

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.]

David sat on the glass-enclosed patio of Ivan's Long Island home, finishing the last of his lunch. Across the table, Ivan took a sip of coffee, returned the cup to its saucer, and smiled at the overly-large man.

"You did quite well this morning," Ivan said, wiping the corner of his mouth with his napkin. "I talked with Ken after the shoot, and he was very impressed with you-- overwhelmed, really."

David took a drink of water and smiled.

"Of course, that was obvious from the way he reacted to you," Ivan continued. "Tell me, David; do you have that kind of encounter often?"

David sat back in his chair. "Oh, occasionally," he grinned as a twinkle escaped from one eye.

"So are you ready for another session this afternoon?"

"Certainly, Ivan," David smiled. "I'm yours until Wednesday." He took another sip of water.

"Splendid," Ivan said. "Now, I'm sure your manager has told you that Goliath Advertising has taken over the Prometheus account."

"Oh yes; the Prometheus people are the ones who suggested I contact you."

"Splendid. Now, Prometheus wants something a little more provocative for their next ad campaign. Something-- well, more suggestive. They want to appeal to men who have-- well, shall we say, men who share your orientation and perspective on sexual fulfillment."

David smiled. "I'm glad to hear that."

"So, for this afternoon, I'm going to have the cameras hidden in the room-- it's going to be a more intimate setting. I'm planning on being the only one

in there with you and Austin-- he's the model you'll be meeting. The cameras will be run from a control room."

David listened patiently.

"I want you to wear what you have on now," Ivan said, noting the finely tailored, skin-hugging black mock turtle-neck (long sleeved) and the equally tailored-to-accent-*everything* slacks David had been given. "We'll be going upstairs to a guest suite in the south wing. When I bring Austin in, I'd like you to just do what you did with Ken. But of course you'll both be dressed, and so, you'll need to, you know-- figure out a way to get *undressed* in a natural way."

"I see," David said.

"That shouldn't be too hard to do, with Austin. He's a professional body-builder-- a little older than Ken-- more experienced; and he's bigger and more 'filled out' than Ken. I think you'll find him quite attractive; and of course I'm confident you'll have the same effect on him that you did on Ken this morning."

"Sounds-- fun," David smiled. "I always enjoy meeting new people."

Ivan laughed. "All those muscles, brains, good looks-- and a sense of humor too!"

David's grin melted Ivan's heart.

"And David," Mr. Dubarko said, "...don't hesitate to do *whatever* you want with Austin. When the afternoon is over, I intend for you to be totally satisfied-- in every way imaginable. That's Prometheus' stand as well."

David took another sip of water-- his expression turning quickly from playful to serious. As he drank, his eyes remained on Ivan's face in a strong, intimidating manner.

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David took a sip of his brandy as he sat in a large chair; its leather creaked with every move of his herculean body. The ice cubes in the glass tinkled together as he put it to his lips and drank. The room was large, with high ceilings and large windows looking out onto the beach below, and the water farther out. A large, four-poster king size bed, with canopy, anchored one end of the room; a sitting area, where David reclined, the other end. On one wall was a small bookshelf filled with classics. A fireplace, with large

river rocks filling the whole wall, dominated the sitting area. The crackling logs and warm glow of the flames set a cozy, inviting mood. Outside, the rain poured and the ocean roared.

At one side of the bed, a wide, open door led to an obviously large bathroom area. Ivan relaxed in large chair that was in a corner-- inconspicuous, and not in the way at all. Behind Ivan, at one side of the fireplace, the river rock ended, and a closed door led to another, unknown, room.

A knock on the hall door, and it opened. Reed entered and announced, "Austin Hillis." Behind Reed entered a blond bombshell of a muscleman. He was huge, by anyone's standards; probably six feet three or four-- easily tipping the scales at 275 pounds or more. Easily. And gorgeous? His thick neck and square jaw just oozed with masculinity. His blond hair was long and wavy-- thick and luscious. It casually draped onto, but not over, his intensely thick mounds of trapezius muscles. Fuck, his traps and shoulders were so strong, so powerful looking! He wore a collared dress shirt-- royal blue; it was gorgeous with his blond good-looks. He filled out the shirt like a god-- huge arms working against the sleeves, a chest you could serve dinner on, and a tight fat-free waistline. His legs filled his khaki pleated pants like two pillars of living, moving concrete.

Dark eyebrows and lashes, and warm, brown eyes that glowed with amber adorned his face. This guy was gorgeous, and built.

Oh, and did I mention *confidence*? As he stood next to Reed, dwarfing even the redhead's masculine body, he smiled as he noticed David (still seated) and Ivan (who, at this point, rose to meet his guest). Perfect-- and I *do* mean *perfect* teeth gleamed a bright white smile. That jaw-- his face was unbelievably-- painfully-- gorgeous.

"Thank you Reed," Ivan said as he strode to meet Austin. Reed exited and closed the door behind himself. The diminutive advertising icon grasped Austin's right hand with both of his own and shook vigorously. "So good to see you again, Austin. I trust your flight to New York was a pleasant one."

"Just fine, Ivan. Thank you," Austin smiled. Man, it was hard not to just melt in this guy's presence.

"And Reed got you settled into a room?"

"Oh, yes. It's just beautiful."

"Splendid," Ivan beamed. "Now, I trust you were briefed on the session here. You know about David, and the Prometheus campaign?"

"Yes; I'm excited to get started-- and so honored to be working with you again, Ivan," Austin said.

"Well, then, let's not delay. Come and meet David."

The two men came farther into the room, and at this point David rose. Holy fuckin' shit. Even in the presence of this blond he-man, David looked like a god straight out of Roman mythology. His strength, grace, gorgeous manliness and virility just radiated from his physique. The turtleneck hugged everything-- muscles bulging everywhere-- throwing Austin off track. It was apparent that Austin was definitely **not** used to seeing someone as huge as David-- (who was?). There had never really been anyone who compared to Austin; he *always* was the Alpha Male wherever he went. But now-- now he was faced with someone who was at the very least his equal, in every imaginable area-- and who, at most, was bigger, taller, stronger, and arguably better looking, although Austin wasn't ready to concede *anything*, especially the good-looks.

"David, Austin Hillis. Austin, David McAllister," Ivan introduced.

The two men shook hands, smiling.

"Good to meet you," they both said in unison. They both chuckled at their overlap of words.

Did that handshake grip seem a little tight?

"Well, I'm going to get out of the way here," Ivan said. "I'll just be over there in the corner-- a little fly on the wall. Don't be aware of my presence at all. I want both of you to feel free to really get to know each other." With that, Ivan moved back to his wing back chair and made himself comfortable.

Austin took the initiative-- whether it was out of nervousness or wanting to set the tone, it was hard to tell. "So David," he started, "I've seen your work. I have to say, your picture seems to be everywhere. You make quite a good impression in print media." As he talked, he walked over to the wet bar and helped himself to a drink; his actions belied his words as he praised David, but turned away from him, seemingly unimpressed. "And you look much better in person than in a magazine," he continued as he faced away from David and poured his brandy over ice-- again, contradicting his words with his uninterested manner.

"Thank you," David replied politely. Ever the gentleman, he felt no need to internalize Austin's actions, nor get lost in a babble of verbiage in answer to Austin's words. He did, however, allow himself to admire the back side of his

new acquaintance as it presented itself to David's eyes. Fuck, that Austin had the nicest butt David had seen in a long, long time. Perfectly suspended in cotton slacks, hugged and accented to ultimate advantage, Austin's glutes were impossible to miss. David felt a tinge of arousal. His eyes moved upward to Austin's lats, broadening out from his waist-- two of the nicest, thickest wings a man could want. Austin's cannonball deltoids and thick, muscular arms were just as hard to ignore as his ass, and David found himself wanting to adjust his privates, but resisted the urge nevertheless.

Austin turned around. "Can I refresh that for you?" he asked, looking at David's nearly empty glass on the end table.

"Yes, thank you," David said, bending to pick it up. He walked over to Austin and stopped, standing a few inches inside the blond's personal space.

Yeah, Austin clearly was not used to being intimidated.

The two men locked eyes. Without looking away from David's brilliant blue eyes, Austin lifted his hand to receive David's glass.

Still, they gazed into each other.

"Uh-- yes," Austin said. "I'll just get this... for you... now." He finally broke the stare and turned back to the bar, away from David.

Austin's shoulders, now closer and in reach, loomed under David's appreciative eyes. "I've seen your work too," David said.

"Really?" Austin said without turning back.

"You sound surprised."

Austin poured David's drink and turned around. David had moved even closer-- uncomfortably closer. "Well, uh. Yes," flustered the blond muscleman. "I guess... I just... didn't know how much you follow other models," he said, handing David his glass.

"I like to keep my finger on the pulse of the industry," David smiled. His eyes pierced Austin's.

"I see..." Austin replied.

Realizing his disadvantage, Austin puffed up his chest and reached within himself. "And, what did you think?"

"Think?" David asked, seeming distracted. His eyes hadn't blinked nor glanced away from Austin's ever since he had turned around.

"About my... modeling..."

"Oh, yes. Beautiful. You do beautiful work," David said, taking a sip.

"Thank you."

Another uncomfortable moment.

Clearly, Austin wanted to be the Alpha here. And yet he was struggling in the face of David's obvious confidence and superior size, however minute.

And clearly, David was attracted to Austin. God, was he attracted. Abruptly, David turned away from the muscle-adonis. How could he betray Bruce in this way? Sure, they had an understanding. No one man-- especially a man of Bruce's smaller stature-- would ever be enough to satiate David's hyper-masculine drive. They both knew that. There would be much gratuitous sex. But that's *all* it was supposed to be-- sex. The kind of attraction he was feeling toward Austin-- even at this early moment-- was more than simple animal attraction. Austin's good looks and cocky air was a turn-on to David in no small way. And that's not even taking in to account Austin's flowing blond hair, strong-yet-angelic face, and a body that looked like it could give David's enormous development a run for its money.

David strode to the window and looked out at the rolling waves. "Man, this is a beautiful place, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh yes. There's nothing like the beach, and the ocean. So powerful, yet serene," Austin pondered.

As David continued to contemplate his relationship with Bruce, and enjoy the turbulence of the ocean, his introspection was interrupted by a hand on his right arm. He turned. Austin's outstretched hand was resting on his huge biceps.

"Sorry," Austin said. His face looked as if he had just been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "Just wanted to see what it feels like."

David turned more to face Austin. "'t's-okay," he said.

"They're just so big," Austin said. His hand was still on David's arm. He squeezed it.

David looked down at Austin's hand on his arm. Certainly he was used to having guys want to cop a feel; but having Austin want... it really got to him. "Glad you like 'em," he smiled. "I guess that's what we're here for, anyway."

"Yeah," Austin said. "Guess we are."

"Your guns don't look at all bad either, dude."

David's compliment didn't register with Austin. He squeezed David's mammoth arm again. He hissed out a soft, yet astounded "shhhhhiiiiit," as David tightened it for him.

David sat his drink down and moved close to Austin. The time for positioning had passed.

As Austin placed his hands on David's thick chest, the giant muscleman wrapped his huge arms around the gorgeous Viking. They paused, staring at each other. Austin's bulging arms were pressed inward as David held him. The two gods held still, looking deeply into each others' eyes, and then their faces moved closer... closer... They cocked their heads slightly to adjust for their noses, and their lips finally met and opened. David's arms engulfed Austin. Austin's hands remained on David's pecs for a moment, and then he moved them around to David's back, running them over the ripples of muscle and feeling his larger-than-life lats.

In the corner, Ivan adjusted his cock. He could hear moans coming from the men. It was the most passionate kiss he had ever seen.

It lasted for minutes, hands and arms continuously moving (although slowly and sensually), feeling, caressing. Occasionally the kiss would break, and then one of the men would peck, or perhaps stick out his tongue and insert it into the other's mouth, initiating another long, wet kiss.

They pressed their cocks against each other as they kissed.

Eventually, as both men became more and more turned by the other, their kissing and hand movements became more intense-- more passionate. Their breathing became loud and heavy. Their bodies moved up and down on the others'. Their hair was mussed.

Finally, Austin's hands pulled David's shirt out of his pants; the giant did likewise to Austin. Austin pulled David's shirt up. It was a struggle to get it off over his chest-- and pulling it down over his arms was really difficult. As David's shirt fell to the floor, he took both hands and placed them at the top button of Austin's shirt. In one quick motion, he tore the shirt open, pop-

ping all of the buttons off. He pushed the shirt off, exposing the most beautiful upper body he had ever seen-- save for what the mirror showed him daily. Rippling, bulging, perfectly proportioned-- if not overdeveloped-- muscles were insanely defined, flowing beautifully from one to the other with striations and vascularity that turned David on to no end. Austin's golden-tan skin was free of any blemish of any kind-- just perfectly healthy skin, tightly wrapped around sensuously powerful muscles. Austin's eight-pack abdominal muscles flowed down into a hopelessly narrow waistline-- more taut and svelte than David's.

The two men embraced passionately again; this time their hands were unencumbered by any fabric, and they certainly enjoyed this new freedom. Austin moaned loudly as his palms and fingers ran all over David's huge back; his digits tenderly moving over the thick muscles and deep ridges of his defined backside. He felt David's broad shoulders and traps, and shoved his tongue deep inside David's throat. He moaned right into David's mouth, unable to control himself.

As for David, his hands were also relishing the touch of Austin's massive back and arms. He was deep in passionate exploration; yet clearly it was Austin who was battling with control. David was simply turned on.

After a near-eternity, the two men started to work at the other's belt and pants. At this point, Ivan interrupted. "Before you go too much further, can I suggest you-- we-- move into the next room? I've set up some equipment in there, and I'd like to see if you two might like to do a little workout-- to help relieve some of the excess, pent-up energy you seem to have generated."

The two musclebound men looked at each other and smiled. Ivan was evidently a master at constructing vignettes that the men would enjoy. Secretly, one of David's recurring fantasies was to show off his super-human strength to other musclemen. And as attracted as he was to Austin he was immediately turned on by the thought of blowing Austin's mind with not only his muscles, but his muscle strength as well. He knew his incredible strength was way beyond that of any normal man.

Austin, on the other hand, knew that he was actually quite a bit stronger than even his huge muscle size conveyed. He had won countless bodybuilding titles over the years; but he actually had won even more powerlifting competitions. He was easily much stronger than men who appeared bigger and more powerful than himself. Ivan's suggestion was the perfect opportunity to step back into the Alpha position he really wanted to hold with David.

What a rush it would be to overpower and blow the mind of this gargantuan man whom he adored.

Without hesitation, the two men followed Ivan as he opened the door to the other room. Inside was a brightly lit workout room that was furnished with the most complete set of weights on Long Island-- all glistening with shiny finishes.

"Very nice," David smiled as they walked in. His shirtless body reflected in the many mirrored walls.

"Outstanding," grinned Austin. The brown hair of his pecs, and his sensuous glory trail caught David's eye in a reflection. David watched in a mirror as Austin walked around the room, his broad, defined shoulders capping a simply gorgeous, powerful physique.

"Let's get you two changed into something more comfortable," Ivan said, handing each of the men a set of posing trunks and a set of fleece pants. "Put on the posing trunks, and then the pants. You'll probably ditch the pants later, but let's start with them on." David and Austin took the clothes. Ivan escorted Austin back into the bedroom suite to change, while David stayed in the gym and got into his workout wear.

It took longer than you'd expect for Austin to come back into the gym. "Sorry for the delay, David," Ivan said, smirking at Austin. "Seems Austin here had a little problem getting himself to 'relax' enough to fit into the posers."

David smiled.

"Shall we start with biceps?" Ivan suggested. With that, he found a chair in a corner and settled in.

The two shirtless muscle monsters moved to the rack of dumbbells that lined one wall. David started by picking up a pair of 70 pound weights. "Just to warm up with," he smiled. With perfect form and absolutely no body movement, he easily completed a set of 15 reps-- slowly, methodically, full range-of-motion. He racked the weights and looked at Austin.

The blond picked up the 70 pound weights and repeated David's movements picture-perfect. A slightly surprised David whistled as Austin re-racked the dumbbells. "Impressive," David smiled.

David moved to the 80s. Fifteen reps again. Easy.

Austin likewise lifted the 80s, but despite his immense strength, he started to slow toward the end.

The 100s were next. Clearly unheard-of, for any normal bodybuilder. David pumped out a dozen perfect reps.

Austin lifted the heavy weights and forced out 12 as well.

One-twenty's were next, and again, David easily did 12. A average man would never be able to pump out a single rep at this weight.

Austin huffed and puffed and barely squeezed out the tenth repetition. He re-racked the weights loudly, visibly exhausted.

"Maybe we should move on to another body part," David said consolingly.

"You getting tired?" Austin smiled as he breathed heavily, his hands on his knees.

"No, but you clearly are," David answered.

"Keep going, Mr. Muscles," Austin egged him on. "At least let me see what you can do."

David, not one to pass up a challenge, picked up a 150 pound weight in each hand. It was obvious from his struggle with the previous weight that Austin wouldn't be able to do more than a few of these. David started curling. Sweat beaded on his forehead and his whole upper body began to glisten as he methodically-- with perfect form-- pumped out ten reps. Yeah, maybe he had to cheat just a tad on the last rep, and sure, he visibly struggled with those last three strenuous reps. But 150 pounds? I'll bet even as you're reading this that you're saying, "Yeah, this is great fiction. One hundred-eighty pound dumbbell curls." But with David, as the reader will agree, fiction becomes reality in so many ways. Yeah, he did 150 pound dumbbell curls. For reps. For *ten* reps. Deal with it.

"There you go, dude," David said as he racked the weights. He lifted his mighty arms into a double biceps pose. Freakish peaks formed on his pumped arms and Austin's boner, lately somewhat relaxed because of the workout, sprang to fullness inside his posers, covered by his sweatpants. He put his hands on David's flexed arms, feeling them pumped and flexed for the first time. His face grew pale. He ran his hands all over David's unreal guns. David thoroughly enjoyed the effect he had on Austin. Having this gorgeous, huge muscleman worship his superior development hit David right where he lived.

"Oh god," Austin exclaimed, squeezing David's hard arms. "Oh my fucking god." He felt the underside-- David's triceps-- and David straightened his arms, flexing all over for his admirer.

David lowered his arms. "You gonna try that weight?" he kidded.

Austin paused for a second. "Naw... I don't want to even try that weight," he said. "I.. don't want to... waste my time with that weight," he said as he lifted the 170 pound dumbbells off the rack. As David watched with wide eyes, Austin began to pump out rep after freakin' rep, with perfect form, seemingly without effort. Eight... nine... ten reps. Eleven... twelve.... He finished fifteen reps of 170 pounds on each arm, slowing only for the last three. Re-racking the dumbbells, he looked at David through the mirror on the wall. David was aghast. Austin lifted his arms and let David feel.

The giant had never dreamed he'd experience this feeling. His hands felt out the biggest, hardest, thickest mounds of arm muscle he'd ever felt; and the experience was almost overwhelming. Austin, a master poser (and teaser, apparently) let David feast his hands for minutes as he flexed, relaxed, bulged, tightened, bent and squeezed his arms for the steel-blue-eyed musclemans.

David's muscular hands were in a heaven he never expected to encounter. Austin's powerful arms were *hot!* David looked at Austin's beautiful blond hair, his deliciously hunky face, and his powerful upper body. And those *arms!* He never wanted to stop feeling them.

But eventually, he lowered his hands and Austin stopped posing.

"Fuck, man. Where did you get to be that strong? Those guns are unbelievable!" David exclaimed.

Austin turned coy. "Oh, well, just practice, I guess. Very intense workouts, dude. You should try it sometime," he teased.

David was in love. Not necessarily because Austin was stronger than him, but because Austin was so cute and confident! And now, time to *really* show off to his love. Without a word or any fanfare, David walked over to the rack and picked up the 200 pound dumbbells and held them at his sides. This time, instead of facing the mirror, he turned to Austin and started bending his arms, alternating the left and the right. He made no wincing faces, didn't move his torso a millimeter-- he just allowed his already pumped arms to expand even more, easily lifting and lowering the weights-- with a smile

on his face the whole time. Obviously, he had been feigning fatigue and failure during the previous set.

Twenty reps. Easily.

"Okay, good lookin'," David said, replacing the weights on the rack. "Let's see you do that."

Austin was speechless. Clearly, even his own strength was no match for David's super-human power. "Holy fuck," he said. "Holy mother of god fuck! You can't be human!"

David smiled. "Oh, but I can be, if I want to be. And I want to be. Yeah, I'm human alright." He grinned and lifted his arms again. They had grown again, pumped by his latest strength demonstration. Vein-lined masses of clearly defined muscles hardened in front of Austin's wide eyes. He had no choice, but to feel them again. And they did seem bigger, fuller and harder.

"Let's move right to the bench press, shall we?" Ivan finally interrupted. Austin removed his hands from David's peaked biceps and the two men followed Ivan over to the bench. "Take off your sweatpants, won't you?" Ivan asked. Austin and David obeyed, each revealing a set of legs that looked like they could move the whole house if necessary. Both men wore cock-hugging posing trunks that were barely held together by two G-strings around the waist. Fuck, it was unreal muscle gone to seed. Each man's cock was long and thick. But of course, David's penis made Austin gasp. Its size was totally mind-boggling.

The bench sat on a platform that was about six inches off the floor. The bar on the rack at the head of the bench held two 100 pound plates on each end, making a total of 445 pounds, with the bar. The shiny, reflective plates glistened; they were not like any plates either man had ever seen in a gym.

"Austin, would you like to go first?" Ivan asked.

Of course, Austin was shaken by David's display over at the dumbbell rack, so he looked at this exercise with suspicion. He was coming to the conclusion that playing with David-- teasing him with one weight and then surprising him by jumping to a heavier weight-- would be no tease at all. David was an insurmountable muscle mountain. "Uh, okay," he said, pretty much resigned to being bested by his idol. Nevertheless, he laid on the bench.

David watched as Austin's powerful body spread out-- the blond hunk put his hands on the bar, placed wide. David was mesmerized by Austin's physique;

it was power and drop-dead beauty all mixed into a virile, sensual package. And, oh did that package turn David on.

Austin took three deep breaths and lifted the bar. The weights on the ends made the bar bend-- it actually bent quite a bit! It bobbed up and down as he tried to hold it still. Then, Austin slowly lowered it-- all the way down... down to the bottom of his repetition, where the steel pipe met his rising pectoral muscles. He held it there for an instant and then pressed it upward, again causing the bar to bob and bend. Up... and then down again... Then a third, slow and methodical rep.

And a fourth.

Five... six... se-ve-n... ughrmph... eight... heavy breathing... Austin struggled with the ninth rep, almost stopping, and then racked it.

By any standard, benching 445 pounds for nine repetitions is impossible. And yet, Austin indeed had done just that. He sat up and David smiled. Ivan, seated again in his chair in the corner, smiled as well. Seeing Austin's massive frame struggle like that was an extreme turn-on for the older man.

David, as well.

Austin took a few more breaths, and then stood, motioning for David to take a turn.

"You know," David paused. "Let's just cut to the chase, okay? I'm not going to string you along with low weights and then surprise you at the end. Let's just go straight for the max, alright?"

"Sounds good to me," Austin smiled. His boner was growing. Fuck, David was the hugest musclegod he had ever seen, let alone imagined. Just looking at the almost naked physique of David was a spiritual experience. Austin lusted like he had never lusted before. "So, what's it going to be?" he asked, moving to add more weights to the bar.

"Well, actually, I don't think Ivan has enough weight here for me to max out at ten reps..." David said, looking at the available plates. "So, let's just put all of the 100s on and I'll start lifting... let's see when I fail."

Austin's eyes were wide with disbelief. "You're shittin' me, David."

"Nope."

The two men placed the remaining 100 pound plates on the ends of the bar and secured them tightly. The bar was bent-- very far-- to the point where it looked scary.

"That's 645 pounds, man. And you don't think you'll max out before ten reps?" Austin asked, showing his incredulity.

"Watch and learn, my man," David smiled. "Watch and learn." He laid down on the bench, flaring his lats as he placed his big hands on the bar. He splayed his legs widely, securing them on the floor.

"You need a spot?" Austin queried.

"Well, if I was going to stop at ten-- no," David answered, adjusting his grip and looking up to the bar. "But since I'm going to failure-- yeah, you might want to give me a spot."

Austin assumed the position above David's head.

David looked up at his worshipper. "Come to think of it, you might enjoy this muscle demonstration a little more if you put your hands on my pecs while I lift. It'll give you a good feel of the power... if you're so inclined."

And Austin was so inclined. He knelt at David's head.

David easily lifted the bar and Austin placed his hands on David's fuckin' mammoth pectorals. Never in his life had he experienced such a muscular, forest of masculine fur. He spread his fingers over the mountains of chest-- allowing the hair of David's pecs to infiltrate between his fingers. As David lowered the bar, the giant's hairy chest expanded under Austin's feel.

Austin rose to a full-mast boner faster than he had ever done in his lifetime. David's pecs hardened and rippled under Austin's now-shaking hands.

Unbelievable power boiled under his palms.

David lowered the bar and barely touched the back of Austin's hands. He left it there for a full second! Then he easily raised it. Austin's hands moved all over David's chest, feeling the hair, the incredible muscle, the deep cleft, and then-- his nipples.

David's concentration was broken, and he shuddered as Austin's fingertips felt the tips of his nipples. But almost immediately, he regained his thoughts and continued. If anything, David's strength was demonstrated in his ability to concentrate-- to control his mind. Not to mention his muscles.

Up and down the bar went.

Up and down.

Austin whispered expletives as he felt the inhuman power of David's pecs-- lifting and tightening; lowering and tightening even more. Bunching into two peaks, and then spreading wide (yet not flat, by any means), then bunching and tightening again. Over and over; under and under Austin's hands.

By the 14th rep, Austin's penis was so hard, it hurt. It had never-- ever-- been this hard in his life. He had to release it from his posers. Between reps, he quickly removed his right hand from David's right pec and tore his trunks off, ripping them apart in one fast motion. His cock, now free, sprang up between his legs. He positioned it beside David's face and said, "Fuck, man. Look what you're doing to me. I'm gunna cum!" Precum dribbled down his swollen and hardened dick. David, without slowing his reps, turned his head.

Fuck, that thing was big!

It bobbed right in front of David's face. Almost by instinct, he opened his mouth and began licking it.

"Ohhhhh--- shit!" Austin moaned. He had put his hands back on David's pecs, but was also occasionally moving them down and out to David's massive, flared lats onto his abs, and up to his arms.

David licked Austin's cock slowly... very slowly, with his long, wide tongue. He paused the bar at the top for just a second and wrapped his lips around Austin's thick cock and sucked softly. Then as he lowered the bar again, the angle just didn't work out, and he had to let Austin's cock head slip out of his mouth.

David's own cock had already sprang from his posing trunks, out through the left leg hole. It completely pushed the fabric aside and pointed straight toward David's (and Austin's) face, its plump head hovering about two inches above his abs. Precum dribbled out of it, actually forming an unbroken string between the slit and the pool of clear liquid it had started on the indentation between two mounds of abdominal muscle.

When his own cock head had slipped out of David's mouth, Austin gasped. It was at that point that David's cock caught his eye-- or should we say, took his eyes hostage. Austin couldn't believe what he was seeing. It was the most freakin' huge piece of manmeat he had ever seen-- at least a foot long,

maybe longer, of the thickest, most vascular penis imaginable. His hands immediately left David's torso; he stood up and walked around the bar to the other end of the bench and stopped between David's splayed legs. "Fuckin' mother of Moses!" he cried. "Holy-- fuckin'-- shit!" He bent over and ripped David's posers off, just as he had done with his own a few minutes earlier. Both men were now buck snaked.

And David continued to lift and lower the weight, measuring his strength for maximum endurance. If any of them had been keeping track of his reps, they had long since been distracted and lost count. Ivan guessed it was probably somewhere around twenty. Still, the giant muscleman showed very little stress. Yeah, he wasn't hefting it like it was cotton candy, but he clearly was in control of the bar. His pace was slow and purposeful. He was in this for the duration.

Austin put his hands on David's quads; he could feel the power of a thousand bulls in each leg. It made him shake. David's phallus lay before him. He looked up to David's chest, shoulders and huge arms and watched him do another rep. He moved his hands up David's tight quads-- fuck, the rippling mounds of muscle were so hot! His hands made their way between David's legs and onto his balls. They were large and heavy-- like lemons, or plumbs-- and they hung at the bottom of two very long sacs. His hairless scrotum was moist and warm, stretched longer than seemed possible. Austin held each ball in his hands, testing their weight, moving each one up and down alternately, reverently, awestruck at their size and density. Forget the plumb analogy-- these things were closer to baseballs. He lifted the right one high and allowed the tip of his finger to tickle David's perineum. He held it there, moving his fingertip gently against the skin. As he did this, he squeezed the ball slightly. David shuddered and moaned as he pressed the bar up, nearly jumping out of his skin. Austin tickled again.

"Oh sssshit---" David exclaimed. "Don't-- do-- that."

Austin smiled and rubbed against the perineum again, just as David was lowering the weight.

"Fuuuuuck!" shuddered David. He breathed hard. "You're going-- to-- make me drop-- this!" he hissed. He pressed the bar upward again and stopped, holding it above his face at the top of the struts. He heaved with each breath.

Austin relented. He slithered his fingers up the ball sacs and onto the tree limb-- maybe more like a tree trunk, or perhaps a boa constrictor-- a steel pipe-- an electric conduit-- a freakin' third arm-- whatever you want to call

it, David's cock was the mother of all cocks and as Austin grasped its base, it made him dizzy. He could barely get both hands around it. He lifted it with the fulcrum of his hand, applying pressure to the base-- just above the balls-- and lifting the head with his fingers placed under the cock; the cock rose into the air at about a 45 degree angle, causing his steady stream of precum to lengthen, looking like the string of a cobweb. The cock tightened, the head swelled, and a new glob of clear liquid oozed out of the purple head and ran in a droplet down the string, landing in the pool on his abs.

Austin literally trembled as his hands moved up and felt out David's shaft. So warm, so solidly hard, so strong. It was like a morphed version of a man's cock-- unreal in its length and girth, unbelievable in its size and weight. He squeezed it, pushed on it.

David shuddered again. "Ohhh gggggooooooooodddddddd." But he kept lifting.

"Fuuuuuck," Austin gasped. He squeezed it. God.

David continued his demonstration of his inhuman strength.

Austin's cock moved up and down against David's ass hole, book-ended on each side by two mountains of quadriceps and hamstring muscles. His cock quivered, being so close to the giant's fuck hole. He grasped David's cock with both hands, and, using it to steady himself, raised it up to a 90 degree angle, causing David to scream loudly in pain.

Animal instincts had taken over. Austin positioned his penis head at David's anus and began pushing. Hard.

"SHIT, NO!" David yelled.

But Austin pulled himself closer by pulling the base of David's cock toward himself. His own cock's head started to push open the door. David's ripe, virgin cherry started to quiver. Austin's mighty arms bulged as he pulled himself harder against it.

"FUCK NOOOOOooooo!" David moaned. He held the bar still-- his arms straight.

Austin's steel-hard cock began to force David's anus open, and his wet head began to peek inside-- inside where no other cock head had ever penetrated.

David, with all his might, clamped down and tried to close up. "You're not going to do this!" he yelled.

Austin knew otherwise. His immense strength was more than David had ever encountered; sure, David was obviously more powerful, but Austin's strength against David's ass was so much more than David had ever experienced. He pressed again, pulling down on David's cock to leverage himself inside his ass. And he went in farther.

The cherry split open slightly and Austin's head forced in more. As the two monsters struggled, Austin's head finally pushed inside and David's powerful ass lips wrapped tightly around it, caressing the lip of the head.

David's ass wasn't sure if it wanted to expel the intruder or pull it in farther. He panted like he'd never panted before. In some strange way, he loved this-- the actual possibility of being fucked-- the risk-- the challenge, and the abandon.

Austin's head tipped back on his shoulders as he soaked in the victory. Now, all he had to do was flex his strong ass muscles and legs, and simply pull on David's dick a-- little-- more... and he'd be sliding in to heaven. His arms again bulged with power as he prepared the final assault.

David panted, still holding the 645 pounds of steel above his head. As he realized what Austin was doing, he took a deep, deep breath. Austin saw David's chest rise. With a powerful grunt, David held his breath, and, as best as a man who's benching 645 pounds could do, he flexed his whole body into a kind of most-muscular pose-- bearing down with all his might, pushing, pushing and pushing against Austin's intrusion.

"Aaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrggggggggggghhh!" David screamed.

The pressure on Austin's cock head was excruciating. David's vise-grip ass clamped down on it and expelled it out, forcing Austin backward. His wet hands slipped off David's up-raised cock and he lost his balance, falling backward onto the floor. David's cock slapped his abs, splashing precum and sweat.

David breathed hard, catching his breath, and then laid his head back on the bench. Slowly, he resumed his repetitions.

Austin shook himself off and climbed back to the base of the bench.

David's rhythm returned, and he steadily lifted and lowered the weight. As Austin touched his legs again, he instinctively closed them a bit, not willing to allow another attempt at penetration.

Austin's hands were tender, running slowly over David's massive, muscular legs, and onto his low-hanging balls, and up onto his cock once more. David couldn't believe how excited he was-- how stimulated he was-- how turned on he was to be showing off like this to such a hot muscleman like Austin. And the fact that Austin returned the love was just unbelievably hot!

Austin continued to worship, never ceasing his amazement at David's unbelievable strength as the giant continued to lift.

Austin began licking David's cock.

"Ummmmmmgh," David moaned.

Austin ran his tongue up and down the huge member, paying special attention to the ridge of the urethra-- shit, that fuckpole was rigid and big. His tongue slid all over the thing, slathering it tenderly and passionately.

After another rep, Austin found his lips curling around the head of David's cock. He suckled, tasting the sweet nectar of precum. He swirled his tongue around, wetting David's cock head. Like a baby tenderly sucking his mother's breast, Austin's lips surrounded David's dick-head and gently, sensually pulled the precum from David's cock. His lips quivered on David's head. They felt like they were made for this-- made to be here, surrounding the head of David's penis. They quivered more, realizing that they would never-- ever again-- feel as home as they felt now. Tenderly, they massaged the smooth, swollen head of David's erection. Austin felt like he could stay here forever.

David yelled out, "Ohhhhhhhh fuuuuuuuck."

Austin crept his lips down the shaft, it's huge girth filling his mouth. He tipped his head and opened his throat, swallowing it farther.

David shook his head back and forth wildly. Still, he pressed the weight up, and lowered. Up-- and-- down-- steadily, slowly, methodically.

Austin took as much as he could into his mouth and throat. He started to swallow hard, using this motion and his tongue to massage David's cock. He steadied his hands on David's massive legs, pressing his dick against David's ass hole. He rubbed it up and down, dry fucking the giant as he blew him.

They came at the same time-- together-- each blowing their wad in passionate unanimity.

David's penis burst a hot volley onto the back of Austin's throat. He choked, but was undeterred in his mission. He pushed his face farther-- closer to David's abs, forcing the huge cock inside even more. At the same time, he began to squirt wildly, spraying David's ass and balls with his own warm milk.

David quickly moved full-force into his orgasm, rhythmically bursting out round after hard round of ejaculate into Austin's willing mouth. The blond swallowed hard, unable to keep up with the volume of fluid filling his mouth. It squirted and dribbled out the sides of his lips, drenching David's pubes. With each ejaculation, David's gargantuan body jerked. He had to stop his reps while he came, holding the heavy bar steady at the top of the rep-- his arms stiff and straight-- balancing the weight above his face, struggling to keep it under control as he filled Austin's mouth to overflowing. "Fuuuuuuck! Ohhhhh Goddddd!" he shuddered.

Likewise, Austin's muscular body went stiff as he began the steady rhythm of his orgasm. It became so intense that he eventually had to slip his mouth off David's cock and stand straight, pushing his cock against David's ass and balls between the splayed mighty oaks. "Fuuuuuuuuck!" he screamed. His large penis volleyed blast after blast into the air, squirting all over hell, and onto David's body.

As David's cock was now free of Austin's mouth, he, as well, sprayed himself with thick ropes of semen. Shit, he was going to be a wet mess when this was over. His orgasmic bursts renewed when he heard Austin's yells and felt Austin's cum splash onto his powerful chest, his face, his arms, his abs. It was the ultimate climax; David's lust and love for Austin-- and seeing how overcome Austin was with his muscles-- it drove David wild with orgasmic release.

Austin, continuing to shoot, crawled up onto David's massive body. He laid there and embraced David, feeling every one of the giant's bulging muscles as the two of them pressed their cocks into each others' abs. David racked the bar-- they never found out how many reps he could do, because he got a little... uh... distracted. He brought his big arms down and embraced Austin, and the two muscle monsters hugged and kissed for nearly fifteen more minutes before they finally lay silent, breathing hard and enjoying each others' sweaty bodies.

They kissed tenderly, lovingly. Indeed, this was more than just sex. Much more. There was love here. Real-- man-on-man love. Appreciation. Admiration. Need. There was lust, yes-- but love too.

Austin's body rose and fell as David inhaled and exhaled below him. Ever the Alpha, David hugged Austin, stroking his beautiful, long blond hair. Austin's head, turned to one side, rested on the warm, cum-splotched chest of his very own musclegod. And David held him-- protecting him, comforting him, loving him.

The two of them were in muscle heaven.

Austin had never been in this position-- being the one to lust so. Being the weaker one. Being the smaller one. Being the held one. And this new experience would profoundly change him-- forever-- giving him a new perspective on strength and love. He never knew he had this need. David revealed it to him by meeting it. It was an epiphany. It was fulfillment. It was true love.

Ivan sat in the corner, motionless, save for an occasional lifting of his brandy glass to his lips. He purposely left his crotch alone, not wanting to disturb the sloshy wet mess under his slacks.

Your feedback is **TOTALLY** encouraged!

Please email me at [sean@buffmuscles.com](mailto:sean@buffmuscles.com).

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Thanks!