



THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN  
EPISODE 7  
IN THE MEN'S DEPARTMENT

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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**B**urt Rollins sat in his office overlooking “the pit” of his BuffMuscles gym. Directly across from “the pit” was the cardio mezzanine. The gym was pretty quiet on this Wednesday afternoon-- pretty typical. But typical wasn't very comforting for Burt. The five Seattle-area BuffMuscles gyms were experiencing the effects of the tough economic times, and each club was in fierce competition not only with other area gyms, but with each other, to achieve the high performance goals that their owner had set for them.

From his top desk drawer, Burt pulled out a report on his gym's performance last quarter. It didn't look good; and he knew he was in the middle of an even *worse* quarter right now. His massive 60-year-old body tightened in frustration as he analyzed the numbers. A former competitive power lifter, Burt had held quite a few records for bench, squat and deadlift. One or two of them in fact still stood. But age had taken its toll; moreover, the ravages of drinking and the pressures of his career (probably related to each other) had sapped him of his youthful vigor. Now, sporting a thick gut and a tired disposition, Burt, with his trademark buzz-cut gray hair fuzz, easily fit into his established disposition as a curmudgeon. Nevertheless, he still was an imposing man-- and one not given to heaping praise on his employees.

He sighed. His big, weathered hands held the report. He realized he'd have to lay off two employees just to bring his operating costs in line with his revenue. Unfortunately, the members

who were *remaining* members seemed to be coming more frequently now, maybe in response to the stress of the recession. So getting rid of two employees would definitely be felt.

“Mr. Rollins, there’s a gentleman here to see you,” a female voice announced on his telephone’s speaker.

“I’m not available,” Rollins said gruffly.

“Um, I think you’ll want to meet with this gentleman, sir,” the voice said.

“Jessica--” Rollins paused, then relented. “Oh, okay. Send him in.” He didn’t know why he agreed to see someone unannounced like this.

The door to the entry mezzanine opened, and in walked Eric Armstrong. Burt Rollins, not one to subordinate himself to anyone, normally would have remained seated while the guest entered. But upon seeing the unbelievably built-- and handsome-- man walking into his office, Rollins found himself standing. As the men shook hands, Rollins found himself smiling-- another uncharacteristic position.

“Thank you for seeing me. I’m Eric Armstrong.”

Burt eyed the tall, huge man as they shook. “Not a problem at all. Please, have a seat.”

“You have a really nice gym here,” Eric said as he sat down.

“Thank you, Eric. I’m glad you like it. How can I help you?”

“Well, sir,” Eric said. “I’ll get right to the point. I’d like a job as a trainer here.”

Burt smiled politely and picked up the report on his desk. “Well, Eric, unfortunately your timing couldn’t be worse. I was just analyzing our results from last quarter, and I’ve come to the conclusion that I’m actually going to have to *lay off* two people. Hiring a new trainer just isn’t in the cards at this time.”

Eric smiled back. “Oh, Mr. Rollins, I don’t think you can afford *not* to hire me.”

Surprised, Rollins said, “Oh really? How’s that?”

“I imagine that report you hold in your hand says your membership is on the decline,” Eric said.

Rollins nodded.

“And besides cutting costs by laying off employees, you’re also looking to ways to increase your membership, right?” As Eric talked, he started to unbutton the sleeves his long-sleeved shirt.

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“Yes,” Rollins said, only marginally noticing that Eric was making himself more comfortable.

“I think that I can help you with increasing your membership...” he said, unbuttoning the top button on the front of his shirt, “...by providing your members with some inspiration...” he unbuttoned the second one from the top, “...some knowledgeable training...” he undid the next button, revealing a deep, cut, cleavage between his two giant pecs, “...and some tremendous one-on-one motivation.” By now, he only had one more button to undo, and he undid it, pulling his shirt open slowly, tauntingly.

Burt Rollins was enraptured with what he saw. He swallowed, then cleared his throat. “My God, in all my years in gyms, I’ve never seen musculature like that!”

“Burt-- can I call you Burt?-- you come from a powerlifting background, right?” Eric asked.

Burt looked at the wall of trophies at his side. He nodded, and smiled, “Yeah, you bodybuilding types just don’t put up the *real* weight.”



Eric smiled. “Well, you might be surprised. But be that as it may, I think I can help you increase your membership-- of both powerlifters *and* bodybuilders. Not to mention the families and the retirees.”

Burt looked at Eric’s amazing torso, partially hidden by his shirt. “And how do you proposed to do that?”

Eric slowly peeled the shirt off.

Burt had to fight to hide a gasp.

“Put me in a blue trainer’s shirt and let me loose down in the pit, and I guarantee your numbers will climb.” He took in a deep breath, pumping up his massive chest, then let it out slowly. He was astounding.

Burt was more than impressed. He was hard. “I think maybe we might want to forego the blue shirt, in this case.” He winked. But he returned to his report. “But-- I don’t know...”

Eric smiled. “Well, it’s not the shirt that’s going to matter. It’s what I can do for *you*.”

“For me?”

“Yes. As your employee, I would be at your disposal-- for whatever you might need.”

“Need?” Burt swallowed again. He had never told this to anyone, but deep down, a lot of the reason he initially started hanging around gyms when he was a kid, was seeing all of that power displayed everywhere. As a teenager, he had sometimes found himself taking his admiration of

male power to the *next* level, allowing it to be sexualized and expressed in his own private sessions with himself. As an adult, he had become fully involved in heterosexual relationships-- that’s for sure. But deep down, he had a special affection for really powerful, and powerful *looking* men. After the divorce, years ago, he decided to remain single, opting mostly, to just satisfy his sexual needs on his own, and frequently those fantasy sessions involved muscular men. *Very* frequently. Now, here in his office sat a man built better than anyone he had ever seen in a gym, or in his own mind, seeming to offer his “services?”

“What kinds of things do you need, Mr. Rollins?” Eric asked kindly-- softly. He smiled, and Burt had to avert his gaze from Eric’s tantalizing eyes.

“I-- I wouldn’t know what you’re talking about,” Rollins said nervously. His reaction told so much.

“Why don’t you tell Jessica that you wish not to be disturbed,” Eric suggested. “Maybe if we had some privacy, I could give you my *full* sales pitch.” He smiled, and a twinkle escaped his eye. His warm, smooth, rippling skin looked *so* healthy, and his stacks and mounds of muscle looked *so* extremely powerful.

Burt pressed a button on his speaker phone. “Jessica, I can’t be disturbed-- for about 30 minutes, please.”

“Yes sir,” she answered.

Eric stood up and walked over to the glass wall that looked down onto “the pit.” He closed the blinds, then went over to the door, locking it. “Just to make sure,” he smiled.

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“Alexander, this is Eric. He’s our newest trainer,” Mr. Rollins said as the two men emerged from the manager’s office. Burt’s cheeks were flushed, and his tie wasn’t straight.

Alexander looked surprised. He had talked with Mr. Rollins about the impending cutbacks; hiring a new trainer was the opposite of what Rollins had been discussing. “Oh really?” Alex said. “That’s great. Eric and I met a few days ago when he joined.” He shook Eric’s hand.

“He’ll just be part-time,” Burt continued. “Work with him on a schedule, okay? Oh, and order him some shirts, too.”

“Yes sir, Mr. Rollins,” Alex answered.

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The construction crane screamed as the weight of the I-beams it was hefting began to pull it to one side. The scraping metal popped and cracked; the operator up in the cab turned white. He

quickly reversed the motor, but it was too late. In a few seconds, he would be hitting the ground as the five-story-tall crane crumbled to the ground.

“It’s coming down!” someone on the street shouted. Others started running, some got out their cell-phone cameras to capture the horror.

At the bookstore across the street, Eric Armstrong stood reading from a sidewalk rack just outside the front door. He sat the book down and in the hysteria of the moment, no one saw him dematerialize. Milliseconds later, the huge, bulging arms of MuscleMan were prying open the crane operator’s locked cab door. The shocked man was beside himself; before he knew it, he was floating through air, held by the massive man who apparently was able to defy gravity.

As screams erupted, the crane smashed violently against the side of a neighboring building, then slid loudly to the ground. Dust filled the block. Then silence. In a moment, the silence was filled with people shouting expletives, and then, the sound of sirens coming to the rescue.

MuscleMan held the operator’s flabby 350 pound body firmly in his arms; his bright white cape gently flapped in the dusty-wind rush caused by the crane’s demise. The two gradually moved to the ground and as MuscleMan’s feet landed on a steel plate on the sidewalk, the metal creaked under their combined weight. He sat the man on his feet.

“Holy shit!” a man yelled as he ran up to the two. He looked at the fat old man and said, “Are you alright?” and immediately looked at MuscleMan and was momentarily speechless.

“Yeah... I think I’m okay,” the old man said. He joined the stranger standing there in awe at MuscleMan’s presence.

“Are you that MuscleMan guy?” the stranger asked.

MuscleMan nodded.

“I don’t know how to thank you. I don’t know what to say,” the crane operator said.

“My pleasure sir,” MuscleMan smiled. He looked around at the carnage. “I don’t think anyone is hurt,” he said to no one in particular.

The sirens got louder until the flashing lights were visible. The response was quick, but it was overkill, considering that there were no injuries-- a situation that wouldn’t have been true if MuscleMan hadn’t intervened.

As the fire fighters and ambulance workers swarmed, looking for people to treat, the police department cordoned off the area.

Once the situation was well under control, MuscleMan prepared to leave, despite continual questions as to how he had done it. The crowd grew, even though it was being kept at a distance

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behind the yellow police tape. The people could see MuscleMan’s huge frame standing at the edge of the disaster site, and they began to call to him.

MuscleMan excused himself from the two men, and the few police and rescue workers who had joined them, and walked over to the 20 or so people standing at the police line. He shook hands with a few well wishers and waved at the others. His beautiful blue eyes scanned the group. He wasn’t able to find anyone who suited his fancy, so he decided to walk on.

Of course, after he slipped under the police tape, it was difficult to keep the people at bay. *Everyone* wanted a piece of this guy-- either figuratively or literally. But all it took was for MuscleMan to stop, turn to his followers and sternly say, “Please respect my privacy. I want to be able to walk down the street in peace,” and that pretty much kept people back for a few minutes. Maybe 10 or 20 feet back. But they still followed.

MuscleMan’s white cape flowed behind him-- he rarely draped it over his huge shoulders. After a couple of blocks, he decided to enter a large clothing/department store. With more sirens wailing in the background, he pulled a glass door open and walked inside. His fans kept back, but some of the brave ones followed him inside a few moments later.

The few shoppers who were in the store were awestruck.

MuscleMan walked into the men’s suit department. The clerk there had been busy helping a middle-aged businessman, but upon seeing the superhero, he froze, and then did his best to approach the famous superhero, completely ignoring the man he had been waiting on.

“I-- I, uh, doubt we have anything in stock that will fit you, sir,” the clerk said. “But we can tailor anything to your-- your body.”

MuscleMan smiled down at the young, skinny man. The guy was really good-looking, but with a runner’s build. Skin and bones. Still, MuscleMan liked what he saw. The guy had potential. And despite being maybe a half-foot shorter than he, the guy was still *well* over six feet tall.

MuscleMan decided to do a little test. He had wondered how much the *testostonite* had enhanced his pheromones, and now was a perfect opportunity to find out. “I really like the suit you have on,” MuscleMan smiled. “It fits you very well.”

Flustered, the 20-something guy said, “Thank you.” He looked down at his suit and then back up at MuscleMan, adding, “Uh, I don’t think I could get this style to work for your build.” His eyes were level with MuscleMan’s pecs. He stared right at them. Unconsciously, he licked his lips.

MuscleMan looked at a brass name tag on the man’s chest. “Well, Aaron,” he said, “How about some underwear. Do you carry underwear in this department?”

“Uh-- no. That’s over there,” the guy said, motioning behind him, yet not taking his eyes off MuscleMan’s pecs.

“Could you take me there, please?”

The guy swallowed. “Uh-- yes. Sure.” He turned, and MuscleMan followed. The two men walked into a neighboring department and everyone *there* now watched in awe.

The clerk manning the men’s furnishings department, in which underwear was located, was intrigued by Aaron’s abandonment of the suit department and his appearance here, but he couldn’t bring himself to say anything. Aaron was, after all, offering exceptional service to-- to such a *distinguished* customer.

MuscleMan and Aaron stopped at a rack containing packages of tighy-whities. “Is this what you had in mind?” Aaron asked, “or are you a boxers man...”

MuscleMan smiled. “Actually, I really like the kind I have on.” He looked down at his nearly see-through thong and Aaron’s eyes joined his. “They fit very well-- and they’re really comfortable.” He moved his right hand to the silky-nylon fabric and gently touched it. He spread his hand out slowly, tightened his fingers around his genitals and then slid them around his enormous sex organ. He looked up at Aaron and said with a smile, “Do you carry anything like these?”

Aaron swallowed hard. He didn’t know what to say, other than simply, “No. I’m quite sure we don’t carry *anything* like that.” He leaned on a table behind him to steady himself. MuscleMan was so *huge!*

“You sure?” MuscleMan taunted. “Maybe you should feel them and see if you can find something like them.”

“Oh, I couldn’t do that, sir,” the young clerk said. He was desperately trying to maintain his composure.

“Oh, go ahead,” MuscleMan smiled. “Just feel the fabric. It’s really soft.”

Aaron clearly was overcome, but he wasn’t about to feel out this huge muscleguy right here in the middle of Macy’s or whatever it was.

It was obvious Aaron was going to need a little more encouragement.

MuscleMan gently took Aaron’s hand and brought it to his posers. Aaron didn’t resist. He was petrified, but horribly turned on, too. He hadn’t really ever thought about men, sexually, but he looked at himself as a pretty progressive guy-- some might even label him as a “metro-sexual,” but he’d probably not agree. Still, his live-in girlfriend Holly gave him whatever he wanted in the bedroom, and although it wasn’t *that* frequent, nor *that* passionate, he still was a fulfilled man in that respect. But he didn’t judge gay guys, or begrudge them the right to do whatever they wanted.

As Aaron’s hand met the silky, white fabric of the skimpy thong, his heart pounded. His fingertips shook; he couldn’t move his hand or fingers.

“It’s okay, Aaron,” MuscleMan said. “I just want you to tell me what you think-- as a clothing specialist.” He guided Aaron’s hand from side to side over and across his giant penis, and still Aaron couldn’t bring himself to initiate any kind of movement on his own.

“Uh, sir---” Aaron mumbled.

The few shoppers and employees had, of course, been enamored with MuscleMan ever since he had entered the area, so his little “encounter” with Aaron wasn’t escaping their eyes. A prudish older woman scoffed in disgust. A couple of guys watched with mouths agape. Some women also watched, wide-eyed. Most just stared, frozen at the thought of something like this happening right here in the store.

Momentarily, Aaron could feel MuscleMan’s genitals thicken. Again, it should be noted that although he wasn’t volunteering to continue this little feel-out, he certainly wasn’t fighting it either. Strangely, though, after a few more seconds MuscleMan released his grip from Aaron’s hand-- and yet the palm and fingers continued to assess the softness of the cloth, and the hardness of the organ underneath.

“You know,” MuscleMan smiled. “What I’d really like to do is to find out what kind of underwear *you* prefer. What kind do you wear?”

Aaron, at this point, removed his hand from MuscleMan’s crotch. “Me?”

“Yes. Briefs? Or are you a boxers man...”

“Me?” Aaron repeated. “Oh, well... I usually wear briefs. Briefs during the day, but boxers to bed,” he said. That he volunteered this information *just like that* was quite perplexing to the young clerk.

“Can I see?” MuscleMan smiled.

Obviously this kind of a question was way out of line, but then MuscleMan had already crossed the line anyway. But apparently the powerful pheromones were starting to work, because Aaron looked up at MuscleMan, not unlike a yearning puppy, and softly said, “yes sir.”

MuscleMan took in a deep breath; his chest rose into the air; he let it out slowly, satisfied. “Good. Let’s see then,” he said.

Aaron looked around. Very softly he said, “Would you like to go back to the dressing rooms in my department?” He didn’t know *where* that idea had come from, but it did seem the most expedient answer to their need for privacy at a time like this.

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“Naw,” MuscleMan smiled. “Here is fine.”

Aaron’s eyes grew huge. “Here?”

“Yeah. Here.”

By now, the entire group of onlookers who had been following MuscleMan out on the sidewalk had worked up enough nerve to join him inside the store, so the gathered crowd had grown substantially. And in response to the unusual crowd of people amassed in the men’s furnishings department, Security had joined the scene, along with a few of the store’s managers.

Aaron looked around at the people. “For real? There’s no way…”

MuscleMan said softly, “I promise, I’ll make it worth your while.” He slowly flexed his enormous, powerful pecs.

Aaron was speechless.

As the pheromones kicked into high gear, and MuscleMan achieved ultimate desirability in Aaron’s eyes, the huge superhero leaned forward and lowered his face so he could kiss his new young admirer. As the two men’s lips met, gasps rippled through the amazed onlookers. The kiss was slow, wet and very hot.

MuscleMan broke the kiss slowly. As he stood back just a bit, he took both hands and began to work on unbuckling Aaron’s belt and then lowering his zipper. Aaron leaned back against a table, steadying himself with both hands on the edge of it, behind him.

The gathered crowd watched, awestruck and dumbfounded as to how this could be happening. Some looked to the security guards to see what action they might take, but secretly, no one wanted anyone to stop them. MuscleMan’s spell on everyone was that powerful.

Aaron’s eyes closed. In part, he wanted to block out the real world-- the one where his boss and scores of others were watching him being undressed-- and in part he wanted to savor this unbelievable moment-- the one where *MuscleMan himself* was having his way with him.

As Aaron’s precum-moistened, shiny boner popped out of his briefs and into the air, he sighed. Finally it had been released from its tight confines. God, the skinny guy was *hung!* It was an unusually long and thick organ. Sometimes the skinny guys have these-- maybe MuscleMan just had a feeling for this...

MuscleMan showed no interest in the large-- horse-sized, really-- cock that had sprung up to pay him homage. He rubbed the clean white fabric of Aaron’s shorts between finger and thumb, apparently examining them closely. He pulled the elastic lower, and hung the waistline under

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Aaron’s egg-shaped balls. And still he felt the fabric, seemingly ignoring the XXL cock that saluted him.

“Oh my *GOD!*” Someone in the crowd hissed.

One guy in the group was *this close* to putting his hand on his crotch. A mother with one kid in a stroller and one kid who held her hand turned and scurried away. The security guys-- one was black & kind of buff looking, one was white & smaller and shorter-- looked like they were about to step forward, but just when they seemed to get too fed up with the situation, they pulled back, scratching their heads. Within minutes, the black security guard would be nervously adjusting the crotch of his uniform.

As MuscleMan felt Aaron’s underwear fabric his cock was continuing to stiffen and thicken. Fortunately (depending on how you look at it) his thong-posers stretched easily. He moved his fingers up to the elastic near Aaron’s hips, slipped his fingertips inside and slowly started moving his hands down and together, toward the base of the large trophy. Aaron’s eyes remained closed; his breathing was full and labored.

“Sir-- MuscleMan,” Aaron breathed. “You mustn’t...”

MuscleMan didn’t respond. His fingertips continued to move down the inside of Aaron’s elastic waistband; they entered the black forest of Aaron’s pubic hair. And they stopped.

“You have a really nice-- set of underwear, Aaron,” MuscleMan said softly.

Aaron could now only moan.

The one guy in the group had now firmly placed his hand on his crotch and was squeezing himself shamelessly. Two cops arrived and started talking with the security officers. The managers joined the uniformed group and they all discussed what to do, yet took no action.

MuscleMan slowly leaned forward. With his fingertips he gently took Aaron’s thick-as-a-beer-can penis and pulled it upward. It left a dark wet spot on Aaron’s business-blue dress shirt, and a small drop on his tie as well. Aaron moaned loudly as MuscleMan’s firm fingers gave him a slow, long stroke. The cock flexed. Its head tightened and its veins popped out in dramatic relief. A big drop of clear nectar oozed out and fell onto his pubes. MuscleMan leaned down and tenderly placed his lips on the tip of Aaron’s cock head.

The crowd was hushed, but a few gasps were heard. Amazingly, though, no one moved.

Right there, between a rack of men’s briefs and a table of T-shirts, MuscleMan started a long, slow, gentle blow-job. Aaron was overwhelmed. He leaned back and groaned loudly now. MuscleMan pulled Aaron’s pants down to the floor and his briefs down to his thighs. He took his right hand began to tickle Aaron just behind his balls. More groaning. And moaning.

Four more cops arrived on the scene; but their astonishment quickly turned to intense “interest” with no action taken to put a halt to this disgustingly indecent incident.

MuscleMan moved his head up-and-down a little faster now, easily opening his throat and taking all of Aaron in on the down-stroke. Aaron fell off his forearms, backwards onto the plastic-wrapped T-shirts. MuscleMan didn’t miss a beat, continuing his deep-throating. Occasionally, he would stop while his lips buried themselves in Aaron’s pubes and he’d twist his head slowly, presumably massaging Aaron’s pulsing cock with his powerful tongue and throat. Occasionally, he would slowly torture the young buck with a painfully long up-stroke and then he’d pause and suck deliciously on the plumb-head.

By the time the general manager of the store arrived on the scene, along with a small entourage of security and plain-clothed loss-prevention types, Aaron was dangerously near climax.

Sensing this, and desiring to maximize the orgasm for the most productive result (the most semen possible), MuscleMan pulled back and just kissed the pulsing organ. He’d hold it in one hand, gently kissing it while with his other hand he’d push up under Aaron’s shirt and pinch his nipples.

For his part, Aaron panted and hissed and moaned like he was the star of a porn movie. And indeed, he soon would be, since more than one person in the crowd was recording the action on their cell phones. Within the hour, the clips would be receiving thousands of hits on porn sites the world-over.

When MuscleMan determined it was safe, he returned to the blow job, occasionally stopping the procedure to lift his head to Aaron’s face and penetrate Aaron’s mouth with his tongue.

To the brink of orgasm, and then pulling back-- to the brink, and then pulling back. It must have happened three or four times.

The one guy who had commenced rubbing his crotch, had now moved behind a table in the corner, and despite having his view partially blocked by other onlookers, he was now masturbating himself in the open. In this whole incident, he was technically the first to come.

In fact, when all was said and done, four others in the crowd would ejaculate to the two men’s display of base, lustful sensuality-- three of them right out in the open like the first guy, and one of them in his pants, just by pressing on his covered dick.

I don’t know if it was peer pressure or what, but when Aaron finally *did* come, the group dynamic (or, more likely, the effect of MuscleMan’s pheromones) was such that most of the people watching, practically applauded at the sight. Well, maybe that’s a slight exaggeration, but they *did* gasp and moan.

As for Aaron, the young clothing salesman yelled out in a passionate convulsing jerk. God, that must have been one *huge* climax. Aaron’s back arched and he pressed his cock deep into MuscleMan’s throat, grabbing the back of the superhero’s head and holding on.

As for MuscleMan, the gigantic, over-developed man from who-knows-where took all of Aaron with ease. He swallowed everything that Aaron offered up. When Aaron was sucked dry, MuscleMan stretched up the clerk’s body like a cat and began kissing him. Another small squirt of white milk came out of Aaron’s penis and moistened MuscleMan’s abs. MuscleMan’s huge triceps bulged as he held himself in a semi-push-up position, kissing Aaron.

Finally, MuscleMan rose up and stood. His cock was now completely stretching the extremely thin fabric of his “uniform.” He turned to the crowd-- now numbering close to 100-- and smiled. Then he turned back to Aaron, who was still lying on his back on the table, and said, “I think I’ll just stick with the briefs that I have. But thanks for your help.”

With that, the now totally-turned-on muscle giant looked back at the crowd, almost with a “Who’s next?” kind of look.

As had been happening more and more whenever MuscleMan made an appearance, inevitably there would be at least a couple of very well-built men who would show up. It had become pretty obvious that the Man of Muscle had quite a voracious appetite for extremely developed men, and apparently many of them had formed a habit of keeping one finger on the pulse of the news and showing up when a sighting was made. Many of them wouldn’t admit their motive for showing up at MuscleMan appearances; but they usually fell into either, or both, of two groups: 1) those who were curious about how they might stack up next to this inhumanly large and muscular being, and 2) those who secretly wanted to see all those huge muscles stacked on that impossibly gorgeous physique (and of course, do *more* than just *see*, if they were completely honest with themselves).

So, MuscleMan usually seized the opportunity to enjoy a “two-fer” whenever possible. Sometimes more than just two. In fact, one fantasy he had developed would be to advertise an appearance, at a mall for example-- much like when an author does a book-signing at a bookstore. Then, muscleguys could wait in line-- but not for an autograph, if you take my meaning. Ah, but the author digresses...

The disaster with the crane at the construction site had garnered quite a bit of chatter on the police channels, and the media was quick to publicize the event. Thus, it wasn’t hard to trace MuscleMan’s footsteps to the department store where he was now wiping up the last remnants of his experience with Aaron. Like clockwork, a number of really big bodybuilders started to show up in the crowd that now filled the men’s furnishings department. It was almost comical to watch, really. Many of these guys competed against each other on stage, or possibly worked out at the same gyms, so it was a little embarrassing when they saw who *else* was there, and some pretty creative stories arose as to how they-- coincidentally-- found themselves at the same place MuscleMan was.

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On top of the T-shirts, Aaron rolled onto his side. His dick was still hard, and dripping. MuscleMan looked at the crowd, smiling. The cops were motionless. A bright light from a TV news crew suddenly lit up the now-stuffy room. MuscleMan smiled and turned to the news crew. His impossible boner stuck up obscenely in his thong as his body was as a profile view of the camera. “Ah, yes. I’d love to be on TV,” he joked. The crowd-- amazingly silent up until now, erupted with laughter. The bright light was extinguished, and MuscleMan started walking; the people parted like the Red Sea.

The cops looked at each other and decided to make a move. The six of them (there were six now), along with the security guards, approached MuscleMan, blocking his exit. It must have been their training that kicked in, because each of them was enamored with MuscleMan, and each of them was scared shitless about trying to take him into custody. “Sir, you’re going to have to come with me,” one of them said.

MuscleMan stopped. Without a word, he turned around-- facing away from the cops-- and put his muscular arms behind his cape, pushing his wrists out to be cuffed. The brave cop quickly stepped forward and cuffed MuscleMan. MuscleMan turned around and faced the cops again; the brave cop placed his hand on MuscleMan’s upper arm, to take MuscleMan in. His hand felt the warm, rock-hard triceps and deltoid and he turned to look at in awe.

“Feel something you like?” MuscleMan smiled down at him.

The cop actually had to step back-- he was that overwhelmed.

MuscleMan faced the group of officers. With a powerful tightening of his shoulders and arms, his muscles rippled. The handcuffs snapped apart and he brought his hands to his sides. The links that had joined the cuffs now dangled like jewelry from his wrists (didn’t really go with the golden wrist cuffs and blue jewels that he wore, though).

Two cops drew their weapons.

“Officer, this place is full of innocent people,” MuscleMan said calmly to one of them. “And I assure you, your weapon will be ineffective against me.”

The cops didn’t move-- their aim trained on MuscleMan.

MuscleMan took a step forward and removed the pistol from the hands of one of the cops. He held it in one hand. He squeezed, and his forearm bulged with power. The barrel of the gun bent downward and his whole hand closed around it. He dropped it to the floor. It was a ball of useless metal.

The crowd gasped.

MuscleMan looked at the people. In a raised voice he proclaimed, “I am not here to hurt anyone. **I am here to fight for truth, justice and love for all men.**”

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“You mean ‘love for all *humankind*’,” some woman in the back of the crowd said loudly.

“No, I mean ‘*men*’,” MuscleMan replied.

A few in the crowd chuckled.

“All life is valuable and should be cherished. I will value all of you, cherish all of you, and I will protect all of you. All I ask is that in return for this protection you allow me to enjoy the rewards-- the fruits of my labors,” he said, turning and nodding at Aaron.

Spontaneously, the crowd erupted in cheers and applause. The cop who still had his sidearm aimed at MuscleMan holstered it. The group of cops and security guards stepped back, making way for the wide-bodied man.

But the store manager, standing with a small cluster of underlings, wasn’t as enthusiastic about MuscleMan’s quest. He muttered something under his breath as MuscleMan walked through the parting crowd, smiling and acknowledging their adoration.

It was at this point that a new face-- and body-- caught MuscleMan’s eye. The guy had been standing to one side of the group, toward the back, but now that MuscleMan was leaving and the crowd was moving aside, this big, buff man was right in MuscleMan’s path. When MuscleMan got within a few feet of him, he stopped. The guy, perhaps wanting to show his wares to the Man of Muscle, was painted in a skin-tight blue T-shirt and jeans that showed off quite a few features of his incredible physique. He had a thick neck, jet-black hair and a couple of day’s worth of beard on his Tom-Brady-like gorgeous face.

MuscleMan’s cock actually twitched at the sight.

God, his shoulders were so muscled and lumpy! And his arms were unreal. Just a breathtaking display of manly power and beauty. Sure, he was nowhere near MuscleMan’s size nor development, but the guy looked like he had just walked off the Mr. Olympia stage-- with the *Sandow* under his arm. His jeans were so full of leg and ass muscle that they looked like they had to be tailored to fit. The pouch at the crotch was definitely not factory. No way could you buy pants like *that* off the rack.

The guy didn’t seem to flinch when MuscleMan stopped in front of him. In fact, his eyes looked up and met MuscleMan’s with a steel gaze. He looked at the superhero, seemingly unfazed by the enormity of the moment.

About ten feet away, someone looked at the two men as they stood looking at each other and said, “God, now *there’s* a fight I’d like to see.”

Someone else immediately answered, “Yeah, and then some sex afterward.”

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A few moans of agreement were offered up from others close-by.

MuscleMan looked down at the hunk. He looked at the huge muscles, the way they pushed the blue T-shirt into all manner of deformity, the way they filled his jeans. His face softened as his eyes returned to the muscular, gorgeous face. Then MuscleMan offered a single word: “Nice.”

With that, the massive superhero turned and continued walking.

The huge bodybuilder felt like he had just been voted off “American Idol.” He didn’t show it, but he was devastated. His gut wrenched, but he didn’t move. His abs tightened. He turned his head slowly to watch MuscleMan walk through the store.

As MuscleMan neared the exit, he turned around. He looked back at all of his followers, not at anyone in particular. He lifted one arm and waved. His admirers applauded once again and cheered. He waved once more, and then pointed right at the Mr. Olympia contender-dude. He turned his wrist, then bent his index finger a few times in a “come here” motion.

The musclestud didn’t have to be told twice; and yet he didn’t run either. In the traditional bodybuilder’s strut, he walked toward MuscleMan, holding his heavy jacket in his hand. Before the bodybuilder got there all the way, MuscleMan turned and walked out the door, expecting his new charge to follow-- which he did.

Outside, MuscleMan knew there wasn’t much time before the hoard of people would be descending. He stopped and turned back to the massive guy. “What’s your name?” he asked kindly.

“Kirk.”

“Glad to meet you, Kirk.” MuscleMan looked over Kirk’s head at the door. “We should probably go now. We’re going to have a lot of company in a minute.”

Kirk was a strong guy, not just in body. His personality was strong. He was used to being the Alpha. He was used to making hard decisions, confidently, and not being concerned with those who didn’t agree with him. He looked at MuscleMan and said, “Okay. Let’s go.” He donned his jacket.

MuscleMan turned around and hailed a cab. The two men got inside and the chassis of the car groaned as it sank an inch or two.

“Where to?” the cabby asked, not realizing who his passenger was.

“Pier 52,” MuscleMan answered. “Washington State Ferries.”

[More to come...]

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