



TRUTH, JUSTICE &
LOVE FOR ALL MEN

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

EPISODE 8 BREMERTON I.

by Sean Reid Scott



[Author's note: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for ADULTS ONLY. If you are not an *adult* who wants to read this kind of smut, please do not continue.]

MuscleMan and Kirk sat silently in the back of the cab as it made its way through downtown Seattle. Kirk couldn't help but notice that MuscleMan's boa constrictor cock was big, thick and hard-- although it wasn't perfectly straight because his thong was preventing it from reaching its full potential.

Just the idea of actually sitting next to MuscleMan made Kirk's heart beat hard and fast. His own boner was being painfully constricted in his tight jeans.

Eventually, MuscleMan's hardon subsided. He was enjoying the cab ride. He had come to love using the quaint modes of transportation that the 21st century offered, and the concept of being "driven" around town in a cab was interesting to him. And the fact that sitting next to him was this huge, confident, muscular, drop-dead gorgeous Olympia-contender-type bodybuilder, really made him feel-- well, *fulfilled*.

The two men talked occasionally, but Kirk wasn't a man given to many words.

Finally, the cab pulled up to the ferry terminal and the two men got out; MuscleMan paid the cabby.

"Two for Bremerton," MuscleMan told the woman at the ticket window.

“Mr. MuscleMan, you and your friend go on ahead, sir,” she replied without taking any money.

MuscleMan led the way onto the ferry. The cold winter wind whipped across Elliot Bay; MuscleMan wrapped himself in his white cape as the two men walked up the ramp and onto the ship. It was too cold to stay out on deck, so they went inside to the large lounge. It was well past the morning rush hour, and besides, this ferry was going outbound from downtown Seattle anyway, so the room that was designed to accommodate a few hundred people held, maybe, only 20 or 30. There weren't too many tourists this time of year either, so the two muscle men pretty much had their pick of booths or tables.

As always happened whenever MuscleMan entered a room, every eye trained onto his unimaginably muscular body. His six-foot-eight-inch stature held such massiveness that it was impossible *not* to look.

And then, there was that obscene dick, wrapped in that thin netting that really hid nothing at all.

MuscleMan strode confidently, but not at all arrogantly. He found a booth and slid inside, leaning partially against the window. Kirk followed his lead-- something that was new for him-- and joined him on the opposite side of the table.

Nothing had been mentioned concerning their destination, nor why, really, Kirk had been invited along for this ride. But his curiosity was beginning to catch up with his lust for the Man of Muscle (although he, himself wouldn't have called it *lust*, he would probably have labeled it *fascination*), so he finally broke the silence with, “Where we going?”

“I have a little cabin up in the woods above Bremerton.”

Kirk nodded. His gut tightened at the prospect of what might lie ahead.

“You don't have any weekend plans, do you?” MuscleMan smiled.

“Well, uh, actually...” Kirk fumbled with his words. It was the first time that he had shown uncertainty. “Well, I need to call my girlfriend,” he said. “We had plans. But I just need to call her and cancel them.”

It was an interesting time for MuscleMan to drop the news on Kirk-- that he had planned a whole weekend together-- here, after they were already on the ferry, but then he knew that *no one* would pass up this opportunity. “You sure?” he asked. “Because we can come back this afternoon, if you want,” he graciously suggested.

“No. Naw-- I'll just give her a call. You think we'll be back by Sunday afternoon?”

“Sure,” MuscleMan smiled. “Whenever you want.”

“Cool.” Kirk stood up and took his phone out of his pocket. “I’ll be right back.”

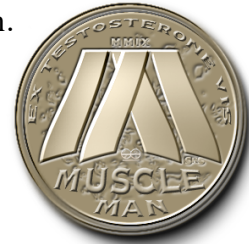
MuscleMan scanned the few people in the lounge. Some were blatantly staring at him. Some tried to avert their gaze whenever he looked their way. Kirk pushed a button on his phone as he put some distance between himself and MuscleMan. He brought the phone to his ear. Within a minute it was apparent to MuscleMan that the conversation wasn’t going well. Kirk remained calm, but he fought to keep his animation level at a minimum.

MuscleMan had found that his hearing was improving. The nanites said it was due to the testosterone. As he sat there, he listened to Kirk and *Michelle* talk-- or more accurately, *argue*.

“She going to be okay?” MuscleMan asked as Kirk slid back into the booth.

“Yeah,” Kirk said in an irritated tone.

“You don’t appear to me to be the Opera-going kind of guy,” MuscleMan smiled.



Kirk’s head jerked up and he stared at MuscleMan’s face. “You could hear us?”

MuscleMan smiled. “Sorry, man,” he said. “Since I got here, my hearing has really improved. I didn’t mean to eavesdrop.” He paused for a second and then said, “Well, maybe just a little.”

It didn’t really matter to Kirk. He shrugged his shoulders and said, “Yeah, she got us these tickets a month ago. I’m not really into it that much, but I thought it would be something new-- and a good way to expose myself to some culture.”

MuscleMan leaned forward and said, “Dude, right now, all I want you to expose yourself to-- is *me*.”

Kirk flushed.

MuscleMan leaned back and relaxed. “She’ll be alright,” he said. “It’ll give you an opportunity for make-up sex.”

Kirk smiled.

“I noticed you didn’t actually tell her the truth about where you were going-- or who you were with.”

Again, Kirk’s eyes met MuscleMan’s. “I didn’t really know *what* to tell her. You think she’d believe me if I told her I met MuscleMan and was spending the weekend with him?”

“She might have.”

Kirk looked down at the table. “Maybe. But it would have been hard to explain to her *why* I was spending the weekend with MuscleMan.”

“That,” smiled MuscleMan, “is true.”

When they docked, the two men walked off the ferry, where a shiny Hummer was waiting, motor running, at the curb. MuscleMan opened the back door for Kirk and then climbed into the passenger seat. In the driver’s seat, a big guy sat, smiling.

“Kirk, this is Nathan. He’s a Seattle firefighter,” MuscleMan said.

Nathan turned back to Kirk and extended his hand. The two men shook.

“You got the place ready?” MuscleMan asked Nathan.

“Yep,” he smiled. He put the rig in gear and they sped off through town, and then up into the hills.

At first, Kirk felt a little put-off-- MuscleMan hadn’t mentioned anything about Nathan-- but as the three of them got to talking, Kirk started to lower his game-face and relax. He watched as Nathan drove and talked. Nathan was obviously no stranger to the gym, and Kirk appreciated that. Kirk found himself engaged in the fun and interesting conversation. However, he also found himself frequently looking out the window as he tried to sort out these strange feelings he was having toward MuscleMan-- something he had wondered about ever since he first saw pictures of the superhero.

“Dude,” Nathan said as he looked at Kirk through his rear-view mirror, “I think I’ve seen you at some contests. Did you do the Emerald Cup?”

“Yeah, I did,” Kirk said, still playing his cards close to his vest.

“Yeah, I remember now. Didn’t you get first in heavyweight?”

“Yeah. That was a few years ago. I compete in super-heavy now,” Kirk said.

“I *guess*,” Nathan smiled. “You’re gigantic, man.”

Kirk pursed his lips in a conservative smile. Nathan moved his eyes back to the road. MuscleMan put his hand on Nathan’s leg and squeezed.

The sky had started to get cloudy, and by the time the three men arrived at the “cabin” (it was more like a house-- a big house) the skies were dark and gloomy.

Inside, a fire crackled in the river-rock fireplace-- the rocks filled one complete wall. Huge logs framed the Great Room. Above, a large loft looked down on them, and out the huge windows

that formed the whole east-facing wall-- framing a beautiful view of Puget Sound, and the distant skyline of Seattle. Oversized couches populated the room, surrounding a big oval rug. Under the loft--opening onto the Great Room-- a big kitchen and dining area welcomed. On both sides of the loft, hallways led to multiple bedrooms.

“Shit,” Kirk said, taking off his jacket. “This is really nice.” He looked up at the high peaked ceilings, admiring the Northwest architecture.

“Kirk, your room is up there,” MuscleMan said, pointing at the south hallway leading off the loft.

“Here, I’ll show you,” Nathan said. “It’s right off the balcony.” He led Kirk up a circular staircase to the loft, and then the two men took off down the hallway.

“MuscleMan and I are in the other hallway,” Nathan said as he led Kirk into his large bedroom. There were two queen beds.

“So how long have you known MuscleMan?” Kirk asked as he tossed his jacket on his bed.

“A few weeks,” Nathan said. He took a moment to admire Kirk’s amazing body. Kirk was heavier-- more muscled-- and taller than Nathan. “Dude,” Nathan said, “I can see why MuscleMan invited you up here. God, you are incredible! You *have* to be competing nationally, man-- are you?”

“Naw, not yet,” Kirk said. “But I’m working at it. I’m looking at next year.”

“Shit, you’re going to blow ‘em away.”

Kirk smiled, then lowered his voice. “So dude, what’s with MuscleMan? Where did he come from? What’s with his super-human strength?”

“He hasn’t told me much,” Nathan said. He sat down on the bed. “He says I wouldn’t believe him if he told me, but I tell *him* that I already don’t believe my eyes when he floats in the air, or bends a barbell with his hands.”

“Fuck,” Kirk said. “So you’ve seen him do that shit?”

Nathan’s eyes got a little bigger. “Hell yeah. And I still don’t know what to think. Sometimes I think it’s some kind of hoax. And then sometimes I just don’t know *what* to think. I mean, I’ve *seen* him do that stuff-- and I’ve *felt* his power, dude.”

“God, I have to tell you, it’s amazing just to look at him,” Kirk said.

“*Tell* me about it,” Nathan said, looking down at the bedspread. “It’s like he has this *power* over you.”

“Exactly,” Kirk said excitedly. “I wondered if I was the only one. But man, I am just so fascinated with him. Whenever I hear that he’s somewhere, I try and find him. And when I do, it’s like-- *where did this guy come from?*”

Nathan looked up at Kirk, his eyes were intense. “Man, I’m going to level with you. I mean, you wonder if you’re the only one. That *power* he has over you-- it’s more than just fascination, dude.” He paused, trying to gauge Kirk’s reaction. “I gotta tell you, man, I’m no fag. I mean, I *never* thought about guys before. *Never*. But--” he paused, watching Kirk’s face.

Kirk was curious, and intrigued. Nathan was saying things he wanted to hear about, because these feelings he had for MuscleMan were so confusing. He tried to relax his face so as to not intimidate Nathan.

“But--” Nathan continued, “MuscleMan just *makes* you want to see him-- and what he can do.”

“God, I know what you’re talking about, man,” Kirk encouraged.

Even though it was obvious why the two men were there, Kirk hadn’t really admitted it to himself. As for Nathan, he was at total peace with “being with” MuscleMan in a sexual way, but he certainly didn’t advertise it.

Obviously MuscleMan brought Kirk here for sex.

“I mean, the way he walks around with that cock throbbing all over the place,” Kirk offered.

“Wait ‘till you *touch* it, man.”

At that moment, it was like a light went on. For some reason, the episode that Kirk had watched in the department store, where MuscleMan gave that clerk guy that blow job-- it all came rushing back at him. How had he forgotten that? In only happened a few hours ago, and yet, Kirk’s memory of it had been totally *hidden* until right now.

Kirk stood up. His face was pale. “Dude, you wouldn’t believe what he did with this guy in the store this morning,” he said.

“I think I’d believe *anything* MuscleMan does to people. It’s like people can’t resist him. It’s that *power* thing he has,” Nathan said.

“Hey, guys,” MuscleMan called from the great room, downstairs. “You having sex up there without me?”

The two men looked at each other. *God, this is freaky!* they both thought. If anyone would have *ever* suggested either one of them would find themselves in this situation, they’d have beat the

shit out of the guy suggesting it. And yet, here they were, listening to MuscleMan say that, and then looking at each other, and starting to get *hard*.

They walked down the hall, and out onto the loft. They looked down at MuscleMan standing in front of the fireplace at the left wall. The wall of glass was the dominant feature of the great room, and despite the dark, cloudy sky, light flooded the room.

“There’s beer in the fridge,” MuscleMan said, “and plenty of food all over that kitchen.”

The two guys came down the stairs and Nathan offered to get some beers. Kirk joined MuscleMan next to the fireplace. All those huge, heavy muscles. Kirk was standing next to a god! The intensity of MuscleMan’s power was palpable. Just standing next to him was enough for some men to spontaneously cum.

But not Kirk. He was much stronger than most-- and not just in his brawny body. Nevertheless, by the time Nathan brought the beers, Kirk was trying to figure out how he was going to adjust his cock, because it was painfully pushing against the confines of his blue jeans.

The three men started drinking their bottles of beer. They stood facing the crackling fire.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you guys,” MuscleMan said between sips, “there’s going to be one more guy joining us tonight.

Kirk and Nathan looked at each other with eyebrows raised.

“He’s a kid I met awhile ago.”

“Really...” Nathan said, taking another sip.

“Name’s Cody. He goes to high school in town.”

“Oh?” Nathan said.

MuscleMan smiled. “He just turned 18. That’s kind of why I asked him to come this weekend. It’s kind of a belated birthday party.”

“You gotta think he’s probably got some friends he’d like to spend the weekend with...” Kirk said.

“Yeah, he did,” MuscleMan said. “But for some reason, he said ‘yes,’ when I invited him.” The superhero smiled.

“And let me guess...” Nathan chimed in, “he’s probably a little into bodybuilding, right?”

“You could say that,” MuscleMan said, taking another swig. He sat his beer on an end table and looked at his two worshipers. “And he’s going to really enjoy meeting the both of you, I’m sure.” MuscleMan put his hand on Kirk’s shoulder and ran it up his blue T-shirt to his neck. He stepped forward, and cupping Kirk’s neck in his hand, pulled the bodybuilder close. As they kissed, Kirk put one hand on MuscleMan’s huge chest. His mind reeled with passion and confusion. He was at the same time totally conflicted in his macho mystique, and overwhelmed with desire.

Nathan stepped forward and gently took the beer bottle out of Kirk’s other hand.

Kirk put his free hand on MuscleMan’s other pec. Soft moans gently floated through the air. Slowly, MuscleMan put his other hand around Kirk’s prize-winning body and they embraced fully.

Nathan put the beers down and sat on a couch.

The kisses were soft, yet passionate. You’d never know that Kirk had never before in his life been with a guy, because his hands ran all over MuscleMan’s huge body like they knew what they were doing. It was instinctive, I guess. And those instincts eventually led one of Kirk’s trembling hands onto MuscleMan’s thong. He moved over the hardening mass as if he had felt out a guy many times before-- even though he had never done it.

Kirk’s hand on MuscleMan’s cock was amazing. His touch was amazing. The futuristic member was soon at full erection, and Kirk, on his own, pulled down the skimpy fabric, allowing it to breathe free. Kirk’s other hand was still on MuscleMan’s pec, feeling the absolute hardness.

As Nathan began to caress himself, MuscleMan started to undo Kirk’s pants, while still they kissed. Nathan, although having a number of orgasms at MuscleMan’s hand, was overwhelmed at the sight of all that muscle. Huge arms, legs, shoulders, backs, cocks-- they intertwined and wrapped around each other like snakes in heat. Seeing-- and being with-- MuscleMan was one thing, but watching Kirk and MuscleMan appreciating each other was over the top.

MuscleMan pulled Kirk’s jeans and boxers down to his ankles. Having already taken his shoes off at the door, he easily stepped out of them and let MuscleMan take off his shirt.

Holy fuckin’ shit. Kirk did indeed belong on the Mr. Olympia stage. Sure, he was dwarfed by MuscleMan, but the amount of striated, hard muscle was more than Nathan had ever seen in person-- save, of course, for MuscleMan himself.

As Kirk took off his socks, MuscleMan took off his wrist and ankle bands, as well as his cape. They were both now totally nude. Kirk couldn’t believe that he was naked with another man. This was so foreign to him-- and yet he seemingly had no choice in the matter. His actions were his own, but they were so *driven* by his passions that they seemed involuntary-- something that this control-freak had never really experienced before. Self-discipline had always been Kirk’s most-valued trait.

MuscleMan put his hands on Kirk's waist and lifted him off the floor, bringing Kirk's muscular body next to his own. As Kirk's hands wrapped around MuscleMan's back, the Man of Muscle slowly-- effortlessly-- lifted and lowered Kirk up his body. Up and down. Up and down.

Nathan almost didn't get his jeans unzipped in time. As soon as his dick was out in the open, it burst a hard blast of milk that hit his face. He grabbed it like it was a fire hose, but really never gained control.

Kirk and MuscleMan heard Nathan's explosive groans, and this served to heighten their passion. For one brief moment, MuscleMan contemplated putting Kirk's huge body down so he could feast on the love potion that Nathan was offering up, but he knew there would be plenty of semen produced that weekend, some of which was only minutes away from coming out of Kirk's genitals.

Still holding Kirk up, MuscleMan walked over to an oversized reclining leather chair. Now came one of the most astounding moves Nathan had ever seen. With one fluid move, MuscleMan put Kirk in the chair on his back, laid on top of him, spread his legs apart, and eased his own huge throbbing cock inside Kirk's ass. It was amazing!

At first, Kirk threw his head back in silent agony. Then as MuscleMan pushed all the way in, Kirk yelled, then all-out *yelled* in pain. He pounded his fists on the leather armrests. What a heinous way for your ass to lose its virginity. And yet, what a magnificent way. Between gasps and loud groans, Kirk looked wide-eyed at MuscleMan. He was being made into a man's bitch! Sure, the man was superhuman, but still-- he was *being fucked!*

Nathan's orgasm seemed to renew as he watched the hyper-muscular back, tiny ass and oversized legs of MuscleMan fuck and fuck and fuck Kirk. Sometimes there was a flowing, yet passionate, rhythm; sometimes he'd thrust hard and just hold it for an eternity, flexing his ass all over hell. Nathan moaned as loud as Kirk did.

After the initial shock of being-- well-- *raped*-- wore off, Kirk began to at least partially appreciate the intoxicating feeling of having the muscle king of the universe push himself up inside of his own torso. He watched MuscleMan's face-- it was intense, and very passionate. He felt MuscleMan's arms-- huge pillars of iron, flexing with every thrust. He felt the mighty rod as it moved in and out-- sometimes forcefully, sometimes slowly and powerfully. And he felt himself get more and more aroused. His sphincter wrapped itself around the hard penis, and he started to like the feeling-- the feeling of being invaded so. He started to enjoy the abandon. He got harder. He got more aroused. He touched his own cock, and started stroking, matching his rhythm to MuscleMan's. His free hand kept feeling out MuscleMan's arms, shoulders, back, and chest. It was nothing like he had ever experienced before, and it was the most intensely hot thing he had ever experienced.

The two masses of muscle intertwined; MuscleMan's powerful body pounded Kirk, and Kirk, in turn, moved further and further toward climax.

Sensing Kirk's time was near, MuscleMan pulled his huge upper body up; he was still inside, up to the hilt. Kirk started to pant quickly. Kirk grabbed his own cock and squeezed it. With MuscleMan fully inside him, he started to cum. As his dick began to throb with ejaculations, MuscleMan put his own hands around Kirk's and aimed the spray at his own mouth. Only a few drops missed, hitting MuscleMan's face-- but he'd attend to those momentarily. You could actually *hear* the creamy-white blasts hit the back of MuscleMan's throat-- it was almost as if he had his mouth a few inches away from a high-pressure sprinkler. Of course, it would have been easier to hear the blasts if Kirk would have been a little quieter. An impossibility, apparently.

Nathan couldn't believe his eyes.

MuscleMan eventually bent farther and enveloped Kirk's cock head in his mouth, sucking every last bit of semen from his testicles. Kirk actually grimaced in pain as MuscleMan tried to get the very last drop-- the superhero had quite a vacuum mouth. MuscleMan licked up the splatters that had missed his mouth; Kirk watched, wide-eyed.

Renewed by Kirk's semen, MuscleMan went to town. He stretched out on top of Kirk again and began to hump. His hands moved over Kirk's muscular frame as he bucked his hips and started to moan. Within a few minutes, MuscleMan's body was tight and flexed as he ejaculated his essence into Kirk's ass. There was something about Kirk that turned MuscleMan on, and this orgasm was special. It was intensely powerful. MuscleMan's huge body embraced and covered Kirk's, and the giant's orgasm seemed to go on forever. Indeed, Nathan wondered if it would ever stop! Pounding after pounding, ass-flex after ass-flex, MuscleMan continued to pour his essence into Kirk's helpless body. When he finally slowed, and ultimately stopped, MuscleMan held Kirk still, hugging him and holding him for quite some time.

When MuscleMan did pull out, his cock head made a popping sound, and Kirk jumped as his ass hole closed tight. He squinted. The coming out was almost as painful as the going in.

MuscleMan stood tall over Kirk and smiled. "Thanks," he said politely.

Kirk didn't respond. He pressed his hands on his abs, rubbing himself, trying to minimize the pain his insides were feeling. He resisted the urge to rub his sphincter-- god it ached.

MuscleMan looked at Nathan, who was drenched in his own cum. He walked over and began to lick up the sweet nectar that had blotched his upper body. When he was done, he made his way into the kitchen area, under the balcony and said, "I don't know about you guys, but sex makes me hungry."

The two hunks eventually joined him, and after some good food and a few beers, Kirk seemed to loosen up. He hadn't really contemplated being fucked; but the allure of the huge MuscleMan helped to anesthetize the pain and confusion of what had just happened. Plus, it was a lot easier to hang with guys who liked gay sex when the guys were as macho and as built as his two companions.

“You guys start the party without me?” a voice said from the doorway.

MuscleMan moved around the bar and approached the young man. They embraced, and MuscleMan said, “Glad you could make it, Cody.” He turned to the two guys sitting at the counter and introduced the teenager to them.

Cody shook hands with the guys-- who had all gotten dressed after their earlier sex-capade-- and although Nathan was obviously very big and ripped, it was pretty apparent that Cody had eyes for the huge Kirk. Not more than for MuscleMan, mind you-- but eyes for the Olympia-contender nonetheless. New meat is always interesting.

“Cody, you’re in the room with Kirk,” MuscleMan said, motioning up the staircase. “You want to stow your stuff and then come on down for some food?”

“Sure,” Cody said, making his way upstairs. He soon returned and sat at the bar/counter next to Kirk and Nathan, looking at the high ceilings and big windows. “This place is incredible,” he smiled.

“Yeah, I thought it’d make for a fun weekend get-away,” MuscleMan said, offering Cody a plate with a huge sandwich and chips, and a beer.

“MuscleMan says you’re still in high school?” Kirk asked.

“Yeah,” Cody said, chomping down his first bite of his sandwich. “I graduate in a month or so.” He took a swig of beer, and the three men admired his disgustingly youthful leanness and gorgeous face. His short-cropped hair was turning on all three of them. For a moment, MuscleMan was regretting the room assignments, but he knew there would be plenty of opportunities to fuck the young stud during the weekend.

Kirk seemed pleased with Cody. The young buck reminded him of himself about ten years earlier.

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It was a cozy evening. A cold front had moved in, and Puget Sound was covered in dark storm clouds that had now opened and had begun to drench land and sea. Nathan had restocked the big fire in the huge river-rock fireplace, and it crackled as it warmed the four men who reclined in the Great Room. Cody and MuscleMan played a game of Scrabble on the big coffee table while Nathan and Kirk each sat in oversized chairs next to the windows; Nathan reading some recent muscle magazine (and for the first time openly allowing himself to get hard from the pics), Kirk working a crossword puzzle from the day’s issue of the Seattle Times. No one was bored; everyone was content-- and perhaps a little expectant as to the events of the evening.

As MuscleMan and Cody finished their game, the superhero stood up and stirred the fire, sending bright embers up the long shaft of the fireplace. His long white cape covered his huge body as he

bent over to adjust the fire's fuel. He stood and turned toward the three men, who had all watched his every move. His body was more than a symphony of erotic musculature, it was every orchestra; who could blame the men for watching?

MuscleMan smiled. "I'm getting a little thirsty," he said. He looked at Nathan and said, "You want to have sex?"

The audacity.

Nathan laughed, embarrassed. He fumbled with a response. Of course the answer would be *yes*, but having it be all out there and verbal like that was-- funny.

MuscleMan interrupted Nathan's attempt to answer. "Cody, Kirk, why don't you two have a seat on the couch. I think you might enjoy watching."

Kirk and Cody relaxed into the couch, each stud spreading his legs wide, yet not quite putting his hand where it would eventually end up.

MuscleMan bent down to Nathan, who was still seated with his muscle magazine in his overstuffed leather chair. "You like big muscles?" he asked.

"Uh, well, I do now," Nathan said.

MuscleMan put his hand on Nathan's deltoid, then let it run down the fireman's big arm. The cape of the superhero draped over both the men just a bit, so Cody and Kirk couldn't see much. MuscleMan took Nathan's hand and had him stand up. He led Nathan to a spot in front of the fireplace in the center of the room; Cody and Kirk had prime seats.

MuscleMan pushed his cape back, over his broad shoulders so that it hung down his back, exposing pretty much his whole body, save that which was contained in his netted thong. He removed the golden bands from his wrists and ankles, and his superhero stocking/shoes.

Cody's right hand found itself on his crotch, gently nursing a growing boner under his jeans. He spread his legs a little farther.

MuscleMan took off his cape and draped it over a chair.

Nathan swallowed hard.

MuscleMan stepped forward, leaned down and kissed Nathan on the mouth. Nathan brought a hand up to MuscleMan's face and cupped the superhero's cheek in his palm. He moaned. The kiss lasted about 30 seconds, and then MuscleMan stood tall again. He looked down at Nathan's torso and started to pull up the fireman's shirt. As soon as that was off, MuscleMan began undoing Nathan's belt and jeans, and soon Nathan's sizable cock was rising in the air at the incredible mass of muscle that stood before it.

It really was quite a site. Seeing the bodybuilder Nathan standing nude, next to the almost nude MuscleMan, it was hard to think of anything more powerful and sensual.

MuscleMan stood still, and Nathan did as well; the two men looked at each other, eyeing and admiring each other. Nathan's cock dripped with precum, and the silvery drops made a string that slowly fell off his erection and dripped toward the oval rug. MuscleMan's cock, though still covered by his semi-transparent thong, was getting hard.

Nathan looked up at MuscleMan who stood still, waiting.

Finally, Nathan put one hand on MuscleMan's thick chest and began to feel him out. MuscleMan stood still for a moment and then began to slowly roll his pecs under Nathan's hand, which had the immediate effect of calling the fireman's other hand up to join the first in the chest massage. MuscleMan closed his eyes. Nathan's thumbs flicked MuscleMan's nipples, and then his forefingers closed and he twisted them, causing a low rumble to emanate from MuscleMan's throat. Nathan alternated his nipple twists with all-out exploration of MuscleMan's chest shelf-- it really was like a shelf-- perhaps a continental shelf where the tectonic plates of each pec meet and form a fault like none other. Nathan's hands were slow and deliberate, and MuscleMan didn't seem interested in hurrying him.

By now, Kirk's right hand had found *it's* way to his crotch, and both he and Cody were rubbing.

MuscleMan slowly opened his eyes and tightened his body into a *most muscular* kind of pose, and Nathan's hands went all over, feeling muscles that had no business being so huge and hard. He sighed as he felt. MuscleMan raised both hands and put them behind his head, then slowly let his breath escape his body. His skin shrink-wrapped around his muscles, accenting his impossible abs, his intercostals, and his gigantic quads. Nathan just let his hands run down MuscleMan's torso; the fireman's cock throbbed.

MuscleMan looked at his own arms; first at his left, then at his right, as if to underscore that something big was about to happen. And *big* would be an understatement. Slowly, as he watched his arms move, they raised to his sides; he bent them, bringing his forearms up, bending his arms in a biceps flex-- yet they weren't flexed yet.

But then, as he looked at Nathan, he tightened his biceps.

“Holy shit!” Nathan gasped.

MuscleMan's oak-tree sized biceps flexed into hardness, forming separated peaks of Matterhorn-mountain muscles. Veins swarmed all over hell. MuscleMan's forearms moved inward, then outward; they twisted slowly, making the peak of the biceps muscles bounce and grow. It looked like he had two live animals at his sides!

“Holy shit!” Kirk repeated Nathan's exclamation.

The god's arms were beyond incredible.

Cody's pants were unzipped and he was pushing them on the floor, trying at the same time to remove his shirt. It would have looked comical, if it wasn't so goddam hot.

MuscleMan examined his mighty pythons, slowly tweaking his pose, perfecting their size and shape with minute nuances in tension and position. His whole arms-- biceps, triceps and forearms-- rippled with powerful life.

Nathan nearly choked, but when he found his wits, he put his hands up onto MuscleMan's flexing peaks. *Don't cum-- don't cum yet!* he told himself in a panic. It was all he could do to feel them without squirting all over MuscleMan. His hands trembled as they moved onto the hardened skin. It was very warm. The epidural layer felt like paper-- tissue paper almost-- covering lumps of moving muscle and ridges of pulsing blood vessels. MuscleMan flexed them tighter in response to Nathan's worshipful touch.

It quickly became apparent that Nathan would be nowhere *near* able to appreciate the mass and definition of MuscleMan's arms if he tried to take them in together. So, he decided to move and work on feeling just one of them. Both hands couldn't encircle one arm, but Nathan certainly enjoyed trying. MuscleMan smiled as he flexed for Nathan's hands. They ran over, under, on top, behind and at the front of the engorged limb, and MuscleMan taunted Nathan's fingers with both slow, rippling flexes and tight, hardened poses as well. MuscleMan lowered his other arm to his side.

As Nathan stood there, feeling the awesome splendor of MuscleMan's arm, his face was level with MuscleMan's chest. He moved his lips close, and as he continued to squeeze and feel the arm, he began to suckle at MuscleMan's nipple.

This elicited a whole new chorus of moans and sighs from the Commander from the future. MuscleMan's nipples were quite sensitive, and Nathan's tongue found a way around them that was very compelling, to say the least.

Nathan softly bit MuscleMan's nipple, and twisted it.

MuscleMan gasped, pausing from his flexing.

Nathan continued to kiss and suck MuscleMan's chest, and the giant-- seemingly very vulnerable right now-- lowered his flexing arm to his side. Nathan moaned as he brought MuscleMan such obvious pleasure. The fireman's hands moved up and down MuscleMan's torso while he sucked, kissed and tasted the nipple.

Nathan's hands finally found themselves at MuscleMan's thong. He slowly moved his palms and fingers over the fabric, trying to encompass the giant's cock-- which was impossible to do. He just rubbed, slowly-- still kissing and sucking MuscleMan's pec.

At the touch of his genitals, MuscleMan's enjoyment of this session immediately increased by ten-fold. He closed his eyes and dropped his head back. Nathan kept rubbing, gently caressing the fabric and the growing boner underneath. He stopped sucking MuscleMan's pec and stood back to look at the cock as it grew.

Nathan, it must be said, had an incredible amount of self-discipline. A lesser man would have ripped MuscleMan's trunks off by now; but the fireman seemed to enjoy holding back-- a tactic that seemed to be driving MuscleMan right up to the edge.

Nathan's precum dribbled onto MuscleMan's quad.

Cody was now fully naked, stroking himself slowly as he watched. Kirk had his pants open and his mighty member sticking straight up into the air. As did Cody, he stroked his boner.

Nathan seemed to take years before his hands finally began to breach the elastic boundary of MuscleMan's trunks. He teased MuscleMan, rubbing very close to the giant's pubes, and then pulling back. Then he'd go in a little deeper-- say one knuckle's length-- inside the thong, then pull out again. MuscleMan was getting ever harder.

Finally Nathan put his hand inside and began to pull the gigantic organ out. It was heavy. *Really* heavy. It was bulky. It was warm. It was moist. It was getting harder and harder, even as Nathan manipulated it to get it out. He pulled and pushed the head toward the side-- that was the only way you could get it out. It almost poked out one of the legs of the thong, but Nathan pulled it back and with his other hand pushed the netted fabric over it, pointing the purple member toward one hip. The elasticity of the see-through fabric was tested to its limit. Nathan continued to slowly, gently, tenderly work the member, but it was like trying to coax a blue whale out of a fishing net-- it would have been much more easy to just rip the net apart; but that wouldn't have been near as fun.

Nathan's deft fingers wrapped around it, massaged it, even stroked it a little, as he gently maneuvered it so that it just-- barely-- poked out the top of MuscleMan's waistline. The purple head was swollen. You could see the pores on it-- breathing, pulsing. The skin on the shaft wasn't visible over the fabric yet. The thick lip of the cock head was pinkish-purple. Now positioned for the next move, the cock was ready for a little more taunting. Nathan pulled his hand out and placed his fingertips on the outside of the fabric; he ran them up in one long stroke.

MuscleMan's eyes were closed, and he sighed.

Nathan pulled the fabric aside that covered MuscleMan's balls. He knelt. On his knees, he put his lips on MuscleMan's hairless testicles and kissed. He flicked MuscleMan's sweet spot behind them. He rolled them around with his fingers, in the sacs.

Involuntarily, MuscleMan’s cock began to poke up from the waistband even farther. Some of the muscled shaft was now exposed and Nathan admired the labyrinth of veins and complex system of blood vessels that fed the growing organ.

Nathan kissed the exposed part of the shaft, then moved his lips up to the head. He kissed there too, and sucked in the droplets of precum that had formed.

MuscleMan groaned. He flexed his cock and it sprang up higher.

Obviously, the thong was no longer able to contain it.

Nathan, in his usual slow, methodical pace, began to pull the thong downward. As he did so, MuscleMan raised his hands again and put them behind his head.

“Oh, shit,” Cody sighed. The scene was so intensely hot that he was near orgasm. But he knew he needed to hold it so that MuscleMan could swallow his cum.

MuscleMan’s hardened body froze as Nathan slowly pulled the thong down over his impossible quads. They fought every inch. Once on the floor, MuscleMan kicked them away with his toes.

The god-like superhero was now totally nude, and his cock was as erect as the Space Needle.

Nathan began licking the throbbing organ. He pulled MuscleMan’s balls forward, being sure to lather them with his saliva as his tongue made the long trek up and down the formidable shaft and head. Up-- and down. Up-- very slowly-- and down-- very slowly. Each lick was almost audible. Every slurp certainly was.

Nathan grasped the rod and pulled down on it. It tightened. It was so hard that he couldn’t get it anywhere *near* parallel with the floor-- it was just too strong. Nathan held it. Still. He could feel it throb with each of MuscleMan’s heartbeats.

The city fireman couldn’t believe what he was holding in his hands. He kissed it again, and then resumed his long, arduous blow job.

Eric Armstrong-- MuscleMan-- couldn’t remember getting a better blow job than this. Ever. Nathan’s tongue and lips pulled, pushed, kissed and taunted the stiff member like it had never been enjoyed before.

After a good 20 minutes of Nathan’s tongue and mouth slurping all over MuscleMan’s genitals, the smaller man stood up. His cock was ready to explode. Indeed, as MuscleMan and Nathan kissed, Nathan could feel it coming. And MuscleMan’s hand, wrapping around Nathan’s boner certainly didn’t do much to help matters.

Fortunately, MuscleMan’s grip sensed the impending ejaculation, and he bent down just in time to receive the first squirt of Nathan’s jizz. He wrapped his mouth around Nathan’s cock and

pulled his face onto it, sticking it deep into his throat. Nathan gave out a loud yell and you could see his whole body convulse in one hard jolt. He grabbed MuscleMan's head and hissed as he began filling it with hot fluid.

MuscleMan drank in every push of semen with obvious pleasure; he had to stifle a smile. At one point he even opened his mouth and let Nathan's jizz shoot through the air to his waiting tongue and lips. You could tell the semen was delicious to him.

As he finished, Nathan, exhausted from the physical stress his orgasm had given him, fell back onto his ankles.

MuscleMan stood erect and looked at Cody, who looked as if an orgasm was imminent. It was. The giant man walked over to where Cody reclined. Cody looked up at him as a helpless fawn, unable to control itself. He was about to blow, and nothing could stave it off.

MuscleMan put his hand on Cody's cock. Cody's own hand fell to his side. MuscleMan stroked Cody slowly as he reclined there-- it was quite a contrast to the enthusiastic treatment the teen had been giving himself a few seconds earlier. The slow, long strokes were hell on Cody. His eyes seemed to plead with MuscleMan for some more vigorous resistance.

But MuscleMan smiled and just kept on fondling it in long, languid strokes. Of course, the hormone-packed 18-year-old guy nearly came every time he *saw* MuscleMan, so it certainly didn't take long for his penis to erupt in a flurry of foamy blasts-- which MuscleMan adeptly caught with his tongue. As he had with Nathan, he quickly surrounded Cody's rhythmically powerful organ with his mouth. Cody groaned loudly; MuscleMan's tongue wrapped around the 18 year-old cock and matched it's percussive blasts with a tempo of pulling and sucking. The giant's lips pursed around the base of Cody's cock, nuzzling the sweet-smelling pubes-- he drank in the clean, innocent aroma as he swallowed the cum.

When Cody was sucked dry, MuscleMan let him rest; indeed, he himself seemed to need a little recuperation as well. His cock went semi-flaccid and he held Cody tenderly. In a way, he was nursing Cody back to strength after this most violent of orgasms. The picture was touching-- almost like father and son, even though only a few years separated them (a few years plus a few centuries-- but *that* would mean that Cody was as old as MuscleMan's great, great, great grandfather! Weird to contemplate, for sure!).

MuscleMan's voracious appetite for semen soon turned its attention to Kirk, who was watching, still dressed, but with erect cock in the air. MuscleMan looked at him with a subtle, but sly, grin that clearly said *you're next*.

Kirk was much more at ease now, although his alpha, competitive, macho personality still gave him that air of unapproachability, even concerning MuscleMan. As the superhero neared, though, Kirk let down his guard; it wasn't like he was in the position to object, what with his boner sticking up in the air like that and all....

When MuscleMan got to a position in front of the still-reclining Kirk, he stopped. He looked down at the steroid-infused athlete and smiled. Then, he started posing. As he artistically hit pose after mind-blowing pose, MuscleMan's cock began to harden from its semi-flacid state, into a thick, long tree-branch of male virility that was unrivaled on 21st century Earth. It was wet, freakishly veiny and painfully rigid. Clearly, MuscleMan liked showing off for this competitive stud.

Clearly, as well, Kirk was enjoying the show. His cock couldn't get harder that it had already been, but he did start stroking it harder. As the Eric Armstrong from the future continued to stretch the credulity of what Kirk thought was possible concerning male physical development, Kirk slowly took off his clothes. When he finished stripping, he stood nude before MuscleMan, his cock nearly against his cobblestone abs, streams of clear serum dribbling down its veiny shaft.

MuscleMan's own cock was absurd in its size and sensuality. It literally was pretty hard to swallow that a man's genitals could be that big-- and that... well... Kirk had to admit... that *beautiful*. Hard to swallow, indeed.

But as Kirk examined it, his uniquely alpha personality considered that cock not only as a thing of masculine beauty, but as something he wanted to conquer. Most men who faced MuscleMan were overwhelmed with him. Kirk was overwhelmed, for sure-- but he somehow had the ability to go beyond that, to a place where he viewed MuscleMan almost as a *challenge*. And clearly, the fact that MuscleMan was so extremely hard when posing for Kirk, meant that MuscleMan *desired* Kirk. Kirk had a real appreciation for the fact that where there is desire, there is weakness.

And that fuck they had when they first arrived, before Cody got here-- although Kirk was overcome with a new kind of sexual pleasure, he was also shamed by it. The act *was* over the top, bordering on embarrassing, if not outright humiliating.

Not that Kirk had any delusions that he could in any way *overcome* MuscleMan-- no. But the challenge did seem to present itself to Kirk that maybe he could *seduce* MuscleMan-- possibly find a way to make MuscleMan *cum* before he himself came.

Now *that* would be a fun challenge....

[*Bremerton, To Be Continued...*]





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Comments: sean@buffmuscles.com

sean@musclepla.net

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sean@buffmuscles.com

Also, please make sure to visit my website:

<http://buffmuscles.com>

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