



## CHASMS

The Center for the Holistic, Advanced Study of Muscle & Sex

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**NOTE 1:** This story contains *vivid* descriptions of **homosexual** encounters, and is thus intended for **ADULTS ONLY**. There's lurid, kinky sex here. It's proly straight out of HELL, if you 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.

DAD SAT NEXT TO ME IN THE DIRECTOR'S waiting room—a large, luxurious, if minimalist, room done mostly in black and white, with one wall totally paneled in what I supposed was teak. At the far end of the room, an Administrative Assistant sat answering phones and doing basic receptionist and secretarial duties. He had introduced himself as Jace, and he was one of the most handsome men I had ever seen.

Well, some might argue I'd seen an even more handsome man in the mirror this morning... and the man sitting on my left in the waiting room—Dad—was likely where I got those *good-looking* genes... so, him too. Dad was a stunning piece of manly construction, and I was thankful for the genetic blessings he'd given me. But I had a pretty good handle on keeping my

hubris to myself, and I tried daily to not be turned on by Dad (even though that was next to impossible, and to be honest, he didn't mind. Neither of us did).

To be honest, though, I had something on both Jace *and* my Dad: my physique was built up, out, and throughout with more muscle than people dream of. True, Jace was buff as hell, and so was Dad; even at 43 he was muscular glory. But I was actually the reason both Dad and I were seated in that room at that very moment. I had more muscles at 23 than any professional bodybuilder would ever dream of having.

But enough about me.

"Mr. Connor?" Jace called as he set his desk phone in its cradle, "Dr. Schmidt will see you now."

I didn't know if he was addressing my father or myself, but it didn't matter. We both stood and walked toward Jace's station; he moved to our right and opened the over-large oak door to Dr. Schmidt's office.

Dr. Schmidt was seated at the far end of the spacious office, behind an equally spacious desk. The wall behind him and the wall on our right were the same teak as was in the waiting area. Hanging behind his desk was a huge abstract print, probably six feet by six feet. Although it was abstract, it was easy to make out the image of a man—a god, really—holding up the world—Atlas. His proportions were more enormous than any rendering of Atlas I'd ever seen, yet the oil painting showed a physique that was without any fat. (To quote the TikTok meme: "Boner Alert.") The rest of the room was adorned with what looked like very expensive art... paintings, photography, sculptures. It was plush, and not as minimalistic as the lobby had been.

Schmidt stood as we entered. Jace had preceded us in; he announced us, and was quickly dismissed, closing the door behind himself.

The good doctor's eyes had turned wide the moment he saw us enter—well, *me* enter. Which I thought a bit unusual, since this was *the* place in the world where one would expect people to be entirely used to massively-built men. Yet ever since Dad and I arrived (the CHASMS complex was about 30 miles east of Bend, well-secluded in the Oregon high desert) at not only the complex today, but at CHASMS' privately owned hotel yesterday, set up for visitors like us, I had seen only a few men who even came close to my build. I had thought that even though my build stuck out like a sore thumb out in the "real" world, once I got to CHASMS I'd just be one of many. Dr. Schmidt's expression left that theory in question.

Dr. Schmidt was himself quite a specimen of physical development. Even in his expensive suit, he looked amazing—something like John Cena actually. He pushed the fabric of his suit to its limit in all the right places. Schmidt collected himself from his somewhat aghast reaction to me, and extended his hand to my dad: "Mr. Connor, so glad you came. Welcome to the Center for the Holistic, Advanced Study of Muscle & Sex." They shook hands.

"Please, call me Richard... actually, Dick," Dad said.

The doctor then looked at me, and his eyes got big again. I put him at maybe six-foot-two or three, so he had to look up to me a bit. "And this must be Dylan." He beamed at me as we shook hands; his awe was palpable, regardless of how he tried to couch it. He seemed entranced; his eyes moved all over me.

He eventually cleared his throat and invited us to sit.

His eyes had a difficult time leaving me.

I was totally used to that. But still, I kind of expected people around CHASMS to be used to seeing guys my size.

He cleared his throat once again as he sat down behind his desk. “Well, I have to say, I’m impressed.” He tried to be polite by making eye contact with Dad occasionally, but honestly, he pretty-much just stared at me. And not just my face. His eyes examined every square muscle-inch of what he could see as I sat at his desk.

I nodded a polite “thank you” to his declaration.

“I mean, obviously I’ve seen more than my share of well-developed physiques here,” he said, “but honestly... I can’t remember seeing....” His voice trailed off.

“That’s my boy,” Dad smiled. “He’s quite something, right?”

I gave Dad a side-glance. He knew I got tired of him showing me off. My glare was all in good fun though. Seriously, I love that my dad was proud of me. He’d been my coach since I started working out at 13. Now, ten years later, and bigger and more ripped than most people you’ll ever see, I was totally happy when he showed me off. (But don’t tell him that.)

“Indeed!” Schmidt choked. He shook his head quickly and blinked, as if to make sure that he was seeing what he was seeing.

“So anyway,” I started in (I was anxious to get to the subject at hand), “I’m happy to be here, Dr. Schmidt. How do you think I might fit in to your program?” I was happy to skip the pleasantries—having him explain what happens here, and the basics of the program. I figured if I took the reins of the conversation we could dispense with a lot of the frivolous shit.

Schmidt cleared his throat. “Well. That’s good. Let’s get right down to business then, shall we?” He glanced at Dad then back at me. “As you know, CHASMS is the world’s premiere research facility dedicated to the

study of the male physique, as well as the study of sexual development in said muscular subjects.”

And here I had hoped to dispense with the frivolities. He was really going to lead with his sales-pitch?

Perhaps he saw my impatience. I’m not sure. But he quickly moved past his normal spiel. “Well, I’m sure you know all about us, Dylan,” he glanced and Dad and added, “Dick.” Schmidt pushed his chair back from this desk just a bit. “Dylan, your physique—even clothed—is obviously astounding. And having a young muscle man like yourself join our team would be an honor, for sure. I trust you’ve already acquainted yourself with our materials... from the private website I gave you access to?”

“Yes.”

“And do you have any questions?”

I didn’t have any, but leave it to Dad: “Well, we were wondering about compensation, to be honest. The specifics seemed a bit vague.”

Dr. Schmidt sat forward. “Let me assure you, gentlemen, you will be extremely happy with our compensation package. CHASMS is funded by a *very* generous endowment.” He paused, and for some reason I formed a double entendre out of that.

I wondered what he’d think of *my* endowment once he saw it. *Stop, Dylan, you schmuck.*

“You won’t be disappointed with how you are reimbursed for your services.” He studied me again. I was completely used to—and now comfortable with—how people undressed me with their eyes. Came with the territory. And truth be told, I didn’t usually try to hide my muscles with baggy clothes. Today was no exception. My custom tailored shirt hugged

*everything*, as did my custom-made pants (yet I *was* seated at the moment, so Schmidt wasn't ogling anything down there). Still, the good doctor's leering gaze almost bordered on lecherous. Not that I minded that either, to be honest. But it did seem a bit obvious.

Dad was used to it too—watching people undress his son with their eyes. He always got a kick out of it. In the corner of my eye I saw him smirk at the doctor's unabashed lusting.

"But before I show you what we have in mind for our offer," his eyes left my face, and while they wandered down over my shoulders, arms, chest, and narrow waist, he finished the sentence: "I wonder if I might be able to take a... look?"

"Right now? Here?" I asked.

"If you don't... mind," Schmidt said. "I'd really appreciate it."

I glanced at Dad, who was smiling politely—a smile that bordered on a smirk... he always loved this part, when I stripped down for people. He gave me an almost imperceptible nod.

"Sure," I said as I stood. Dad and the doc remained seated while I began to undress. I pulled my tight-fitting polo shirt out from my slacks, then started to lift it, exposing my abs. Dr. Schmidt wasn't able to conceal his appreciation of my lean, defined, muscles. I lifted the shirt higher, and it caught on my arms. I wrested it higher, and it eventually fell onto my chair.

Schmidt's unconcealed gasp was golden.

I stood a moment, relaxed, letting his eyes examine my bare upper body, then I started undoing my belt and zipper. A moment later, after fighting my pants down over my upper legs, I stepped out of them.

Schmidt whispered, "*Jesus Christ.*"

Neither Dad or I acknowledged his response to seeing my body.

I stood there, letting him look while he continuously cleared his throat. Finally he said, "I have to say, Dylan... you are superb! Just superb!"

"Thank you," I said.

He didn't ask me to give him any poses, so I started to dress again. While I did so, he watched me intently. Once I was almost ready to sit back down, he said, "And just one more thing. I'm sure you'd enjoy taking a brief tour of our facilities. And in doing so it might give me the opportunity to see how you will interact with our other 'clients'".

We'd never discussed the "limits", moralistically speaking, of what I would do to leverage my physical development and beauty. But from the things our conversations hinted at (and obviously due to my quite revealing Only Fans performances), the sexual aspect of the CHASMS organization wasn't going to be a negative at all. I, for one, was pumped about exploring that aspect of this particular venture.

"Fine," Schmidt beamed. Then he shifted gears. "You will, of course..." he hesitated... "I mean, the two of you... you're both on board with... you know... *joint* ventures? As far as working 'together'? You understand what I'm asking, don't you?"

Dad and I looked at each other. He leaned toward me, over the arm of his chair. I leaned toward him, and our lips met as we cocked our heads. We kissed, long, loud, and slurpy. I put my hand on his neck, and he held my cheek while we fucked each others' mouths with our tongues. It lasted a full minute, easy. We even threw in a few moans between the wet slurps. When we parted lips, a long string of saliva stretched between us until it

broke. We both looked at Schmidt, who was visibly shaken—with lusty wonder.

“Very... very well, then,” he squeaked. He didn’t hide that he was adjusting his slacks crotch. “Well,” he cleared his throat, “That’s just... fine... yes. Wonderful. I guess that answers my question.” He collected himself, pressed an intercom button, and said, “Jace, we’ll be out for a while.”

“Yes, sir.”

Schmidt said to us, “I’d like to expose you to a bit of what you’ll be experiencing—er, *enjoying*—here, if that’s alright with you.”

Dad and I nodded.

I got the distinct impression that “expose” had a double-meaning. Not that I minded. Not at all. Actually, when he landed on that word, I felt my cock jump in my pants.

Dad knew only too well how much I loved exposing my physique to guys. And seeing their reaction. And intimidating them (in a friendly way, of course). And showing off my muscles. It never got old. He’d definitely relished in Dr. Schmidt’s reaction when I’d stripped down to show him my muscles. And truthfully, the whole reason we had decided to go with CHASMS—other than the money—was because of the fun I knew I’d have here. Fuck, I was getting harder and harder with every second. *Expose* me to a *taste* of what goes on here? Yes please.

Dr. Schmidt stood, and Dad and I followed his lead to a side door. The door was designed so that it blended completely in with the wall—to make it more secret than not. Schmidt lifted a small picture-like medallion on the wall and pressed his palm onto a pad. The pad lit up blue under his hand, and the secret door slid to the side.



We walked out of the Director's office, into a wide corridor. The floor was waxed very shiny; the walls were a sterile white. The entire feel was clean, scientific, and antiseptic. Schmidt's dress-shoe heels clicked and clacked on the floor as he led us down the hallway. We came to a large recessed area that opened onto a mezzanine. We walked to the edge of the mezzanine and the three of us looked down onto a huge floor below. It was a gym of sorts. But this gym was really big—and fitted out with the best and most modern equipment I'd ever seen. Shiny, beautiful equipment. The glistening steel and heavy weights themselves made my cock thicken. Fuck, it was amazing!

A few really buff guys were working out, and the occasional grunt or clanging of weights made the place sound like home to me. The four or five guys working out were far away, but even from a distance I could see that the dudes were big, buff and ripped. They were obviously strong, mega-bodybuilder-types. I felt like I was coming home. And the place was so big that you'd have to have a hundred guys in there before you felt crowded at all.

"This is our main weight area," Schmidt said.

"Main?" I asked.

"Well, yes. There are a few others... they're smaller, and more intimate. But this is our main workout area."

"I'm curious, doctor," Dad said, "how many people do you have here at CHASMS?"

"Well, Dylan and yourself will be numbers 52 and 53."

Wow. Plenty of room.

“And we’ll be able to use this equipment whenever we want?” Dad asked.

“Certainly! Twenty-four-seven,” Schmidt smiled. He turned to us and said, “All of our many facilities here will be available to both of you whenever you like: weight rooms and gyms, basketball courts, tennis & handball courts, our two Olympic-sized pools—one indoors, one out—oh, and we often invite people from town—vetted, muscular subjects—to come out to visit, so you can enjoy the company of other well-built and handsome physical specimens...”

I glanced at Dad. He knew I’d like that. I always got a kick out of going to swimming pools and watching the watchers.

“And of course,” Schmidt continued, “you’re free to invite anyone you meet up to your personal, private suites here at the complex,” he winked. “Let’s see... what else.... We have *so much* to offer you. Well, there’s our gymnastics gymnasiums, saunas, running tracks, our 18-hole golf course, shooting ranges, rock-climbing, our extensive bicycle paths, skiing in the winter, strength coaches, nutritionists, nutrition & smoothie bars, full-service restaurants & private chefs, our five-star private wine cellar, private movie theaters, pornography booths—complete with sex toys, lubes, and modeling ‘assistants’,” He leaned in to us and lowered his voice, “of course some people call these assistants *escorts*, so... I’m sure you know where you can take *that*.” He winked at us again, then continued: “And we have massage rooms—both therapeutic *and* the ‘happy-ending’ kind. And you can also request any ‘in-room’ services you like,” he smiled broadly. “...salons, stylists and barbers, our private tailors and clothing experts, and so much more... for example, our financial services, personal offices with free computer access, secretaries, transportation services—including our fleet of private jets, town cars and limousines, helicopters, busses—oh, and our luxury hotel is available for free to any guests you might want to bring here. Of course, your guests will also be able to avail themselves of *all* of our services at absolutely no cost. Oh, and of course, free WiFi,” he laughed. “As a matter of fact, we also have our own cell towers here as

well. Seven-G, too!" There's so much more that I can't even remember. You will each receive a personal dossier and web log-in that will assist you in learning about, and accessing, our services." Then he asked. "That reminds me by the way, have you secured housing in Bend yet?"

"Well, we haven't gotten that far," Dad said. "We wanted to make sure our agreement would be favorable first."

"Splendid. If you like, I can give you the contact information of our resident CHASMS real estate executive, Ben. He knows the area very well, and he can find you exactly what you need. And if he can't find it, he can point you to someone who can build it."

He beamed at his recitation of the proud accomplishment of CHASMS. "Oh, and we also promote lots of activities in town as well. We hold a marathon every fall, the Central Oregon CHASMS Marathon, and a Triathlon every spring, The Central Oregon CHASMS Triathlon, not to mention rowing competitions on the Deschutes River, whitewater rafting, bodybuilding shows—with top international bodybuilders from all over the world—power-lifting contests, and much more. I think you'll especially enjoy our tavern competitions in Bend." He looked at my arms in my short sleeved polo and seemed to experience a renewed astonishment at their size... "Biggest guns contests, male wet t-shirt contests, arm wrestling... other strength competitions." He smiled up at me, "I'm sure you'll enjoy those events, Dylan."

Fuck yeah. I even felt myself getting a little hard at that idea. I loved that kind of shit. And I'd never lost any of those kinds of contests, and I usually ended up taking home my favorite opponent.

Dad and I exchanged happy glances, then nodded at Schmidt.

The three of us then silently leaned over the balcony's railing and watched while one guy down on the floor struggled through a set of bench presses.

From this distance, I couldn't tell how many plates he had on the bar, but it was a lot.

Dr. Schmidt showed us a few more areas of the campus: photography studios, media centers, offices... so much! The CHASMS complex was isolated, for sure—far out in the desert and situated so it wasn't visible from the highway. The cut-off road was only marked by a modest sign—you'd miss it if you weren't looking for it—a gate, and a heavy-duty (but unimposing) guard station. Security was top-flight, for sure. But once you meandered off the highway and came upon the campus proper, you were treated to a view of a sprawling collection of brand new, gorgeously-designed buildings. It was quite beautiful, and impressive. Waterfalls, gardens in an oasis-setting that integrated only native plants and features.

And that was only what was *above* ground.

Schmidt led us down another wide corridor, to an elevator. The doors opened for us automatically—without Schmidt even pressing a button. Soon we were inside a large, shiny, ultra-modern box, descending into the depths of the CHASMS complex.

As we descended, I wondered how it was that they needed even more room than what we'd seen above.

We seemed to be moving quickly, and I wondered how deep we were going. Certainly CHASMS had a reason why this lower compound was necessary.

The technologically-gifted lift came to an easy stop, and the doors opened with a *whoosh*. We stepped out. A long, sterile corridor extended away from the elevator doors.

"This way," Schmidt said. As we walked, he said to me, "It might seem a bit intimidating, but I assure you, you'll find your way around quickly." He

pointed out a large flat screen mounted in a wall and referenced a map that showed where we were. He touched the screen and it transitioned into various views of the complex, as well as showing us various informational things. “These informational screens are all over the complex,” he said. “They’ll help you. They’re actually quite advanced way-finding tools, and communications portals.”

We arrived at a door marked “Level B Examination Suites.” Schmidt opened it with a hand-print. “Your handprint will be taken soon, and you’ll have access to the rooms yourself, Dylan. As well as you, Mr. Connor—Dick.” He led us inside to what looked like a waiting room. A young man sat behind a counter. Was everyone here this well-built? Well, I supposed so. It was CHASMS after all. The young man was a bona fide *stud* and I found myself wanting to get his number.

When the guy looked up from his work, he acknowledged Dr. Schmidt, then gave me the reaction I was used to.

“Which room, Nathan?” Schmidt asked.

“Um...” he cleared his throat and pulled his eyes off me, “He’s in room seven, sir.”

Schmidt led us behind the counter. He took off his suit jacket (revealing a muscle-packed shirt that would have made Cena envious), hung it on a hook, and donned a white doctor’s lab coat, complete with the CHASMS logo, and “Dr. Schmidt, Director” emblazoned on it. He led us to the door of an exam room. He opened the door, marked “7” and led us in.

Inside, a very well-built young man sat on top of an exam table. The table was complete with that onion-thin sanitary paper they put on top of the padded cushion. He wore only boxer briefs—that was it. He sat with his hands in his lap.

He was in his late teens—probably in high school. He was really buff. Not overly-big and fat. No, the dude was lean, with really big muscles. I liked.

“Aiden, this is Dylan Connor, and his father, Richard,” Schmidt said as he stepped aside and closed the door behind us.

Aiden’s reaction to me was... well... predictable. Don’t get me wrong, I don’t get off on being proud or egotistical about my body. But it is what it is. I don’t see anything wrong with enjoying it. I never get mean or taunting toward guys. But there’s something cool about meeting other guys—especially well-built guys—guys who think they’re the shit, dudes who’ve probably never seen a guy bigger than themselves. I enjoy seeing them get all hot-n-bothered when they see me.

“Glad to meet you Aiden,” I said, extending my hand.

Dad shook his hand too.

“Well, Aiden,” Dr. Schmidt said, “Since this is your first appointment here, I thought I’d have you jump right in and get a feel for what we do here at CHASMS. Is that alright?”

Aiden was visibly nervous. Even as we had entered the room—before he saw us—he seemed uneasy about being here. I had no idea what kind of pretense Schmidt—or whomever it was at CHASMS that Aiden dealt with—had given as to what went on here... what the purpose of CHASMS was, as far as he was concerned.

“S—sure,” Aiden said. Yeah he was nervous. And *my* presence had only exacerbated that. He looked up at me with anxious eyes. And I saw him try to discreetly adjust his boxer briefs down there.

Yeah, this was going to be awesome. Just up my alley.

“Great,” the doctor said. He walked to a counter at the side of the room and picked up an electronic iPad-like tablet. He started flipping through the screen, touching a few spots on the screen, and then watched as the pad populated with information. He smiled while he perused the data. “Very good.” He looked up at Aiden and said. “This room is equipped with premium technology, Aiden: sensors. They monitor all of your bodily functions. You don’t even need to be wearing any wires or have anything attached to your body.” He glanced at the ceiling above Aiden; a small disc—not unlike a smoke detector—was next to the lighting fixtures. Right now, the system is feeding information to this pad in my hand. Your resting heart rate is 95 at the moment. A tad high, but given the circumstances, I can understand. Blood pressure is 135 over 85—also a bit high, but understandable. Temperature is 99.2. Good. And... well, let me see here.” He scrolled through some more statistics and read, “Ah... just as I suspected. Your genitals are being fed quite well. You are at about a 30 percent erection right now, and your testicles are active.”

Aiden turned red.

The doctor continued. “Let’s see... yes, your erection is growing by the second. Well, I expect since we have Dylan in the room here, you will continue to grow that erection as we proceed.” He took a look at me and smiled, then said, “Especially after we move further into our experiment.”

“Experiment?” Aiden was visibly nervous. “What do you mean? And... can I have my pants back please?”

I tamped down a smirk. It was so fucking hot to see how dudes reacted to me. And now, with all this technology giving actual *numbers* to his physical responses, it was pretty cool.

“Oh, no. That’s why we’re here, Aiden,” the doctor smiled. “We want to see how hard you get when exposed to Dylan’s body.” He checked his pad again. “And you do seem to be getting harder and harder.”

Aiden blanched. "Wait a minute... I... I never agreed to this kind of shit," He growled. He was getting agitated. He jumped off the exam table in protest. "I didn't sign up for this kind of... *whatever*. This isn't... this isn't right."

"Now just relax, Aiden," Schmidt cooed with a condescending calm. "Actually, this is *exactly* what you signed up for. It's all in the fine print, son."

"No way," Aiden almost shouted now. "I didn't agree to... to..." he waved his hand at Dad and me. "...all *this*. To this kind of bullshit. I aint no fag. I never even *looked* at another guy! I'm not going to go along with any of this crap!"

"Now calm down, Aiden. If you consult the contract you signed, you'll see that it says *any and all kinds of sexual encounters*."

"I figured that meant all kinds of *straight* encounters! No one said anything about gay shit."

"...*any and all* is any and all, son," Schmidt said with annoying obsequiousness.

"Fuck that," Aiden said. He grabbed his clothing off the counter and made for the door.

Schmidt pressed a button on his iPad thing and a loud *click* announced that the door had been locked. Aiden tried to wrestle with it, but was unsuccessful in gaining an exit. He turned around, holding his clothes in front of his crotch.

"Dylan," Dr. Schmidt said calmly, "could you please help Aiden return to the exam table?"



I moved to Aiden as calmly and easily as possible, trying to *not* make the situation worse. I put a hand on his shoulder and said, “Dude, it’s okay. I promise. You’re gonna actually really enjoy this.” He took another look at how big I was, and quickly concluded that the situation didn’t look good for an escape. I escorted him back to the exam table; he placed his clothes back on the counter, then stood motionless. “This is all kinds of fucked up,” he mumbled.

Dr. Schmidt put the pad down on the counter and turned to me. He thanked me for my help, then said to me, “Even without consulting the read-outs, you are doing a number on Aiden here. You’re used to this aren’t you, Dylan? Seeing guys react to you like this?”

“Yes,” I answered. “I’m used to it.”

“I imagine so.” He continued, “So, would you mind taking off your shirt for young Aiden here? I’d like to see how his body responds to seeing all those muscles—all those *bare* muscles.”

“Of course,” I said. While I undressed (for the second time at CHASMS), I was aware of the reaction my own body was going through, in response to Aiden’s obvious appreciation for my muscles. By the time I was just standing in my posers, I was getting thicker and longer; my oversized cock and balls pushed my trunks down and away from my torso. You could easily see my pubes, and even a bit of the root of my cock.

“*Holy fuuuuuuuuuuck,*” Aiden mumbled.

I stood there, relaxed, and let him look. Admittedly, I was feeling prime that day. We hadn’t yet taken my stats (Dr. Schmidt had assured us that we would later) but I knew for a fact that I stood at around 3 percent body fat, just walkin’ around down. Truth. Yeah, I know you find it hard to believe that a dude can walk around with that little fat, but if this story had

pictures to go along with it, you'd believe me. I chalk it up to the genes Dad and Mom gave me, a shit-load of hard work, and a few other elements that I'd have to kill you if I told you about. But not drugs. No roids for me, man. Trust me... you don't wanna do drugs. Nancy Reagan was right.

Anyway, Dr. Schmidt picked up the iPad thing again and beamed. "Niiiiice," he said. "Aiden... you must really like what you see, huh?" Schmidt looked at me, cleared his throat at what he saw standing there, and then looked back at the pad. "That was really fast, son. You're at 95 percent erection, and... well... *update time*," he chuckled. "One hundred percent now." He smiled big. He turned to me and asked, "Um... I'm curious, Dylan. How do you feel? Do you like it when guys react this way to your body?"

I tried to remain polite, but I had to be honest. "Yeah, it's kinda cool."

"What specifically do you like about how Aiden is reacting to your muscles right now?"

I looked at Aiden. "Well, I think it's hot that he's getting all hard just seeing my muscles. Makes me like him, a lot."

"Would you like to see... to have Aiden pull down his underwear? So you can see how hard you're making him?"

I couldn't help a grin. "Fuck yeah. That'd be hot."

He extended his hand to Aiden. "Please stand, son."

Aiden did so, with obvious reluctance. "Let's... just..." Schmidt started pulling down Aiden's boxer briefs. "...get these out... of the... way." He worked them.

But Aiden seemed to gain a new understanding of the situation. He started grabbing the waistband and tried to pull them back up before his cock could be fully revealed. “No fucking way, man.”

“Dick, could you help me here please?” Schmidt asked Dad.

Dad stepped behind the kid and took Aiden’s wrists in his hands, securing them behind the teen’s back. Aiden squirmed a bit, but there was no way he was going to get out of Dad’s strong grip.

“Good. Thank you, Dick,” Schmidt smiled. He pulled Aiden’s underwear all the way down, and the teen stopped resisting. His face was as red as the plump cock head that now pointed straight up at my face. Schmidt stepped back and tossed the white cloth onto the counter, out of Aiden’s reach.

Aiden stood motionless, and Dad let go. The kid looked blankly, with unfocussed eyes, ahead at the wall behind me. He was obviously demoralized, but there was nothing he could do. He’d objected loudly that he wasn’t gay, but his body betrayed him. The dude clearly had it bad for me. I felt sorry for him, but only for a second. He’d relax soon enough, and I expected that once he came to terms with all that was going on here, he’d end up having a rip-roaring good time.

Schmidt studied the information on the pad. “Heart rate is faster... well... all of your numbers are higher, son.” He stepped close to Aiden’s side and said softly, “You must really like what you see, huh?”

Aiden blushed a very dark shade of red.

“It’s okay, son,” Schmidt cooed. “This is why we’re all here. To study the sexual ins-and-outs—so to speak—of males, their physiques, their reactions to muscular physiques... and well, to research exactly what all of this entails.” Then he lifted a hand and with just the tips of his fingers, he

fondled Aiden's raging hard-on—a hard-on just because of me—raking his fingers up the length of the veiny, long shaft.

The dude was definitely above average in not only muscular build, but in the size of his *endowment*.

Schmidt stopped at the crown. A bead of pre-cum oozed out of the piss slit. Schmidt looked to me and said, "Dylan, since he's in this state because of *you*... would you like to taste and see what Aiden is making for you?"

I smiled, but made an effort to be polite about it. I nodded, "Sure," trying not to come across as too creepy to the kid. He was already nervous enough. I wanted to convey my appreciation for his response to me, but at the same time, somehow reassure him that everything was really, really cool.

I repeated the good doctor's movements, but I started a bit lower than he had. I cupped my fingers under Aiden's hairy balls and tickled his perineum before lifting the sacs to assess their weight. Then I pulled my hand forward and started a slow, tender, sensual trip up his shaft. He really was impressive. I watched his face. He didn't look at me. He still had that glassy, distant look of trying *not* to connect with what was happening to him.

When I got to the tip of his cock, I wetted my index finger with the stream of clear fluid that had begun flowing down it. Similar to the string that had formed between Dad's mouth and my own, back in Schmidt's office, a clear, shiny thread of Aiden's lubricant stretched between my fingertip and his cock, until it broke. I inserted my finger into my mouth. I relished it, smiling as I slowly pulled my finger out.

"Thanks, man," I smiled down at him, moving just a hair closer to him. "I appreciate the compliment." His face was even with my large, pointy

nipples—even though said nipples were aimed straight at the ground due to the massiveness of my pecs. “You must really like my muscles.”

The kid said nothing. But he did glance up at my eyes for an instant. I tried to comfort him with a soothing look, but he averted his gaze quickly. He blinked nervously, then his eyes opened and became fixated onto my chest. Understandably so; it must have pretty-much filled his entire field of vision.

“You know, Dylan,” Schmidt started, “I didn’t even get a chance to see how big your arms are. Would you be so kind as to give us all a peek at your peak?”

I lifted one arm and bent my elbow slowly. Suffice it to say, I knew how to put on a good show. I probably didn’t *need* to be dramatic, but I’d learned that showing my stuff without hurrying made the presentation that much more enjoyable for everyone.

My upper arm began to grow, but my forearm was a sight to behold in its own right. It was thicker than most men’s biceps, and was populated with a roadmap of veins. When my forearm got to vertical, my bicep muscle was still moving higher and higher. Dad had measured me in the hotel this morning—he likes to do that... turns him on—and my arm had been twenty-two-and-a-half inches, cold. I tightened it more, and Mt. Everest began to form. It came to a point, rippled while it split into two distinct, mounding heads, then both of those defined heads rose even higher.

Schmidt slowly mumbled, “*Jesus... Fucking... Christ.*”

Aiden had gone from deep red to pale white.

Dad beamed with pride.

I studied my rippling bicep, twisted my forearm slowly—pointing my thumb at Aiden, then Schmidt—lengthened my arm just slightly, then regrouped the whole assemblage of massive muscle, and *BAM*—tightened it into an ever-growing, bulging display of Dylan Connor brilliance.

“Fucking *shiiiiiiit!*” Schmidt spat.

Aiden’s mouth was slack-jawed.

I continued to flex, and re-flex my arm for my three captives (Dad *never* tired of watching me flex) for a minute or so, then relaxed, lowering my arm. “Whadaya think?” I said with boyish charm.

Aiden stood there, his boner bouncing—and dripping—while it pointed at me, and said, “Fuck.”

“Thanks,” I said with polite humility. Then I reached out and tickled his dick again. “I’m glad you like it.”

The good doctor must have liked my advances toward Aiden; he pulled down on his lab coat, flustered as all get-out. He cleared his throat and busied himself with looking at Aiden’s read-outs on the iPad. Once he had collected himself, he looked at Dad, then me. “So, right now, Aiden is pegging all the needles, as far as breathing, heart rate, etc., goes. Yet he hasn’t come.” He looked down at the teen’s dripping cock. “So I was wondering... if... maybe the two of you could maybe do a little... well, *repeat performance* of what you did in my office... with each other. Maybe elaborate on that theme... you know... and see what it takes to tip Aiden here over the precipice?”

Dad and I looked at each other; of course he’d be *all-in*. When it came to making out with me, Dad was hard-pressed (pun intended) to keep his hands off his only son.

“Fuck. Please,” Aiden began pleading. “Please don’t. This is fucking crazy. Please—I’m totally humiliated, okay? That make you happy? Haven’t you done enough to humiliate me already?”

Fuck it was hot to watch the stud squirm. He knew he was gonna cum all over me. He totally knew it.

“Aiden,” Schmidt said, “It’s okay. You don’t need to worry. We just want to see you have an orgasm over Dylan’s muscles here. That’s not going to hurt at all. In fact, I think you’re going to come harder than you’ve ever come. I bet you’re gonna enjoy it, son.”

“Come on, dude,” I said quietly, giving him a friendly smile. “Just enjoy it. You know you wanna ejaculate all over me. Studly jock like you really likes muscle guys, right? Don’t deny it, man.” I gazed at the boner staring up at me. “I mean...” I pointed at it. Then I winked at him. “It’s all cool. I really want to feel you squirt your jizz onto my muscles, dude. Please?” I winked and smiled at him, and he actually seemed to relax.

“Dick? Would you?” Schmidt repeated his request.

“Certainly, doc,” Dad smiled without taking his eyes off my grin. With that he stepped toward me, stood on his tippy-toes, and kissed me. He held my cheek; I stood still, with my arms at my side. We kissed for a moment, then Dad stepped back.

Aiden was wide-eyed. His hand had found its way onto his cock when we’d started kissing, but when Dad and I parted lips and looked at him, he quickly dropped it to his side.

Dad lifted his hands and placed them on my chest. He began moving them slowly over my bulging pecs. I stood still for him, watching Aiden out of the corner of my eye.

“Let’s keep your hands to your side, Aiden,” Schmidt said. “I want to see if Dylan’s physique can make you come without touching yourself.”

I talked while I started unbuckling Dad’s belt and unzipping his pants. “I doubt you’re going to have a difficult time with that,” I said, “I’m pretty sure Aiden’s gonna be squirting all over us in just a minute.”

While Dad’s hands roamed over my muscles—both upper and lower body—I took Dad’s clothes off. Soon he was naked, and his *endowment* pointed right at me, just like Aiden’s was doing—although Dad was more endowed than the teen. My own boner in my posers was hardly contained. It looked obscene, to be honest—just how I liked it.

Dad fondled me. He pulled me out while I touched his cock. We stroked each other while we kissed. We enveloped each other in front of Aiden, moaning and genuinely enjoying ourselves. Dad’s solid muscles were hard under my roaming hands; I knew my muscles—bigger and harder than his by far—were also giving his hands a fun time. And I couldn’t help but know that Aiden must be entranced with the show.

He was. It only took a few minutes before the kid was drenching Dad and me with his squirting spunk—hands free. He groaned loudly, even though it was apparent he was trying to hold back.

When Aiden was done, Schmidt expressed his approval; Dad and I separated, and I knew that he and I would definitely need to deal later with the sexual tension we’d built up between each other.

On the way back to Schmidt’s office, he had us stop off at a high-tech examination room where he had his computer scan my body to take my stats. Didn’t need to break out a measuring tape or even step on a scale to get my dimensions. I just stood there, and a screen started showing all the numbers, including neck girth, shoulder width and girth, chest circumference, arms—both the current cold measurement of 22.44 inches



(56.99 cm) as well as an estimated pump size of 23.53 inches (59.76 cm), calves, upper legs, waist (31.89 inches; 81.00 cm), and hips (30.15 inches; 76.58 cm). It ended with:

Height: 6-feet-6.4-inches (199.22 cm)  
Weight: 322.52 pounds (146.29 kg)  
Body Fat: 2.87 per cent  
Age: 23 years, 3 months, 11 days

“It can tell his age?” Dad asked.

“It’s very advanced,” the doctor smiled. “It can even determine an estimated maximum One-Rep-Max for any lift. The 1RM, you know? We don’t have time to look at all of them, but...” he pressed some buttons on another iPad gizmo... “I’m curious what it says about his 1RM bench press... hmmm... let’s inter “raw, without a bench shirt.”

It only took a second, and the screen showed:

Estimated 1RM, raw, bench press: 828.96 pounds (376.00 kg)

“Well obviously, something’s wrong with the computer,” Schmidt said, frowning. “It’s supposed to take your muscle mass, ligament and bone density, muscle density, and factor in all the other variables... arm length, chest girth, pectoral development... *everything*, then spit out an estimate of what you could bench, raw.” He chuckled. “But obviously, 829 pounds... That’s ridiculous.” He pressed some buttons and mumbled, “I’m going to have to get the technicians down here right away and take a look at this machine.” He looked at Dad and me. “I’m sorry, I’ll have to get you a reading later. My apologies.”

Dad and I looked at each other and we both started to grin. Finally, Dad said, “Well it looks like you’re not pushing yourself hard enough, son. What was it that you did last week? Some 825 pounds, wasn’t it?”

I nodded, grinning from ear to ear. I looked at Schmidt and said, "No, doc. I'd say your computer is spot on."

He turned white. "Wha? ...what are you saying? No, that's just not possible. That's more than the current raw world record! Nonsense!"

"Your computer isn't wrong," I assured him. "Promise."

Schmidt had to steady himself with a hand on the counter. "But... you're a bodybuilder. Your physique is.... You're not a power-lifter, Dyl...." He wiped his brow. "I just don't understand...."

"Well, maybe a little later in the week," Dad said, "ol' Dylan can prove it to you, okay?"

Dr. Schmidt gave a wan smile. "I'd... I'd... I'd... like that. Def... definitely."

BACK IN DR. SCHMIDT'S OFFICE, Dad and I sat once again in front of the Director's desk. He was still recovering from seeing his computer's only-too-accurate estimate of what I could bench, but he was pulling himself together. "Well now." He cleared his throat. "That was a good time, don't you agree?" He wiped his brow with a handkerchief.

We did agree.

"So now that we all know a bit about each other," he again checked out my chest and arms, clearing his throat once again, "I'm prepared to offer you a... uh... a package." Shaking out the cobwebs, he pulled open a desk drawer. He rifled through a few files, then produced two sealed manila

envelopes, placed them on his desk and slowly slid them toward us. “Honestly, I had a few offers ready for you; I wanted to see you in person, Dylan, before I chose what to offer, as well as see how you’d do out in our... ahem... lab. And now,” again he looked up and down my upper body—the dude was confounded. “...well, you definitely qualify for my highest offer.”

I admired the negotiation tactic, even if I wasn’t ready to accept his word as truth. He was probably going to say this was his highest offer regardless of which envelopes he chose. But there *were* a few other envelopes of similar size in his file drawer.

One envelope was labeled “Dylan,” and the other was “Richard.” “I took the liberty of making you an offer, Dick, since you obviously have an interest not only in your son’s physique, but also since I would really enjoy having you on our team... as a special envoy for your son... so you can interact with him in our studies, during his time here.”

Dad and I nodded.

Once we looked at our offer packages—specifically the cover page that contained the amount of remuneration—I have to admit I was stunned.

Dad and I looked at each other without speaking. Then back at the papers. I looked up at Dr. Schmidt. Finally Dad spoke: “Well, this seems more than adequate,” he said. I was a bit surprised that he agreed so quickly. He was the world’s best negotiator. We had expected something *well* into the six figures—for me alone—and this... well, the amount Schmidt was offering was easily ten times the highest amount Dad and I had conceived as possible.

I nodded my agreement. I would be *more* than set for life with this contract. And this was only a one-year agreement—and very favorable as far as our

time commitment to the firm. “Of course, we will happily renegotiate at the end of the contract year,” Schmidt smiled.

“This looks just fine, for now,” I said. “Very adequate.”

“Good,” Schmidt smiled. “Of course, you’ll want your attorney to review this before you sign. But that’s for later. I’m sure you are familiar with the basics of the contract... the time commitment, the research facilities and procedures... all that.”

“Yes,” Dad and I said in unison. We had studied the private, secret, encrypted website meticulously. The CHASMS studies sounded fascinating. We had also vetted CHASMS with a number of outside sources, making sure the place was on the up-and-up. This hadn’t been an easy task, either. CHASMS wasn’t listed on the New York Stock Exchange, even though it was a multi-billion-dollar concern. Nor was it easy to find out much about it. Fortunately, Dad, being retired FBI (yes, he retired early once I—my body—started bringing in the dough), had many, many contacts in other governmental organizations (CIA, NSA, and a lot of private concerns as well). He had to pull in more than one favor to get the skinny on Dr. Schmidt and his organization.

The conclusion was that CHASMS’ reputation was squeaky-clean—if hidden from view. So we were enthusiastic about what lie ahead. Well, *Dad* used the word *enthusiastic*. I used the word *stoked*. I literally got hard almost every time I read about what they wanted me to do for them.

Dad—we’d decided that he would be my “manager” regarding any ventures involving my physique—was *all-in* regarding exploiting (in a good way) my physical development, whether it involved bodybuilding training and competition, powerlifting, acting, modeling, or what have you. When my modeling, endorsements, workout line, clothing and gym equipment company, YouTube and Only Fans channels (not to mention my

competitive physique ventures) started to produce a very positive cash flow, Dad retired early from his FBI gig.

We read through the contracts. The terms were very favorable. It was a one-year contract, renewable if all parties agreed. The commitment for Dad and myself was actually minimal. We'd each be required to come to the CHASMS offices just twice a month—at our convenience. But if we wanted to come more often, we'd be compensated for the extra time—and the compensation was very generous. Whenever we visited the complex, we'd be given complimentary suites in the CHASMS private hotel, if we wanted (very luxurious, we'd learned over the past day). The campus was only about a half hour east of Bend, so Dad and I anticipated that we'd make the trip from our new home often.

WE RETURNED TO BEND AND EMAILED the prospective contracts to our attorneys in Portland for approval. We'd been given suites out at the CHASMS private hotel, but we'd wanted to explore Bend and stake out potential housing for when me made the big move, so we had rooms in town.

After I gave Dad a blow job (I'd insisted I wanted to wait till after dinner to come myself; I loved holding off, and he loved it when I did...) he and I decided to find a place for dinner; we settled on a pizza place in the Old Mill district. It was pretty busy—full actually—and this on a Wednesday night, so we figured it must have good food. The lobby had posters on the wall advertising various civic events, including: "September's CHASMS "Biggest Guns" contest will be held at Pizza Dan's" —this place. It gave the date and time, and I made a mental note to be sure to show up. Fuck, maybe I shouldn't have held off after all. I was hard as an I-beam just thinking about showing off.

Anyway, the waiting area was full; more than one dude looked me up and down and evidently came up with an ogle-worthy assessment. After I'd showered, I'd thrown on a tank top, and... well... my shoulders and arms kinda stuck out in a crowd. It was nice to get some recognition, haha. Yeah, I was definitely going to come back here.

Dad and I gave our name to the hostess (yeah, a hostess at a pizza place) but we only had to wait for a few minutes.

I got the usual stares from the tables as the hostess led us to our booth in the back. To be honest, it never got old. I enjoyed seeing peoples' (especially dudes') reaction to me. Not that I got all egotistical about it. But the validation was cool. And rewarding. And, to be honest, *sexy as hell*. It was fun to make guys all hot-n-bothered. Having this hard-on while I watched, was fun.

The waiter dude took our order; I imagined that he assumed we'd need a box to take the extra food home when we were done. I knew we wouldn't. (And if you're thinking that eating that much pizza just couldn't be good for my body fat content, forget it. Suffice it to say, I have a naturally high metabolism.)

Admittedly, the waiter guy's eyes were having a hard time taking me in. The dude couldn't keep his gaze off my arms, shoulders, and chest. I just rolled with it.

But when he left after taking our order, Dad looked at me and smirked. "You really know how to torture those dudes, don't you...."

"Who, me? I wouldn't know what you're talking about," I smiled and took a sip of my water.

“Asshole,” Dad said. “But I love ya, Dildo.” He grinned. Dad had given me that nickname once we moved out together. It always got an eye-roll out of me.

“Dad, not in public. Come on.”

“You have to know that’s why I named you Dylan Douglas, man,” he smiled. “Easily shortened to such an appropriate nickname, Dildo.”

“Not sure it’s that appropriate,” I said straight-faced. “You’d be hard-pressed to find a dildo the size of my... *endowment*, as Dr. Schmidt would say.”

Dad laughed. “Yeah, that bench press estimate wasn't the only measurement of yours that got him all hot-n-bothered. I thought he was gonna *tilt* when he saw the bench numbers, but when he looked at the body measurements again and realized the computer had taken your cock measurement too, he nearly gave birth right there!”

“Birth? I thought he was spontaneously cumming!” I laughed. “But yeah, I think I’m gonna really like him.”

Dad got serious and said, “Dyl, you know I am so proud to have you as my son. I love you so much.”

“Oh, I know you do, Pops. Every night I know it.” I lifted my eyebrows three times in quick succession.

“Son, you’d better stop flirting with your old man. I’d hate to have to climb you right here in the restaurant.”

“Wouldn’t be the first time you weren’t able to control yourself around me,” I smiled back.

“Yeah, I know. And if you’ll recall, it usually doesn’t end well, does it....”  
He cleared his throat.

The waiter returned with our beers. When he left (after checking out my arms, again), I answered Dad: “But you have to admit having a three-way with the Sheriff’s Deputy who responded to the complaint of you whipping it out for me that one time was a nice benefit.”

“True.”

We bantered back and forth like we always do.

I looked forward to moving to Bend and beginning the next phase in my life with CHASMS. This was going to be good.

It was admittedly hard (pun alert!) to keep our hands off each other. Dad and I had a special relationship, one that—once Mom discovered it—meant the end of their marriage. Fortunately Dad and Mom were still on amicable terms. But she was staying in Portland, and he & I were starting a new life in Central Oregon. With the money I was bringing in (even before our CHASMS contract) we’d both committed to taking care of Mom financially for the rest of her life—even if she remarried. So we all got along nicely.

Dad and I were planning on finding (or building) a house big enough to give us the privacy we might need. The nights we spent in the same bed were more frequent than not, so we wanted a place that would facilitate whatever may come. Even though we’d have separate bedrooms, we slept together a lot. Still, Dad had insisted that we keep things open. He knew I was a young stud, with lots of needs (if you know what I mean), and he wanted to be sensitive to that. Despite our ongoing sexual relationship, I did occasionally dip my toes into the pool of available dudes. Yet this didn’t, of course, preclude the occasional (frequent?) three-way scenario Dad and I also enjoyed. In all, it was turning out to be a great life, for both of us.



“Will that be all?” the waiter was eyeing the empty table top with fascination—we’d eaten every bite of the three large pizzas. He had almost as much fascination he held when eyeing me.

“Yes, thanks,” Dad answered. “We’re ready for the bill.”

Dad left an enormous tip, as was his habit. My habit was to leave male waiters another kind of tip—if it was at all possible. Tonight, as it turned out, it was. While Dad made his way out to the car, I found the waiter—a young, gorgeous blond dude with skin tanned by the Central Oregon blazing sun—and handed him my business card.

“Thanks for the great service, man,” I said as I cornered him in the back. “When do you get off?” (I wondered if he’d possibly slipped into a private, locked employee’s restroom and *gotten off* over the six-foot-six muscle guy in booth 17, but I didn’t go there, haha.)

He looked up at me with wide eyes. “Wha—what? ...I mean... I’m sorry?” He had turned positively *petrified* when I pushed him into the corner next to an arcade machine. I’m kinda big, you see, and well, he was pretty-much trapped by my bigness. The guy was well-built too, and from the way he had looked at me all night long, I knew he *appreciated* muscular physiques.

“I was just wondering when your shift ends,” I said.

“Oh—well... oh... I mean, I’m working till closing. Um... I should be done about twel... wait... what?”

“You’ll be done...”

“Oh... about 12:30. Yeah. 12:30.”

“Cool,” I smiled. I was trying to relax him, but he was pretty wound-up. I looked down at my card in his hand. “So, I wrote down the hotel Dad and I are staying at... it’s on the back, with the room number.”

He turned it over and read it. “Oh.” He frowned and looked up at me. “Oh?”

“Why don’t you stop on by when you’re done with work. We stay up late. So... maybe you wanna stop by. I’m sure we’d all have fun.”

“Oh. Well... I’m not sure....” Then it looked like a thought had fully formed in his mind. “Wait.... That’s... that’s... your *Dad*? Really?”

I was used to that question. Some guys might take it as an insult that he and I looked close in age, but I never took it that way. I didn’t look old; Dad just looked young. It wasn’t a cut to me; it was a compliment to him: his build and good looks made him look younger, and I was totally thankful for his genes (among other things). Besides, as far as I was concerned, Dad had always been a walking boner-maker. “Yeah, it is,” I said.

“Oh... wow.” The dude cleared his throat, then returned to the subject of my invitation. “Well... I don’t know if I.... I mean... I’m not sure....”

“Oh, I think you are,” I said. “The way you kept looking at me all night—Dad too. You like buff dudes. That’s why I’m inviting you. Don’t give it another thought, man. Come on over when you get done with your shift. It’ll just be you, and us.”

He looked up at me with wide eyes, trying to comprehend all of this.

“Well, I don’t... I don’t know....” He was obviously flustered, but his lust for muscle was palpable.

I knew from experience that even if he objected right now, he'd show up. I could tell which ones would, and he was definitely in that camp.

"See you a little after 12:30," I said softly.

As I slid behind the steering wheel, Dad was reading his phone. He said, "Got an email from the lawyers. They say it's a great contract; we should sign it ASAP."

"Sweet," I said as I pressed the car's "on" button.

Dad looked at me. "We gonna have company tonight?"

"Uh huh," I smiled. "Should show up a little after 12:30." As I twisted my torso to look out the back window as I backed out of the parking spot, I added, "But we should probably be prepared for an early appearance. I wouldn't put it past him to ask his manager if he could get off early."

—SRS

**NOTE 2:** *The characters in this story are played by professional, **fictional** actors and are not intended to represent, mirror, or allude to any real people. Any similarities with actual people are unintentional, inadvisable, inadmissible, and unbelievable. Additionally, **any images that may be included herein** are taken from the Interwebs, and do not in any way infer the sexual orientation of the person depicted, nor his proclivities, desires, moral values (or lack thereof) in any way. They're just pictures of random hunks that look really, really good. Don't go concluding shit that's not concludable, okay?*

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