**Vic (An unlikely love-story)- Part 1**

He was filling his gas tank when I first saw him; a tall well-built man wearing a worn-out pair of jeans, an old T-shirt and an old baseball cap. From a cursory view he looked like any other country guy filling his beat-up old truck with fuel. The truck was old and the guy did not look that young either. I laughed at myself for even looking any more at this guy and then he turned to look at me.

He was unshaven and his bushy mustache needed major trimming but when he politely said Hi I knew that he was not as old as he originally appeared. Under that dirty cap and scruffy beard dare I say he even looked handsome, but definitely in need of a clean-up? He turned around again to continue pumping giving me a view of the line of fur coming up from the back of his collar. Maybe this guy had potential, but also maybe I was just dreaming!

My name is Greg and I am a photographer for a magazine. Not your regular run-of-the-mill rag, but a gay magazine that specializes in mature men- usually bearded and or grizzled, but it all depends on the guy and how attractive and photogenic he is. I am always on the look-out for attractive men to be featured in the pages of our magazine and oh yes, if they are well-hung, well, that does always help, but we do like to offer our readers a well-rounded group of hot men.

My blue-collar guy was still filling his gas tank as I walked in to pay for my gas. I looked back to check him out- hmmm, looked quite nice but I did notice that gold wedding band on his left hand. I walked back to my car and pulled out one of my business cards and walked over to his truck.

“Hi there,” I walked over to him and gave him my business card.

“Name’s Greg and I am a photographer. I am looking for local guys for various photo-shoots and you look like you fit the part.” I kept it vague intentionally as not to scare him off.

“Give me a call if you’re interested. We pay well, even if you only call for an interview.”

He looked a little confused and then curious before placing the card in his wallet.

“You are a nice looking guy with the perfect look of the north woods so I think you will fit the bill.” I added as I closed the door and drove off.

I must give out dozens of cards to prospective guys and get few if no call-backs, so I was not holding my breath for this guy either. I drove south towards Boston after my long weekend in the mountains of New Hampshire and damn, it always felt good to escape from the city and stretch my legs out after hiking in the mountains. But it was now back to work again but to be honest I do actually like my job- especially photographing handsome men with and without their clothes! But more often than not, it’s endless paperwork, advertising and dealing with the drudgery of getting projects to deadline.

It had been 2 weeks of getting the latest issue to press and I was more than a little bogged down with last minute advertising and dealing with contracts so I was glad to get home, albeit late when the phone rang.

“Is that Greg?” the voice was calm but seemed a little nervous.

“Yes.” I answered, not having any clue who was calling me this late in the evening.

“This is Vic. We met at the gas station in Greenville,” the voice replied. “I was filling my truck when you gave me your card, but I don’t think I told you my name.”

“Yes, of course I remember.” I hoped I sounded sincere, but handing out cards to prospective guys all tended to blur together after a while.

“Are you still looking for guys to photograph?” He continued, “I am hardly young, but you said that did not matter. Are you still paying for the interview?”

“Yes, we are, so when is good for you?” I asked, still not remembering who I was talking to. “Can you come down to Boston or shall I come up your way?”

“I prefer to drive down to see you,” Vic continued. “Where and when shall I meet you?”

“How about next Tuesday at 10 AM at the Pancake House on the Interstate,” I suggested. “It’s Exit 17A, do you know it?”

“Yes, see you at 10”, Vic replied and hung up.

I started to think back to the guys I had met recently – who was the gas station guy? Something had to jog my mind, but maybe I would have to wait until next week.

Tuesday arrived and I was sitting at the Pancake House when Vic walked in. I recognized him immediately as he was dressed in a very similar manner to our first meeting at the gas station. I looked again at his handsome yet rugged face and my eyes continued down to the luxuriant fur coming out of his open shirt and the bulge where an obviously thick cock hung down the inside of his leg. Yes, this guy looked great but he certainly needed some work. Hopefully our meeting would go well and that he wouldn’t get scared off too easily!

“Vic,” I called over to him. “Grab a coffee and a seat. If it’s OK with you, we’ll go back to the office in a few minutes and talk more about some of the ideas.”

Vic sipped slowly on his coffee and looked directly at me while we made small talk. At least I got the chance to look a little more at this man as we chatted. He had the deepest brown eyes, a few sun lines broke the skin around his eyes and his smile showed almost perfect white teeth. He looked to be in pretty good shape, with broad shoulders and barely any extra weight; his manner of dress did make him appear older than his true years. By talking to him I sensed that he had a very ordinary home life and was looking for something maybe a little more interesting to do outside of his marriage.

“Drink up.” I stood up and moved over to the check-out to pay the bill. “You can either follow me to my office in your car or we’ll pick your truck up in about an hour or so. I opened the door for him as he climbed in and attached his seat belt. I could tell he was a little nervous so I continued with some small talk until we got to our offices.

“I expect you want to know what our magazine does”. I continued as we drove through the streets.

“I already know some of your projects.” he answered quietly. “I went on-line and did some research. You take photos for several regular run-of-the mill magazines, but also for one magazine those appeals predominantly to gay men. I must admit that I had never known that hairy, beefy guys had a following and that bears had another meaning aside from the animals.” He laughed to himself. “I guess I am not too old to realize that a lot of things go on that I have no clue about. Tell me, do you really think that taking photos of this middle-aged guy fits what your magazine is looking for?”

I smiled at him again. “I guess we’ll find out when we get to the office. I assume that I don’t need to show you one of our magazines anymore as you have already been on the website. I do have a couple in my bag, but decided that taking them out to show you them in the Pancake House was probably not the best idea.”

Vic laughed again at my suggestion as we pulled into my parking place and walked across the yard to my private office. I don’t have any co-workers in my office as I need privacy to interview some of my prospective clients. Vic followed me in and sat across from me as I started to talk.

“Thanks very much for coming down to see us. I know this may seem a little peculiar to you, but our bear magazine has the biggest circulation of all our publications. Yes, we are looking for young and even middle-aged hairy guys, but that’s not all. It’s a real bonus if a guy takes care of himself as these men seem to be getting tougher and tougher to find. As I mentioned to you earlier, I am indeed going to give you $300 for just coming along to talk to us today. I guess you want that in cash- right”?

Vic nodded as I continued to tell him about the magazine. He picked up a copy and flicked through the pages. I could tell he was getting a little turned on as he put his hand down in his crotch and absent-mindedly adjusted his cock.

“What do you think?” I added. Are you’re interested in modeling for us? If so, I certainly need to see how you look without your shirt on.”

Vic looked at me as if asking for approval as he unbuttoned his shirt to reveal a nicely muscled chest thickly carpeted with brown fur that continued down in a wide treasure trail all the way to the front of his jeans. Flecks of gray had started to appear in the hair just below his throat but he really was magnificent. He turned around to reveal a pelt that also started at his lower back and continued up to his collar.

“Damn, you are a hairy guy, both your chest and back- amazing. Also you keep yourself in darn good shape.” I looked in amazement at Vic’s body.

“Would you like for me to continue”?” Vic smiled as he looked at me and he started to undo his belt. I nodded almost unable to breathe wanting to know what lay beneath his belt line.

Vic undid his belt and after removing his shoes, started to slip down his jeans. His belly was firm and flat and he was wearing a pair of briefs that did nothing to conceal his prominent bulge. He stood there for about 10 seconds looking at me before starting to pull down his shorts. I could do nothing but just watch. The outline of his thick cock was very prominent and the rim of his cock head showed through the cotton material. I figured that he was most definitely cut from the obvious ridge of his cock head through the thin cloth. He then dropped his briefs to reveal a beautiful cock- thick with a large purple head and an obvious dark circumcision scar about a third of the way up his thick shaft. I was in awe as I looked at one of the most beautiful cocks I had seen for years. Yes, this guy would be perfect – with just a little tweaking he could be turning heads with a feature article in our magazine.

“So what do you think?” Vic looked at me waiting for approval, but I could not even speak for the first few minutes.

“Beautiful.” I answered as I caught my breath. “You have a terrific body and an absolutely perfect cock and it’s very nicely and neatly cut as well.”

Vic looked at me somewhat blankly so I leant forward and ran my fingernail around the outline of his dark circumcision scar.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” I gently lifted up his thick heavy cock and ran my finger along the ridge of his frenulum area.

“You have a beautiful and very neat circumcision. I am sure you know that most of us get our foreskins removed as soon as we are born – some of our circumcision scars are dark and prominent like yours while others are barely noticeable. My scar is like yours, darker than the surrounding shaft and usually very sensitive to the touch. It sounds like you have never seen an uncut guy- correct?”

“No, I haven’t in real life and you are the first guy to ever touch my dick.” He laughed as he started to pull his shorts back up again.

“How about getting hard? Do you have any problems?” I asked. I tried to get my thoughts back together again after seeing Vic’s hairy body and big perfectly cut cock. I could not get my brain in line at all and did not want to appear scrambled.

“No problems at all.” Vic added and smiled. “There is plenty of life left in this old codger.”

“Excellent. Then I hope you are up for that photo shoot sometime soon? Also if the session lasts longer, I would happily take you to dinner and put you up in a motel. I hope that would be OK with you?”

Vic smiled back at me. “Absolutely and am already looking forward to it. I will have to tell the wife I won’t be home that night, but I already know that won’t be a problem.”

My mind was still in Vic’s pants and I knew that I was going to have to knock one off tonight; just thinking back to that hairy body and thick tightly cut cock and I was in danger of throwing a boner at any minute.

“How about next Tuesday?” I continued as I handed him an envelope containing the cash. “You could meet me at the Pancake House again around 9 AM or whenever you can get there and we’ll head out to my friends farm. It’s about 30 miles out of town and a great place for a photo shoot. Just bring your woodsman’s clothes, axe etc. I hope you don’t think it’s too corny, but I think it would be a good theme for the shoot. How does that sound?”

“I’ll let you know tonight.” Vic smiled as he left with his $300 tucked into his coat pocket.

Part 2 will follow shortly.