



## THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

### EPISODE 4 KEVIN

by Sean Scott



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[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.]

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A few feet above the top of the Space Needle, Ensign Orb and Commander Eric Armstrong stood surveying the Seattle skyline, from their invisible citadel, Phallic Fortress-- Orb, in his Star Fleet ensign's uniform, and Armstrong in his birthday suit. He liked it that way-- it was what he was used to whenever he was home.

"Sir, the design is now complete," Orb said, breaking the silence. "Would you like to try it on?"

Armstrong, his hyper-muscled body rippling with even the slightest move, turned his face to the ensign and smiled. "Yes. Let's see how it looks." He stepped away from the window toward the center of the lab and waited.

"Initiating fabrication of MuscleMan uniform," Orb said.

Within seconds, Armstrong was wearing a long, brilliantly white cape. It was connected around his powerful neck with a thick gold band. At the front of the neckband, a golden medallion, emblazoned with a large "M" glistened. The cape came nearly down to the floor and was hemmed with gold, matching the neckband. On the back of the cape, another "M" medallion, only larger than the one on his neck, was emblazoned on the fabric.

MuscleMan wore no shirt.

His genitalia were encased in a thin, almost see-through thong. The fabric was more like a glove than trunks-- hugging each individual ball and his obscenely long and thick cock. The “trunks” tapered up to just a string around his hips. Ensign Orb stepped forward and lifted the cape aside, revealing that the trunks were indeed a thong in the back, allowing all of MuscleMan’s glute muscles to be exposed when the cape was moved away.

“Nice,” the ensign smiled.

MuscleMan wore golden wristbands that came halfway up his thick forearms. They were adorned with dark blue glowing jewels that looked very much like the Orbs, only smaller. Similar bands came up his legs, covering the lower portion of his calves. The calf bands transitioned into stocking-like footwear-- white, of course.

“Very nice indeed,” the ensign said, admiring their work. “Sir, your body would be the envy of every Testone, and it certainly will be the envy of every man on this planet.”

MuscleMan turned toward a mirror and admired himself, moving his large cape, adjusting his “trunks” and turning to see more angles. “Thank you, ensign. You have done very well.”

“With your help, sir,” the Orb said.

As MuscleMan continued to examine his new Superhero uniform, he couldn’t help but hit a few poses. His gargantuan legs flexed and hardened into rippling mounds of inhuman muscle. He lifted his huge arms and bent them, bulging his biceps and teasing his eyes with his amazing striations and vascularity. Within a minute of watching himself pose, he began to get hard, and his nylon-thin semi-transparent trunks began to moisten with precum. The thong hugged his cock as it grew. “Whoa,” MuscleMan said, “I’d better back off or I’m going to get quite distracted here.”

The ensign smiled. “Well, sir, one of the objectives of this costume is to highlight your manly, muscular features. Apparently, we succeeded.”

MuscleMan smiled and continued looking at his magnificent body. “Indeed. Indeed we have.” He turned to the ensign. “Well, Orb, I think I should take this thing for a test drive.”

“What did you have in mind, sir?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” he smiled. “Let’s check our historical database and see what’s going to happen today.”

One of the benefits of traveling backward in time is having a complete historical record of everything that has happened; or, to put it in another perspective, a record of everything that *will* happen. The Orbs contained that record, and the *Phallic Fortress* computer system had all of that information at its disposal.

The two men sat at a computer station and scanned the database.

“Looks like we’re going to have an incident with a school bus this afternoon,” Orb said.

“Yes, you’re right,” MuscleMan said, examining the information. “A bad accident on I-5. Look at this news story from tomorrow’s paper. The bus gets stuck on a freeway overpass, and eventually it falls off the edge.”

“Twenty-three children, plus the bus driver, are killed,” Orb said.

MuscleMan looked up at the ensign and said, “Looks like I have my first mission.”

“Sir, we haven’t discussed the time continuum. Have you given any thought to how your actions might affect it?” Orb asked.

“Actually, fuck the continuum,” MuscleMan said. “How do we know, anyway, whether or not I’m *supposed* to be the Superhero in this timeline. We can’t second-guess what I should do. For all we know, I am destined to save these kids. We might actually *need* to be here, changing history.”

“And we might not,” Orb cautioned.

MuscleMan stood. “I’m not going to cloister myself up here in *Phallic Fortress* for the rest of my life. I was put here for a reason. I believe that. And I’m going to do whatever I can. *That’s* the timeline I was meant to be in. End of discussion.”

“Understood,” Ensign Orb said, standing. “I am here to assist and to serve.”

“Thank you, ensign. I appreciate your perspective. Please don’t interpret my passion as wanting you to shut up. I need your insight-- it’s just that I won’t always heed it.”

“Understood.”

“Delete MuscleMan uniform.”

His golden and white clothing disappeared.

“I need to take a shower before I get to work. I want to be nice and clean for when I have to start lifting school busses.”

The ensign smiled, and as the naked MuscleMan turned to go upstairs and shower, the Orb watched, admiring the superhuman’s magnificent physique-- especially that wide back and taut, muscular ass. As MuscleMan disappeared up the stairway, Orb poured himself a cup of coffee and turned to gaze out at the skyline of the city.

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It was a typical mid-afternoon on the freeways. Seattle’s “rush hour” really never ended. The traffic was usually so bad that many people referred to the “hush hour” between 1:00 and 2:00 in the afternoon-- all other times, it could easily be bumper-to-bumper traffic. Unfortunately, MuscleMan’s mission wasn’t to knock sense into the politicians and have them solve this problem (author’s editorializing-- sorry).

Just south of downtown, traffic on the freeway was enjoying a brief respite from the usual stoppage. But as the school bus slowed to a stop to avoid the motionless cars in front of him, the driver of a semi-truck a quarter of a mile behind was busy talking on his cellphone.

Fifty feet below the raised freeway, Eric Armstrong walked down the street, his superb body in its smaller (if you could call it that) “Eric” persona to minimize the gawking and stares. He checked his watch as he walked, and at just the right moment, he heard the screeching of tires and then the horrific mangling of metal, the honking of horns, and more nightmarish sounds of crumbling cars and trucks. When the whole grisly event was over, a school bus hung precariously over the freeway’s side wall, it’s back wheels still spinning. Screams of panicking school children pierced the aftermath of the crash.

“Assume MuscleMan,” Eric said. Immediately he *morphed*. He was wearing his white cape and golden accouterments. He pressed one of the glowing blue jewels on one of his forearm bands and started levitating. He raised one arm straight up and his velocity increased. Seconds later he was standing on the freeway’s edge, next to the dangling school bus.

A few of the kids on the bus saw MuscleMan standing there, and their eyes nearly bugged out. Whether it was at his immense size and muscularity, his ingenious superhero costume or his lubricious thong-briefs, no one knows.-- but they were mesmerized.

“Children!” MuscleMan called out. “I need you to sit down in your seats! Remain still!”

At this point, people were getting out of their cars. Mangled autos were everywhere, and steam was rising from more than one vehicle.

The children on the bus were not to be calmed easily. “Children!” MuscleMan repeated, “Please! Sit in your seats and hold on! Brace yourselves! Hold on tightly!” he ordered. Some of the children complied, many of them were hysterical, as they looked down at the roadway below. People had come out of their businesses and homes on the busy roadway, and were pointing up at the elevated freeway and shouting in horror.

MuscleMan knew he didn’t have much time. The bus was teetering. Swiftly, he moved to the side of the bus and positioned himself at the Jersey barrier on which it rested.

A few of the motorists and passengers on the freeway rushed toward the bus, but MuscleMan ordered them to get back. “Stay back! This bus is going to move in your direction!” he called.

By now, more than one of these bystanders had gotten out their cameras, or had their cellphones raised in the air, taking pictures.

MuscleMan pushed his white cape to one side as he bent down. He squatted low and cupped his large hands under the edge of the bus. He repositioned his feet. Then, as his whole body tightened and rippled with inhuman strength, the bus jolted.

Screams rang out, from both the children on the bus and from the horrified onlookers on the street below and on the freeway.

MuscleMan tightened his legs and lifted again, straining his whole body as his legs straightened. His hamstrings bulged and rippled. It was as if they were growing into twin hydraulic presses. God, his legs were huge! And at the top of MuscleMan’s thighs, two of the tightest, hardest ass muscles in the galaxy moved in waves of molten steel, flexing and hardening to assist the enormous legs below them. The bus creaked loudly and jolted again. Then it moved more, and in a few seconds, MuscleMan’s unbelievable strength had lifted a corner of the bus about a foot into the air.

To say the onlookers were astounded would be an understatement. They were aghast. As the bus teetered in MuscleMan’s hands, he pulled it back from the precipice. The bus scraped on the cement barrier as MuscleMan’s corner moved away from the edge. He strained, flexing his arms into two columns of steel. His back rippled, his ass quivered. Finally, the bus wheels were firmly above cement, and MuscleMan sat the bus down.

Cheers erupted from the crowd. *Loud* cheers. As the people rushed toward the bus and toward MuscleMan, they became even more astounded at the size of this caped man. He was enormous! And his muscularity was something that none of them had ever imagined! He smiled as the crowd thanked him. His huge body glistened with a thin sheen of sweat. He humbly talked with a few of the braver onlookers-- ones who dared approach him and ask him questions.

Of course the questions were often incredulous. And his answers didn’t do much to quell their curiosity. Pictures snapped. He was even asked for his autograph.



Police and fire arrived on the scene. Then the news crews. MuscleMan was surrounded by everyone, and he seemed to enjoy it. Finally, the police started to interview him, and of course his answers to them were woefully inadequate to explain who he was, how he could be so strong, and-- of particular interest to the police-- how he could go around in public wearing only *that*.

At this point in the interview process, MuscleMan decided it was time to leave. He wasn’t about to submit himself to grilling about his trunks-- that was part of who he was. Maybe some people wouldn’t appreciate the explicitness of his clothing (or lack thereof), but that made his identity even more alluring, in his opinion.

“I’m sorry, officer, I need to leave now,” he interrupted. “Thank you for your service to the city.”

“What?” the officer said. “No, you’re not going anywhere, sir. We have a few more questions to ask,” and looking down at MuscleMan’s thinly-covered schlong he said, “and there’s the issue of your clothing too.”

“Thanks again, officer,” MuscleMan said. He pressed a blue jewel on his armband, pointed his fist into the air and flew away-- to the astonishment of everyone there.

It was right out of a comic book. In fact, the headline of the next day’s *Post-Intelligencer* read, “Superhero saves busload of children.” A big picture was prominent on the front page-- MuscleMan’s rippling body straining as he moved the bus. It was actually quite a good picture of the commander (it could be argued he didn’t take bad pictures-- he was pretty photogenic), showing off his incredible muscle size and vascularity.

“Well, *that* picture ought to garner you a few fans,” Ensign Orb said as he held the paper in his hands the next morning.

“Yeah,” MuscleMan smiled as he looked out over the city. “I think they got my good side.”

The ensign smiled and poured MuscleMan a fresh cup of coffee. MuscleMan grabbed the newspaper and started reading. “Says here, ‘A huge muscleman dressed in a superhero costume-- complete with cape-- single-handedly saved the lives of a busload of children yesterday. After a freeway chain-reaction accident, the Seattle Public Schools bus hung over the edge of I-5, right above the intersection of 17<sup>th</sup> and Ivanhoe. As it teetered, only inches from tipping off the edge, a huge man appeared out of nowhere, ultimately pulling the bus back from certain destruction...’”

“A little good press never hurt anyone,” the ensign smiled.

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As the hunky Eric Armstrong walked into the entryway of the gym, he was greeted by a cute girl behind the counter. In the offices to the side of the front desk area, the employees stopped what they were doing to look up at the man through their large windows. It took quite a bit of muscle for the employees to stop and notice someone-- what with their gym being one of the more hardcore gyms in town, catering to many bodybuilders and strength contestants. But Eric, even in his smaller, more believable state, was one *big* muscle-stud, and coupled with his drop-dead good looks and perfect proportions, he was a head-turner, even in this setting.

“Good morning, how can I help you?” the girl smiled.

“I was thinking about joining. Do you have anyone here who could give me a tour?” Eric asked. His thick neck was a turn-on for the woman.

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“Sure,” she smiled-- her eyes twinkling. She picked up the phone and pressed a few buttons. Her voice reverberated over the public address system, “Alexander Bravo, please come to the front desk. Alexander Bravo.” She put the phone down and said, “It’ll be just a second.”

“Thanks.”

“So you must have just moved to the area?” the girl asked.

Eric looked at her name tag and said, “Yeah, I did,” he made like he was making out her name on the tag, leaning forward-- “Jessica?”

“Yeah, Jessica,” she answered. “And you’re not *wearing* your name tag,” she joked.

Eric laughed. “No I left it at home today. Eric. Eric Armstrong,” he said.

Before Jessica could continue flirting, her attention was diverted to someone approaching Eric from behind. “Oh, here he is,” she said. Eric turned to see a man in a dark blue polo shirt. He filled it out expertly, with nice shoulders and traps, and the large arms that would be required for a man in his position. “Alex, this is Eric Armstrong,” Jessica said.

“Glad to meet you, Eric,” Alexander said. “Alexander Bravo. I’m a membership director and a trainer here. So, you want a tour of the place?” he smiled.

“Sure.” Eric turned and thanked Jessica and the two men moved away from the front desk as Alexander began asking Eric about his weight-lifting goals and needs.

The entry area was actually a balcony that looked down on a huge weight floor. “We call this ‘the pit,’” Alex said as the two men stood at the railing looking down. “Every machine imaginable, and every free-weight you could ever want.”

Eric nodded.

“Over there,” Alex continued, motioning to the left, “are our membership offices, and opposite, on the right side of the pit is our cardio mezzanine.” The offices and cardio area were joined by the front desk/reception area where the two men stood. “And you can see, on the far wall are our racquet ball courts.”

Alex led Eric down a wide stairway onto the weight floor. They looked at the equipment, and Alex pointed out the men’s and women’s locker rooms in the corners. A swimming pool was behind the racquet courts.

The tour took about 20 minutes, and although whenever Alex was around he was sure to garner more than his share of attention, the combination of the two men walking together, examining equipment and surveying the club made it hard for anyone to concentrate on their workout.

Back in Alexander’s office, he offered Eric a seat, and then sat behind his desk. “Well, the BuffMuscles gym usually has an initiation of \$189, but if you can give us the name of a former gym, we can see about transferring your membership-- maybe reducing that fee,” he said to his prospective member.

“Oh. Well, I don’t have any prior membership I can transfer,” Eric said.

Alexander’s head moved back in surprise. “You don’t?” He was obviously taken aback; Eric looked like he *lived* in a gym.

“No,” Eric answered. “I’ve just been using my home gym.”

“Really,” Alex said. “Well, it looks like its been going well for you...”

“Thanks. I just moved and I don’t have as much room as I used to, so I figured I need to find a place.”

“I see. Well, tell you what-- I’ll knock half off the initiation. Your home gym will work as a previous membership-- you’ve obviously been going there for awhile,” Alex joked.

Eric smiled.

As Eric left Alexander’s office, he stopped by Jessica’s desk and flirted. Promising to be back soon, with his workout clothes, he bid her goodbye. As he left, Alexander closed the shades on his office and locked the door. He’d be taking a ten or fifteen minute break in private...

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Not one to shy away from attention, Eric decided it was time to give the press a little more information on the city’s new superhero. He had been intrigued with “television” so he decided to stop by the KING television studios on his way home from signing up at BuffMuscles gym. Of course, MuscleMan would have to transport up to *Phallic Fortress*, so it didn’t really matter where he did that *from*, but he found driving his fabricated Ferrari quite fun, and he enjoyed partaking in the customs of the day, and that included using their modes of transportation.

He parked his car on the street in front of the station and checked his chronometer. It was 6:00, and unless a new news story had broken (which MuscleMan knew wouldn’t be happening), his target would be leaving the Channel 5 studios any minute. Sure enough, out strode Kevin Myers, one of the younger, newer reporters for KING. MuscleMan had spotted him on the news, and made a mental note to get to know him. He was gorgeous, and thick-necked. In a sports coat, whenever he did a news story, he looked like he could bench press an elephant-- his chest was really thick.

Even though he was a few hundred feet away, Eric could tell that his first impressions had been right. TV didn’t do this guy justice. He filled out his street clothes like a tank! In his late 20’s

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(MuscleMan had Googled him), Kevin was young and drop-dead good looking, not to mention that he came across on TV as articulate and smart. It was obvious that he'd go far in television.

Eric decided to follow Kevin, instead of introducing himself right then and there. Too many people around. Kevin got into a Toyota Rav-4 (a few years old-- sensible and good for getting to stories, but not reeking of money by any means-- junior reporters barely scraped by). His bio on the station's website didn't mention any spouse, only a black lab, named "Ranger." Google didn't turn up any information about family either, so Eric decided to follow the hunk home, assuming he was single. He revved up his Ferrari and pulled out behind Kevin.

About ten minutes later, Kevin's rig parked on the street downtown, in front of a bar. It wasn't real busy. Eric parked a block back. Kevin got out, leaving his sports coat in his rig and donning a jacket. He ducked inside the bar.

Eric Armstrong got out of his Ferrari and locked it. As he entered the bar, he said softly to himself, "Assume MuscleMan persona." The white-caped he-man seemed to take the breath out of everyone in the bar. All eyes were on him. He was huge. His cape was a bright white-- as if it actually glowed with energy. His gargantuan legs, striated and defined to insane detail, supported a thin waistline which, in turn, supported a rack of abdominal muscles that would make you whimper. Above that, his powerful chest *commanded* attention. His cape was fully draped behind him, so his broad, enormous shoulders and unspeakably huge arms were totally visible to the bar patrons. His gorgeous face scanned the sparse crowd. They all looked at him.



"Hey--" one guy said, "you're that guy who saved the school bus!"

Someone else agreed-- it *was* him, for sure. Others gasped and oohed, whispering. Then someone said, "My GOD, he's HUGE!" There was more commotion at the tables.

MuscleMan couldn't find his man in the crowd, so he said, "I'm looking for Kevin Myers."

After a few quiet seconds, someone said, "He's in the can."

MuscleMan said softly, "Define: 'can'."

As he turned his head toward the restroom door, it opened. Kevin came out, fussing with his shirt, unaware that all eyes in the pub had just turned to him. He was taken aback and confused at the attention he was getting. He looked back at his onlookers.

"There's someone here to see you," a guy said almost reverently. At that moment, all heads turned back toward the front of the bar, as did Kevin's.

The freshman TV reporter went pale.

“Kevin Myers?” MuscleMan smiled. He was an orgasm in the flesh.

“Ye-- yes,” Kevin answered.

MuscleMan took a few steps forward, still smiling, but his countenance didn’t put *anyone* at ease, least of all the young, buff reporter from Channel 5. “Is there somewhere we can talk?”

Kevin was at once awestruck and confused. He didn’t answer.

MuscleMan looked around and spotted a booth in the very back. It looked private. Only problem was that a couple of guys were there, drinking beers. MuscleMan walked past Kevin, turning slightly sideways in the narrow walkway, but brushing the man nonetheless. Kevin’s knees nearly buckled.

“Excuse me gentlemen, but would you mind if we use your booth. We need some privacy,” MuscleMan said to the two guys in the booth.

As if guns were pointing at their heads, the two guys immediately got up and dashed out of the booth.

“Hey,” MuscleMan called to them, “don’t forget your drinks.” He picked up their beers and extended his meaty arms to the men. “Thanks for the booth,” he smiled. “Bartender, give these gentlemen whatever they want; I’ll take care of their tab.” He motioned to Kevin to join him, and the two slid into the booth, the table between them.

Kevin’s wide eyes betrayed his awe. “You’re-- you’re *real*?” he said.

“In the flesh,” MuscleMan said.

Kevin blinked, looked at the table-top and then back at MuscleMan. Clearly, he was having a hard time with this. “So... what do you want with *me*?” he finally asked.

“Well, you’re a journalist. I wanted to give you a scoop story,” MuscleMan said.

A waiter came up to the table shyly. “Excuse me gentlemen, can I get you anything?” His eyes were big, and glued to MuscleMan.

“I’ll have a Heineken Light,” MuscleMan smiled.

The waiter looked at Kevin.

“Same,” Kevin said.

The waiter left.

“Scoop story?” Kevin asked, disbelieving.

“Yeah. You want it? I mean, I’m not planning on giving an exclusive interview to just *anyone*. If you want to interview me, I’m all yours,” MuscleMan said, leaning back a bit and allowing a nice display of his inhuman muscularity.

Kevin didn’t really know how to take that last phrase, but he instantly knew *how* he wanted to take it, despite being a hopelessly heterosexual playboy. *God, that’s weird*, he thought to himself. *But this guy is so huge and buff... I don’t really know what I’m feeling...* his eyes couldn’t help but trace over and over MuscleMan’s shoulders, arms and chest.

“So? You game?” MuscleMan brought Kevin out of his trance.

“Hell yes,” Kevin answered. “I’m not going to pass up *this* story!”

“Good. Well, fire away,” MuscleMan said.

The waiter returned with their green bottles of beer, placing them on the table. MuscleMan, who sat facing the front of the bar, could see numerous heads occasionally poke around the corner. Everyone wanted a look. If he happened to make eye contact with someone, he just smiled and nodded.

“Fire away? Right here? Now?” Kevin asked. “I don’t have anything to take notes with. It’d be nice to have a tape recorder too. Really, I’d like to call the station and get a crew...”

“No tape, no cameras,” MuscleMan said. And you can take notes if you want, but I have to warn you, not many are going to believe you.”

“What?” Kevin asked. He had a strong, almost brash way of talking and acting; and his eyes were full of a passion for life. Some people have a twinkle in their eyes, Kevin had a bonfire. His whole demeanor, even as he sat across the table from the most powerful, sexy, Alpha MuscleMan in the world, was confident-- even cocky. “What do you mean, no one will believe me?” he asked. MuscleMan was *really* starting to like this guy.

“Well, you tell me...” MuscleMan said. “Ask me your first question and I’ll answer you. Then you tell me if people will believe you.”

“Okay. Where are you from?”

“The future,” MuscleMan smiled.

Kevin was amused.

“See? I told you.”

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“Come on, man,” Kevin smiled.

“It’s the truth.”

“Okay, then how did you get here?”

“The Testones sent me here. They live on a planet called Testos Four.”

Kevin was laughing out loud, now, of course. He took a sip of his beer and said, “And they have time-travel capability?”

“Yes.”

“How far in the future?”

“About 300 years,” MuscleMan said matter-of-fact, taking a sip of his own beer.

Kevin shook his gorgeous head, somewhere between a laugh and a smile. His beautiful teeth were perfectly white. His brown/sandy-blond hair was a real turn-on. “Okay, did you really lift that school bus?”

“Yes.”

“How?”

“Well, its complicated; but mostly, I was bred for strength and muscularity. It’s a genetic enhancement. The Testones also gave me a little strength boost before I left Testos Four,” MuscleMan said.

“Dude. I mean, yeah, you’re built like the Rainier Tower, and just looking at you-- you *look* like you could lift a bus-- but come on,” Kevin said. “Who’s going to believe me?”

“No one.” MuscleMan took another sip from his beer. “That’s was I was saying.”

“So, why this ‘interview’?”

MuscleMan sat back and stretched one arm onto the back of the booth’s seat. He smiled and said, “Just thought I’d introduce myself. Maybe later, if I get involved in another news story, I can give you another exclusive.”

“Why me?” Kevin asked.

“Truthfully?”

Kevin scratched his head. “Well, you certainly have no reason to start lying now...”



MuscleMan laughed. “Truthfully? I like you. I saw you on the news, and I wanted to meet you. You seem like a smart kid-- and a good journalist.”

Kevin raised his eyebrows, not knowing how to react.

“I can prove that I’m not from this time, if you want,” MuscleMan said.

“But will you let me prove it to my viewers?”

“No. This’ll be just for you. Like I said, no one will believe you,” MuscleMan said. “But if you want some ‘off-the-record’ exclusive information, here’s your chance.”

Kevin squinted his eyes. This was getting complicated. Of course, the mystery was enticing. And of *course*, he was strangely intrigued by-- okay, *attracted to*-- this guy on a very personal, and frustrating level. But can this huge man be trusted? I mean, really, a guy who runs around the city wearing a cape and barely anything else at all? Bigger than any man could naturally get, claiming to be able to lift school busses? Saying he’s from some Testos planet-- in the *future*? The reporter took another drink.

“It won’t hurt,” MuscleMan smiled. “I promise.”

Kevin wasn’t one to admit fear-- to *anyone*. “I’m not afraid of being hurt,” he lied. “I just don’t know if I should trust a guy wearing a cape and a thong.”

MuscleMan smiled. “That’s fair. I don’t know that I’d trust me, if I were you. It’s up to you.”

Truthfully, the moment Kevin laid eyes on MuscleMan in the bar, he would have been willing to follow him anywhere. This exercise in decision-making was only to assuage his sensibilities, which he was now throwing out the window. “Okay. Prove it to me. I’m game.”

MuscleMan smiled. “My car’s outside.”

Kevin laughed. “Your car? Your *car*? You’re supposed to fly or something aren’t you? I mean, what’s the cape for? Dude, if you’re from the future, you have a lot to learn about 21<sup>st</sup> century superheroes.” His dimpled face made MuscleMan weaken.

God, MuscleMan had it bad for the young reporter. He grinned and said, “It’s a Ferrari.”

Kevin kept laughing. “Oh, well, if it’s a *Ferrari*...”

The two men walked to the front of the bar. MuscleMan pulled some cash out of one of his gold armbands and placed it on the bar. “For us, and for the two guys as well,” he said to the awestruck bartender.

The patrons spoke in hushed whispers that turned into a low roar by the time the two big men left. “Where you going?” was one of the distinguishable questions heard. MuscleMan didn’t respond. Kevin Myers, Channel 5 news reporter walked silently behind the tall, wide figure.

On the street, people pointed and stared. It was a good thing it was after dark, and they only had a block to walk to the car. MuscleMan wrapped himself in his long, white cape, possibly to hide his muscles from everyone; possibly to keep himself warm. The two men got into the car and it sped off into the night.

Kevin looked over at the superhuman body in the driver’s seat. The city buzzed by. He couldn’t help but get aroused at the sight of all those over-developed muscles-- and such a handsome face. And from the thickness of MuscleMan’s dick, the superhero was just as interested in Kevin.

*God, I don’t know what’s coming over me! Kevin thought. It’s like this guy has boobs and a vagina or something. Why am I getting turned on by a guy? This is totally weird!*

“Where’ we going?” Kevin asked.

“I thought I’d take you to see a nice view of the city,” MuscleMan said.

Kevin started to get nervous. This sounded a little strange. “Hey, man, I don’t know... I think I’d feel better if we stayed somewhere more... public.”

MuscleMan slowed the car down and pulled over. His kind face looked into Kevin’s eyes. “If you’re uncomfortable at all, you don’t have to come with me. You can get out now-- or whenever you want,” he assured.

Of course Kevin didn’t get out.

MuscleMan parked the Ferrari as the side of a hilltop road. The nighttime sky of the city glimmered in the cold winter air. The two men got out of the car and stood at the edge of the hill, overlooking downtown. It was truly beautiful.

“That’s cool how you make your cape glow like that,” Kevin said, looking at his huge new acquaintance.

“Thanks,” MuscleMan said.

Kevin looked up at the muscled being’s face. “So now what?”

“You want to see where I live?”

“How will *that* prove you’re from the future?” Kevin asked. As he looked up into MuscleMan eyes, he felt that strange desire in his soul grow even stronger.

“Oh, it will,” MuscleMan assured. He looked out at the skyline, at the Space Needle. “Because I live right above the Space Needle.”

Kevin laughed loudly, then a smirk came across his face. “Come on, man. This is getting a little old.”

MuscleMan just smiled at him.

Kevin looked at the Space Needle and then back at MuscleMan. “Okay, so how do we get there? You going to ‘beam’ us up?”

“Actually, yes,” MuscleMan smiled.

Kevin scoffed.

“But you need to get close to me,” MuscleMan said. He grabbed his long cape and spread his arms out, inviting Kevin to come close. God, his enormous, gorgeous body was impossible to resist.

But Kevin did try to resist. Only for a moment, though. “I-- I don’t know that I should do that.”

MuscleMan just stood there, his muscles taut and big, his arms spread slightly.

“This is weird, on *so* many levels,” Kevin said. “I just can’t see myself nuzzling up to you like that.”

MuscleMan’s body ebbed and flowed with his powerful breaths. He remained still, his arms inviting. “I give you my word, you’ll be glad you did. We have to be together for the beam-over.”

Kevin took a small step toward the muscle god. And as he did, his desire grew even more intense-- as if a tractor beam was pulling him. But it wasn’t a tractor beam. MuscleMan didn’t need one. All he needed was a little patience. Momentarily, his patience was rewarded. Like I said, from the moment Kevin laid eyes on MuscleMan in the bar, he would have gone to the end of the world for him.

MuscleMan gently wrapped his arms around the young bodybuilding stud, enveloping him in his bright white cape.

Kevin found his hands on MuscleMan’s waist, slowly moving back onto his glutes. He realized what he was doing, so he moved them up onto the giant’s lats. “Oh my God,” he whispered as his hands attempted to process the warmth, hardness and size of MuscleMan back.

MuscleMan leaned his chin down on top of Kevin’s head. Instinctively, the two men hugged. Kevin rested his face on MuscleMan’s warm pecs. “Close your eyes,” MuscleMan said softly.

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Kevin obeyed. There was a tingling feeling all over his body-- as if a billion fireflies were bombarding him. It didn't hurt, but it sure was the weirdest thing he had ever experienced-- up until now. He gasped and clutched the hard body of MuscleMan tightly, then he groaned in fear, pushing his eyes shut very tightly.

The first thing he noticed, when the tingling stopped, was the sound. It was different. They weren't outside anymore. But there was an almost inaudible humming noise-- and it had a rhythm, slow and steady. No, they definitely weren't outside anymore. He felt MuscleMan's strong arms loosen and the cape pull back just a bit. His head was nuzzling the cleft of two of the biggest pecs Kevin could have ever imagined. They were warm; they were harder than granite. MuscleMan's hands moved slowly down Kevin's back, and as they did, the huge biceps moved back from in front of Kevin's face, allowing him to see-- if he would only open his eyes. "God, what was that?" he said, still holding MuscleMan tightly, his eyes closed. His body shook with fear.

"We're here. You're okay, MuscleMan said. "You can open your eyes."

It took a little bit of additional patience on MuscleMan's part, but eventually Kevin slowly opened his eyes. As soon as he did, though, he immediately closed them and shuddered. "Uauuughouuu," he cried, and grasped MuscleMan even tighter.

MuscleMan rubbed Kevin's back. Certainly this was going to be quite shocking to the young reporter. It was going to take quite a bit of time-- and talking-- to get him accept this. Fortunately, Commander Armstrong had had experience with *first contact* of planets that did not have transport capabilities. "It's a new reality, Kevin," he said softly. "I know it's going to be hard to accept what just happened. But take it as slow as you want. Breathe deeply and try to relax."

MuscleMan's pillar of a body was at least something Kevin could hold onto-- and hold he did, and the comforting voice of the superhero also gave Kevin some assurance. He tried to open his eyes again, and this time he forced himself to keep them open. Slowly, he lifted his head off of MuscleMan's chest, but he kept his big arms firmly wrapped around the giant's body. The room was definitely like something out of the future. Floor to ceiling windows on the outside of the room afforded a 360° view. It was spectacular. Seattle's downtown skyline shimmered, and as Kevin looked around more, he could tell the view was the same as from the Space Needle.

He loosened his grip a little more. God, this huge, hard, warm, muscled body was gorgeous. He found his attention turned to the tactile stimulation of his hands and arms, and as he moved them over MuscleMan muscles, he definitely was aroused. He looked up into MuscleMan's kind eyes.

"You okay?" MuscleMan asked kindly.

All Kevin could squeak out was, "How?" and then, "What is this--?"

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MuscleMan knew that Kevin was inquiring as to the whole experience-- his huge, powerful body, the beam-over, this place, Kevin's undeniable attraction. But he lifted his eyes and looked into the room, saying, "This-- is *Phallic Fortress*. My home."

Kevin pulled himself back a little more and forced himself to look around. "*Fortress-- Testos?*" he said.

MuscleMan chuckled. "Close. *Phallic Fortress*."

Kevin fully separated himself from the huge man's chest, but left his hands on MuscleMan's waist. He looked around the room. MuscleMan had beamed them directly into the living area of *Phallic Fortress*, even though the main transport pad was one level below in the lab area. He figured this would be a little less intimidating than beaming right into the lab filled with computers and such. The living area was warmly lit, with a subtle light. "How-- did we-- get here?"

"It's complicated, but it's basically a futuristic transport device," MuscleMan said.

"I don't believe this. I'm dreaming. And yet I know I'm not," Kevin babbled. He looked back at MuscleMan, his hands still holding onto the skinny waist. Without thinking about it, he moved his hands forward onto MuscleMan's abs, and then, slowly upward onto his unreal chest muscles. God, it was *so powerful!* The meat of MuscleMan's pecs felt like iron. His chest was warm, hairless, and *so huge!*

MuscleMan's face was kind and inviting.

Kevin felt no shame in what he was doing now, only base *lust*. He moved his hands back and forth, all over the amazing acreage of MuscleMan's pectorals. His cock tightened and grew in his pants.

MuscleMan's nipples hardened; hiscock grew as well. God it felt good to have this kid touching him like this.

The muscle-lust session could have gone on forever, if not for the untimely interruption by Ensign Orb. "Excuse me, sir," he said, standing in a doorway.

Kevin nearly jumped out of his skin.

MuscleMan held him, "It's okay, Kev. He's my-- my servant." *Definitely going to have to talk to Orb about privacy issues*, he thought. He turned to the ensign, "Yes. What is it?" His voice was curt.

"I'm sorry sir, but I was wondering if you would like me to serve dinner now," Ensign Orb said.

MuscleMan took in a deep breath and sighed. “Ensign, we’re kind of having a private moment here.”

“Aye sir,” Orb answered. “But would you-- and your guest-- like to eat?”

MuscleMan was irritated, but he didn’t fail to see the humor in the situation either. With Kevin’s hands still on his chest, he chuckled. Then he told Orb to prepare the dining table. He was, after all, famished. He looked down at his charge and said, “You only had that beer, didn’t you? You hungry?”

Still lost in his lust, and enamored with this god, Kevin had a hard time responding, much less making sense of something so pedestrian as *eating*. And yet, at the suggestion, a meal did sound good. In fact, now that he thought about it, he was *starving*. “Yes. Yes...”

Within minutes, Ensign Orb returned to the doorway and announced dinner. Kevin, now forced to find his “hovering” legs, stood tall and tried to get some kind of bearings.

They had been in the study area of *PF* and now MuscleMan escorted Kevin into the dining area. It was just beautiful. And the food was “out of this world,” so to speak. For both men, the company wasn’t too shabby either. They dined on Alaska Salmon, steamed vegetables, potatoes, wine, and a desert cake to-die-for.

Orb refilled their water and wine glasses with poise, and, for Kevin, the familiarity of the ensign’s uniform lent a certain absurdity to the situation.

“This is unreal,” he said, looking at the single pip on Orb’s uniform. “All of this stuff is so unbelievable-- yet so obviously real-- and yet you have this guy wearing a Star Fleet uniform? I don’t get it.”

MuscleMan said, “Well, it was just something familiar to me. I’m a commander in Star Fleet, actually. When Orb decided on a humanoid interface to make it easier for us to interact, he chose this-- apparently knowing that I would find it familiar-- and even quaint,” he said, looking up at Orb. “I could have had him change his appearance, but this seems perfect, to me.”

Kevin’s mouth was open. “Wait a minute. You’re trying to tell me that you’re from the future-- and that this-- *future*-- is one where there’s a *real* Star Fleet?”

MuscleMan looked puzzled. “Well, now that you mention it, how do *you* know about Star Fleet?”

The conversation that ensued ended up being more confusing to both of them than the initial question. Clearly, Commander Armstrong’s presence here was somehow entwined in a science-fiction tale of the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> centuries. Whether his presence was a *cause* of this story, or an *effect* of it, was fodder for the guys down at Temporal Control. For both of the men at that dinner

table, it was decided that trying to untie the knot of this mystery was more work than it was worth.

As the dessert plates were removed, MuscleMan invited Kevin into the living room where they sat on the couch and watched the city wind down for the night. *Ravel* played softly in the background. The lights were dim. Kevin ended up leaning back onto MuscleMan's warm body. The huge couch was comfortable, even for the two large men. As lights twinkled from the downtown office buildings, MuscleMan found his hand moving onto Kevin's torso, toward his crotch. His muscular fingers quickly discovered that the young reporter/bodybuilder was already hard. MuscleMan's hand slowly rubbed back and forth, and amazingly, Kevin's cock became even harder.

Kevin breathed heavily. He wanted to speak-- to somehow deny this was turning him on-- to somehow get the huge man to stop. But of course, he didn't.

"Are you from Seattle, originally?" MuscleMan asked nonchalantly as his big hand moved back and forth over Kevin's clothed boner.

"Walla Walla," Kevin said softly.

"Really?" MuscleMan said. "My mother was born in Walla Walla."

Kevin's head darted up. "Walla Walla exists in the future?"

MuscleMan chuckled. "Well, where did you think it would go?"

Kevin rested his head back on MuscleMan's bare chest. "I guess... I never really thought about it. It all seems so weird."

The two men rested on the couch, with only occasional conversation. MuscleMan kept stroking Kevin's crotch, and eventually undid his pants. He slid his hand under Kevin's jeans, but on top of his boxers, squeezing and enjoying the hardness and warmth of Kevin's quite large, and thick penis.

Kevin's breathing increased more, and occasionally he let out a gasp or a moan. "I-- I've never done this with a gu-- Oh, God that feels good..." he said.

MuscleMan was loving it. Just turning this muscle-jock into a muscle worshipper was a power trip for him. And believe me, MuscleMan was used to much more intense power trips than this. He nibbled on Kevin's ear, and the smaller man closed his eyes.

*God, what's happening? I've never been so turned on!* Kevin thought.

"Hey, Kev," MuscleMan whispered, "would you do something for me?"

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At this point, Kevin would assassinate a world leader if MuscleMan asked. “Okay, sure,” he said, keeping his eyes closed. “What?”

MuscleMan gently squeezed Kevin’s genitals. “Well, ever since I first saw you on TV, I’ve been really turned on by you. I gotta confess that I Googled you, and I saw that you’ve done quit a few bodybuilding contests.”

Kevin was overwhelmed. *Flattered* wouldn’t begin to describe it. “Yeah?” he said. His eyes were still closed, as his idol continued to gently massage his hardened cock.

“Well, I was wondering, would you do some posing for me?” MuscleMan asked.

Kevin opened his eyes and raised his head. “What? Me? Pose for *YOU*? You gotta be kidding!”

“Nope. Not kidding, man. I’m serious. I’d love to see you strip down into some posers and knock off a few flexes...” he said.

“God, I can’t believe you’d say that,” Kev said. He laid his head back onto MuscleMan’s chest and thought for a second. Finally, he said, “Okay. Okay, I guess.” He considered carefully, what he had just said, and then added, “God, I don’t know... I think I’ll be so nervous.”

“Don’t be, dude. You know you’re hot-- and I don’t mean that in a bad way-- but you’ve been in a lot of competitions, man. And you’ve won quite a few too. You gotta know that your body is hot. *I* know it’s hot,” MuscleMan whispered into his ear.

Kev chuckled. “Yeah, okay. I guess being up on stage, I know how to pose.”

“Yeah.”

MuscleMan moved to get up, and Kevin stood. The superhuman stood up and led the way to the circular staircase. His soft, white cape flowed gracefully as he moved, and Kevin watched, his cock growing even harder.

Upstairs, in MuscleMan’s private bedroom (he had made it clear to Ensign Orb, that this room was off-limits while he was in residence-- Orb could clean it only while MuscleMan was gone), MuscleMan sat on the bed while Kevin nervously took off his clothes.

“Don’t be nervous, Kev,” the big man smiled. “Believe me, you don’t have anything to be nervous about.”

Kevin stripped down to his boxers. He was a symphony of huge muscle. Definitely pro material, and definitely enough muscle to turn on the most muscular of them all. MuscleMan was getting hard, and his almost see-through thong was being stretched to its limits. And Kevin noticed. *God, he’s HUGE!* he thought. Fuck, he felt so inadequate.

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And yet MuscleMan’s gaze was so intense, and it was so obvious that he was incredibly turned-on at the sight of Kevin’s body.

Kevin’s erect cock was totally destroying his boxers. So, he abandoned them, pushing them down over his huge legs. *What the hell*, he thought. *This can’t really be happening anyway...*

At the sight of Kevin’s exposed, throbbing cock, MuscleMan’s own huge boner grew even more. “God, you’re perfect,” he said to Kevin. He looked down at the paper-thin material that covered his own genitals. “Would you... help me with this?”

Kevin was beyond being blown away. He stepped forward slowly. He looked at MuscleMan’s forearm bands. “You able to lose these things?” he smiled.

MuscleMan pressed one of the blue jewels on his left band, and the bands on his arms and legs, as well as his soft shoes, disappeared. He wore only his cape and his “trunks.”

“Wow! How do you do that?” Kevin asked.

MuscleMan didn’t answer.

Kevin’s cock, at a painfully hard erection, jerked. “How about the cape...”

MuscleMan softly said, “Lose the cape,” and it disappeared. He was clad now, only in his nearly-see-through trunks, held on his narrow hips by only a string. By now, his erection was full, and the fabric was stretched to its limits, almost ready to separate. His precum pushed through the tip and it was wet for quite a few inches down the shaft. Near his manicured pubes, the fabric was pulled up and out, exposing the base of his huge cock. That huge cock was pointing up, directly at Kevin Myers’ face. And what an enormous, beautiful cock it was.

Kevin, for some reason filled with confidence, moved forward and put his fingertips on MuscleMan’s massive erection. As he tickled down the thick boner, MuscleMan gasped. Kevin quashed a grin and struggled to maintain his composure. He was *so close* to just cumming right then and there.

MuscleMan’s eyes, which had been closed as Kevin stroked him slowly, opened now. A smile formed on his face. “So, you gunna pose for me or what...”

Kevin was slightly taken aback. *God, this guy is strong*. I mean, here he was, being stroked, and yet he had enough resolve to stop Kevin and ask him to flex...

Kevin stepped back and slowly raised his arms in a double-biceps posed. His arms hardened into split peaks of vascular muscle. Incredible definition, peak and size.

And MuscleMan noticed.

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Hell, he noticed. His cock stiffened. It squirt a dollop of precum. And it stiffened again. If it had been totally exposed, Kevin would have seen more of the vascular insanity that wrapped all around it, but as it was, he saw quite enough, thank-you-very-much. Kevin's own cock also spurt out a huge glob of precum, in response to his idol's appreciation.

Kevin was on auto-pilot now. He chose a routine from a show he had done a year or two ago, and slowly started into it, preening, posing, flexing, showing off. He really had to just get into the "zone" and do the routine as he had practiced it so many times before. Some of it was automatic, some of it was with all the passion he could muster. God, the feeling he got, knowing he was turning on this superhuman superhero-- it was *unreal!* His muscles flexed and bulged with such size and definition that MuscleMan was nearly reduced to whimpering. Kev finished his posing routine and relaxed. "So, whaddyathink?" he asked grinning.

"Oh God," MuscleMan said. He said no more.

Kevin stepped close, paused a second, and then started prying MuscleMan's "thong" up and over his impossibly big cock. MuscleMan stood completely still as Kevin bent down and pulled the wet thong down over his mammoth legs. They fell at MuscleMan's feet. And then the long, slow, torturous hand-job began. Kevin couldn't believe what he was doing, much less could he comprehend the scope and size of MuscleMan's genitals. The long, thick shaft throbbed in his hand. In his other hand, he palmed MuscleMan's balls. He hadn't touched a man's privates since he was about 11 years old, and *that* was nothing like *this*. Kevin squeezed the pole.

MuscleMan's eyes were closed; his face winced. Involuntarily he pressed himself upward against Kevin's resistance. He moaned. A clear drop seeped out of his cock and started to string down toward the floor.

Kevin watched it for a second, and then with his ball-massaging hand, he caught it-- on his forefinger. He brought it up to his mouth and sucked it. He pressed down harder on MuscleMan's penis. God, it felt so hard and strong-- maybe even as big as some guy's forearm-- he wondered if he could just push down on it and support his whole body weight!

MuscleMan flexed it and it rose against Kevin's resistance again. This time they *both* moaned.

Kevin relaxed his grip and began to tease the hard pole with his fingertips. He was amazed at how quickly he had become attracted to dick-- well, maybe it was just *this* dick. God, the thing was amazing. He gently squeezed MuscleMan's warm balls as the fingertips of his other hand tortured his cock with smooth, slow strokes. An occasional press, an occasional hard grip interspersed between the long, soft strokes. Sometimes MuscleMan had to catch his breath, sometimes he moaned, sometimes he winced. Sometimes, he just let out a soft, "Aaaahhhhhhh." Clearly Kevin had adapted quite quickly to playing with dick.

But dick wasn't the only thing he wanted. Presently, he took his ball-hand and let go. He placed his palm on MuscleMan's enormous chest. Instinctively, MuscleMan tightened his pecs. Within a few seconds, Kevin couldn't help but position *both* of his hands up there, slowly enjoying the

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warm hardness of MuscleMan's rippling chest. He fingered the nipples and MuscleMan sighed, tipping his head back. He stepped forward and took one of the nipples in his lips and suckled. MuscleMan also moved forward, and his giant cock brushed against Kevin's upper abs, resting just under the cleft of his pecs, wetting his torso with more clear juice. Kev kissed and sucked. His hands squeezed. Then, as he continued to nurse at MuscleMan's pec, he moved his hands downward and began to take in the hardness and warmth of the giant's tight ass. MuscleMan again obliged Kevin's worshipping hands, by rippling in wave after slow wave of muscle.

Kevin nearly came right then and there.

This session of Kevin feeling out and worshipping MuscleMan's impossible body lasted for maybe a good hour. So many times, Kevin came close to cumming, but so many times he found the strength to hold off.

But now, MuscleMan was getting close. It was time. He took Kevin's broad shoulders in his hands and pushed him onto the bed. As he positioned the smaller man on the bed, he regained control of his senses and pulled back. His muscles bulged as his striations rippled across his body. He placed Kevin on his back and then proceeded to widen the bodybuilder's legs, placing his own huge cock between Kevin's legs. He started to slowly rub, back and forth.

This wasn't about turning Kevin on, at all. This was about MuscleMan's sexual pleasure.

Kevin looked at the dangerous weapon that was throbbing between his splayed legs. It was, at the same time, horrifically ominous, and tremendously erotic.

MuscleMan tipped his head back. His cock rubbed against Kevin's sphincter. He moved it slowly. God, he had a capacity for eroticism that was unbelievable.

Kevin, just feeling MuscleMan's cock against his ass hole, and experiencing the powerful strength of the superhero's hands grasping his ankles, was closer to orgasm-- without actually going over the edge-- than he had ever been. The huge man that towered over him was total muscle. Total-- defined-- proportional-- Muscle.

Finally-- mercifully-- MuscleMan placed his sopping cock-head against Kevin's tight asshole. As it pushed in, Kevin edged even closer to the edge. MuscleMan's plumb wiggled inside Kevin, and as the TV reporter's sphincter wrapped tightly around the painfully thick rod and hugged the lip of MuscleMan's head, pulling it inside, his own thick, long, cock began to erupt.

It was a puzzling situation for MuscleMan. On the one hand, he *so* wanted to quickly push his way inside Kevin's ass, but on the other hand, Kevin was now spurting his warm, white jizm all over the place, and just the sight of all that milk made MuscleMan almost panic with *need*. MuscleMan decided to enjoy the best of both worlds. In one powerful move, he tightened his abs and bent forward. The effect was that he was able to quickly ram his rod inside Kevin, while simultaneously bending down and placing his lips on the end of Kevin's squirting cock.

Both men moaned loudly.

It was an orgasm like Kevin had never experienced. No woman could ever *come close* to providing him with pleasure like this.

And as far as MuscleMan was concerned, as he slurped up Kevin’s copious amount of sperm, he was not only satisfied sexually, he was invigorated, strengthened and renewed.

Ten minutes later, the superhuman began to cum. Burst after forceful burst deposited huge amounts of out-of-this-world semen into the TV reporter.

Kevin actually fainted at the strain of MuscleMan’s orgasm. When MuscleMan finally finished squirting the last teaspoon of semen into his ass, Kevin was *still* unconscious. MuscleMan rested there, motionless, still, and silent-- until, finally, Kevin began to wake up.

The superhero smiled as Kevin opened his eyes. “It’s okay, little buddy,” MuscleMan said. “You’re going to be okay.”

Kevin managed a smile. His body was racked with pain. He looked up into MuscleMan’s tender eyes. The huge man on top flexed his cock inside Kevin, and the smaller man winced-- then smiled again.

“Oohhh,” he moaned as his eyes closed slowly. “Do that again.”

MuscleMan obliged. Kevin winced, and then smiled again.

“I could lay here forever, having you do that,” Kevin smiled.

“I could lay here forever, doing that to you,” MuscleMan smiled.

MuscleMan’s face moved close to Kevin’s and they kissed tenderly. He pushed his penis again, and a new dollop of semen deposited itself inside the newsman. Kevin soaked it up.

It took nearly an hour for MuscleMan’s cock to relax. But Kevin didn’t mind. Every moment, whether painful or full of erotic pleasure, was pure heaven for him. With every pulse of MuscleMan’s powerful dick, Kevin experienced nothing short of pure bliss. Just knowing that his huge muscle-monster was enjoying himself-- at the expense of his own body-- was life-changing. More than once, while MuscleMan held his hardened cock still within Kevin’s body, the young bodybuilder’s cock began to spontaneously erupt, spouting huge amounts of his semen out of his thick cock, between the two men’s torsos. Of course, MuscleMan licked up as much as he could. By the time MuscleMan finally, slowly pulled out, the space between the two men was caked with wet-- and drying-- globs of semen.



Kevin cried out as MuscleMan’s cockhead popped out of his ass. The feeling was one of helpless emptiness. “Please. Don’t leave me. Put it back in. I can’t live unless you’re inside me,” he whimpered.

“In good time,” MuscleMan reassured. “We’ll do it again, in good time.” He bent forward and locked his lips around Kevin’s. They kissed sensually.

The kiss, while fulfilling, didn’t do much to assuage Kevin’s uncontrollable desire to have MuscleMan’s huge cock permanently embedded inside his body. The feel of that huge, thick, solid shaft-- the power that it exerted inside him, and over him-- the tremendously intoxicating lust that it fostered-- it was indescribable.

As their kiss ended, Kevin leaned upward, not wanting it to ever stop.

MuscleMan grinned as his still-hard erection thwapped onto his torso. “Thanks, man,” he smiled.

Kevin wanted to cry. *No. Please don’t leave me. It can’t be over!* he thought.

MuscleMan stood tall.

Kevin’s legs were still splayed wide, begging, as it were, for MuscleMan to fuck him again.

“Nice fuck,” MuscleMan smiled. “God your body is perfect.”

The words were small consolation to a man who *yearned* to be filled again with a hot, hard, thick, long musclepole.

“You wanna spend the night?” MuscleMan asked with a smile.

Kevin nodded yes.

The two men snuggled under the covers and drifted off into oblivion, each one filled with lust for the other. They awoke two-- maybe three-- times during the night and fucked. By morning, Kevin’s ass was red and sore, but you’ll *never* hear him complaining about it.

Ever.

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

[sean@musclepla.net](mailto:sean@musclepla.net)  
~~[sean@buffmuscles.com](mailto:sean@buffmuscles.com)~~

Also, please make sure to visit my website:

<http://buffmuscles.com>

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