

Owen and the Professor — Chapter 3

Owen's "Get Well Soon" Visit

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2022

9,700 words



NOTE 1: This story contains *vivid* descriptions of homosexual encounters, and is thus intended for **ADULTS ONLY**. There's lurid, kinky sex here. HOMO SEX. It's proly straight out of HELL, if you're inclined to hold the religious perspective. Really, this story is *not* for those who button the collar tightly. *If you can't stomach this kind of smut, skedaddle. Likewise if you're under 18.* Also see **NOTE 2** at the end of story for more disclaimer stuff.

Doctor-candidate, motor-mouth, ditzzy, muscle-man Owen was devastated when Professor Reed had yet ANOTHER heart attack. While Owen was in Reed's office this last time, the older man became overwhelmed—once again—with his student's muscle body. But fortunately, he also survived this second heart-attack. Now, it's been a few weeks again, and Dr. Reed is home recuperating. Innocent Owen has learned that Reed's latest surgery TOTALLY repaired the man's heart. He's good to go! So, since Prof Reed can stand all kinds of excitement now, Owen has taken it upon himself to pay "his favorite professor" a get well visit at his Malibu home.

HEY PROFESSOR REED, IT'S GOOD TO SEE you up and around! Can I come in? Oh thanks. Wow, your place looks as nice as ever. Golly, you really keep it up good. I can't imagine all the work it takes.

I remember that party you threw a few months ago... the one where all my friends from the University gym came too? Yeah, that was a wild night for sure. Yeah, all those guys wanted to arm-wrestle me remember? But who won every time, huh? Huh? Haha. It was sure nice of you to host here. It was fantastic. I still feel bad about all the

clean-up though. I hadn't seen that much jizz since I was in high school! Haha.

This? Oh, it's just some flowers to cheer you up. I hope they're not too smelly. I just thought they were kinda pretty, you know? Oh, no problem... you're welcome. Yeah, a vase would be good.... Sure, that one looks great. Here, let me put it under your kitchen faucet here, and.... What's that? My arms? Oh, thanks. Yeah, these sleeves are hard to get around them to be honest. Sometimes takes a minute to get this T-shirt on and off, you know? You like it when I reach out to put the vase under the faucet, huh? Thanks. Yeah, veiny too... you're right. Yup, I've definitely been working out hard while you've been getting well. So yeah, these arms are bigger and harder than ever. You're gonna be blown away when I take off my T-shirt, Prof.

Oh, no thanks... I just ate. That's sweet of you to offer. I mean, well, I have to eat every few hours, but I always keep the cooler in my car stocked, so I ate while I drove over. I'll be good for another hour anyway. Lots of chicken, broccoli, and rice out there in the cooler, you know? I mean, you don't get big muscles without keeping up the macros, right? Hey, check this out, prof.... Oh, I can't flex it bigger than that right now though. I go through *waaaaay* too many T-shirt sleeves from flexing these babies. Later, after I take off my shirt, okay?

Oh, well, yeah, that'd be nice. A nice cold beer sounds real good right about now. Sure, I'll just sit down in your living room and wait.

[Calls out to kitchen...] Oh, professor, it looks like it's going to be a beautiful sunset tonight. The ocean looks so peaceful, you know.... I guess that's why they call it the *Pacific*, right? Haha. You knew that *Pacific* is where we get our word *pacify*, right? So anyway, yeah... a really good sunset makes me all tingly inside. Hey, you wouldn't be a closeted romantic, would you? 'Cuz I sure am. Well, maybe not closeted. I'm not really into closets if you know what I mean. Haha.

But I just love watching a good sunset—with all the colors: purple, orange, pink—and snuggling into a lounge chair, and kissing and kissing. Call me a *hopeless* romantic, I guess. The patio around your pool would be ideal, if you want my opinion.

Oh, thanks.... *Ahhhhh*... so good. Nothin' like an ice-cold IPA. Thanks, prof. You're really a great host. Anybody ever tell you that? Haha. I mean, besides me and my muscle buddies that is.... Heh heh.

[Takes another swig of his beer.] *Ahhhh*... This is a good beer. A lot of people think it's just empty calories, but I don't think I have to worry about it.... [Lifts front of shirt to display a rack of abdominal muscles that are insanely defined...] ...right? Haha. [Pulls at skin near his belly button showing how absolutely fat-free he is.]

Not much really, just working on that thesis and shit.... I decided I wanna specialize in proctology. I mean, I figure I already have an interest in that kind of thing, you know? And you *gotta* know I've introduced myself to *more than a few* guys' butt holes, haha. So yeah, I'm really looking forward to havin' fun with some ass. Haha. Just kiddin' prof. I know there are rules about screwing the patients, so I'll be a good boy. Promise. [Holds up two fingers in a Boy Scout's pledge.] And actually, I've been reconsidering the urology thing too. I think I might have a lot to offer in that area. We'll see. Can you be both? 'Cuz I'm starting to think that would be ideal, you know? Dr. Owen, Proctologist/Urologist, MD. Hey, when I open up my practice, how's this for a slogan? "We'll take care of you coming and going!" Haha. Damn, doc, I really get a kick outa myself sometimes.... [Shakes head and chuckles.]

Let's see... what else have I been up to. *Well, about twelve inches!* Haha! I like to say that whenever someone asks me what I've been up to. I call it "big boy humor." *Badum, dum!* ...I'll be here all night, folks. Haha.... Oh, but anyway, yeah, been doing a lot of working out. Not

too much, though. Don't want to over-train, you know? I think I'll be alright, though. What do you think? Here... if I pull my sleeve up... like this... I can flex it bigger.... Wow, prof... your eyes get so big! I love it, man!

Oh, and they got a substitute professor to take your classes while you're on rest. He's really cool. I mean, not as cool as you of course. I think he's pretty straight, actually. I mean, after realizing that you... and then finding out Professor Cox is also gay, it's kinda.... What? You didn't know about Professor Cox? Holy hell, yeah. Dude, he's gay AF man! I kinda suspected when he talked to me about being the anatomical model for his classroom and he kept examining my genitals for, like... a half hour! Haha. I mean, he's really nice, too. But I don't go kissing and telling though, so I'm not gonna say anything about how many nights he's stayed at my apartment. I don't like to be a gossip, you know? I'll let him tell you all about it if he wants. Respect the privacy, right? Yeah, but all I'm gonna say... *Gay AF* Okay? Heh heh. Cool guy. [Takes a swig of beer.]

But anyway, yeah... your replacement teacher is pretty straight, actually. Well, if I have my way, I think we're gonna be saying he "*was*" pretty straight, if you know what I mean. Haha. Naw, I'm just kidding. Contrary to popular opinion I *don't* have it in my power to turn straight guys gay. But I dunno, I actually think I might be able to convince your sub prof to look into it. I mean, he really doesn't know what he's missing, right? Am I right? Haha. Seriously, though, I've been tryna make him more open-minded. Not that he's a homophobe or anything. No, he's all about equal rights and shit. I mean more open-minded about trying new things... like letting me show off my muscles to him and see if he likes it.... But he keeps saying he likes girls. A lot. I mean a *really* lot. I don't get that. [Shakes head and scratches temple.] I mean, he'll be looking right at my pecs and arms, and then start muttering... "*I like girls. I like girls. I like girls,*" while he walks off. Kinda weird. Anyway, I did convince him to stop by my

place next Tuesday evening. We'll see what happens.... I'd tell you what happens, but like I said, I don't kiss and tell, prof. I'm not that kind of dude, man.

So the doctors all say you're good as new, huh? I mean, even *better* than new, right? Nice *referb* job on the ol' ticker, huh? That's great! And you're all cleared for any "exercise" that may come your way? [Wink.] Sweet. Well, that's actually why I'm here, prof. I mean, I dunno if you want to just pick up where we left off or what, but I got the impression you really did enjoy getting acquainted with... you know... *me*.... Before all the cardiac arrest shit anyway, am I right?... Yeah, thought so. So I can stay as long as you want. Brought plenty of food in my cooler, you know? Before we head for your bedroom, I'll run out to my car and bring it inside. It can run off either the car, or outlets, so I can plug it in, inside. Is that okay? Sweet, thanks. Oh, I didn't bring any PJs though. [Wink.] I figured... well... why lug around a huge suitcase, right? Heh heh.

Oh, damn that sun is about ready to set. You feelin' good enough to go out on your patio? I see you have an extra-big chaise lounge right there. It looks pretty sturdy; 'bet it'd hold both of us up. Where the heck'd you get that? I never heard of a chaise built for two.

[Five minutes later...] ...Yeah, thought you'd like that. I'd take off my pants too, no problem, if you wanted. But maybe we should save that for when we go back inside, like, into your bedroom. Don't wanna rush things, you know? Anticipation is half the fun, right? Again? You bet, prof. How's this? It's called a double-bi, on account of both biceps are being flexed for you. How big? Oh, you know... I haven't measured them in awhile, but last month they were somewhere around 24 inches. Yep, pretty big, huh? Check out the peaks on these babies, prof.... And how's this? It's a most-muscular. Really shows off my shoulders you know? Traps and delts. Huh? Oh, no problem. I know you like it when I flex my muscles. I just want to make sure you

don't get your heart all screwed up again. But the doc's all said you're gonna be fine, right? Good.

[An hour later ...] [Softly] Damn, prof, I had no idea how good of a kisser you were. Fuck. Damn. I love kissing you. I mean, yeah, we did all the mouth-to-mouth practicing and shit for class, but you know, you weren't *kissing back* during that. Fuck, I could do this with you all night. But it's getting a little cool now that the sun went down. Yeah, I was thinking that too. It's a queen, isn't it? Oh? You went out and bought a brand new king sized? Why was that I wonder? Haha... I'm just playin' with you, doc. I know you bought it because you knew a queen—however appropriate the name might be considering who you are, haha—it just wouldn't be big enough for when I come over, right? That's so awesome of you to think of. So yeah, let's get our asses into your bedroom. I have some cool shit to show you. Lots of flexing, doc. You sure you're ready? You're going to be blown away when you see me without any clothes on. I mean, yeah, you did see me naked when you held that party, but it was so many people around. I think you're going to like it a lot more when it's just you and me. Yeah, I'll grab my cooler too. I should probably put my shirt back on, though, before I go out in front. No? Okay, give your neighbors a little muscle show while I retrieve the cooler, huh? I like how you think, prof.

[Later. Owen's enthusiasm has taken on a markedly more quiet tone. Much of what he says to the prof now is softer... some of it in whispers....] Are you sure this is okay? Because I can take it slower if you want. I'm sorry it's so big, but that's what you get when you have Owen over, right? I'll be more careful. I can take as long as you want, but at some point all the time in the world won't make it hurt any less. Yeah, it's just a bit more than the head right now. There's still about 10 inches to go. Sorry. Golly, I gotta hand it to you, prof, you're one fucking brave and strong man. Most guys do a lot more whining... and a lot more crying than you... you know? Some more? Okay, well here's another inch. How's that.... Good.... Now you just relax....

Yeah, I know it hurts... but it's gonna be okay. I'm right here... I'm all on top of you. I'll protect you. Yeah, I like missionary the best too. Maybe if I kiss you some more.... Oh, here... let me kiss up that tear streaming down....

I gotta admit, I like it when you run your hands all over my back muscles like that. What's that? Wide? Ya think? Heh heh. But don't you worry. Some dudes like to think of my back muscles like a big clam shell protecting them while I lay... or is it lie? on top of them. I can never remember which is which.

What's that? You think I talk to much? Haha! Prof, you're such a kick. Yeah, well get used to it I guess. If you want my muscles and my cock, you have to take my mouth too, haha. Besides, I think it calms dudes down... when I talk and kiss them softly... like this.... You like that? Here, I'm... *unnnngh*... just a bit more inside. Fuck you're so tight.... You feel so good. It's okay, Daddy. Is it okay if I call you Daddy? I know you're almost old enough to be my grandpa, but I don't want to make you feel old. Okay Dad? Your Big Boy likes filling up his daddy with his foot-long. Heh heh. *Unnnngh*. [Drops face down into the crook between the professor's neck and shoulders, and moans a bit.] Oh, yeah. Damn I love how tight you are Daddy. Oh, fuck... your big muscle boy loves how he can push in like this... *Fuuuuuck*.... Oh, this feels.... So fuckin' good, Pops. Oh hush now... it's not that bad. You're okay. It's alright. Slow breaths.... Deep breaths.... Slower. Settle down, professor. We don't want you hyperventilating again.... You don't even have any paper sacks in your bedroom, I bet. Here, try putting your hands on my ass while I push in some more. *Oooohhhhhh, yeah*.... That's better, isn't it? Mmmm... I kinda like it when you wince like that. And groan. I know, I know... it'll be alright. Just try to relax your hole while I push in a little more. Yeahhhhh.... See? That's not so bad, is it?

[A few minutes later....] Prof, if you keep yelling like that, what do you think the neighbors will think? I mean, I saw a few of them taking pictures of me out their windows when I got the cooler. Well, it was your idea! To not put my shirt back on. And hell, I figured give 'em sumpin' to look at, you know? Yep... a few flexes was all though. So anyway, you gotta know they prolly suspect the kind of shit that's going down in here. And like... my car's gonna be out front all night. Hell, I bet your next HOA meeting is gonna be a kick! *Haha....*

Oh... just a bit more. Here, I'm gonna kiss your neck while I go the rest of the way in. Yeah... oooh, yeah... [Kiss... kiss...] Oh, heeeere we go... It's all good, prof. Just... that... last little... *gnnnnnfgh...* bit... and... oh, fuck yeahhhh. *Fuuuuuuck, prof.* Fucking dayumn, you are so tight and warm. You like your big muscle boy filling you up with his shaft? Can you feel the veins on it? Yeah? Oh, come now, prof, there's no need for profanity.... Well, maybe there is... *haha.* I mean... *grrrrnnnnnfhhh...* oh fuck yeah.... Shit, Dad.... Holy fucking shit you are so tight.... Yeah, I'm pushed all the way... *grrnnnfff...* in... I... think. Fuck, prof, I think my cock head is pressing against your diaphragm. Holy hell you are so tight....

No I don't think anything tore. Pretty sure. Does it really feel like it? Sorry.... You okay? Oh, man I love this. You are so fucking tight... I haven't felt an ass like this in a long time. Okay, I'll hold still for a sec. There, is that better? You getting adjusted? What's that? *Haha,* a lot of guys say that... that they'll never be able to adjust to my size down there. *Heh heh....* Oh, here... you just hold still now while I flex my cock inside you. Like... *THIS.*

Oh, now don't start screaming and shit again, prof! It was just a little flex. Go ahead and move your hands all over my back muscles again. Maybe that'll calm you down. Better? Breathe.... Deep, slow breaths.... Your heart's okay, isn't it? 'Cuz I can feel it against my pecs. It's pretty fast. You sure you're alright? M-kay.... That's good.

Juuuuust relax, Daddy. Your big boy is gonna take care of you....
Huh? Oh that's not ever a problem. I just prop myself on my elbows and forearms next to your shoulders, like this. It's very comfortable... especially when I'm on top of *you*, prof. And when I can flex my big-boy cock inside you... like *this*.... Mmmm.... Ohhhh yeahhhh.... Oh, you're gonna be fine, Pops. Juuuuuust breathe.... Daddy likes his big muscle boy on top of him, doesn't he? Yeah, thought so.

So, is it alright if we talk a bit? Yes, while I'm inside you! That's the best time to have a conversation, *duh!* That way I can make sure you and I are communicating really good. It's intimate, you know? Here... let me flex my shaft again. THERE. Oh, that one was better? Yeah, I agree... you could definitely get used to this... haha.... Okay, let's play a game of *Truth or Dare*, okay? Yes, while I'm fucking you! That's the best way ever! So here's how it goes. If you win a Truth question or a Dare, I'll flex my cock inside you as a reward, okay? And if I win a Truth question or a Dare, then you have to let me flex my cock inside you as a reward to ME, okay? Yeah, I know. Yeah, it is the same thing. That's the fun of it! I can't believe you've never played Truth or Dare this way. It's the best!

Okay Prof, Truth or Dare?

Truth, hmmm? Okay, and you have to be totally honest, okay? Here goes: How many times do you think you've jerked off to me since we met?Come on.... No fair stalling.... Really? I don't know how many days it's been since we met, but really? At least twice a day since we first met? That is so awesome, prof! I love you, man. [Long, passionate kiss.] And wow, that's a lot for an old man like you! I must really do it for you huh? *Haha*. Reeceally? I cured your ED? When did that happen? That first day? The first time I was in your class! Whoa! Maybe I *should* look into urology, you know?!

So anyway... Okay, here's your reward. *Grrnnnnnnggh...* Ohhhh yeah.... You like that?

Yeah, okay. Me now. I choose Truth too.... Oh, how hard can it be? You get to ask me anything! That's the game! And I have to answer totally truthfully! How many? Hell... haha. I'm being totally honest here when I say... I have no idea how many! Estimate, huh? Oh yeah, for sure more than a hundred. Duh! Two hundred? Fuck, I dunno. Maybe. Probably around 200, okay? Maybe more... especially if you count the guys when I was in middle school. Yeah, now that I think about it, it's definitely over 200 when you go back that far. Who knows, maybe even 300. How many weeks are there in a year again?...

Oh, are you wanting to know the number of *guys*, or the number of *times* I've had sex. 'Cuz it's not the same number, on account of the repeats. And I get a lot of those. Golly, total honesty here: I've had sex with my *brothers* so many times I can't even remember. There are seven. Yep... Ma & Pa had eight boys. Second to youngest. No, not all of 'em. Obadiah already walks around like he has a stick up his ass so, he definitely doesn't need mine. *Haha*. I'm killin' it tonight, aren't I?! Actually, though, Obadiah found Jesus when he went off to college and so.... Oh, and get this: When he came home and said he found Jesus, I said, "I didn't know he was lost!" *Haha*. True fact! That's what I said. Yeah, they do call me a smart aleck sometimes. But I figure if you lose your sense of humor, you've lost everything. I heard that somewhere once, and it's true.

But yeah, Obadiah's the only one who won't let me. I'll have to tell you more later. Most of my brothers are really cool. 'Cept Obadiah. I haven't given up on him though. He's always telling me he's gonna "pray me to Jesus", so I always answer that his prayers'll prolly be answered quicker if he sucks my dick first. *Haha*. He has absolutely no sense of humor though.... [Shakes head.]

So.... Now I get my reward, right? Time for me... to flex my cock again... gggnnnrnrgg.... Oh, yeah, I love it when you whimper and squirm like that. That really turns me on. Hurts so good, huh? I love it, man. [Long, passionate, controlling, sexy kiss.]

[Later; Owen is still clam-shelling on top of Professor Reed in his bed....] ...and so that's when Oscar started to really get all embarrassed and red. I mean, my *brother* was getting all turned on by my muscles! Who knew?! Older. Yeah, there's only one younger. So the order goes: Oberon—we call him Oby—sometimes Obi-Wan-Kanobi... get it? From, like Star Trek or whatever? Then comes Oscar—he's second oldest, then Odell, Odin, Obadiah the Religious—that's what I call him—Ogden, Owen—that's me, duh—and then Octavius. He's the eighth, so they named his ass Octavius... get it? And actually everybody just calls him Eight.... Well, 'cept sometimes I call him Octopus.

Anyway, back when Oscar was in college, he was home for spring break or something—he's about eight years older-n-me—and we were alone in the family room, just watchin' TV, and we started talking about working out, and muscles, and shit. Well, just between you and me, I noticed that he had a *really* big boner going on in his pants. Yeah... seriously. I mean... it was pretty obvious... he's pretty big anyway... probably right after me in cock size, haha. Anyway, it was kinda cool. When we were growing up I never thought one of my brothers would be turned on by me! I always looked up to Oscar when we were growing up. I mean, well... I looked up to all my older brothers... until I sprouted up and was taller. That's when they started looking up to me, haha. Get it? I love how I can joke with you, prof. Yeah, I'm taller than all of 'em now. And way bigger too.

But anyway, then when I started putting on the muscle, Oscar kinda started to get weird about it. Like jealous, you know? Or I guess the right word is envious. But I always tried to be really nice to him, even

when I started to whup his ass in arm-wrestling and... well... everything, actually. But I never did it to make him mad or anything!

Oh, damn, prof, I... just gotta... squeeze and flex... my cock again.... *Mmmmm*, Daddy, you are so fuckin' narrow down there. I can't remember when my cock was hugged so tight.... Fuck.... And don't worry about upsetting me when you yell and cry like that. I kinda like it actually. Big muscle boy makes Daddy cry, huh? It's okay.... Breathe... deep, slow breaths....

But anyway, yeah, that night we were talking, and even though I still had on my clothes, he kept looking at my upper body, and then my legs, and I saw something he'd never shown toward me. The envy was there like before, but when I saw him get... hard... for me! I mean, I didn't know anything about incest and shit back then, so I guess I didn't even know any better. And later, well I realized incest isn't really a thing between brothers, because it's not like we can make babies, right? Don't have to worry about deformed kids, right? *Haha*. Ohhhh.... yeah... sorry, that cock flex was by accident. I just got a little excited. Oh, yeah, we were supposed to be playing Truth or Dare still, right? Well can I finish this story first? Thanks.

So anyway, I finally reached out and put my hand on his leg... back when we were sitting on the couch, you know? At first he flinched, but I told him to hold still. I think he might have been scared of me. I mean, I know he was scared—but I thought it was scared of *admitting*... stuff, you know? So I tried to be softer and gentle. When I put my hand on his leg, and he tried to get away, I told him it was okay. And then I just came right out and said that a lot of guys want to touch me and it was okay. And that in fact, since he was my brother, I'd give him first dibs whenever he wanted to touch my muscles... or *anything*, actually. [Wink.] Well, after all of my brothers started "taking an interest" in me, they had to start taking turns, but you know.... Anyway, I think Oscar didn't believe me at first, but when I moved

my hand onto his bulge—and fuck, prof, he was really hard for me—and I kept it there, and then I leaned in and started kissing him, I think I convinced him that it was going to be okay, you know?

I mean, who-da ever thunk your older brother would get the hots for *you*? It was pretty amazing. And really awesome, because like I said, I always looked up to him. And knowing how much he wanted me... well it was like lifelong friends finding out you have the hots for each other. I mean, I guess that's exactly what it was like! But it's not like I always had the hots for him. I mean, he was great and all. Still is. But it wasn't until I started feeling that huge boner in his pants that night while we sat on the living room couch that all these feelings started surfacing in me. I mean, duh, I knew I liked dudes since I was like six years old. I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about feelings for Oscar. Intimate kinds of feelings... for your own flesh and blood brother. Ooohhhh... sorry... again. I just flex it whenever I get goosebump feelings. And Oscar gives me those a lot when I think of him.

Where? Oh, he lives in Oklahoma now. Has a wife and two teenage sons now. He comes to visit me whenever he can. And he always stays at my place, so we have some really fuckin' good brotherly-love sessions, you know? *Heh heh*.... I like to call my apartment "Philadelphia" when my brothers visit. You know... "City of Brotherly Love?" Haha. And to be honest, all of my brothers love to feel my muscles and come... well all except for "you know who".

What's that? Who else is married? Oh, let me see... well there's Oscar, like I said... and Oby, he and his wife have three kids. One of their boys is out and proud but he's only 17 now so I have to stay away from him. Not that he hasn't approached me though. Fuck, every time I see him, the kid practically *begs* me to let him suck me off. I have to keep telling him to wait. It'll just be this summer anyway, then we can "have at it," as they say. Haha.... He's really cute too. *Damn* cute to be

honest. I can't wait to bone the dude. But anyway... I do strip down and flex for him a lot. I think he likes that. And he really likes to feel my muscles too. Just no "down there" stuff, even though the kid has a cock the size of the World Trade Center... haha. I mean, just from looking at his bulge. I mean, okay, he did let me look at it... but only that one time... last year.... And besides... I told him to put it back.... I'm not gonna go there with a minor, you know? But fuck, his dick was big... and veiny... just like I like 'em. But yeah... he's got this really tight ass too, so.... Damn, it makes me even harder thinking about this summer on his birthday.... No, not as big as mine. *Duh!* Haha....

So where was I.... Oh, yeah... then there's Odell. He and his wife live in Barcelona. That's in Italy, right? No, scratch that. It's Spain. I him and Wanda visited there once. It's really hot. But beautiful. He's some kind of Spanish businessman there. He loves photography too... and well... he took some really cool pictures when I was there... of me posing in some of those old rocky mansions. I'll show you some time. Then there's Odin, of course. Odin actually has a husband, Shawn. Shawn is some kind of TikTok guru or something. "Influencer" is what they call it. He's muscular as shit. Posts himself flexing and shit. He does flips too... like an acrobat or something.... He's lean, but has a lot of muscle. Fuckin' hot, if you wanna really know. [Leans in to the professor's ear and says softly...] Just between you and me, Odin and Shawn have what they call one of those "Open" marriages. [Continues in regular voice...] I'm not really sure what those are, but apparently it means you are married, but you can still fuck anyone you want. It's all kinda confusing to me, to be honest. Anyway, the three of us hook up sometimes. And it's really cool. Have you ever done a three-way? I think it's weird, but in a way it's really fun. And well, Shawn has some kind of obsession with big muscle men, so... you guessed it, Pops. He and I fuck all the time. Don't tell Odin, though... I mean I love my brother, so I'd never do anything to hurt him. But I figure as long as he doesn't find out, you know? What's that

other saying I like.... Oh, yeah... "*Ignorance is Bliss...*" I think that's the one. Or maybe, "*What you don't know can't hurt you.*" I guess they both apply when you thinkg about it. But anyway... fuck, Shawn is a-MAY-zing in bed. Jus' sayin'. No, prof, *again...* not as big as me. Sheesh... you think? *Haha....*

So anyway, then there's the Bible thumper, Obadiah. They had this big churchy wedding of course. They have three girls and one boy.... Um, then Ogden, they have twin girls. Then there's Eight. Actually, he just got married last summer. Yeah, to a woman. Only Odin has a husband.

Yet, anyway. I kept trying to talk all of 'em out of getting married (except Odin, of course) on account of how much they all like to come when they feel my muscles... and just the intercourse sex too. But I don't know why they did anyway. I guess they call that "cultural strictures" or something. No, we never went to church. I think Obadiah was the first one of us to step foot inside. So yeah, you're right... it *is* puzzling.

Who, me? I might think of settling down and you know, stop sowing my oats, like... maybe when I'm really old... like 40 or something. Maybe there's a man out there for me. I dunno. I kind of think it'll be hard for me to just stick to one guy, you know? So maybe I'll be a bachelor forever, huh? *Heh heh*. So yeah, it's just me and Odell who are single. Odell's out just like me. All the others have to stay on the DL on account of being married and shit. 'Cept Shawn and Odin, of course.... But we all deal with things in our own way, right? That's what I believe anyway. And no one really talks about it when one of my brothers stays with me. But shit, there must be some kind of sex gene in my family because "Philadelphia" becomes *Muscle and Sex Central* when one of the "Brothers O" comes to visit me, heh, heh.

Well anyway, where was I? Oh, yeah... you wouldn't believe what Oscar and I did that night. I mean, we didn't last long on the couch before Ma called that it was bedtime, so we took it upstairs to my room, you know? Actually, Oscar *really* wanted me to whip it out—even before we went upstairs. He *really* wanted to see it, but I figured... well, even though we were alone right there in the family room, there were like most all of us home! So I just let him feel it through my jeans at first. And for a dude who was all nervous as shit, he really had a nice touch. And who the hell knew my older brother was such a sex fiend, you know? Holy shit, prof, when we got upstairs, you wouldn't believe how much he wanted to touch my muscles! Well, my muscles *and* my cock, haha. I mean, once we got the bedroom door locked, first thing he wanted—after I took off my shirt so he could touch my muscles—was for me to unzip and pull it out, you know? So after he felt out my arms and chest and shit for a minute, I did—pull it out—and well... you remember what I said about him having a good touch? Holy fuck, man.... He must have felt my cock for a half hour! Up and down, real slow. Balls too.... He was all over how veiny and hard and big my shaft was.... He had me so hard I think I coulda pounded nails with it, haha. Kinda as hard as it is now, inside you, Pops. *Ghhhhhhfff*.... Oh yeahhhhhh I love flexing inside you.

So anyway, while he's just feeling out my cock, lightly stroking and like tickling it... then I ask him, "You wanna taste it, don't you." Like it wasn't a question but a statement. I could *so* see it in his eyes. I mean the dude *wanted* it. He didn't answer right away, so I says again, "You wanna taste it, don't you.... Dude, I can see it in your eyes, bro." So he nodded a bit and said, "Can I? Is that okay?" And I'm like, *fuck, Oscar*, I think I'd let you do that if you really wanted. And prof, if you thought his *hands* were nice, well hell... you wouldn't believe how good his mouth was. So warm and wet. I mean, he swore up and down that he'd never given head before.... But fuck, you coulda fooled me! Haha! And then later I showed him how I fucked guys.

What? Oh, of course! I mean, I was like a sophomore in high school by then, so duh! I'd fucked *dozens* of dudes by then! Maybe even *scores*! That's another word for twenty. Did you know that? I don't know why they need an extra word for twenty, but.... So anyway, yeah, I showed Oscar the ropes, as it were. It's funny how close you can become to your brothers....

Oh, well, I'm kinda not in the mood for Truth or Dare anymore. Is that okay? One more? You want to dare me to what? *Professor Reed!* Watch your mouth! *For shaaaaame!* Oh, I'm blushing. [Leans his body weight onto his left arm and fans his face with his right hand.] I mean, I know **I** talk like that, but coming from a bow-tie-wearing man like yourself.... Oh my stars you are one motherfucking nasty man! Haha! Who knew—when I was watching you teach your class—that you even had the *ability* to have such nasty, nasty thoughts! Is that what you think about when you're giving your lectures? When you look at me in your class? That you want to do that to me? Does the Dean know about that? *Haha!* Your momma would be as red as those roses I brought you today if she knew. So, I *did* hear you right, right? You want to fuck *ME*? Oh my stars and garters, professor. For shame. For shame! I can't take you anywhere. Haha.

But a Dare is a Dare... so okay.... I have to tell you though, that I mostly top. I've only had a few guys fuck me. So you're going to join the ranks of a very exclusive group, okay? I use a lot of dildos and butt plugs, though, so it might not be as tight as you want it. No, scratch that... I've been working on my Kegles exercises and well, now that I think about it, the last guy who fucked my ass said I almost broke his cock I squeezed so hard. So yeah, I'll be careful with you. Can you imagine checking back into the hospital for a penile fracture? Right after you had two heart attacks? Haha. My cousin is a nurse, and he says he's seen a few of those—penile fractures. Yikes, that sounds *paaaaainful*. I wonder how frequent those are. Because we hardly ever cover that in class. Hmmm....

And don't tell anyone that I'ma let you do this, okay? I mean, that you get to fuck me. I'm just sayin'... I don't mind offering up my ass to you. Kinda looking forward to it, to be honest. But if word gets around that I bottom... well, I have a reputation to uphold, right? Haha. Just kidding.... Maybe. *Heh....* But anyway, it'll have to wait. I still haven't come inside *you* yet. And I don't want to rush things. What? How do I stay hard so long? Well... I'm just *me!* Haha. *I'm ready for my close-up Mr. DeMille!* Haha. I think Marilyn Monroe said that or something. She was from your time right? [Winks.] Oh, sorry. Well *I didn't know!* You don't have to get all offended and shit. Haha, I love teasing you, old man. Your reactions are always priceless.

But yeah, I can stay hard a long time. Your big boy is nice and virile... just for you, Pops. Heh heh. I mean anyway... I could lay... I could *recline* here on top of you forever, just flexing my cock inside you.... Fuck I love you... I mean *THIS. I love THIS.* Don't get all romantic on me prof, even though we did make out for like an hour by your pool.

Mmmm.... This feels so good. I hope you'll let me come over whenever I want. You do like having your big muscle boy on top of you, keeping you warm and safe, right? Prof? I mean... *Daddy?* You like that, huh? Yeah, I want you to be my daddy. I'll just have to be sure not to call you that when I raise my hand in class to ask a question! Haha! Can you imagine?! "Professor Daddy... what's that main ventricle called again?" Hahaha! Talk about the *Dean* not approving of *that!* Haha. But yeah, Daddy.... Your big, strong, muscle boy likes to be all hard and big inside you. You like that Pops? [Kiss... kiss...] You wanna touch your big boy's pecs some more while I'm on top of you? Here's another flex of my shaft for you. You like that Daddy? Oh, yeah.... Love that... *Nghhhhrf....* Yeah, it is pretty veiny. I *told* you....

Holy shit. You're coming! Dang! Oh, it's so much too! All over your stomach, and between us! Can you get some more on me? I love it. Here, let me push my abs against your cock... maybe you can squirt out some more.... Oh, man, you're gonna make me start pushing. *Gggnnnghrh...* That is so hot, Dad. Big muscle boy made Dad start squirting! Yeah, I'm going to start fucking you hard now, prof. You just got my motor going. I love that you came all over both of us. Hold on tight old man, because when your muscle boy gets going, he *REALLY* gets going! And fair warning, when I really start fucking hard and fast, my muscles bulge and tighten. A lot! Hold on Pops! If you like big hard muscles, you're gonna wanna get your hands ready. Move 'em all over your boy's muscles, okay? I think you'll like it. I bet you've never felt muscles as hard as mine are gonna get when I come inside you, man. *Oh.... yeaahhhhh.... Grnnfnnggh.... Yeah....*

[Later] Gonna... gonna... *fuuuuuuck, prof.... Grnfffn...* oh yeah. You like it when I get all sweaty like this huh? *Gonna coooooommmmmmmme....* Yeah... I know... I know it's been three times... *Aaaaanddd... here goes... the... foooooouuuurrrrrrthhhh!*

Fuck... *fuuuuuuck*. Damn, doc. I knew I'd love fucking you, old man. No you can't get up yet. I've only just started. Dude, you have no idea.... What's the saying? "The evening is young"? Fuck me? Yeah, I promised. I never break a promise. But I didn't say when, remember? I said later. Like... maybe tomorrow out at the pool. Or back in here tomorrow night. I decide. Yes, you do have to obey me. Your big strong muscle boy says so. You can order me around only when I let you, okay? Don't make me pull this car over! *Haha!* That's what my dad always says.

GOOD MORNING SLEEPY-HEAD. Yeah, I think it's about eighty-three. On top of me? Oh, yeah.... Around midnight I was ready for sleep... but I can't sleep when I'm supporting my body weight on my forearms and elbows, on top of you... so while you were snoring, I rolled us over so I'd be on the bottom. Not bottoming, haha... just me on the bottom. That's for later.... I don't think you even woke up. And damn, prof, I could've slept like this—with you on top of me—till the cows come home. Yeah, I'm hungry too. Even though I plugged in my cooler right here next to the bed last night after the pool. I mean, I have to wake up every few hours to eat, you know? I hope I didn't wake you. I mean it was no big deal eating while you were asleep on top of me. I tried to chew with my mouth closed, to not wake you up. Ma always gets after me when I don't use good manners.

Phone pole? Haha, prof, that's a good one! I've heard it before though, to be honest.... But yeah, I'm inside you again. No, silly... I didn't stay hard all night. What's the saying... "If you have an erection for more than four hours, contact your doctor?" Haha. Well, doc, what's your diagnosis? Haha. Yeah, actually that's not a problem for me. I've had hard-ons last *all day* to be honest. My frat buddies and I actually tried to see how long I could stay hard... and well... I don't mean to brag or anything, but I actually was able to stay totally hard for over 16 hours straight! I mean, gay! Haha. Sixteen hours, gay! Get it? I know I couldn't have done it with a bunch of chicks around. Well, I suppose I could. As long as I could fantasize, haha. It's all in your head, right? I don't remember where I heard that one... that it's all in your head.... So anyway, yeah, I was surprised that I was able to come inside you without waking you. Golly, prof, don't let anyone ever tell you you're a light sleeper! I mean, just have 'em talk to me and I'll tell 'em you can sleep through anything! Haha.

Sure, but... hold on. I'm not soft yet, so give me a sec. I don't want to hurt you when I pop out. Some guys really don't like how that feels. Yeah, I did just come inside you... a few minutes ago. Maybe I woke

you up. Not as hard a sleeper as I thought, huh? Anyway, as soon as I pull out, I'll get up and make us some breakfast. No, you're gonna stay here and just snuggle under the covers. I can find my way around any kitchen. Yeah, it does smell like jizz in here. You're gonna get that when you spend all night with me though. We'll probably want to change the sheets once we have breakfast. Oh really? I never heard of that.... So you just save the sheets and let the jizz dry... and then what? Make a quilt out of the jizzy patches? Cool! Sure, I don't mind. I wanna see the end product, okay? So... I hope you have a lot of sets of sheets, then, prof.

[Later...] Hey prof, catch! Nice! I gotta tell you, playing with your balls is a kick! Haha! I mean your beach balls, silly. [Looks up at the sky] What a beautiful day it is. And the pool water is so warm. Oh, you wanna try it again? You liked that, huh? Okay, come 'ere Daddy. Come sit on my phone pole and I'll take you on another tour around the pool. Of course I'm still hard. It's me, remember! Haha! That's it.... Just lift a leg and... oh, yeah... climb on up.... yeah, let me hold you close... just like this.... You like being close to your big strong muscle boy like this? Yeah, it is just like a phone pole, I guess. Easy to sit on, right? You comfortable? Yeah, Daddy, I'll hold you close with my big strong arms.... Good. Okay, let's start the tour again....

This is the shallow end, where we have a nice assortment of beach balls floating on the water.... You'll notice that the water is a bright blue at this end. And if you listen carefully... you can hear where the water goes into the filter trap, right there. Right here we have the metal handrail on the steps to make it safe getting in and out of the water. Some people think a certain phone pole that you're now seated on is stronger than the handrail, but that's up for debate, I suppose. Haha. Oh, and here we have a small collection of water noodles. They're fun. And they are quite soft and pliable.... Have you ever used one as a dildo? Yes, I have. You have to compact it real tight, and it expands when you get it in. Of course, you can't take all of it,

though. *Duh*. How do I compact it? [Raises both arms in a double-biceps.] How do you think?! *Haha*.... A little pool humor, we like to say.... Okay, on our left is the deep end.... Here you can see that the water is a deeper blue, which makes sense, since it's *deeper* here. *Haha*. Yeah they teach us these jokes in Pool Tour Guide School. *Haha*. Okay, hold on to my neck and shoulders because in the deep end I have to doggy paddle.

Sure, of course you can kiss me. Mmmm.... I love feeling your teeth with my tongue too. What's that? You like my big, thick neck? To wrap your hands around? Thanks.

Okay, back to the tour okay? Right here we have the diving board. And in keeping with the phone pole you're sitting on, the diving board is quite firm. It will support any guy, any time. Yep, even me. Here, let me reach... up... and, grab... the board... yeah... just like that. See how the board bends just a bit with our weight? But it's firm enough to hold us up just fine. My arm? It's big? You think? Yeah, even straight like this, holding onto the end of the board, it's pretty big... yeah, really strong too.... Okay, I'm gonna let go so I'll have to do some more doggy paddles. Hold on... your big boy'll keep you up.... Oh, *haha*, I didn't even get the pun. You're good, prof!

Okay, next we have the slide. It's made of some kind of plastic shit, and although a certain muscle dude who uses this pool can have a lot of fun on the slide, it's hard for said muscle dude to lay... or is it lie? back on it while he slides down. Lats are to fuckin' wide, I guess. *Haha*.... And the dude's' shoulders are pretty fuckin' wide too. But his ass is tight and small enough so that if he sits up, it works pretty good. However, even so, the other problem is, his legs are so damn big that even then he gets stuck sometimes. *Haha*. Rumor has it that sometimes a crow-bar is needed to pry him loose when his legs get stuck against the sides of the slides. A crow-bar like this little thing right here, prof. Oh, you're ticklish on your cock? Silly me. Oh, but I'm

sorry. I didn't mean to call you little. But you do have to admit that it's a *tiny* bit smaller than the aforementioned phone pole you're currently seated on. Haha. Damn, prof, I love to ruffle your feathers.

Well, as we make our way to the shallow end again and conclude our tour, make sure you check out the hot tub before you leave. Some of the best stuff happens there! Watch out for the floating jizz, though! *Heh heh.* [Wink.] Ha, I'm just pulling your leg, prof. I've never come in your hot tub. Well, not since that party anyways....

Okay, this concludes our tour for today. Please grasp your guide's shoulders for stability as you dismount the phone pole. *Haha.* And no obligation, but tips are always appreciated! What's that? *Haha.* No, prof. the tour was free. Your appreciation is priceless. [Wink.] Also, make sure to check out the snack bar and gift shop as you leave.... *Haha.* Yeah, they're really in to capitalism here, *haha.*

[A FEW HOURS LATER] ROLL OVER? YOU THINK I need to bake on the other side, *haha?* I guess you're right. You too though. You got some nice chaise lounges, prof. Yeah, it must be about noon. The sun is high in the sky, as they say! Such a nice day. Oh, sure! I'll take another one. How about if we switch from the mimosas to... like... maybe a margarita? Yeah, that'd be good. Thanks.... Nah, I bet I can drink YOU under the table, doc. *Haha.* High metabolism and all, I guess. Maybe muscle absorbs the alcohol or something. Dunno for sure, but I can drink till the cows come home.

[Calls to the prof, just before the patio door closes...] Hey, Daddy! When you get back... [Rolls onto his stomach and lifts his bare muscle-butt into the air...] ...time for you to poke this thing, okay?



Haha. Doc? You okay? You sure? Deep, slow breaths, Dad.... Whew, don't scare me like that! Heh heh.

[Minutes later...] Oh, thanks. That looks really good. Lots of salt on the rim, just like I like it. Can you just set it on the side table there please? I'm kinda groggy... about to fall asleep right here... the sun feels so good on my back, you know? Nice and warm makes me sleepy.... Naw, just kidding... I'm not gonna fall asleep.... Get your erection over here, man.... [wriggles butt] Damn, I've been thinking about this all morning. Maybe *that's* why I stayed so hard, *haha*. But yeah... I want you to fuck me into next week, Pops. Your big muscle boy needs his daddy to fill him up... waaaaay up... okay?

Oh yeah... climb on up, dude. Help yourself to some of the finest ass this side of the Mississippi. Yeah, you can lay down on top of me all

the way if you want. Oh, nice. Relax on your Daddy's big, wide back. Take a load off, as they say. Then you can put a load in! Inside *ME!* Haha. Mmmm... I like it when you snuggle into my neck like that. Oooh! Is that a little mini phone pole I feel there? Oh, yeah... slide it back and forth between my cheeks..... Mmmm.... Yeah, I get that a lot. Lots of dudes come between my glutes. I don't let very many of em' in, if you know what I mean, but I'm not opposed to letting a guy dream...and just come... while I give him an old-fashioned "wiener wrap" with my ass muscles. Just like the pec fuck we did—but without the heart attack, hopefully, haha. Oh.... *yeaaahhhhh*.... Slide it.... Here, lemme wrap my cheeks around it.... just like... *this*. Yeah.... Feels so good in my crack.... Okay, okay, I'll let go. Sorry... yeah, I promised you could stick that thing inside me, so I won't make you come too soon, prof. Your big boy will play nice. Wouldn't want his Daddy to ejaculate prematurely, right? Yeah, I really should consider urology....

You ready? Already? Yeah, I get that a lot. Hard to hold off, huh? Here, let me reach back and pull my ass cheeks open so you can see my cherry. How's this? I'll separate my cheeks so you can see my wet, red sphincter. Do you like looking at that? My hole? Is it all red and wet for you? Yeah, Daddy. You can finger my ass all you want. *Ooohhhhhhh*... that feels really *gooooood*. Yeah, another finger. Dayumn, Dad. Fuck... *Mmmmmmm*.... You like that? You like finger-fucking your muscle boy? Niiiiice. You got some really nice fingers, prof. You wanna fuck that thing? Alright... go right ahead, Dad. It's all yours. Reserved just for you. Okay, whenever you want... Fast or slow, it doesn't matter to me. Stop talking? *Haha*... golly you keep saying that. I don't know what I'm going to do with you, prof. But if you don't stop ordering me around like that I might have to put you over my knee... Jus' sayin'. Haha. Oh, you'd like that, huh? Well, *THAT's* an idea.... And afterwards, maybe you need to spank your big bad boy and make those ass cheeks of mine turn nice and red... Oh! Dayumn prof! You're going in! *Hellllloooo!* Oh, *fuuuuuuck* me old man. Welcome

to my ass! Welcome... ungh... oh, *Daddy.... Ungggh!* That feels soooo good inside me.... Yeah... *all* the way in.... Yeah.... Welcome to my... *oh, fuck yeah...* my world, Papa. Fuuuuuck I didn't know you'd feel this goo.... oh fuuuuuck. Yeah... here... let me flex my sphincter around you.... oh, you like that Daddy? You like it when your big muscle boy squeezes? Pulls you inside his butt? Just by squeezing you in farther? *Mmmm...* good. I like doing it. I wanna milk you like this. Here's some more *squeeeeeezing...* Huh? Oh, sorry. I'll be more careful....

Yeah... Oh, yeah, lay down on top of my big, wide back and have at it. *Shiiiiit yeah, man.* Oh, fuck yeah... Sooooo goooooood....
Mmmmmmm.... *Oh, nghrrrrnfff....* Fuck me, stud. Fuck meeeeeee....
Make your muscle boy whimper, Daddy.... Yeah.... in-n-out... in-n-out... juuuuust like thaaaaat. *Mmmm, yeah....*

Holy shit! You're *coming!* Soooo nice, Daddy. You like fucking your boy's tight muscle ass, huh? *Mmmmm...* Here, let me help some more. Tight enough for you? Oh, yeahhhh... feel that throbbing cock of yours ejaculate right into your big boy. He needs it, Daddy. He needs it so bad.... Oh... *fuuuuuuuck...* I can feel your jizz! You're filling me up, Dad! Fuuuuuck... Oh fuck. You're filling your big boy with your semen. *Fuck. Yeah....* More.... Fill up your big muscle stud. Yeah.... Oh, fuck all that jizz inside your muscle boy is... is... gonna make him... fuuuuck... make... him... make *me* come! *Fuuuuuuck!* I'm coming, Pops! You're making your big boy squirt like hell!
Fuuuuuuuuck! Oh, *yeeeeeeaaaahhh!* Shit... you're gonna... need... to have this mattress thing cleaned.... I can't believe how much I'm.... Yeah, it's a lot... even for me!

[A few minutes later.] You gonna fall asleep on top of me in the afterglow? No, it's okay. I kinda like this. Feels good like this, you laying on my back like this. You still inside me? Sorry, but it's hard to tell. I'm not trying to make fun of anything. I love your cock. I'm jus'

sayin' Well, I told you that I like to use dildos and stuff, you know? So I'm used to some things... I mean, you can get toys and shit that are even bigger'n me! So yeah, I love that shit. Hey, you ever try sounding? It's where you put a tube or thing down your piss slit. The urethra, right. No, it doesn't hurt... not if you do it right.... Promise. Oh, you can go really far in. You wouldn't believe how far inside. I'll show you some time. I think you'll like watching me stick a tube down my big cock. Hey, and while I do that, you can use the biggest dildo I have, and fuck me with it! It'll be really hot, prof! Damn, the more I keep thinking about it, I'm definitely going to look into urology for sure....

Okay, okay... sorry. ...*Dude*, you're so picky! But okay... I'll stop talking for a minute. Can't make any promises for how long though, *haha*... Just... *Wake me up before you go go*... *Haha*... You get it? The song? ...by Wham!?! ...Or is it wake me up when it's time to go-go?... Whatever.... Yeah, really old school.... Were you born then? Well, anyway.... Yeah, old school. But anyway, wake me up when it's time... for... my next... (yawn)... *meal*....

– SRS

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