

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF



The New Adventures of MuscleMan Episode 1: Vance

by Sean Scott

[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.]

For a full background of Commander Armstrong (the *new* MuscleMan) you are encouraged to read the [Testos Four](#) saga, especially beginning with Episode 9.

Special note: This new "MuscleMan" should *NOT* be confused with the original MuscleMan stories by Derek Flex (me). The characters are distinct and separate from each other. In fact, as the Curious Reader will find, the *new* MuscleMan (Eric Armstrong) bases his MuscleMan persona *on* the original character penned by Derek Flex (me), after *reading* about him on the Internet.

- Sean Scott

**The New Adventures of
MuscleMan
Episode 1: Vance**

Beams of dirty light streamed in through the high windows as Eric awoke. The rain had stopped, and from the look of the streaming light, the sun must have come out. The huge man got out of bed. His stomach growled. He could have “made” some food to eat, utilizing the nanites matter-antimatter conversion capabilities, but he decided to venture out and explore 21st century Earth and learn their social customs and conventions. He’d find a place to purchase food and give it a try.

“Fabricate legal tender for current time and location,” he said.

The nanite “screen” on his eyes read: **“Specify amount and denomination.”**

He thought for a second, then said, “Approximate one day’s wage for median income of this city and divide into denominations commonly used.”

Immediately a small stack of American currency, mostly \$20 bills, materialized in Eric’s right hand. He studied the money for a minute.

“Access historical database. Fabricate clothing indigenous to this time and place.”

His uniform changed into jeans, loafers and a yellow polo shirt, which made his 390 pound brawny frame look like he was made out of pure steel. In his left hand he held a jacket. With his right hand he picked up the three orbs off the bed stand. They were still quite a mystery to him, but he’d have to wait until a little later to figure out exactly what they were. Right now, he was starving.

Eric Armstrong had become used to people in the 24th century gawking and admiring his enormous 3%-body-fat-physique, so walking out of the warehouse into the quiet alleyway, he

had no idea how much commotion he was about to cause. He pushed the currency into the pocket of his jeans and started toward a main street.

The Alaskan Way Viaduct rumbled above him. To his left, the dark blue waters of Elliot Bay splashed against the piers. To his right, he looked up and saw the towers of downtown Seattle. His native city didn't look at all familiar to him; this was 300 years ago. He looked out over Puget Sound again and recognized the outline of the Olympic Mountains in the distance. He turned around and tried to find Mt. Ranier, but from this vantage point, buildings blocked the view.

It was cold. He put on the jacket.

Cars honked, busses rumbled down the roadway, and more than a few passers-by gave Eric double-takes as they saw him.

The smell of coffee caught his attention, and he turned and saw a *Seattle's Best Coffee* store on a corner. Once inside, he watched to see how people got their food, and was surprised at how similar the social customs were to his own 24th century mores. It wasn't much different from getting food on a starship, or in a dining establishment on practically any Federation planet. He drank coffee (*really good brew!*) and ate quite a few orders of breakfast fare while he sat and watched the other patrons.

Of course, they were as fascinated by him as he was with them.

As he worked on his meal, he felt a new feeling inside his body. Well, maybe it was a little familiar; but he wasn't sure what it was. It was a hunger-- not for food, but for something else. He wasn't sure what it was. It was definitely unique-- and foreign.

"Initiate diagnostic," he whispered to himself. He closed his eyes briefly to more easily read the results of his command.

The nanites responded with a bunch of gibberish and then a message that a deep-level pattern scan would be necessary. The process would take a few hours.

Eric opened his eyes and took another drink of his coffee and immediately was distracted. Across the room a young couple sat facing each other at a very small table, sipping hot drinks. The woman faced partially away from Eric, and the man, a big, muscular man, partially faced the enhanced human. As Eric occasionally glanced their way, he soon realized that the guy was constantly looking back at him. Not unusual, by any means, but Eric found himself increasingly intrigued by the man. Eric estimated him to be in his early 20's. He was very big; obviously did some strength training and heavy resistance work.

Despite the beautiful woman sitting right in front of him, the young guy seemed to be very distracted by Eric. Again, this wasn't that unusual, given Armstrong's size, build, and the PBS pheromones he gave off. But Eric was aware history recorded that attraction to the same gender

had not always been “acceptable,” in every culture, even on Earth. Plus, even in the 24th century, you didn’t simply abandon someone in favor of a complete stranger, so the fact that this guy kept eyeing the huge Eric, while sitting with his apparent mate, was behavior that wasn’t really acceptable, in either time period.

But the “hunger” Eric was feeling seemed to be intensifying-- and it seemed to be narrowing into something he could define. This guy’s attention was turning Eric on, and the hunger Eric was feeling only intensified when their eyes met. This powerful drive the commander was feeling was the hunger for another man. He was feeling waves of it now-- waves of desire for a man, and the guy sitting across the room would do just fine, thank you very much.

So, how does a guy go about picking up a man in the 21st century? *Especially* a man who is with a woman? Eric pondered that question, and at the same time felt a strong urge to abandon all social constraints and just walk over to the hunk and kiss him right there. The dude was very well built, and his square jaw was strong. He had dark, deep eyes that actually sparkled. Perfect teeth. The guy was a knockout!

Eric was getting hard.

And so, Eric surmised, was the guy.

Finally, curious as to why her boyfriend was constantly looking across the room at something or someone, the woman turned to see what had been so interesting to her man. Her expression upon seeing the enormity and physical appeal of Eric almost made her gasp. She looked at Eric for a few seconds before turning back to her boyfriend.

Eric’s hearing ability, although not necessarily super-human, had been enhanced by the nanites; and he was able to hear the woman say, “God that guy is huge!”

“Yeah,” the young man responded.

Eric stood up and removed his jacket. All eyes in the place glued to his body. Patrons of the busy coffee shop actually gasped. Eric realized that it was going to be very difficult to be inconspicuous in this time and place-- even more so than in the 24th century.

The polo shirt hugged *everything*. Muscles, in perfect-- yet astoundingly huge-- proportion, bulged with life and power. He draped his jacket over the back of his chair and started walking toward the couple. “Excuse me,” he said, “but I’m a stranger here. Can you recommend any good inns?”

“Inns?” the woman smiled. “You mean hotels?”

“Oh, yeah, hotels,” Eric said. *It’s going to take some time before I learn the local demotic*, he thought. He’d have to remember to instruct the nanites to overlay a universal translator code that would allow him to speak without sounding like a goon from the future.

“Well, we’re staying at the Olympic Four Seasons,” the hunk said. “Kinda spendy, but nice. I don’t know how much you’re planning on spending.”

“Spendy?” Eric asked.

The couple looked at each other, confused, and then the woman said, “You know, expensive.”

“Oh, I see,” Eric said.

“You really *aren’t* from around here, are you,” the guy smiled.

“No, I’m not. I’m from... well, yeah. Not from around here.”

“Well, you obviously have access to a gym, wherever you’re from,” the guy said, allowing his eyes to survey the vast expanse of Eric’s musculature.

Eric decided he could figure out, from the guy’s eyes, what a “gym” was. He smiled. “Uh, well, money’s not really a problem. Where’s this Olympic Four...”

“Four Seasons,” the woman said. “It’s up about five or six blocks. We just walked from there.”

Eric was getting more and more turned on by the guy who sat at the table. And as far as the hunky young guy was concerned, the feeling was mutual. “Alright. Thanks. I’ll check it out, maybe see you around,” Eric said.

The woman smiled, enamored with the huge muscle man. The guy did as well, but additionally extended his hand up to Eric. “I’m Vance.”

“Eric.”

Vance nodded to his friend and said, “This is Carla.”

“Glad to meet you, Carla” Eric said.

“Well,” Vance said, “we were just going to take a walk down along the piers.”

“Oh, well don’t let me stop you,” Eric smiled.

Vance turned to Carla and said, “I need to use the restroom first.” He stood and nearly peed his pants when he realized just how much bigger Eric was than he. He wasn’t used to finding guys bigger, let alone so much more muscularly developed. The two men stood facing each other and Vance’s eyes hit just above Eric’s nipples. He forced himself to walk toward the restroom at the back of the coffee house.

“I think I need to use the restroom as well,” Eric smiled at Carla. “Nice meeting you, again, Carla.”

He turned and followed Vance into the men’s room. Carla resumed drinking her coffee, wistfully watching the muscle hunk’s ass as he walked away.

Fortunately for the two men in heat, the restroom was vacant. But it wasn’t a given as to what the next step would be. They stood facing each other, silently. Certainly, they both knew what they each wanted, but Vance had never had a homosexual desire in his life, and he was completely blown away by these undeniable feelings of muscle-lust.

Still, they continued to look at each other, silently.

“What is this?” Vance half-whispered. “I don’t understand this.”

“It’s okay,” Eric reassured. “Just relax. Don’t try to analyze it.”

“But...”

Eric took a step toward Vance. They stood inches apart. Vance looked up at Eric’s face, then allowed his eyes to move downward onto his protruding chest.

“You’re huge,” Vance said softly. “I’ve never...”

Eric leaned forward and kissed Vance on the lips, silencing the young stud. They kissed passionately; Vance moved his hands onto Eric’s massive back and began to feel the commander’s extreme muscles. Eric pressed his thick, long cock against the smaller man’s crotch and Vance groaned-- his whole body shuddered.

Eric broke the kiss. “We need to go somewhere private.”

Vance nodded. “But... Carla.”

Eric smiled. “Let me take care of that.” He looked around the bathroom and told Vance to get into one of the stalls.

“Why?” Vance demanded. “What are you going to do to her?”

“Nothing,” Eric smiled. “You trust me, don’t you.” It was a statement, not a question.

Vance wanted Eric so bad that he pretty-much tossed all reason. “Yes, I trust you.”

“Then get into the stall, just for a minute. I’m going to give Carla a distraction for an hour or two. She’ll be perfectly safe-- perfectly fine. You trust me, don’t you,” he repeated.

Vance nodded and obeyed the huge muscle man, closing the restroom stall behind himself. By this time, and with the intimate exposure he had already had to Eric Armstrong, it was excruciating just to be away from him for even a few minutes. He sat down, fully clothed, on the lowered toilet seat and curled up as his stomach wrenched with desire.

Eric walked away from the stall, toward the restroom door and whispered to himself, “Fabricate reproduction of Vance.” Immediately a carbon-copy of Vance appeared. *Man, those nanites do nice work*, the commander thought. He leaned forward and whispered some instructions to the matter-antimatter clone, and the doppelgänger turned and went back out into the coffee shop. Eric kept the door open just an inch so he could watch. Within a minute, the Vance clone departed the restaurant with Carla. Eric allowed the restroom door to close and returned to the stall that housed Vance.

He opened the stall door. Vance, still sitting on the commode, looked up at the body of muscle towering over him. The few minutes Vance had spent in solitude had been an eternity to him, and his cock was now harder than it had ever been in his brief lifetime. Upon seeing Eric, who was now smiling down at him, his penis throbbed, on the verge of involuntary orgasm.

“I-- I don’t understand this...” Vance said. “I don’t understand why I feel this way. I’m not ga-- I’m not a homosexu...” his voice was quivering.

Eric smiled a comforting smile. “Hey man,” he said as he extended his hand, “don’t worry about it. It’s okay, dude.”

Somehow, Eric’s reassuring words strengthened Vance. His countenance lifted. God, this huge guy was just... just, perfect-- *better* than perfect-- like nothing Vance had ever seen or imagined. His smile was so calming, and his body-- his body was beyond human! Vance looked up at Eric’s kind face-- his thick neck, his muscular body-- and Vance felt his confusion melt away. The gorgeousness of this huge muscle man was just astounding. He was so BIG!



“Vance,” Eric said softly, “let’s go somewhere we can be alone. Okay dude?”

Vance stood, and immediately any confusion and hesitation he had dissipated and melted away. As he exited the stall, Eric put his arm around Vance and the two muscular men walked toward the door. As they left the restroom, Eric let Vance walk alone, yet they were side-by-side.

“Where’s Carla?” Vance asked, noticing their empty table.

“She’ll be waiting for you at your inn-- your hotel, when we’re done. She’ll be fine,” Eric reassured.

They left the coffee shop and headed toward the abandoned warehouse Eric had adopted.

Meanwhile, Carla and her fabricated boyfriend “Vance,” walked along the edge of Elliot Bay, enjoying the piers and the beautiful views of Puget Sound.

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Eric opened the door to the warehouse and Vance walked in. “What’s this?” Vance asked.

“Oh, I use this place as a little home-away-from-home,” Eric smiled. Inside, the room was filled with warmth. The lighting, the furniture, the smells and soothing sounds were so relaxing and welcoming... At one end of the “warehouse” (by now the inside of the building didn’t resemble a warehouse at all) was a king-sized bed, surrounded by furniture and amenities... Vance let out an audible sigh. He turned and looked at the huge Eric. His gaze fixed upon the gorgeous musclegod that stood next to him.

“I-- I don’t understand how this is happening,” Vance whispered.

Eric smiled. “Dude, don’t worry about it. Just relax... and enjoy the moment.”

All it took was for Vance to look up at Eric, and he melted... melted into a lustful mass of muscular envy and worship.

Eric escorted his charge over to the bed. Soft new-age music played in the background-- another amenity that Eric had created with the aid of his nanite holographic powers.

The two men stood only inches apart. Vance’s cock was so close to erupting...

The young man looked at Eric’s chest, and finally the words came out of his mouth: “Can I... touch... can I touch you?”

Eric smiled. “Yes. You can touch me.”

Vance’s hands trembled until they landed on the soft fabric covering Eric’s massive chest. Then they started to move slowly, exploring the acreage of muscle. “Ohhh,” the man moaned. He felt light-headed. His fingers and palms traveled out to the edges of Eric’s pecs, then to the center, feeling the deep cleft; then they moved over the nipples and Eric inhaled softly. Vance’s hands moved lower and examined the protruding cliff that the bottom of Eric’s pecs formed above his abs.

Both men were impossibly hard.

“You could feel more, if I took off my shirt,” Eric said.

Vance said nothing. Looking up at the giant’s smiling eyes, his longing gaze said everything.

As Eric pulled his shirt out from his jeans, Vance's hands fell off the commander's brawny chest. Vance took a step backward so he could watch.

Eric lifted his shirt, although it seemed to fight him. Eventually he pulled it all the way up and sat it on the bed.

Vance gasped.

Eric's upper body was beyond belief in its size and magnificence. Muscles everywhere, tapering to a taut, narrow waist. Virtually no fat, anywhere. He was mostly hairless, except for a beautiful trail that led from his belly button downward into his jeans.

"Oh my god!" Vance gasped. He wasn't able to move, but the man from the future was-- and he took a step forward. Without being instructed by his brain, Vance's hands moved up onto Eric's now bare chest, and began to feel him out-- this time skin on skin. As his hands moved *everywhere*, Vance kept moaning and closing his eyes.

Eric placed his hands on Vance's hips and pulled their lower torsos together; their cocks, under their pants, pushed against each other.

And Vance continued to feel all of those muscles, slowly, carefully. Each pec, huge arms-- big beyond comprehension-- broad, thick shoulders, insanely defined and rippling abdominals.

Eric let Vance feel everything for maybe-- ten minutes. Finally, he slowly bent over and began kissing the young man. They embraced.

They hugged.

They felt each others' rippling muscles. Vance's hands moved over Eric's massive lats, feeling every defined muscle, every overblown sinew and every separate, individual mound of brawn. As they kissed, Vance's boner throbbed in pain. It was so very hard and tight.

Eric's hands, likewise, were enjoying the bulges of Vance's muscles. The commander's enormous cock secreted copious amounts of precum, moistening his fabricated shorts. His need-- his inhuman hunger-- his uncontrollable lust for human semen and manflesh was almost overwhelming.

The two men embraced in the most passionate embrace that the 21st century had ever seen.

Minutes later, the two men found themselves under the sheets of the bed, naked.

They were kissing, sensually.

The muscles of Commander Armstrong were big beyond comparison. Vance's mind couldn't quite wrap around their proportions, nor their intense vascularity. The symmetry and perfect proportion of this unbelievable man were just astounding.

And still, they kissed.

Their tongues interlocked in a languid intercourse of foreplay, a sensual dance of rapture and appreciation. Tongue over tongue, lip encasing lip.

Their rapture was passionate-- their hands and arms gently embraced. Occasionally, their embrace was so passionate that their muscles bulged in lust. Other times, their kissing and hugging was so soft and careful-- so restrained by self-control-- that they nearly fainted in wistful desire.

The younger man's hands quivered as they moved over the commander's huge, rippling muscles. It was like he was feeling out a god. And, on so many levels, he was.

As they kissed, Vance lost it. Without warning, for the first time in his life, Vance began to ejaculate without physical stimulation to his dick, (other than pressing against Eric's body). His jizz filled his briefs and his body jerked.

Armstrong, noticing the jerking of Vance's body, moved his hand onto the crotch of his young worshipper. Within a minute, Eric moved his head down and his lips surrounded the spurting head of the young man's cock. He sucked in Vance's semen, and as he did so, his body seemed to invigorate with renewed strength and energy.

It was as if Vance's man-juice was regenerating the muscleman.

The two men's bodies intertwined; Eric's superior body engulfing Vance's. The orgasm lasted much longer than was usual for Vance; his semen was sucked dry.

Finally, the waisted, exhausted Vance lay motionless on the bed as Eric licked up every droplet of the young man's sperm he could find.

But the encounter was far from over.

Eric's powerful arms lifted Vance upward and placed his head on a pillow. The giant removed all of the covers. He straightened Vance's legs, opening them just a bit. He hovered over Vance. He bent forward, placing his hands on the outsides of Vance's broad shoulders. Eric's triceps bulged as he began supporting his inhuman weight with his arms. He spread his huge legs on the outsides of Vance's. Each of Eric's legs was bigger than Vance's waistline! The muscleman's taut ass stuck up into the air as he began positioning his enormous, stiff cock at Vance's sphincter.

Then, Eric bent his arms and lowered onto his elbows. The two men kissed. Vance's hands began to slowly move up and down over Eric's back, shoulders and arms. He felt like he could cum again.

But there was a slight distraction. As Eric's tongue gently penetrated Vance's mouth, the giant's wet cockhead began knocking on Vance's door.

Vance moaned.

Eric's super-human cock penetrated Vance's ass slowly. Very slowly. Eric breathed with intensity, controlling the moment. Vance groaned in pain as Eric leisurely, yet methodically, forced his way in, splitting the sphincter. The virgin ass quivered as it was overcome by this huge, thick, foreign object.

Finally, the head of the cock pushed inside. Immediately, Vance's ass muscles contracted and wrapped, as best they could, around the mammoth shaft.

Eric stopped pushing, and just left it here.

He pulled outward, just a millimeter.

Vance grabbed tightly onto the commander's shoulders, almost panicking that his ass might lose this prized object.

Eric stopped pulling; he gently wound his way back in.

Vance thought he'd die right then and there. *Push it in*, he thought.

Finally, Eric slowly moved inside farther. It took a good five minutes before he was in to the hilt-- the most torturous five minutes in Vance's life. Torture because of the unbearable pain of receiving this thing into his body, and torture because he wanted it to go in *so bad*.

After he was all the way in, Eric remained still. He breathed onto Vance's face. His mighty arms held the young man completely still. He laid there, still, in complete control of everything-- even himself.

Then, he began to push. His hard cock forced itself in farther. He pressed harder. His ass muscles flexed and rippled. His back hardened. His legs flexed.

Vance couldn't stop moaning.

Then, in the most amazing display of strength and self-control, the super-muscled Eric slowly began to rock-- only millimeters-- back and forth. Slowly. He wrapped his forearms close to Vance's shoulders, squeezing him.

For the next two hours, the super-human from the future fucked the young Vance nearly into insanity. Eric’s super-human cock fucked and fucked Vance’s ass and almost tore it to shreds, depositing pint upon pint of extra-human semen inside. But the amazing thing was, that every time Eric came, Vance erupted in a violently powerful orgasm as well, throwing massive amounts of cum between their torsos. After each passionate, uncontrollable orgasm, Eric did everything he could do to lick up all of Vance’s semen that he could.

By nightfall, the two men lay side-by-side in the warehouse, both of them exhausted, both of them fulfilled beyond their wildest dreams.

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It was Monday morning before Vance was able to return to the Olympic Four Seasons hotel. And it didn’t come any too soon, as far as Carla was concerned. Her “Vance” had been acting very strangely since they had left the coffee shop the morning before. He hadn’t talked much at all-- for the most part, only responding to Carla’s questions; not really initiating any kind of conversation. And when he *did* say something, Carla was confused with how incoherent Vance seemed. By nightfall, she was thoroughly concerned.

But the transition back to the real Vance was seamless and undetectable. The Vance clone left the hotel suite in the morning, ostensibly to buy a newspaper; the real Vance returned a few minutes later, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* in hand, no worse for the wear.

He was back to normal now, although he was amazed that Carla seemed to think he had been there the whole time! He scratched his head at this one, ultimately chalking the whole situation up to an unsolvable puzzle.

Still, a pang-- a void-- seemed to throb inside the young man. Later that morning Vance and Carla would make love in their hotel suite. But the muscular young man would fantasize about the huge man of indescribable muscle, Eric, the whole time. And every sexual encounter thereafter, Vance would fantasize about him. Until the day he died.



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