

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. The characters in this story are played by professional, fictional actors and are not intended to represent any real people. Any similarities to actual people are unintentional and should be ignored.]

The limo pulled into the circular driveway for the mansion on Long Island. There were no other cars. David waited for the driver to walk around the car and open his door. He stepped out into the cold air, dwarfing the chauffeur.

"I expected to find more people here. Am I early?" David asked the handsome driver.

"No sir. I expect that you are the only invited guest."

David looked around the grounds-- lush and manicured, albeit a bit stark since it was January.

"David!" a voice from the entry door called.

David turned to see a smiling Ivan Dubarko and another man-- who appeared to be a butler-- standing in the open doorway.

"I'm so glad you're here," Ivan said as he approached David. "I've been looking forward to this. Please, do come in and let me make you comfortable." He acknowledged the driver, who got back in the car and drove away. He took David by the arm and escorted him inside.

"I'm sorry," David said. "I guess I was expecting other guests. Didn't you say this was a reception?"

"Houston, please take David's coat, won't you?" Ivan said, motioning to the butler. David removed his long wool coat and gave it to the stiff-lipped man. David was still wearing a navy sports jacket, although instead of a tie, he wore a cream turtleneck shirt. Khaki pants completed the ensemble-- perfect for a casual Sunday evening affair. Ivan turned to David, "Oh, well, I'm sorry about that. I thought it might be nice to get to know you a little better-- share some ideas I have for some advertising projects I've been working on for you." He put his arm around David. "I hope you don't mind not having a crowd to play to..." His eyes twinkled.

"Not at all," David smiled. He looked up and around the large three-story mansion, hiding his chagrin. "My, you have a very nice place here."

"It's my weekend home, really," Ivan said. "I try and get here as often as I can. Unfortunately, too often I have to stay in the city. But my apartment there is comfortable, as well," he smiled. "Please. Can I offer you a drink before dinner?"

"Thank you," David said. "Yes. How about a brandy. The stuff you had in your office was very good," he smiled.

"Ah yes, the brandy," Ivan said. He escorted David (taking every opportunity to hold his elbow, arm or shoulder) into a Great Room that was furnished with a bar in one corner. Again, the ceilings were at least two stories high, and the wood and rock were just astounding. Generous windows opened out onto the raging surf and sand. Ivan walked to the back of a bar-- one that looked very well stocked. "It's a personal favorite of mine as well." He retrieved a bottle and poured out two glasses. He walked around the bar to David and motioned to a couch. "Please."

The two men sat in luxurious comfort. The spacious living area was beautiful. Ivan obviously had copious amounts of money, and spared no expense in lavishing himself with the finest things.

Servants supplied the men with hors d'oeuvres and wine, and then the two men enjoyed an exquisite dinner.

"Please," Ivan said after David had cleaned his plate, "a big man like yourself certainly requires more than one helping." He motioned to one of the servants who had been standing at attention while they ate; the man brought David a new, full, plate of food and removed the old one.

"Thank you," David smiled. "This is just delicious. And yes, I am still hungry."

"Exactly how much do you weigh?" Ivan asked.

"Three hundred seventy-five," David said. He took a bite. Then a drink of wine.

"My," Ivan smiled. "My, my, my."

The dinner finished, and the two men retired to a small salon for drinks.

"David," Ivan said, "I'd like to tell you about my plan for tomorrow's photo shoot."

"Yes," David said. "Please..." He made a motion with his glass to encourage Ivan to proceed.

"Well, I've been discussing a campaign with a 'big and tall' clothing designer, and I have an idea that would feature you exquisitely," Ivan said, taking a sip from his drink.

"Oh?"

"The concept would center around your size and obvious strength," Ivan continued, looking at David's marvelous physique. "The tag line would be 'Size matters.'"

David took a sip himself, but didn't say anything.

Ivan shifted in his large chair, obviously excited about the topic he was discussing. "Here's the idea. The campaign would feature the biggest and strongest bodybuilders-- all macho and sure of themselves; all showing off their incredible physiques and hyper-human strength. And then-- you appear. You-- in all of your inhuman, huge, unbeatable virility. And you just stand there-- in various clothing, depending on the advertising spot and the media, right next to the supposed bodybuilder champion. And you just BLOW the guys away. 'Size matters.' I just love it!" Ivan clasped his hands together and grinned. "What do you think?"

David smiled. "You are so very creative, Mr. Dubar-- I mean, Ivan. It sounds like you know what you're talking about. I'm just here to help in any way I can."

"Yes. Well, thank you. I'm sure you'll just shine in this campaign. I can't wait to see you standing there next to those bodybuilders. And to see their reactions. And I'd even like to do some spontaneous strength demonstrations. I hope you're as strong as you look, David."

David forced back a grin. "Well, actually, my strength is often *under*-estimated by people." He looked almost shy. "I don't think there will be a problem there."

Ivan's eyes misted over, and then twinkled. He seemed to gulp in a large breath. "Splendid," he smiled. "I look forward to seeing that!"

David took another sip of his evening brandy.

"Well, then," Ivan concluded. "It's settled. To tomorrow's photo shoot." He raised his glass in a toast, and David clicked his glass to his host's. The two men drank.

Ivan said, "Won't you spend the night, David? I've taken the liberty of preparing a suite here at the house for you."

David had a brief look of surprise, then smiled. "Well, I have all of my things at the hotel on Manhattan..."

"Nonsense," Ivan chimed in. "I can assure you; all your needs will be met. I have even provided clothing for you."

"That will fit?" David smiled.

"Oh yes. I had some things specially made. I got your measurements from your agent. Of course. You don't think I'm going to have you pose for a photo shoot wearing clothes that don't fit, do you?"

David smiled. "Fair enough," he said.

"Splendid," Ivan said. "When we're done here, I'll have Houston show you up to your room. Any personal items you might need from your hotel room can be brought here overnight."

"Thank you," David said. He took another sip from his drink.

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David sat in a wing back chair, next to a glowing fire in his suite. The soft light of a reading lamp illuminated a book in his lap. The crackle of the fire and the sound of rain pounding on the roof made the room all the more cozy. As David read, there was a knock at the door. David got up and opened it.

"I--, uh," Ivan stood in the hallway, dumbfounded at David's appearance. The giant wore a white terry cloth bathrobe-- luxuriously soft and supple-- that Ivan had supplied. It fit his huge muscular frame perfectly. The hair from his chest, as soft and thick as the robe, was clearly visible; he was obviously not wearing a shirt under the robe. His mammoth physique-- it was unbelievable. Ivan was almost beside himself. "I--, uh," he repeated, "I, I just wanted to check in on you and wish you a good night's sleep. Did I disturb you?"

"Not at all," David smiled. "I was just enjoying a book I found in your library. I hope you don't mind."

"Nonsense," Ivan smiled. His eyes glanced up at David's vibrant blue eyes, but only for a second; they immediately fell back down to the black blanket of chest hair-- that chest was so thick, so powerful-- just amazing. David's traps bulged under the silky-soft robe, and his arms filled the sleeves. "I'm glad you've made yourself comfortable," Ivan continued. His eyes wandered down to the small waist-- the robe was pulled tight by a matching white belt, and from there it flared out over David's gargantuan upper legs. The hem was at David's knees, and below that, there was bare, muscular skin and then a pair of very large slippers. "You're not wearing the pajamas I left you?"

David smiled. "Oh, they look very comfortable," he said, turning his head into the room and nodding at them as they lay on the bed. "But I sleep in the nude."

"I see," Ivan said, staring once again at that chest. He was mesmerized; and there followed a brief silence, which was finally broken by David.

"Would you like to come in for a minute?"

"Uh, well, I don't want to intrude," Ivan said. "You surely want to get some sleep. He looked at the book in David's hand. "...or at least continue your reading. What did you select from the library?"

David looked Ivan square in the eyes, "Moby Dick," he smiled.

"I see."

David opened the door wider. "Please, come in, won't you?" He stepped backward. Ivan followed his instructions. "Your house is so very nice," David said, closing the door. "I want to thank you again for your hospitality, Ivan. You've been so kind."

"Nonsense," Ivan said.

"The room is just wonderful. And the clothes you left for me... and this robe... it's just so nice of you."

"Yes, the robe," Ivan said, looking it over. "Does it fit alright?"

"Oh yes; and it's very soft."

"It looks soft. I hadn't seen it yet. I was hoping it would be soft," Ivan said-- half in a trance.

"Oh, would you like to feel it? You really must."

Ivan swallowed.

David took Ivan's hands in his and placed them on the lapel area of the bright white robe. Immediately, Ivan's hands spread onto the outer edge of David's thick pectoral muscles. He moved them over the soft terry cloth and felt the massive muscle that lie under the fabric. "Ohhhh..."

"See. I told you. It's very soft, and comfortable."

"Yes..." His hands were almost shaking. "David... your chest. It's just... magnificent."

"Thank you." David drew in a deep breath and expanded his chest. "I'm glad you... like it." He expanded it even more-- if that were possible-- and Ivan fought to hide his amazement at its size. "You're welcome to..." David looked down at his chest and nodded. There was no need to finish the sentence; Ivan knew what he was offering.

"Oh... my, uh..." Ivan stuttered. "I don't want to... you know, compromise our... professional relationship."

David said nothing. After a few seconds, he pulled his robe open just a tad bit more, exposing his chest to Ivan's eyes.

"No... I really shouldn't. I need to get to bed,' Ivan protested. "And you need... your rest too... busy day tomorrow." He drew back, hesitantly.

David stood still, looking deep into Ivan's eyes. He loosened the belt on his robe and exposed more of his chest, and then his abs.

"Ohhh," Ivan groaned. His eyes were big. "Well... if you're sure you don't feel uncomfortable..." He slowly brought his hands up to David's massive chest and placed them on the warm, thick, furry muscle. Immediately, his knees went weak. David almost had to steady him. His palms buried themselves in David's chest, and he luxuriated his fingers in the thick, silky hair. Slowly, he moved his small hands over the pectorals, back-and-forth... slowly... slowly... "Oh... my... god... David..." he mumbled. He brought his face forward-- close to David's chest-- and drew in a deep breath, inhaling the essence of David's masculinity. It was sultry, strong and masculine. Unable to pull back, his face moved forward and his nose mingled with the hair of

David's chest, squeezing itself inside the ravine between David's thick pectorals.

David flexed his chest slowly, and pulled Ivan's nose inward, burying it in the crevasse.

Ivan moved his hands outward, onto the terry cloth, to steady himself. "Ohhh... my god..." he mumbled. His hands found themselves on the underside of David's latissimus dorsi. The he-man's back wings were parallel with the floor. Ivan inhaled deeply of the chest again, and saw stars.

David stood motionless.

Ivan finally drew back, keeping his hands on David's lats. "I really mustn't..." he protested. "I... David, you're so magnificent. Just astounding... but... I must be getting..."

David, still not making a sound, loosened the belt of his bathrobe... just a bit... exposing more of his unimaginable physique. He pulled the lapels back, fully exposing the whole of his pecs and clearly displaying the top four mounds of his eight-pack abs.

Ivan just watched... and stared. "Oh... my."

David allowed Ivan to take in the spectacle of his body.

"I... uh... thank you, David... I really must be getting..."

David loosened his belt further, and the two sides of his robe parted... exposing, well... everything: his chest, his abs, and, to the gasping astonishment of his host, his genitals.

Ivan stared at the overly-large penis and pair of hairless balls. The glory trail from David's abdominal muscles flowed downward to a thick but manicured tuft of black pubic hair. David's penis was as thick as a large rolling pin, and just as long. His testicles, two plumbs that framed his cock, hung low in loose sacs of moist, inviting skin. The whole ensemble was pushed forward, due to the mass of his quadriceps muscles-- two legs that looked as if they could crush solid concrete. The robe partially covered David's legs, but as Ivan showed hesitancy, David pulled the robe farther apart, exposing even more of their mass and unbelievable definition. Muscle upon muscle, and ridge upon ridge of thick, powerful flesh bundled themselves on David's huge legs.

"Ohhh..." Ivan mumbled.

David took it slowly, not wanting to overwhelm Ivan-- as if it were possible to not.

Ivan was dumbfounded. Inside his own bathrobe and pajamas, his elderly cock was as stiff as that of a 17-year-old. "David... I... I, really should be getting to bed..."

David said nothing. He slowly peeled the soft, white fabric back... his chest... his traps... his abs... his lats... his deltoids... his inhumanly gargantuan arms. His unbelievable legs. He held the robe open, displaying himself to Ivan in all his super-human glory. And then, he gently let the robe fall to the floor. Still he said nothing. He stood there, silent. Motionless. Naked. Muscular. Muscular and big beyond belief.

Ivan's cock throbbed. It ached with desire. The epitome of manly muscle and virility stood only a foot in front of him. Totally naked. Inviting Ivan to... to touch... to enjoy.

"Uh..."

David, stoic until this moment, allowed a twinkle to escape his eyes. God, he could even control the twinkles. A smile of acceptance and confidence began to form on his rugged, yet impossibly beautiful face. It was as if he was saying... only with his face... "Go ahead. Touch. Enjoy."

Ivan actually whimpered. He had spent a lifetime viewing and assessing masculinity and gorgeous muscle. But what stood before him was more than what all of the other men-- combined-- offered.

There were no words. None were necessary-- none would have been adequate.

David slowly raised his arms and flexed his biceps. Muscles too big to be defined by numbers on a tape measure grew and hardened in front of Ivan's wide eyes. David held them there, then he slowly lengthened his arms. Then, bent them again and tightened them. He looked at one, then the other, then at Ivan. He bent forward and moved one of his flexed arms close to Ivan. Ivan reached up and felt it.

He felt both of them. Unimaginable hardness and size.

"Oh David."

After many minutes of hands on biceps and triceps, Ivan moved his hands inward to David's chest again, then down the abs. David lowered his arms.

Ivan placed his hands on Davids hips. He moved his trembling palms downward onto the quadriceps muscles. Unbelievable definition and separation. He looked at Davids cock-- then at David's eyes. "It's so... so, big. So thick."

Still, David stood silent. Motionless.

Ivan took both hands and cupped David's penis. The shaft was warm. It was too big for even *both* of Ivan's diminutive hands. He held it. "Mmmgh." The veins that encircled it pulsed with life. His fingers crawled up it, until they found the low-hanging sacs that held his engorged testicles.

He fondled them.

David watched.

As Ivan's fingertips enjoyed the fruit of David's loins, the giant's massive sausage began to thicken. Slowly. Ivan's fingertips found David's perineum; he brushed against it softly. David sucked in some air and held it.

Apparently Ivan's touch was pleasant.

"Your hands... they're nice," David said softly.

Ivan, encouraged, squeezed David's balls gently, testing their weight and mass. He moved his hands back onto the god's thickening penis and stroked it. A brief squeeze.

It grew more.

He ran his fingers over the pulsing, raised veins. God, it was amazing. Overwhelmed, Ivan opened his hands and ran both of them upward, onto David's abdominals... and farther, onto the underside of the thick overhang of his pectorals. Ivan's fingertips found David's nipples.

And David shuddered. Briefly.

Ivan pinched.

David drew in a healthy breath of air.

Ivan twisted.

David held his breath.

Ivan's hands opened once again, and he surrounded his outstretched fingers with the thick matte of David's chest hair.

David slowly massaged Ivan's hands with his pecs.

More groans and moans from Ivan... Then, his trance was broken by the hard, probing prod of David's nearly fully-erect penis. Precum dribbled from its head. It rested against Ivan's stomach and chest. Ivan looked down at it. It was alive. Huge. More massive than anything a man could conceive. Ivan's initial thought was, *No human orifice-- male or female-- could ever hope to be big enough to accept this.* It was inhumanly huge.

More precum oozed out of the slit. It flowed down, over the baseball-sized cock-head.

Ivan removed his right hand from David's left pectoral and intercepted the flow of silvery-clear fluid. He brought his fingertip to his mouth and tasted it. It was sweet nectar. Nectar from a god. Liquid muscle.

David's penis was now fully engorged-- fully erect-- as hard as an iron pipe.

Ivan, unable to offer up even a semblance of self-control and decency, went down on David. Well... as best as he could. His small mouth was barely able to accept David's head. The warm, red meat filled Ivan's mouth to overflowing. Ivan supported himself on David's quads as he attempted to put the giant's cock head inside his mouth.

It was pretty much a futile effort.

Ivan nearly gagged... and his lips weren't even able to wrap fully around the cut of David's head.

Still, he tried. Timidly. Yet he sure tried.

David dropped his head back, enjoying the feeling of Ivan's tight mouth, even though a better man would have engulfed far more of his meat.

Ivan continued to play with the large man meat, although to him, it was more than play... it was an all-out effort to tame the wild penis beast.

But his effort would ultimately be in vain. There was no way his mouth could contain it. And he hadn't even *gotten* to the shaft!

David bent down and picked Ivan up, forcing the man's mouth off his cock. Effortlessly, David held him in the air, his feet about a foot off the ground.

He smiled at Ivan. Then he carried him over to the bed. Sheets were thrown open. Clothes were quickly removed from Ivan. Ivan was placed on the bed. David snuggled in beside him. Sheets and blankets were pulled over the two men, and as the fireplace crackled and Ivan laid on top of 375 pounds of pure muscle, he began to ejaculate his semen onto the young, virile god.

David smiled and held Ivan close.

Ivan convulsed.

Eventually... later... a long time later... the two men slept. Together.

Ivan came twice again that night.

And the media mogul actually worked his hands hard enough over David's cock that the musclegod came... in a storm of release... to the pure amazement of the worshipping Ivan. The sheets were hopelessly soiled.

And they rested. In oozing wetness. Silently. Save, for a soft, whispered comment by David, "I hope you know how thankful I am for the opportunity you've given me."

Ivan squeezed David's still rigid cock. "Yes. Yes, I do know," he whispered. "But... the pleasure is all mine."

Your feedback is **TOTALLY** encouraged!

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Thanks!