

The Men of My Dreams

I sat before my cupcake as a single candle's wax melted quickly down the sides. Letting out a long sigh I thought back over the last year of my life, my extremely single life. It wasn't like I was unattractive! I was a normal, average man; toned from my hours spent running, a full head of bushy brown hair, and somewhat clear skin. I had a stable job, manager at a local UPS store. It wasn't glamorous but I wasn't starving to death. But when your average surrounded by a world of ten's it was hard to ever get noticed in real life and even harder in the digital world. I did get responses but the men were either vastly older than me or exceedingly creepy in every way that could be imagined. I watched the candle as it burned closer to the icing of the cupcake, which I bought myself, and thought of a wish.

"I wish every man was into me and was my type." I took a deep breath and blew, extinguishing the candle. The thin line of smoke filtered through the air and slightly around me causing me to give a slight cough. I withdrew the candle and shoved the sweet morsel into my mouth with a single bite. For the rest of the evening, I sat on the couch, watching reruns of shows on Bravo until I fell asleep on the couch, as I did most nights. But unknown to me my wish was heard by one who had the power to make it a reality. But with every wish, they were always a consequence.

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I awoke the next morning with a jolt, realizing that it was far past the time I was supposed to be at the store to open up. I jumped from the couch and threw on the nearest pair of dress pants and polo I could find whilst brushing my teeth. Bouncing around the room on one foot I collected my keys, wallet, and phone before I rushed out of the house. Within fifteen minutes I was at my store just a quarter past eight, luckily none of the drivers were supposed to arrive until 8:30, which meant that nobody would notice my tardiness. I quickly unlatched the front gate, switched on the lights, and placed a till in the front register. Nobody would be the wiser, I thought to myself. I sat at the front register for another ten minutes before I saw the knowing lights of one of my trucks pull up.

"Good morn -," I began to say but stopped when I saw the Adonis walk through the front door. I was speechless. It was like Hercules was entering my store. His muscles were bulging, his jawline was chiseled, and his hair was a perfect pompadour with shaved sides. But it wasn't just his physique that caught me off caught it was his uniform. While usually, the drivers kept on the normal khaki pants and company issued button down; his clothes were that, but sexier. His button down's top three buttons

were opened, revealing a forest of dark chest hair, and a mountainous chest. His khakis were short, and I mean SHORT. They weren't even long enough to be considered shorts; they were more akin to something a stripper or dancer would wear. And it wasn't even the length that truly caught me off guard by the ample bulge that protruded off his lap. It was like he was trying to show off his hefty endowment. My cock instantly became erect as he walked towards me, each step was even more seductive than the last.

"Morning handsome," he said with a wink as he leaned onto the counter. I couldn't help but look down his shirt at his exposed skin. I opened my mouth to speak, but only nonsense spewed from my lips, causing him to let out an almost angelic laugh. "Cute." He punctuated his comment with a light tap on my nose, sending gooseflesh down my body. I had never had a man this forward before, let alone a man as gorgeous as the one standing before me. I shook my head attempting to bring myself back to reality.

"Good morning," I squeaked out, taking a step back. "Are you here for the packages?" I asked, placing my hands on the front of my shorts hiding my arousal from him.

"Usually I'm the one with the package," he said as he stood up and thrust his cock towards me in an overtly sexual manner. My eyes grew wide as his already large mound began to grow. How big did he actually get? His cock along the side of his shorts, and due to the tightness I could see every inch of his python as it grew.

"I have them in the back," I said quickly as I turned away unsure if I could hide the obvious wet spot that was growing in my pants. I walked towards the back and opened the delivery bay door, showing the stacks of packages to the driver. "Here are all the -," I began to say froze as I felt the muscular man's body squeeze into the small doorway with me. I could feel his muscles press against my thin body. His hard cock pushed firmly against mine. I could feel the sweat dotting along my forehead as he stood over me, towering over my short stature by at least six inches.

"Tight fit isn't it?" He smirked. God, it was like looking into the eyes of a Disney prince; dark blue pools of seduction that I just kept falling deeper into. His perfectly straight smile was only emphasized by the two dimples that appeared on either side of his full lips. I could feel my knees growing weak as his gaze pushed further into my own eyes.

"Uhh," I spoke nervously. He placed his muscular arm over my head and leaned down towards me. His face closing the gap between the two of us. His deep manly scent of Irish Spring filled my senses as his muscular arms encircled my face.

"What are you doing tonight?" He asked, his voice purring with seduction.

“Oh, um, I’m working,” I stuttered out.

“How about you ditch work and come out with me?” He asked, his face was close enough that I could feel his hot breath on my lips. Why was he so into me, I thought to myself? Was this some sort of joke? “It could be a lot of fun.” He emphasized the word fun with a quick thrust of his hips. I looked down at our crotches and saw his massive cock had leaked a large spot into the front of his pants, darkening the surrounding area. While mine left only a small stain in comparison.

“Sure,” I said, barely even able to utter any other word. His grin grew wider as one of his arms fell to the side and was placed on my hip.

“We could always have some fun while we’re here?” he said suggestively. Every bone in my body told me to say yes. All I wanted in life was to have him throw me onto the nearest surface and fuck my brains and cum out. But steadier, less horny minds won.

“I can’t,” I said defiantly, feeling my backbone grow just large enough for me to fight against his allure. He gave a subtle shrug of his muscled shoulders before he pulled a pen from his pocket. He pulled my hand up and wrote his number across the palm of my hand along with the damn Austin. “I will be waiting for your call. . .James,” he said, reading my name from the tag on my polo. He slowly pulled away and walked towards the first stack of boxes. My mouth immediately fell open once more. If the front was impressive then the back was godly. His ass was like two scoops of ice cream that had been squeezed tightly into his booty shorts. Each of his cheeks bounced and jiggled as his hips swayed from side to side. If I had known better I would have assumed he was a stripper and not a real delivery man. And when he bent over I could have sworn I heard seams begin to pop as his ass begged for freedom. I bit my lip as I stifled a moan of attraction, but from the way, he looked over his shoulder; he knew what he was doing.

“Do you need any help?” I asked, wanting to break the sexual tension that was mounting between the two of us.

“No. I’m used to handling big packages all by myself,” he said with a devilish grin. I watched as he clenched his cheeks tightly, basically swallowing the shorts deeper into the crevice. Both of his cheeks now hung freely from his shorts as if begging for me to touch them. My hands grew warm with intensity as I imagined them cupping of them and giving them a healthy squeeze. But I kept my cool, and walked back to the front of the store and stood at the registers nervously as he walked back and forth with his packages. Every time he passed me he would either flex his arms, bounce his chest, or flex his glutes. I tried to occupy with my work, but every time he crossed my path I couldn’t help but look up and see his gorgeous eyes staring at me.

As he packed up his last stack of boxes I felt a sadness fall over me. I wished the handsome man wouldn't leave. I looked at the number written across my hand and hoped with every fiber of my being, that it was really his number. He came back in one final time to the front desk to sign the release forms for the packages. My eyes scoured his body, trying to remember every inch of his form not sure if I would ever see his gorgeous self again. He laid the clipboard on the counter and looked up at me.

"See you tonight?" I asked, staring directly at his full lips. Oh, how I wished I knew what they tasted like. It was like he could read my mind. His hand reached out to the front of my shirt and pulled me into his face and pushed his lips against mine and I weakly fell into it. His tight grip on my shirt, his plump lips pressed against my own, the tickle of his stubble against my cheeks. His tongue swirled against my own causing my cock to spill out a large glob of precum into my underwear. I was in complete heaven. I was with the sexiest man I had ever seen before and I couldn't-.

"Excuse me. Can I get some service?" A deep voice asked from behind the delivery man. I opened my eyes and broke the kiss. The delivery guy gave me one final wink as he stepped away from the counter revealing the man behind him.

"Lord Jesus," I whispered to myself as the man stepped forward. It was like I was living in a Magic Mike film. He was not only dressed as scantily as the driver, but he was just as gorgeous. What the hell was going, I asked myself. But as I looked at the second man as he leaned over the counter in the same manner as the driver did before my worries seemed to disappear as my eyes stared at his large muscular arms.

"How's it going sexy?" He asked me.

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I spent the remainder of my morning watching gorgeous man after gorgeous man walk into my store; either to purchase products or ship mail, but every guy flirted with me to an obnoxious level. Each one of them would graze their hands up my arm, compliment my appearance, and every single one of them ended our interaction with giving me their phone number. By the time it was eleven, I have seven numbers from different guys and three dinner dates set up for the next three nights. I was a little thrown off by the attention I had received today, but with all the attention I had received I also had a dick that needed an equal amount of attention.

"Break time," I said to myself as I looked to the clock. I didn't have any other curriers coming for at least another two hours and most people didn't need to come in and mail packages. So, being my own boss, I decided it was time to lock up; if only for a little bit of time. I walked around the counter,

locked the front door, and slid the break side over; which told anyone that saw, I would be back in fifteen. I stepped out the side entrance; my mind still riddled with so many questions.

How did all of my delivery drivers become Andrew Christian models overnight?

Why did I become so attractive all of a sudden?

Why were they all throwing themselves at me; not that I was complaining?

I walked out the back alleyway and across the street, knowing there was only one thing that could make this day any better. Coffee.

“Morning handsome!” The barista announced as I pushed through the door. I looked up to the front counter expecting to see Brittany, the owner of the local coffee shop but in her place was yet another Adonis. His long blonde hair swept over his shoulders effortlessly like he was fresh from a shampoo commercial. His front apron clung tightly to his toned body, forming around his every curve. I looked behind him and three almost identical men standing behind him, working away at their station. All of them looked like elves, but in a human sense; delicate features, pale skin, and soft hair.

“Umm hi,” I said nervously as I walked up to the front counter, enraptured in the cashier’s appearance. “Can I just get a large ice coffee with two shots of espresso?”

“As long as I can get your number with that coffee?” He purred, his voice was as like soft wind chimes luring me closer to him.

“Oh umm, just the coffee today please,” I said. Which he countered with pushing out his bottom lip.

“How about me?”

“Can I get your number?”

“Me to please!”

All the men behind the coffee counter began to chorus, each of them begging for my number. The wide blue eyes were all fixated on me waiting for me to choose one over the other. I could feel sweat begin to dot along my brow as their begging began to be too much for me and I dashed into the bathroom, hoping for just a moment of peace. I locked the door behind me, not wanting any unexpected visitors to come through the door as I caught my breath.

“Hello,” a deep voice announced from within the bathroom. My eyes lifted up and saw yet another coffee shop worker, washing his hands at the sink.

“How many fucking people work in this place,” I groaned as I slid partially down the door. The man laughed as he dried his hands and turned towards me. While the other workers were all thin and toned this one was stout and thick. His shirt kept the top three button undone which showed off his

perfectly tanned pectorals. While his khakis looked ready to burst from the large package that protruded from his lap.

“Too many,” he responded as he gave me a once over. “Especially when cuties like you come waltzing in. I’m not a fan of competition.” He took a step towards me closing the gap.

“Yeah. Sure,” I said mindlessly as I attempted to sidestep him and go into one of the stalls.

“Woo, hold on hot stuff. Where are you trying to go?” I said as he placed one of his thick arms against the wall, barring my escape into solitude. “What you don’t wanna talk to me?” He asked. His voice took on a tone of feigning hurt while the corners of his mouth turned downwards “I’m hurt.” His free hand pressed against his beefy chest as if his heart was being torn in two. I couldn’t help but stare at his muscles as they bulged underneath his uniform wondering what he looked like without his clothes on. The stranger could see me staring at something, pulled away slightly, and struck a pose which showed off his burly physique.

“You like the thick boys?” He smirked. I couldn’t lie, especially when my dick was now straining against the lap of my pants. I gave a nod of agreement as I was transfixed by his body. “Here let me show you a little more skin and see if I can persuade you to stay and chat a little longer with me.” He grasped onto the hem of his polo and lifted it over his head. I watched as his hairless abdominals came into view, followed by both of his meaty pectorals which were dragged up by his polo and dropped; further accentuating their heaviness. Then pushing his arms down in front of him, he struck yet another pose but this time showing off his pectorals.

“How about now? You ready to chat a little longer with me?” My mouth hung open in disbelief at this man’s openness to stripping, just to talk to me. Maybe I could get another piece of clothing?

“I don’t know,” I said, giving an impression of disinterest. I gave a fake yawn and looked down at the floor. “Maybe if you take off those pants I would be more inclined to talk.” Would this actually work? I looked up and made eye contact with the guy, and by the way, he was smiling. He was more than happy to continue to strip.

“Oh, that’s all!?” Almost immediately he unzipped his khakis and began to peel them away from his body, showing off his overdeveloped quads and his pink hearted trunks. The steel production went into overdrive when his obscenely large ballsack and cock came into view. Even though the thin white fabric, I could make out the head of his cock and the two orange-sized balls that occupied the bulk of the space in his underwear.

“Holy fuck,” I whispered as he turned around and showed off his equally beefy ass. It looked like two hams squeezed into the backside of his underwear. It was obvious that both cheeks were obviously

too big for his underwear as they hung out underneath the fabric and his crack was visible above the waistband. I could tell that his ass was one that was made from many hard hours spent at the gym as well as eating at a buffet. It was the perfect combination of fat and muscle, and my cock agreed. It bulged aggressively within my pants begging to be pushed between those hefty cheeks. I wanted nothing more than to fall to my knees and push my face between his ass cheeks and bury myself into his hole until he came from so much pleasure.

“What do you think now?” He asked, his voice obviously hoping for some sort of hint of enjoyment from me. “Maybe I could have your name?” He asked hopefully.

“James, but my friends call me Jamie,” I said as I pulled away from the wall slightly, coming closer to thick naked man that stood before me. “And yours?”

“Mickey,” He beamed as he flexed his glutes to punctuate his sentence. The fabric of his underwear dug deeper between his butt cheeks, further pushing me to dangle my attention as a bartering chip for his last piece of clothing.

“Nice to meet you,” I said as I held my hands in front of my groin. We stood silently, staring at one another for a few moments as his smile started to falter.

“Do you not like what you see?” He asked hurtfully. Goal.

“Well I think you would look better if you weren’t wearing anything,” I offered with a shrug of my shoulders. A wide grin came to his face as he hooked his thumbs into his underwear, dropped them to the floor, and his massive cock bounced to attention. At first sight, all I wanted to do was drop to my knees and worship this Hercules that stood before me; drag my tongue up along his crack, deep throat his cock, and fuck his beautiful face with my dick. But I kept my cool as my own cock was begging to be touched.

“What do you think?” He asked, obviously looking for approval.

“You look good,” I said, putting on my best cool guy impression and leaned against the wall. But little did I know the wall was recently waxed and down I fell, directly onto the floor and with it my cool guy persona.

“Fuck!” I cried as my head bashed against the floor with a hard thud. Immediately I heard Mickey’s heavy steps as he lumbered toward me and he bent over. His thick short cock was hanging inches from my mouth. While his large balls hung heavily near my chin. I couldn’t help myself and I took a long, hungry lick of his cock.

“Ooo,” he moaned in excitement as I took another slower more agonizing lick of his cock. A lick that produced a large spurt of cum that dripped onto my face, directly near my eye. “Oh my god, I’m so

sorry!” He scrambled as he attempted to wipe the cum from my face but only caused it to smear more along my cheek. While another, much larger drop of cum fell onto my face. I took my finger and wiped it from my cheek and into my mouth. I moaned in delight as his face was one of horror. Looking at him, I couldn’t help but laugh. Never would I have thought I would be in this situation, with a behemoth cock leaking on my face while he apologized profusely. “What’s so funny?” He asked as he helped left me from the ground.

“Nothing,” I said still smiling as I leaned into him and pressed my lips against his own. My fingers hungrily grasped onto both of his cheeks. Both were far too large for my hands to even come close to encompassing. The fatty side of his ass overflowed between my fingers as they continued to squeeze both of his cheeks. All the while his hands quickly went to my own small, yet perky butt cheeks. His hands moved swiftly around my body as he fumbled with my zipper and pants. Eager to undress my birthday suit. Mickey couldn’t help but squeeze my body close to his, squeezing his cock against my body and my face into my pectorals. I couldn’t help but nipple along the hard flesh of his pectorals, searching for his nipples. My mouth immediately latched onto his pert nipples, allowing my tongue to sweep and bite at unreasonably large and pointy nipples. His and my moans of pleasure filled the small bathroom as he finally pulled my pants and underwear over my dick and ass, and dropped them to the floor with one swift movement. He squeezed both of my cheeks roughly, showing off the strength of his large meaty hands. I let out a grunt of enjoyment as I moved my mouth from one pectoral to the other I heard a soft whistle of approval from behind me.

“Great view.”

“I concur.”

“Why is Mickey always the lucky one.”

I pulled away from between Mickey’s pectorals and saw all three of the front workers huddled around the entrance to the bathroom door. Each of them already rubbing their respective dicks through their khakis ready to jump in, whenever I said.