

# The Captain and his Privates— Chapter 18

SUBTITLE

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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.



**W**HEN THE MAJOR ANNOUNCED THAT “Army Captain David McAllister” was next to compete in the last Strength competition, one can imagine how the crowd responded... can’t one.... Yes, one can.

They were pumped, to put it mildly.

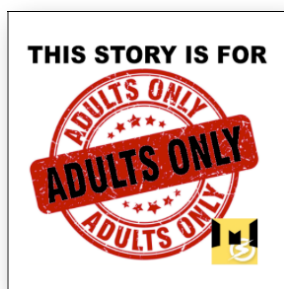
As McAllister strutted out onto the stage from one side, the MC announced over the din that the captain had chosen Private Matthew Morris as his “weight”. No surprise to anyone.

Certainly no surprise to Matthew himself. He stood from his chair in the semi-circle of other assistants; they wished him luck. Matt had

been used twice before, so this, his third time, would tie him with Private Scott for number of times being used as arm curl weight.

But of course, this was Captain McAllister here. The biggest threat to Sarge's chance at winning. He was entirely familiar with the stakes here. McAllister and West were head-to-head in the competition. The captain had won the Bodybuilding portion; West and McAllister were neck-and-neck in the Strength—West having won the bench, and McAllister having won the squat. Yet it wasn't merely tied that way... McAllister's squat had racked up more points than West's by far. West's victory in the bench hadn't been as overwhelming. *And*—even though Cap had “won” the Bodybuilding, it was the total accumulation of points that needed to be considered; it wasn't merely that McAllister won Bodybuilding, and then maybe West would win Strength, making them exactly tied: No. The margins were important, and total points would be tallied, not merely the idea of who won which part....

Also, after the Strength came the Sex tomorrow. And there was a lot of psyching going on here. West had thrown Cap a huge wrench in the works, psychologically, by making his dude, Sean, come while he curled him. Undoubtedly that would be a big dynamic in how the top two dogs competed tomorrow. And undoubtedly, Cap was going to try to do the same to Matt—make him come while his guy West watched.



Matthew wasn't overly confident that he could hold back an orgasm while the muscle-monster-disguised-as-a-human (McAllister) curled him. Matthew had it so fucking bad for muscle—hence his obsession with Aaron. And McAllister was all of Aaron... and... well, he didn't want to say, *and then some*, but Cap was certainly at *least* at Aaron's level of muscular development, raw power, and fucking virile desirability.

Aaron had an uncanny—but not surprising—ability to push all of Matthew’s orgasmic buttons. Captain McAllister definitely shared that ability.

Matthew was well aware of the challenge here. The advantage to his man, West, was that McAllister was the last person in line to compete. The pressure was on *him* to beat the number of curls West had set. The disadvantage to West was that McAllister knew *exactly* how many curls he’d need to do, to beat Aaron—one more than the 39 West had done. Could he do it? Could he do a *lot* more than Sarge?

We were about to find out.

Matthew’s stomach was knotted tight as he entered the stage. Fortunately the crowd was more enthusiastic than unruly. They were almost polite to him. But when Matt turned and stepped to the grate and looked up at Mt. McAllister, his knotted stomach tightened so hard he nearly had to hold it tight. David McAllister looked down at him with a confident smile that skewered him. His muscles were taut, tight, and bulging. The man was mind-numbing. Matthew gave a polite nod, lifted his arms, and waited for Cap to reach down and connect their hands.

The first rep up was swift and easy—as if Matthew weighed nothing. It was so fast that it caught Matt off guard. His stomach kept on rising even after the top of the rep, and he lost a bit of balance. Cap lowered him slower than he’d lifted him. It took a few reps for Matthew to get used to the pace—*and* the seeming ease with which David McAllister was able to arm curl 200 pounds. Had Aaron been this swift? This breezy? And was Cap’s speed a good thing? Or... would he realize he’d started out too fast? Matthew’s mind spun with questions—all of them punctuated by McAllister’s efficient, powerful curls.

It didn't take long, though, for Matthew's mind to push the questions aside. Because at the top of Cap's curls, he began to hold Matthew for a moment... and, of course, his lips and tongue began to work at the private's mouth.

When Aaron had curled Scott, the camera had shown that he had sometimes said things... whispers and—from the expression on Aaron's face—things that were obviously pretty suggestive and sexy. Things designed to make Sean come... things that had succeeded.

Now, with McAllister lifting and lowering Matthew's body, he could hear Cap's words; he didn't have to guess like he had while Aaron did it.

"Bet you never thought you'd find a guy bigger... and stronger than... your sergeant, huh?" Cap taunted between reps and mouth exploration.

Matthew said nothing.

McAllister's words became more suggestive, and his kisses more invasive—and erotic. Matthew couldn't help but return the exploration... he found his tongue moving inside, lying and moving against McAllister's tongue while Cap seductively claimed Matt's oral territory.

No one had ever done the kind of kissing that Aaron did to Matt, but fuck... Captain M was threatening that. Shit, the man knew how to enjoy himself—even in the middle of what had to be some pretty strenuous muscle exertion. Still, Cap seemed almost oblivious to the work load he was performing, and a *lot* more in to enjoying West's guy.

Sometimes McAllister would hold Matthew at the top of the curl, kissing, frenching, and whispering lewd and seductive things, *so long* that the private wondered how much he might be sacrificing the number of reps just for the sake of getting him off.

And Matt was definitely getting off. His skimpy Speedo-type suit was getting too tight. He was getting harder and harder with each rep. He glanced up to the big screen behind David, and saw a close up of his boner in his trunks—a long close-up while Cap held him still and kissed the fuck out of his mouth. Seeing his own reaction to the captain's strength and sexual prowess made him even harder.

The crowd was loving it, of course. They whooped and hollered, taunting and calling for more.

Matthew wasn't able to see Aaron—nor did he even know where he was. Still, West would be watching, of course. Fuck, he hoped he could hold off and not come. *That* would be a victory for West: Having made Sean Scott come, yet realizing that McAllister didn't have what it took to make West' guy come. A victory indeed.

McAllister's kisses and tongue were having their intended effect though. While he kissed, grinned (showing no effort at all), and whispered all manner of innuendos into Matt's ear at the top of the reps, the private's phallus was getting harder and harder. And at the 16<sup>th</sup> rep, when McAllister said softly, "Once I win this title, maybe I'll let you watch while I fuck the fuck out of Aaron. Would you like that? You want to see me dominate Sergeant West?" ...well, *that* image had Matthew's cock jump and tighten so hard that it popped out of the waistline of his trunks.

The crowd jumped up and yelled as the big screen showed the close-up.

Matthew wanted to be humiliated at this, and he was... but the hotness factor of thinking about Cap and Sarge going at it in a sexcapade show of dominance was just too much to keep his penis under wraps. *Fuck! What would that be like?!* Well, he tried to calm down and remind himself that that very thing would likely be part of tomorrow's competition itself. But.... He just couldn't shake the idea... the vision... the scenario.

"You like my big muscles, huh, private?" David taunted a few reps later. "You want to feel them? Both Aaron's and mine together?"

*Oh. My. God.* That image was just too much to bear. Sure, Matthew had had thoughts of that before—Aaron and David together—but hearing Captain M mention it was explosively hot.

But Cap went on: "How about my cock? You've seen it. I know you've been looking at it.... Who's do you think is bigger?" Cap smiled at him... "I gotta tell you, when Aaron was fucking me on the bench earlier? I loved it... but... well, even though it was nice and big. I've had bigger ones. I know you've probably enjoyed your sergeant's cock, but wait till you feel me inside you, private. It'll make Aaron's feel like a very short broom handle. *Very short.*"

Fuck. Matthew knew Cap was just taunting him; there wasn't *that* much difference in size between his and West's... that he could tell anyway. Still, regardless of the veracity of his claim's McAllister's confidence was fucking hot. And not misplaced either.

Another lowering and lift, and Cap said after a long kiss: "So... you wanna find out how much I can fill your ass, Matt?"

Whether it was that suggestion or simply the use of his first name, at that point it was all over but the clean-up. Matthew jerked with an orgasm that coated the Captain, the equipment, and the floor beneath

them. While the guys in the audience screamed—and many jerked off and came themselves—Matthew and David kissed while the captain d his milk everywhere.

McAllister broke the kiss *waaaaay* before Matthew was done, and lowered him. In all, it took over three reps for Matthew to finish ejaculating. He examined the captain's muscular physique; it was fucking *coated* in his jizz. He felt soooo good. What a fucking awesome orgasm. But of course, the regret seeped in too. He'd come, for McAllister. Hopes of holding back had been dashed.

Yet it wasn't a defeat in any measurable way... not measurable by points or score. It remained to be seen if there would be *indirect* effects of this.

The captain was nearing 25 reps, and showing only a big grin instead of any sign of slowing or fatigue. Matthew held on dutifully, but the overwhelming feeling of orgasmic elation was quickly being overcome by a sickening defeat. McAllister wasn't slowing at all! And his face was fucking confident! Matt looked up at the captain's face, studying it, trying to find any sign of weakness... of weariness.

SEAN AND SERGEANT WEST STOOD WATCHING the spectacle unfolding on the stage from the side, behind a curtain. Sean's heart was understandably pounding out of his chest. David hit 30 reps now. Sean new—he just *knew*—Cap had this in the bag. He did, didn't he? He sure seemed on track!

Still, Sean could *feel* the heat of West's beautiful, muscular physique next to him, and he knew the sergeant was pulling for Cap's *failure*.

Sean made a quick glance at the crowd—they were in various stages of undress, coming, and clean-up. He loved how so many guys were getting off on *his* man, Captain McAllister. It was heady.

A joint gasp suddenly filled the auditorium. Sean's attention abruptly jerked back to the screen and the rack in front of it where David was curling Matthew. The counter on the screen read 34.

But Cap was in mid-curl—*stuck!* His face winced and his body tightened and froze. What was happening? Why was he stopped?

Matthew hung limply, still, as all the “weight” men had done to make sure not to interfere. The camera closed in on Cap's straining, red face. David let out a holler and finally managed to lift Matt all the way up. There was no kiss here though. No talking. Cap lowered the curl and his arms straightened. He was panting. He was struggling. The screen showed 35.

He let Matthew hang for an inordinately long time, breathing deeply, looking totally spent. What had happened? Had David been overconfident? Had he rushed the curls? Or... had he pulled something mid-curl? Biceps tear? He didn't look to be in pain at all, just... exhausted. Had his quick reps caught up with him? It wasn't like Cap to miscalculate like that though. David was a master competitor; he knew his strengths and he respected his weaknesses (not that there really were any). He calculated *everything*. No way was this... *what* was this?

After letting Matthew hang for way too long, David's mighty body tightened. The private began to rise in front of Cap's insurmountable, giant, veiny biceps.



Cap lifted Matt higher, barely past the sticking point that had tripped him up on the last rep. But... then... he stopped again. *Fuck!* How was this....

Everyone seemed to freeze into breathtaking silence for a moment, but it was immediately replaced with yells, screams, and encouragement. Even Sean found himself yelling, "You can do it, Cap! You can! Go for it! Come on!"

David's body shook. His mighty arms trembled visibly. His face was contorted, his teeth bared. He alternated between almost violent pants and distorted yells, growling at his arms to submit to his will.

Despite Cap's heroic effort, though, Sean's heart sunk. Even if he *did* achieve *this* curl, it was only number 36. And from the looks of things, there was no fucking *way* David was going to get another rep out—let alone four or five more.

But the issue of *more* was soon forgotten. With an excruciating yell from Cap, he gave it his all, yet Matthew didn't move up. Cap couldn't do it. He let his arms straighten. The men fell silent.

Cap let go of Matthew's hands, and the private dropped to the floor easily. David had done 35 reps to Aaron's 39.

Sean sensed Sergeant West step to the side. The muscle god was expressionless. He watched while Matthew approached, and when the private jumped at him, straddled him with his legs and they kissed, Sean sighed. Their celebratory embrace didn't last long. West sat Matt down; his expression was a happy one, but he wasn't gloating. Sean got the sense that the man was classy... and that he knew this contest was not over in any way.

While Sean watched the two men, he sensed an enormous heat behind him. He turned. David stood behind him, and to one side. Expressionless, yet not fully recovered from his efforts.

West and Morris turned to David, who stepped around Sean and extended a congratulatory handshake. West wasn't the only classy dude around here. And Sean knew that very well. Cap was a good guy, even though horribly intimidating if you didn't know him well.

"Great job," David said. "Well done."

West smiled, "Thank you. You too. I guess we'll see what happens tomorrow, huh?"

David smile, genuinely. "Looking forward to it." And then he got in a bit of smack: "*Definitely* looking forward to that, Sarge."

West smiled but didn't reply. The two of them left, leaving Sean standing in front of David. They met eyes, then David cocked his head to the side and said, "Let's get out of here."

SEAN WAS LOST IN A SLUMP, EVEN THOUGH he knew he shouldn't be. Sure, Cap had "lost" the Strength competition—West's bench and curls over Cap's squat... two out of three—but he knew that's not how it all worked. Points would be tallied.

And actually, that's what Cap was doing right now, on the other side of their suite, sitting at the table, cyphering away. The evening sun shown through the window from David's side, highlighting the mounds and dips in his wide back.

Sean didn't know how Cap did it. He was all business. No emotion—at least he *seemed* emotionally intact—just making calculations and figuring out where things stood in the competition. Sean, however, wanted to pull the covers over his head and order a banquet of comfort food: pizza, steaks, potatoes, caviar (he liked the salt), fish, veggies, pie, cake, and of course... ice cream. Lots and lots of ice cream.

Fortunately, Cap would have *none* of that... not just the eating, but the wallowing. The mere idea of sulking was antithetical to David's *being*.

Despite Sgt. West earning the Strength medal, David was not deterred. Sean had been disappointed, for sure, but David losing the strength competition meant something different to him than to what might be expected. Cap was Sean's *dream man*. And having someone else proclaimed as stronger was—even if only in the smallest way—unsettling. Sean had never conceived that someone could be stronger than David. And yes, Cap had blown Aaron out of the water in the squat. But still, David didn't have the medal. He supposed (hoped) that his mindset would change once Cap won the overall Mr. Military Muscle title.

"The points are close," Cap said so Sean could hear. "I think West's ahead just a bit, but there are a *lot* of points to be won—and lost, for him—tomorrow." He swiveled on his chair, his naked body facing Sean fully now. A smile formed on his face while he looked at Sean. "I know you're wanting ice cream."

Sean rolled his eyes. "I need more than ice cream," he whined.

David's eyebrows lifted. "Oh?"

"Pizza. And caviar."

David chuckled and stood, crossing the room. He sprawled his naked muscle body on top of Sean's; Sean was under the covers. "How about if we go out for some ice cream later. But first—and after, actually—why don't you let me fuck you into this mattress? Ice cream isn't nearly as good as sex, right?"

Sean shivered at the concept. Damn, he loved David's self-assurance. And *fuck* he loved being fucked by him.

But a knock on the door interrupted their fun.

CAPTAIN McALLISTER STOOD AT EASE in Colonel Bradley's hotel suite, watching while Bradley poured a whisky sour for himself, and a carbonated water for David. Bradley handed the captain his water and lifted his glass. "To the future, new, Mr. Military Muscle," Bradley smiled.

David had lifted his glass for the salute, but he pulled it back. "Thank you, sir, but I don't want to jinx this. We still have one-third of the contest to go."

Bradley nevertheless took a sip. He smiled and nodded. "I understand. But you'll forgive my enthusiasm, I hope." He motioned for both of them to take seats in the living area of his suite.

"I know how talented you are, Captain," Bradley continued. "And I am fully aware that your sexual prowess and self-control is beyond what anyone at tomorrow's contest can expect."

“Thank you, sir. I will do my best. I am confident... but I’m not taking anything for granted, sir.”

“Wise,” Bradley nodded before taking another drink. He was in civvies, wearing a polo shirt and tan khaki’s.

David had been summoned by a private—the man whose knock on his and Sean’s door had interrupted their “ice cream” fun only fifteen minutes earlier. He had thrown on a polo as well, and khaki shorts. It was an unseasonably warm June day for Tacoma—not unheard-of, but not usual—so his footwear consisted of only flip flops.

David sipped his carbonated water. Why had Bradley *really* called him here? On the surface, the colonel wanted to rub shoulders with him, yes. But there was a glint in his eye.

“Well, I’m sure you’re going to mop the floor with your competitors tomorrow,” Bradley said, interrupting David’s ruminating. “In fact, I’ve put my money where my mouth is, captain.”

“Sir?”

“Col. Nelson—Sgt. West’s CO—and I, have entered into a... friendly wager,” the colonel smiled.

“Oh really?” It wasn’t outside the realm of possibility that the two colonels would place bets on their men in competition, but David knew it was frowned on—if not actually against the rules—to do so.

Bradley smiled and winked. “Let’s just say I have all the confidence in the world in your... *prohress*,” he said and took another drink.

David thought for a second. Obviously he wasn’t going to call out his CO on the appropriateness of this. “Well, thank you, sir. I’m flattered.”

“Don’t be. I only ever bet on a sure thing, captain.” He took a large drink now; David looked for signs of Bradley having had *too much*, and he wondered.... “And I know—from firsthand experience—that you’re a sure thing.”

“I’ll try not to disappoint you, sir.”

“So... I understand you’ve been mainly training, sexually, to win the *holding off* contest tomorrow, by... *climaxing*... frequently, so that you’ll not have too much semen built up in your system. Is... that right, Captain?” He was speaking with an occasional break in his words.

“Yes, sir. That’s correct.” David knew what was coming: him. *Coming*. Bradley had brought him here to get him off—again—before tomorrow’s show. Of course, the colonel *had* to know that David was totally capable of doing that on his own, in his own suite... not to mention that he had a particular, very willing, private to help him achieve that goal.

Bradley’s eyelids were getting heavy. “Good.” He shifted in his chair. “In that vein, I decided to help you out, David.”

Yeah, using his first name... this was going to be all *casual* and shit. He envisioned Bradley standing and stripping, while ordering David to do the same, and then the two of them having “blissful” sex, all in the name of *helping* David get off one more time, to help with the competition tomorrow. If David was drained as much as possible, there would be less pressure on his libido tomorrow, hence he’d be able to hold off longer than the others.

David cleared his throat. “Oh?”

The colonel picked up his phone and apparently sent off a text. He put the phone down and leered at David. "You'll see."

David didn't have an aversion to sex with Bradley. Heaven knows—as Bradley had said—they'd done it before. David enjoyed it, yes. Bradley was fit, good looking, and a very willing muscle worshipper—something that David enjoyed. Yet in this drunk state.... He would obey the colonel, of course... but... he wished he was back in his room with Sean.

A few minutes later a knock on the door elicited a, "Come," from the colonel. The door opened, and a private entered, with someone following behind. The dark frame of the man filled the door, and David immediately recognized it to be the SEAL, Kevin Proctor.

Holy fuck on a delicious Black boner. If there was one man—besides Aaron West—that cranked all of David's buttons (Sean, notwithstanding), it had to be Proctor. The man was sex on a stick, as far as David was concerned. And that view was immediately confirmed by David's own dick. It plumped at the sight of Proctor entering the room.

"That will be all, private," Bradley said; the private exited, leaving Kevin standing there.

Proctor had on a tight-fitting T-shirt and shorts. Like David, he wore flip flops. The skin that was visible was taut and just amazing. Big, round, hard muscles everywhere.

He showed his bright teeth in a smile, and the contrast between his teeth and his skin was astounding.

He didn't salute. Bradley hadn't stood, and wasn't in uniform anyway.

“Petty Officer Second Class Kevin Proctor, I’m sure you’ve met Captain McAllister?” Bradley said, a few words kind of slurred together.

“Yes, sir,” Proctor replied.

David stood. He extended his hand. “Nice to see you again,” he smiled as they shook.

“Likewise,” Kevin said.

“It seems Proctor and you have chosen similar training regimens,” Bradley said to David. “Like yourself, he too has been climaxing at every opportunity, in order to exert more self-control tomorrow.”

David said nothing.

“So with his Captain’s permission, Proctor has agreed to pay us a visit this evening,” the colonel said.

“I see,” David said, giving Proctor a polite smile. This was irregular, for sure. David wasn’t aware of any rules against fraternizing with fellow-competitors during the competition, and, well... regardless, even though this situation brought with it conflicting thoughts, his predominant thought was one of... well... arousal. There was no denying the lust that had begun to burn in David the moment he’d first laid eyes on Proctor a few days ago. The man was dripping with virility... *gorgeous and buff*.

Of course, David had the willpower and self-control of an anvil, but if there was one man in the world (again, Sean notwithstanding) who could make David go weak in the knees, it was the Black Stallion. And



he was standing right next to David now. And Bradley had brought him here for *obvious* reasons.

“Kevin,” the colonel began (and yes, we were definitely sticking with *casual*), “why don’t you make yourself comfortable. Take off your shirt and relax.”

Of course David had seen Proctor completely naked, for sure—but it was different in this setting. A hotel suite... just the two of them (okay, three...)... watching Proctor lift his T-shirt and pull it up, revealing those abs mounted on that tiny lower torso that flared up and out to some of the broadest shoulders anywhere... it was pure poetry. Kevin’s body was everything David wanted... at that moment anyway.

He’d been in the beginning stages of arousal with Sean when that damn private had interrupted them. And even though he’d quickly lost that arousal on the way over here to Bradley’s suite, the arrival of the Black Stallion had instantly gotten him hard again. And it showed.

“Captain, I do believe you like what you see,” Bradley taunted when Kevin tossed his shirt onto the suite’s big bed.

David was not embarrassed. But he did look at Bradley to confirm what the colonel was referring to. Yep. Bradley was smiling while he looked right at David’s growing cock under his shorts.

But David’s attention was quickly diverted back to Kevin. Even standing still, relaxed like this, the man’s over-muscled physique was breathtaking. Too many big, hard muscles to contemplate—while having the most aesthetically-perfect proportions imaginable. A waistline easily smaller than either his own, or West’s... and a handsomeness that reminded David of the actor Shamar Moore. Kevin Proctor was, to use the cliché, a Walking Wet Dream, for sure.

The competitor in David was glad that Proctor's point tally in the competition was comfortably below his own—although things could definitely change tomorrow. *And*, at the same time, he secretly hoped tomorrow's events *wouldn't* include using Kevin as the *object of desire* in the "holding off" contest. Proctor was as close to being David's kryptonite as anything, anywhere. Since first seeing him at the weigh-in, David had definitely had... fantasies. And now, it seemed, a version of those fantasies was going to actually happen.

It was good news, in a way. For sure David would get off *big time* in the next hour or so, and that would be good—supplanting his training aims. But in another way it was a bit... unnerving. Being exposed to Kevin like this... it would undoubtedly undermine his chance of David prevailing in the holding off tomorrow. Not that he was *truly* concerned. His mantra of always controlling the mind was sound. He was confident in his abilities. That's why he'd always so vehemently preached self-control to the privates in his command. He didn't consider himself *over*-confident, but he did believe he had a good grip on how good he was.

Regardless of David's desires, he was in control. Tomorrow would only serve to demonstrate and confirm that. Tonight with Proctor would be a good thing. He'd be able to "surveil" Proctor... assess his weaknesses (never mind David's own?), and possibly formulate a strategy to *resist* any overwhelming compulsions Kevin might bring out in David.

So... that would be the plan for this evening, David thought.

"Captain," Bradley cued, "why don't you show the SEAL some of what *you've* got."

David concealed a smile and lifted his polo shirt up and off. He continued to maintain a stoic expression, in spite of Kevin's obvious reaction. The Stallion definitely was liking what he was seeing. David tossed his shirt on top of Kevin's, and the two men stood looking at each other. David knew he was getting hard, and he could see Kevin was too.

"Jesus Christ," Bradley mumbled and took another sip. "So much fucking muscle." David glanced at him; the colonel's hand trembled with obvious excitement and lust while he placed his tumbler on a side table. Bradley cleared his throat. "Step closer to each other. So your chests touch," he said.

So this was going to be a closely-orchestrated thing then, hmmm? Okay... David took a step; so did Kevin. David was a few inches taller, so his nipples rested just above Kevin's delicious, big, round ones.

"Fuuuuuuck," Bradley muttered. David saw in his peripheral vision, Bradley's hand slowly moved onto the crotch of his pants as he watched.

The next move was not orchestrated by the colonel. It was instinctive, and... well... practically *involuntary*. The two men closed the small distance between their faces. Their lips lightly brushed against the others' before they lightly pressed together. Kevin's big, plump, red lips tightened against David's, and a shudder moved down the captain's spine. *Fuuuuuuuck*, David repeated the colonel's expletive in his mind. *Fuuuuuuuck indeed*. The kiss was electrifying, powerful, and sensual. Hands moved up onto shoulders and backs. Kevin brought one hand to David's neck, holding him close. Their torsos pushed together... then their mutual boners crashed against each other. Both men were silent—no groans or moans—but the passion was off the scale.

In David's mind, this was vertical sex. Standing there, pressing against all that gorgeous, Black muscle was like orgasming itself. It kind of shocked him how drawn he was to this man. He'd been captivated by him since first seeing him. And now that they were together... and now that they were going to *be* together intimately, David's heart beat too quickly for comfort. He felt on the verge of *out of control*.

"Time to loose the rest of the clothes," Bradley said. His voice caught; it was raspy and dry.

David stepped back. Parting was such sweet sorrow. But as Kevin began undoing his shorts, and he did the same, he became even more excited about what was next.

When they were both naked, and their cocks were pointing up at the other man, without prompting from the colonel, they immediately wrapped around each other again, and resumed their passionate kiss, exploring and caressing the unfathomable muscles on the other.

In the background, Col. Bradley occasionally moaned softly in reaction to the muscle scene. David and Kevin's kiss became more and more intense, with tongues sticking out while mouths opened and closed, lips closing on the others' tongue, tongues smacking loudly, teeth being explored... and more.

David could feel the black cock pressed next to his. It was just as big as his own, for sure. Its hardness, girth, and length were distracting. Yes, there was plenty of muscle to explore with his hands.. and *plenty* of exciting stuff was going on with their mouths, but David just had to have that giant staff in his mouth. He bent his knees and began kissing his way down Proctor's chest... lower... lower. Kevin stood still, tipping his head back while David used his mouth to appreciate his body.

When David got down and kneeled, poised to experience that enormous cock, a “Oh shit,” erupted from the colonel’s mouth. David abruptly turned to see that Bradley had spilled the contents of his tumbler on his shirt. “Fuck,” Bradley continued, trying to dab at the mess.

David turned back to Proctor and saw in his peripheral Bradley pull his polo shirt up and off. He had a feeling the shirt would probably come off soon anyway—even without the accidental spill. Sure enough, David could tell Bradley was also taking off his pants. There’d obviously be some interaction between the three of them soon.

For now, though, David took a fingertip to the tip of Kevin’s mighty cock, pushed it to the side, and then moved his nose into those gorgeous, black pubes. Even though trimmed close, they gave out a pungent odor of sex and testosterone—a heady mix of manly virility. David moved his nose through the hair, allowing his tongue to join in in the appreciation of the manliness before him. It was dizzying how much he loved this body.

He pulled his finger from the cock head but kept his nose in Kevin’s pubes. The glorious shaft rested against the side of David’s face. The hardness and the heat were *right there* against his cheek. Almost involuntarily he turned his face toward it, feeling it slide against his skin as he did so. He kissed the base of it, then licked it lightly.

Kneeling, he looked up at Proctor, over the mountains, bulges, and ridges of abdominals, obliques, and pectorals. Their eyes locked, and David made an effort to *not* look like a little boy asking for more porridge; he didn’t know if he was successful. Proctor’s expression was soft, but unreadable. They stared at each other for a moment.

David broke the gaze, running his eyes down, over Kevin's body, then pulled his face back slowly as his tongue and lips took turns enjoying the length of that impossible shaft. He kissed and licked it, moving over the engorged, bulging veins that fed it. The thick cock was so fucking hard. David proceeded up the cock; when he got to the plump head, he kissed the tip, then without pause, slowly moved them over it, pulling it in his mouth.

"Jesus fucking chrriisst," Bradley moaned.

Kevin let out a soft moan as well.

David continued on his quest. He moved down on the Navy SEAL and was soon swallowing way more than half of that majestic cock. Whether he'd ever had bigger, he didn't really know. What he *did* know was that nothing before had ever compared to how *hot* it was to pull this man into his mouth.

He switched up the tension, pressure, movement of his tongue, tightness of his lips, and position of his mouth to begin sucking him off. His head started to bob, slowly. While he did this, he moved one hand over Proctor's big Black quads and hamstrings... then up onto his abs... while he held that magic, enormous cock still with his other hand.

His hand went higher, and when he pinched Kevin's nipple, the SEAL let out a loud groan.

Yessss.... It felt so good to hear the man enjoying this.

David's head bobbed at a healthy rhythm now, but before long he sensed... yep... Col. Bradley was joining in. David had had his eyes closed, just enjoying the overwhelming sensation of all this meat in his mouth, and the muscle under his hand, but when he opened his eyes

now, he saw that Bradley had taken a position right behind Proctor. White hands joined David's tan one on Kevin's broad chest as Bradley wrapped his arms around the wide shoulders of the man and began enjoying those big, round pectorals.

Proctor's ample pre-cum provided a steady stream of salty, earthy flavor for David's willing mouth. But more than just the taste, the *texture* of Proctor's meaty organ was like nothing he'd experienced before. The sheer size of the thing was indeed a challenge, but David couldn't think of any other challenge he'd rather tackle.

"Oh, I forgot to mention to you gentlemen," Bradley said. His head wasn't visible from David's perspective. "I want you both to hold off as long as you can."

David popped his mouth off Kevin's cock.

Kevin opened his eyes and looked perplexed.

Apparently sensing the interruption of David's ministrations on Kevin's cock, Bradley said, "Don't come... either of you... until I say."

Still, neither man moved. Obviously Bradley wanted to make this a bit fun... *and* he wanted to see how much self control the men had—obviously, especially David, his man. *Hmmm....*

"That's an order, gentlemen."

David slowly pulled Kevin's cock down to an angle he could pull into his mouth again, and resumed swallowing and sucking.

After a few minutes, audible "protests"... or... *resistance* could be heard coming from Proctor. The tightness of his muscles, and the hardness of his cock told David that the SEAL was fighting.

David wanted to make this man come. Bad. Against his will. It would be a huge psychological victory for the captain if he were able to pull that off—make Proctor come and thereby disobey Bradley’s order. He worked harder... not necessarily applying more force, but applying more... *finesse*. He engaged his tongue more, wrapping it around the shaft, teasing the urethra, caressing the hardness, enjoying the veins. He alternated between *tight, hard* movements, and light, languid ones. And his hand moved over Kevin’s gorgeous muscles, tweaking his nipple, making sure the SEAL knew how much David enjoyed his body.

Kevin’s cock was hard enough that David didn’t need to hold it in place while he blew him. So... soon, both of *David the Goliath’s* hands were appreciating and caressing the untold volumes of muscle that stood before him. All the while, his intense blow job seemed to be achieving its intended result. Kevin was getting close.

Still, David could *feel* the determination in Proctor’s body. His stance, his moans, his flinches and his flexing posture... the man was *totally* resisting what David was doing. And despite the obvious signs of imminent climax (however elusive they might actually be) that Proctor gave, the man’s resolve was potent.

Undeterred, David continued working, trying to pull out Kevin’s seed, hoping that in a moment he’d be tasting the sweet, salty, uncontrollable release.

As the two men enjoyed the encounter, it quickly became obvious that the colonel’s order *not to come* did not apply to himself. With a blue streak of expletives, Bradley came on Proctor’s back—apparent to David by the loud jerking of the colonel, the change in his stance, and Kevin’s wide-eyed reaction to the wetness that was obviously



spraying onto his back and ass. “Oh... *oooooh*... fuckin’ chryyyyyysssalmighttttyy,” Bradley groaned.

The colonel had a very long orgasm. David just kept on sucking Proctor off. Proctor received the fresh coat of jizz onto his back, and David got the distinct impression that the colonel’s ejaculations were quite an experience for the SEAL. It was apparent that Kevin was getting more and more turned on... closer and closer to the edge. His breathing was labored—like he was really working at *not* coming. His groans were muffled and stifled, and more frequent and louder.

David tickled Kevin’s big, low-hanging balls... and perineum. Damn, the man’s cock was enormous and hard. The captain’s hands moved up and down the quivering quadriceps; Kevin was getting close, if his trembling body was any indication.

And then it happened. As if someone turned on the spigot at the house, Proctor’s garden hose started shooting a long, steady stream of cum down David’s open throat. The captain did his best to swallow all of it, but fuck there was a lot. “*Ohhhhhh... fuuuuuuck...*” Kevin bellowed. David milked and milked the man, glad he’d been able to push the man over the edge—with the colonel’s help, of course—into an orgasm worthy of a muscle-worship scene such as this.

“Proctor,” Bradley said while he moved around the Stallion to stand next to still-kneeling David, “You have disobeyed a direct order, son.” The colonel’s expression was serious, even though there was a hint of a lift at the corners of his mouth.

“Sorry, sir. I tried.”

David stood up slowly, swallowing the last throat-full of Kevin’s cum. Like Bradley, he also tried to fight down a smile.

“I understand,” Bradley said. “I think your only recourse is to see if you can do the same thing to the captain here. You up to that?”

“Yes, sir!” Kevin said, smiling while he looked at David.

“Very well,” Bradley said. He reached into a nearby duffel bag and produced a large dildo; it was as big as Kevin’s—and David’s for that matter. “Perhaps you can put this to good use, SEAL.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir,” Proctor smiled as he took the dildo from Bradley.

“I’m looking forward to seeing if you can take my man down,” the colonel said. He looked at the captain and added, “Don’t come, captain. That is an order.”

“I’ll try my best, sir,” David said.

“*‘There is no try. There is only do,’* son. I think it was Yoda who said that. And for the men under my command, he was right. Understood?”

“Understood, sir.”

“Now, lie down on my bed. On your back. Spread your legs, son. And let the SEAL here have his way with you.”

*[Tomorrow, the IMSSPC Sex Events.]*

— SRS

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