



THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN  
EPISODE 5  
ALEXANDER BRAVO AT THE GYM

by Sean Reid 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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It didn't take long for the national media to pick up on the local phenomenon who called himself "MuscleMan." In addition to the story in the paper about the school bus incident, Kevin Myers of KING 5 TV had done a short story, telling of his interview in the bar with the new superhero. Of course, just about the only information he could give out, that anyone would believe, was that he went by the name of "MuscleMan."

And that was about it.

It was a pretty short news story. And for sure, the station's news manager wasn't too happy with his junior reporter's inability to get any more information than *that*. I mean, come on! This was the news story of the year!

Katie, Brian and Charles sent crews to Seattle, and each anchor stood ready to rush to the Emerald City if the Man of Muscle (as he was also called) was spotted. But he wasn't spotted.

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Alexander Bravo stood next to the leg press machine, watching one of the flat-screen TVs that hung from the ceiling. On the news was Kevin Myers, giving his brief story about MuscleMan.

There were a few amateur still pictures of MuscleMan that were flashed on the screen while Kevin talked, and then the story ended.

Alex's mouth hung open. He turned away from the TV and said, "I'd love to be *that* guy's roid dealer. He must be a millionaire!"

A few people who heard Alex's comment chuckled.

"Just hope he doesn't decide to join your gym, man," a guy on a stationary bike said. "He'd rip the place apart!"

Alex smiled. He walked between the machines and the free weights, observing his members as they worked out. His taut polo shirt hugged his muscles, just as he liked it. His khaki pants clutched his high, round ass muscles, just as he liked it. If an award were to be given out for the sexiest, hardest, most shapely glutes in King County, Alex would definitely be in the running. God, his ass was hot.

Just then, Alex's attention was diverted to the guy coming through the door at the front. Alexander recognized him immediately. It was that Eric Armstrong dude. Alex's heart rate began to increase. God, that guy was *really* built. Now that he was wearing a muscle shirt and shorts-- ready for a workout-- Eric's size looked incredible. Not to mention his leanness and perfect proportions. For sure, Alexander Bravo was used to hanging around with muscle hunks; that was his *job*. But this Armstrong guy was a bodybuilder's bodybuilder. And Alex knew it.

"Hey, man," Eric called as he saw Alex. "How you doin'?"

"Good, man," Alex answered, walking toward Eric. "So you ready to see what these weights can do?" he smiled.

"Yeah, I thought I'd come down and bend a little metal," Eric smiled back.

"Good for you, man," Alex said, sounding just a tad patronizing. He was doing everything he could to assert his manliness-- a clear sign to Eric that he felt threatened.

Eric just smiled. He knew he wasn't going to go anywhere *near* his weight limit while working out here. Hell, he didn't need to work out here at all! If he wanted a real workout, he'd be outside prying the building off its foundation. The only question was: how much was he going to lift today? *Just enough to impress*, he had decided.

And impress he did.

Alex did his best to maintain his distance.

And Eric... well, MuscleMan in disguise did his best to keep the weights low, but try-as-he-might, he found himself benching 500 pounds-- for reps.

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*Maybe I went a little overboard*, he thought as all of the big guys clamored around him at the end of his workout. Indeed, his pectoral muscles had bulged-- and in fact he had removed his shirt to give the onlookers (*especially* Alex) a good view-- as he had lifted and lowered, lifted and lowered, lifted and lowered the quarter-ton barbell. Oh, and working out shirtless *was* against the club rules; but for some reason, Alexander and the other employees just couldn't bring themselves to confront the muscular strongman about it.

According to Eric's membership application, he was only 25 years old (Alexander had studied the application thoroughly), but he could have passed for maybe even a few years younger-- except his muscle mass looked like it belonged on a much more mature man.

Eric's face, though, looked like it belonged on a 20-year-old. His skin was perfect-- blemish free, taut, and warm looking. But his strength, and his mannerisms-- well they seemed to contradict the age Eric had put on his application form.



To Alexander Bravo, the study of this new club member was just a part of what he did. He was a bona fide closet homosexual, and he knew it. But only on a very few occasions had he allowed his true desires to become known. There was that 40-something hunk that he encountered late one night in the showers... yeah, he had been a great lay. And there were a few young guys, questioning their sexuality while they tried to pump up their muscular bodies... Alexander did his best to assist them in their quest to find out their true sexual feelings.

But this Eric guy; *he* was entirely too scary to approach. As was often his habit, Alexander decided to simply watch Eric from a distance, gathering lots of information, taking snap-shots in his mind to use in later "private" sessions by himself-- in his darkened office, in the showers late after the club was closed and all other employees had gone home, and in his own home in the privacy of his bathroom or bedroom. Oh, there would be glorious orgasms, passionate eruptions, all under the spell of this new muscleman. In fact, Eric would become second only to the city's new superhero, MuscleMan himself, in Alex's jerk-off fantasy life.

Eric stayed late into the evening, long after the dinner-time rush had ended. "You closing this place down tonight?" he asked Alex, who had obviously been watching.

"Yeah, tonight's my turn," Alex answered, walking closer toward Eric.

Eric's internal chronometer read 8:30. The gym closed at 11:00. "Well, good luck with that, man," Eric smiled. He put on his shirt, preparing to leave.

Alex tried to hide his disappointment, and actually did a pretty good job of it-- moving back up toward the front desk and making busy.

As Eric left the gym, he stopped and said to Alex, "So, can I schedule my new-member complimentary work-out consultation with you?"

“Sure, man,” Alex said. Obviously, Eric knew how to do a workout, but maybe he just wanted to familiarize himself with BuffMuscles-- you know, make sure he knows all the equipment and stuff. “When’s good for you?”

“How ‘bout tomorrow? You here in the morning?” Eric asked.

“Yep,” Alex answered, taking out his pen and getting ready to write on his appointment page. “Name the time.”

“Nine o’clock,” Eric smiled.

“You’re on. See you then.” Alex penned in the appointment.

“Thanks, man.” Eric turned and left.

About two and a half hours later, after the last patron had left, Alex locked the front doors to the gym. It took about ten more minutes for the other two employees to finish their work and leave, and at last Alexander Bravo was alone in the darkened complex. He sat at the front desk and accessed the membership records on a computer. He typed “ERIC ARMSTRONG” into the search field. Up popped Eric’s profile, complete with the head-shot picture he had taken when Eric had completed the membership application. Alex gently caressed his crotch as he looked at Eric’s thick neck and twinkling eyes. *God Almighty, he’s got it all*, he thought, stroking a little harder.

He looked at the picture for a few minutes, getting good and hard. Then he shut down the computer, stood up and walked down into “the pit,” across the weight floor, toward the locker rooms-- and the showers. But before he even got half way across the floor, something caught his eye and he turned his head.

*Holy Christ.* Next to the leg presses stood a huge man, draped with an almost glowing white cape, adorned with golden wrist and ankle bands. He was enormously developed. *Enormously* developed. Alexander took a second to process what his eyes were telling him. He blinked, and then squinted, then blinked again-- but the image was real. And then he realized, it was MuscleMan.

Alex was speechless. He froze in shock.

MuscleMan’s expression softened from stern and powerful to something a little more friendly. His eyes twinkled.

*Holy fuck-- he’s huge!* Alex thought. MuscleMan’s TV and newspaper pictures didn’t do him justice at all. There’s no way to appreciate his size and rippling muscularity unless you are there, in person.

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“Alexander Bravo?” MuscleMan asked.

Alex could only nod. He wasn’t yet able to speak.

MuscleMan took a step forward; he was still a good 20 feet away from Alex. He smiled as he slowly walked, “Is that your real name?”

Alex had been told many times that his name was pretty cool-sounding, and a lot of people had accused him of making it up, so the question wasn’t new. “Ye-- yes, it is,” his voice cracked.

“Nice,” MuscleMan smiled.

*God, he’s not only HUGE, he’s GORGEOUS!* MuscleMan’s cheeks dimpled as he smiled-- a particular weakness for Alexander.

“You know who I am?” MuscleMan asked.

Alex nodded yes again.

MuscleMan kept walking slowly, and his white cape flowed with his every move. His demeanor was disarming, yet his imposing presence was off the intimidation scale. The closer he got, the more Alex could “feel” his warmth and his power. It was an overwhelming experience.

“We alone?” MuscleMan asked. He was now about five feet from Bravo. He came to a stop.

“Yes.” Alex was still frozen, but the fear was beginning to melt into awe.

“Good.” MuscleMan looked at the various apparatus on the gym floor, then at the doors to the locker room. He was totally casual. “Where were you heading?”

Instinctively, Alexander looked over at the doors to the locker room and showers, then back at MuscleMan. “Showe... I mean-- the locker room.”

“You gunna take a shower?”

Alex’s breathing was heavy. “Uh... well, yeah-- I was thinking about it, I guess.”

MuscleMan’s expression didn’t change. “You think you could show me how to use some of this equipment first?”

“Me? Show *you*?” Alex asked.

MuscleMan was standing right next to a bench press apparatus. He put his hand on the empty bar that rested in the struts. He looked at it, and then up and Alex. “Well, I come from a place that doesn’t really have this kind of equipment. I was just wondering how it’s used.”

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Alexander let out a scoffing smile, looked up at the lights in the high ceiling and then back at MuscleMan. He said, “Well, I suppose I could.” He looked at the 45 pound plates housed on their stands next to the bench.

“Do those go on here?” MuscleMan said, motioning to the ends of the bar.

“Yeah.” Alexander moved to the stand and put a plate on one end of the bar. “You want to put a plate on that end?” he said, motioning with his head to a stand of plates near MuscleMan and then to the other end of the empty bar.

MuscleMan grabbed a plate and then another one, mounting both of them on the bar.

Alex put a second one on his end as well. “I guess this is going to be nothing at all for you,” he said. He walked to the end of the bench and sat on it. It would be nothing at all for Alexander to press the 225 pounds either, so he said, “I’ll do a few reps, and then you can do some, ‘kay?”

MuscleMan just nodded, his face expressionless.

Alex, wearing his polo shirt and khaki pants, laid down on the bench, grasped the bar and pushed it up off the struts. He did five reps with ease, and then racked the bar. Sitting up, he said, “Like I said, I imagine this’ll be like child’s play for you.”

MuscleMan moved to the head of the bench, standing on the other side of the bar, where a spotter would usually stand. “I was thinking that I’d start out working my biceps,” he said. With that, he turned his palms up and gripped the bar, slowly lifting it upward in a biceps curl.

Alexander, who had twisted his torso almost all the way around in order to follow MuscleMan’s move to the head of the bench, now stood up. His jaw dropped.

MuscleMan slowly began to curl the 225 pound barbell-- with ease. His mighty arms bulged, and his veins stuck out all over hell. Fuck, his guns were huge! His form was flawless-- nice, slow reps, no jerking, full range-of-movement, and his back didn’t move a millimeter.

As the Man of Muscle hit ten reps, Alexander’s mouth was nowhere near closing yet. In fact, he was actively blinking his eyes, wondering if what he was seeing was real.

But it was indeed real, and as MuscleMan closed in on 20 reps, Alexander could see a slight strain beginning to form on the giant’s face. He was, after all, only human. (Okay, maybe not *only* human, but *mostly* human.) MuscleMan racked the bar.

Alex was so blown away that the boner he had been nursing since first seeing MuscleMan actually began to subside-- his brain was switching out of “attraction” mode to “incredulous” mode. “Oh my *God...*” was the only response Alex could muster.

MuscleMan stood back; his gigantic, pumped arms throbbed with power. God, he looked unbelievable with his arms pumped like that. A thick vein ran the length of each biceps muscle. He looked down at the bar. “That’s a nice exercise,” he said. “Really gets a good pump in the arms.” He looked at Alexander.

“That’s supposed to be just for benching,” Alexander said. “Well, I mean... some guys use that bar for curls... but not with *that* weight.”

“Really?” MuscleMan said. “Well, then let’s put on another plate,” he smiled. He grabbed another plate and waited for Alex to do the same. “Tell you what,” he said after the plates were secured on each end, “why don’t you stand right here.” He motioned for Alex to come around the barbell and stand next to, but slightly behind, him.

Alex obeyed, cautiously. He joined MuscleMan, standing on the left side of the huge superhero. Standing within inches of all that muscle, his boner began to swell once again, filling the crotch of his khakis.

MuscleMan once again lifted the barbell off the struts and let the bar slowly drop downward so that his arms were straight. “Put your hands on my biceps.”

Alexander’s eyes widened. “What?”

“Go ahead. I want you to feel while I lift.”

Alex hesitated, so MuscleMan began his first rep-- again, effortlessly.

“Go ahead, Alex. I think you’ll want to use both hands. Put them on my arm.”

As MuscleMan started his second rep, Alex obeyed.

*Fuckin’ ho-- leee-- shit!* Alex’s hands wrapped-- well, *tried* to wrap-- around the mammoth gun as it flexed and bent, then flexed and straightened. It was warm. It was amazingly hard. It was huge beyond belief. More like someone’s quad than an arm, really.

MuscleMan kept slowly lifting and lowering the bar as Alex moved his hands over and under, around and on the sides, of the mass of muscle. Alex didn’t keep track of how many reps it was, but as far as he was concerned, it was *way* more than enough.

MuscleMan racked the bar. Alex’s hand was still on the huge arm, so MuscleMan lifted it slowly and flexed it.

*Oh-- my-- God!*

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Alex felt the huge ball of power; his cock began to throb with his heartbeats. His hands and fingers trembled. He had never really done this with a man-- well maybe kinda; there was that one time when he invited that bodybuilder over to his apartment... But it was nothing like this.

MuscleMan relaxed his arm and lowered it to his side.

Alex took a small step backward.

MuscleMan's skin-tight trunks were beginning to expand. Limp, that weapon was bigger than any man's erection. Growing, it was beginning to fill out and thicken into something that more resembled a bazooka than a penis. MuscleMan gently and slowly moved his hand onto Alexander's crotch and felt the hardness through the trainer's pants. "Nice," he smiled. He squeezed it just a tad, and Alex gasped in a breath, freezing in place. With his hand gently and seductively massaging Alex's hardened manhood, MuscleMan said, "Wow, that was a nice workout. I think I'm ready for a shower." He released his hand and put it on Alex's broad shoulder. "You think you could take me back there show me how they work?"

Alex was reduced to just nodding once again.

The two men walked back to the showers.

They walked into the large shower area-- there were four heads on each of the three walls. "You think you could help me with my back?" MuscleMan asked with a smile. "I have a hard time getting my arms back there."

Alexander was light headed.

MuscleMan undid Alex's belt and unzipped his pants. He slowly reached inside, keeping his hand outside Alex's tights-whities. He ran his open fingers up and down the hardened organ. "If you help me, I think I could help you with this," he smiled.

*Oh, God, I think I'm going to die,* Alex thought.

MuscleMan wrapped his fingertips around the underside of Alexander's balls and then slid them up the front again, making the trip from scrotum to head in about 20 leisurely seconds.

"Oh, God..." Alexander moaned.

MuscleMan stepped back. "Go ahead and take 'em off," he said, motioning with his eyes for Alex to strip. With that, he undid the collar of his cape. He removed it and walked over to one wall, hanging it on a shower head. His wide back and thonged-ass looked like a relief map. He turned around and faced Alex, who hadn't yet moved. "You okay?" he smiled.

Alex nodded again, and then-- as if suddenly coming out of a trance, he began to take his clothes off, tossing each item onto the floor just outside the shower area.



MuscleMan undid his wrist and ankle bands and put them with Alex's clothes, then he slowly pried himself out of his trunks, also tossing them onto the clothing pile. He was now completely nude. Within a few seconds, Alex was likewise.

Their two cocks pointed up into the air, at the other. For his part, Alex was one hot bodybuilder dude, and his nicely proportioned cut cock was as erect as it had ever been.

As far as MuscleMan went, though, his penis was enormous, and besides being overwhelmed with its size, Alex was mesmerized with how *hard* it looked. I mean, it just looked *HARD*. Like there was nothing that could bend or dent or move it if MuscleMan didn't want it moved. Clear drops of precum oozed out of its piss slit-- as it also did on Alexander's.

MuscleMan moved to an available shower head, his dick bobbing as he took the few steps. He reached up with his huge arm and turned on the water. He stepped into the stream and the water began to run down his body, tracing around them, each droplet taking the path of least resistance as they wound their way over the mounds and valleys of muscle. After he was all wet, he turned and moved out of the water stream. He reached up to the soap dispenser on the wall and squirted a blue glob onto his hand. Walking over to Alex, who had been watching this muscle show and who had nearly cum just standing there, MuscleMan took Alex's hands and poured and rubbed the liquid soap onto them. "You ready to do me?" he smiled. "I mean... my back?"

Alex was so erect, so turned on, that he was close to hyperventilating. He followed MuscleMan back to the running water and watched as the huge man stepped back into the stream. MuscleMan stood there a second, facing away from Alex, and then said, "Any time, little buddy."

Alex nervously placed his soapy hands on MuscleMan's impossibly wide back and began to slowly move them over the rippling muscles. Within a few seconds he had turned the blue liquid into a white lather, and a few seconds later, his hands had spread the soap all over MuscleMan's acres of backside.

Of course, the soap soon began to run downward onto MuscleMan's taut ass. God, it was perfect. "High and tight" were the words Alexander just couldn't get out of his head. They were two bowling-ball sized glutes and from the look of them, they were probably as *hard* as bowling balls. And yet, *bowling ball* really didn't describe them; because they weren't perfectly round-- they were oblong. They were flexed masses of hard muscle. Just unbelievably friggin' perfect.

MuscleMan knew what was distracting Alex-- the gentle washing of his back had stopped while the young bodybuilder had been eyeing that ass. "Can you get the soap as it drips down, man?" he teased. "I could use a thorough washing on my glutes, too."

*Oh fuck, this can't be happening...*

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Alex lowered his palms and began feeling the twin balls of muscle. MuscleMan held them still for his worshipper. Then the huge superhero leaned forward, lifting his hands, and supported himself on the tile wall. He spread his legs just a bit, inviting Alex to explore further the unspeakable pleasure that awaited his hands.

Alex actually moaned out loud. His hands felt, squeezed and soaped MuscleMan's ass. This part gets a little intimate... Alex's palms explored and moved over and below that hot ass, nearly causing his erection to burst.

MuscleMan let out a sigh. "God, man, you got good hands," he said.

As the water continued to trickle down MuscleMan's body, Alex continued to massage the glutes. Eventually (and this is the intimate part) Alex's fingertips probed into the deep, muscular crack between MuscleMan's ass cheeks.

MuscleMan moaned, encouraging his young admirer on.

As Alex's right hand move its fingertips into the crack, the very tip of his index finger finally founds its intended target. He pressed against MuscleMan's sphincter.

MuscleMan's whole body stiffened. "Oh God..." he said.

Alex took his other hand and pried apart the hard mounds of ass, exposing the red cherry. Both fingertips began to massage the ripe fruit, and finally, Alex slowly dropped to his knees. He rinsed the soap off MuscleMan's ass and moved his face close.

MuscleMan groaned loudly as Alex's long tongue met the tight red muscles of the hole. He forced it apart with just the tip of his tongue, but it closed around it and it could go no farther.

"Oh God..." MuscleMan repeated.

The impenetrable ass of MuscleMan notwithstanding, Alex continued to lick and probe, driving the larger man nuts. MuscleMan's legs tightened and he stood on his toes, then came back down to his heels. He did this more than once, occasionally letting out a helpless-sounding moan or hiss.

Eventually Alex stood and re-soaped his hands, re-lathering that impossibly sexy ass.

"How about my shoulders?" MuscleMan asked, standing erect once again. He knew exactly what he was doing. As Alexander moved his hands up MuscleMan's wide, muscular back he had to lean forward in order to actually get his hands up onto the hard traps and wide boulders of his delts. And what massive muscles *these* were! The only thing more erotic to Alex than feeling these granite shoulders was the sensation his cock was now experiencing. As he leaned forward, his erection was moved closer and closer, until finally, it rested in between MuscleMan's ass crack.

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“Ohhhhh,” Alexander sighed as he looked down to see his hard-on nestled between MuscleMan’s glutes. His hands shook. His knees went weak and they buckled, causing him to nearly fall onto MuscleMan’s back side. He *did* lean against MuscleMan, and in response to Alex’s stiff rod being positioned *right there*, MuscleMan flexed his glutes and began to massage it.

“Ohhhhhhhhhh Gooooooooooooooooodddddddddd,” Alex groaned. He couldn’t keep his arms extended up. The stimulation on his cock was just too much to bear. He pulled his arms downward and wrapped them around MuscleMan’s wet torso, water falling over both of the men. Somehow... Alexander’s hands ended up on MuscleMan’s pecs, and as MuscleMan’s ass continued to slowly massage the iron-hard rod that lay between the hard globes, Alex began to feel the superhuman width and weight of MuscleMan’s pecs.

It was heaven to MuscleMan-- his nips were sensitive to any touch, and Alex’s was excessively soft and sensual. MuscleMan found himself forced to once again lean his hands onto the tile, and as he leaned forward, Alex moved with him. Soon, Alex’s digits were twisting and pinching MuscleMan’s nips, eliciting the most noise so far. Eventually, Alex’s hands moved downward, enjoying the river-rock formation of MuscleMan’s abs, and somehow-- who knew?-- landing at the base of his stiff, extended cock. Oh, God, it was a cock without peer.

Neither of the men know exactly what it was that finally sent Alexander Bravo over the edge into an involuntary, uncontrollable orgasm-- whether it was MuscleMan’s ass-massage on his cock, the feel of all those rippling back muscles against his face, or the feel of the baseball-bat-sized dick around which he was now wrapping both hands. Most likely, of course, it was a combination of all these elements. Regardless, Alex’s penis let fly with a painful explosion of milk up onto MuscleMan’s back. Unfortunately for MuscleMan’s unquenchable thirst for semen, Alex’s first volley was rinsed off MuscleMan’s back and quickly fell into the drain. But the second burst wouldn’t escape MuscleMan’s mouth. Before it could well up and be forced out of the shoot, MuscleMan turned around, knelt down and wrapped his big lips around Alex’s cock head.

Before he could actually suck, the back of MuscleMan’s throat was blasted with a powerful shot of Alex’s warm jizz. MuscleMan swallowed it. He placed his hands onto Alex’s ass and pulled him close, taking all of the bodybuilder’s cock inside his mouth. He opened his throat, tipping his head back just right, and deep-throated Alexander for the balance of his orgasm, massaging the hell out of the thick, pulsing cock, painfully extracting as much of Alex’s semen as is superhumanly possible. Alex put his hands on MuscleMan’s broad shoulders to steady himself. He stood on his tiptoes, wailing in bliss at the intensity of the moment. He had never cum so hard in his life. It was at this point that MuscleMan began to harden his legs, slowly straightening them. He actually started lifting the 235 pound body of Alex into the air. Alex was too lost in his orgasm to actually take notice; he continued to steady himself on MuscleMan’s strong shoulders.

MuscleMan’s huge arms pulled Alex’s ass close and hard and his face and mouth supported his front side as they rose.

The orgasm lasted much longer than it should have; but MuscleMan has a way of making you put out more than you think is possible.

Savoring every milliliter, MuscleMan enjoyed it all-- good to the last drop-- slowly lowering Alex to the floor as the milk spigot closed. Alex nearly collapsed. MuscleMan steadied him until he was able to stand on his own. He stood and the two men embraced-- partially because Alex was totally spent, partially because MuscleMan just wanted to hold that muscular body close to his own. Their two cocks rubbed against each other-- Alex's beginning to relax and MuscleMan's as hard and high as ever.

After a few minutes, MuscleMan stood back, holding Alex's shoulders. "You okay?"

Alex, once again, was reduced to simple nods. He breathed hard and he looked exhausted.

MuscleMan put his arm around Alex and he walked them to the door of the shower room, out into the locker room. He sat Alex on a bench while went and got some towels. They dried each other off. Once they were dry, MuscleMan picked Alex up, like a groom with his bride, and started toward the weight floor-- both of them still nude. Only a few lights were on-- the ones that never turn off. MuscleMan carried Alex over to the lat pull-down machine. He stood Alex up.

"I thought I might work my lats." MuscleMan reached down and tore off the metal brace that holds the legs down during the exercise. His back muscles rippled as he pulled the metal from the base with his bare hands. Alex watched with wide eyes. It made a loud screeching sound, but the metal was quickly subdued.

"Sorry, man," MuscleMan said looking at Alex as he sat the mangled metal on the floor. "My legs won't fit under that thing. Besides, it'd just get in the way of you sitting on my lap."

Alex's eyebrows rose in curiosity.

MuscleMan sat on the bench, shoved the pin into the lowest slot-- the heaviest setting, and motioned for Alex to have a seat, patting his quads and smiling.

Dutifully, Alex straddled MuscleMan, facing him. MuscleMan's gigantic organ rose at complete erection between them and Alex's own cock mingled with it as it began to get plump again. Before he could begin, MuscleMan just had to have some of that mouth. He leaned forward and their lips met tenderly. It was slow and extremely loving at first, but as Alex's hands began moving all over MuscleMan's muscles, and as MuscleMan's hands began enjoying Alex's sculpted body, the intensity of their embrace increased. Soon, they were both panting, handling each others' bodies like they were going to die if they had to stop. It was passionate and it started to get a little sweaty. MuscleMan's cock gurgled with precum. The clear juice ran down it, and started to moisten his pubes.

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Finally, MuscleMan put his hands under Alexander’s lats and lifted him. “Spread your legs,” he said, holding Alex in mid air.

Alex was terrified at the thought of what was about to happen, and yet he had known it was coming. But having that thing in your hands, and realizing it’s going *inside* are two totally different concepts entirely. Dutifully, though, he spread his legs.

MuscleMan positioned Alex’s sphincter at the moist tip of his inhuman cock. Alex gasped as MuscleMan slowly began to lower him. It was *very* slow. MuscleMan knew he would injure Alex if he hurried. Hell, he might injure the stud no matter *how* slowly he took it! But his mighty arms gently began to lower Alex just a bit.

The smaller man let out a high-pitched whimper, and MuscleMan’s huge, hard arms lifted him upward a tad, relieving the pressure. The second attempt wasn’t much more successful; but the third time, Alex just closed his eyes, spread his legs and tried to relax the hole as much as possible. He did cry out, but MuscleMan didn’t relent this time. He moved down farther onto MuscleMan’s fuck pole. As Alex continued to whimper and moan, his ass split open and the might weapon intruded, pushing aside organs, forcing its way in. Alex’s asshole muscles quickly wrapped themselves around the lip of MuscleMan’s cock head. Tears actually began to run down Alex’s cheeks and MuscleMan was tempted to lift him up, but he know the temporary pain would subside.

As Alex sunk lower and lower, MuscleMan winced. It felt *that* good, seeing this muscle stud reduced to a whimpering boy as he sank onto the huge rod.

“Uuuuuuuuuuggggggghhhhhh,” Alex cried. The pain was excruciating. He could feel his insides being rearranged by MuscleMan’s thick penis. He began to feel bloated-- full-- heavier. It hurt. He wanted it *out*. But he didn’t. He grasped MuscleMan’s shoulders, then pounded his fists onto MuscleMan’s pecs, squirming and writhing.

MuscleMan slowed the decent down; but not to relieve Alex’s pain. No-- to extend it.

Alex threw his head back and wailed. “Sttttooooooooopppppppppp!” he hollered.

MuscleMan winced, and his powerful arms continued to lower Alex; the feeling of Alex’s ass slowly enveloping MuscleMan’s throbbing penis was one hell of a turn-on for the superhero. A half inch lower, and he stopped. “You want me to lift you off?” he asked softly.

Alex was panting. “Yyyesssssss,” he hissed. But as soon as the air was out of his lungs he took another breath. “Wait. Wait. No-- I’ll be okay.”

MuscleMan’s arms relaxed just a bit, and Alex went down farther. Just as Alex could feel the plump head pushing against the top of his abdomen, He felt his ass touch MuscleMan’s lap. But that last inch was probably the hardest. He closed his eyes and nearly dug his fingernails into MuscleMan’s chest-- and he probably *would* have, if the nanites hadn’t reinforced MuscleMan’s

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skin in the affected areas. Finally, MuscleMan let go and Alex's body rested-- partially supported by MuscleMan's thick legs, partially held in place by the top of his cock inside.

MuscleMan flexed his cock. Alex took a quick, deep breath. "Oh, God," he said. His hands latched onto MuscleMan's thick pectoral muscles.

"Okay, it's time to do a few reps," MuscleMan said. He reached up, and grabbed the bar above their heads. His arms bent and he pulled the bar downward, its cable lifting the whole stack of weights behind Alex.

"Holy shit," Alex moaned.

MuscleMan's body tightened, as well as his dick inside Alex, but the weight was nothing to him. What *was* something to him was the fact that with each rep he pulled down, he had to buck his hips just a bit; and when he did that, well, his cock moved just a millimeter inside Alex. It drove both men mad with passion. Slowly, with only the gentle, minute motion of MuscleMan's hips, caused by his mighty arms and back lifting and lowering hundreds of pounds, MuscleMan began to muscle-fuck his young worshipper. Rep after rep, sometimes slowly, sometimes a bit faster with more intensity. Sometimes *most* of the way down-- making MuscleMan's cock rumble inside Alex; sometimes *all* of the way down-- forcing MuscleMan's cock deep up into Alex's torso with brute force and a grimace on the mighty man's face.

MuscleMan liked the deep reps the most, and he started doing all of them that way.

Alex moaned and tossed his head side-to-side with each rep. Within minutes, after maybe 40 reps, Alex was near the edge again. His cock was ready to spurt.

"Don't cum, man," MuscleMan ordered. He, himself, was nearing the point of no return and he didn't want to lose any of Alex's cum this time.

Alex tried to fight it off, but he couldn't do it for long.

Fortunately, he didn't have to. As he brought the bar down, he held it there. His face was twisted in pain and pleasure. God, he was intense. As his big muscles twitched, he tightened his dick once more, and-- as-- he--held-- it-- tight-- and as all of his muscles hardened, he froze. Then he pulled the bar down a little farther. He tightened his cock harder. Neither man moved. The wait seemed to last forever. MuscleMan's twitching turned into quivering, and then into shaking. With one final flex of his arms, lats and cock, MuscleMan erupted his load into Alex's body, squeezing his eyes closed and gritting his teeth. Alex yelped and then whimpered loudly. MuscleMan's penis opened and the floodgates burst forth. And MuscleMan still held the bar in place. The super-semen filled Alexander Bravo and actually started to flow out of his asshole. MuscleMan began to make convulsing movements, almost out of control. The bar shook with every ejaculation.

Before MuscleMan was done, but after he was past the most intense part, Alexander began to shoot. MuscleMan, still holding hundreds of pounds of weight down with the lat bar, leaned forward and once again wrapped his strong lips around Alex’s offering of love and worship. While he occasionally flexed his own dick and finished his orgasm, he drank up Alex’s semen.

When both men were done, MuscleMan finally relaxed his mighty arms and let the bar move upward to its resting position. He let go; the two men embraced in a kiss that would end up lasting nearly ten minutes. When it came time for MuscleMan to lift Alex up and off his still-hard cock, Alex protested. In the end, MuscleMan left Alex on his cock as he walked them back to the showers for yet another washing. For the next few minutes, Alex *rested*, impaled on MuscleMan’s iron pole, while the two washed each other under a warm stream of water.

It wasn’t until halfway through the shower session that MuscleMan pulled a whimpering Alex off his pole and sat him down to stand on his own two feet. For Alex, it was like a fate worse than death. He felt empty, robbed, hollow.

“Thanks for the workout, man,” MuscleMan said, kissing Alex after they dried off. He put his wrist and ankle bands and his socks on, then his thong/trunks, and finally his cape. With one final, languid kiss, MuscleMan bid his newest “fan” goodbye. He pressed one blue button on his golden wristband and disappeared right in front of Alexander’s eyes. The brilliant-white cape left a luminous glow for just a few seconds after he left, and then the white turned to a thin fog and then totally dissipated.

Alex was beside himself.

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Alexander arrived for work the next day at about 2:30; he had the late shift again. He walked very carefully, nursing his sore backside.

“Alex, can I see you in my office please?” It was the manager, Burt Rollins.

Inside the office, Burt pulled out a mangled piece of metal and sat it on his desk. It was obviously the brace from the lat pull-down machine that MuscleMan had destroyed. “You know what happened here?” Burt asked.



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

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