



THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

EPISODE 3 NATHAN

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.]

The culture of the 21st century was fascinating to Eric. He had always had a love for Earth history, and now, actually being in here in the past was very exciting to him. He was fascinated with the people, the architecture and the technology of the day. Nonetheless, his growing pang-- his need for human semen-- was becoming more and more distracting as he mingled among the Seattleites downtown.

In his smaller, more discrete, "Eric" persona, the commander still turned many heads, but it was at least manageable. He also found that having the nanites fabricate looser-fitting clothes helped.

The commander had developed an affection for the many coffee shops that populated the city. They provided comfortable places for people to gather and interact. Just watching the socialization afforded Eric with not only valuable learning experiences, but fascinating entertainment as well. It would be at one of these coffee shops that the commander would take a major step in defining his new role in the Earth of the past; and, he would meet the source of his next dose of semen.

He had "planted" himself at a corner table in a quiet coffee shop. It wasn't a big chain store-- just a "mom and pop" shop in a rather rundown part of town. Eric had brought a "laptop computer" with him, that he had fabricated at *Phallic Fortress* so he could do more "surfing" of the Internet. With a warm cup of coffee next to his computer, he fit right in. He divided his attention between

the news, stories and pictures on his computer screen-- and “people watching” which provided a never-ending source of fascination for him. For being the dead of winter in a northern city like this, Seattle seemed to sport a very healthy share of male pulchritude, many of them willing to take off their heavy jackets once inside a coffee shop and allow any interested eyes to enjoy. It was by no means the kind of eye candy the commander was used to, but the “hunt” now became even more thrilling.

It was mid-afternoon, and the coffee shop had become relatively quiet, with just a few other patrons besides Eric. While he perused some news sites on the Internet, he was startled by yelling at the front of the store. A man with dark head-covering was yelling at the woman behind the counter; he was obviously pointing some kind of weapon at her and demanding that she give him all of her legal tender. He turned to the few, stunned, patrons and waved his weapon, yelling, “And all of you stay seated! Don’t try anything funny and you won’t be hurt!”

The woman was shaking-- obviously terrified. She tried to open the machine that contained the legal tender, but it seemed that she couldn’t remember how to do it. Poor girl, she was just so scared.

Eric’s adrenalin was flowing and his Star Fleet training immediately kicked in. He softly said to himself, “Analyze that weapon and engage appropriate shielding.”

“**Shielding engaged,**” the nanite message said on his visual interface in his brain.

“Assume Natural persona, with uniform,” he whispered.

He immediately “grew” into his huge, original self, wearing his black and blue commander’s uniform. He stood from his little table and slowly walked toward the holdup man. “Put the weapon down,” he ordered. His voice, not to mention his freakishly huge physical presence, was quite intimidating.

But the crook was not deterred. “Get back! Stop right there!”

The commander didn’t stop.

“Okay, Mr. Star Fleet,” the crook said nervously, “You may be huge, but I’ll shoot you if you take one more step!”

The commander kept walking.

The crook fired one shot, and then another. They both were absorbed by the commander’s shield. In a panic, the crook pointed the gun at the woman. “I don’t know what you are, but if you don’t stop, I swear I’ll kill her!”

The commander hesitated. He was about five to ten feet from the man now. The woman, still shaking, covered her face with her hands and screamed. As the crook, startled by the woman’s

screaming, looked away from the commander, toward her, Armstrong lunged at him. As he did, the gun went off, and the bullet hit the woman in the arm.

Armstrong grabbed the gun from the crook and with one hand he crushed it-- his massive arm bulged as his powerful hand squeezed it, reducing it to a lump of metal. He dropped it to the ground and held the crook's hands behind his back. "Alert security," he told another employee.

"The police are on their way," a woman at a table called out. "I called 9-1-1 with my cell phone."

Armstrong looked at the clerk with the wounded arm. She was slumped down on the floor now, bleeding. "We have a medical emergency here," he said loudly.

"They're bringing an ambulance," the woman at the table said.

Within minutes, police cars pulled up and the place was locked down. Moments later, firefighters and paramedics were on the scene, their trucks and cars wailing that same "siren" sound he had heard when he was at the warehouse. The police handcuffed the crook and took him away. Officers remained on the scene to collect evidence and to interview witnesses, including the huge commander.

The officer who interviewed Armstrong was incredulous at his size, and amused at his uniform. "You on the way to a costume party?" he asked, looking up at the giant of a man.

"Excuse me?" Armstrong asked.

"This getup," the officer said, motioning to the commander's clothing. "What are you-- you supposed to be a Star Trek character or something?"

Puzzled, Armstrong said, "Oh yeah. Yeah-- going to a costume party. Sorry, I guess I'm just a little shaken up about all this," he feigned.

"So, some of the other witnesses say the guy shot right at you-- twice-- at nearly point-blank range," the officer continued. "We can't find any bullet holes in the walls. You care to tell me what happened?"

"Uh," the commander looked around at the walls behind him. "Well, those bullets *have* to be somewhere. He did shoot at me, but I wasn't hit," he lied.

Again, the police officer had a hard time believing the huge man. "Dude, you're the biggest guy I've ever seen, but I *don't* think you're bullet proof."

The commander cracked a smile. "No. Not bullet proof," he continued to lie.

As the cop grilled him, Armstrong noticed that the woman was being tended to by a team of paramedics. The group of uniformed men had her lying on the floor. But it was the one medic

who was facing away from Armstrong, hovering over the woman, who caught the commander's eye. In fact, Armstrong did a double-take. The man's light blue shirt contained some fuckin' *wide* lats, tapering down to a muscle-ass that even his dark blue paramedic pants couldn't camouflage. The guy's arms were massive-- bulging all over hell-- out of his light blue short sleeves as he worked on the woman. The cotton of his shirt seemed barely able to contain the rippling muscles of the muscular man.

The commander was infatuated. He paid special attention to his pheromones, efforting them toward the muscular, young stud.

Finally, after taking Armstrong's contact information, with a "enjoy yourself at the party," the officer allowed the commander to leave. But Eric wasn't leaving. He approached the paramedics as they worked on the woman. She was conscious. "You going to be okay?" he asked her, knowing that the hunky paramedic would look up.

"Yes. Yes, I think I'll be fine," she said.

"I'm so sorry I wasn't able to stop him before he shot," Armstrong said.

"What? I think you saved my *life!*" she said. "I owe you everything."

Armstrong smiled.

The paramedic was indeed looking up at him now, completely distracted from his work.

The commander looked down at him. God, he had a *gorgeous* face too! "Is she going to be okay?" he asked the hunk.

"Oh. Uh, yes," he answered, trying to get back to wrapping her arm for transport to the hospital. "She'll be fine."

A few minutes later, as the huge man in a Star Fleet uniform watched, the paramedics loaded the woman onto a stretcher and put her into an ambulance. The muscular paramedic closed the double doors and the ambulance left the scene with its lights flashing. Amidst the crowd of onlookers, Armstrong and the well-built man stood together.

"I'm... Eric," Armstrong said, trying to decide how to refer to himself in his Natural, huge state.

"Nathan," the medic said. He was a half foot shorter than the commander, which meant he was still very tall, and his muscled body betrayed many hours in the gym, possibly on the posing stage as well. In short, he was *stacked* with muscles! He looked up at Armstrong in awe, obviously appreciative of muscular development, as most bodybuilders naturally are. "Shit, man. They said you held that guy until the cops got here-- without so much as a struggle."

"Yeah," Armstrong smiled. "I have some military training."

“Some people said the guy shot you, but the bullets just bounced off!” he said, trying to sound funny.

The commander laughed loudly.

The guy laughed too.

Armstrong’s countenance got serious. “Where are you stationed?”

“Seneca Street station,” Nathan said. He inadvertently scratched his cheek, and Armstrong noticed a ring of gold on one finger-- he immediately understood that it was a wedding band. “Shit man,” Nathan said, “You gotta hold the Mr. Olympia crown. You’re huge!” As soon as he said it, he felt embarrassed. He wasn’t used to giving out blatant compliments like that. But for some reason, he just couldn’t suppress his awe.

“Nathan, we gotta go,” called another man wearing the same kind of uniform as the hunk.

“When you get off?” Armstrong said. Yeah, it was a ballsy move, but he knew he had Nathan where he wanted him.

“In an hour.” Understanding that the huge muscle-freak wanted to hang out after his shift, Nathan said, “But I gotta get home to my wife.” Shit, why did he say that? Far more than wanting to spend time with his wife, Nathan had an irresistible urge to get to know this monster of a man better.

“Oh, well, I was just so fascinated by what you do...” Eric said, motioning to the paramedic and fire equipment.



“Yeah... me too,” Nathan said. Clearly, his words were not making any sense. “I mean, yeah, I’d like to show you...”

“Cool,” Armstrong’s handsome smile made Nathan go weak in the knees.

“You know, I think my wife is planning on spending the evening with her sister,” Nathan said. “Yeah, I remember now, she is.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. You want to stop by the station?”

“Sure,” Armstrong said. “Uh, I’ll just go home real quick and change out of this costume. I was going to a party, but ...”

“Yeah, I was wondering about that,” Nathan said. His eyes traveled all over the Super-hero's physique. “But it sure does hug everything, I mean all those muscles...” he said. Damn, he couldn't figure out *why* he was acting like this! He felt like a little girl swooning over her favorite movie star.

“Thanks,” Armstrong said.

“Nathan,” the other guy called again.

“Yeah, coming!”

“I'll be at your station in an hour,” Armstrong said.

“See you then,” Nathan said, packing the last of his equipment into his paramedic truck.

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Nathan and his EMT partner drove back to their station, and the boner in Nathan's pants was very painful. *Shit. I have never had these feelings before. What is this? I'm no faggot!* he thought.

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As Nathan ended his shift and changed into his street clothes at the fire station, there was only one thing on his mind. Well, maybe two. The second one was, *how in hell do I get my dick to relax!* He struggled with it, forcing it into this street pants, hoping none of the other firefighters would see him change.

Downstairs at the fire station, a Ferrari GT pulled up and parked in front of the doors of the station, right under the big “NO PARKING” signs, designed to keep the roadway clear for fire trucks to exit. Armstrong opened the door and got out. More than one fireman inside the station watched as the unbelievably muscled man walked toward the pedestrian door. He opened it and walked inside.

The station, full of stereotypical jock firefighters-- not one of them in bad shape-- seemed to stop in its tracks.

“Nathan here?” the giant asked.

One man turned his head and hollered up the stairs, “Nathan, there's someone here who wants to see you.” As he spoke, his eyes didn't leave the incredible physique of Armstrong.

“On my way,” a voice echoed down the stairway.

The firemen talked with Armstrong for a few minutes, some mentioning his Ferrari; some (well, *all*) unable to hide their wonder at the physique that stood before them, clad in a tight-fitting long-sleeved shirt and jeans.

Not one person made mention of the fact that Armstrong's ride was illegally blocking the fire station exit.

Nathan made it downstairs, and the two guys who came down the stairs behind him audibly gasped. "My god, that guy is one hell of a muscleman!" he said amazed.

Armstrong heard the comment, but didn't respond. He was immediately reminded of a character he had been reading about on the Internet, and at that moment, an idea began to formulate in his mind. He thought about the woman who was shot, the thug who shot her, and the character from that story series-- MuscleMan.

Right now, though, there was Nathan to think about. And Armstrong's cock was *so* ready for some interaction with this hot, built hunk. But later-- later he'd need to sit down and do some thinking and planning-- especially concerning this MuscleMan character he had read about.

As Armstrong and Nathan rode off in the red Ferrari, the firemen watched. Not one of them would ever mention it, but all of them felt a pang of jealousy that Nathan had this new, huge friend.

"You originally from around here?" Armstrong asked Nathan as they sped down the streets.

"Uh, yeah, I am," the star-struck paramedic answered. "You?"

"Well, I guess you'd say yes," the commander answered. "But I've been away for a long time-- done a lot of traveling."

The Ferrari finally pulled up to a home on Queen Anne Hill that until about 45 minutes ago had been a vacant lot-- and to everyone's eyes except Nathan and Eric's, it still was. A one-piece garage door swung out and up, and the sports car pulled inside, the door closing behind.

Inside the house, it looked like the home had been completely renovated. It definitely fit in with the older neighborhood, but it was all new-looking inside. Orb Two had done a nice job. Armstrong could have taken Nathan to *Phallic Fortress*, but he knew the firehunk would be totally distracted by that. Floating above the Space Needle would necessitate some explanations-- something the huge muscleman wasn't in the mood to do.

"Nice place," Nathan said. Admittedly, he wasn't paying much attention to the furnishings nor the architecture.

Upstairs, in "Eric's bedroom," Nathan couldn't peel his eyes off the commander. "Dude, I never imagined a guy could be as huge, and muscular as you are," he said.

Nathan's big size was extremely impressive to Eric as well. The commander's hard-on was definitely controlling the situation. "Thanks," he said, pulling his own shirt out from his jeans. "You okay with me getting a little more comfortable? Maybe... well, you are obviously a very successful bodybuilder in your own right... I bet you can appreciate the hard work that goes into building muscle..." He pulled the shirt off.

Nathan's eyes were huge. His mouth dropped open.

Eric *loved* the effect he was having on the young firefighter. The commander slowly unzipped his own pants and started pulling them down. "How about you?" he asked Nathan. "You gonna make me be the only one to do the showing off?"

"Aw, I... I don't have *anything* to show off next to you, dude." His mouth was dry and his voice cracked. His heart raced. And yet, the lingering, guilty questions persisted. *What in hell am I doing here? I've never been turned on by a guy! But, shit-- this muscle monster is driving me crazy! I feel like I'm going to cum, just watching him!*

"Come on, Nathan," Eric prodded, "don't be shy." By this time, the commander was wearing only a skimpy thong-like thing. His 6'10" frame, filled with 390 pounds of fat-free muscle, bulged and rippled for his hunky admirer.

Dumbstruck, Nathan started undressing. He didn't really understand why he was doing this-- it was so *gay*. And yet, at this point, if Eric had asked him for a blow-job, he'd have willingly obliged. He couldn't figure it out; but this was one situation where figuring it out wasn't going to work. This was not a time to be using your brains. As with the commander, the organ that was doing Nathan's "thinking" wasn't his brain at all, it was his penis. And as the muscular paramedic stepped out of his clothes, his penis did indeed pop up and out, giving away his intensely aroused state.

"Dude, you didn't have to take *everything* off," Eric smiled.

Nathan was only slightly embarrassed. His cock rose in a virile salute to the commander.

"But then again..." Eric said, admiring Nathan's cock, "your biceps and chest aren't the only big muscles you've got." He watched, as Nathan's thick member bobbed with his heartbeats. "Am I making you get hard like that?"

Nathan could only nod.

"Sorry, dude," the huge Commander Armstrong smiled as he took a step toward Nathan. "I get that a lot." As he stood directly in front of the smaller bodybuilder, Eric bent forward slightly and cupped Nathan's balls in his big hand, gently tickling his perineum with his fingertips. Nathan closed his eyes, moaning. Precum began dribbling up and out of his slit hole. Eric moved his

fingertips slowly. Nathan moaned some more, and then opened his eyes. He looked right at the commander's impossibly thick, pouting chest. "Go ahead, man," Eric smiled.

Nathan didn't have to be asked twice. He reached up and began feeling Eric out. The slabs of pec meat were the biggest muscles Nathan had ever touched. Eric rippled them slowly for Nathan's hands, and Nathan groaned as his dick got even harder-- if that were possible.

Eric's hand moved up onto Nathan's iron-hard shaft, and after just one light squeeze, the thick cock began spewing out globs of ejaculate. Immediately, the hungry superhuman bent over and began swallowing the warm bursts of milk. As he did so, he could feel his body being refreshed and strengthened. It was like nothing he had ever experienced.

For his part, Nathan was just beginning the most powerful orgasm of his life. He squirted for so long, and with so much uncontrollable intensity that he nearly passed out. The huge muscleman, with his powerful lips, seemed to almost pull the liquid from the fireman's cock. Nathan had always enjoyed a good blow job (by his wife, and various other women) but this was like nothing he could have ever dreamed of. After a few minutes, he was *still* shooting! Toward the end, it got downright painful. He longed for Eric to stop, and yet as the pain increased and he started to call out in agony, this seemed to only intensify the giant's desire for more. By the time he was completely drained, Nathan's limp cock was red, sore, and even throbbing in pain.



Eric stood up, wiping his chin and his lips, putting his fingers inside his mouth to enjoy every last drop.

Nathan fell onto the bed, exhausted.

But the commander was just beginning. The muscular body lying next to him was a complete turn-on. He bent over Nathan and pulled the paramedic fully onto the bed, spreading his arms and legs wide, on his stomach. That tight muscle-ass seemed to call to him, inviting him inside.

Eric ripped his thong off, and his enormous cock sprang up, quickly inflating to its maximum size and rigidity. He put his hands on the bed. Nathan was barely conscious, near sleep. He was dehydrated and in need of rest. The hydration problem Eric was about to remedy, but the rest problem would have to wait.

The mammoth man began to rub his gigantic cock between Nathan's butt cheeks, and Nathan moaned in response, even though he was too tired to even raise his head. Streams of the commander's precum began to drop down onto the small of Nathan's back, pooling in between the ripples of muscle and the ridges of his spinal chord. The base of Eric's thick penis moved up and down in the crack; his oversized balls rubbed onto the tight ass muscle each time the commander pushed up all the way. And with each push, his cock would rise into the air, and if he held it there for a second, he could flex his own ass muscles and make another drop of clear fluid

squirt out and slowly drop down with a long web-like trail holding it in mid air for a few seconds before it finally made its way down to Nathan's back.

All the while, the superhero was watching the vast, muscular expanse of Nathan's back, lusting over his prey's wide lats and tapered waist. He leaned forward and reclined onto Nathan's back; his enormous weight making it difficult for the fireman to breathe. Eric's ass cheeks flexed, and he pushed his torso tightly against Nathan's ass. His cock head oozed out another dose of precum and it squirted onto Nathan's back. He was too close to cumming to do this again. He pushed himself up, widened Nathan's legs, and pushed his wet plumb against the pink sphincter, wetting it and preparing it for what was to come.

For some unknown reason, when he ejaculated the commander didn't lose any of the benefits of the semen he had drunk. Apparently, his body utilized it all, and whether through urine, feces, sweat or ejaculation, his body didn't pass any of it. And for this same reason, his human "partners" didn't benefit from his superhuman semen either.

Academic analysis, though, wasn't really foremost on the giant's mind right now. Unable to hold back any longer, he pushed himself inside Nathan. At this point, Nathan couldn't *help* but raise his head in response to the unreal pain of having his ass penetrated by this mighty weapon.

And again, the pain he inflicted only turned the commander on all the more. He didn't push fast; but neither did he hold back. In a steady, even thrust, he forced his way inside-- it only took a few seconds for the manicured hair of his pubes to reach Nathan's quivering ass muscles. Now fully inside, Eric couldn't control it any longer. He flexed his glutes and held very still, gritting his teeth. Unfortunately for Nathan, he was facing down, because if he could have seen the image of Eric holding it there, he would have had enough fodder for a lifetime of jerking off. The commander's insanely developed body tightened-- every muscle and sinew rippling, jerking, fighting, and moving in an erotic, muscular symphony of pre-orgasm. His mammoth arms bulged, his chest flexed, his legs grew and hardened. And finally, Eric let out a soft yell and a gasp. His cock *exploded* inside Nathan, and the young muscle stud yelped in pain. Eric put his hands on Nathan's lats and held on for dear life. It was going to be a ride to remember. His powerful cock pumped glob after superhuman glob of jizz into the firefighter, fed by the enormous power of his ass muscles, flexing and pumping all over hell. Indeed, a casual observer in the room wouldn't have been casual at all. It was an amazing muscle sex scene. No human could have helped but spontaneously ejaculate at the scene. And that proverbial fly on the wall, watching the goings-on, would have probably burst at the sight. It was *that* powerful.

The commander orgasmed for what seemed like hours-- at least for Nathan. And when it was over, the two men hunkered down in the holographic house for the whole night. Eric made sure to rehydrate and feed the weakened muscle hunk, so as to keep him strengthened for the next round of sex. It was a two-man orgy that lasted into the morning hours.

The next morning, Commander Armstrong dropped Nathan off back at the fire station so the young stud could grab his car and drive home. As they parted ways, neither of them knew what story Nathan would try to tell his wife as to why he had been away all night long...

Back at *Phallic Fortress*, the commander, after making himself a healthy breakfast, sat down with Ensign Orb in the lab, and began discussing some of the ideas he had developed. The ensign was very helpful with suggestions and support. He was, after all, there to assist and serve. He listened intently as the commander told him about the MuscleMan character he had read about-- the creation of the writer Derek Flex. And it was out of this brainstorming and research session that the two of them came up with a mission and an identity for the commander's many remaining days in the past.



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