

MUSCLE MAN CHURCH SECRETARY • PARTS ONE & TWO

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NOTICE TO READERS: The characters in this story are played by professional, fictional actors and are not intended to represent, mirror, or allude to any real people. Any similarities with actual people are unintentional, inadvisable, inadmissable, and unbelievable. This story contains vivid descriptions of homosexual encounters. It encludes SEX ACTS BETWEEN MEN, and is thus intended for ADULTS ONLY. There's lurid, kinky sex here. HOMO SEX. It's proolly 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.

Based on a dream I had last night

PART ONE

THE FIRST TIME EVER I SAW YOUR FACE (AND BODY)

HE WAS A NEWER MEMBER OF our congregation. He'd been in attendance for exactly nine Sundays. I'd kept track. He kinda stood out. Even seated in the pew, you could tell he was massive—a bona fide muscle man. Probably put there by Satan himself, to tempt me.

That first Sunday, after the service was over, I rushed to the front doors of the church to shake the parishioner's hands as they left. It was my regular custom, but that Sunday I probably made the trek from the pulpit to the doors in record time. No way was I going to miss shaking this guy's hand.

You probably think horribly of me. A pastor who, as you shall see, has a rather unholy predilection—a tendency toward very muscular and good looking men. But please know, I have never been unfaithful to my wife. Not in an actual act with a man. I suppose one could argue I've been unfaithful in my thought life though.

But back to that Sunday. As my wife stood beside me, per usual, and I shook my parishioner's hands, I have no doubt my hands were sweaty and clammy. I tried to keep the line moving as quickly as I could, and I suppose some might have gotten the impression that I was, well, distracted, as I wished them well and accepted their thanks for yet another well-done and meaningful sermon. I know that I continually glanced toward the inside of the church, where the line formed, to see if he had gotten in line. I definitely didn't want to miss him.

I shouldn't have been so concerned. Like I said before, he kinda stood out—standing, even more so than seated in a pew. The man was easily over six and a half feet. So he literally stood head-and-shoulders over everyone else. Even aside from that, the man's width definitely matched his height. I mean, his broad shoulders and outspread lats made him easy to spot, even if numerous people stood in front of him.

And did I mention how gorgeous he was? Jaw-dropping. He had a two-day, scruffy beard that was so masculine. He could have graced the cover of any magazine. Serious. His jet-black hair was coiffed with a little curl that draped on his forehead—a la Clark Kent. He even had black glasses like the fictional man who worked at the Daily Planet. It was uncanny. One thing made him stand out, even from Superman, though. The entirety of his physique. Yeah, some people who have played Superman over the years have been pretty muscular, and even some of the more recent comic drawings of the Man of Steel have shown him to be very well built. But this guy... he was in an entirely different league. A muscle man's muscle man, if you know what I mean.

AdultsBestReadThe guy was enormous, and gorgeous. And lean. After I'd spotted him in line, and he'd gotten closer and closer, I was able to take in the staggering reality of his taut, small waist. Unbelievable. I was having a hard time (pun intended) comprehending how a man so big could be so lean—he had the waist and hips of a teenager!

“Thank you for a great sermon, pastor,” blue-haired Mrs. Hicks said, patting my hand with both of hers. She always smelled like last week’s pickles, even with the gallons of perfume that saturated her. The rouge on her cheeks was caked with powder.

“You’re so very welcome, Mrs. Hicks. How’s the Good Friday Committee coming?” I don’t know why I asked the question. It was certain to get her talking a mile-a-minute.

“Oh, we are busy, busy, busy,” she glowed. “I’m sure this year’s service decorations are going to be very special. Festive, yet in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. Why, Emma Wilson and I have come up with a wonderf...”

Fortunately, my wife Cindy, standing on my right, grabbed Mrs. Hicks on the arm and interrupted, “Oh, Mrs. Hicks, I want to hear all about it!” Cindy pulled her along, and somehow got her to keep the line moving. For which I said a silent prayer of thanks. (Yes, I know. Thanking the Lord for the opportunity to get close to—and lust over—the man who made me weak in the knees and had given me impure thoughts ever since I’d laid eyes on him? I surely needed to have a theology check.)

Finally, the guy was only two people back. I couldn’t stop looking at him. And we met eyes more than once while I tried to usher people along. Since he was so tall, it was easy to meet his eyes. His patient smile was so beautiful. My heart raced and raced the closer he came.

“Welcome to Calvary Redemption Fellowship,” I said, hoping my nerves weren’t evident as I took his hand in mine. His shake was firm, yet respectful. “I’m Pastor Olsen. James Olsen.”

“Kirk Matheson,” he said, showing a set of snow-white, absolutely perfect teeth. And dimples in each cheek. And eyes that glowed with bright blue light that looked not unlike the natural gas pilot in my furnace.

Kirk. Kirk Matheson. Kirk. Kirk. Obviously a name I would never, ever forget. “Glad to meet you, Kirk. It’s nice to have you here. I don’t think I’ve seen you here before. Your first Sunday, isn’t it?”

“Yes. Thank you, it is,” he smiled down at me politely. He was dizzyingly big. He wore a long-sleeved white-white dress shirt, no tie, navy blue pleated slacks with a black belt that matched his Oxford shoes. And that belt... like I mentioned before, it probably could have fit my fifteen-year-old son’s pants.

His broad, rounded shoulders filled out his shirt like... well, it must have been tailor-made. I couldn’t conceive how it would be off the shelf. And his arms! Holy Mother of God (and our church isn’t even Catholic!)? His arms filled out his sleeves like you wouldn’t believe. I was going to say, you’d have to see them to believe them, but even looking at those cannons, I couldn’t believe them. Just staggering in their size. But his face—and that waist again—showed that under all those clothes, the man was lean to the nth degree! Just astounding. And don’t even get me started about his chest. Big, round, hard masses of pectoral muscle threatened to burst the buttons that held his shirt closed. His chest was stupefying. He was such a man.

I had been able to glance at the enormity of his legs. Again, those slacks had to have been custom-made. Each upper leg was easily bigger than his waist! And the pleats on the slacks only accentuated how narrow his waistline was. Yet, between his legs, below the pleats was a bulge—a package so big and unconcealed, so flagrantly big... I’d truly never seen anything like it. The man had an elephant’s trunk in there!

I forced myself out of my stupor and said, “Well I hope it’s the first of many, Kirk.”

His smile brightened and he said, “I hope so too. I’ve just moved here, from Texas, and I’m looking for a church home.”

“Well, if there’s anything I can do to make you feel welcome, you just let me know. The office number is on the back of the bulletin there,” I cocked my head toward the church bulletin he held. “And if you want to look into our congregation further, we have a Sunday School Welcome Class the second Sunday of every month—for newcomers who want to familiarize themselves with our creed, traditions, theology and such.”

“Oh, thank you.”

“It actually isn’t as stuffy as it sounds,” I laughed. “There’s cookies, coffee and punch.”

He nodded and closed those adorable, full lips with another smile.

Cindy gently leaned into me—my cue that I needed to keep the line moving. She rarely had to do it, but this time... well... I suppose I’d inadvertently stopped the line. But the man was a new visitor. I wanted to make sure he felt welcome! I put my arm around her and said to Kirk, “And this is my wife, Cindy.”

Kirk was the consummate gentleman. He smiled with those mesmerizing dimpled cheeks. I could see he noticed Cindy’s “bump” but of course a gentleman wouldn’t mention it.

“Cindy’s six months along... it’ll be our fifth,” I said, breaking the topic for him.

“Oh, well congratulations,” he said, looking back and forth between us. “Five, huh? Wow, that’s wonderful!”

“Thank you,” Cindy said. “Four’s already a handful. So... I’m expecting five to be no less... exciting,” she laughed.

“Cindy is also our church secretary,” I added. “It’s only a part-time situation. Our little church doesn’t require a full-time one. But she’s going to be stepping down when number five arrives.”

“Oh, I can imagine,” Kirk smiled. “A house with five kids would undoubtedly require a full-time mommy.”

Cindy chuckled. Her eyes were glued to him: mostly his face, but she—like me—couldn’t help but notice the marvelous proportions of the man. Her eyes continually took in the expansive muscles that bulged under his clothing. I definitely couldn’t blame her. His physique was incomparable.

When I got the family home after church that Sunday, I went straight up to our master bedroom while Cindy took the roast out of the oven and the kids set the table. I usually took a few minutes to unwind after a week’s-worth of preparation for the sermon... maybe lie on the bed and catch my

breath for a bit. But that Sunday, no. I locked the bathroom door behind me and stripped; my cock was so hard it hurt. It took me less than 60 seconds of masturbating to erupt. My jizz shot into the sink, and some of it splashed onto the counter; I had to almost bite my tongue to keep from moaning loudly. As it was, I was afraid my grunts were heard.

Daily after that, and more often than not, more than just daily, Kirk's physique took over my mind and, well, in order to maintain my sanity, the only course of action was to jerk off to him.

I became obsessed.

THAT WAS THE FIRST SUNDAY. I could recall to you what he wore every Sunday since then. I'm not sure why, but it seemed that with each subsequent Sunday, Kirk wore clothing that more and more accentuated his body. Don't get me wrong, you could dress the guy in an oak barrel and you couldn't hide his muscles—but maybe it was the fact that the weather was pretty mild this late winter and early spring. Lighter, and cooler, clothing was the way to go.

The Sunday he wore the short-sleeved yellow polo shirt, I almost fell over the front of the pulpit. I'm sure I froze up mid-sentence when he walked in during my sermon. I think I was deep in Exodus or something, explaining Moses' encounter with the Burning Bush. By the time the big man slipped into a pew, I think my skin itself was burning. With unmitigated desire.

The way the fabric hugged... everything... it was pure torture for me to have to maintain my pastoral demeanor—much less my train of thought. For all I know, by the end of the sermon, I probably had the Israelites writing the Ten Commandments themselves and submitting them to God for approval.

FareAnd mind you, Kirk and I locked eyes numerous times. Well, we always did. Of course, one could argue that he was merely being attentive to my (by now convoluted and totally apocryphal) sermon. But it seemed

more than that. Whenever I glanced in his direction, he pulled my gaze. He seemed to will me to not look away. Demonic influence, the man was.

And I loved every bit of it.

Anyway, by the time our Sunday School Welcome Class rolled around two weeks later, I was on pins and needles wondering if Kirk might show up. He did.

Sunday School happens during the hour before the regular church service, so I'm always available to "teach" the welcome class. We meet down in the Fellowship Hall, right under the main sanctuary. It's a big room—we use it for wedding receptions and pot lucks mostly—and usually there are only a few newcomers, so we just set up a few chairs in a circle, sometimes in a corner, but this Sunday I sat them up in the middle of the room. I usually put out six chairs, but they're never all filled. This day, Kirk was there, and a young couple. Usual size of group. Well, numbers-wise. Certainly not body size-wise.

I was honestly afraid the foldable metal chairs we use wouldn't support him. His chair ended up holding, but not without a loud and scary protest as he gave it his weight. And as he sat down, he used his hands to test the chair's strength, giving a heart-stopping display of his triceps! I just wanted to shake my head at how built he was.

I'm sure the other members of the welcome class, the young couple, felt neglected. I mean, I was practically falling over myself talking to him. And for sure, the couple—most notably the man—was just as taken by him as I was.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

BY THE THIRD SUNDAY, CINDY was as enraptured by Kirk as I was. (Well, I know that wasn't entirely true. I seriously doubt she was as infatuated

with him as I was.) That's when we'd invited him over to our house for Sunday dinner after church. It wasn't that unusual for us to do that. We occasionally asked newcomers—and even sometimes longtime church members—over for dinner. Nothing like pressing the flesh, you know?

But of course, having Kirk over pushed all of my buttons. When I introduced him to the kids, they were all over the guy. I mean, he was really friendly, and really good with kids. “I come from a family of eight,” he said as he held the two youngest kids—one in each strong arm. They were mesmerized.

It was my 15-year-old son, Mark, though, who was literally spellbound by the man. I swear I've never seen Mark's eyes so big as when Kirk filled the doorway with his chiseled body. Mark had seen Kirk at church, and I can only imagine what he thought. But when Kirk arrived for dinner, I didn't have to imagine. Was my son gay? A sthenolagniac like myself? I hadn't even considered it. Maybe.

Kirk ended up sitting right across from Mark at the dinner table, and I'm surprised how my son was even able to scoop up the peas on his plate; he didn't take his eyes off Kirk the whole meal. Kirk was apparently killing Mark, what with the tight-fitting turtleneck he was wearing (it ended up being a pretty chilly late-winter day). The thin sweater hugged Kirk's upper body—every ridge and bulge were presented. The man's shoulders, arms, and chest were right there, on display, as it were, for Mark's—and my—thirsty eyes. Mark was virtually silent the entire meal. A first for him, I think. Normally a chatterbox, Mark was never at a loss for words. But that day, he was as quiet as a church mouse. He only spoke when one of us asked him a question. (I'd tried to loosen him up by asking him to tell Kirk about his school sports and stuff, but he gave only one-word answers.) Even when Kirk engaged him—or maybe especially when Kirk engaged him—Mark was tongue-tied.

It wasn't for lack of trying on Kirk's part, though. The brawny man took a genuine interest in the kid. It was actually a total turn-on. I can't imagine what it must have been for my kid to have this ultra-man actually treat him with attention and interest. Apparently, for Mark, it was overwhelming. I guess it would have been that way for 15-year-old me, too. It certainly was that way for 38-year-old me.

I was proud of the kids, though. Despite Mark's inability to get over Kirk's massive presence, the others couldn't get enough of him. So much so that Cindy, more than once, hinted to me that I should tell the kids to give him some space. But the man seemed to be enjoying himself so much with them that I just couldn't interrupt. Besides, like I said, what a turn-on: all that bulk and power, coupled with playful fun—and tenderness for the littlest ones.

Please do not report me to the Church Board for all the expletives in this little yarn. Obviously, I never talk like this when I'm with other people. Regardless I'm sure the Board would not approve. (Not to mention the subject matter as a whole. I'm going to trust you with this, okay?)

Anyway, after Kirk left our home, I kept an eye on Mark—as best as I could anyway. For some reason, he retreated to the bathroom, and didn't come out for quite a few minutes. Interesting.

PROVERBS 20:29

FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS I had to fall back on some sermons I had tucked away in the files. I had worked them up for weeks when I might not have a lot of time to prepare, for whatever reason: maybe a death in the church, or extensive hospital visits requiring more of my time than usual, or perhaps a week when I just felt like shit and didn't feel like preparing much.

So yeah, I pulled out a few of these sermons during these weeks because, frankly, Kirk. The man was driving me crazy. My sermon preparation time sucked. I'd barely crack open the Bible, and I'd land on some passage that would totally distract me.

One morning in my Pastor's Study, I had prayed for wisdom and guidance regarding my work on that week's sermon, and as I was sometimes wont to do, I just let my Bible fall open... to some random passage, and see

what the Lord have for me. That day it fell open to Proverbs 20, and my eyes landed on verse 29:

“The glory of young men is their strength,
and gray hair is the splendor of the old.”

Holy hell. Come ON! Lord, you’re torturing me here. I didn’t have gray hair yet, but this kind of stress was bound to lead me in that direction. A certain Young Man in my congregation certainly had the right to glory in his strength though.

The knife to my spiritual heart, though, on the day I received a certain phone call from Kirk. The previous Sunday, we had posted a notice in the church bulletin about the upcoming vacancy of the part-time church secretary position. Cindy was planning on quitting soon—on account of the imminent birth—so we wanted to advertise the opening, first with the congregation.

Kirk wanted to interview for the position.

I shan’t go into detail as to my reaction to that news, but let’s just say it involved a prolonged period of very rapid heart beats, anxious knotting in my stomach, and undoubtedly some dangerously high blood pressure.

Kirk had settled in to our little congregation quite well, and during that phone conversation he said he wanted a part-time job while attending seminary. Once I pulled myself off the floor, we set up a time for him to come in to the church office. In the meantime he would email me his resumé and references. I scheduled him in for the following Friday afternoon. It was undoubtedly the dumbest thing I had ever done. Definitely not a good idea.

THE INTERVIEW

“SO, FIRST OF ALL, THANK YOU for applying for the position,” I said, trying not to clear my throat between each word. Kirk sat across the desk from me, looking perfectly comfortable in his skin. (And why not?) He was the picture of confidence and self-assuredness. Yet certainly not haughty or cocky.

Normally, I’d conduct an interview like this—or any kind of interaction with people: counseling sessions, or just about all kinds of appointments—seated in a wingback chair next to the cozy office fireplace, with the other person sitting in a matching wingback on the other side of the fireplace. But today, interviewing the man I’d been jacking off to (daily, at least) ever since he’d first shown up at our church, I elected to stay seated behind my desk. No way in hell would I expose the thick, obvious rod in my pants.

I scanned his resumé briefly, just as a matter of procedure. Believe me, I’d memorized the thing ever since I’d received it in the mail a few days ago. Kirk was going to seminary—the local one in the city. It was the seminary of our denomination. His objective was to someday pastor a church, just like I did.

“Well, I don’t want to come across as sexist or anything,” I smiled, looking up at him, “but I don’t know of too many male church secretaries,” I chuckled.

He smiled back. “That’s probably quite true,” he said politely. “But given my career path, I figured it would be great experience... learning the operations side of a church.”

“I see...” I feigned reading his resumé some more and added, “Well, you certainly have respectable qualifications for the position. Typing speed looks good; you’ve taken quite a few english grammar classes; and you worked in an office before?”

“Yes. My father is a physician. Has a private practice. I’ve worked for him off and on—full time for a few summers, and part-time during school. I’ve

basically tended to all kinds of office duties: phone, scheduling appointments, filing, computer work, and working with salespeople and vendors.”

“Impressive,” I said. Heck, this guy really was qualified; no arguing with that. I looked up at his relaxed stature in the chair across from my desk. And my stomach churned with an ache of desire. His enormous muscles pushed against everything he was wearing.

This was definitely not a good idea. Having this muscle man here in the office three days a week was the worst possible situation. Temptation on a stick. Yet when I’d mentioned to Cindy that Kirk was applying for the position, she’d been enthusiastic about it. I think she liked the idea that there wouldn’t be some young, gorgeous girl working side-by-side with me.

“My only concern, Kirk, is that your duties here might interfere with your studies at the seminary. Do you think it would be a problem?”

He smiled those white teeth, bookmarked with those adorable dimples. “Oh no, not at all. I love to keep busy, actually. And I’ve always had some kind of job while I’ve been in school. Even under-grad. And I think my gpa shows I’ve had no problem pulling it off.”

I glanced at his transcripts from school: He’d maintained a 4.0 all through college. “I guess so,” I said, conveying my pleased awe. “And I guess it’s only six hours a day, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday.”

He nodded. “It won’t be a problem at all.”

“Okay. That’s good. Now...” I know I shouldn’t have ventured in this direction, but I thought this was as good an opportunity to ask about it—even though it could be considered none of my business, from an employer’s point of view: “You obviously have a devotion to... to...” I got all hung up at verbalizing this. “...to working out, and maintaining that... I mean... your physiqu... you know, keeping in shape and all.” I know I was beet red by now.

He smiled, but said nothing.

“And...” Fudge. I’d been able to hold it together during the entire interview, but now that I was discussing that body of his, I was falling apart. “And well, you’d be able to tend to your studies, this job, and not have your schedule interrupt your...” Good God I was so obviously taken with him. “Your... regimen? I mean, I wouldn’t want you to be stretched too thin, and all....”

Kirk chuckled. Damn, he did me in whenever he smiled or laughed. “Oh, I get up before five every morning to work out. Always have... since I was in my mid teens. That’s not going to change. It’s just a part of my life, you know.”

“Oh, I can see that,” I said, my face heating up even more. “I mean... yes.”

He smiled broader, and inhaled a deep breath, letting it out slowly. Was that for my benefit? I mean, when he did it, his massive chest rose and expanded, then slowly returned to its normal, enormous proportions. He surely knew that whenever he did that, it practically made me come.

I fumbled with a pencil, nearly snapping it in two, then rearranged my desk pad, phone, and then I spilled my paper clip holder.

Kirk didn’t register it.

After I made an effort to pull myself together I said, “Well, I guess I just have one more question, Kirk.”

“Oh?” he smiled.

“When can you start?” I smiled.

His grin lit up the office. Damn, this was a terrible, terrible, awful mistake. I really didn’t have any delusions that he and I would “do” anything, but I knew, without a doubt, that his presence here three days a week would be a distraction. That word doesn’t even begin to describe it. How was I going to even concentrate? Sermon preparation? How was that going to happen, when he was out there in the reception area? Counseling? Like I was going to be able to do that while Kirk was around. No, this whole idea was bad, wrong, horrible, and was destined to bring me down.

And I couldn't wait to get him started.

"Next Tuesday?" he asked. This being Friday afternoon, that would be the first day he'd be needed anyway.

"Sure!" I said, standing. "That'd be just fine."

He stood when I did. We reached across the desk and shook hands. His eyes twinkled. His muscles—all 295 pounds of 'em (or whatever it was)—rippled under his shirt. I tried to make the handshake as brief as I could. My boner was totally just right there in my pants. I was well-endowed as it was, and when I got hard, well, yeah... it was pretty hard to hide.

Fortunately, Kirk turned as I rounded the desk to walk him out. When we were out in the secretarial area, we paused. "I'll have a training syllabus all ready to go for you on Tuesday," I said. "Just some instructions on office procedures and such. I have no doubt you'll catch on very quickly."

"Great," he said. "I'll see you at eight on Tuesday then?"

"Yes! I'm looking forward to it!"

He turned to leave, then looked over his shoulder. "Oh, but of course you'll be seeing me on Sunday, too," he smiled. And was that a wink? Holy hell I almost melted into the floor right then and there.

The beguiling man of muscle turned back and left.

What was that all about? Unusual wording: "...you'll be seeing me..." What did that mean? He knew I liked to see him? And that was a wink. It was. Maybe he did that a lot, and it didn't mean anything. My Uncle Ted winked at everyone and he didn't mean anything by it. He just did it all the time as a matter of course. Maybe Kirk was that way. But I'd never seen him wink before.

I was going to be a nervous wreck clear up till Tuesday—me "seeing him" on Sunday notwithstanding.

THE FIRST DAY

I ARRIVED AT THE CHURCH OFFICE on Tuesday at 7:00. Mostly, it was so I could get things set up for Kirk. But honestly, it was because I'd woken up at 3:00 and couldn't get back to sleep. I was bouncing off the walls, just knowing I'd be spending my day in the presence of Kirk. Dream come true, and all that. Wet dream come true.

Our church building had been built around 1960. It was exactly what you'd expect to see from a building of that era: shiny, polished-and-waxed tile floors—the kind of floor that clicks loudly under shoe heels; 50s-style brushed-metal lamps and sconces; the smell of oldness, masked by disinfectant cleaners; laminate countertops in the Fellowship Hall kitchen downstairs. We even still had an old mimeograph machine they used to use to print our bulletins on, although it sat in the corner of the office gathering dust now.

It was weirdly quiet at the church during the week—except on Wednesday evenings when we held Mid-week services. So I always enjoyed the solitude at work. Cindy had worked as church secretary for a year or so, and although it was nice having her around, I preferred the days when she wasn't there. It was easier to get things done when I didn't have her monitoring everything. Not to mention it was much easier to slip into the little room behind my office to... um... enjoy myself, as it were. It was a small area, used mostly to hold supplies and such. But there was space for a small cot under the frosted window where I'd sometimes take a short nap. And next to that, a door led to a bath: toilet, sink, and shower. I have no idea why, when they did some improvements in the '80s, they put in the shower. I almost never used it.

In that tiny bathroom, I had stashed some muscle magazines behind one of the cupboard slats (impossible to find if you didn't know where to look), and I retreated back there regularly to masturbate. (Don't tell, okay?) Sometimes I'd bring my laptop back there and jerk off. Lately I didn't need to access the magazines, nor the porn on my laptop; all I had to do was

recall the image of Mr. Muscles himself, Kirk. The man blew everyone else off the map.

I never put any porn on the church computer. Couldn't risk that, even though it was password-protected. But I did take my laptop to and from work every day, and well, being my personal, private device... yeah. I just wished I could figure out a way to get some pictures of Kirk. Believe me, I'd done my due diligence, Googling, Bing-ing and searching all kinds of relevant site to find anything on the man. To no avail. My memory and vivid, lewd imagination would have to serve.

Our part-time janitor had waxed and buffed the floors the day before, and this Tuesday morning the place smelled of it. It wasn't a bad smell—just... distinctive.

I flipped on the lights and turned up the thermostat, getting right to work. I woke up my desk computer and set my laptop on the credenza behind the desk. My regular-routine actions totally belied my state of mind: Normal morning actions were accompanied by anything-but-normal excitement. In less than an hour, the physique of my dreams would be arriving to spend the day with me. As it would turn out, Kirk would be arriving much sooner than an hour from now.

While I was at the small table under the window in the "Pastor's Study" (my office), making a pot of coffee, Kirk's car pulled in the church's lot. He was a half hour early. He parked his 4Runner, and his door opened. And my heart fluttered. I never tired of seeing him again. It was as if every time was the first time. Today, he basically wore the same thing he'd worn that first Sunday, some nine weeks ago: pleated, navy slacks, black oxfords and belt, snow-white long-sleeved shirt. But today, he also wore a navy and red diagonal tie. Fuck. The man was just perfect. A little over-dressed for the occasion, but I totally understood. First day on the new job and all.

I met him in the outer office. "You're early!" I smiled.

He grinned back. "Well, I wanted to make sure I got all situated."

He closed the door behind himself. God, the man was a Titan. And even with all that mass—and yeah, I keep repeating this, but I can't help it—his waist was so small. His white dress shirt tucked in to his pants so neatly

that, like I mentioned before, it had to be tailor-made. A shirt with that much fabric in the shoulders, arms, and chest normally would have had gallons of extra fabric at the waist. His did not. Fitted didn't even begin to describe it.

And those legs. Samson himself would have been amazed. Oh, and that gave me an idea. A sermon on Samson would be a great idea, wouldn't it? It must have been the Lord's inspiration, that. A sermon on Samson. Shit, can you imagine if I were to be able to use Kirk as some kind of visual aid? To demonstrate what Samson might have looked like? Ha! That'd be so over the top that the Church Board would have me committed. But it was fun thinking about it. At the least, maybe Kirk could help me prepare my sermon with a demonstration of what Samson's naked muscles might have been capable of doing. That'd be helpful.

The package that seemed to precede him everywhere was forced to move side-to-side as his legs moved. No matter how you might have attempted to conceal it, it was impossible to miss. It almost made me feel sorry for the man—to be endowed with something so audacious. Yet, in no way did I get the impression Kirk felt even remotely sorry about it. On the contrary. He surely was proud of it, and likely enjoyed the power he held between his legs, along with the satisfaction of rendering its viewers numb with incredulity.

I found myself supporting myself by pressing the fingers of my right hand on top of the secretary's desk—Kirk's desk now. We stood in silence, uncomfortably, until I found something to say. "Well, uh, why don't you make yourself at home. I wrote down the username and password for your computer. It's on that sticky note on the monitor. If you want to start it up and poke around there for a minute, I'll just finish making coffee. Be back in a few."

"Oh, I can handle the coffee," he said enthusiastically. Damn, he was so cute!

I laughed. "Well, it's not that big of a deal, Kirk. I'll make it today, but obviously you can take a crack at it later."

He smiled and nodded. "Okay. Well, I'll see what's on the computer then."

I WAS GONE LONGER THAN I'd told him I'd be. Seems after I finished with the coffee, there was an urgent call of nature. And it wasn't a call having in any way to do with my digestive tract. Certainly, the only fluid I'd be producing was going to come not from my bladder, but from my testicles. I'd locked my private bathroom door and quickly whipped it out—the visage visage of Kirk in the front office most center in my mind. It was a quickie. Not necessarily by choice, but a good thing nonetheless. I tended to go fast these days—these past nine weeks.

When I cleaned myself—and the sink—and returned to the outer office, big Kirk was at his desk, studying the screen. He'd rolled up his sleeves. God Almighty his forearms. Thick and muscled; lean and vascular. Did this guy ever stop?!

He looked up at me when I entered. “Oh, I hope it's okay. I saw this document on the screen, titled “Kirk”. I figured it was meant for me to read.”

“Yes. Indeed. I just put together a syllabus for you, to give you some of the office procedures and such. Hopefully if you have any questions, you can consult that. I tried to make it pretty comprehensive, but of course if you ever have a question, feel free to ask me. I want to go over some of the stuff a bit later, after you have time to glance through it.”

He looked back to his monitor. “Comprehensive for sure! You even have down how you want me to answer the phone! ‘Good morning, Calvary Redemption Fellowship, this is Kirk.’” He looked up at me and smiled. “Are you going to be one of those hard-handed office slave-drivers?” he laughed.

“Oh, no!” I laughed back. “I... that's just... I just put that down for consistency, you know. People have certain expectations when they interact with us, you know?” Damn, he was straightforward. But I really liked that.

“I'm just giving you a hard time, Pastor,” he smiled.

He had no idea.

“But seriously,” I continued, “after you get all settled, if you come up with any procedure or office practice that you think you can improve, I’m all ears, Kirk. Definitely. I won’t be a slave-driver unless you like that kind of thing.” What the HELL?! Why on earth did I say that?

He grinned up at me. “Well, a little role-playing might make office work more fun! You never know, right?” His smile was sexy. “I mean, at least more fun, right?” His eyes flashed... he looked downright suggestive!

“Right!” I said. I didn’t know how to interpret him. “Yes. You never know what might improve the office procedures.” Holy heck.

“And office morale!” he offered enthusiastically, but not looking back from his screen.

Holy heck indeed. Morale?

He looked back at me. “Seriously, I am really looking forward to working for you. I can’t wait to get to know you better—to work closely with you.”

Fuck. How closely? I mean, right? It was then and there that I realized Kirk and I were not going to have a problem communicating... on a playful plane. This was not going to end well. It was too much. He was too tempting. If we could banter about like this, him having been on the job only a few minutes, what was the future work environment going to be like? I felt my world swirling around me.

If he stood up right then and there and escorted me back to the storage/cot/bathroom and wanted to make love to me, I’d have said yes.

Yeah, this was going to end badly—and at the same time, more wonderfully than I could have ever dreamed.

“Well, I have a few phone calls to make, so how about I leave you to that syllabus document. If you want some coffee, feel free to come on back. No need to knock. If I’m on a call, I trust you’ll understand the importance of confidentiality. Only need to knock if I have a counseling session going on. The syllabus will give you some help in that area. But yeah, if I’m not actually with anyone, don’t ever feel the need to knock. In fact, I usually leave my door open when it’s just me and the secretary here.”

“Open door policy, I like that!” he said with a wide smile.

“Yup!”

“And about the confidentiality... of course,” he said seriously. “Obviously. I mean, it’s a cornerstone of counseling and pastoring. Seminary has made that plain and clear. Believe me, what happens in this office, stays in this office,” he said. And he said it with a straight face. Like he didn’t even get the Las Vegas reference.

“Ah... that’s good. Yes.” I turned and retreated to my office, pouring myself a coffee before sitting at my desk. I was shaking so much I could barely hold the coffee mug to my lips without the hot liquid spilling over onto my desk. Oh God in heaven... Please protect me from myself. Please. Please. Pleeeeease. This was a horrible idea. Please figure out a way to get me out of this mess.

I was the proverbial kid in a candy shop. And the candy was poisonous. All of it.

As it turns out, God works in mysterious ways. And if there’s anything I’ve learned over the years, it’s that He doesn’t usually save us from our own disastrous choices. Hardly ever. And as I’d realize soon enough, definitely not this time.

“Thought I’d take you up on the coffee,” Kirk’s sudden presence nearly caused me to hit the ceiling. I hadn’t registered him entering.

“For sure,” I pulled myself together. “There’s creamer, and sugar. If you have a preference for anything else... tea, maybe? ...just let me know. I usually make a Costco run once a month for supplies.

“Sounds good,” he said, bending over the table, his side and rear toward me. Damn, that wasn’t a good thing to look at. And by good I mean wholesome. In every other way conceivable, it was good. His ass! Those slacks hugged his glutes perfectly. His legs were stupendous—all that power! His arms bulged in his sleeves while he fixed his coffee. While he tended to his drink, without looking at me, he said, “You know... and I don’t want to step on any toes or anything... but I think there might be a

few better vendors out there, besides Costco. I have a number of sources we might want to check out. Better quality, and lower prices, you know?”

I sarcastically asked, “Your brother-in-law work at some office warehouse or something?”

He laughed and turned to me, placing his butt on the edge of the table where the coffee stuff was. He looked so fucking comfortable with himself and his situation. “Naw, I just like saving money. And I found some places that really do a great job. Quality stuff. Free delivery, too.” His dimples made me want to throw up they were so gorgeous.

“Wow. I can’t wait to work with you on that. And I’m sure the Board will appreciate any savings you can generate.”

He smiled and sipped his coffee. He folded his massive arms over his massive chest. Damn, his forearms! The veins, striations and fibers of muscle danced all over the thick meaty tree branches. Then he gave me another wink!

STOP! I couldn’t stand it.

“I have a feeling I’ll be able to generate a lot for you... I mean, savings. And other ideas. Effective office procedures.” Then he flashed those brighty-whitey teeth: “Who knows, maybe I’ll actually be able to improve office morale too!”

Please, Lord. Forget my last prayer. Can you just have him stand there, like that, for the rest of the day? And please let him show how he might improve office morale. In Jesus’ name, amen.

The only thing in the world more stimulating to me than the idea of feeling this man’s muscles, and giving him a blow job—okay, and having anal sex with him—was just the playful interaction with him. Like this. Banter. I just hoped I could figure out a way to banter like a pro—with just the right amount, and degree, of innuendo and fun. I totally needed to know how far I could go with this guy. Yeah, Lord, forget that first prayer. So far, Kirk definitely hadn’t seemed off-put by anything we’d said to each other. And “what happens in this office, stays in this office.” You couldn’t get better

than that, right? I just hoped he meant what I desperately wanted him to mean. Improve office morale? I'm down for that.

And he wasn't married. I'd noticed the absence of a wedding band that first Sunday. (Duh.) Subsequently, he'd discussed his singleness too. He was so very devoted to his studies it just didn't leave him time for a relationship right now. He said he was trusting God for the future—for future “companionship”, he'd said. Interestingly, he'd never mentioned the gender of that hypothetical “companion”. He'd used the word, “partner”, which doesn't rule out a male person, right?

Yet our denomination was not gay-friendly. And our seminary definitely taught the conservative mantra. Hate the sin but love the sinner. All that. So truly, broaching the gay subject, in a manner that even hinted at acceptance of homosexual acts, it was quite verboten. Having those pesky “unwanted” desires toward men was the subject of a few counseling protocols—ones that I'd learned, and ones that Kirk was surely learning at seminary.

I'd counseled a number of gays over the years, and fortunately I'd been able to treat the situation with kid gloves. I never condemned, and I think more than a few of my parishioners were surprised by that. But I couldn't blatantly violate our denomination's position either. Not without getting in trouble. So, I'd basically given a perfunctory counseling session or two, then referred my gay parishioners to other counselors—others whom I knew would be more helpful than I could be (if I wanted to keep my job). So far, no one (read: the Church Board) had discovered that I'd referred people to counselors who were gay-friendly. So far.

“Are you okay Pastor?” Kirk startled me out of my rumination.

“Oh, yes. Sorry. Just lost in thought there.”

He pushed himself from the coffee credenza under the side window and made for the door back to his outer office. That back. Those broad shoulders. That ASS!

I needed—surely needed—to call one of those counselors to whom I referred my gay parishioners. This was going to be really messy.

“Oh, and Kirk?”

He stopped at the door and turned back to me.

“You don’t need to wear a tie if you don’t want. Pretty casual here.” I nodded down at what I was wearing, a short-sleeved patterned shirt and jeans. “I appreciate that you take this job seriously, but truly, I want you to wear whatever makes you comfortable.” Oh please, oh please, oh please... Dear Lord, make him only comfortable with tight-fitting shirts and pants. How about tank tops? G-strings? Whatever you can manage, Lord. In Jesus name, amen.

“Thanks,” he smiled. And yet another WINK! “I appreciate that. I’ll try not to get too informal though.”

“I don’t think it’ll be a problem, Kirk. Seriously, wear whatever you want. I doubt it’ll be out of line.” How hard could I push this line of thinking?

Then he looked at me askance and gave a sly smile. “Well... you haven’t seen my wardrobe, Pastor.” He held absolutely still for way too long, then raised his eyebrows up and down three times, and let out a laugh. “Just kidding,” he grinned. “I’ll be a good boy.” He turned and left.

Be a good boy? I waited until he was around the corner, out of my view, then quietly banged my head on my desk.

PART TWO

REVEALING ATTIRE

I WAS DEFINITELY GOING to have to dip into my back-up sermon reserves for the upcoming Sunday service. I was a mess, and no amount

of effort could bring me to formulate a coherent sermon. I should have preached on temptation, because that was definitely what I was undergoing. I could have put something together from my first-hand experience.

But of course, telling the congregation that I was being tempted by the new male, bodybuilder-huge, exquisitely good-looking, muscle hunk, horse-hung, church secretary... that would end badly.

Kirk had Wednesday off, but at that point in my lusty journey, it didn't matter that he was out of the office. In one way, it was worse, productivity-wise. All alone, I was left to my own devices. And let me tell you, I paid more than a few visits to the back room bathroom that day.

Thursday, the weather was getting warmer, and Kirk wore a short-sleeved polo shirt that—of course—showed off everything. Muscles out to here. Bulging, rippling mounds everywhere. It was so erotic to me.

And I was definitely getting the impression that Kirk knew how I felt—how turned-on I was by him. He wasn't overt in his playing with my muscle-lust (yet), but he clearly didn't feel the need to be reserved either. For example, I know he caught me staring—more than once, and he always just gave a polite smile, but didn't pull back.

On Friday it was worse. I had some last-minute changes to the back-up sermon I was tweaking, and Kirk had come into the Pastor's Study (my office) to correct something or another. He rounded my desk and bent over to get a better look at my monitor, when he placed a hand on my shoulder. And leaned lower. His face was almost right beside mine. I could smell his scent. I could feel the heat being produced by all that muscle.

His thick, meaty, veiny forearm and football-size upper arm were about all I could see, even though we were both ostensibly looking at my computer screen.

When he was done, he squeezed my shoulder, raised up to leave, glanced back at me, and gave me a smile and a wink. It was a gesture that was unambiguous. He liked driving me insane.

WINTER TURNED INTO SPRING, our Good Friday and Easter Services were well-attended, and the weather started getting a bit warmer. Kirk and I had developed quite the working relationship. He really was the best church secretary I'd ever had. Prompt (if not almost always early), efficient, thorough, and he almost always anticipated what I needed before I even asked.

It was just too bad that I became lost in lust every time I saw him, or even thought about him.

It didn't help that he was relaxing the dress code in the office. Yes, I had told him to do so (in the hopes that he would wear less, obviously), so I have no one to blame but myself, right?

At one point I was starting to wonder what visitors to the office might think. It wasn't that he was actually suggestive in his attire; it was just that, well... okay, maybe it was suggestive. I think the guy knew exactly what he was doing to me. But whenever he wore anything tight or even remotely revealing (read: an open collar with a button or two undone, revealing a peek at that gorgeous carpet of manly, black chest hair), I was concerned that anyone from the Blue Hair Brigade might be a tad off-put. There were many in the congregation—especially the older ones—who buttoned their collars pretty tightly, if you know what I mean. That Kirk (and I) did not, might be cause for discord.

Then, one day Kirk arrived at work wearing a tank top. Holy Samson pulling down the Pillars. His bare arms and shoulders were astonishing. That was distracting. I wanted to weep. But the tank was only part of the... situation. Kirk wore some jeans—ones he hadn't worn before, and they rode very low on his narrow hips. And they were bigger in the waist than his waist required, which resulted in them being so loose at the hips that his Tommy Hilfigers were plainly visible. And damn, his obliques! You know the muscles that form a "V" near the hips, right? Well, that Adonis Belt was the most sexy one I'd ever seen—truly seductive in the way it pointed downward, what with his pants slung low, and practically directed your eyes to the oversized genital pouch below.

Even worse (or better, depending on one's perspective) was the fact that everything was so low and open that Kirk's glory trail was visible, and some of his pubic hair (a lot of it actually!) peeked up from behind his

boxer's waistband! I totally got the impression that he pulled his pants lower whenever he came into my study. It might have been presentable (almost) otherwise, while he kept them higher out in the reception area.

His tank top was cut short; too short to tuck in, and the hem hit above his waist, so that depending on his position, you could see his belly button and that delicious glory trail leading to his dark, black pubes.

I was in heaven. But hell was only steps away.

But of course, the fact that I was privy to all of this muscular pulchritude meant that those who visited the office would be too. Might be a problem. But damn, I didn't want to suggest he tone it down. He was obviously doing it to drive me nuts; we'd definitely established a friendly relationships over the first month, and had gotten pretty comfortable with each other. I was loving it—loving being with him. I was totally smitten, and the fact that he seemed to know that, yet didn't object—it was exactly what I wanted. He was constantly on my mind. I loved that he played with my thoughts, and he liked to tease me with not only his attire, but his mannerisms.

But it was dangerous. Well, it could be dangerous if some visitor got ideas.

So I called him into the study. "Um, could you take a seat, please?" Again, I remained behind my desk, as had become my habit when talking to him. My boner was always the size of a water main when he was around, and I had to keep myself as cloistered as possible.

Kirk sat in a chair opposite my desk.

"I... um, well I'll just get to the point. I know I told you to wear whatever you want when you come to work, but I wonder if... well, a man of your build... maybe you might want to... you know...." I let the sentence drop without ending it.

He didn't respond.

"I mean, I'm only thinking of when people visit the office," I said.

Kirk looked down, apparently embarrassed.

“Mind you,” I quickly added, “if it were up to me, I would let you go around the office with that tank top ripped open, you know?” I laughed nervously. Had I just said that? It most certainly was true, but... had I just said that to him? Out loud? I laughed again, and it sounded even more pathetic. Fuck. I tried to back peddle “I mean, you obviously have a physique to be proud of....”

Kirk’s countenance changed, and he looked up at me with a soft smile. Then a broader one. “I’m sorry, Pastor. I guess I got a little careless. I wasn’t thinking about visitors. Just you.”

Just me? What was that supposed to mean? Well, obviously it meant he was dressing to let me see. “Oh, it’s my fault, Kirk. I didn’t think about visitors either. I should have been sensitive to that from the beginning. Like I said, if it were up to me...”

“You’d let me...”

I swallowed hard, more than once. “Well, I just mean, I can see why you... I mean you obviously take pride... as you should... in your physique.” I purposely gazed at his torso for a moment. “But... you know, some of the ladies in the church... they might obje... not that I would, mind you... but, others... If it were up to me, you could wear whatever you wanted. Or not... Or noth... I mean, nothing that you wouldn’t want to wear.” My running off at the mouth was my only defense mechanism against my lustful desires. Damn, I wanted to see more of this man. I wanted to see him naked. I wanted to slip back into my bathroom with him and step into the shower with him and lather up all those muscles under my worshipping hands.

“It’s okay, Pastor. I totally understand. More than you think. Actually, I didn’t mean to wear this today,” he nodded down to his torso, “but I had a long workout, and afterwards I realized I’d left my work clothes at home. I would have gone back home to change into them, but I didn’t want to be late for work.”

“You’re always so punctual, Kirk. I really appreciate that about you.” Not to mention a host of other desirable “traits”.

“Thank you. But anyway, I had these clothes in my locker, so after I took off all my clothes... you know... stripped off my workout clothes... and showered, I just grabbed these.”

Please don't talk about taking off your clothes, son. “I understand, Kirk. It is definitely not an issue with me. You actually look phenomenal like that. I mean, in those clothes... I mean, whatever you wear, you look amazing... Your muscles... Your physique is astound....” Holy fudge, my mouth was going to be my undoing.

“Thanks, Pastor. I always value the positive feedback.” He smiled genuinely, but then added that wink again. “Makes the gym sessions worth it, you know? And coming from you, I really appreciate that.” He chuckled, then added, “I guess at heart, I'm a bit of a show-off. But that's just between you and me, okay?” His smile was sincere, yet somehow... alluring.

Lord God Almighty.

“I hope that doesn't offend you, Pastor.”

“No. Not at all. I want to emphasize, if it were up to me....” If it were up to me, you'd come to work buck naked, and we'd start each day with me giving all those tight muscles of yours a thorough rubdown. Certainly don't want the church secretary to be all tight and stressed. I'd want to make sure to massage you real good....

“Well, thank you, Pastor. I think I understand where you're coming from,” Kirk smiled. “I guess we'll just have to keep a tight rein on things then.”

What? We will have to keep a tight rein on things? On what things? On my libido? On your tendency to show off? On my deep-rooted lust for your body? On my desire to have you take off all your clothes right here and now?

“And actually,” Kirk continued, “I was wondering... I mentioned that I forgot to set out my clothes for the day today, and well, I've also mentioned that I get up every morning and go to the gym before work.”

“Yes....”

“And I was thinking that maybe I could keep an extra set of clothes here—in the back room maybe—so I could... maybe have the option of coming here after my workout, and maybe I could just shower here and then change. It’d be a good way to make sure I have more presentable clothes, you know?”

“I see....”

“And actually, I’d kind of like to be able to shower elsewhere, rather than at the gym. Believe it or not, it gets pretty crowded, even at that hour of the morning, and well, sometimes some of the guys kinda... well, stare... you know?” He smiled tentatively.

I raised my eyebrows and nodded. “Oh, I can imagine.” Believe, me.

He laughed. “Well, it’s not like it really bothers me. I mean, when you look at me, I don’t mind at all. But we have a relationship, you know?”

He doesn’t mind that I look at his body. Lord, give me strength.

“And well, here, it’s more private and all. It wouldn’t be a problem, for me, anyway, if you saw me without my shirt on. I mean actually, if I was getting out of the shower and you saw me without any clothes on... it wouldn’t bother me at all.”

“Okay. I understand....”

“By the way, do you use the shower much? I was thinking, I sure don’t want to interfere with you using it. You know?” He was really being all sensitive and well-mannered.

“Oh, I...” I think I’d only used the shower twice in all my years here. I don’t even remember why. But instead of telling him that, I blurted out, “Well, I do use it occasionally. When the situation warrants.” You never know, you know? I might start using it regularly. I might. I might.

“Well, if you were ever using it, or going to use it when I got here, it wouldn’t be a big deal if we both used it.” He took a breath and added, “I mean, trade off. One after the other.” He cocked his head, thinking, then

said, “That bathroom is pretty small though. I guess we could just work around each other while we get dressed.” He was looking at me with those eyes of his again. What was he doing? He was playing with me. He was.

Work around each other while we get dressed? Yes please. But seriously, there was no way I was going to expose myself to Kirk. I just couldn’t. That would be disastrous. If I’d been even remotely successful at hiding my lust for his body (and come on, I hadn’t), pointing my boner up at all his muscles would be a dead give away that I wanted him. Duh.

When I didn’t say anything, he said, “Believe me, I’m used to getting dressed in tight quarters you know.” He chuckled. “Big family. Lots of brothers. So bumping into you back there—it’s such a small room and all —after we shower, it’d be no big deal. Not unless it’d bother you to bump into 295 pounds of naked, hard muscle,” he chuckled. He chuckled. At what he’d said! Like it was just something normal to say. Bumping into 295 pounds of naked, hard, virile, flexing, erotically perfect, erect muscle is something to chuckle about! He chuckled!

NO. I couldn’t move forward with this. This conversation was going all kinds of sideways, and every sideways it was going was the totally wrong direction that I had in mind when I called him into the study.

Oh for crying out loud. Be honest, James. This convo is going exactly like you want. “Yeah...” I coughed. “No big deal.”

“Good!” His face brightened. “Thank you. I’m looking forward to showering here.”

Had I just agreed to this? My heart was pounding so hard, I put my hand next to my desk phone just in case a 9-1-1 call was necessary. This portended all kinds of wonderfulness—and disaster.

Of course, I would try to maintain discretion. I’d be sure to steer clear of the back room while Mr. Muscles showered and dressed.

Who was I kidding. I was actually already pondering the possible scenarios whereby I could make an excuse to go back there while he was there:

“Oh, sorry, Kirk. I forgot to brush my teeth at home. It’s okay if I use the sink while you shower, isn’t it?”

or,

“I just needed a big glass of water. I won’t be a minute. You just go ahead and get dressed. I’ll try to stay out of your way.”

“Is it okay if I use the toilet? I’ve been trying to increase my water intake throughout the day....”

Oh, wait. That last one would never work. I’d be so hard I know I wouldn’t be able to pee. Even sitting on the toilet would be problematic. My penis would be sticking straight up while I sat there. Maybe:

“Don’t mind me. I’m just going to wash off the shower door. The janitor always forgets to do this. You just keep lathering yourself up in there, and I’ll clean the outside of the door while you shower. Don’t mind me. I like to be thorough, too, you know.”

“I noticed that you usually take a long time to dry off, and well, I was wondering if you needed any help with that. If I were to start with your back, it might be a real time-saver.”

“And while I rub you down, maybe I should check your testicles for any lumps, or whatever. You never can be too careful with... you know... cancer or anything. My Uncle Ted had testicular cancer, you know. Not pleasant. But then, he used to smoke a lot. Probably related, you know?”

He's okay now, but if there's one thing I've learned it's that you can't be too careful with your health. Maybe I should check for hernias too. Look to the side and cough please."

"Oh, I didn't realize you'd be erect. My bad. I'll just back out and... but oh my! You are really big! Almighty God! I don't think I've ever seen.... I'm sorry, I'll just go now... but Jesus Christ! You are huge! And so hard! But don't be embarrassed, Kirk. Happens all the time with me too. I certainly don't... Holy Moses in a basket! It's so... Wow, Kirk, it makes me wonder what it must feel like. Does it feel as hard as it looks?"

Kirk brought me out of my increasingly nasty—and unrealistic—reverie: "And I will do my best to not be a show-off, you know." He chuckled so cutely and gave me a wink. "Wouldn't want to offend any little old ladies that might visit." He pondered something for a second. "Oh, but this would all be before the office opens in the morning. So we wouldn't need to worry about that. It'd be just you and me."

I wanted to let out a long, low, moan: HUUUUUUUUGHHHH... He was being cruel now. You're killing me here, Kirk. Killing me. The bastard knew exactly where he was going—and how he was planting the seeds. And he knew that I wanted him to go there. I wanted nothing more than for him to plant those seeds.

"Well, anyway, whatever might happen, it'd be all private and everything. What happens in the Pastor's Study stays in the Pastor's Study, right?" He laughed.

Was my hopeless infatuation with him that obvious? I mean, yeah, I realize I can't always keep it down—so to speak, but he was being so goddamn blatant with the innuendos! Yeah, he knew me. Totally knew what I wanted. Knew that I wanted nothing more than to see, touch, rub, watch, and caress his muscle body. And masturbate while I did it. And masturbate him. Suck him off.

Kirk stood up; apparently the meeting was over. When he stood there, on the other side of my desk, there were his low-slung jeans and boxers—right there—showing that mouth-watering, tantalizing trail of black hair, leading down to the overflow of his pubes at the elastic band of his underwear. Oh my god, his obliques formed the most sexy, narrow "V" line

you could imagine. And it all pointed to the hairy, half-hidden, nether region, drawing your eye lower.

He stood there for a minute, letting me gape, then looked down to see what I was gaping at. “Oh, I guess I see what you mean, Pastor. I didn’t even realize how much was showing down there. Even with my big muscles, my waist is just so small that it’s hard to find anything that fits well.” He bent forward; he had to, to see over his humongous, cantilevered chest, in order to see his waist. “Gosh, you can see some of my pubes.”

I choked out a cough.

He started to fumble with the waistband of his boxers. But instead of pulling them up, to mitigate the blatant display of his pubic hair, he pulled his boxers and jeans down! He made it like he was trying to adjust things... to fix the situation. But in so doing, he exposed the thick root of his cock, and even more of his jet-black pubes.

Get thee behind me Satan!

I was catatonic. Standing in front of me was a six-foot-six, model-good-looking, 295-pound god, scantily clad (well not as scantily as I wanted, but...), exposing his genitals to me, teasing me with what I couldn’t have. Driving me off the rails with uncontrollable and unquenchable desire for his masculine, virile, muscle body.

Then, in what looked like an even more vigorous attempt to adjust everything, Kirk pulled his pants even lower. I swear he showed me at least half of his cock. And dayum, that thing was thick! A big vein ran prominently down it, fed by other smaller ones. His thick, black pubic hair was so gorgeous.

He held his pants down while with his other hand he attempted to finish the maneuver—the task, apparently, of adjusting his junk so that it wouldn’t pull down his boxers and pants, and be so glaringly obvious... his virility. He glance up from his work and looked at me. I only caught it out of my peripheral vision. My gaze was locked on the visible portion of his cock. “Sorry,” he said softly. “Do you want me to do this somewhere else?”

I looked up at his face. He was serious. Like, all business. I could only swallow. I felt my Adam's Apple move up and down slowly in my neck. My mouth was parched, but my eyes were watering. I couldn't say a word.

He shrugged, and his entire upper body shifted and rippled. "Well, it'll just take a sec," he said. He looked back down at his exposed hair and cock root. One of his hands moved onto his enormous pouch, and he lifted it, squeezed it, and moved it. He hitched his thumbs in his underwear again and shifted his weight to one side, bringing his stance on one foot to his tippy toes. He was really working at it—wrenching his torso to get things to work right. And I was seeing a show-stopping exhibition that threatened to undo me. I was this far from offering to help.

Finally, he gave a big, exasperated sigh. He let his arms relax at his sides, obviously frustrated with his dilemma. "Dang it. This can be annoying sometimes." He was all... well... innocently flustered. "Let me see here..." He resumed his work, but now... holy, holy, holy fuck! With a big, exasperated sigh, he pulled his jeans and boxers down so far that his entire colossal cock plopped forward, unrestrained by any clothing!

His cock and balls. OhMyGawwwwd! He was enormous. Cut. And his balls—easily the size of Grade AAA Extra-large eggs—hung so low in his dangling sacs that they almost came to the tip of his penis! And that was a long distance! His cock was flaccid, but even then it had to be seven inches—soft! And thick! Any porn star would be proud. (I've seen enough porn star cocks to know!)

He fidgeted with his pants while his glorious manhood hung out, right there for God and everyone (me) to see. And he left it out while he worked and worked on adjusting his clothing. Then, annoyed and irritated at his "dilemma", he dropped his hands to his sides again, and just stood there. "I gotta tell you, Pastor, being a 'big boy' isn't always what it's cracked up to be." He looked up from his exposed genitals and forced my eyes up with his. "You know what I mean?" He stared me down with a commanding, but very soft, sincere gaze.

He stood there motionless, looking at me, with his waistband tucked behind his balls, all exposed as hell.

“Oh... I can imagine. I mean, yes...” I coughed. Then I mumbled softly, “God, it’s so big.”

He gave a polite smile. “Thanks.” He took one fingertip and ran it down the side of his curving cock, watching himself. “But yeah, a lot of people think they want to be big like this, but sometimes it can be a pain in the ass.”

Ohhhhhhhh, ohhhhhhhh, ohhhhhh...

He inhaled a breath, then said, “I suppose you might know a little about it, I guess,” he said. “You seem to be packing some definite heat yourself,” he smiled. “I mean... I don’t want to offend, but it’s kinda hard to miss,” he chuckled. “And it’s kinda hard to miss, especially when it’s hard, you know?” he smiled at me politely.

And still he just hung himself right there in front of me. Seated as I was, his exposed manhood was right at my eye level.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to take care of this somewhere else?” he asked innocently. “Because I can, if you want.”

“Oh... well, do you think you’ll...”

He didn’t say anything. He just let me founder.

“...I mean, how do you get it all back... in... I mean, will it take much work?” And seriously, do you need any help?

“Oh, yeah. Sometimes it takes all of my strength to get the thing to cooperate, you know?” he chuckled again. “It can be pretty irritating. So, I can leave and fix this somewhere else if you want me to. ‘Sup to you.”

“Well, I... whatever works best... for you....”

His face lit up again. The dude was so perfect at seducing me. He knew me inside and out. “Oh, thanks. It’s kinda hard to walk this way anyway, so I’ll see what I can do here then. Thanks.” Shucks and golly.

He got back to work, and the thing I noticed now was his enormous triceps. They bulged and flexed as he slipped his long fingers into his

underwear, tugging and moving things around. Eventually, he said, “You know, I think part of the problem is that I’m gettin’ a little hard. It’s really almost impossible to put this back when it gets like this.”

I was waiting for a bolt of lightening to pierce the roof of the office and strike me dead. Certainly, I deserved it for all the erotic thoughts I was having.

I looked at his cock. He was right. He was growing. His long, thick shaft arched out, curving right towards me. And it was getting bigger. Throbbing every second or two.

“Damn,” he cursed. “Oh, sorry about that. My mama would have me by the ear if she heard me cursing.”

But of course she wouldn’t give a second thought to the fact that you are standing there, dangling your junk right in your pastor’s face....

He stood there, hands at his side, and watched—with me—as he got harder. We both just stared at it. For a minute or so. Soon it was pointing directly at me over the desk. “Can I ask you a question, Pastor?”

I just gulped.

“I mean, I don’t know what the church’s teaching is on this, but well... I gotta be honest with you... usually when it becomes unruly like this, the only way to get it to settle down is to... well... what is the church’s position on... masturbation?”

Really? You motherfucking bastard. You know exactly what you’re doing here, don’t you. And you love it. You’re being all Gomer Pyle with me, and you love the absolute and total control you have over me. You know that if you asked me to, I’d suck you off right now. Forget the masturbation idea. I can do better than that.

“Pastor?”

“Um... I... well, I guess...”

“I understand that now might not be the best time to bring it up.

Bring it up. Yeah.

“I mean, bring up the subject,” he chuckled. “But what I mean is... now might be a bad time because, well, what I’m trying to say is... is that I guess it’s already too late to discuss masturbation. ‘Cuz I’m going to have to do it. If I have a prayer to get this thing back in my pants, I’m gonna have to... relieve myself, if you know what I mean. I hope that doesn’t offend you, Pastor.” With that, he brought one hand to his shaft, and very gently, with open fingers and palm, gave himself one long, tender stroke.

There was a subtle, yet very real sensation of warmth in my crotch. And before I realized what was happening, my steel-hard cock was filling my underwear, pouring out a long, steady stream of jizz. I hadn’t touched myself. I hadn’t even pushed on my pants. It just started. I didn’t jerk; my cock didn’t jerk. It just spewed out a single, uninterrupted flow of thick milk.

I don’t think Kirk knew what was happening. I didn’t moan. I didn’t groan. I didn’t hold myself. I was just filling my pants with cum. And hell, it was a lot. There was going to be some major clean-up.

Kirk had, by now, brought himself to full erection. I blinked at the thing. I just couldn’t believe the size of him. It was the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen. Huge, thick and long... perfect in shape, size and proportion. Giant gonads hung low in his dangly sacs. He removed his hand from it and it throbbed to maintain its height. A shiny drop of clear pre-cum dribbled down in a thread, with a larger dollop on the end. It went lower and lower until it fell onto my desk.

All while I was coming in my pants.

“Well,” Kirk said softly, his hands at his sides and his cock pointing above my head, drooling another drop of pre-cum on my desk, “I don’t know if you still want me to stay here while I take care of this.”

I was still filling my pants. Again, my semen wasn’t coming in jerks or bursts, like most all of my orgasms. It was just a long, steady torrent.

Well, if I can come here, I don’t see why I should ask you to leave to do so.

“I... uh...” As I continued to gush, I actually chuckled and said, “Wow. I guess you are a bit of a show off. That thing is the most gorgeous... I’ve ever laid eyes on....”

We were pretty much done with the game, weren’t we?

“Thank you.” He kept touching himself. His strong fingers moved up and down the nearly vertical organ. His face dimpled with a smile. “Yeah, I guess I’m definitely a show off,” he grinned. And just as soon as he’d grinned, he got serious again. “You sure this doesn’t offend you, Pastor?”

“Uh...” I squeaked out a whisper, “it’s... alright.”

He fondled it, studying its magnificence. The monolith looked to be throbbing. “It’s really hard.” Without taking his eyes off it, he said, “Do you want to touch it?”

OhHolyHell.

He pulled it away from his torso, and it kinda flexed. Another drop of pre-cum oozed out. He pushed it farther forward, held it there for a moment, then let go. It recoiled back and hit his white tank top at his abdominals.

OhHolyFuckingHell.

“You can if you want,” he looked at my face now. “Touch it, I mean. If you want. When it gets really hard like this, it’s really awesome to feel. It’s actually pretty amazing.” He looked back at it, then said almost coyly, “You really think it’s gorgeous, like you said?”

The torrent of cum flowed down one of my pant legs.

He moved his big, muscular hand under his genitals, lifting them toward me. “Actually, if you touch it for a minute, you might be able to help me come. That way I can let it go limp and get back to putting it back in my pants.”

With one last little umph, I flexed my cock and forced out the last of my jizz. At the same time, I lifted a trembling hand. Kirk stared, motionless, at

what I was doing. As reverently as I could, I placed my fingers on the warm shaft. It was so thick—so lined with bulging veins. I could feel his heart beat in it. I wrapped my hand around it and felt his urethra with my thumb, on the exposed underside of his shaft.

Then I gave one slow, firm-yet-tender, stroke.

Kirk flexed it under my grip. He repositioned his feet. He pushed his gigantic quads against my desk. I guess we were doing this.

The thing was, it only took that one stroke. I could feel it coming. He closed his eyes. His balls were churning. I felt there was going to be some kind of massive explosion. It was imminent. He dropped his head back. I squeezed his shaft and with my other hand cupped his balls, tickling his perineum, just those magnificent eggs.

Kirk's entire body—his pants pulled open, dressed in that white tank top, all the flexing muscles in his arms and shoulders exposed... and the massiveness of his broad, thick chest pushing against the shirt—he tightened his muscles, and they rippled and swelled. His neck thickened, and a big vein stuck out on it. He breathed heavily. His cock and balls coiled. He writhed in a pre-climax crescendo.

I pushed on it. It was pointed right at my face. Kirk was going to come right at my face.

The first shot hit me square on the forehead. It wasn't until the split second after that shot that Kirk let out a low, loud groan. I lowered his cannon so that the second shot hit my nose and cheek, and with this blast, Kirk yowled, "Jesusssssss Chrrrrriiiiiisssssst!"

His muscles were the most amazing, stunning display of manliness you could... It was staggering, the amount of ripped muscle this man had. His cock burst forth now, with rapid-fire gushes of creamy-hot milk. I aimed it to land all over my face. I opened my mouth and received a nice portion, swallowing it greedily.

At that point, having tasted, I rose up from my chair, leaned forward, and, placing my elbows on my desk, I went down on Kirk's geyser. I wrapped my lips around the bulbous, purple head and sucked. I pushed my mouth

farther onto him and enveloped his cut. His ejaculations were strong—they pelted the back of my throat, but I didn't mind. I pulled him in farther. All the while, Kirk was cussing and groaning as he filled my mouth with his salty, virile, youthful seed.

This next part is the hand-to-God truth: Even though I'd finished an orgasm only moments before, with Kirk now shooting his load into my mouth, I started to come again. This new batch of semen overflowed what was already there, forming another rivulet of cum on my leg.

I sucked tenderly, but with intensity, wanting to bring Kirk as much pleasure as I possibly could. I don't know how long we remained like this, but let's just say it took awhile.

I had to replace my desk pad. My mouth—regardless how eager—hadn't been able to contain all of his cum.

When I finally pulled my mouth off his cock, I looked up to see a heaving chest, and an upper torso that was as cut and ripped as you could ever conceive. Kirk, glistening with sweat now, lifted his tank top over his head and let it plop on his chair.

God Damn! Fuck! Holy shit! The man was a god. A fucking GOD. I'd never seen such development... such shocking musculature... such overblown, yet wonderfully-proportioned mass... such magnificent muscle definition... such heavenly beauty. All I wanted to do at that moment was worship that perfect, enormous, rippling body.

I pulled off, and sat back into my chair, licking his spunk off my lips, chin and fingers. And the rest of my face.

He kept taking deep breaths; the very light sheen of sweat accented the definition on his body. "Oh, damn. That was the best," he sighed, putting his hands on those narrow hips. "Thank you for that. I really needed that. I guess I've been feeling lot of sexual tension lately." He smiled and looked directly at me. "That was really helpful."

No problem, Kirk. Any time. I didn't respond.

He hadn't gone soft yet, and it honestly didn't look like that was going to happen any time soon. He examined himself for a moment, then said, "Sometimes it take a couple of tries, actually."

Oh?

"If that's okay with you," he said, all matter-of-fact. He glanced at the window above the table that held the coffee stuff, then back at me—his giant cock waving at me. "But maybe we should go into the back room. You don't have any appointments scheduled today, but, you know... it'd be more private." He rounded the desk and extended his hand to me. "Is your cot very strong?"

[I have a feeling there's gonna be more happening in the church office. Just a feeling....]