

HALLOWEEN MAN

by Sean Reid Scott, 2010



[Author's note: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for **ADULTS ONLY.**
If you are not an *adult* who wants to read this kind of smut, please do not continue.]

His headlights barely cut through the driving rain. His wipers had been on high for half an hour. If it weren't for the frequent flashes of lightning, Jack would barely be able to see anything.

It was, indeed, a dark and stormy night-- so much so that Jack wondered why he was taking this trip up to his friend's cabin. He hoped that the electricity would be on. The high wind cast doubt about that prospect.

Despite the horrible weather, Jack *was* looking forward to a weekend in seclusion. He loved the thought of holing up by himself in a warm cabin, nestled by a fireplace with some good books, and his laptop. He was planning on doing some writing, and the storm outside would undoubtedly serve to inspire him.

When Jack finally turned that last corner and drove up the drive, there was no light coming from the windows-- the cabin was totally dark; not unexpected, since it had been empty for a week or two. Jack's friend only visited his place-- more a house than a cabin, really-- on weekends.

Jack turned off the engine; he pulled out his cell phone to check the time: 8:28. There was no cell service this far up in the woods, but there was a phone in the cabin. He popped the trunk, then scurried to pull out his stuff, then ran as fast as he could to the porch. The wind howled, and the rain swirled around-- even under the porch's overhang-- as Jack fumbled for the key to the front door.

Inside, Jack flipped the switch in the hall.

Light.

Jack sighed with relief.

Within a half hour, a fire crackled in the living room and mulled wine was simmering on the stove. Jack had placed his stuff upstairs in his favorite of the three bedrooms. He ladled himself a mug of the spiced brew and grabbed a blanket on the way to the overstuffed chair in front of the fireplace.

Jack knew there would be no Internet at the cabin, so he had downloaded a few video clips and a lot of new pictures for him to enjoy-- for the expected, frequent jack-off sessions he'd have over the course of the long weekend. He flipped open the laptop as he sipped his warm wine. A picture of one of his favorite models came onto the screen. There was a reason Jack liked this picture; the model was the spitting image of his obsession at the gym: Red hair, arms like bazookas, fireplug neck, shoulders out to here, a chest like a 50 gallon drum, legs like Roman columns, and a tightly-wrapped waistline to boot.

Jack had given the guy at the gym the nickname *Zeke*, 'cuz he reminded him of the redheaded character in Sean Reid Scott's

stories on BuffMuscles.com. The guy was huge-- and so good looking. Jack had pretty-much stalked "Zeke" ever since he first saw him. The bodybuilder came to the gym every weekday evening exactly at 6:30, worked out for an hour-and-a-half, and then went home. Never used the showers at the gym. He had a pretty intense workout routine, which was necessary, Jack knew, in order to maintain that body. God, what a body.

And what eyes. Zeke's eyes were glowing amber. Like agates with a light behind them. Something that Jack had never seen before. They made this mystery muscleman even more special.

But "Zeke" had never even made eye contact with Jack. Now, Jack was no slouch in the body department, but he was clearly about two or three leagues removed from "Zeke's" level.

Nevertheless, Jack had memorized everything about Zeke. And one day he was even able to sleuth out his real name. It was Steve.

Jack sighed as he gazed at the picture of the model on his laptop screen. Jack actually thought that Steve looked better than this model guy. Steve was so much bigger. But for now, this guy was all he had.

This was Halloween night. Jack wasn't really in to Halloween; ever since he became a teenager, he hadn't been able to muster much enthusiasm about the holiday. The candy was so... so juvenile. Not much of a reason to even *consider* all the hype and "spookiness."

Jack had forgone his workout this evening, in order to head up to the cabin. It was disappointing to do that, because he didn't want to miss seeing Steve. But he forced himself to look forward to Monday evening when he'd return to the gym-- for another eyeful of his musclegod.

Shutters pounded as the wind and rain pummeled the cabin; Jack sat his laptop down, took a sip of wine and pulled the blanket

around him tightly as he picked up a book to read. He hadn't realized that he was tired, but soon the book slipped to the side of his lap and Jack was asleep.

A loud pounding on the door startled Jack awake with such alarm that he nearly jumped out of the chair. Immediately his heart started pounding ferociously. He pushed the blanket off and stood. His wide eyes stared at the door.

Bam, bam, bam, bam, bam! The pounding was so strong that Jack could almost see the door move with each powerful knock.

So many thoughts swirled in Jack's mind. Should he just ignore it? No, the person had obviously seen the lights in the cabin, so they knew someone was inside. Should he grab a knife from the kitchen before answering the door? Who could it be-- up here in the middle of nowhere, in this ungodly weather?

Finally, Jack made his way to the door. "Who's there?" he called through the closed, locked door.

"My car broke down," a man yelled over the wind. "Do you have a phone in there I could use?"

Jack couldn't help but feel for a guy in that predicament. It would be miserable to be stuck outside in this storm. He had no choice but to let the guy in. But as he opened the door, he was filled with a sense of foreboding-- and fear.

The man standing on the porch-- was Steve.

Steve-- from the gym.

Huge, muscular, drop-dead gorgeous and powerful Steve. He wore a dark green-- almost black-- heavy rain coat with a hood that covered much of his short-cropped red hair. The coat was just enormous-- as was Steve.

As soon as their eyes met, as Jack was filled with fear and shock, Steve smiled.

As another burst of rain and wind blew into the entryway, Jack found his voice. "You'd better get out of that rain," he said, stepping back to give the wide berth that would be necessary for the man to move inside.

As Steve walked in, Jack could *feel* the huge man's presence. It was warm; powerful; commanding.

"Thanks, man," Steve said. "I really appreciate it." Steve pushed the hood off his jacket and turned to Jack. His face showed a very brief expression of surprise, and then a smile. "Hey, don't I know you-- from working out down at the gym?"

Jack couldn't believe that Steve recognized him. He thought the musclegod had never even *seen* him. "Oh-- yeah. I've seen you down there too," Jack said. It took every amount of acting ability Jack had, to hide the panic he felt in being so close to-- and actually talking to-- his obsession, the man he had been stalking for months.

Steve extended his hand. "I'm Steve."

"Jack."

The muscleman's hand was warm and strong.

Jack closed the door to keep the storm out.

Steve checked out the cabin. "Nice place," he said.

"Oh," Jack stammered. "Yeah-- it's not mine. It's a friend's."

"Must be a really good friend to let you come up here," Steve said, looking at Jack.

"Yeah."

Jack was at a loss for words.

Steve unzipped his jacket. "Nice and warm in here."

"Oh, yeah-- go ahead and take that wet thing off. I'll go get the phone," Jack said. He deliberately turned away from Steve because he doubted his ability to keep his eyes from giving away his lust over Steve's huge musclebody as he took off the coat.

Jack went into the kitchen area, which was really just a corner of the great room. "Just lay it anywhere," he said as he grabbed the wireless phone off its charger. He looked at the phone, then pressed a button for a dial tone.

Nothing.

Jack pressed a few more buttons, with the same result. There was no dial tone. A knot tied in his stomach as he turned to see Steve walking slowly into the living room.

Steve was wearing a flannel shirt, with a white T-shirt underneath. The shirt was tucked into his tight jeans, and Jack swore under his breath. It was a sight indeed. Jack's disappointment in the phone was immediately replaced with desire. There was nothing about Steve-- absolutely nothing-- that didn't slam Jack's libido into overdrive. The muscleman *dripped* with power.

Jack walked toward Steve, "Uh-- I can't get a dial tone."

Steve paused. "Whoa."

"I don't know what's wrong. It's always worked before."

Steve shrugged his shoulders-- his traps tightened into thick mounds of rock. "Wow. That's a bummer."

Then, a slight smirk crept onto Steve's face. The smirk slowly turned into a full-on smile. "I guess this must be your fantasy

come true, Jack." The way he said it-- especially, "Jack," made Jack almost shiver with dread.

"What do you mean..." Jack forced out in his best imitation of a relaxed man.

Steve took a step forward. "You. Me. Here. Alone. It's your *fantasy*, isn't it?"

"Wha-- what are you talking about?"

Steve folded his arms across his beefy chest. "What I mean, little faggot, is I'm no idiot. I've seen how you stare at me-- how you follow me around-- even out to my car sometimes. Hell, I bet you've even followed me home before."

The color began to run out of Jack's face.

"You got a thing for muscle, don't ya," Steve continued. He took a small step forward again as Jack pressed himself backwards against a chair.

Jack's dry throat was unable to squeak out anything.

"And I bet you nearly peed your pants when you opened that door and realized it was me, huh?" Steve chuckled.

Jack just swallowed. Hard.

Then, Steve reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out a small set of wire clippers. He smiled. "Just a little FYI, Jackoff," he said with a sneer. "You don't need to wonder why the phone doesn't work."

Jack's knees nearly buckled. He felt like he was having a panic attack.

"So, how does it feel now, Jackoff?" Steve continued. "Now that we **are** all alone up here. Just the two of us? I suppose you want me to take my shirt off. Maybe flex my muscles." Steve stepped

closer to Jack, now only a foot away. "Maybe you want me to let you feel?!" he hissed.

"Nn-- no-- no!" Jack cowered. "I never-- I didn't-- It's not like that!" he objected. "You've got me all wrong!"

"Do I?" Steve smiled. "Well, we're going to find out, Jackoff the fag. We're definitely going to find out this weekend." He moved so close now that his big chest filled Jack's face. "It's just you and me, pretty boy. And we're going to see exactly what it is you've been staring at all these months down at the gym." He put his hands on Jack's shoulders. He lowered his face and kissed Jack on the lips.

Jack froze-- partially fighting back, but realizing that he was totally *not* in control of the situation and that fighting back might make Steve even more hostile. The kiss lasted just a few seconds-- as if to send a message, more than express any kind of passion.

And Jack got the message. Steve was in control. There was no phone. There was no way Jack could even get to the car-- Steve wouldn't let that happen. Jack didn't have too many options. He racked his brain to figure out what he could do to *not* tick off his captor.

Steve stepped back. "You thought you were the sneaky one, didn't you. You thought you could stare at me-- follow me-- and enjoy all the hard work I put into this body-- and you thought I wouldn't be able to tell?" Steve chuckled. "You must have thought I was some kind of a dumb ass." His expression changed from a smile to a frown. "I'm no dumb ass, faggot. And you're going to learn that this weekend."

"Pp-- please, I'm sorry. I didn't mean..." Jack pleaded. Tears welled up in his eyes. He was horrified.

"Aw pipe down, you fag. Do all fags cry like you?" Steve took a step toward Jack quickly, "A **real** man wouldn't be whimpering like a little fag-- a **real** man would **fight back!**" he yelled.

Jack visibly shook.

Calmly now, Steve said, "But you're not a real man, are you. *You like other guys. **Big** guys,*" He looked down and regarded his own huge frame for a second, and then looked back up at Jack. "And you're at least smart enough to know not to fight back against this." He raised his right arm and flexed it; his thumb pointed toward the ground and the flannel fabric stretched as it fought to contain the gigantic upper arm inside. The fabric almost lost the battle, but just in time, Steve relaxed his arm. He stepped forward next to Jack, almost touching him again. "You like that?" he whispered. "You **like** that big muscle, don't ya..." He sneered. His gorgeous amber eyes pierced Jack's eyes as his left hand moved onto Jack's crotch. "You got a boner yet-- Jackoff?" His hand rubbed Jack up and down, slowly.

Of course, Jack was too terrified to be sexually turned on. Under these circumstances, Steve's overwhelming body was only scary-- not at all erotic.

"Hmmm," Steve mused as he took his hand off Jack's pants. "Nothing yet. But that'll change. By the time this weekend is over, you'll be coming on demand for me-- that is, if you have any jizz left after coming while I fuck that faggot ass of yours," he smiled.

Steve turned away and walked to the fireplace. He rubbed his hands together in front of the flame. Jack knew he couldn't make a run for it; it'd only piss Steve off too. Steve's broad back blocked much of the light from the fireplace. When he was done warming his hands he turned and faced Jack. "You going to offer your weekend guest something to drink?"

Jack was nearly breaking down. He was so scared he wanted to vomit.

Steve waited patiently for Jack to respond. Eventually, Jack went to the stove and got a mug of the mulled wine. He gave it to Steve.

"Thank you."

The expression of civility was welcome, but Jack had no delusions that Steve wouldn't quickly revert to his angry state again.

Steve sat down in the chair that Jack had occupied. He sipped the warm wine. "Mmmm," he smiled. "That's good."

Jack took a deep breath and sighed, being careful to not express anything that showed relief at all.

After Steve finished the wine, he stood. He extended his hand to Jack. "Show me the cabin."

Fear gripped Jack once again, as he realized the respite was over. He slipped his hand into Steve's and the two walked to the stairway. Upstairs, the two men walked, hand-in-hand, down the dark hallway. At the end of the hall, a lone light from a bed stand lamp shown onto the carpet, indicating the room Jack had chosen as his own.

Once they entered the room, Steve continued to hold Jack's hand. The room was paneled in dark wood. A queen-size bed filled most of the floor space. Off to one corner, a door led to a very small bathroom.

"Nice," Steve said, eyeing the small room. He looked at Jack and said, "This'll be a great place for you to lose your virginity." He paused and then said, "You *are* still a virgin, aren't you?"

Jack's stomach knotted up into his throat. He didn't answer.

Steve tightened his grip-- to the point where it started to hurt. "Answer me."

"Yes."

Steve relaxed his grip a bit. "Never had a woman-- well I'm sure of that. But never had a man either?"

"No. Never," the closeted homosexual answered.

Steve grinned. He slowly began to rub his thumb across the back of Jack's hand as he held it. "This'll be nice, then. At least you'll be sure not to ever forget when you lost your virginity," he smiled lecherously.

He rubbed his thumb slowly. He looked at his chest. "Unbutton my shirt, please."

Jack hesitated. He was gripped with fear. And yet, of course, this *was* just like his fantasies, wasn't it? I mean, didn't he *want* to be all alone with Steve? Didn't he *want* to have sex with the musclegod?

Well, yes, he did.

But not under these circumstances, by any means. The fear took all the sexuality out of it.

"Go ahead," Steve prodded. "Start at the top."

Jack moved his hand onto the top part of Steve's shirt. The flannel covered an immense amount of real estate. It was warm under the fabric. And Jack could tell it was very hard. He tried to undo the button, but with one hand, it didn't work very well.

Steve brought Jack's other hand up and let go of it. Jack opened the button. Then the next one down. Steve's bright white T-shirt began to come into view.

Jack undid the next one.

Oh my god-- Jack could see how the white cotton hugged Steve's chest, and how it curved inward to form a really big overhang above his abs. As Jack unbuttoned the last few buttons, he began to tremble.

"Pull it out of my jeans, then push the shirt open so you can see," Steve ordered, calmly.

Jack did as he was told. Right as he was pushing the shirt open, and Steve's unbelievable pecs pushed out, Jack started to become stimulated.

"Feel my pecs," Steve smiled.

Jack put his shaking hands on the T-shirt and instinctively squeezed his palms onto the hard, warm beef that was Steve's chest. He slowly moved his hands around, and Steve smiled.

"You got nice hands, faggo," Steve said. "You like feeling me out?"

Jack admitted such, by a slight nod.

"Good. I think we're going to have a good time tonight."

Soon, Steve had Jack lying on the bed.

Jack watched as Steve posed his huge body. Admittedly, this captivity was turning into something very erotic for Jack. He was totally hard now-- and he couldn't believe this was happening.

For his part, Steve was also getting turned on.

After a lengthy session of posing and muscle worship, Steve's long, thick cock was fully erect. Steve pulled on Jack's ankles and scooted him toward the edge of the bed. He took all of Jack's clothes off and tossed them on the floor. The two men were both naked now.

As Steve leaned forward, he placed his cock next to Jack's. He rested on his elbows and began kissing Jack. Contrary to before, these kisses were tender and sensual. Steve bucked his hips and began to slide his penis alongside Jack's. He moaned as he kissed the smaller man.

Jack put his hands on Steve's back. He felt the mountains of rippling muscles that comprised Steve's lats and traps. His fingers moved slowly over the relief map, and he got even harder. He felt Steve's gigantic, hard arms. He felt Steve's tiny waist. Then he slipped his hands down onto Steve's tight ass. God, what was happening?

The fear diminished more and more as Steve continued to tenderly kiss his captive. Steve was obviously getting off on this as well.

Steve's larger cock rubbed hard against Jack's hard-on. It felt sooooooo good.

Jack squeezed Steve's ass cheeks.

Suddenly, warm, white semen began to spurt out of Jack's cock. Jack's body jerked with each volley. The milk pooled up between the two men. Steve moaned audibly as he held his charge tightly.

"Yeahhhh, little faggot," he whispered into Jack's ear. "You totally *come* over me, don't you..."

Jack squeaked out a loud moan as he continued to shoot.

"Tell me," Steve said as Jack's orgasm finished up, "how many times have you gone home from the gym and jacked-off to me?"

Jack tried to estimate the number of times. "I-- I don't know," he mumbled, squeezing out one last squirt of white juice.

Steve pulled up. He spread Jack's legs and positioned his big pole at Jack's ass. He looked down at his helpless prey. He smiled. "Now it's my turn," he grinned.

Jack was once again filled with fear.

Steve pushed his rod against Jack's sphincter. Jack winced as the doorway was slowly pushed open.

The wind howled outside as Steve's cock moved inside Jack's ass. The smaller man cried out as his hole was stretched to its limit. Steve gritted his teeth as he pushed in. Once his cock-lip cleared the opening, Steve dropped forward and covered Jack's writhing body once again, with his huge frame. He began to slowly push in farther. And farther.

Jack winced, then whimpered.

Steve loved to hear the helplessness.

Finally, Steve was all the way in. He held very still. Then, he flexed his cock inside Jack's ass.

Jack flinched.

"You like that, faggot?" Steve whispered. He did it again. "You like having a huge musclecock up your ass, don't you..."

Steve held still for a minute, enjoying the power. Then, the giant redhead muscleman began to move-- just barely. Just by flexing his abs, and then his glutes, then his abs again, he began to move. Only enough to drive Jack crazy. The smaller man could feel the amazing cock inside him. It was like nothing he had expected it would be. He felt overpowered, overwhelmed, overcome. It was amazing.

As Steve rocked back and forth inside Jack-- only millimeters at a time-- Jack could tell the musclegod was getting more and more turned on.

Steve squeezed Jack's body with his big arms as he rested on his elbows. His torso pressed against Jack. Shortly, he began to pull out more-- maybe an inch or two-- then ram himself back in-- hard.

Jack cried out in pain each time.

Steve brought his face to Jack's. Steve's amber eyes were haunting-- just gorgeous. But as the muscleman raped him, the bodybuilder's facial expression began to scare Jack.

There was more than just sexual conquest going on here.

Steve's face began to turn hard-- scowling.

Jack was filled with fear. It seemed Steve was losing control. Like some other force was controlling him.

As Steve moved obviously closer and closer to climax, Jack became more afraid. The eyes-- those glowing agates-- they became more intense. They pierced Jack. They began to horrify Jack.

And then-- did they? Was it possible? Were-- they-- becoming?

Yes! Jack began to push his hands against Steve's waist. There was no denying it! Steve's eyes were turning *red!* Bright *red!* Blood *red!*

Steve pushed and pulled furiously. He growled.

Jack yelled out.

As a clap of thunder lit up the dim room, Steve's eyes flashed bright red; then Jack began to feel it. His ass began to be filled with hot-- I mean painfully hot-- steamy fluid. Jack cried out again. Was it supposed to feel like this? Was it supposed to hurt this much? Jack cried now. The pain was amazing.

Steve continued to pump; his electric red eyes held Jack's in a horrific stare. He looked like pure evil.

There was no way that semen was supposed to hurt this much. It felt like acid was being deposited inside his ass! Jack began to flail and scream. He shouted. He yelled out in pain.

But Steve just curled his lips and deposited more and more of his vicious cum inside Jack's writhing body.

Finally, as Jack became hoarse from screaming, and Steve's orgasm subsided, the acidic pain of the semen began to wane as well. It didn't *totally* go away, but the debilitating heat turned into just a very, very uncomfortable burning sensation.

Steve pushed himself off Jack. His glowing red eyes had returned to the glorious amber that Jack loved.

Jack looked down, and watched Steve pull his enormous cock out. It was still completely hard, thwapping up against his abs as it sprang out. But instead of remnants of white semen, there was a strange green-glowing kind of fluid that was trickling down Steve's dick. Steve flexed his organ, and a final spurt jumped out of the piss slit-- almost like antifreeze in color, but with a milky cast to it.

Jack's mouth dropped open.

Steve grinned as he looked at Jack. "You're mine now, you know," he said. "Forever. Although I think you were mine from that first day you saw me. Hopelessly mine." He stood up at the end of the bed now, his erection still pasted to his abs. "But this," he said, taking his fingertip to scoop up a sample of his weird jizz, "this seals the deal. I'm inside you now, and there's nowhere you can run."

"Wha--" Jack stammered.

Steve's eyes flashed bright red once again, and Jack nearly jumped out of his skin.

Steve's voice turned deep-- like a monster. He sneered as his red eyes flashed. "You're mine!"

Jack was terrified.

Steve slowly began to flex his body. First, a most muscular. Then, he raised his huge arms and gave Jack a double-biceps flex. And with each flex, Jack's body contorted in pain.

Jack yelled as he looked at the musclegod before him.

Steve changed poses, and as he hit the flex, Jack's body racked with unbelievable pain. Every... time... Steve... flexed a muscle... it was as if Jack's body was inexorably linked to what Steve was doing.

With every new pose, Steve squeezed Jack into more pain. "You see," Steve said, assuming a side chest position, "I'm no ordinary man. I'm a Halloween man. And I've fucked you on Halloween night."

Steve slowly tightened the side chest pose, and Jack's throat constricted.

Jack panicked, trying to breathe.

Just before Jack passed out, Steve relaxed, and the air returned to Jack's lungs.

But just as quickly as he relaxed, Steve straightened his body, raised his arms behind his head and tightened his abs. As Steve rolled one leg's muscles back and forth in preparation for a mind-boggling quad flex, Jack filled with fear. Steve suddenly tightened his upper leg into a cement sculpture of hardened muscle, and Jack's body writhed in pain. Jack's head pushed back into the mattress as he nearly convulsed, yelling and crying.

Steve grinned, tightening the pose.

The sheets were wet with Jack's sweat after a few minutes. Steve continued posing; Jack continued yelling. Finally, Steve slipped a thumb between his rock-hard cock and his abs, pulling the mammoth tool away from his torso. He held it, regarding its

beauty, size and rigidity. He looked at Jack, lying on his back on the wet sheets, breathing hard-- exhausted.

"Won't you come for me little faggot?" Steve smiled. With that, he tightened his cock between his thumb and forefinger, flexing it. Immediately, Jack's cock became hard-- painfully hard.

Steve held his cock still in his fingers, tightening and relaxing it. Then, he grinned at Jack and pursed his lips, sending a kiss through the air, toward the smaller man.

Immediately Jack's cock exploded with glowing green jizm. Jack screamed out in pain-- and in horror. Steve flexed his cock for nearly five minutes as he forced Jack to fully empty himself.

"You see, my little faggot," Steve said as Jack nearly lapsed into unconsciousness, "like I said before... You're mine now. And forever. You have the come of a Halloween Man inside you." He bent over the exhausted Jack. "And you will obey me forever. You have no choice." He chuckled and then lifted his right arm, flexing it hard.

Jack curled up in a fetal position, writhing in uncontrollable pain, before going unconscious.

• •

Bam, bam, bam, bam, bam!

Jack woke with a start. His whole body was wet with sweat. The fire in the fireplace was almost out. The wind howled outside and the rain pounded the windows. His blanket was wrapped tightly around his body. His book had slipped between the side of the chair and the cushion.

Bam, bam, bam, bam, bam!

Startled, Jack bumped his glass of warm wine off the end table, spilling it on the oval rug. He jumped out of the overstuffed chair. He stood, silently. His heart pounded.

He heard the loud thumping again. It came from one of the front windows. As the wind slammed against the house, a lone shutter pounded against the siding.

After finding some nails and a hammer, Jack secured the shutter. His clothes were now drenched on the inside from sweat, and on the outside from the torrential rain.

As he took off his coat in the entryway, he sighed, relieved that the whole "Halloween Man" thing had just been a very bad dream. He needed to get some warm clothes on, so he climbed the staircase. He walked down the dark upstairs hallway.

As he turned to enter the bedroom, the single bedside lamp cast an eery light. Jack froze in the doorway. For the longest time, he couldn't move.

The bed. Next to it was his weekend bag, just where he had put it. But-- the bed. He hadn't slept in it yet. And yet-- the blankets were on the floor. The sheets were in disarray, and they were obviously wet with sweat. And toward the foot of the bed, on the sheets, there was a small puddle of milky-green, almost-*glowing*, liquid.



Your comments are welcome.

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