

# Hi, we're The Procrastinator.

BHSc's most controversial storytelling platform.

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## Bike Wang: The Perfect Lover

Start reading



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It's a normal day, like any other. I'm on my way to the psychology lab, eager to end another in-person day of university life. As a BHSc Hon. professor, of course I get a little excited when it comes to teaching and being academically rigorous, like my peers. But I admit, there's one more reason I'm in such an uppity mood.

"Oh, there you are!" That familiar voice calls out to me.

Dr. Bike Wang, what a brilliant man. A brief tingling sensation runs down my back as if a spinal reflex beckons me to rush to his side at the sound of his seductive voice.

"You should get inside. It's still winter, after all. Aren't you cold?"

Bike and I lock gazes. His eyes peer deep into my heart, and unbeknownst to him, warms me right up. I chuckle. What a caring gentleman.

As we enter the psychology building, I can't help but ask about it. He smiles patiently as I stumble over the words. I can feel my ears redden with embarrassment, but his reassuring gaze puts me at ease. Every so often, Bike interjects with a forgotten word or clarifying question that ground me to my statements effortlessly. Does this power come from being a psychology department member? Or is it just Bike? Bike confidently guides



around the facility, just like he confidently guides his team of students into creating the most amazing research articles I've read to date.

"Actually, I know I'm not supposed to show anyone this, but..." Bike grabs my hand, and I immediately am swept away by his strength. "C'mon, let's go."

With a sweep, Bike and I rush through the hallways to a small room on the upper floor of the building. It isn't like the other labs. There aren't any windows, and its door is a different design than the rest of the building. When he notices my confusion, he slowly places his hand on the doorknob to reveal the interior.

I gasp. It's beautiful.

"That's right," Bike says. "This is my secret hideout for when my lab assistants have everything covered. No one else knew about it... Until now."

Gaming PCs lean up against the wall, RGB lights included. The room pulsates with a vivid display of color. A soft whirl of fans fills the otherwise noise-canceling room. But I frown. Why are there two PCs if he never invites anyone else?

Bike seems to read my mind with his psychological deduction skills. "That's right. I've been looking to play with someone else here. It gets a little too lonely by myself. And based on what you've told me over email, you seem like an excellent fit."

Words don't even escape my mouth. Instead, I'm only able to let out a silent nod, and he laughs. It's a hearty laugh that fills the hallways, so much so that I grow concerned that someone else might learn of the room. I half expect another professor to jump around the corner and catch us in the act, but it never happens. Perhaps luck is really on my side, today.

The buzzing of my phone shakes me out of my stupor. Oh, no! The tour is over! But still, I learned much more about Bike than I ever could have (had I not emailed him about his lab work). As he brings me back to the main entrance, I can't help but truly appreciate Bike's figure. With that blue dress shirt wrapped perfectly around his hulking frame, and those formal dress pants, he exudes a

a professionalism I could never have imagined from my early McMaster days.

I thank him for the kindness he's shown me this past hour. He smiles, telling me not to worry about it. If generosity and looks weren't enough, he was also humble. I wonder if he was just saying that, or if he was making sure I knew.

Suddenly, a gust of wind catches me off guard, and I misstep. With my frail health sci demeanor, I stand no match to the forces of nature. I'm about to fall when, in a brilliant display, Bike wraps his arms around me. I stifle a gasp as I feel his heavy neuroscience-fueled biceps protect me from the harshness of reality.

Bike says, "Hey. You should pay attention to where you're going. I know with your frail health sci demeanor, you stand no match against the forces of nature."

I'm speechless. I initially thought we were on the same wavelength, but with everything that's happened today, I can't help but freeze up. It's at this moment I notice the warmth emanating from his body.

Reflexively, I push Bike away, only to notice a concerned expression on his beautiful, rugged face. Without saying a word, he turns around. He takes another glance my way, as if to ascertain my safety, before making his way into the psychology building. I feel my initial expectations waste away. Was he hurt by my sudden reaction? I didn't mean for this to happen, and at such horrible timing, too.

My hand slips into the pocket of my jacket, wrapping around the love letter. But I know from today that I am not ready. No, far from it. Perhaps another day, when I can truly show that I am worthy of his affection.

**To be continued...**

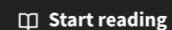
**Bike**

**Wong**

**love**

**passion**

# Big R x Reader

 Start reading



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 282

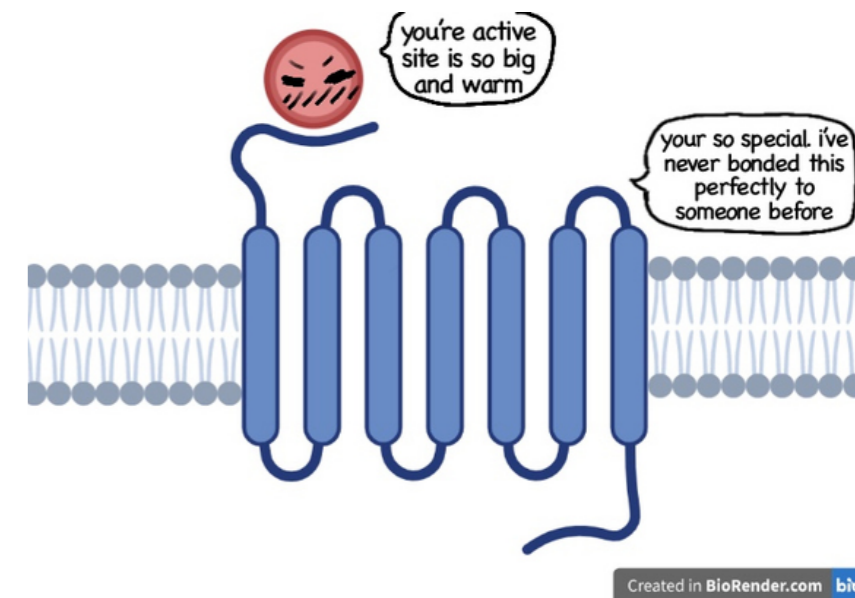
**(Author's note: Heyyyyy, this is my first story, so please don't judge me people!!! Please don't ask about the anatomy of students at Receptor Secondary School, that's up to your imagination. Stay tuned for more about Big R....)**

## CHAPTER ONE: HE'LL NOTICE ME

i sit in my seat, waiting for math class to begin — i'm kind of a nerd I guess. On the board are some really easy questions that i could literally do in my sleep (but not my other classmates bc they're dumb). it's the first day of school, so I watch everyone slowly trickle into the classroom.

i'm in the back row because i don't want Ms.Scaryceptor to pick on me like she did last year. Everyone hates me because i'm so unique. As i start to take out my binders, preparing myself for another excruciating year, he walks in... Big R. That's not his real name, of course. it's actually Receptorxander, but no one has called him that since grade 4.

Big R is from the histamine family, which makes him the richest, most popular guy around. Actually, all of the histamine brothers attending Receptor Secondary School are super cool and hot, but Big R is the biggest, most handsome receptor of them all. God, what i would do to feel the warmth and security of his active site. His depth and shape is unmatched by any of the other boys at this school. He'll never notice me. i'm just a nerd so i only have one outfit: an enormous red flannel that touches my knees, paired with old jeans that i won from a giveaway at this concert for a really underground band (Paramore), and my favourite rhinestone-speckled glasses that have frames the size of an elephant.



He starts to walk towards me. My tertiary structure is starting to denature..., this might be the day i've been dreaming about since i was synthesised. Just as he's about to take the empty seat next to me, a fugly, short ACh receptor wannabe-gangster steals the chair.

"Yo big mama, how's your summer? Ya finally ready to let me show you how us parasympathetic boys do it? I'll give you the time of ya life"

He smells like brain juice. i'm shy so i look away, daintily.

"Fine, ignore me. Ya not even that attractive," he scowls. i feel my eyes start to water as class begins.

Suddenly, Big R stands up and glares at the guy next to me.

“What did you say to her?” he demands, dazzling everyone with his British accent. ACh receptor looks back daringly, then puts his hands up in a show of mercy as Big R snarls at him.

Big R lounges towards me and gazes into my moist eyes. i feel my cheeks turn red. He sits next to me, and whispers, “do you want to get food together? Use my wealthsimple code PROCRASTINATOR for free \$25.”

i gape at him, unsure if i heard correctly. He leads me out of the classroom into the cafeteria, and i feel my imidazole ring start to tremble. He grabs me and reassures me: “You’re so special. I feel like we’d make the perfect bond.”

i take a deep breath and put on my brave face. He gives me a show-stopping smile.

Suddenly, i’m pinned to the wall behind me by Big R. He’s so close to me that i can feel how hydrophilic he is –

The class bell rings and i snap out of my daydream, stuck next to that stinky ACh receptor instead of Big R. ACh gets up and smiles at me.

“Don’t forget my offer.” He winks and leaves the room, catching up to Big R, still oblivious to my presence. i sigh. i put my earbuds in and play the first song that pops up in my playlist:

I hate you, I love you

I hate that I love you

Don't want to but I can't put

Nobody else above you

**He doesn't know me yet, but he will. One day.**

[High school](#) [angst](#) [Pov: first person](#) [self-reflection](#)

## Ad: INTRODUCING BHSC'S NEW DATING APP: LOVELINK

Meet LoveLink, a dating app that wants to change how BHSc students find love. Forget the hours spent endlessly buying candy grams for your crush, the days spent writing and re-writing the perfect pick-up line, or even the weeks of crying over that one BHSc buddy who ghosted you. LoveLink is here to revolutionize the way BHSc students date and meet new romantic interests!

The process begins with a supplementary application. Upon answering two creative and quirky questions, LoveLink's proprietary algorithm will match you with the partner of your dreams! The app then automatically picks an activity for the two of you to do in Hamilton, in addition to reserving a dining table at one of McMaster's finest culinary establishments— La Piazza, Chopped Leaf or a user favourite, Centro.

After each date, you and your partner will both be assigned a 200-300 word reflection in order to debrief your fun escapade. That reflection will then be shared with your partner for peer evaluation, all to increase transparency in your relationship! We also offer a virtual date feature, in case COVID-19 restrictions do not allow for in-person love-making activities. In this case, the app offers a platform for couples to video call, where one of our treasured staff members, Margaret, will be with you as you talk. Her role in the call will be to unmute either of you any time you mute yourselves, or to force you to turn your camera on every time you turn it off, because here at LoveLink, we know what's best for you and your relationship.

LoveLink plans to come to a phone near you February 2022!



## The Omegaverse

[Start reading](#) [+](#)

12.9K ★ 236 262

I was on the McMaster campus for the first time since I joined the famed Wolfpack - the Bachelors of Health Sciences program.

The Wolfpack was known for only recruiting the most alpha of students into their cohort. Whether they were keeners, star athletes or just really good at begging their professors for 12s, they excelled at whatever task they put their minds to.

There was only one problem with that, in my eyes.

I-I... was an Omega. The only Omega that joined the Wolfpack.

The big difference between being an Omega in online classes and being an Omega in -person is that no one can smell my pheromones when I'm on a Zoom call. They'd be able to tell that I was a pathetic little Omega and way too weak to be among their ranks. They'd keep me around for just one thing...

As I jogged pitifully to my next class hoping to not see any of the Wolfpack members nearby, I suddenly slammed into someone. I fell to the ground, my sickly, dainty, weak, small, elegant yet clumsy frame barely able to hold my weight. “A-ah! I’m so sorry!” I squeaked, in a nervous voice. The student stood before me, glaring at me with his piercing orbs. I gasped. It was Bredward Brullen, the most Alpha of ALL the Alpha Wolfpack members. The Alpha everyone talked about. The Alpha I admired from afar.





“Tch,” he said as he looked down upon me, his pectoral muscles flexing slightly under his polo shirt. “Watch where you’re going, you stupid Beta-” he stopped. He stared at me. Crouching down to my level, he brought his face closer to mine. “Uhm..” I started to say. Without saying a word, he started sniffing the air like crazy. “You smell... good,” he said, grabbing my maroon, BHSc sweater and pulling it closer to his nose. Oh no, I thought, he’s about to figure me out. He’s gonna figure out what I am -

“I knew it.” He grinned devilishly at me. “You’re a silly little Omega, aren’t you?”

I gulped.

His rippling biceps lifted my pathetically weak body off the ground effortlessly. “Please, Bredward,” I pleaded. “I don’t want any trouble -” He interrupted me with his powerful Alpha voice. “Come with me. Right. Now.” I didn’t have much of a choice as he practically dragged me behind him away from everyone else.

He pulled me into an abandoned hallway somewhere, then pushed me roughly up against the wall. “Hold still, Omega,” he growled. “Let me smell you.” He buried his face into the crook of my neck, then took a deep whiff. I was completely paralyzed, pinned between a wall and the massive Alpha that was Bredward Brullen smelling me in complete silence. I couldn’t say anything: I was too afraid. And yet, I was also sort of... excited...

Suddenly, Bredward handed me a sheet of paper with an 11 written in red pen at the top. “I’m giving your pheromones an 11. Your pheromones are strong, but not that strong. I’ve smelled better,” he said. I stared at the number blankly. “But -” I started.

“Hey,” Bredward said. “Don’t worry about it too much, you weak little Omega. I’ll come see you again next week. Maybe then you’ll get the first 12 of your academic career.” He howled in laughter as he walked away, leaving me breathless in the hallway with a piece of paper in my hand.

## LONELY HEARTS

### CAN’T GET YOU OUT OF MY HEAD

We were both in the anatomy lab at 4 PM on Thursday. I was that guy with the glasses, a white shirt and a red tie. You were at an anatomy cart with my classmates crowded around you, lying extremely still and not uttering a single word. I couldn’t help but notice you from across the room, with your long, skinny limbs and your pale, sallow skin. You had such a strange, yet enticing smell, like formalin and isopropyl alcohol. From that day on I haven’t been able to get you out of my mind. I couldn’t get up close to you, but perhaps you’d feel the same way as I do once you get to know me? I’d like to get to know you better. Let’s go out for coffee sometime.

- Anonymous

Editor’s note: As of receiving this, upon further investigation, the anonymous sender recently found out that the mysterious person from the anatomy lab was a cadaver. This statement will now be retracted.

### CHEM WHIZ LOOKING 4 LAB (& BEDROOM) PARTNER

Looking for a person consisting of both Oxygen and Neon... the ONe for me. Someone who’s Copper and Tellurium. CuTe. I’m looking for someone with a free radical just like me. Once we’ve made a bond, I’d love to pair our electrons. I do things on the table, periodically. The thought of us making sweet organic chemistry should send shivers down both our spines. Email me if you’re interested: halo.gent@mcmaster.ca

## Ad: BASSETT COLLECTION ONLYFANS



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Are you a lonely Health Science student looking for something other than midterms to screw you? Then subscribe to my OnlyFans this February to get the hottest pics/vids to use to study for your bellringers. On my page, you’ll find uncensored photos of your favourite organ system. Check out some of the things I offer to stimulate ALL parts or your homunculus this Valentine’s Day:

- ★ Custom vids, like fifteen-minute-long videos of stimulating CNS content, set to the tone of Bangela Bot’s charmingly monotonous voice to grace your cochlear follicles.
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- ★ Fan art, including properly labeled Latin diagrams of my hot body


Come and learn about me . Some of my turn-ons include:

- ★ Adrenergic receptor agonists
- ★ Phallomegaly
- ★ Vancouver-style citations

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- I don’t offer full returns. If you aren’t satisfied with my content, you can exchange your subscription for one month of MacAnatomy Premium.

- Don’t even try to ask me out, I already have a hot, loyal, committed boyfriend (and he’s totally supportive of my career choice )

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- Finance options are available, and I accept OSAP deposits

xoxo

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