

Brad & David in the Gym

by Sean Scott

Starring [David McAllister](#)

[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

Brad tried with all his might to keep it down, but he loved the fact that he was losing that battle. He let his eyes move slowly up and down his vast, muscular physique in the mirror. And no matter how hard he tried, the more he looked at himself, the more he got aroused.

His blood pumped faster and faster throughout his body; the epinephrine and serotonin flooded his cells. He could sense his breathing depth increasing. His chest rose with each breath-- and he liked what he saw. Man, did he like it. Yet he wanted to be able to maintain control. He wanted to look away-- that was just about the only way he could relax and stop his excitement, but the whole point was to be able to *look* at himself, and enjoy his body, without getting stimulated. How he wanted that control.

Control-- like David had. Shit, that guy had unbelievable control, in every way: Obvious self-discipline, the ability to resist all kinds of temptations (Brad had practically thrown himself at David, but the musclegod only indulged when *he* wanted to), strict diet, relentless discipline in working out. In truth, David had *everything* Brand wanted.

Brad allowed his fingertips to venture into his pubes and he let all of his breath out, flexing and twisting just slightly. His veins popped out. He looked down at his big cock-- it had been pumping and thickening despite his concerted effort to resist himself. Now, he could see it throbbing as it grew. God, he wanted to touch it.

He briefly closed his eyes. *Concentrate!* he told himself. He opened his eyes again and began to stare at his cock, trying to *will* it into submission: *Rest. Relax. Down.* Still, it throbbed, and it glistened. Brad looked up from it, and his huge upper body tightened for his eyes. More cock-throbs. He held

his breath, trying to enjoy the muscular feast before him, while commanding himself to become limp. He resumed breathing, but this time with shallow, almost panicked breaths.

His cock began to lower. He nearly stared a hole through it. Still lower. Brad winced out a small, hopeful turn-up of the corners of his mouth. He closed his eyes in a long blink.

But then, as he opened his eyes, standing behind him, if only in Brad's imagination, was David. Nude.

Huge.

Unbelievably huge.

He was taller, wider, thicker and more ripped than Brad. Brad closed his eyes to make his imagination come in line, but it was no use. The image had been planted-- retrieved from a previous encounter with the gorgeous giant-- and was now indelibly carved on the inner wall of his mind. David wasn't going away.

Brad's breathing increased again as he imagined David moving close to his back, hovering, as it were, behind and above him-- dwarfing his award-winning physique with more muscles than were possible on a man. David's soft chest hair bristled against Brad's back and neck. Then the blond man felt one of David's nipples against his shoulder.

Brad's cock was now hopelessly erect, and dripping with precum. Once again Brad closed his eyes-- hard-- trying to squint David out of existence. David gently took hold of Brad's shoulders. He didn't smile, but his expression was one of pleasure, mixed with knowing dominance-- as if he were thinking to Brad, *You can't resist me, and we both know it.* David moved his cheek to Brad's neck and nuzzled. As Brad's hand moved up and down his torso, feeling his own thick chest, tight abs and pubic hair, Brad imagined it was David's hand. Their joint hand slowly moved onto Brad's stiff cock. It was so stiff that it hurt. A big, thick, clear drop of fluid fell out of the helmet and onto the hardwood floor below.

Their hand gave it one long, soft stroke. And that's all it took. With a shot that echoed throughout Brad's changing room, splattering with such intensity that it could have been heard out in his bedroom, had anyone been out there, Brad's jism began to spray onto the reflection. His whole body jerked hard. Then he shot another volley. And another.

He had once again failed.

And this time, as was often the case, it was David's fault.

Damn that David, Brad thought as he squeezed his balls and pulled downward on the skin of his blasting dick. He put his free hand outward and steadied himself with the wall; his knees were wobbly. God, this was one *intense* orgasm! Brad looked at his cock as it just *sprayed* the floor-length mirror with jism once again. He jerked out one last shot, and then looked back up at his reflection. A semi-transparent image behind him in the mirror, barely smiled. Actually, it wasn't a smile at all. David didn't need to smile. He just watched. From somewhere, David placed a cigar in his mouth, and then slowly lit it. He looked back at Brad, staring.

Brad blinked his eyes. *GodDamn, David. Leave.*

As if to say, *I'll leave when I'm good and ready*, imaginary David took another long drag from his cigar, still staring at Brad. He blew the smoke out of his mouth slowly, and then became more and more transparent. Finally, there was no more reflection of him in the mirror. There was no trace of David.

Except for a distinct smell of cigar smoke wafting through Brad's dressing room.

CHAPTER TWO

The empty beer bottle stared back at Brad. The muscular blond with the flat-top haircut looked up at the bartender and ordered another. As the mixologist sat the bottle on the lacquered bar, he couldn't hide his amazement, shaking his head as he talked. "How in hell do you put those things down like that, and look like *that?*" His eyes made reference to the body-builder muscles that bulged under Brad's tightly fitting black polo shirt.

Brad smiled just a bit and shrugged his shoulders without offering an explanation.

The bartender continued shaking his head as he walked away.

Normally, this kind of attention would have bolstered Brad's spirits. Indeed, more than likely, whenever Brad went out in public, *someone* said *something* expressing awe and respect for Brad's body. And secretly, Brad fed on this public adoration. He had gotten quite used to it, for sure; and he had become somewhat dependent on it. But tonight, his night off from his job at the gym, Brad found himself pretty much sulking-- trying to drown his sorrows in alcohol. And why, the curious reader might ask, was our protagonist in such a funk? In a word: David.

Ever since David had moved into town, the white-hot spotlight of public adulation toward Brad had begun to dim. Brad, heretofore the constant object of everyone's idolatry, had been suddenly-- and summarily-- replaced as the town's reigning perfect muscleman. David was taller, wider, heavier, more muscular, more proportional, more handsome, more ripped, and just about any other "more" you could imagine. And everyone knew it. Worse, Brad knew it.

"God, that guy's bigger than *you* are!" was one of the more familiar comments Brad had been hearing.

So here Brad sat, on a Friday night, at a packed bar, nursing his deflated self-esteem with his fourth bottle. The many hushed exclamations of the other patrons, including the bartender's statement, did little to console him. It's funny, but no matter how good you look, when you know there's someone else who's better,... well, it was pretty hard for Brad to swallow. Every

bit of praise he got for his body he dismissed with the thought, "Yeah, but if you saw David, you wouldn't be as impressed."

As true as that statement was, it was also true that all eyes were currently on Brad's own hugely muscular body. There wasn't a guy in the bar who wasn't envious of Brad to some extent; and there wasn't a woman in the place who wasn't lusting about what that blond god sitting at the bar would be like in bed-- all those huge rippling muscles!

As Brad took another swig from the bottle and sat it back down, the feeling in the bar suddenly changed. He couldn't put his finger on it-- the music in the background was the same, the lighting was the same; but somehow something had just changed. The talking. Yeah, that was it. The volume of the many conversations taking place in the bar had suddenly gone down a few decibels. Brad turned, slowly, to see what was going on. As he turned, he got a very sick feeling in his stomach. A painful, cold pit in his stomach.

It was David.

Oh, God, it was David.

Entering the room, the huge body drew stares like a magnet draws paper clips. Many people stopped talking all together. Whispers started circulating. This phenomenon was similar to Brad experienced whenever he entered a room; but with David, it was everything Brad got, *times two*. Maybe *times three*, because of the fact that Brad was already there in the room and clearly had been the de facto king of muscle bodies; and now he had just been dethroned. A few eyes looked back and forth between David and Brad, and Brad could see what was happening. They were assessing; judging; measuring; comparing. And to a person, Brad could see the unanimous conclusion. The winner of the comparisons was David.

Perhaps the most inimical aspect of David's appearance in the bar was the fact that Brad wholeheartedly *agreed* with everyone else's assessment: David was better. Better by far. And the pit in Brad's stomach threatened to swallow the entire universe like a black hole.

David wore a white mesh tank top that was virtually see-through, leaving very little to the imagination, which was a good thing because the imagination could in no way have conjured up anything half as good as the real thing. That hairy chest filled the tank to overflowing with monster muscles. And under the narrow, tucked bottom of the mesh, twin rows of abdominal muscles bulged with David's every step. This writer could go on and on

about David's other inhumanly muscular qualities, but suffice it to say that *everyone* in the room, including Brad, was quite smitten with lust for David.

Although new in town-- only moved there a few months ago-- David made friends quickly (duh); and as he casually moved through the crowd he occasionally stopped to acknowledge some people he knew. Some of the braver souls made direct comments about how he looked, and he took each compliment with grace and humility. Occasionally he'd laugh it off; sometimes he'd give out a genuine, "Thank you." He turned down two requests to lift his arm and flex, but finally by the third time someone asked, he acquiesced-- to the sound of gasps all over the room.

"*Fuck,*" Brad thought. He was torn. "*God, that is the mother-fuckin' biggest biceps I've ever seen!*" was his first reaction. It was quickly tempered by "*that bastard.*" However, as David approached the bar, almost all of Brad's hostile thoughts melted into genuine, hopeless lust and idolatry. All those muscles! Those gorgeous, ripped, huge muscles.

David seemed genuinely friendly, and despite his body, not conceited-- if that was possible. Lots of bodybuilders kind of ignore anyone who might present any kind of competition-- an effort to put on the "game face"-- and Brad was frequently guilty of that. But as David got close to Brad he looked right into the blond's eyes.

Deep, yet vibrant and bright blue eyes pierced Brad's soul. David smiled, glanced at the empty seat next to Brad, then asked, "Mind if I join you?"

"Sure," Brad answered. "I-- I mean, not at all. Uh, have a seat."

"Thanks," David said as he mounted the stool. He looked up at the bartender, who had completely abandoned any other task he might otherwise have been doing, in order to service David. "Heineken, please," David said. The bartender looked like he was disappointed that the conversation was so short, but eventually he unglued his eyes from David's physique and turned to get the beer.

David turned his face to Brad. "How's it goin' man?" he asked Brad.

"Good. Can't complain. Well, I could, but no one would listen anyway," Brad offered. Shit, he couldn't believe he just spewed out that overused cliché.

"True enough," David nodded.

"Don't think I've seen you in here before."

"Naw-- my first time here," David said. "Just moved to town a month or so ago. Finally got unpacked and settled in my place, so I thought I'd start venturing out and exploring the social scene," he smiled.

The bartender placed a green beer bottle in front of David. "You want me to start a tab?"

"Sure, man. Thanks."

"And your name?"

"David," the musclegod smiled.

"Thanks," the bartender said, turning away.

"And what's your name?" David asked, stopping the bartender.

He turned back around and extended his hand, "Jesse."

"Glad to meet you Jesse," David said. "You have a nice place here. You'll probably be seeing a lot more of me. Really nice place here."

"Good. I'll look forward to that," Jesse said as they shook. He didn't want to let go of David's hand, but finally he released and went his way.

"Name's Brad," the blond stud said as he took his turn shaking David's strong hand. The pain of envy in Brad's stomach turned soft and warm as they shook. In fact, as they released, Brad began to sense a powerful stirring in his crotch. *God almighty, that guy is gorgeous.*

They exchanged small talk and sipped their beers for the next 20 minutes. Occasionally someone would call out to David-- usually someone he already knew, but sometimes it would be a complete stranger admiring his build. Whenever David turned to acknowledge someone, Brad would take the opportunity to run his eyes up and down David's physique, taking in as much as he could of his impossible body. With every examination, no matter how short, Brad's lusting increased and his cock hurt more. His facial expression, however, belied his lust; he was a master of the game face, although to the casual observer Brad's envy seemed obvious.

It was at this point that someone approached David and placed his hand on David's shoulder. "Dude," the guy said. "I got a bet going with three guys in that booth over there that you'll take your shirt off and hit some poses for us if I ask."



David turned around and smiled. "Sorry, man. You know the saying, 'no shoes, no shirt, no service.' I don't want to get kicked out, dude."

"Aw come on, man," the guy smiled. It was clear he had been drinking quite a while. "Ol' Jesse here isn't going to throw you out for just a minute or two of showing off."

David shyly looked down at the ground for just a second. "Naw, but thanks for the compliment, man."

Jesse had heard the interchange and stepped closer to where David was sitting. "Hey, man, don't let me stop you," he offered.

"See?" the guy grinned. He lifted his hand and pointed at Jesse, "See? he's not going to kick you out. Come on, man. You know everyone wants to see what you got." He glanced around the bar, and the people closest, who had been able to hear the interchange nodded and prodded.

Just before the gathered crowd was about to break into spontaneous chanting, David stood and faced the guy directly. The guy was obviously built, but David just *towered* over him in every way. The giant looked down at the guy and said politely, but emphatically, "Thanks for asking, man. But I'm not taking off my tank top." He stood there silently, and his demeanor clearly communicated that he would not be entertaining and further requests.

The surrounding crowd, although not completely silent, was immediately persuaded that David was serious. The guy, with a quick, "Okay, man. No problem," slunked back to his booth, his tail between his legs, as it were.

David sat back down and ordered another beer, "And one for my friend here," he said, motioning to Brad.

"Thanks, man," Brad responded. Although Brad had gotten many requests similar to what David had just experienced, he had never had a whole room full of people nearly riot over his body, as had David just now. Brad made a

passing nod at the people behind David and said, "So, you giving second thoughts to what you said about coming back here?" He smiled as he talked.

David grinned too. "Naw, not at all. I get that a lot. You get used to it." David looked at Brad and continued, "Shit, man, you must know what I'm talking about. You're pretty built yourself."

Pretty built. *Pretty built.* Inside, Brad could feel himself seething. "Well, yeah, I do. But I've never caused a riot, like you almost did."

David laughed. "Well, like I said, you get used to it."

You get used to causing riots because you're so powerfully built? Brad's seething intensified.

Brad's arm bulged as he took a swig of his freshly-delivered beer-- an act that would usually have garnered stares, but with David standing next to him, hardly anyone noticed.

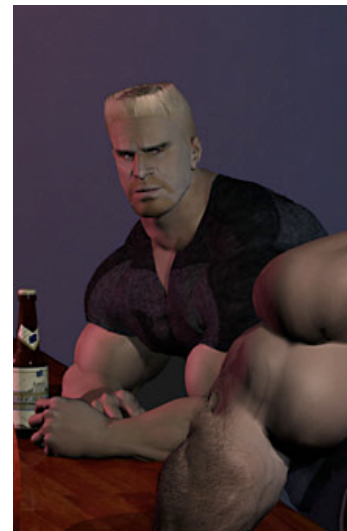
The two men finished their beers.

"Well, I guess I'd better be getting home. Need to finish my laundry," David finally said as he stood. He hailed Jesse and paid his tab, turned to Brad and shook his hand again, then began to make his way out of the bar.

Finish your laundry?

As David walked through the room, he diverted over to the booth where the guy and his friends were sitting. Brad could tell the guy looked a little nervous as David approached, but even though he couldn't hear the conversation this far away, it was apparent that David was being friendly, and even joking with the guys. By the time he left, David had shaken the hand of the guy; and all of the other guys were smiling and responding very favorably to whatever David had said.

David left the bar and Brad turned to finish the last drink from his beer. It took only about 30 seconds to finish his beer and clear his tab with Jesse, and then he turned around to leave-- just in time to see the last guy from



the booth group going out the door. Brad's eyes snapped to the booth. It was empty.

Hmmm, Brad thought.

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Brad's usual routine was to hit some poses in the mirror before bed and have a little fun with himself, but tonight he just wasn't interested. He stripped naked, brushed his teeth, took his Prozac®, and slipped his hyper-muscular body under the sheets. Sleep was long in coming, but after many tossings and turnings, it did eventually come.

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"Nice place, man," Jeff said as the guys entered David's condo. "Really a sweet flat, man."

"Thanks," David smiled. "Make yourselves at home. You guys want a drink?"

Although they had all had more than enough of their share of drinks that night, in unison they accepted David's offer.

David brought out four bottles and distributed them among his guests. He leaned down to each guy, allowing them to experience his size quite closely.

"Fuck," Jeff said as he took his first sip of beer, "I've never seen a guy built like you. You must win every contest you enter!"

David didn't answer; he waited for a second while the guys drank, and then said, "Who wants to take it off me?"

The guys looked perplexed.

"If you want to see, you're going to have to do a little work, guys. Who wants to take off the tank?"

Jeff, the guy who had approached David in the bar and was the obvious ring-leader, stood up. David smiled and moved his hands out from his body just slightly so as to offer Jeff room to work. Jeff hesitated. He didn't really know what to do. David slowly took a step toward Jeff, then another, so that

now they were practically touching. David's massive chest hovered right in front of Jeff's face. "Go ahead," he said softly. "I won't bite."

Still, Jeff just couldn't bring himself to undress another man, especially right here in front of his homies. David pulled a few inches of mesh fabric out of the front of his pants, then gently took Jeff's hands and brought the smaller man's fingertips to the mesh. With that coaxing, Jeff took over and slowly started lifting and pulling more of David's tank top out. It took some time, and in the end Jeff wasn't able to finish the task without David's substantial help, but the tank top did come off. It seemed to take, like, maybe, 15 seconds for the tank top to hit the floor from the moment it left David's fingertips-- that's how slow time was moving. Jeff stood close to David, not backing up-- frozen in awe.

One of the other guys mumbled something like "Holy shit," and the others concurred.

Shirtless David, also not moving away, smiled down at Jeff. "So, what did you want to see first?" David asked.

Jeff could only swallow hard.

David slowly began to ripple his pectoral muscles, only inches from Jeff's eyes. He pushed his arms downward, allowing his traps to grow, and began to tighten-- everything-- into the most unreal "most-muscular" pose any of the guys had ever seen.

Instinctively, Jeff lifted his hands and placed them on David's traps. The giant seemed amenable to Jeff's advances-- he held the flex longer. He grinned at Jeff and his sapphire eyes nearly blinded him. Jeff's shaking hands moved outward to David's deltoids. David bent over just a bit, affording Jeff a better feel, then he stood up straight, pretty much ensuring that Jeff's hands would move down onto his enormous chest. As Jeff's hands began to move inward and outward all over the soft carpet of hair that covered David's pecs, he couldn't keep from moaning. "Fuuuck," he whispered.

David's soft, friendly eyes continued to invite Jeff to enjoy himself, yet in the corner of his eye, in his peripheral vision, he could see that more than one of Jeff's friends was having to adjust his pants.

As for Jeff, he was going to need some serious coaxing to persuade him to remove his hands from feeling out David's chest. Perhaps a lifted biceps would do the trick.

It did.

“Shit!” one of the guys said as David’s upper arm bent and formed a split-peak mountain of muscle. The bowling-ball sized arm flexed and rippled, and Jeff’s hand rose to the occasion. “Oh my god,” another guy said.

But then, David lowered his arm, gently took Jeff’s hand and opened the palm. David’s hand moved Jeff’s onto his abs, where Jeff’s fingers began to explore the mounds and valleys of the twin rows. Then, slowly, David moved Jeff’s palm lower-- and even lower, onto his belt-- and then-- lower. Jeff trembled as David, without any resistance from his admirer, moved his palm even lower, so that now it came to rest on the giant’s crotch. David tightened his grip over Jeff’s hand and squeezed. They squeezed together. David released his grip and let go of Jeff. Jeff kept his hand there.

At that point, David began posing again and Jeff continued to squeeze David’s growing crotch. There was no way Jeff’s normal-sized hand could contain the bulk of David’s denim-covered cock, even limp. It was so big; Jeff couldn’t believe what he was doing, and yet, he couldn’t stop squeezing it. He looked down at his hand, then up at David’s upper body-- then down at his hand again. David seemed oblivious to Jeff’s hand as he struck pose after powerful pose

One of the guys who was watching took his shirt off and started to unzip his pants.

As Jeff found his hands working their way over David’s flexing muscles and unzipping David’s pants, he began to ejaculate into his own pants-- without any stimulation to his dick. David smiled knowingly and continued to pose...

The ejaculations came stronger now, spraying jizz all over the sheets. Brad slowly woke up, visions of Jeff and David filling his mind. He pushed down on his cock and the orgasm intensified. His muscles tightened as he reached the climax of the orgasm. Then, his head fell back onto his pillow in exhaustion. He lifted the sheet and looked at the enormous white flow that practically covered his genitals. His manicured pubes were sopping with the milk. He breathed heavily. Squeezing the last drop out of his penis, he closed his eyes and tried in vain to get the image of David and Jeff out of his mind.

[To be continued...]

CHAPTER THREE

Brad pouted around the front desk of the gym-- as he usually did when David was there. He fidgeted with his computer, looking at his schedule for the next day, wondering why these people kept making appointments when they obviously didn't have the self-discipline to get in shape. But then, it was an income.

Brad had become the consummate trainer, working with all kinds of wannabe bodybuilders and many, many (too many) middle-aged just-plain-fat women. Of course his beyond-muscular body-- the way it filled out his polo shirt and slacks-- was his best sales tool. Everyone wanted to look like Brad.

Except when David came in.

Right now, two guys were walking by the front desk exchanging expletives and nearly worshipful accolades for "... that guy working out on the bench," comments that were usually reserved for Brad.

Brad tried to keep from pounding his mouse with his fist. He sighed and picked up a pencil, quickly snapping it without even thinking about it.

It was Sunday night, and the gym closed at 8:00. With only a half hour to go before closing, people were starting to trickle out. Brad made the rounds and began straightening things up. Two other employees also started their closing routines, and as Brad's mind was placed back onto his job, the time quickly passed and 8:00 was soon only moments away. The lights were turned down.

Brad turned off the computer system and locked the front doors. The two employees finished their work and Brad let them out. As he locked them out, preparing to return back into the office to tend to a few last-minute chores, he heard a clanking of weights in the gym.

"Oh, David," Brad said as he entered the gym, "Gym's closed, man." The lights were turned down, but now completely out.

David didn't respond, adding a plate to each end of the barbell that bowed above the bench.

Brad approached.

David looked at Brad, "I was thinking I'd stay a little late tonight," he said matter-of-factly. "You mind?"

Shit, this guy has balls, Brad thought.

"Dude, we close at 8:00, man," Brad said.

David's loose T-shirt covered his torso, leaving just the right amount up to the imagination. God, he was huge. "I know," David smiled. God-- those eyes.

Brad argued with himself as to how he should handle this. "How long were you planning on working out?" he said, trying to mask his indignation with politeness.

David moved in front of the weights, putting one hand on the multiple rings of metal. "Oh, I don't know. You able to stay awhile? I could use a spotter."

Brad pressed his lips together. If he acquiesced to David, he risked losing all sense of authority. Who does this guy think he is, anyway? he thought. "Listen, man," Brad said, "Uh, I really think it's time to..."

"Man, it's kind of warm in here now," David interrupted, looking around-- as if he could find the source of the warmth. "You guys turn off the air conditioning overnight?" His fingertips felt the hem of his T-shirt-- an action that was not lost on the blond musclestud.

"Yeah, we turn it down," Brad answered, angry that David had diverted the conversation away from what he was trying to accomplish.

"Because I was wondering if you might want to turn it back up," David said. "But you don't have to," he added. He looked deep in to Brad's eyes and smiled. "You ever spot this much weight before?" He looked up and down Brad's body. "I bet you won't have any trouble with it, dude."

Brad could feel his body getting excited. Just the thought of watching David press all that weight made him feel-- well, tingly. As David's gaze returned

to Brad's eyes, Brad could feel his stomach churn with desire. God, that giant looked good in a T-shirt.

David, still standing, turned slightly away from Brad and grasped the barbell, moving it slightly on the struts. Through his T-shirt, his back, shoulder and arm muscles bulged. He glanced back at Brad, blinding him with his crystal blue eyes. "I only have three more sets to do, man. Care to join me?" With that, David turned back and faced Brad straight-on. He lifted his T-shirt upward and brought it up, over his head. The sleeves caught on his massive arms, and for a second it looked like he wouldn't be able to free his arms from their tight grasp. Finally, though, he forced it off, and his gigantic arms seemed to pop out and grow to even bigger proportions. He gently placed the shirt on the bench beside him.

Brad swallowed hard; he gazed, dumbfounded, at the rippling muscle tower standing in front of him. "God Almighty," he half-thought, half-verbalized. The verbalization part was loud enough for David to hear-- just barely. David made like he was fussing with his workout shorts while Brad tried to catch his breath-- a task that would ultimately end in failure. David stood there patiently, realizing that Brad would need some time to reassume control of his faculties. David got that a lot, and he was well practiced in the art of humility, while tormenting the observer with even more mind-blowing muscle. He continued to adjust the elastic waistband of his workout shorts, which also afforded him the opportunity to showcase his taut, narrow waistline.

"Fuck," Brad whispered-- again, only half-audibly. Inside, the battle had been joined. Control. Discipline. He tried with all his might to resist staring, to resist being turned-on, to resist actually falling on his knees and worshipping; but in the end he was only successful at the latter. Control. Discipline. Stop. But deep down, Brad knew that this resistance was futile. Shit, if he couldn't stand up against the imaginary David in his dressing room mirror, how could he have a prayer of standing up against the real thing? And, as it turned out, the imaginary David didn't hold a candle to the real one. Brad's mind was totally incapable of recalling from memory all of the massive muscle, striations, rippling fibers, perfect skin and unbelievably sensual beauty of this god. There was just too much perfect power to be able to comprehend and fit into organizable, recallable information packets. David was too big for Brad's mind. There was no way to really take it all in-- even while actually standing there looking at the guy! David's size was unbelievable: his traps were amazing, his delts were so wide and broad that Brad had a hard time wrapping his eyes around them! And those rock-hard, defined abs were astounding! But those arms-- two boulders that hung at his

side-- they were beyond powerful! And yet, above all those inhuman features standing out in relief like twin domed stadiums towering above a city's skyline-- were David's pecs; covered with an erotic mat of hair that only seemed to accentuate them and add to their masculine magnificence. That chest-- it looked like it was hewn from the side of a mountain. The upper plates of his pectoral muscles were so thick that they were actually parallel to the floor. You could easily place, say, a pencil on them, and it wouldn't roll off. They pushed outward into the room, toward Brad, with such unbelievable power and majesty that Brad, more than once, had to force himself to take a breath.

David patiently stood there, letting Brad examine. And Brad's boner thickened and grew with every beat of his heart.

The forest of dark hair on David's pectorals flowed down onto his abs in a sensual stream-- a river, really-- caressing each and every mound of abdominal muscle as it made its way even lower, seductively diving behind David's gym shorts. At that very spot, David was still fiddling with the elastic of his shorts, occasionally even revealing just a bit more skin, exposing new views of that narrow waist and that thick mane of hair.

Brad found himself praying that David would keep pulling those shorts out and down-- and David did, just a little-- but every time he did it, he lifted them back up, and Brad's heart sank. One particular push of the shorts afforded Brad with a quick glimpse of the root of David's pubes. But as soon as it was visible, David lifted the fabric upward again.

David coyly looked up from his beautiful fingers, (even his fingernails are trimmed, groomed and gorgeous!) and cracked a small, gentle, almost knowing, smile. "I know the gym has a dress code, but, do you mind-- since you're closed and all-- if I work out like this?" He subliminally glanced at his own upper body, as if Brad needed clarification.

"Uh-- well," Brad's words tied themselves around his tongue as they clumsily fell out of his mouth and seemed to dribble down his shirt. "Yes. I mean, no. I mean, yeah, you don't need to wear a shirt. Since we're closed and all."

"Thanks. I appreciate it."

"No problem, man." Brad found himself having to close his mouth because it just wanted to flop open in awe. He felt small. David always made Brad feel small-- a sensation that was otherwise completely foreign to this body-

builder-- but now, standing there in all his shirtless glory, with all those muscles bulging all over hell, David made Brad feel like a little boy. "Fuck, you're huge," he found himself blurting out.

David didn't respond.

"I mean-- and ripped," Brad added, fearing that his adoration of David's size might make the giant think Brad thought he was fat or something-- not that David would have thought that. "Fuckin' ripped. And huge!"

David barely acknowledged Brad, which sent pangs of insecurity and self-questioning throughout the blond's body, centering right in his gut.

"But I bet you get that all the time," Brad continued. "Sorry, man. Sorry."

Brad was feeling like a bumbling idiot-- which is exactly how he was acting, but he couldn't help it. Come on, man! Control! Self-control! You're huge in your own right! Don't let this guy intimidate you! Brad took a deep breath and puffed up his chest.

"Nothing to be sorry, about, dude," David once again looked up and smiled.

"Yeah, you're right. Yeah. It's cool, man."

David sat down on the bench and moved one leg over it, now straddling it. He looked up and said, "Spot?"

"Sure man. Yeah, sure thing." Brad moved to the head of the bench, behind the bending barbell. On each end were five plates-- more than Brad had ever seen loaded onto a bar, except at a couple of bench contests where the guys wore weightlifting shirts to help lift more weight. He put his hands on the bar, wondering how he would be able to spot this much weight. There were always guys on each end at the benching contests.

"You okay with this much weight?" David asked, lying on the bench and looking up past the bar, and the hopeless bulge in Brad's shorts, at Brad.

"Uh, well..." Brad hesitated.

David smiled. "Don't worry. I probably won't need you. I'm only going to do eight reps."

"Eight reps? Holy shit!" Brad gasped. "Almost 500 pounds-- and eight reps?" he blurted.

David simply grasped the bar. He adjusted his grip. Brad looked down at the shirtless hulk. Fuck-- so much fuckin' muscle!

David, without a word, tightened his grip on the bar and pressed it off the struts. Brad barely had to assist. The floor creaked as the bench adjusted to the change in weight distribution. David's expression was serious, but not at all concerned. As Brad removed his hands from the bar, David slowly lowered it. Astounding power. He let it move all the way to his gigantic pecs, which seemed to rise to meet it. He held it there for a second and then pressed it up-- seemingly effortlessly.

Down again, and up again, with the same, slow, powerful force. And then again; and again.

Brad watched the weight move smoothly, up and down. It was half again as much weight as he would be able to do at that many reps. His cock was painfully straight, and it spewed out a thick, warm glob inside his pleated slacks. It moistened the fabric and began to leave a noticeable dark spot on his left hip, where his helmet came to rest.

David's huge muscles strained as the reps slowed. They bulged to meet the challenge. Finally, without any help from his spotter, he finished his eighth rep, paused for a second, and then went down for one more. His herculean body tightened and struggled, but the bar never stopped on its upward course. He racked the weights.

"Mother of god," Brad mumbled. "I've never seen..."

David's muscular body rose and fell with his deep breaths. He sat up and swiveled around toward Brad. "Thanks for the spot."

Brad was dumbfounded. "How-- how... did you do that?"

"Practice," David smiled.

Brad's astonishment quickly turned from awe to envy. And then, even maybe a little anger. David's confidence was so intimidating, and Brad didn't like being intimidated. David was everything Brad wanted to be-- powerful, confident, beyond-belief-muscular, good looking... and worst of all, David knew the effect he had on Brad. Brad fought to regain control of his emo-

tions, and his body. "Uh, yeah," he smiled. "Practice." He cleared his throat. He looked at the coy giant sitting on the bench, recuperating from the set. It was no use. David made him feel like a little boy-- a little boy that wanted to sit at the feet of this god and worship. There was no way to ignore the effect David had on him. And really, why fight it? Would it be so bad to admit it anyway? "Shit, man," Brad continued. "You are unbelievable." He moved around the end of the barbell and stood next to David.

His wet spot was pretty much right in front on David's face.

David looked at the spot, and then at Brad's face. The corners of his mouth turned up slightly. "Did I make you do that?" he asked innocently.

Brad didn't answer.

David lifted his hand and touched the tip of his finger to the spot, at the tip of Brad's tumescent cock. He removed his finger and looked at the wetness left on his fingertip. He licked it. He looked up at Brad. "Thanks," he smiled, "I appreciate the compliment."

Brad cleared his throat again. Now the corners of his mouth turned up. Apparently, David didn't mind Brad's uncontrollable secretion of pre-ejaculate. He put his hand on David's warm, hard shoulder. Instantly, shivers ran through his body. He was touching David.

David looked at Brad's hand, and then looked away without saying-- or doing-- anything.

Brad squeezed David's deltoid muscle and then slightly-- so as to not alarm the muscle-giant-- moved it around and felt it out.

David drew in a deep breath, still in the recovery mode from his powerful set; he didn't seem to notice-- or at the least, mind-- Brad's hand.

As for Brad, this was doing nothing to abate his intense arousal. "Dude, you are unbelievable," he said. "I mean, look at you-- putting up that kind of weight, looking amazing-- shit, man. You have it all." His hand moved over David's delt, and his fingertips moved forward and downward, just barely venturing into the black forest of David's chest hair.

Still David made no indication that Brad was over-driving his headlights. As a matter of fact, was that a bulge growing in David's shorts?

The fingertips of Brad's strong hand moved lower, and since David was seemingly amenable to the action, he continued venturing into the dark, soft mane. Farther than what would be-- well, what would be, expected by someone who was simply, say, slapping a buddy on the back.

David slightly spread his legs, as if to relieve some kind of growing pressure being felt between them.

"Fuck, man," Brad said softly, "your body is like nothing I've ever seen... or... even imagined..." his voice seemed to trail off as his hand quietly sunk a tad lower.

What Brad didn't understand was that David was quite susceptible to verbal adoration. Not to mention, tactile appreciation. And Brad's hand was definitely appreciating the top of David's pec.

"God. Fuckin' godalmighty," Brad said. "You're, like, everything I'd ever..." his voice faded to silence once again.

And David's shorts bulged more. He drew in a big breath and sighed very slowly. "Well, glad you like what you see, man," he smiled up at Brad.

Brad's hand finally made its way down onto the vast acreage of David's upper pec-- not as far as the nipple by any means. No, there was a lot of land to cover before arriving there; but Brad's hand was fully spread out now, open as wide as it could get, and although it was nowhere near covering the huge, hairy landscape of David's left pectoral, it was indeed fully engulfed in the soft, thick matte, resting on the horizontal plain that comprised David's huge, thick chest.

David felt Brad's hand move around; it was-- compelling. David sat very still-- very still, that is, except for the movement that was occurring in his shorts.

Movement that didn't escape Brad's notice.

"I-- I can't believe how much muscle you have," Brad said as his hand massaged David's upper pec. "And how strong you are. I could only hope to be as half as strong..."

"Thanks, man," David interrupted. He further adjusted his shorts. Brad was so strong, so virile, and having someone like him fondling his chest like this...

"How do you do it?" Brad continued.

"Do it?"

"How do you just... walk around, with all this muscle just bulging everywhere, just killing every man who looks at you-- just melting every woman who glances at you?" Brad's hand moved lower.

David feigned shyness, but he wasn't so sure how much of an act it really was. Brad's hand was doing quite a number on him.

"You're so huge-- so powerful," Brad continued.

David's cock was getting pretty hard now; and it was huge. Maybe twice the size of Brad's, truth be told.

At this point, Brad's hand moved fully down, and encompassed David's nipple.

David bristled-- with a mix of shock and pleasure.

Brad's palm moved around David's pec, feeling its mass and thick, robust size. Brad's cock nearly screamed to be released from its confines.

David's as well. He looked up into Brad's eyes, and their gaze met and locked.

"You have a really nice... touch," David offered.

"Fuck, man," Brad said softly, "Your chest is so..." he couldn't bring himself to finish the thought. He was lost.

David slowly stood, and yet Brad's hand remained on the huge man's pectoral muscle. In fact, as he stood, Brad's hand moved over, into the deep canyon between the pecs, and onto the other one. David took Brad's free hand in his and raised it so that it joined Brad's other one.

Brad gladly began feeling David's expansive chest with both hands.

David closed his eyes briefly. He opened them and smiled. Then, slowly, he brought his hand to Brad's waist and unbuckled his belt. Brad removed his shirt, and within minutes they were both naked.

Totally naked.

The whole mass of David's body now stood in front of Brad, and Brad was barely able to contain himself.

David stood erect as Brad knelt. Then the giant muscleman leaned back and steadied himself on the bar, straddling the bench as Brad sat on it. David's cock was now fully erect.

Brad was nearly ready to shoot-- even without any physical stimulation of his cock. Here was David, his ultimate Idol, not as a dream or imaginary figure in his mirror, but in the flesh-- the ultimate man-- the ultimate muscle-god-- right in front of him, letting him touch and feel all of his beautiful, thick, strong muscles.

Pre-ejaculate poured from Brad's cock.

Then Brad leaned forward and let his chin rest against David's erect penis.

He-- he slowly raised his chin, and the silence in the room was punctuated with the sound of whiskers-- whiskers that moved up and down the outer edge of David's penis head.

David gasped.

Brad bristled his whiskers again, and again David gasped. David closed his eyes and a whimper escaped his lips, "Hhhhhuhhhhh," he whimpered. Pre-cum spewed out of his piss slit and moistened Brad's lips.

It was at this point that Brad opened his mouth and extended his tongue. Slowly he began a tongue bath to end all tongue baths.

David's hands gripped the barbell he nearly dented it.

Brad's tongue gently lapped up all of David's crystal clear fluid and he swallowed it. But just as fast as he dispatched it, more flowed out, and so, he continued licking. Not sucking, just licking. Slowly licking. Soon, David's entire cock was glistening with wetness. His chest rose and fell, in magnificent beauty and power, as Brad continued licking.

David's breathing increased. Clearly, he was stimulated nearly to the point of no return.

Brad's hand moved underneath David's balls; he barely touched the tips of his fingers to David's perenium.

And the giant nearly went ballistic.

Brad's other hand moved onto the huge cylinder that rested against his chin; while gently licking it, he began to slowly, painfully stroke it.

Again, David's body tightened. Clearly, he was unable to resist Brad's advances.

The slow licking and stroking seemed to go on for hours; indeed, it was almost midnight before David finally began ejaculating. This was about an hour after Brad had had his first orgasm. By the time the two huge men were done, the bench-- and surrounding area-- were nearly covered in semen. As was David's hairy chest. And Brad's whole torso. Not to mention a few spots on the ceiling where David's initial orgasm had spurted.

Not to mention the many deposits of David's sperm that now resided inside Brad's rectum.

As the two finally made their way out of the dark gym and Brad locked the glass door behind them, Brad made every effort to maintain a normal cadence-- a comfortable-looking walk. But his efforts were in vain. As he looked at David-- ever strong, in control David-- Brad's ass ached. It had been a long, long night of muscle passion.

"Hungry for some breakfast?" David asked as he placed his hand on the handle of his Hummer.

Brad hesitated, trying to stand erect, despite the pain. He forced out a slight smile. "Sure, dude. I'd like nothing better."

Please send comments to: sean@seanreidscott.com