

## The Meadowlark Club

by Sean Scott

Staring [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.]

"Okay, okay," the fat old man yelled into his phone, "Just relax. You'll get your money! It's only going to be a few days late! *A few days!*" He ran his wrinkled hand through his thin, white hair. He rubbed his scalp as he listened to the voice on the other end of the phone. "Yes, yes," he said. "On Friday; you'll have it on Friday." He hung up the phone, not quite slamming it, but not using much care either.

"Hey boss, Ricky has a guy he wants to show you," a tall, thin man in a cheap suit said as he entered the office.

"Not now, Bones. Not now." Manny Branch ran his hand over his scalp once again and lifted his cigar from the ash tray. He cupped his free hand over his face.

"But boss," Bones pressed, "We need more guys to draw more patrons! And Ricky has found one I think you'll like."

Manny leaned back in the old, squeaky chair and thought for a second. The creaky fan turned on the ceiling bringing no relief from the heat. Manny took a drag from his cigar, dropping a tiny amount of ashes on his white dress shirt, landing on his portly belly. He stood and peered through the venetian blinds to the street two floors below. The city was hot. Air conditioning was a luxury Manny couldn't afford and his landlord certainly wasn't going to install it.

A Studebaker honked on the street below; A bead of sweat dropped down Manny's face and he pulled out a handkerchief to wipe his brow.

"So, who is this guy," Manny asked as he turned back to Bones.

"He's new. Ricky found him waiting bars over a Maimie's. Got big arms. Big arms. Nice look to him. You'll like him, Manny."

The old man sat back down in his chair. "Listen, Bones," he said, tapping his cigar's ashes into the ashtray, "I'm going to be honest with you. You've been good to me over the years, and its the least I can do-- to be honest with you. We're broke. I owe the mob more money than I have and they're pushing for a payment. I don't

have enough to keep `em away. I don't have enough to pay you or Ricky this week either."

"Aw boss..." Bones whined.

"Now don't get your pants in a wad. I'll pay you. It'll just be a little late," Manny tried to reassure. "I know this isn't the first time, but I promise-- you'll get paid." Manny took another drag of his cigar and blew smoke into the already smoky, hot air. "I need some really hot guys in here. The three guys we got are getting soft-- they're used goods, too. Everyone's already seen `em and they want new material. Hell, that Hank is almost 30, too! Guys don't want to look at a 30 year old guy! They want youth! They want size. They want big muscles. They want good looks! I gotta pump some new blood into this show. Draw new business-- hell, draw back some of my old business that's already left!"

"I know, boss. I know," Bones said, sitting forward in his chair. "That's what I've been trying to say. This guy Ricky found-- he's a looker! You gotta take a look at him."

"Will he take it all off?" Manny asked.

"Yeah, yeah. He'll take it all off."

"Will he let `em touch? How about strokin' and comin'? Will he do that on stage?"

"Sure," Bones said. His tone indicated he was trying to convince himself as well as his boss.

"Bones?" Manny said seriously, sensing Bones' hesitation.

"Well, I'm not sure yet," Bones said hesitantly; but he perked right up, "But I know he'd be willing to consider it-- for a price!"

"Price!" Manny said as he pounded his desk. "Have you been listening?"

"Okay, okay!" Bones shot back. "I'll do some negotiating with him after you see him. But you gotta see him!"

Manny returned to his habit of stroking his thin, white hair. He looked at Bones. "Okay. Bring him in."

A few minutes later, Bones returned with Ricky. Behind the stocky Ricky, a big, tall man followed.

Bones was right. The guy was big-- big arms too.

"Boss," Ricky smiled. "I'd like to introduce you to Joe Kwaznoszxcky."

The big guy stepped forward; he had his game-face on: Stern, tough, no-nonsense.

Manny stood and stepped from behind his desk. He circled the guy, eyeing him. "I dunno," he scratched his chin as he examined, "Doesn't look lean enough." He took a few more steps around the guy then stopped, leaning his butt on his desk. "Take it off," he said, motioning to the guy's shirt.

Joe looked at Ricky, who nodded.

Joe pulled his shirt out from his slacks and unbuttoned it. After he got it off, he lifted up his wife-beater and sat it on top of his shirt on a chair.

"Hm... " Manny thought. "Not bad." He motioned for Joe to turn around, which the big guy did.

His back was well developed, but Manny had been right-- a little too much fat.

"What do you do to stay so big?" Manny asked.

Joe finished turning around and faced Manny. "I lift weights. There's a gym on the Upper East Side."

Manny looked at Bones, then at Ricky. "Well, he's new, at least." He looked back at Joe and examined him some more. "And he sure is big." He directed his next words at the man he was looking at, "You willing to take everything off for the guys?"

Joe nodded.

"How about stroking yourself... You willing to do that in front of a bunch of men?" Manny asked.

Joe looked at Ricky, then back at Manny. "Well, he really didn't say anything about that. He just said this is a special Gentleman's Club-- where the patrons' tastes are... well, a little eccentric." He looked back at Ricky, "You're sayin' they'll want to watch me pleasure myself?"

"And touch you," Manny interrupted. "Maybe even put their mouth on you," he added, looking down at Joe's crotch.

"Aw I don't know..." Joe squirmed. "That sounds pretty weird. Ricky didn't say nothin' about that kind of stuff."

"Look, man. You're not exactly the best slab of meat out there. If you want the job-- and it pays pretty well remember-- you're going to have to put out," Manny said. "It's up to you. My clients pay good money, and I expect my guys to give 'em what they want."

Joe hemmed and hawed. He looked nervously at Ricky, then back at Manny. "Well, maybe I could give it a try..."

"Two week contract," Manny said. "Bones, write up a two-week contract. We'll see how you do, and take it from there." He shook Joe's hand and turned to Ricky. "Make sure he'll do it all-- you be sure he'll give `em what they want, Ricky."

"Yessir," Ricky squeaked-- it was a funny sounding noise coming from such a thick man.

Joe grabbed his `beater and shirt and he left with Ricky.

Manny sat down, looking at Bones. "I need something more than that," he said, pointing at the door. "He's okay, but I need more than *okay*."

Bones shrugged his shoulders. "What do you mean, more...?"

"Big *and* lean, Bonesy! Big *and* lean," Manny said. "What you and Ricky need to do is go down to the wharfs-- hit the docks and you'll see what I mean." Manny stood back up. He was getting animated now. "Or.. or head uptown and check out some of those constructions workers... hell, there have to be hunnerds of `em working on that new skyscraper-- what are they callin' it? The Chrysler Building or somthin'? I bet some of those guys are huge! And *some* of `em have to be lean too!" Manny was pacing fast now. "You take Ricky and check out the wharfs and that construction site. Sure, those guys'll have good payin' jobs already, but there'll sure be some out-of-work guys hangin' around there lookin' for a job!"

Bones sat up straight.

"Yeah-- you and Ricky do that. I need some new meat! I need someone who'll *wow* these guys! Somebody who has muscles out to here... someone who'll get my clients hot under the collar! Hell, I need someone who'll be willing to *really* go all the way with those cock-suckers!"

Bones tried not to show any reaction to his boss' suggestion of homosexual relations, nor his pejorative terminology.

"You got that?" Manny stared. "You got that? Now, go get Ricky and get the hell outta here. Don't come back without some *real* muscle!"

Bones stood and turned for the door, nervous as hell. He left quickly; Manny sat down back at his desk and stroked his head.

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The *Meadowlark Club* was busier than it had been the last few weeks. Joe, "the Kwaz," had been attracting some good crowds-- new guys always do, but Manny was well aware that the newness would wear off quickly and the Kwaz wasn't built well enough to keep `em coming back.

Still, the club was busy. The music played, and a few dancers did their thing on the main stage, entertaining the clientele with their athletic forms. While Ricky collected

a cover charge and checked IDs at the door of the basement establishment-- a converted former speakeasy, complete with a slot in the door to check patrons' identification to make sure no cops got in-- Bones oversaw the, cooks, bar tenders, busboys and musicians. Manny watched from a dark corner, making sure his employees were providing good service and his male "models" were providing great entertainment.

As the "clients" entered the dark establishment, the main stage was on the back wall. Tables were scattered throughout the floor; the bar and kitchen were at the left. To the immediate right was a small platform, where Manny would place his "feature" model. It had a simple, brown couch and was lit to show off the model.

The Kwaz was in the feature box tonight, and a few guys stood and watched him as he disrobed. Sometimes, if the model was good enough, Manny would place a glass panel in front of the feature box, separating client from model. He said it gave a special message and added to the experience.

Just past the feature box was a private room with a double bed, a couch and nice appointments. Manny kept it locked. Sometimes a big spender would come into the club, wanting something more than... *watching*, and Manny would set him up with the model of his choice. A lot of Hollywood-types used these services, and Manny's little black book could have ruined many a movie career.

Bones and Ricky had returned from their foray down to the docks and up to the construction sites of Manhattan without results. Manny had been furious, but the two men promised to keep searching until they found what Manny wanted. Still, Manny was quiet as he stood in his corner and smoked on his stogie, and he worried how long he could keep the place open without giving his clients something big and new.

At about half past midnight, the place was still pretty busy, and Manny was making sure the bar tenders were kept supplied with plenty of mix for their drinks. It wasn't unusual for Manny to pitch in like that. Even though a lot of his employees thought of him as a bastard, he'd help out in a pinch. Of course, many would argue that was only because he was too cheap to hire the right amount of help.

A knock on the front door brought Ricky out of his seat; he slid the slot open and peered out into the back lot of the building. It was dark, lit by only a few lights, and Ricky was used to having to look around for a second before he was able to make out the frame of whoever was there. But as he kept looking, he realized that instead of seeing a hat, like he usually saw, he was looking right at chest-level of a man. His trench coat covered a shirt, tie and businessman's suit. But because the man was so tall, Ricky couldn't make out much else.

"Can I help you?" Ricky spoke through the slot.

"I'm here to see Manny," the man said.

"You a cop?"

A brief chuckle was followed by, "You think I'd admit it?"

"What's the password," Ricky pressed.

"Just tell Manny, the password is: Six and a half feet, 375 pounds, no fat," the man answered. "I hear you got an opening for a big, muscle model."

Ricky pulled back from the peep hole. Certainly, from what he was seeing, the man was definitely six and a half feet, and the size of his body was very large. Ricky unlocked the door. The man stepped inside, and Ricky tipped his head back-- *way back--* to try and assess the gentleman.

It wasn't possible to make a full assessment. The guy was huge, for sure; and his face was chiseled like Cary Grant's; and even fully dressed he didn't look like he was fat. But other than that, it wouldn't be possible to really take in this guy's enormity until he stepped back a few feet. Even then, Ricky would learn that the full impact of this guy's body couldn't be appreciated until he started to undress.

"Hoooooly shiiiiii..." Ricky whispered, unable to peel his eyes off the enormity of the man.

The man didn't react. He took a look around the dark floor. "Manny here?"

"Uh-- yeah. He's here. Who should I tell him is calling?" Ricky asked.

"David. David McAllister. Tell him the man who can turn his business around has just arrived."

Ricky's mouth was wide open. The guy seemed to get better and better looking as Ricky's eyes moved over him. And god, he was huge! *WAY* bigger than any model they'd ever had. "Yes sir; right away, sir," Ricky said. He turned away and almost ran to Manny, who was behind the bar, putting up more scotch in the cabinet, out of view of the entrance.

Ricky swiveled his body as he maneuvered between the tables toward his boss. "Manny! Boss-- you gotta come and see this man!" he exclaimed, even though he hushed his voice.

"What's wrong? Is there trouble at the door?" Manny asked.

"No, boss. This guy. I let him in." Ricky was out of breath. "He's *huge!* And he looks really good! He said to tell you *the man who can turn your business around has just arrived.*"

"What? What does that mean?" Manny asked.

"You gotta come and see him, Manny. You'll see what I mean!"

Manny wiped his hands on a towel and threw it on the counter. He followed Ricky back to the entryway. McAlister's frame filled the small antechamber. He was astounding in stature-- something Manny had never imagined could exist. He stood still and quiet, waiting for Manny to talk first.

"How-- ho-- can I help you?" Manny asked. He was obviously overwhelmed with the man's size.

"You Manny Branch?" David asked.

"Yes. That's me."

"I hear you're looking for some new... talent," David said, looking around the place.

"Why, yes. Yes I am," Manny said.

David took a step farther inside the club and eyed the stage, the tables and bar, and the feature box, where Joe was busy entertaining his guests. David turned around and said to Manny, "Where can we talk privately?"

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"Sixty percent of gross receipts, and that's my final offer," David said. He took a sip of the bourbon in his glass. His body filled the wingback chair in which he sat.

"Sixty percent! I would never agree to that! I'd never even take on a *partner* with an agreement like that-- let alone a model!" Manny objected. He puffed on his cigar, obviously irritated.

"Very well, then," David said, standing. He had taken off his trench coat and suit coat. As he stood he slung them both over one arm. "I'm sorry we can't do business. But I'm sure there are a number of clubs in Manhattan who will agree to my terms." His white dress shirt bulged with the meat of two massive pectorals. The sleeves of it were tight across his upper arms. His shoulders seemed to fill the room.

"Wait, now just wait," Manny said. "Sit down. Perhaps we can come to an agreement, Mr. McAllister. Please"

David slowly sat back down. "Sixty percent, Mr. Branch," David said.

Manny stroked his head. "Okay... he said slowly. "But I, uh, need to see..." his voice stopped mid-sentence, but his eyes, which were directed at David's big chest and shoulders, communicated what he didn't say.

"My pleasure," David smiled. He was in complete control of the "negotiations," and of the whole room. He stood again, this time draping his coats on the back of his wingback chair. He slowly removed his cufflinks and sat them on the occasional

table, next to his liquor. He pretended to not notice Manny staring at him, nor the other pair of eyes that watched from the shadowed wall near the door.

Bones had been privy to the whole conversation, and he watched silently as the huge man prepared to reveal his upper body.

Mr. McAlister slowly unbuttoned the expensive buttons from his shirt. Without any fanfare, he pulled his shirt open, revealing a chest like neither Manny nor Bones imagined possible-- let alone had seen.

Both men drew in air in a gasp-- Bones' more noticeable than Manny's. David paused and allowed the men to examine the amazing muscles-- his chest covered in a thick, yet sensual mat of black hair, his abdominal muscles more defined than twin rows of rocks, his waistline taut and small.

Manny took a long drag from his cigar and leaned back in his chair, trying to disguise his amazement. Taking advantage of the dark shadow in which he stood, Bones touched himself.

About ten minutes later, David put his shirt back on and re-did his buttons.

Manny smoked hard.

Bones nervously racked his brain, hoping he had brought a change of underwear to work that night-- a habit he only occasionally obeyed anymore.

"Oh, and one more thing," David said as he dressed, "I'll need a glory hole cut in that glass panel on the feature box."

"A glory hole?" Manny asked. "What the hell is a glory hole?"

David grinned. "It needs to be XXXX inches off the floor, right in the middle of the glass. Four inches in diameter, with a rubber ring around it."

"What the hell is it for?" Manny wondered out loud.

David looked at his own crotch, and then back up at Manny. "For the patrons."

David worked out a few more details with Manny as he finished dressing-- some signage, some contest rules and other details. Manny was amazed at David's idea of "entertainment"-- his club was definitely a special club, but this whole "contest" and "glory hole" idea was over the top.

Finally, Manny stood as David tied his tie. "Mr. McAllister..."

"Please, call me David."

"Okay. David, I think we will be able to enjoy a very profitable business arrangement." As the two shook hands Manny added, "I gotta tell you, it takes a lot



to get this old 63 year-old man hard anymore, and by-god you achieved that before you had your cufflinks off."

David smiled as they shook hands. "I think your assistant back there had a little more intense reaction than that," he said, sending a wink to the back of the room.

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"We're gonna need stronger security at the door," Manny told Ricky as the men, joined by Bones, talked in his office the next afternoon. "This David is going to draw all kinds of men, and it's bound to create a commotion once word gets out about him. We can't afford a commotion here. The cops'll bust us in a split-second if they have cause. And David is not only going to be the thing that saves this club, he might be the thing that brings it down if the wrong people get in."

Ricky nodded his head, agreeing. "We're going to need more manpower, boss. And maybe even someone down at the precinct."

"Yeah, I know," Manny said. "I'm working on that..."

"Boss, what about the contest he wants to do... Where's the money going to come from?" Bones said.

Manny waved his hands, as if to wave off the question. "Don't worry about that. He says we won't be having any payouts. He can control himself. It won't be an issue-- *but*, I have his word that if we do get a winner on the contest, he'll put up the \$1,000 award money and it'll come out of his percentage."

Manny turned to Rocky, and then looked back at Bones. "Gentlemen, we're going to be rich!"

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Three nights later, it was a Saturday night. Manny had worked quickly in getting posters up inside the club, advertising David's premiere. A few smartly-placed handbills had been posted above each urinal, and there were more throughout the club, each with a picture of David's upper body-- pictures that drew stares and quips of incredulity from patrons.

Clients were greeted that night, by a tuxedo-clad Manny and the place had obviously been spruced up. Candles and a long-stemmed rose on every table. The glass had been altered on for the feature box with a small hole in the middle, a feature that made the patrons scratch their heads.

That is, until they read the sign that hung directly across from the feature box.

The lights of the feature box were lit, but it was still empty-- a door in the corner held the way to the night's special feature.

The dancers danced on the main stage, and the music, food, drinks and fun flowed in anticipation of the midnight festivities. The place was packed with men from all walks of life, but they were men who held a certain proclivity and desire in common-- a desire that, if acted out, in early 1929 could end up with felony charges and jail time, despite any consensual agreement by the parties.

Manny worked the crowd, visiting with the "clients" and making sure they were happy. He beamed; he knew that the receipts from the night's cover charges alone would bring in more than they had received the entire previous week. And that wasn't even including the raffle ticket sales!

When midnight finally struck, Manny took the main stage and the microphone. "Gentlemen, thank you all for coming to the Meadowlark Club tonight. I promise you, you be glad you-- uh-- came!"

The place erupted in laughter.

Manny tried to quiet the raucous crowd with his raised hands. "Now, most of you have purchased your raffle ticket, right?"

Cheers from the men.

"Okay-- okay. Now, these tickets will be used to determine the winners tonight. The lucky few will be able to-- uh-- *interact*-- with our featured model tonight, David McAlister."

More cheers were lifted, and a few men even started chanting, "Da-vid! Da-vid!"

Manny got them to settle down, then continued. "Okay, now... You've all read the rules. If your ticket number is called, you'll have the opportunity to purchase time at the window. The rates are plainly posted over there," he pointed to the sign opposite the glass-enclosed feature box. "And in your allotted time, as the sign says, if you make the giant David cum, you'll win \$1,000!"

The men whooped and pounded the floor with their feet.

Bones came to the stage, carrying a large fish bowl, filled with ticket stubs. Manny took a stub from the bowl and held it in his hand. The place hushed.

"Four-twenty; number 420," Manny announced.

One younger guy stood up yelling, "That's me! I've got it!"

The guys cheered as the man (who looked more like a kid) ran to the stage. A conversation between him and Manny ensued, and ended with the man getting out his wallet and giving Manny some cash-- to the whoops and hollers of many of the men.

"And now, gentlemen," Manny announced. "I direct your attention to the feature box." Everyone's head turned; chairs and tables scooted on the floor to afford the best position. "Our model will be coming through that door momentarily. He will take a few minutes for all of you to get to know him, and then our first customer will be able to go to the window and begin."

The room was silent in anticipation for the door to open. As the knob on the feature box door began to turn, Manny announced, "Gentlemen, I give you, David the Giant!"

Before David got all the way into the box, the men had started to holler and cheer, but before he was even able to get his broad frame into the door, the yelling was replaced by a collective gasp. By the time he closed the door behind him, the room was completely silent-- awestruck that anyone so huge, so ripped, so *built* could exist.

David wore a wife-beater and boxers-- boxers that had to have been custom-made. No off-the-shelf boxers would have been able to fit over those legs and still hug that waistline so well. The tank-top shirt was bright white, and its low-cut neckline revealed a hairy chest that threatened to jump right out of the fabric. God, it was huge! It pushed out so far in front of him that it formed a horizontal surface-- a shelf, on which you could easily prop a coin, a key, a shot glass, hell- you could put *anything* there!

As the giant man walked to the center of the feature box, he moved with astounding grace for someone so musclebound.

"Oh my god!" a man moaned loudly. It was followed with expletives, cuss words and whistles, but David was so overwhelming that the pitch of noise never rose above a moderate rumble. No cheering, no yelling, no hollering-- out of sheer reverence and awe.

David stopped in front of the "glory" hole. He eyed the men on the other side of the glass and smiled.

A few of the men sighed and gasped again.

David was a gorgeous hunk of manly humanity.

The giant began to fumble with the elastic waistband of his boxer shorts, the result being that his mammoth arms-- both biceps and triceps muscles-- bounced and rolled with such power that many men began pressing on their crotches. He looked down at his boxers, then up at his audience, smiling coyly.

Fuck, he was cute.

If "cute" can be used to describe a man of other-worldly proportions.

At this point, David moved his hands up onto his chest, eliciting another joint moan from the men. He slowly began to pull his T-shirt tank top up. He revealed his abs.

“JeeeeezuzChrriiiiiist,” one man said.

David pulled it all the way up and over his head. It fought all the way, and he had to struggle to get it all the way up over his gigantic lats and shoulders. He tossed it on the floor beside him.

The place went silent again.

David just stood there. He could have stood there for hours and hours and no one would have moved. Finally, he began to sloooooowly roll his pectoral muscles. Then he lifted his arms and struck a pose, showing off both his arms. His flexed biceps grew into balls that were nearly bigger than his own head! And the arm muscles were freakishly lined with veins all over hell, and muscle fibers that seemed to have a mind of their own. He regarded both arms slowly, then looked at the audience, holding the pose.

One man obviously started to come. He had his hand on his crotch and was rubbing fast. His started moaning and jerking. As he sat on his chair, his legs straightened in front of him and he leaned back, unable to control himself. A few men cackled, and a couple of men pointed at him, jabbing their neighbors with their elbows.

“Well, it looks like we have an undisciplined crowd here tonight,” Manny mocked.

The gentlemen erupted in laughter.

David just kept posing, now moving into other poses, showing off his physique to his entranced audience.

Then, he stopped posing and stood still. It was time for the boxers.

The men became quiet again. David played his fingertips into the elastic band. He pulled them out and gently grabbed himself.

No one could react. Their mouths were too dry.

David slipped his fingertips back inside the elastic, this time a little farther. The cat-and-mouse game was on between his hand and its most-lusted-after prize.

The men watched, enraptured.

Finally, the giant pushed the boxers down. He turned sideways so he could bend forward. He pushed and pulled the underwear down over his legs, as his taut ass stuck into the air. As the boxers hit the floor, he stood erect and stepped out of them, tossing them to the side with his toes.

His schlong almost reached his knees.

There wasn't a closed mouth in the place, save David's.

It wasn't just long-- it was *thick!* A highway map of veins covered it. And at the base of the huge trunk, David had actually shaved his pubic hairs, manicuring them beautifully. Indeed, beside his trimmed pubes and some light hair on his forearms, his head hair and that blanket of masculinity on his chest were the only other spots on his body that had hair-- something that 1929 gay men weren't used to, yet something that gave them a view of David's insane muscles in a way that was irresistible.

David resumed his posing. His cock, even totally limp as it was, was longer than the erection of any man there. And as he posed, he began to thicken and lengthen. Within a few minutes, his fully-erect penis began to wet the window with precum whenever it brushed against the glass. He turned around and flexed his lats. Then his glutes and hamstrings. He faced the window again and put his hands behind his head, exhaling and flexing his abdominal muscles.

The men had never seen anything like it, and by now, more and more men were involuntarily cumming; some even whipped it out right there-- a clear violation of



David 319

club rules. However, Manny took no action. He was willing to suspend the rules for tonight-- just for tonight.

Manny motioned for the ticket-winner to approach the glass.

The guy walked up to the window and immediately kneeled. He was beside himself.

David looked down at him and paused only briefly, then resumed his torturous display of pulchritude.

Within a few minutes, the nearly-delirious man was totally naked-- a violation which Manny was also willing to overlook tonight. This kind of thing was going to be great for business!

The man masturbated himself, while David posed. He came within a minute of getting all the way nude, and had to be escorted away from the window by Bones when his time was up.

David posed, almost oblivious to the commotion.

The second ticket number was announced, but that man had already come in his pants and didn't have anything left, so the third ticket number was called.

He lasted about five minutes at the window before he came.

The fourth guy was called. This guy was young, like the first, and he got naked as soon as he reached the glass. He looked up at the giant.

David moved into a most-muscular pose and the guy nearly gagged. The giant had been fully hard for over ten minutes now. The man licked the glass, and David rested his cock head on the window, wetting it to the point of producing a thick, slow, clear, shiny bead that flowed down toward the rubber-rimmed hole.

Finally, David pulled his ass back. He pushed it up into the air and stabilized himself with one hand on the glass. He bent at the waist. With his other hand, he pushed his cock down. The head moved toward the hold. He pushed it in, so just the face of the wet, purple head poked through.

The guy shook as he moved his mouth to it. He stuck out his tongue and licked it, soaking in the sweet pre-cum. David withdrew his cock head and the guy moaned. But the giant quickly shoved it back into the hole, this time allowing the whole head to move through, so that the guy could wrap his lips around the whole apple, which he did.

David held still and watched as the guy held the glorious prize in his mouth, suckling slowly. The guy looked up and examined David's outrageous physique and then gazed into the giant's stern eyes. The guy immediately began spraying the glass with stringy cum. His session still had a few minutes left-- he had paid for 20

minutes of time, so even though he had spent his bodily fluids, he stayed as David withdrew his cock and resumed posing.

It took three more guys at the window before one of them lasted long enough for David to get his whole cock through the hole. This guy was probably in his early 30's, and looked pretty well-built himself. As David's painfully erect dick bobbed in front of his face, the guy began licking the long shaft. His tongue slowly moved over the ridges of the veins, wetting the organ with a shiny gloss.

David stared at the man, giving no indication of pleasure at the touch.

The man had paid a hefty price for 20 minutes with the huge muscle man, and even though his touch was obviously very sensual-- David had to distract himself more than once while the guy sucked, with some posing and flexing-- the guy ended up cumming right before his time was up. David didn't even seem to come close.

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As Ricky locked the door after the last customer left, Manny pawed through the till, trying to estimate the night's take. Bones helped with putting the chairs up on the tables.

A door that led to the back opened, and David emerged, wearing only his dress slacks. He walked over to Manny, who took a few seconds to register David in his peripheral vision. When he did, he nearly spilled all of the coins from the till on the floor.

"David," he exclaimed, trying to gather himself and trying to force his eyes onto David's (and not wander all over those huge muscles), "this is beyond fantastic! Even giving you your 60 percent, I'm still going to come out ahead of any other Saturday night I've ever had!"

David smiled. He looked at the bartender, who was wiping the counter. "Rum, on the rocks."

The bartender complied immediately.

"So, David, what do you think?" Manny pressed.

David looked at him. "It was a good night."

Manny could tell there was more.

"But?" he said.

"But, I need some company."

"Company?" Manny queried.

David looked around and paused when he saw Bones. He looked back at Manny. "I've spent the last three hours in a state of arousal, and now... now I need some company... to take care of it." He said it so casually, so nonchalantly. He took a drink from the rum and the ice tinkled in the glass. He looked back at Bones. "I'll take him."

Manny swallowed. *So cool and collected. So powerful*, he thought. "Well... uh... I'm sure Mr. Bonesreszki would be happy to help you out." He looked at Bones, who had been within earshot of the conversation, and who had now frozen. "Right Bones?"

Bones nodded.

Also see: [David 446](#) for a continuation of this story written by ManOfSteel himself.