

Beefy Bassist
By Angelus

Jamie's deft fingers strummed the strings of his bass guitar and fingered the frets as his band finished up their last performance of the night. The shiny Umbreon's blue markings glowed with the beat, keeping time with the light show that was illuminating the audience. The crowd was going wild, with arms waving and people screaming as a mosh pit slammed against the front of the stage in a frenzy. It reached its peak as the song ended, and the band set down their instruments to move to the front of the stage to take a bow.

A normal band might have been intimidated by the frenzied crowd, but this was no normal punk band, and Jamie embodied the brand as well as any of the other members. For all of his delicacy with handling his instrument, he was an absolute monster. The Umbreon was over ten feet tall and was a wall of bulging, beefy, black-furred muscle.

He was so immense that his back muscles bulged above the top of his head. His shoulders were round with muscle definition that buried the bones of his shoulder blades and collarbones. His face, which was surprisingly slim compared to the rest of him, was almost sunken into the cleavage of his ballooned pecs. They were so big that they pressed together, causing the tight skin to crease from the tension.

He bent one arm across his waist as he bowed, and his bicep and forearm bulged against one another to the point that it was impressive that he could bend his arm at all with all the meaty mass that was pressing together. Jamie's pecs pushed into his arm as he bent over, which the crowd went wild over. They were all punk fans, to be sure, but that didn't mean they weren't here to admire the walls of meat that each of the band members was.

Jamie's waist was the slimmest part of him, as it was chiseled into a tight set of abs. They were half hidden under the shelf of his chest, admittedly, but his less bulky stomach meant there was nothing hiding the immense and meaty bulge of his junk.

The only clothes he wore on stage were a pair of jean shorts that did not fit at all. They wrapped around his waist well enough, but the swollen mass of his hyper dick and balls strained the fabric to the point that the zipper was down all the way, and the seams of the crotch had been blown out. Pink flesh fought to squeeze itself out of every rip and tear, and a throbbing vein danced down what was visible of the length. It was immodest, but just covered enough that it wasn't in violation of the lenient dress code.

That being said, the show was listed as being for adults only.

This was probably a good thing, as just behind the cramped bulge of his dick, his balls sagged the denim down to the floor. The mass of his junk hid the fact that even his feet were so muscled that they had burst out of his shoes halfway through the show after a particularly enthusiastic tap to the beat. Sometimes he didn't know his own strength, at least when it came to accidentally flexing out of his clothes. It's why he rarely bothered with a shirt.

Jamie rose from his bow as the crowd screamed for the band. He turned around, showing his tight, jeans-clad ass to the crowd as he moved to grab his instrument and head off stage. He grinned to himself as he drank in the raucous cheering and lumbered off the stage that could barely hold up his weight. The crowd couldn't wait for the next show, and neither could he.