put a hand on the mattress to steady himself. He was lightheaded. "I-- I bet that bodybuilder guy was blown away." Perry knew that Tyson had already established that fact, but he didn't know what else to say.

"Yeah. I guess so."

Perry just kept swallowing.

Tyson stood away from the dresser. "Well, maybe I should be going. Maybe this isn't really appropriate-- me being here like this. Doing this."

"No-- no! I'm glad you're here. You don't need to go!" Perry wanted to jump up and tackle the black god.

Tyson leaned back again. "You sure?" His eyes twinkled and the dimples in his cheeks dented. He put his hand back on his crotch and resumed his massage. "This doesn't bother you?"

"No. Not at all!" Perry said emphatically.

"Has anyone ever commented on the color of your eyes?" Tyson asked.

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Perry relaxed. "Well, yeah. Sometimes."

"They're actually quite-- beautiful, if you don't mind me using that word."

Perry cracked a slight smile. "Not at all. Thank you."

Tyson looked back down at his hand. The room was silent for a few minutes while Tyson pleased himself. Tyson looked back up at Perry and smiled. Perry's bathrobe wasn't covering as much as Perry probably thought it was; his cock, at full mast, was starting to part the front of the robe. It was just a small slice of a view. "Looks like we might *both* be getting a little hard," Tyson said.

Perry was now relaxed. It was obvious what the two men were doing-- how they were mutually attracted. He looked down at his opening robe and actually pulled it open a little more, exposing himself. "Yeah, I guess we are."

"You got a nice cock there, man," Tyson said. He stood from the dresser again and walked over to Perry. He stopped right in front of Perry and began unzipping his slacks. He undid his belt. He opened his pants and pulled it out.

It was bigger than Rodney St. Cloud's. I'm not kidding you. The thing was long, thick and overwhelming! Tyson stroked himself and it grew even more, straightening, throbbing, and even showing the first signs of dripping. Soon, it was fully erect-- a obelisk of biblical proportions. It bobbed in front of Perry's face with Tyson's every heartbeat.

"Go ahead," Tyson said.

Perry raised one hand and gently, slowly grasped it. He could feel Tyson's heartbeats in it. He could feel the thick veins in it; they pressed against his palm and fingers. Perry moved the tip of one of his fingers and moved it over a vein. He gave the penis one long, slow stroke. Tyson only smiled, looking on.

Immediately, without any stimulation, Perry's own cock burst into an orgasm. His whole body shook and he held onto Tyson's boa-constrictor for dear life as he wetted his abs and chest with his own jism.

"Nice," Tyson smiled.

Perry looked up at the muscular, gorgeous face and his orgasm intensified. It ended a few, loud minutes later.

"Gonna have to have housekeeping use something pretty strong on your robe to get that out," Tyson smiled as Perry tried to pick the semen out of the white cotton.

Perry chuckled. "Sorry about this."

"Sorry?" Tyson grinned. "I doubt it."

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Another chuckle.

“Do you mind if I get a little more comfortable” Tyson asked.

“Mind?”

Now it was Tyson’s turn to chuckle. He loosened his tie and pulled it off. He stepped back and undid each shirt button with just the right amount of flair and suspense. His arms protested as he slid the shirt off, revealing a gleaming white “wife-beater” that hugged *every* muscle as if it were his skin. Perry could even see the abs-- each individual mound of muscle-- under the cotton. Tyson continued the striptease and lifted the tank top off, very slowly.

“God in heaven. Holy sheeeeeiiit,” Perry mumbled as Tyson’s upper body was revealed.

The black skin was absolutely *perfect*-- thin, blemish-free and taut. The epidural membrane stretched gorgeously over every ridge and valley, every bulge and canyon-- accentuating muscle fibers that seemed to dance under some kind of dark plastic wrap. Big muscles. I mean, get out the thesaurus, boys-- the words are all in there: huge, gigantic, massive, gargantuan. And proportionally exact. He **was** anatomy.

Tyson gave the same, taunting show as he pulled down his trousers. Soon he was totally naked and his young, other-worldly body was all Perry’s. But first, there was a little posing. Perry nearly choked as Tyson tightened his biceps. The middle-aged man wasn’t good with numbers, but he figured the arm *had* to be at *least* 23 inches. At least. And it was that inhuman leanness and definition that did Perry in. The twin peaks of Tyson’s biceps could have given Everest and K2 a run for their money.

Tyson danced his pecs with a slow, rhythmic motion.

Perry nearly started creaming all over again, but despite the unbelievable turn-on that stood before him, his 44 year-old body needed more time to recover from the previous-- exhausting-- orgasm. Tyson’s legs were so big they almost looked morphed. And the ridges and mounds of muscles were freaky-- just amazing. Like nothing Perry had ever seen.

Tyson continued to pose-- masterfully. When he finished, he moved onto Perry, forcing him back onto the bed.

Now, Perry went again.

Tyson held him tightly while Perry spewed more cum between their bodies.

God, what a turn-on this was to Tyson. He humped Perry’s body, rubbing his cock against the man’s abs. Perry’s jizz squirted out, wetting Tyson’s mammoth cock, which, incidentally, was easily twice the size of the businessman’s.

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The night was not nearly over, though.

Under the covers, in the large bathtub, posing in front of the dresser-- all night long, Perry worshipped Tyson's massive, powerful, gorgeous body. Feeling, kissing (*god, they kissed a lot!*), giving blow jobs, hand jobs, muscle rubs. And of course, there was the passionate fucking.

By morning, Perry was exhausted. (And sore in the ass!) He didn't make it to the conference meeting that day. He had to sleep.

The young Tyson, however, appeared at the concierge kiosk at his appointed time, fresh and ready to go.



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