

Seamus racked the weights from his last heavy set and strode into the locker room. He had worked a double shift at the bar and fit in his workout after, late at night when only the dedicated Chads and bros would be lifting. At that hour, there were no women to watch him from the treadmills and make a show of their tits bouncing for him, but the eagerness of the night guys to spot him, and the smooth winks they made when they fist-bumped him, weren't unwelcome.

Amped from the attention and the muscle pump, he wrapped a towel around his waist and sat in the steam room to relax. No one else was inside, and he sat alone a long while letting the warmth and the moisture ease his muscles. His thick, Irish dick plumped up, and he opened his eyes to look at the growing bulge.

Work had been mad busy; he barely had time to lift, shower, and work for seven days straight, and each night he fell asleep as soon as he lay in bed. His Fleshjack was gathering dust, as were his hookup contacts.

A long time passed as he sat there, finally relaxing after the hectic week, and he thought that since he had the next day off, he may as well see if any of his hookups were awake and on their phones. "Kelly Stacked Tits," "Rachel Reverse Cowgirl," or maybe that guy from the MMA gym way on the other end of town who said he'd find (and share) some chicks with him some night....

He stood up and walked into the shower, rinsing off in cold water to stop the sweating and calm his cock, so he wouldn't be tempted to waste that week-long load down a drain. Besides, having borderline hyperspermia, he didn't want to risk clogging the pipe.

Once dry, he wrapped the towel around himself again and walked into the locker room. One other guy, a Korean fellow with thick, smooth pecs and dark hair under a blue beanie, was changing and looked up at Seamus. Their lockers were near each other, and, standing in his blue boxers. "Hey, you were lifting heavy tonight, man. You new here?"

"No, dude; usually I lift before work," Seamus said.

"Well, you should lift with me sometime when you're back this late." He stuck out his hand. "I'm River."

"Seamus." He saw River admiring his arms, then glancing at his towel bulge. He felt a twinge in his cock. *"Maybe, he thought, "this guy would be down. Just once with this guy. Guys know how to suck guys better anyways. And we could find a babe easy. Just to try it."* Seamus felt nervous and unsure of how to respond.

"Nice tat, by the way," River said, touching the Celtic knot on Seamus's right pec. "Ha, and you're an Irish boy," he said, touching the flag on Seamus's shoulder. "Got one too, here," he said, showing a cuff of water wavers around his forearm. "Like a River, get it?"

Seamus laughed at his himbo humor and was about to pull out his phone to trade numbers, when the locker room doors busted open. A shredded black man ran through them, turned, and slammed the doors back shut. He turned the little lock closed and stepped backwards into the men's room. Seconds later, thumping vibrated the doors, and low groans echoed from behind.

"Hey, what's up?" Seamus asked.

"Man, we have to get out of here. Something's wrong with the guys."

"Did a fight break out?"

"Nah, they... this one dude came in butt-naked, stumbling and drooling like he was drunk, and just started blowing Kenny while he was benching. The dude sucking him didn't look right, kept groaning and ripping off Kenny's clothes! Slobbering as fuck all over his dick too."

"Aw shit," said River, "sounds like I missed a show, Royal," he laughed.

"No, man, he ... he was like an animal, and he had no balls under his cock. And he was sucking him, and Kenny kept cumming back to back, until he had no more juice left — then he came so hard, he — I don't know what happened, but he's all messed up too. He and the wild dude started slurping and sucking Michael and they... they just spread like that, sucking each other dry. Two got me down, and they sucked a *ton* of cum out of me, man, and I felt all fuzzy and weak, but I got away...."

"You're messing with us," River said, walking to the door. "I can see you're still hard as brick!"

Royal grabbed him. "Hey! I'm serious! My dick won't go down," he shouted, gesturing to his rigid pole, "They *did* something to me!"

"We should get out," Seamus said, looking around for a back exit and not wanting to risk any shenanigans with the late shift lifters. The only doors led to the sauna, janitor's closet, and the weight room. He dropped the towel from his waist and hopped onto a bench to try pushing out against a glass pane above the lockers.

The double doors busted open and six fit bodies stumbled into the room in various states of dress: a couple were in tanks and joggers, one was in shorts, the others had all the clothing torn off their bodies. Their muscles swelled and sweated as their bodies panted feverishly, panning the room with glazed, white eyes and slack, drooling mouths with unnaturally long tongues. In two seconds they rushed Royal and River as the men stood by the doors, tackling them and pinning them to the floor.

"*Unh, ngh!* Get off!" Royal shouted, trying to push himself up on his sinewy arms, but failing against the brawn of the three bodies pushing him down. River shouted too, from frustration rather alarm.

Seamus watched in shock as the gym bros, who just an hour before had been sane and lifting alongside him, opened their jaws and let their tongues loll out. The pink, fleshy tongues dripped saliva onto Royal's eight pack and wide, sinewy chest before lurching down to lick his chiseled frame. Royal groaned in mixed sounds of panic and pleasure as the tongues found their way to his cock.

"Stop, no, no more, please don't make — me — *aghhh... unnnhhh...!!*" Royal's torso bucked as he climaxed, and Seamus could barely see his shaft for the licking it received all over. Royal kept panting; his whole body was sweating. "No, no please, I can't cum any... more... *uh, uhhnnn...* no, wait, it's too much!"

Seamus saw the three jaws attacking Royal's glans with wet, slurping sucks and lickings and had a clear view of the man's heavy, smooth black balls drawing high and tight. Then suddenly their owner yelled out in the deepest pleasure, over and over, as heavy ropes of cum splattered against his suckers' faces, into the air, splattering on the floor. His climax continued, with spurts of thick goo shooting from him, then sputtering weakly, then stopping altogether. With a sigh he fell still on the floor, with a tight, empty sack where his bull balls used to be.

The suckers grunted and groaned as they licked up the remnants of his seed.

To the right, River had given up and given in. Already he'd nudded several heavy loads as his balls and shaft were sucked. The ones who had drained Royal and mopped up every trace of his virile cum moved to River's body and, unable to get at River's cock, began licking the sweat off his smooth pecs and licking the scent of manhood from his pits and lats.

River's face was flushed with intense pleasure, and he gasped and grinned goonishly as another load was slurped from his balls — a tiny one, barely a few drops left in his tank.

"Hey, get up! You have to—!" Seamus tried to warn him, but River was too lost in pleasure to care. Instead, Seamus looked around for something, some sort of weapon or way to help River, hardly noticing that the mixed smell of sex and something else musky in the air was swelling his cock and making his nuts work an extra shift of jizz production. He was about to run to the janitor's closet when he heard a deep, grunting moan from River. Seamus looked and saw his hips arching up as his cock fucked the air, bathed by lapping tongues. His face was red and drooling from arousal, and his hips kept bucking furiously as thick ropes of cream-white jizz shot into the air from his tight, high balls. Seven thick splashes landed on his muscles and the locker room floor, and were immediately gobbled up by the moaning husks of men. With each rope, his gonads shrunk gradually until, with a tired and content sigh, his hips hit the ground with an empty sack and limp dick between his legs.

Seconds later, Seamus saw Royal's body flex on the ground, then turn over onto its hands and knees, poised like an animal with tight muscles and a large, but limp cock. His eyes,

too, were glazed white, and his mouth hung open and drooling. He stood up and stumbled over towards Seamus, and in that instance the pack of others looked over at the poor Irish bastard.

“*Shit*,” Seamus breathed. He dashed towards the janitor’s closet, planning to get a mop or something and beat or pole-vault his way back to the locker room door, but the hungry husks of the gym bros were fast on their muscular legs. A ginger with fat pecs leapt and grabbed at Seamus, barely catching his ankles and sending the man sprawling on the ground a few feet from the closet.

He felt numerous hands gripping him, turning him onto his back.

“Get the fuck off!” he yelled, kicking out with his legs at the husks trying to seize his cock. He realized that it was semi-hard already, and he regretted not taking at least five minutes that week to pop off a load in the toiler.

“I said get the fuck *off!*” he repeated, striking at the ones trying to latch onto his pecs with their drooling, wet tongues. They were too big and too many; muscular and strong as he was, Seamus couldn’t beat off an entire gym crew. A blond football-ish one and a furry, thicc Eiddle Eastern husk pinned down his biceps and began tongue-bathing the veiny muscles and his pits, drinking up his sweat and pheromones.

The blond was nursing on his pec hard, while the other’s tongue and dense beard scoured his underarm and lats. Where they licked, thick saliva coated Seamus, tingling on his skin with warmth.

“Shit, no no — unnnghh!!” Seamus yelled and grit his teeth. His legs were pinned, and the husks of Royal and the ginger were slurping either side of his semi-hardon.

“What... the *fuck*...” He kept his efforts going, trying to draw back his limbs and turn over to protect his cock from those long tongues, and the viscous slime they painted onto his manhood. The salivation was more than wet, greasy, thick — it warmed and permeated his cock. He could feel his balls swelling, the vesicles actively churning. Despite his fighting, he felt horny, thirsty, increasingly making his animal urge to cum and breed harder to resist.

A third husk began tonguing his sack, soaking and pulling on it. “Hell... what the hell... ahh... uhhnnn....”

His balls pulsed.

“No, no no, don’t you fuckin’ do it!” he yelled at his cock, but he couldn’t hold it back. The week of pent-up cum surged and shot into the air. Seamus ground his head back against the floor as waves of immense pleasure radiated from his balls, through his body. He felt the smattering of heavy blobs strike his abs and pecs before being vacuumed up by the hungry mouths feeding off him.

“Ah! It’s too sensitive! Guys, snap out of it — *unnnhh!!!* — please!”

His hypersensitive cock was pulsing harder, bigger, infected by whatever was in that saliva, pulling him further into lust and ruination. He could feel his balls heavy with cum already, his body weakening from the forced production.

Sweating, he watched as the ginger sucked both his giant bull balls into his mouth and swirled them repeated with his tongue, almost swallowing them whole. Meanwhile Royal's jaw opened wide, dripping thick strings of tainted saliva as he slowly, but inexorably devoured Seamus's thick pole.

"The *hell!*?" He yelled, then began panting and moaning. Royal's throat was undulating on all ten inches of meat, not needing to breathe, just trapping, milking, and intoxicating Seamus's cock. Seamus tried to remember the nightmare of seeing Royal and River lose their potency, their very balls, as well as their minds — but the pleasure in his veins, across his muscles, and on his rod were something else. "Don't—! Grr—! ...*Uhhh, ahhh!*" He could feel the gushing cum fill Royal's throat and spill out the sides of his mouth.

The others licked up the excess, and Seamus lay back weak, sweating, panting. His nuts were sore from being turned into cum factories, yet still they kept it up, creaming his energy and stamina into more seed, to feed those hungry mouths.

Three of them tongued his glans, fighting over it, wrapping their unnervingly elongated tongues around it like little vipers and squeezing it from all angles, up and down. Seamus nutted again. And again. And again.

"I can't... there's no more," he panted at length, scared and ashamed, but still horny and hard as a rock. His balls were swollen, tight, and dry. He furrowed his brow. Although he was unable to fight back with his muscles, he focused as hard as he could on not nutting. His sense of time was off; he couldn't guess how long he had been there, fighting and slowly losing, but he knew he'd lasted much, much longer than River, thanks to his hyperspermia. Maybe if he held out....

But despite his efforts, he felt the blood pumping in his cock, his balls aching, softening, threatening to give up and churn themselves into one last, massive load. Seamus's mouth was ajar as he panted, hoping and fighting, feeling he was being dragged to the edge. He fought the primal thought that he could at least enjoy that heavy, body-wrecking orgasm. ... But maybe he *should* enjoy the pleasure, if it was inevitable?

"Shit," he panted. That second of weakness pushed him closer to the end. If he'd had any natural cum and precum left, he'd be drowning someone, but there was only one last source of juice left for the husks to drink up.

In his weak, gooning haze he heard a loud bang. There was a scuffle of bodies, shoutings from people, roarings from the husks. Seamus felt himself dragged to his feet and

pulled away into a dark space. "Careful," he panted. He felt like the motion alone would make his cock explode. He felt himself being led down stairs before entering bright light.

Ten minutes later Seamus was sitting in the alleyway behind the gym, wearing the shorts a fit, male stranger handed to him (after taking them off and standing there in boxers); he said his name was Diego, and he smelled really good to Seamus, for a guy.

Another man, pale and shredded and marked with intricate tattoos, pocketed the janitor's keys, after locking the old back entrance of the building, which had led to what was now the men's locker room. He handed Seamus a bottle of Batorade

"You'd have been toast soon, by the looks of it," the Cuban man said, "if it wasn't for Levi." He thumbed at the tattooed man. "Pulled you out while I beat them off. Spritzing them with something that made them howl like a pack of dogs!"

"Thanks. ... But what happened to them?"

"Someone spread *them* in the gym's around town, but I think I can fix it," Levi added. "Think of it like a virus. Though that's simplifying it."

Seamus shook his head and took a gulp of the much-needed electrolytes. "I think I have to worry about it, man. That was fucked up."

"Too fucked up to be real, eh?" the Cuban said, sitting down. He took a quick glance at Seamus's still-plump cock in the shorts.

"Yeah... yeah it was."

"Just don't think about it too much," Levi said. "They won't remember, once I finish fixing this up, and eventually you'll start to question if it was real or just a dark, wet dream."

"More like a wet nightmare, man."

Levi smiled. "Exactly. Now go home, rest up. Sleep for a few days to recover."

Diego gave him his shorts too, and Seamus, suddenly finding himself more exhausted than ever before in his life, went back to his apartment, called in sick at the bar, and slept three nonstop days. He then went back to work, back to the gym — to find it exactly as he'd always seen it. When he returned to his room again, he saw the shorts were gone, though he could still smell the rich scent of its owner.