



THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

EPISODE 2 HOME

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.]

Eric Armstrong stood in the elevator as Vance exited to return to his hotel room. A few seconds later, the duplicate Vance rounded the corner of the hallway and walked into the elevator where Eric waited. “Delete Vance clone,” the huge man said. Immediately, the image of Vance disappeared.

On the lobby floor, the doors to the elevator opened, and Eric emerged, alone. As had been happening wherever Eric went, every head turned to look at the huge man. His physique defied description; it was *singular* in its size and unbelievable muscular development and definition. As he strode through the large, high-ceilinged lobby of the Olympic Four Seasons hotel, he realized that he had to do something about his body. There was just no way he was going to be able to assimilate into 21st century society unless he could somehow pare his body down to believable dimensions-- as “believable” applied to the current culture. He knew his nanites were capable of a lot of things he hadn’t yet discovered, so he decided to set aside some time to see what could be done.

Special note on Episode 2:

This chapter doesn’t have any sex in it. Sorry guys, but I thought I’d let you know right from the start. It does, however, provide the Curious Reader with necessary “background” information establishing MuscleMan’s character, and mission. If you’re in to science fiction, you’ll probably enjoy this chapter. If you’re only here for the sex, jump to Episode 3.

Back in the abandoned warehouse, he accessed the nanite database and began to investigate the possibility of altering how he appeared to others, using holographic projections. After hours of study and work, and many experiments, he needed a break.

He took out the three blue orbs and examined them. For some reason, they seemed to be pulsing a little more brightly, and maybe a little faster, than before.

“Analyze the objects in my hand,” he said to himself.

Immediately, he could tell that the nanites were going to work. **“Initial analysis will take two minutes,”** his visual connection said.

That was a little unusual. *These things must be pretty strange,* he thought.

Finally, he closed his eyes and read, **“Initial analysis complete. Origin: Testos Four. Makeup: Unknown, but traces of miridium, sento-biplexicate, aluminum, RNA, anodized niobium, phosphorous and pro-matter are present. There are at least 23 other unknown elements in their makeup.”**

Pro-matter? he thought. *That’s unbelievable! I didn’t know anyone had found a way to harness it! These things must be amazingly powerful!*

The report continued: **“Uses: Unknown.”**

Unknown? “Hypothesize as to uses.”

“Possible uses include: communication, transport, construction, weaponry, shielding. Other uses are possible, but unknown.”

Transport? he thought. “Do they have time-travel capabilities?”

“Unknown.”

The commander placed two of the dark blue glowing orbs on the bed and examined the one in his hand closely. “How are they activated?”

“Unknown.”

“Initiate access protocol and attempt to communicate with the one in my hand.”

Eric could feel the nanites working, and almost instantly the orb grew brighter and warmer. Startled, Eric moved his face back and stood tall. The blue light turned to white and then back to blue.

Simultaneously, Eric's nanite visual interface read: **"Universal Translator accessed; Communication established,"** and the orb said, "Hello Commander Armstrong. How may I serve you?" His visual interface then read, **"Audio link has been established."**

Apparently, Eric thought.

"Well, for starters, you can tell me your function-- and what you are called," he said to the blue ball.

"I am a Uridine Nucleic Organism. My function is to assist and serve. My applications include: Tele-transport, matter construction, communication, forcefields, weapons, and many other functions. A report is available upon request."

"Uridine Nucleic Organism," Eric repeated. "Mind if I just call you an orb?"

"Orb will be sufficient," it answered.

"Are you capable of time transport?"

"Not at this time. Modifications are not yet complete."

"Not yet?" Armstrong asked.

"I have been in the process of being enabled for time transport, but the process is in its beginning stages. Please replace me back into the programming module for additional modifications," the Orb glowed.

"Well, that's not going to be possible," Armstrong said. "You're not on Testos Four anymore."

The Orb glowed white again, as did the two sitting on the bed. The one in Eric's hand then said, "Analyzing." After a few seconds, it said, "Current location and time has been established. How did we get here?"

"You three, and myself, were apparently sent here by the Testone TTP device."

The Orbs glowed simultaneously. "Understood. Is there a time frame for our return?"

"No," Eric answered. "Our trip was not voluntary. I was sent here malevolently, and you three Orbs just happened to be in my hands at the time. I believe I-- *we*-- are stranded here."

More glowing by the orbs. "Understood. Please state your instructions."

"Instructions?" Armstrong asked.

"We are here to assist and serve. We await your instructions." the Orb said.

Eric began to ponder his needs. Well, first off, his training said that shelter and food would be required. After that, he'd be able to better assess what would be next.

“Please specify a location and design,” the Orb said.

“What?”

“Please specify a location and design for your shelter,” the Orb said.

“But I haven't said anything about shelter,” Eric said.

“Subliminal communication has been established with your nanite chorus. We are accessing your thoughts,” the Orb said.

“Okay, well first off, let's establish something. I want you only to respond to verbal requests, like my nanites are programmed to do,” Eric said. “This will prevent misunderstandings and un-commanded results. Understood?”

“Understood.”

Eric nodded, satisfied.

“Commander, may I suggest that you authorize us to read your thoughts so that in an emergency we are able to carry out your instructions; also so that we may better understand your spoken word and more accurately carry out your wishes,” the Orb requested.

“Good idea. Make it so.”

“Aye, sir.”

Eric felt a pang of longing for home at the hearing of that response. That was exactly what he was used to hearing whenever he gave an order. There was a strong sense of satisfaction at that-- *and* a strong longing for the real interaction of his friends and shipmates.

He redirected his thoughts though. “Nanites, assess communication with Orbs, and evaluate security.”

“You want to know if you can trust them?” The message flashed onto his eyelids.

“Yes,” was Eric's one-word response.

“Security protocol initiated.” A moment later the message read, **“Security risk is unknown. Too many unknown variables and foreign elements are present to accurately assess security situation. However, no information that has been**

gathered so far indicates any subversiveness on the part of the Orbs. Caution is recommended, though. Nanites will advise upon detection of any risk.”

He turned to the Orb. “Nanite chorus?”

“Is that not an accurate term?” the Orb responded.

“Well, its just that I’ve never heard them referred as such. But I guess it is accurate. Kind of quaint, really.”

The Orb pulsed with its calming light.

“You have to understand, Orb, that my training, and my human instincts, demand that I view you with a certain amount of suspicion. Trust comes with time.”

“Understood. And time comes with trust.”

“What?” Eric asked.

“An ancient Testone bromide.”

A slight smile formed on Eric’s mouth.

“Please specify a location and design for your shelter,” the Orb nagged.

“Well, I haven’t decided yet,” Eric said. “It’s going to have to be secluded. Can you establish a forcefield around it? Maybe even make it invisible from the outside?”



“Yes, and yes,” the Orb answered.

These little Orbs are actually kind of cute, he thought.

“Thank you,” the Orb said. And then the blue light turned into a deep red.

“Okay,” Eric smiled. “Now you’re just getting cheesy.”

The Orb returned to blue. “I am programmed to adapt to your brainwaves. Initial examination of your synaptic activity reveals a high aptitude for humor. Am I right, or am I right?”

Eric laughed out loud. He placed the Orb on the bed next to the others. “So, I have three of you, huh?”

“Yes,” they all said in unison.

“Hmmm,” he mused. “Well, first, I need to get out of this warehouse and do some exploring. It’s been 300 years since I’ve been in Seattle. I bet not much is the same. Need to find a good location for my new dwelling.”

A moment later, the nanites flashed a message on Eric’s visual. **“Interlink with Orbs has produced results for your previous holographic modification request.”**

Eric was taken aback. He didn’t know whether to address his nanites, or the Orbs to find out what they had in mind. “Well, you guys seem to have gotten to know each other,” he said to both. “What kind of results?”

“Allow me,” one of the Orbs on the bed said. “Commander, we can assist your nanite chorus in establishing a matter/anti-matter holographic construct that will modify your physical appearance. Your nanites have been given access to our database and our pro-matter/RNA protocols and your appearance may now be changed at will. We suggest, for your own safety and ease of use, that you try to restrict your holographic modifications to just one alternate persona.”

“Okay, let’s try it,” Eric said.

“Please specify physical modifications,” the Orb said. Simultaneously those same words flashed on Eric’s visual.

“Well, I don’t want to go overboard,” Eric said. “I just don’t want to cause a riot every time I appear in public. Let’s see. How about this: Modify appearance as follows: Weight 250 pounds. Height 6’3”. Keep all muscular proportions similar to my natural state. No use in being puny and ugly. Keep facial appearance similar to natural state.”

Eric’s perspective began to change. He felt shorter and smaller. And yet, he could “feel” or “sense” his natural, original strength.

“Fabricate mirror,” he ordered.

Immediately two mirrors appeared, one made by the nanites, one made by the Orbs.

“I guess I need to specify who I’m talking to. Sorry.” He walked over to the mirrors and looked at the man in the reflection. He was still wicked-hot looking-- muscular, handsome, powerful. And he could tell he still possessed all his the PBS pheromones. But now he was a little smaller. It was good. He could now pass for a normal, albeit hopelessly muscular and *hot*, human in the 21st century. “Nice,” he said to no one in particular. “Very nice.”

“Please name this persona, for reference,” an Orb said.

“Well, I guess we’ll have to go with ‘Eric Armstrong’ for this one, since this is the one I’ll use to interact with people, and I want to use my own name.”

“Understood. Please name your original, natural state, for reference.”

“Well, let’s see... Revert to original,” he said.

Instantly, the holographic image “morphed” back into the natural, huge Eric. His clothes, fabricated from nanite matter, morphed along with him.

“Wow. That’s quite a difference,” he smiled. “Uh, for now, let’s just label this ‘Natural persona’.”

“Understood.”

“Morph to Eric persona,” he ordered.

“Aye sir.” He immediately changed back to the smaller version of his hunkiness. “Okay, well it’s time to explore Seattle.”

“State coordinates for transport,” an Orb said.

“Oh-- well, no. I plan on walking,” Eric said, grabbing his jacket. “We’ll do the transport thing later. I need to explore, not transport.”

“Understood.”

Eric Armstrong put the orbs into his jacket pocket and headed for the door. He turned back to look at the nanite-fabricated furnishings that populated the room. “Delete nanite holographic furnishings and return warehouse to its natural state.” The furniture and lighting vanished and the room darkened and started smelling of must and oil again.

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Downtown Seattle on a Sunday afternoon was usually pretty quiet. Even so, it was a vibrant city, and the leisurely weekend pace had a certain “buzz” to it. Amazingly to Eric, the ancient streets of the city were, for the most part, identical to the ones in the 24th century. The buildings, however, were all foreign to him. He was able to recognize a few places, though. Pioneer Square was still there (or shall we say, originally there). And then the thought struck him. *What about the Space Needles?* The twin spires of the Space Needles had been Eric’s favorite place to hang out as he grew up. He headed north from downtown and began looking to the sky.

Finally, he spotted it. *But there’s only one!* Then he remembered, the original Space Needle, built for the 1962 World’s Fair, was built alone. It wasn’t until 2208 that the second Needle was torn down and replaced with the third incarnation-- twin Space Needles in the same spot that the original had occupied in Seattle Center. To his astonishment, the original Space Needle looked almost *identical* to the twins that graced the Seattle of the 24th century!

As he finally arrived at the Seattle Center complex, he looked up at the tall towering structure. *I can't believe it. The original Space Needle!* He pulled some cash out of his pants pocket, and dismissing the longing gaze of the guy in the ticket booth, he boarded the elevator for the trip up to the observation deck.

The view was fantastic. Totally different from what he was used to seeing from either of the needles of his time-- but beautiful nonetheless. Outside on the deck, he looked up at the spire that pointed upward. As a kid, one of his favorite shenanigans was to beam onto the very tip of one of the spires (usually the north one) and just sit there, watching the city.

Eric took out one of the Orbs, shielding it from the view of any of the tourists. “Time for our first transport. Let’s go up to the top of the spire. Provide securely-fastened seat and position my re-materialization accordingly.”

“Understood.”

Eric was flooded with memories as he looked out at his hometown, even though he was now 300 years in the past. He looked down at the glimmering white circle that formed the roof of the Space Needle. On the observation deck, he could see that some people had spotted him.

“Engage holograph and make me invisible,” he said quickly.

“Understood.”

The people who had been looking at him shook their heads in disbelief. They blinked their eyes and shook their heads again, then walked away.

“This is it,” Eric said. “This is where I want to have my dwelling.”

“Understood. Please specify design parameters,” he could hear the Orb say.

The reality started to sink in. Eric was almost giddy in his excitement. The sadness of losing his friends seemed to melt, at least for the moment, as the anticipation of creating a home-- *on top of the Space Needle!*-- began to sink in.

“Well, first of all, it will need to be totally invisible to anyone who is outside,” he said.

“Understood.”

He thought for a few minutes. *I guess I can change things later*, he thought. “Make the size the same circular shape and diameter as the observation deck below. Use information on design and amenities from construction records of my parent’s home on Earth-- access nanite library for more information.”

“Understood. Accessing nanite chorus database.”

He was starting to really like how the Orbs referred to his nanites as a *chorus*.

“Let’s start with three levels, the lower-most level being right where I am now. This lower level will be used for my work area; fabricate computer stations, lab areas and library database. Oh-- and throughout, include computer interaction.”

“Suggestion,” an Orb said.

“Yes?”

“Because of the complexity and size of this dwelling, it is suggested you assign this project to one Orb, to be affixed to this location. Thus, your dwelling can be permanent and self-existing.”

Eric thought. That sounded good. He could still carry the other two Orbs with him, as needed.

“So, can one of you Orbs do whatever I might need when I travel around?”

“Yes.”

So, Eric decided to fasten one Orb to the topmost point of the Space Needle, where it would maintain his invisible, shielded home. He would take one of the other Orbs with him wherever he went, and the third he would keep in his home here, as a backup for whatever he might need.

He placed one of the Orbs on the pulsing red light-beacon that was beneath his seat, at the very tip of the Space Needle. “Fasten yourself here, little buddy,” he said.

“Understood.” The Orb attached itself by forcefield.

“Okay,” Eric smiled. Well, I guess I’ll call you Needle Orb, if that’s okay. You’re going to be my house-man.

“Understood. Please continue with parameters for your dwelling.”

“Okay,” Armstrong said. “The second level will be the main living area. Fabricate furnishings for a kitchen, main living area, dining room, study, entertainment, et cetera. Use aforementioned specifications from my childhood home. Make sure that all exterior walls are clear for maximum view of the city.”

“Understood.”

“And the top level will be my bedroom. Again, use previously referenced design.”

“Understood. Stand by for materialization of your new home,” the Orb said.

A second later, Eric, still sitting in the chair, was surrounded by his new home. He was on the lower level-- his laboratory and working area. It was better than he had expected. He grinned from ear to ear as he slowly stood up.

“Assume Natural persona,” he said as he stood. Immediately he grew into his huge self. He wanted to enjoy this as his *real* self.

He looked around. “Fantastic. Just fantastic!”

“Thank you,” the Orb’s voice echoed throughout the lab. “Interaction with nanite chorus allowed me to access subliminal preferences. Any changes you might need will be my pleasure, sir.”

Eric looked down at his huge body, clothed in his commander’s uniform. “Lets make a standard protocol; whenever I am here, have me assume my Natural persona, unless otherwise instructed.”

“Understood.”

For the rest of the day, Eric explored his new home. Only a few minor modifications were done, and by the time he sat in his mid-level living area, watching the sun set behind the Olympic Mountains on the other side of Puget Sound, he was comfortably ensconced in *Phallic Fortress*-- the name he gave his new home.

It was a late night for Eric; after becoming acquainted with his new home, he had discovered the 21st century’s “Internet,” and he found himself exploring the ancient communication system into the wee hours of the morning. It was archaic, but quaint; and that added to its allure. The men of this time were smaller, in general, than those of the 24th century, and there were definitely a *lot* of guys on the web that just didn’t turn Eric on at all. But there was something fun about poking around such an antiquated means of communication that made his discoveries quite fascinating. The uniqueness of 21st century men-- in their old-fashioned qualities-- made the really good-looking ones that much more of a turn-on to him. And then there were the stories. He found that *reading* stories about men was a new adventure altogether. There were quite a few “websites,” as they called them, that featured “erotic stories,” and Eric found himself reading quite a bit. In fact, it was that first night in *Phallic Fortress* that the huge man from the future discovered some writing that would eventually lead him to his prime mission in this “new” life in the past, although he didn’t know it at first.

But for now, it was time for bed. Eric was tired. He deleted his



clothing, hit a few poses in the mirror-- turning himself on just a bit, and then instructed the Needle Orb to turn off the lights. He put himself to sleep and didn't awaken until about an hour after sunrise the next morning.

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It was a sunny, but cold, February Monday morning and the Seattle rush hour was well underway by the time Eric woke up. He watched with interest the automobiles as they moved along the freeways and arterials below. He made himself some breakfast in his new kitchen-- Eric had always loved to cook, frequently shunning the food replicators on the *Punxsutawney* in favor of actually "cooking" his own stuff. Sure, the ingredients had to be replicated, which he did this morning, but it was so much more rewarding to be able to *combine* those ingredients and make it yourself. Just tasted better. As he sat at his table, looking out over the city, he was full of expectation.

At the same time, though, he felt that funny feeling he had had the day before. It was a longing-- a hunger. It wasn't anything like he had experienced before this whole Testos Four/move-to-the-past had started. He thought about Vance. He was getting all warm inside. He was getting aroused.

Then he remembered that he had instructed the nanites to run a diagnostic on these feelings. Why hadn't he received a report? "Nanites, report on yesterday's deep-level pattern scan."

His visual responded with the message, "**Pattern scan was not initiated.**"

Eric remembered the distraction of seeing Vance. He must have assumed the nanites were going to automatically do the scan. He remembered they had said, "*The process would take a few hours.*"

"Well, initiate the scan now."

"Commander," the Needle Orb's voice echoed through the fortress. It was a pleasing, male voice-- one of authority, but also one of comfort. "Deep-level scan has been processed. Analysis complete."

"But I thought it would take a few hours," Eric said.

"Orb/nanite interface has allowed for much faster results. I can cancel the interface, if you wish," Needle said.

"No. Not necessary. I just forgot that you guys were working together now," Eric said. "Please give me the analysis."

"You have been infused with *testostonite*, which has partially altered your physiology. The result has been a magnification of your previous level of strength, and other modifications. No systemic

transmutation has occurred, however most of your physiology has adapted to accommodate the *testostonite*.”

Eric *had* noticed a feeling of strength and vigor since he arrived here. “Am I in any physical distress or danger?” the commander asked, concerned.

“No. You are perfectly healthy. There is no long-term deleterious effect expected. However, the unusual drive you have been periodically experiencing is in fact a byproduct effect of the *testostonite*. You will need to be aware of this drive and heed it.”

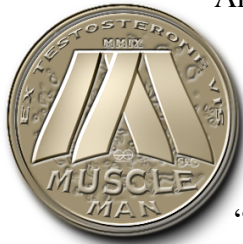
“And... how do I heed it?”

“The drive and pang of need you feel is tied directly to your original physiology as a PBS. As the *testostonite* has interacted with your pheromones, it has mutated and has caused you to require periodic ingestion of human semen. You will need to find a source of semen and ingest it regularly.”

“How regularly?”

“About two or three times a week oughta do it,” the Orb said rather glibly.

“And... if I don’t?”



“Without semen, you will weaken. Prolonged privation will cause loss of strength, dizziness, possible hallucinations, acne, spasms, goiter, hemorrhoids, ED, psoriasis, unconsciousness, and ultimately-- death.”

“Death? And you call this ‘perfectly healthy’ with ‘no long-term deleterious effect’?” he demanded.

“Sorry. Maybe I understated it a bit at first,” the Orb said. “But really, commander, look around. This planet is full of virile, muscular, sexy men. You are Superhuman to them. Your physique and your pheromones make you practically irresistible to nearly every man who sees you. You really think you’re going to have a problem finding semen? Gimme a break.”

Eric smirked a smile, but then got serious. *This Orb reading my mind to determine that I have a high aptitude for a sense of humor is getting out of hand.* “Orb,” he said, “I don’t really think this is an appropriate place for humor.”

“Understood.”

“In the future, please make every effort to monitor my emotional state, and modify your ‘humor’ quotient accordingly-- especially noteworthy is the requirement that when delivering stressful information, humor is not usually appropriate,” the huge man said.

“Understood. Sorry, commander. Modification has been made.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” the Orb voice said.

“You know...” Eric started, “it would be helpful for me if I had a physical point of reference when addressing you. Is it possible for you to manifest yourself in humanoid form?”

“Of course. Please specify physical characteristics.”

“Well, first off, keep that voice. It’s good,” Eric said. “Second, fabricate human male appearance. Very muscular, very handsome-- according to preferences you can find in my brain-- but not so good looking that you distract me from human men-- unless you yourself can supply me with the semen I will need.”

“Unfortunately, commander,” the voice no longer echoed throughout *Phallic Fortress*, but was now localized-- coming from directly behind Eric, “I am not able to adequately replicate that for you.”

Eric stood and turned around. “Shit, you startled me!” He looked at the big, handsome man. “Orb?”

“Aye sir,” he answered. He resembled Vance, quite a bit-- a bodybuilder’s build, probably 6’1” and maybe 220 pounds. Very handsome. He wore a red and black command-line Star Fleet uniform with one pip rank on his collar.

“Should I call you ‘Ensign Orb’?” Eric smiled.

“Whatever you like, sir. I am here to assist and serve,” he smiled and his eyes twinkled. “You may change my appearance however you wish, including my clothing.”

“Uh-- that won’t be necessary,” the commander said. “I’m glad to meet you, ensign. Your presence here will be welcome.”

“Thank you, sir,” the Orb-man said. “I look forward to interacting with you, as a humanoid.”

“So, back to our conversation... tell me this: You can create this invisible fortress for me, replicate real food, fabricate forcefields, make *Phallic Fortress* invisible-- and yet you’re not able to replicate human semen? Gimme a break,” the commander said, mimicking the Orb.

“Sir, I understand your skepticism, but it is true. When the Orbs were designed, the Testones made us unable to replicate that most basic of substances. Their intent was to make sure that the semen supply would not be contaminated with ‘synthetic’ mixes.”

Eric nodded, and rubbed his eyes. “I guess I understand. Even *our* replicators aren’t perfect. I can always tell a replicated wine when I taste one.”

“Precisely,” the ensign said.

Eric sat down at his breakfast table. The ensign moved toward the huge man.

“Sir, your eggs have cooled. Would you like me to warm them?” the ensign asked.

“Yes, please.”

The ensign moved his hand over the commander’s plate and the eggs began to steam.

“Thank you,” Eric responded. As Armstrong finished his meal, the ensign stood at his side, occasionally refilling his coffee. Eric pondered his Internet reading the night before. He looked forward to reading more, but the hunger pang was growing stronger. He looked up at the ensign. “I thought you said I would need semen only a few times a week. I was just with Vance yesterday, and yet now I’m ‘hungry’ again.”

“Your needs will vary. Perhaps you need additional quantities now, after your travel through space and time-- and with all of the activity you’ve had in designing your home here.”

“Yeah, maybe so,” Eric said, finishing off the last of his breakfast. He looked out over the city. “Well, I guess I’d better go find a man.”

The ensign looked out in the same direction as the commander. “Shouldn’t be too hard, sir. Not for you.”

Your comments are welcome. Please click the following address to send the author a message:

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