

Finn stood up, then sat back down; he was unsure if he was supposed to sit on the chair or on the examination table. All the nurse had done was weigh him, take his name, then leave him by saying, "The doctor will be right with you."

Finn thought about asking Cheri where he should wait, but the door opened, and the doctor walked in. The man was in his late fifties or early sixties, with a thick chest, a stocky belly, strong arms, and large hands holding a clipboard. The hair on his head was silver- gray with streaks of black.

Finn looked around and turned red.

"Are you nervous, son?"

"Um, yeah," Finn said, rubbing the back of his head. There was sweat on his back and under his arms.

"Just sit in the chair and try to relax. What are you in for today?"

"Um, a physical. My brother said I should have one; he said I'm too old to keep skipping it."

"You're twenty-five and never had a physical?"

"Ha, uh ... no. I get nervous," Finn said, rubbing his head again. "Because you have to get naked in front of a doctor. And my last doctor was"

"A woman?"

Finn nodded.

"Well, don't worry, Mr. O'Connor. Stand up, and let's get it over with for you." Finn stood up and undid his belt. Dr. Bristol sat on a stool and pulled on a latex glove. "I know young men are nervous because they may feel 'too small,' but that's not a big deal. Usually, it's just in their heads anyways." Finn unzipped his jeans and began to pull them down as the doctor faced his crotch. "Many healthy, athletic young men have just four inches or so, but they're still fertile and —!!" Doctor Bristol caught his breath. His patient was standing with his jeans around his ankles and his shirt pulled up behind his head, exposing a muscular torso with red

hair, and teal underwear beneath. The fabric was hanging low and bulging as if the lad had smuggled in an *actual* eggplant, and the area around the outlined glans was sopping wet. A thread of clear pre-ejaculatory fluid dripped down to the floor.

Finn laughed nervously and scratched his jaw with a finger. "Ha, I think ... yeah, people tell me I'm above average."

Doctor Bristol steadied himself and focused. It was indeed one of the largest penises brought into his office (only five or six local young men could compare, in all his years of medical practice in Montreal), but the amount of unstimulated pre-ejaculate was fascinating. "Were you engaged in intercourse before coming by? Or masturbation?"

"No! No, I promise! I'm sorry, this just happens. ... Is it bad? Is it ... weird?"

Dr. Bristol chuckled and patted Finn's thigh. "No, my boy, relax! Stress is bad for your health. Much worse than a healthy reproductive system, which I am assuming you have."

"How do you know? Some people say it's weird that I make so much. ... Or I, um, finish too fast. Maybe I'm big, but not healthy?" Finn was red as an apple. Being inspected by a doctor was shockingly different from being naked on stage, or in public when transformed.

"You're self-conscious about your production and worried that something's wrong?"

Finn nodded.

"I have a hunch you're just fine, but we will still examine you, for your peace of mind." He pulled down Finn's increasingly moist underwear. The young man's genitals flopped out, heavy and dense. Even without being hard, the scent of his sex pheromones was strong. "We can do some tests, if you're concerned. But first: your physical." He cupped Finn's testicles with the gloved hand, feeling his own penis twitch at the weight of them, and the size of the spheres inside the boy's

scrotum. "Now, turn your head and cough. Yes, just like that. Feel how I am gently rubbing my thumbs across the surface of your testes?"

"Uh – uh huh," Finn said, trying to resist the blood flowing into his cock.

"You should check yourself like this monthly in the shower, or have a partner do it. Gentle, but thorough. Like fingering an eggshell for bumps."

"Um ... Doc?"

"It's a good habit to get into. You're still very young, but as you get older –"

"Doc, *nnnhhh* ... Doc –"

"– you'll need to take special care of your health, especially the sexual and reprodu–"

"Doctor, I'm gonna — *ahhhwwwaahhh!*" Finn convulsed along with his cock. His balls contracted quickly as a thick ribbon of cum spurted loudly against the doctor's coat. A second shot to the side and splashed on the floor.

Finn and Dr. Bristol remained frozen for a moment. Then Finn said, almost crying, "Oh no no, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean – Ah, this is why I don't ... do physicals ... I'm so sorry!"

Dr. Bristol looked at the semen coating his jacket sleeve, and then at the front of his jacket where it was soaked. He looked at the puddle of ejaculate on the floor, then up at his patient. "Don't be sorry, lad; you're just a very healthy young man, with a very healthy pair of testicles." He removed his jacket and set it on the ground by the chair, revealing a blue dress shirt that was tight across his bear arms, chest, and belly.

"Now let's check your blood pressure," he said, rolling up his shirt sleeves to show his silver, furry forearms. "I see you're still rigid even after ejaculation." He firmly gripped Finn's shaft in one hand and placed the other on the patient's wide back. "I'm going to squeeze your penis with increasing strength; try to keep it hard, focus on maintaining your blood flow."

"That's how you check blood pressure?"

"It's an ancient method. Greek physicians used to practice it. Now, I'm going to squeeze."

"*Unnhh....*" Finn moaned, watching the furry, big knuckles tighten on his cock. He willed the blood to stay in, to make himself stay erect. He thought about the last night at the club, when the twins were teasing him: They washed Nik's body together while Finn watched, soaping his boyfriend's fur-lined muscles, making a show of sudsing his cock in a four-handed rubdown.

"Good, son. I'm really squeezing you hard now, but your erection is like a rock in my fist. Just a few seconds more with max pressure."

"Cu ... cu ... *cumming!!*" Finn's body tightened as a gooey rope shot from his cock and onto the floor again.

"Looks like we'll need a mop in here after you."

Finn covered his face with both hands. "Fuck, I'm sorry! I don't mean to make a mess! Please don't make me start over with another doctor next time!"

Dr. Bristol released Finn's cock and patted his back, laughing. "No, don't worry, I don't make a habit of turning away nice patients like you. I'm happy you're ... exceptionally healthy. Even if it makes a little, er, *moderate* mess."

"And it's *really* a good sign?" Finn poked his forefingers together and mumbled. "Sometimes Sean yells at me for clogging the drains at work, but I can't help it, especially in the shower."

"Well, have you ever had your sperm examined before?" Dr. Bristol asked, opening a cabinet.

"No, should I?"

"Not necessarily. You're still young, and I don't think you're trying to conceive. But if you want to know for sure if your sperm and ejaculate material are healthy—"

"I do!"

"Haha, well then, we should take a proper sample, instead of spilling it on the floor." Dr. Bristol pulled a condom from his contraception samples and walked back to Finn. "Now, take your shirt all the way off and lie back on the exam table. Just like that, good lad. OK, I'm going to attach this condom to your penis like – *this*, and we'll use it to collect a sample."

Finn's balls twitched at the sensation of the latex on his cock. He could feel his body churning more cum.

Dr. Bristol stood by Finn's chest. "Now, are these sexually expressive for you?" he asked as his palms touched Finn's nipples.

Finn gasped and whined in response.

"Ha, I guess that's a 'yes!' Wonderful, we don't want to touch your sheathed penis and risk the sample bursting or falling on the floor. I'll stimulate your muscles and nipples so you can achieve orgasm without touching yourself. Try to think arousing thoughts."

Finn looked up at the doctor's dark blue eyes. His exposed dick was already at maximum hardness again, and he felt pre-cum flowing to the condom. The hands slowly massaging his muscles, and the fingers teasing his nipples, made Finn pant. Without thinking, he nuzzled the doctor's belly with his chin.

"Oh? You like this old man's stomach?"

"Ah! No, I mean, yes – ah, I mean, I didn't think about that. It's a reflex!"

Dr. Bristol chuckled. "Someday you'll listen to me when I tell you to relax. I don't mind one bit, Mr. O'Connor; whatever it takes to help get your sample." With one hand he undid the buttons of his dress shirt, releasing his warm, furry, belly and his thick, heavy chest up top. The fur was black-streaked-silver, like on his head and forearms, but trimmed down to an even length. His big hands pressed

harder into Finn's chest and shoulders, and his fingers massaged the patient's pink nipples, sending pulses of pleasure to the young man's cock.

Finn freely nuzzled the soft stomach and kissed on his deep navel. The doctor made a low, pleased growl, and Finn looked up. "I'm close. Should I cum?"

"Yes, I made sure the condom is secure on your penis, deep and tight."

Finn hoped that he could give a good sample so he could tell Sean his cum was healthy and normal. He looked at Dr. Bristol's powerful chest, then imagined Nik's cock between those two puffy, thick pecs. "I'm gonna— *uhhhaaa!!*" Finn spasmed as a third load spurted from his balls. The condom filled with the audible sound of a water balloon attached to a faucet. The doctor rubbed Finn's head as the pleasure wracked the boy's body.

"Was – was that good?" Finn asked.

Dr. Bristol glanced at the condom; it looked as if Finn had emptied nearly a cup of his semen into it. "Yes, it's good, but the more the better, right? For examination."

"That makes sense, I guess," Finn said. Dr. Bristol rubbed his belly against Finn's face and muscular arm. Finn reached over with his far hand and squeezed the jiggly flesh; he felt strong bear muscle underneath. He moved his hand up and cupped one of the full, imposing pecs. "So soft ..." he muttered, as waves of pleasure took him. He imagined himself and Nik nursing on the doctor's chest in the club's VIP lounge, being called good boys while he rubbed their tummies, then used his skillful hands to jerk them off. The image made Finn's balls tighten; he groaned, then came harder than the last time.

Dr. Bristol watched as Finn's condom swelled, stretched as if a small watermelon was inside it. Quickly he pulled off its tail from Finn's cock before the latex bulb stretched and snapped. "Amazing, Finn. You really are special."

Finn lifted himself up on his forearms. "Yeah?" he smiled, feeling happy at being praised.

Dr. Bristol gently set the sloshing condom on the cushioned chair then patted Finn's thigh. "Yes, very. I'll let you know the results of your mineral content and sperm density later. Before you go, though, we need to talk about ongoing healthcare that you can provide for yourself."

"OK, sure! I'll do whatever you say," Finn smiled. He was *very much* enjoying being treated like a good boy.

Dr. Bristol cupped Finn's testicles as if they were a demo prop for a lecture. "Now, your testicles are unusually large, and at the absolute peak of good health for a young man in his reproductive years. Your volume is atypical – you could in all likelihood make a second income off of sperm bank donations," he chuckled, "– but it's important to ensure *fresh* production, to prevent any stagnation in your system."

"How do I do that?"

"You need to drain your body's entire semen supply, at least twice a week. I'd recommend five times, but, if we're honest, that would eat up a lot of energy and hours. Have you ever ejaculated until nothing comes out? It's what the young lads call a 'ghost load' or a 'blank.'"

"A few times, I think."

"Just a few times? That's not ideal, Finn."

Finn pouted with his chin down. "It takes a lot of time, though, and ... I usually fall asleep after the fifth one"

"Well, we can give you a proper, healthful draining today at least."

"Are you sure? It might take me a while, though."

Dr. Bristol removed his shirt and set it on top of his lab coat. He then began unbuckling his dress slacks. "Son, I've been helping men with their health needs

for almost forty years now. I want you to trust that I can deliver when a patient needs me."

Finn looked at the furry, tanned body and gulped. He felt his dick rising up to full mast, yet again.

"Scoot back and lie down – and as I've said several times, *relax!*"

Finn did as we was told and watched as Dr. Bristol mounted the table in just his dress socks – held up by garters. The doctor then faced away from his patient. Finn gasped at the luscious, brawny thickness of his trimmed, furry bear cheeks. The dress pants must have been restraining the width and depth of them. As they lowered onto Finn's cock, he saw his head streaming pre-cum, and he felt it smear and lubricate the deep ravine of warm, soft, enticing meat. "Ohhh ... wow, Dr. Brist– *ah!!*" His glans breached the hole. "So warm ... so deep, I ... *uhhh....*" Finn let his head drop back on the table. The heavy ass was taking him slowly, inch by inch, and the weight, tightness, and softness of the doctor's glutes and hole worked together like a symphony of pleasure.

"Ah! You're a thick one, that's for sure, lad. Must not be just *anyone* who can take you." Dr. Bristol looked over his shoulder at his new patient. "OK, son, try to pay attention to how it feels." He began slapping his cheeks in a slow, deep rhythm, up and down on Finn's pole.

"Oh my god, that's – incredible!" Finn's eyes saw stars, and his mouth drooled a bit down its side. The glutes themselves were bouncing and flexing around his cock. The doctor lifted his ass all the way up, so far that Finn's cock was kissing the outside of his cheeks, then on the way down Finn's whole member received that bounce-flex combo treatment before being engulfed by the warm, deep hole. Inside, the doctor's expert muscles – trained by years of male Kegel exercises – gripped, pulled, and massaged his cock. After some seconds of this internal velvet grinding, the doctor repeated the series of actions.

Within minutes Finn was at the edge of explosion. He couldn't speak over the onslaught of stimulation, but his scrotum tightened high and hard.

"Haha, that's a good lad, let it out. *Unnhhhh!!* Yes, there! I can feel you released a large load. Very good! But I'm going to keep going, until you're thoroughly emptied."

"How... *ufffff*... five times a week?"

Without a break or even a pause of this therapeutic treatment, Dr. Bristol answered, "Yes, Finn. If you struggle to get it done yourself, ask your partner, or even a friend to help you stay focused and awake."

Finn's dizzy brain tried to imagine Nik riding him like this, but it couldn't. Nik's muscular glutes were amazing, but this ass, with its technique and size and soft strength, was surreal. "Ah, ah gonna... *unnhhhh~*" Finn faintly moaned with a dopey smile on his face. His dick surrender more of that thick O'Connor cream.

Dr. Bristol kept riding. Finn's load – or at least the excess that wasn't bouncing around in the doctor's intestines – was creaming into thick butter between the heavy cakes, furthering the pleasure for them both. "Stay awake, Finn! Massage my glutes to stay focused and to help yourself climax again."

Finn struggled to obey but managed it. He leaned forwards and squeezed the heavy globes slapping noisily on his cock. "So thick" his hands squeezed them, and then he spread the cheeks wide to see his pole be sheathed to the hilt. He fell back, gasping and cumming, weakly thrusting his pelvis up to bury himself every millimeter possible.

"There, almost done! I could feel it was smaller. Stay with me, Finn."

Finn whined. "Can't – too good, too tired."

"Well, Finn, clearly you need practice. But let me help you." Dr. Bristol suddenly crushed down onto Finn and began using his strongest Kegel techniques to grind and crush Finn's adamant erection. At the same time, he slipped his fingers

under Finn's testicles and pushed them into his hole, where he expertly, immediately found the young man's prostate.

Finn snapped to attention again and opened his eyes wide. "Oh!"

"This is what they call the male G-spot, or a man's prostate, to be proper."

"Ahh!! What – this feels so weird! And good!"

"You can do this to yourself too, or try to ride your boyfriend so it hits this when you need to squeeze out those last drops, son."

"I can't take it! It's too much!"

"You're almost there, Finn."

Finn grit his teeth. He could feel it, the last potent load being served up by his exercised balls. It rushed through him like lava, thick and warm. His head tilted back as he groaned, shooting a tiny, ultra-dense load into the depths of Dr. Bristol.

The doctor removed himself from the table. Finn's cock slapped back onto his lower torso, finally shrinking to its flaccid size. He tried to look at Dr. Bristol, but his eyes were dazed and their lids closing. His mouth was stretched in a sleepy grin like a tired boy after sports practice. Dr. Bristol stroked the softening penis: it was hyper-stimulated and vulnerable, and quickly it quivered with a dry, empty orgasm. "Very good, Mr. O'Connor. Peak of health."

"Y-yeah ...?" he mumbled hazily.

"Yes. Now, I'm going to take your sample and file your assessment. In the meantime, rest here and leave when you're ready. Lucy at the front desk will check you out."

"Peak — *yawn~!* — of health" Finn's head lolled to the side with shut eyes, and he began to snore right away.

Dr. Bristol patted his fit patient's furry, ginger chest. Then he quietly dressed, grabbed the sample, turned out the light, and left the room.

A week later, Dr. Bristol mailed Finn O'Connor an invitation to a paid research study, for him to choose if he wanted to participate.

Sean, stopping by over the weekend, picked up the paper from Finn's countertop. "Clinical assessment study of top 0.001% virile males, North America.' This is for *you*?" he asked, looking at his little brother.

Finn rubbed the back of his head and blushed. "Yeah, haha."

"I'm proud of you little bro!" Sean said, beaming a smile.

"Really?"

"Yeah, absolutely!" Sean said with a thumbs up. "You can use the payments to pay me back for the club's ruined pipes!"