

# The Captain and His Privates — Chapter 7

MORE WITH MARINE SERGEANT AARON WEST

by Sean Reid Scott

musclestimulus.com

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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. 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 this story for more disclaimer stuff.



**WHEN WORD SPREAD** around base that Sergeant West was competing in the Inter-branch Military Strength, Sex, and Physique (IMSSPC) contest (*Mr. Military Muscle*), the question on everyone's mind was, *who in the world would ever have a chance against him?*

I had never in my life seen anyone as buff and ripped as Sgt. West, and I couldn't imagine anyone being even close to him in muscular development. Not to mention the fact that my sergeant was the best-looking muscle stud out there. Bar none. The man was a walking wet dream—and yes, I know that's a total cliché, but it's literally the truth. I can't think of anything that would describe him better. He's just walking' around... all in his uniform... with those muscles bulging everywhere, attaching himself to your psyche... and

well, yeah... he's made me come for sure. He's a literal walking *Wet. Dream.* I'm not ashamed to admit that Sgt. West leaves me unable to conjure up any other visual metaphors.

Deal with it. The man numbs the mind, okay?

And I'd be the first to admit that I've had at least one orgasm per day, fantasizing about him, ever since I'd been assigned to his unit. The man pushes all of my *desire* buttons—and he's created new buttons in me that only he could push! Our barrack's smelled like cum and sweat all the time, so I know I'm not the only one under Sgt. West to felt this way. And speaking of being *under* Sgt. West... holy fuck that's all I wanted in life now.

But being one of many lowly privates in Sgt. West's unit, I knew he didn't even know I existed—except when I missed a spot shining my shoes or when something was out of place with my bed or such. The man never acknowledged me, other than to give an order.

That was... until this week. And I thought I would die that he'd actually approached me. "Private First Class Morris, report to my office at 1500 hours," he'd barked as I had passed by him at mess.

*Who, me?* I was immediately scared, intimidated, worried, excited, enthralled, and most of all... *hard.* What would Sgt. West want with me? Had he seen me stealing looks at him? Unlikely that he even cared about that, since *everyone* who ever laid eyes on the man *had* to gawk and gawk. Like I said, the man's physique was mind-numbing. Bigger arms than you can believe; shoulders that basically required a "wide-load" permit wherever he went; a set of pectorals that he probably got from some planetarium model of the solar system—those things were like *planets!* And his legs... well just *fuck.* I continually had fantasies of getting my head stuck between those babies... I mean, what a way to go! He could probably crush propane tanks with 'em.



Add to all this, the man's golden-red short hair, searchlight-bright teeth that dimpled his cheeks whenever he showed them off, and his golden-tan, blemish-free skin that held *ab.so.lute.ly. no fat...* and you had my definition of a muscle-sex *god*. And truth be told, even though the sergeant was as tough as nails and someone no human would *ever* dream of crossing, he seemed to have this kind of youthful exuberance that just wouldn't stop. He was always the picture of authority with his men, but I'd seen him with a few officers and other enlisted Marines... and he was... *fun?* He joked, he teased, he slapped backs... he seemed to really love what he did... to really love life. And regardless of which superior officer he interacted with, even though Sgt. West always gave the respect his superiors deserved, he was *never* intimidated. Not by anyone.

"Sergeant West. Yes, sir! I mean, Yes, sergeant, sir!" Oh fuck, I'd just embarrassed myself to no end. You don't call a sergeant *sir*. But whenever I'm around Sgt. West, I lose it. I just fucking forget which planet I'm on. *Fuck*. I stood at attention, waiting for the reprimand... that never came. Instead... was that a chuckle? All he said was, "Very well, Private," and then he moved on. What the fuck? I totally expected to face a court-marshal or something.

So anyway, you can imagine that by the time I'd finished lunch in the mess hall and had ruminated and worried on my bed in the barracks, when 1500 hours rolled around and I found myself entering Sgt. West's office, I was a jumble of nerves. Nearly in a panic.

He was sitting at his desk. He wore his tan service uniform as usual, and it must be said that Sgt. West in uniform is worse than the best porn you could ever imagine. I mean... *better* than. Or whatever. Depends on your perspective I guess. For me, it was worse, because the man gave me an insta-boner all the time. And that's not something that's easy to hide in your Marine uniform. At that moment, when I stood at attention in front of him, my perspective was one of awe, and gut-punching lust. Not to mention fear. I felt a fever coming on. Why was it so fucking hot in here? Damn, the man did things to me that no man had a right to do. Except for Sgt. West. He had the right to do anything he wanted to me. And I'd accept it, no matter how inappropriate... no matter how lewd. In fact, the lewder the better. Lewder? Whatever.

“At ease, private,” he said, not looking up from whatever the hell paperwork he was reading. His immense, lean forearms rippled as he held the paper. Fucking fuck the man was all *meat*. His forearms were hairless, and that was new. He usually sported a light coat of golden-blond hair on his forearms. Either way, the man was so stacked and lean that I wanted to *eat. him. right. there.*

I stood at ease.

Then he looked up at me. Of course, I stared straight ahead. But out of my periph, I could see that blinging smile, and those deep-cut dimples. And my stomach fell out. I’m sure it did. I would definitely need a trip to the medic when I was done here. “Private, are you familiar with the IMSSPC?”

*Am I aware? Fuck, I only jerk off every hour on the hour, thinking of you just fucking dominating that competition next week!* “The Mr. Military Muscle competition? Yes, sergeant. Yes, I am, sergeant.”

“Good. Then you may be aware that I’ll be participating this year?”

“Yes, sergeant. I am. And may I say,” I continued to stare at the wall behind him, “you are obviously going to win it with no problem. Sir.” Oh fuck. Not again with the *sir*.

I could see him smile again. *Would someone please just shoot me? I cannot deal with how gorgeous this muscle man is.* “Be that as it may,” he said, generously ignoring my faux pas once again, “I would like to do a bit of last-minute training before next week.” He stood from his desk, looked at me, and said, “Please stand down, Morris.”

I swallowed hard, and relaxed my stance.

“I’d like you to assist me, private.”

*Oh holy hell no. Just... no. I mean, while it would be some kind of dream come true, being alone with Sgt. West, doing some kind of workout training... Oh holy hell no. There’s no way in all eternity that I could maintain my composure under those circumstances. I pictured myself blowing my load after just seeing Sgt. West take off his shirt!*

Seriously! I'd never seen the man shirtless, but *holy fuckin hell!* I'd come so many fucking times just *imagining* that, that I knew the reality would not be something I could handle. Not if I had any hope of maintaining any kind of self-respect.

“Morris?” He was looking at me with a stern glare.

“Oh, sorry, sergeant. I'm sorry. I was just... I—I was... *Sir, yes, sergeant!*” I barked. “Happy to assist, sergeant!” I reflexively returned to an *at attention* stance.

He chuckled. *The fucker actually chuckled!* “Morris. Stand down, dude. This isn't an official assignment, man.”

“I'm sorry, sergeant. I'm just... I'm sorry, sergeant.”

He smiled and stood in front of me. I found myself leaning toward him; it was like he created gravity. Warm, pulling gravity. Fuck it was hard to look the man in the eyes. Regardless of how much he was trying to make this little meeting informal, I just... couldn't. The man was frighteningly intimidating. Mostly because he was everything I wanted. Everything.

“No worries, Morris. It's Matthew, isn't it?”

Oh hell. First name? Damn this was getting *way* too friendly. This really *was* an unofficial little encounter. What the hell did that actually mean? How the hell was I supposed to behave in this situation? You just didn't get all friendly-like with a superior—regardless of whether he's an officer or your enlisted sergeant. “Yes, sergeant. Pfc. Matthew Morris... reporting for...” *Oh fuck. There I go again.*

He laughed. “Matthew.... Matt. Relax man. Are you alright?”

“I am decidedly not alright, sergeant,” I managed.

He grinned. “Care to tell me why? What's up, man?”

I gave a very slow blink. This was humiliating. The man had no idea did he. No idea what he did to guys like me. Fuck. I was toast. “Well, sergeant...”

“Matt, stop with the *sergeant* for the duration of this conversation, okay? You’re off-duty as far as I’m concerned. This is a private convo. This is not me being your sergeant now. Okay? Pizza. Think about pizza. Pretend we’re both out of uniform at some bar having drinks and pizza, okay?”

Do not suggest the imagery of *out of uniform*. “Okay. I’m... to be honest, sergeant... I mean...”

“Aaron.”

Fuck no. “Sergeant. I don’t think I can do that.”

“Okay, regarding that then, I order you. Back to regular rank stuff. I order you to call me Aaron for the duration of this conversation. Understood?”

“Understood, serg—Aa...” I dropped my eyes closed again. Oh god. “Aaron. Oh fuck. I... I mean, oh fuck... *Sir?*”

He guffawed now. “Dude, has anyone ever told you how gorgeous you are?”

*What the actual fuck?* My eyes must have bugged out of my head while I looked at him.

“That might not be appropriate on my part, but if you file a harassment complaint against me, it’ll just be your word against mine.” He smiled.

“Besides, I do know why you’re so flustered, Matt.”

I wanted to crawl into a fetal position.

“But I want *you to tell me*, okay? What’s got you all wound up like a top?”

*A top?* *The man was purposely messing with me.* “You, si—Aaron. You have me all wound up. Oh god.... I’m kind of intimidate...” I sighed loudly. Might as well let it all out. “I’m intimidated by you.”

“Thank you,” he said. And his voice was sincere. “I just wanted to hear you say it. I appreciate your honesty.”

“You knew that I’m intimidated? I mean... more than just the regular *private-to-sergeant* intimidation?”

“I had a pretty good feeling. And I’m pretty sure *intimidated* is a kind of euphemism, isn’t it.”

Yeah. *This* is where this was going. I was done for. I knew DADT had been repealed, but maybe this was Sgt. West’s way of sticking it to guys he *knew* got off on him? Damn, I was doomed. *Doomed* I tell you. “It might be, sergeant... I mean, it might be.”

He leaned his butt against his desk; his muscle body was directly in front of me. When he put his palms on the edge of the desk—at the sides of his legs—and his giant triceps threatened to tear his tan short sleeves apart, I couldn’t help but stare.

He examined my face while I copped a look at his enormous guns. “You like big arms, Matt?” He smiled at me.

Aaaaaand my gaze once again gave me away. Holy fuuuuuuuck. *Please just let me crawl out of here.* I cleared my throat. “Your physique is amazing. Obviously, that’s why you’re going to mop the floor at the IMSSPC.”

“You didn’t answer my question.”

I was getting in the habit of closing my eyes while I talked to him. “Y—yes. I guess I... do.”

“You do what?”

“I... I... like big arms, serg.” Shit.

“Mine in particular.”

Fuck. “Yes.”

“What else do you like?”

“Sergeant?”

“Aaron.”

“Aaron.”

He grinned. “Just wondering if there’s anything else on me you like looking at.”

“I—is this? I mean.... Why did you ask me to come here? Why do you want me to assist you in preparing for the contest?”

“Because you’re the best-built of all my privates. You obviously know your way around a gym,” he said. Now he folded his arms across that chest of his. And his forearms—bigger than most guys’ biceps for sure—rippled in my face.

“I... we all know our way around a gym... Aaron.” He was *so* playing with me. Knowing how to lift weights had nothing to do with this. “You’re playing with me, aren’t you.” Admittedly, he was right, though. I was the best-built guy in his unit. I was proud of my buff build. But of course, Sgt. West had ruined any hope of me getting any kind of props for my physique. No one compared to him, and although I was pretty stacked, I looked weak and pathetic in comparison to him. Although I was used to getting complimented for my muscles when I was at home, ever since I joined Sgt. West’s unit, no one ever said anything about my build.

“Perhaps,” he smiled. “Maybe I just wanted someone who would be... *enthusiastic* about this assignment.”

“Is *enthusiastic* another euphemism?”

He smiled. I would never, ever get used to his smile. “Maybe. But still, for this assignment, I just wanted someone who appreciated the hard work it takes....”



“I thought this wasn’t an actual assignment.”

“Task. Opportunity. Whatever.”

“Opportunity?” I asked. Fuck my cock was throbbing in my pants. Standing just a few feet in front of me was the best-looking, best-built man you could imagine. And he was *engaging* me. *Me!* And he was trying to be all friendly and shit.

“Yes. Opportunity. For both of us to get to know each other... outside our normal Marine roles. Just two dudes who both appreciate male physical development.”

*What the fucking hell?* Okay. To be honest, I was liking where this was going. I mean, what the fucking hell! But was it some kind of trap or something? “I... well, I have to admit a bit of trepidation. It’s hard when I’m with you... I mean, I am so shit right now....” My voice trailed off. If this was him trying to get me in trouble or whatever... maybe just find out for sure that I’m totally in lust with his body... I dunno. Whatever this was, I was truly petrified.

“Matt, I give you my word as a Marine. I am not trying to call you out on your attractions. Seriously. I’m telling you, as one gay dude to another, I want to get to know you; I want to be your *friend*. I want you to enjoy yourself around me, because I have a feeling I’m going to really enjoy myself around you.”

He’s... *g-gay?* Oh holy shit.... This was highly *not* normal. Highly unusual. Highly out of order. Sure, out of uniform we can be civil and friendly with other Marines and shit. But he and I were both decidedly very much *in* uniform right now—regardless of how Sgt. West was trying to characterize this. I sighed. “Fuck.” It was a test, actually, my saying that. If he truly was relaxing the *Sergeant vs. Private* roles here, me cursing in front of him would be the perfect opportunity to find that out.

He laughed. *He laughed!* “Matt. Good, dude. Yeah, we’re going to be friends.”

*Like an amoeba can be a friend with a god.* “Really? Why? Why me?”

“I already told you. Because I think you’re gorgeous. And I know you’re gay. And I know you like what you see when you look at me. It makes me all... tingly inside, man.” And he shivered. *He shivered! All shivery and shit!*

I make *him* tingly inside?

“It’s nice to be appreciated, Matt. And your body’s reaction to me tells me I’m appreciated.” He made an obvious glance at my crotch. “Am I right?”

“Oh, hell. This just isn’t... Are you sure? I mean, really?”

“You need some time to figure this out?”

“I might,” and somewhere inside me I found the strength to chuckle. “Yeah, I might.”

“Okay, you have fifteen seconds.” He looked at his watch and moved behind his desk. He sat down and checked his watch again. “Time’s up.”

I gave him a side-glance.

He smiled. “We good then?”

I inhaled, another big breath, and sighed, another big sigh. Then, again, I blinked very, very slowly. “Yes. Aaron. We’re good. I just don’t want to... I mean... you do have to admit it’s... *different*. Unusual.” I felt goosebumps move all over my nervous body. To think that Sgt. West and I could actually be... *friends*? “I just want you to know that I’m only relaxing under duress. I honestly don’t know the protocol here. You’re my sergeant. I’m just a private. I’m not familiar with how to ignore those roles.”

He laughed. “Relaxing under duress? How, exactly, does one do that?”

Once again, I closed my eyes in shame. “I... it’s... this is all new. It’s very different.”

“It is different. I’ll grant you that. But you’ll get used to it.”

“I seriously doubt it, sergeant.”

He chuckled. “You call me *sergeant* one more time and I’ll have you court-marshaled, Matt.”

I laughed now. How was this happening? *My god...* I mean, Sgt. West was my *god!* And he wanted to strip away all the rank stuff and be friends? And speaking of stripping.... Holy hell I was never going to recover from this.

“But I won’t have any favoritism in my unit, Matthew. This friendship takes place only when we’re alone. We’ll be working on the Mr. Military Muscle stuff. But whenever someone else is present, we will be sergeant and private again. Whenever we’re alone, though, I want us to forge a friendship, okay?”

Alone. The word hit me like a train. And I liked the feel of the impact. Fucking *dayumn*, ALONE with Aaron West. I’d need some kind of therapy for sure. My feelings for the man were not healthy. They were demented. I had an *obsession* with the man for crying out loud. This was fucking scary. I just hoped he was as sincere as he seemed.

TURNS OUT AARON WEST WAS AS SINCERE as they come when it concerned being my friend. And my life-altering obsession with the muscle god started to turn into something so much more. I couldn’t believe that he actually initiated contact with me, repeatedly! He wanted to spend time with me, and to get to know me! It was the most amazing thing I’d ever experienced. Over the course of my life, I’d had innumerable crushes and muscle-obsessions. And *none* of them ever knew I was even alive. But now... now, Aaron West. It was the most cool and awesome thing of my entire life.

We made sure to keep our friendship on the DL, of course. Favoritism was not something that went over well in the Marines. So we were never obvious about our budding friendship.

And it also turns out Aaron was definitely sincere about having my input regarding the upcoming Mr. Military Muscle contest. I'd been to a few bodybuilding competitions, outside of the military, but I'd never been to the IMSSPC. And when Aaron told me about how it's not just a bodybuilding contest—but that it includes a strength part, *and* a part that I actually couldn't believe... *sexual prowess*. I mean, I for sure thought he was lying through his teeth about that part, just to see how I'd react. Well, I reacted with utter disbelief. I told him I wasn't as gullible as he thought—that I knew there was no way in hell that the military would allow such shit.

But he insisted.

And insisted.

Finally, he showed me a *very private* video of last year's contest.

I nearly swallowed my tongue. There, on his phone, were two guys—two *majorly*-ripped muscle dudes—flexing and feeling each other out... and *both* of them had total hard-ons! They were naked! And then they kissed. And hugged... and then they started jerking each other off! I looked at Aaron and said, "This can't be real. This is just some porno film you found on the Web." And holy fuck what a porno film it was! I'd never seen *anything* this good!

He showed me the military files on each guy—complete with official pictures. Fuck, he wasn't shitting me! These two guys were in the US Armed Forces! One was in the Space Force, and the other was a Marine. Holy fucking *hell!*

Still, I shook my head in disbelief. "How... there's no way the military allows this kind of stuff," I said.

"They do," he smiled. "It's all on the down-low though. Top Secret kind of shit."

"How do they keep this stuff under wraps?" I asked.

“Threat of punishment,” he said. “And I’m not talking about anything *official* like a court-marshal or anything like that. It would be... more serious than that, if someone leaked word of this.”

I frowned.

“This part...” he held up his phone as reference, “this part takes place after the strength and bodybuilding parts. In private. Only invited guests are allowed.”

“Holy fuck,” I muttered. It was like the most unbelievably wonderful thing in the world. I’d always wondered what it would be like if they held some kind of competition where the muscle men “went at it” in ways that were... well... *unconventional* like this.

“So, next Saturday, when the contest is held, you’ll get to come to the private session after the bodybuilding part. I got you admission.”

“What? Really? I get to... wow!”

“Each competitor gets a ticket for whomever they want. You’re going to accompany me to JBLM in Tacoma. And you’re going to watch. And you’re going to watch me fucking *school* whoever tries to get me off... *and* you’ll watch while I get *him* off.”

I just shook my head, blinking. It sounded too good to be true. *So* sexual and so hot!

“Come on,” Aaron said. “It’s time I exposed you to some of what you’ll see.”

I hadn’t even seen him take his shirt off yet; we hadn’t done any working out or anything together. So... so, *this* was going to be... *amazing!*

He told me to come to his private quarters that evening at 1900 hours. What I didn’t know until later that evening is that he’d filled out the paperwork for me to be absent from roll that night. Well dang.

WHEN I ARRIVED AT HIS QUARTERS at 1900 hours, he had taken off his uniform shirt and was wearing just his tan trousers and a white T-shirt. “Hey Matt, what’s up?” His smile was mesmerizing. The muscles under that tight T were mind-numbing. I just let my jaw wag while I gaped at him. And of course, he thought that was the funniest thing ever. “Pfc. Morris, I do believe you have it bad for my muscles.”

I just slowly shook my head. My cock had been hard for hours in anticipation of spending the evening with Sgt. West... I mean, Aaron. Holy hell the man was the epitome of perfect. Over-developed, but not grossly roided-looking. Although it has to be noted, *no one* got a body like that without *help*. I mean, fuck... How he did it without ruining the look was beyond me. His small waist was so gorgeous and it just emphasized the hugeness of everything else.



“It’s Matthew, dude.” I figured I’d make sure, and confirm we both understood this was all an off-duty kind of thing.

He laughed, and I thought that maybe the world would stop spinning. “Can I get you something? Beer? Something stronger?” he asked.

I definitely needed something stronger, but I wanted to be somewhat *present* for this evening. “Beer’s fine,” I said. “Thanks.”

He disappeared into the kitchen; I studied that wide back and taut ass while he walked away.

“I know you’re looking at my ass, Matt,” he laughed.

“Only half right,” I called back.

From the kitchen he called out, “Oh, you’re a *back man* too, huh?”

“To be honest I...” should I admit this? Here goes nothing. “I... well, there’s not a body part on you that doesn’t make me weak in the knees, serg... man.”

He emerged with two beers. He placed one on the table and held the other; his biceps bulged, and his forearm muscles rippled like there were snakes under the skin while he worked to unscrew the cap. He handed it to me. I studied the bottle. It was *not* a screw-off bottle. He’d opened the bottle with just the raw strength of his grip! “Holy fuck! How’d you do that?” I gasped.

He chuckled and picked up his bottle. “Like this,” he said. With one twist, his forearms rippled again... and in seconds he had the cap off the second beer.

“Fuck!” I repeated.

“It’s all about strength, Matt. I’m pretty sure I have the strength and the muscle/bodybuilding part of the competition locked down,” he smiled and took a swig.

“You think?” I said.

“And to be honest, I’m pretty sure I have the sex discipline part down too.”

He motioned for us to go into his living room, where we sat on his couch.

“But that’s one of the real reasons I’ve asked for your help. I want to spend the next few nights making sure I can hold off, no matter what kind of sexual torment you throw my way.”

Sitting there, next to his muscle body, hearing him talk *like that*... made my already uncomfortably hard cock stiffen even more in my pants. The thing felt like it would crack. “Oh?” I managed to choke. “Um... so how will that... that work?”

He smiled and drank down about half of his beer. “Actually, I think we should just let it happen... *organically*. Just let you do what you want, and see what you can do.” He looked at me square in the eyes. “Sound good?”

I nodded. What was he hoping I was going to do? I mean... the video he showed me was *explicit*. *Beyond-belief* explicit. And after he showed me that first video, he’d sent me a few others, of other competitions, and holy hell... the guys actually had anal! I mean, it was better than any porn you’d ever want to see, actually. And he was thinking I was going to... that he and I would... I just couldn’t believe it.

When he’d downed all his beer, he put his bottle on his coffee table. He scooted close to me—right next to me on the couch. Our legs touched, and as I looked down at them, my legs looked like two twigs sitting next to two phone poles! And I was definitely not the kind of guy to skip leg day!

My heart rate was off-the-scales. He obviously sensed my trepidation. “You okay man?”

“Definitely not.”

He laughed. “But you’re gonna *be* okay, right?”

“Time will tell,” I said.

“Well, there’s no time like the present, Matthew.” With that, he leaned into me and kissed my temple. Then my cheek. Then he whispered, “Damn, Matt, I am so hard right now. I’ve been thinking of you... and me... together... all afternoon.”

*Holy, holy fuck*. I looked at his crotch, and... fuck. Yeah, it looked like he had a baseball bat in there. Shit, the man was huge *everywhere*.

He cupped my face in one hand, and turned me to his face. His swollen, red lips brushed against mine. He played with me like this for a bit, then finally invaded my mouth with his tongue while he gently kissed, and kissed, and *fucking kissed me*. I kissed back, throwing all caution to the wind. This was me, kissing Aaron West. On his couch in his living room. And how the hell did a



sergeant get his own quarters, like this? Not that I was even *thinking* of that right then. All I could do was kiss him back, and let one hand move over his big, hard shoulder as I did it. My cock was *sca-reeeeeaming*.

We must have made out like that for I don't know how long. Then he softly whispered in my ear, "I want you to make me come—to *try* to make me come, while I resist."

I swallowed. He resumed kissing me, inventorying my mouth with his tongue. And fuck, I started coming. In my pants. Without even touching myself at all. No feeling, no fondling me, certainly no rubbing. Just sitting next to Sgt.... Aaron, and kissing him. He made me come just by kissing me. I was embarrassed beyond belief. And yet I kinda thought he would like that.

Apparently, he realized what was happening, because he pulled back a bit and looked at me with big eyes. "You're coming? Seriously? Already?" His smile almost melted away my embarrassment. Almost. Still, he was *amused* with me. Fucking hell... the fact that the man even knew I existed still hadn't made itself at home in my brain. How much more could I take? The man not only knew I existed, he thought I was good looking! And he kissed me! And he chuckled at my lack of self control! This must be what Heaven is like. Spending alone-time with god Himself... and having the ability to make him *laugh! And hard!*

Of course I couldn't answer him. Basically, I just couldn't. And really, I didn't need to. It was pretty apparent what I felt about the man.

He pressed on my pulsing, ejaculating cock through my pants. And I thought I was going to die. His grip on my shaft increased, and he "helped" me finish off by giving me resistance. Basically, the last half of my orgasm was Sgt. West jacking me off in my pants. I was seeing stars.

"Nice, Matt," he said. He left his hand on my crotch. "Good thing you're not in the competition, dude," he chuckled.

"No doubt," I said. My face was *hot*. I knew it was redder than a fire truck. I was breathing so hard.... Between gasps, I said, "There's no way I could hold off, not with you in the contest."

“Obviously,” he chuckled, squeezing my erection one more time. “But fuck, it’s hot to see you do that. I mean, to be honest, knowing I was able to make you do that—without even touching you there—you’re such a turn-on. I’m pretty sure you’re going to be torturing me to hold back tonight.”

“Fuuuuuuck,” I said. I looked down at my crotch. “I should... go and clean up....”

“No. Don’t. I want to see if I can get you to do it again. So fucking hot, Matthew. By the end of the night, I want to see just how much jizz you shoot... for me.”

Shit. Talk about even more humiliation. But truth be told, I’d do anything to spend time like this with this man. I sighed. It started to sink in that I was here for a purpose—to try to get Aaron off. To make him come... even as he had just done to me. That seemed like an impossible task, given the self-control the dude seemed to have. But my purpose here was to try and do just that. And damn if I wasn’t going to give it my best shot, you know? I leaned into him.

“Damn, yeah,” he said. We kissed some more, and hell I found my hands moving all over his T-shirt-clad upper body. Dizzying. The man had so much muscle that he gave me vertigo. Or whatever. It was disorienting. I know my hand was trembling, but I couldn’t help it. I touched his small waist... his abdominals. You could actually feel the individual mounds through his shirt. While we continued to kiss, I slipped my hand around his waist, and then I moved it upwards. I was scared out of my mind at what I was about to do, but my cock was doing the thinking now. I moved my fingers up and began to touch the cantilevered overhang of his chest as it hung out over his small lower torso. Holy *fuuuuuuuck!* I couldn’t believe I was *doing* this! I couldn’t believe what I was *feeling!* I couldn’t believe he was *letting* me feel out his pecs! Any bodybuilder—amateur or pro—would *die* to have a body like his, and *I* was here, being intimate with him! While our tongues fell over and over each others’, I moved my hand over so that my fingertips felt out a protruding nipple.

He moaned into my mouth at that. Nice. Apparently I'd found something. Something that Aaron liked. Something that made him... weak? Heck-fire I was gonna remember that.

I moved my hand higher, and soon I was feeling out the enormous shelf of his chest. It was so hard and... huge. I groaned into his mouth. He seemed to like that I was enjoying this. I kept moving my hand over and around his pecs, and I swear I wasn't sure what was real anymore. Back and forth. At one point, Aaron rolled his pecs for my hand on top of the fabric... slowly... seductively.

And fuck. I'd just come... not three minutes earlier... and guess what. Fucking fuck. I could feel the warm jizz filling my pants once again. This time it wasn't as *jerky*. It was more of a steady stream, and hell... where was all of this fluid coming from?! I was *filling* my pants. We kept kissing; he kept flexing and dancing his pecs under the very-tight T; I kept enjoying the sensation of having my hand move over his chest like a fishing boat moves over the waves of the ocean.

And my pants were now filled with *two* orgasms-worth of my semen.

"Aaron two, Matt zero," he chuckled when he broke the kiss. His bright-teeth grin told how pleased he was... and not only because he found it hot, but because he was so fucking competitive. I knew he loved the power he held.

Yeah, apparently he had sensed my second one. While I wanted to crawl into a hole, even more I wanted to crawl into bed with this physique and cuddle and kiss until the moon crashed into the earth. That's a thing, isn't it? Regardless, I know this is totally off-the-wall here, but shit... I was now officially madly in love with Aaron West. *Danger Will Robinson!*

Of course the fucker *still* wouldn't let me clean up though.

"You're a fucking damn good kisser, man," he said as his blue-green eyes pierced my soul.

"Shit. You make me want to kiss every inch of your body, man."

His face lit up then he relaxed it. “Well, what’s stopping you?”

*Dayum.*

He took my hand and slipped it under his shirt. Again, the definition of his abs was just *insane*. Instinctively, I moved my hand higher. He was warm. And so fucking hard.

“Maybe I should have had you take a break though,” he said softly between a new barrage of tender kisses on my cheeks, jaw, and neck. “You’re probably gonna come again, now that your hand is under my shirt.”

“Uh-huh...” I acknowledged. “And it’s all your fault.”

“I’ll take the blame,” he chuckled.

“Well fortunately,” I said between kissing him back, “I’m not the one in the competition. So I can come all night long, man.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

“Mmmm-hmm,” I agreed.

I took his nipple between my thumb and fingertip; he moaned again, and... he actually shuddered.

“Oooooohhh,” I said softly. “Big, strong Sergeant Muscles has a thing for having his nips teased?”

“Fuuuuuck, Matt. Your touch is so hot.”

“Hmmm.... Well, we obviously have found an area of interest. Might have to make sure you’re able to withstand someone tweaking your titties, big muscle man.”

“Oh, fuck. Yeah, you found... a weak... spot, dude.”

Suddenly the image of some big muscle guy feeling out Aaron's muscles filled my mind. And while that image definitely made my sopping-wet cock jump and tighten, I actually got a sick feeling in my stomach. I didn't really want someone else to know Aaron's body like that. Fuck, I hadn't even seen the guy naked yet, and I was becoming possessive? Shit. That sounded... serious. Seriously dangerous.

Aaron slipped his fingertips inside my pants. I could feel him dancing around in there, feeling my pubes, scooping up some of my come... He brushed against my rock-hard cock too. "Fuck, Aaron. Unless you want to totally dehydrate me even before we get your shirt off, you're gonna wanna *not* touch my cock like that."

"Hmmm... little Pfc. Muscles has a weakness too?" he chuckled. And all during this time, we kept tenderly kissing each other. And I moved my hand under his shirt to feel his massive, hard, warm pectoral. Shit, the cleavage! His shaved chest was insanely full of big, hard, mounded muscle! *Goddamn!* I couldn't believe this! This was more than every single wet dream I'd ever had! And he'd called me Pfc. Muscles. Well, thanks for that, man. But even though I took pride in my body, pawing all over this muscle god I knew his statement was basically laughable. Not only was I not in this guy's league, I wasn't even in his *universe!*

We continued like this for a while longer. At some point I found myself totally on top of him, spread out the length of his couch. Obviously the man was a total Alpha, but he seemed to like letting me climb him. And lay on top of him. His erection in his trousers was... like everything else about him... *enormous*. I pushed mine into his, and we both canted our hips, frothing and groaning against each other. And we for *fucking* sure both loved kissing and cuddling. Damn, this was so hot. "I want to take off your shirt. Fuck, I want to feel all your muscles against me," I said while I lay totally on top of him.

"You don't hear me arguing with that idea."

Alrighty then. Even though I was on top of him, I started to tug on his shirt, trying to get it up. He let me. When I finally got it up, and he partially sat up and pulled it all the way up, over his head, I just couldn't believe it.

"Hooooooly... shit Aaron! You're beyond...." Here I was on top of this

perfect specimen of bodybuilding perfection... *Perfection...* The man had no flaws. And his muscles were more ripped, gargantuan, gorgeous, and lean than anything I'd ever, *ever* seen. And *definitely* more than I'd ever *felt!*

He leaned back, totally horizontal on the couch, and I lay back on top of him, gently kissing him. You'd think that I'd have exhausted my store of seminal fluid. But you'd be wrong. I'm laying on top of the most perfect muscle god in the universe, and once again, I'm filling my pants. Just astounding, the effect he has on me.

"Shit, Matt. Where's your self control man?" he chuckled as my third orgasm within the past half hour rolled through me.

"Don't... fuuuu..." I groaned between jerks into my sopping underwear. "I... Shiiiiit...."

He wrapped his tremendous arms around me tightly while I came and came over him. It would have been mortifying if it hadn't been the hottest thing I'd ever experienced in my life. When I finished, I dropped my head onto his shoulder and panted. His chest rose and fell under mine.

It wasn't even 20:00 hours, and I was exhausted.

"You're thinking pretty loudly," he said.

"Oh? So what were you hearing then?"

"You're wondering how you're going to last all night."

"All night? Well, I hadn't even considered *all night*," I said. "But yeah, I was totally wondering how long I can last with you before they need to cart me off to the medic."

His body resonated under me with his laugh. "Don't worry. I'll take care of you. I have plenty of water, man. And yes, you are staying here all night."

I jerked my head up.

“Yep. Paperwork’s all turned in.”

“But... sergeant. What about the favoritism thing?”

“Stand down, private,” he chuckled. “Where you are tonight is on a need-to-know basis. And no one else needs to know. Besides, this has all been approved by Colonel Nelson; he told me I could do whatever is necessary in order to win.”

Apparently I was necessary. I rested my head on him again, relishing in the warmth of his muscles. His body was a heat factory... hard yet so fucking gorgeous and inviting. I sighed.

“Take another minute, Matt. Then we’ll get up and get some water. We can head into my bedroom then. We have some more work to do to make sure you test me to my full sexual limit.”

“Shit, yeah.”

— SRS

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