

The Men of My Dreams

I sat before my cupcake as the 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 my self 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 movie. 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.