

# The Captain and his Privates— Chapter 17

## STRENGTH 2

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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.



**S** EAN SAT SILENTLY ON A BENCH across from David in the weights/warm-up area. The room was empty, save for the captain and his private.

Sean had waited for an eternity before leaving the back-stage area and joining Cap. And even now, having joined David, he still had no comforting words to say. No words at all. So he just sat in silence, waiting for David to speak first.

David sat on the bench, head down, elbows on knees, fingers steepled. Contemplating. Evaluating.

Sean was still reeling from the defeat. He felt like just giving up... on

so many levels. But of course that wasn't an option. David *needed* him. But what Sean could do to help, he had no idea. Regardless, he realized that the next hour or so would require him to call upon an inner strength that he just didn't know if he had. He felt like he had nothing to give. And in truth, whatever action would occur now would have to come from Cap. That was true. Yet if Sean could do *anything* to help, he would. He would have to.

Finally, David lifted his head and looked squarely at Sean. "So... thoughts?"

Fuck. How was he supposed to respond? The hell should he say? He pursed his lips. One unexpected word came out: "Fuck."

David smiled, then chuckled. "I'd have to agree with that sentiment."

"Fuck, David. You..." Sean had no idea what he was going to say. He'd kinda hoped the words would just form themselves, absent actual instructions from his brain. But no words would come.

"Well, it's pretty disappointing," David said.



Since when did Cap become a master at understatement?

"But..." David stood and walked toward Sean. Holy fuck in outer space, the man was muscular *perfection*. As David approached, Sean's cock jumped at the sight.

But fuck! This was *not* the time to get excited!

David sat down right next to Sean. Heat emanated from the muscle god. He squeezed Sean's knee.

Shit. This was all kinds of backwards. Sean should be comforting *David*, not the other way around. This man was confounding. Where did he get all this inner strength?

“Don’t worry, Sean. I’m not hearing any fat lady sing just yet.”

The cutsie humor was just too much. How could David be so *together*?

“We have two more events” Cap continued. “And you *know* that squats are my favorite, right?”

Sean nodded. It was true. David’s legs were like nothing he’d ever seen on *any* man. Even that West guy must have been impressed with Cap’s wheels (despite having some legs of his own that looked overwhelming). And the amount of weight David squatted was *insane*. Maybe this defeat could be righted. It truly wasn’t over yet. Right? Plus, the last event, the ab rack thing... Cap was also fucking mind-numbing where his abdominals were concerned. It was still conceivable—*quite possible*, actually—that David could win the Strength competition. It was!

Sean tried to comfort himself with those thoughts.

AFTER A BREAK TO ALLOW ALL the contestants to recuperate and prepare for the squat competition, the program resumed on stage. David had done a few warm-up squats in the weight room, and the rest of the competitors joined in to warm up as well. Then, everyone moved back to the back-stage area of the hangar, where each contestant would, as before, have a pristine view of the man on stage.

Sean and David watched, along with the others, while Cartwright walked out and positioned himself to do the first squat of the evening.

The specifications of a “raw” lift required that the lifter wear no squat suit—only a belt and knee sleeves were allowed. The competitors did their squats shirtless, but the weight belt did hide much of the deliciousness of the bare upper torsos. Still, the amount of bare, struggling, grunting, groaning, yelling, trembling muscle was... *stimulating*, for sure.

The best part of the whole squatting event was seeing guys ride on the shoulders of the squatter. Oh fucking hell it was cool. And hot at the same time! Of course, the audience preferred the heaviest guys to ride the shoulders... Cap, West, and Proctor. But the show-runners only allowed those three to sit once during the lighter-guys’ squats. They had seemed to indicate that the top three guys would be sitting on top of each other for their own squats. Who would sit on whom remained a well-kept secret until the final three guys took the stage.

Not surprisingly, a world record was set, and it was broken—all before the members of the Muscle Trifecta (as they had become known) even took the stage. No one squatted more than 1,100 pounds until it was time for Kevin Proctor.

When the SEAL *did* take the stage, he had a commanding presence that could not be denied. Proctor hadn’t benched as much as either Cap or West, and Sean was confident that he wouldn’t present much of a challenge. Many guys were already writing Proctor off as any kind of threat to Cap and West.

Yet Proctor’s gait as he took the stage was confident and steady. He had instructed the weight to be set at 1,095 pounds, and when that

amount flashed onto the screen, everyone cheered at what would be a new world record, if he was successful.

The man chosen to account for 288.3 pounds of that 1,095 weight was none other than Marine Sergeant West. The crowd roared their approval when he came out from the curtain at stage right. He wore his trademark green thong—trademark for when he actually *did* wear anything, and apparently this event was totally *sans nudity*, if you know what I mean. All the men who squatted wore posers; all the men who rode shoulders wore posers. There'd be time for nudity later.

As the other men had done, Proctor stood still in the squat rack while West climbed a few steps that had been added to the structure. The Marine climbed onto Proctor and sat on top of the already weight-laden bar that was positioned across the SEAL's mighty shoulders. The bar was specially padded so as to deal with the unique distribution of the weight: both metal and man. The shoulder-dweller (West, in this case) had access to fixed vertical poles to steady himself if needed. These poles were rigged with sensors that could detect if the sitter was attempting to push on them in order to add weight—a definite no no.

Kevin winced under the weight when West sat down. Spotters on each side of the Black Stallion made sure everything was copasetic, then gave the signal to a judge, who gave a signal to Proctor. The Colossus of a man stepped forward, struggling to stay upright and not sway too much.

West smiled comfortably, sitting still, like a good boy, while the SEAL did his squat. Proctor took in some heavy breaths, then bent... slowly. Lower and lower, he bent his prodigious legs. They vibrated with powerful striations as man struggled against weight. He got to the

bottom of the squat, and a close-watching judge lifted his hand to signal that adequate depth had been met.

Proctor started pushing and pushing, panting with his efforts. The bar on his shoulders—and the Marine on top of that—moved upward... slowly. Proctor panted harder. He was genuinely struggling. But his progress upward didn't falter. He moved upward more. Fuck it was stimulating to watch. Sean had seen David do this time and time again, and it never got old... never was *anything* other than boner-inducing. And watching other muscle dudes did the same thing to the private.

Proctor pushed up more. His legs trembled with incomprehensible striations and veins as he straightened them, lifting unimaginable weight—weight that had never been squatted in a sanctioned competition before; he racked the bar. The crowd blasted their praise at the new world record.

West stepped off Proctor's shoulders and Proctor stepped out from under the bar. He acknowledged the crowd's enthusiastic cheers.

But the Navy man wasn't done. His second lift, at 1097 was successful as well.

His third attempt was executed with not a little struggle. He yelled and fought against the weight, his entire body writhing with his effort. He did end up succeeding, setting a new WR of 1,100 pounds, raw.

Before he left the stage he took off his belt and stepped to the edge; his glistening dark skin was showered with worshipful semen from his adoring fans. Yeah... even though the competitors wore posing trunks, that fact didn't stop the military dudes in the audience from jacking off. By now, no one even batted an eye at the open, brazen

expression of sexual excitement over these gods. What would be regarded as lewd behavior at any other venue was totally accepted as a normal response to witnessing all this powerful virility.

Sean stood offstage; Captain McAllister had taken a folding chair next to him, resting and psyching himself before his squat. Now, though, after a brief break, Marine Sgt. West took the stage and lapped up the excited screams and praise from the men while the spotter guys adjusted the weights on the bar for him. West had stolen the Strength lead out from under what everyone was sure would be the favorite, McAllister.

Yet Proctor's new record had given him more cred. This contest was *far* from over. So understandably, the crowd of military men was ecstatic over the proceedings.

West had strutted out onto stage with nothing on but a smile and a boner. So much for adhering to previously-set standards of decorum. He carried a belt with him that he'd apparently put on before his lift. But he took the opportunity to show off his naked muscles—and everyone was appreciating that. He walked back and forth at the front of the stage, waving and flexing while the men jacked off to his magnificence.

The PA blared: "Sergeant West's shoulder weight will be... Army Captain David..." before the announcer MC guy even finished saying Cap's name, the crowd screamed and yelled with blistering enthusiasm. Yes. This is what they wanted to see. Cap on top of the Sarge's shoulders. *Fuck. Shit.* This was going to be epic.

Next to Sean, Cap stood up, and having already noticed that West was baring all, he pushed down his posers. He kept his legs straight, bending his body in half, facing away from Sean, giving the private a prime view of his glorious, hard ass, bright red hole, and stupendous

hamstrings. Sean had to put his hand on his heart while he watched. David stood back up tall, gave Sean a knowing wink, and marched out onto the stage. He was not erect.

The crowd loved seeing their two favorite muscle men together again. Naked.

David shook Aaron's hand, and Aaron even went one step further, giving Cap a nice hug.

Finally it was time for West to do his squat. He synched his belt around his waist, and his boner softened into a semi. It was time to concentrate. He'd been as confident as ever—smiling widely, winking at friends, waving, and strutting. But now his confidence manifested itself into determined concentration.

West dipped under the bar that was laden with 1,120 pounds minus Cap's weight—a mind-blowing amount of weight considering that the world record had just been set minutes earlier, by Proctor, at 1,100 pounds. West's mighty, bulging trapezius muscles didn't seem to dent at all when he stood up. Cap swung his giant legs around West's head and sat on his shoulders.

The men in the hangar/auditorium were cheering loudly. But as Aaron prepared to do his squat, the room went silent in anticipation. West took a step forward—wobbling slightly, forced to catch himself and reposition his feet, under the insane amount of weight He paused. Holding steady, he took a few deep breaths, psyched himself with a loud grunt, and then slowly sank down. When the judge lifted his hand—signaling a valid depth of squat—Aaron West flexed his legs, yelled loudly, and began to rise. And rise. As he neared the top of his squat the hushed audience began to cheer him on.

Louder.



Higher.

Stronger.

With a final holler, West stood all the way up and racked the bar. The room erupted.

Sean cast a quick look at David, who glanced back at him. The captain acknowledged the look and gave a pursed-lip smile. *No worries*, his eyes said to Sean. Cap stepped off West's shoulders, and applauded politely.

West rested a moment while the men increased the weight for his next lift; he'd attempt 1,124 pounds. Fuck, he'd *already* shattered Proctor's just-set world record of 1,100 pounds! And he wanted to do it again! When he stepped forward with all the weight—including Cap—resting on his shoulders, it became readily apparent that this was going to tax the muscle man to his limit. His face quickly showed the strain. David sat very still on Aaron's shoulders, and Sean could see he was making every effort to not interrupt the goings-on. If the shoulder-rider interfered in any way... by pushing down on the vertical supports he used for balance... or by "rocking the boat" in any way, it could mean disqualification from the whole squatting event. And that was definitely *not* an option.

West struggled on his descent. But it was nothing compared to the return trip up. His mighty, flexing, insane-looking legs bulged and quivered. His *entire body* quivered. He fought the weight, visibly grappling against what no human had ever achieved. He yelled. Then screamed. He quavered. He stopped. He screamed and pushed himself up another inch. But it was not to be. As he faltered under the unimaginable forces pushing him down, the spotters moved in, grabbing the mass of the weights on the bars.

As all the sitters had been instructed to do on an unsuccessful squat, as soon as the spotters moved in, David grasped his supports and lifted himself off Aaron's shoulders. This action resulted in Cap doing an impromptu pull-up, albeit with vertical poles, not a chin-up bar. Regardless, the sight was stimulating beyond belief. Cap and definitely gotten hard riding Aaron like this, and as he hoisted himself, his mighty, huge, arms splayed to his sides, holding his weight in mid-air, his erection pointed up, dripping with the desire he'd fostered while watching his opponent struggle.

The crowd cheered loudly; it wasn't obvious if they were trying to be polite for West, or if they were newly getting-off to the sight of Cap's exertion.

West's third squat of 1,122 pounds was also unsuccessful; the judge never signaled that he'd squatted deep enough, so the lift was not recorded.

Both Sean and David could see the disappointment on West's face as he and his man Matthew hugged and then got ready to watch McAllister. Yet there were back-slaps from others on Aaron's mighty, wide back and shoulders... he had indeed squatted the most so far, in spite of missing his second two attempts. He was now the one to beat. All that was left was Captain David McAllister.

Who now took the stage—buck naked, as West had done. Yet Cap didn't prance or preen for the men. He had lost his erection. He was in the *zone*. He stood in front of the rack and donned his belt, fastening it tightly. The man's muscles were so perfect—so big, so defined... enough that he looked better than any man Sean had ever seen. Despite the tension and pressure in the air for Cap to do a good lift, Sean ached with desire for the man who possessed that body.

Of course, Cap's shoulder-man would be West. It was expected. Once again the two men hugged graciously, even seeming to kind of be... friends. It was hot in its own way, to see these two muscle gods like that.

David ducked under the bar, grasped it firmly—making his enormous arms bulge with power—and took a few deep breaths before West swung a might leg and sat down on Cap's shoulders. Like most competitors before him, Cap swayed under the weight as he stepped forward. There were 1,140 pounds of man and metal resting on his broad shoulders.

Yes, 1,140. When the amount flashed on the screen, the men couldn't believe it. Twenty more pounds than West? And West couldn't even squat 1,122? Those men who weren't screaming themselves hoarse were standing at the edge of the stage, unzipping themselves (again!)—some hadn't even zipped up after coming to Sgt. West, and were now fully-erect again, waiting to ejaculate for—and all over—the captain! You couldn't ever say that the US military had a problem with sexual prowess!

David stepped forward some more, but now the bar barely tilted. His tremendous legs flexed with the step, rippling with stunning, staggering striations. The man's legs were Herculean—stupendous and obviously strong. He stood there, taking his time, breathing hard. Finally, he bent his knees and began to move toward the stage floor. Everyone watched in silence—well, silence except for the sloshing sound of wet cocks being stroked with vigor just below the front of the stage.

Sean couldn't help but be distracted by the masturbators. He relished in the fact that all those men were getting off on his man—yet none of them would be able to get as close to him as he would. He was so

fucking turned on, while at the same time proud, and also... *nervous* over what David was attempting to do.

West sat entirely still, not wanting to be disqualified from his lift. He was intent, yet stone-faced.

Cap received the judge's approval—the squat was good—and began to move up. He struggled. *Fuck*.

Sean glanced over at West's private—Matthew. The guy pursed his lips as he returned the glance.

But Cap was working hard, for *sure*. Despite the momentary struggle, Cap pressed harder. And harder. His body quavered and trembled. He yelled. His effort was *obviously* monumental. He pushed. He grunted and yelled again. The room reverberated with his yell. His entire body undulated with unbelievable striations and insane vascularity. Finally, he pushed more... he straightened his epic legs even as they threatened to undo him. He finally pushed the last few inches; he finished his squat, racking the bar. The room went *nuclear*. It erupted with yells and screams. Semen roped up from the pit of the audience seating area, onto the stage.

Sean jumped with delight while Aaron slid off Cap, and Cap strode to the stage to receive his worship offering.

David had *blown* West's squat out of the water. And he wasn't done. His second squat attempt was going to be 1,144. Everyone was scratching their heads. Even West seemed to not believe what he was seeing. And when David's entire body vibrated with the struggling effort to lift the weight, even West became hard again, sitting on Cap's strong, hard shoulders. Who could blame him? Sean was hard; pretty-much every man in the audience was hard; likely all the judges were

hard. So yeah, David's quivering, trembling struggle against insurmountable weight was the hottest thing anyone could imagine.

The bar moved higher. Cap yelled. Sweat poured off his muscle body. His legs trembled, vibrating with striations that rippled and waved in their effort to do the impossible. David's legs straightened and he racked the bar. He crouched down to the floor.

Before Sean ran out to tend to his man, he spotted West applauding Cap's accomplishment. It truly was an heroic feat, and Sean appreciated the classiness that West was showing.

Sean got to crouching David and put his hand on a shoulder. "Cap, you were fantastic!" He tried to not sound *too* excited; Cap was exhausted from the lift, obviously. Still, his hand on the lumpy back and shoulder muscle was distracting. He was touching the man who had just shattered the world record raw squat. *Shattered it!*

David finally lifted his head and took some water from Seanny. He looked almost... *pale*.

"You okay, Cap?" Sean asked, concerned.

"Yeah," David panted. "Just need a minute."

"Fuck, I don't see how you did that, David. Just amazing!"

The stage screen showed a close-up of Cap and Sean talking, but there was no audio.

"I'm done," Cap finally said, still panting. "That's it for now."

Sean stood up and whispered to one of the spotters, who spoke into a headset mic. In a second, the MC judge on the auditorium floor announced “Captain McAllister has elected to forego his last squat.”

The audience cheered loudly. The man had already shown who was the squat king, and since he was the very last competitor, there was really no need to do another attempt. Sean knew it made a lot of sense. There was one more strength competition to complete that day. That Cap had decided to conserve his strength was a wise move.

Cap had redeemed himself from his bench press defeat. Because of the insane weight difference between himself and West in the squat, he’d racked up a *lot* of points against the Marine—enough to take the Strength lead. *If* his prowess held out during the abdominal competition—if he did well there—he could snatch the lead from West, despite having lost the bench. His victory in the Bodybuilding events would go a long way in helping his score.

THE BREAK BETWEEN THE SQUAT AND the next event wasn’t that long. Since there were nine competitors, the rest-time allotted to each man ended up substantial anyway. By the time they’d get back to the top three—Proctor, West, and McAllister—nearly two hours would elapse. Plenty of time to rest up.

The curtains had been closed to swap out equipment from squat to the “unconventional” last Strength event. When they parted again, a big, tall “rack” kind of thing filled the stage. “Our last *strength* event will be Arm Curls,” the MC major dude announced. *But what was this big contraption for?* The crowd didn’t really know what to think. Mumbles and murmurs filled the room.

“You all have many questions, and rightfully so,” the major continued. “What you’re looking at is the IMSSPC version of an arm curl machine.” He cleared his throat while the audience muttered some more. “But for this version of the arm curl, we’re enlisting the help of some guys who will act as the contestant’s weight.”

At that, a line of men marched out from the side of the stage. They were the attendants of the competitors! All of them were pretty buff and built—likely the result of hanging around their muscle men all the time—but they were certainly not IMSSPC competitor level.

The MC continued: “All of these men weigh less than 200 pounds—all except Navy SEAL Jerry Jones—aka JJ. He will not be used for this event.” JJ strutted off the stage, smirking a bit at the fact that he weighed at least 30 pounds more than the heaviest of the other guys. Yeah, he was buff for sure. The major continued: “The remaining attendants will all be wearing ankle and belt weights so that each man weighs exactly 200 pounds. To ensure the weights are correct, each man will now be weighed, again, to verify—in front of everyone—that the combined total of their weight and the added weights equal 200 pounds.”

It took a few minutes to weigh the eight men. When that task was done, the major finished explaining. The competitors would each choose one of the weighted (200 pound) men to act as their curling weight. One caveat: they wouldn’t be allowed to choose their *own* guy. They’d have to choose a man who assisted one of their competitors.

Each muscle man would then take his turn, starting with Cartwright; he’d assume his position at the top of the big rack on the stage; he’d drape his arms over the padded, angled plate. His chosen man would stand on a grate below the angled plate, raise his arms and grab the competitor’s hands. The grate on which he had been standing would

drop on a hinge so that the guy's feet could not touch. (Once the competitor was done with his set, it would only be a three foot or so fall to the stage floor.) The contestant would then begin performing biceps curls, lifting and lowering the suspended man—the man being held up by the strength of the two men's grips.

One minor detail too: The weighted men would be shirtless, and they'd wear special camouflage pants—not standard issue. Instead, these fatigues were made of very, *very* thin fabric.

Now that it was clear how this was going to play out, the men in the audience started to get louder. Clearly, they were on board with this. Using other competitors' guys to act as weight was a really nice touch.

Obviously, curling 200 pounds is not something your average dude does. But also obviously, the guys in the Mr. Military Muscle competition were decidedly *not* average.

Even Cartwright, the smallest dude in the contest, was able to push out 17 reps. And the reps only increased with the subsequent competitors.

SEAN SAT IN THE SEMI-CIRCLE OF CHAIRS they'd provided for the weighted guys, just off the stage. A big TV had been set up so they could watch what was being projected to the audience. The arm curl event had been nothing if not stimulating—to *all* of the attendant guys there.

There had been a few favorite guys to use; nothing said a guy couldn't be used more than once. And admittedly, just hanging on to the



muscle man's hands while he lifted you up and down... it wasn't a challenge at all. And actually, Sean himself had been used more than any other guy. Apparently, the competitors kinda got a kick out of using McAllister's dude as their weight.

Thing was... when the first muscle dude, Cartwright, started his set, he'd held a few reps at the top, pouted his lips, and kissed his weighted guy.

Obviously, the camera showed a close-up, and the crowd loved it.

Everyone had followed Cartwright's lead, and it wasn't difficult to figure out why the arm curl was set up this way. It was a definite crowd-pleaser; seeing a muscle man lift—and passionately kiss—a competitor's dude like that... it was beyond hot!

Sean had realized quite quickly why they'd all been issued these very thin pants—and required that no underwear be worn with them: So the cameras could zoom in and get a close-up, to see if the weighted guy was getting excited. And, in the case of one of the dudes, to watch as he came in them while being curled. Yeah, one of the attendant guys did actually orgasm while he'd been lifted, and kissed, by the Space Force's Mannix.

By the time Proctor was done with his attempt, a new high score of an unbelievable 31 reps had been set. Sean had been used twice, just like West's dude, Matthew Morris. There was one other guy, the Air Force's Ramirez's guy—Geoff Troutman—who had also been used twice. And Sean saw why he'd been used. The AF captain was fucking gorgeous, and really well-built.

Sean greeted Troutman, whom Proctor had used, when he returned to his chair in the semi-circle.

“Next, we have Sgt. Aaron West,” the MC announced from the stage. “West has chosen Private Sean Scott as his weight.” The audience roared their approval. Of course this wasn’t a surprise. West wanted to do sexy things to Sean as a way to get into Cap’s head. As well, the man Cap would choose would undoubtedly be West’s guy Morris—for the very same reason. (Even though Cap would be the final man in the arm curl, the mind-fucking would definitely hold over to tomorrow’s Sex events, no?)

Sean got up from his chair and walked out onto stage, where a nearly-naked Aaron West joined him. (The judges had decided to require everyone to wear posers—thongs—for this event, so that tomorrow’s Sex contests would be even more anticipated as an all-nude competition.)

Aaron was fucking enormous. Just as tall as Cap, and every bit as gorgeous and ripped, the blond-redhead smiled down and shook Sean’s hand. Fuck, he was strong. And amazingly-defined. Sean hadn’t actually ever been this close to him—especially so close while the muscle god was barely clothed. West’s thick, pulsing forearm rippled with fucking insane striations. And his upper-arm... this man was something entirely *other* than David McAllister. Sean had it wonderfully-bad for David, but this Aaron guy was... *really confusing* to Sean’s libido.

Aaron moved up into the arm curl contraption; Sean took position on the grate—again. He lifted his hands; West lowered his over the padded support thing. They both had a dusting of chalk on their hands. Sean looked up into West’s face. Fuck, those beautiful, sparkling blue-green eyes! A face any model would *kill* to have. And a muscle body every bit as amazing as his own David’s physique. He’d need to grip hard, because Sgt. West definitely had a *way* with scrambling Sean’s mind. He’d need to concentrate.

And he thought he was concentrating pretty damn well, too.... That is, until West lifted him in his first curl... up... all the way up... right to the point where Sean's face met Aaron's. And the blond god cocked his head just a tiny bit, and their noses brushed each others' until their lips locked. Sean felt West's tongue part his lips, and... *fuuuuuuck*. The sergeant held him there, with his enormous, bulging arms just... *right there*... and then, the truly amazing thing happened: While Aaron held him, still, kissing and exploring Sean's mouth (and, admittedly Sean explored back) the Marine started to moan. I mean, *really* moan.

Fuck, fuck, fuck! Hearing, and *feeling* Aaron's resonant moaning, and feeling his astounding strength just *hold him there* while he did this... it was the most exciting thing! *Holy shit!* Aaron's tongue explored every single tooth in Sean's welcoming mouth. And Sean's cock—having been in a *semi* condition for the past... forever, quickly hardened to its full glory in his special camo pants. His eyes were closed, so he had no idea what the big screen was showing, but if they followed what they'd done with previous competitors, they were likely showing a close-up of Sean's clothed boner. And Sean *knew* was was painfully obvious to everyone.

He shuddered under Aaron's kiss. Or was he shuddering because he knew that his involuntary reaction to this situation was being shown on the big screen to everyone? Including Cap? He felt humiliated in one very big way: Here he was, Captain McAllister's dude—the biggest muscle man's dude—getting a bone over being kissed by Cap's biggest threat in the competition. Fuck.

Still, he couldn't deny how fucking hot this was. So much so, that when Aaron broke the kiss by slowly lowering Sean to the bottom of the rep, Sean felt a yearning... a need... formed by the absence of West's face against his.

He didn't have to wait long though. West lifted him again, and held him there, kissing him at the top of the second rep. Fuck. And the third rep. Fuck, fuck.

By the fifteenth rep, Aaron definitely showed *no* sign of fatigue—whatsoever. None at all. And each time he lifted Sean's face to his own, he held him there... a long time. No other competitor had done it like this. Most had kissed their weighted dude a few times... but Aaron kissed Sean—with obvious passion—at the top of *every fucking rep*. Sean was as hard as he'd ever been, too. And by now he was starting to get concerned. His cock throbbed in his thin pants, and he knew he was staining them with a big blotch of pre-cum.

The crowd ate it up, cheering with every seductive motion that the Marine gave.

Sean wondered where David was watching from. Or had he decided to just look away and not engage? No, Cap would be watching, right? But fuck, he hated that he probably was. He didn't want to embarrass David with his obvious sexual excitement over being man-handled like this... by Sgt. West of all people.

The next rep, Aaron held Sean at the top again, but this time, before they kissed, he whispered to Sean, "You're gonna come, aren't you, private?" He grinned, and their lips met again. Sean had gotten so fuckin' hot and horny! And now, he feared the sergeant's words might come true. Fuck! He *couldn't* come! Not in front of God, David, and everyone!

But Aaron broke the kiss, still holding Sean high. He said softly, "You know you wanna come, dude. Fucking look at you. You're trembling over being so close to all my muscles, aren't you. Dude, you and I need to get some time to ourselves before this weekend is over, man."

Oh *ffffuuuuuuuuck!* While Sean had no intent at all to be unfaithful to David, the mere thought of what Aaron suggested made his cock throb. A fantasy scene unfolded in Sean's mind: He'd be laying, on top of Aaron... both of them buck naked and as erect as the flag poles in front of JBLM... both of them drooling tablespoon... no, shot-glasses-full of pre-cum... Sean, moving his hands all over the golden-tan, flawless, warm skin of the sexy sarge... feeling those bulging muscles... squeezing... touching... then moving one hand only West's enormous, steel-hard erection... feeling up it's length... then... maybe... would West let him? Would he be allowed to kiss and lick that inhumanly gorgeous cock? Lick it? Take it inside his mouth? Suck it? Holyyyy... *fuuuuuuck....*

While Aaron West held him up, kissing him in ways that should not ever be allowed in public, Sean came.

Hard.

He jerked, and Aaron lowered him down, holding him with straight arms while the cameras zoomed in on the privates' privates. Yes, they were covered up, but the fabric was thin enough that you could see... *everything*. Sean watched the big screen while he hung there, orgasming into his pants. Between powerful ejaculations—ejaculations that caused Sean to jerk *hard* and obviously, he watched the screen show his covered cock making his crotch wetter and wetter.

The audience was going abso-fucking-lutely *insane!* The humiliation was hard to quantify at the moment, though. Sean had to admit that this was so fucking hot. Seeing Aaron's sweating, smiling face... those gigantic, rippling arms holding him at the bottom of the rep while he filled his pants.... He hoped against hope that David wasn't watching. But of course he would be. And even if he wasn't, he'd hear about it later. Fuck.

West watched from above, with a grin. He did allow Sean to finish up, somewhat, but he didn't wait long to resume his reps. He'd only done sixteen reps, and it was obvious he was in no way taxed here. He had lots of reps to go. And Sean's sweating, hard body would be lifted and lowered for each one. And the cameras would get all the kisses... and show lots of close-ups of Sean's sopping crotch.

When Aaron passed the 31 rep high score set by Proctor, he started showing signs of fatigue. And if someone thought West was hot before, seeing the muscle god struggle and strain like this was beyond *haaaawwwwt*. Aaron's glorious body trembled as he struggled with the last reps. He'd stopped kissing Sean now, in favor of eking out every last possible rep. Although West had posted the best arm curl score so far, Cap was still to go.

Cap. Fuck, could Cap match—and better—West's count? Sure he could, right? Were his fucking arms as strong as he'd shown his mammoth legs to be in this competition? Sure they were. Sure!

Still, would Cap be affected by his man's obviously uncontrollable reaction to West's advances? Shit. The last thing Sean wanted was to embarrass David... and have him have to battle with an emotional issue right before he did his final strength even.

Shit, fuck, shit.

Aaron topped out at 39 glorious arm curls with Sean's body. He dropped Sean to the floor—only about a three-foot drop without the metal grate extended. He extracted himself from the curling machine and joined Sean on the stage floor.

While Aaron shook his titanic arms out, the crowd cheered. Aaron extended his hand to Sean, and they shook. Then the Marine sergeant bent down and kissed the Army private—just a peck. When he pulled

back, he exaggerated his movements, pointing to Sean's cum-soaked crotch. The camera zoomed in. Sean wanted to cover himself with his hands, but he somehow knew the crowd would have none of that. Besides, it'd likely just make things worse—it'd convey to everyone that he was embarrassed. For some reason, he decided to own it. He looked down at his pants and smiled. He looked up at West and shrugged his shoulders in a *whatcha-gonna-do* expression.

The crowd ate it up.

Now, there was only one contestant remaining for the arm curl, and the Strength contest would be complete: Army Captain David McAllister.

— SRS

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