

The Captain and his Privates

Synthesized from the writings of ManOfSteel, the author John, and Sean Reid Scott. Compiled by Sean Reid Scott. Image Renders by ManOfSteel

PART ONE

See, it all started when Captain McAllister was talking to us about discipline. It was a really hot day and the four of us were running on the long cross country course just outside the base. The three of us privates—Sam, Kenny and me—were shirtless.

But Captain McAllister, running alongside us, was wearing a skin-tight, white tank top that did absolutely nothing to hide that killer body of his. If anything, the tank top just made you stare more, and harder. I think Cap liked to taunt us by having us go shirtless while he kept that thing on. We all wanted him to take it off, but was he almost never seen shirtless. I, personally, had never seen his bare upper body, and I don't think Sam or Kenny had either. And it wasn't just something we could ask him to do: "Captain, can you pleeeeeease take off your shirt?" Yeah. That would probably get us laps and pushups.

That shirt was a tease. You could see his abs through the thin cloth, and his gigantic pecks pushed against the fabric, straining it to its limits. They pretty-much poured over the neck line and invited you to touch. And at the tank's neck opening, thick, sexy, black hair stuck out, portending just how hairy that massive chest was. God, he was big. And insanely lean. And so incredibly muscular. Just huge, rippling muscles. On top of enormous, rippling muscles. Everywhere.

Anyway, while we ran, Cap started telling us how our minds were the most powerful weapon we had, and that when we were training, in this case running in the hot sun, we could will ourselves to go farther than we thought possible and not give in to fatigue, thirst, etc. He said discipline, and the mind, could fend off any urge.

Kenny said, "Can't stop you from coming."

Cap said Kenny was right, up to a point. Then he added, "But with extreme concentration, it's possible."

We continued running, moving into a remote wooded area, then Cap said, just out of the blue, "For example, nobody could make **me** come if I didn't want to."

I slowed down and stopped on the path. "Now really, sir," I said. The captain stopped a few feet in front of me. Sam and Kenny stopped as well. Cap turned back and faced me. "That's a pretty big claim," I said. "Sir."

He stepped toward me.

"I mean, if you're trying to teach us about the power of the mind, are we supposed to just take your word for it?" I asked. "...that you could keep from coming if you didn't want to?"

Cap said, "I'm serious." He glanced at each of us. "The mind is a powerful weapon. Most people never utilize even a fraction of its potential. And yes, I can back up my claim. Using the mind to control your body is one of the most important things you can learn in life. If I wanted to keep from coming, I could do it, no matter how much someone tried to get me off."

"Sir." I said. "How are we supposed to put any credence into that? I mean, we don't know who's tried to make you come. Or what they did. Or if they were any good at it. Respectfully, what you mean, is that nobody has made you come against your will... *yet*."

"Sir," Kenny said, "You mean... like, even if someone was touching you... *anywhere*?"

"And *everywhere*?" Sam added, and I could see him undressing Cap with his eyes.

"Well, privates," Cap said, "exactly what kind of stimulation do you think would make me come?"

"Sucking," said Kenny. "A really nice blowjob, sir."

“Rimming,” Sam interjected. “I bet you would have a hard time ignoring a nice hard tongue poking into your sphincter. Sir.”

“Or touching your erogenous zones,” I chimed in. I couldn’t help but stare at his nipples through that thin, white tank top. “Like, fondling your nipples while they kissed you.”

“Or your perineum,” Kenny added. “You know, having someone touch you right behind your balls, while they sucked your cock.”

The Cap smirked. “I could last as long as I needed, privates.” then he added, “Even if all of those things were done to me at once.”

He saw a smile forming on my face.

“Sir, are you willing to *prove* it?” I asked. “I mean, prove... that you can keep from coming—even while our hands are on you? Stroking you—and trying to make you come?” My heart was racing now, even faster than it had been while we were running.

“Private,” he smirked now, obviously trying to keep from an all out smile, “I never hesitate to put my body where my mouth is.” He paused and met our eyes. His brows furrowed slightly. He examined us with a questioning expression. “You three really interested?”

“I certainly wouldn’t mind putting my mouth where his body is,” Kenny whispered soft enough so only I heard it.

The three of us looked at each other, speechless. Sam was licking his lips. Kenny had a hard-on that was visible under his fatigues. The prospect of being able to see Cap naked—much less put our hands on all of those gigantic, bulging muscles—it was mind-boggling. Not to mention being able to touch all of his most private parts in an attempt to get him to ejaculate. Holy fuck! What would it be like to see Cap actually come!

Cap had been waiting for an answer. He finally put his hands on his hips and said, “So, you privates wanna give it a shot?”

“Yeah!” said Kenny.

“Hell yeah!” said Sam.

Cap smiled, showing those brilliant white, perfect teeth. God but he looked like a movie star when he smiled. “You’re sure now. I wouldn’t want you to waste your afternoon... You think you can make *me* come,” he stated questioningly.

Sam cleared his throat and said, “Yes, sir. I think I can.”

“Me too,” said Kenny. “Sir.”

“I uh, wouldn’t mind trying too, sir,” I said.

We all nodded enthusiastically.

He looked up the pathway, then back from where we came, checking to make sure we were in a secluded area. While he surveyed the surroundings he asked, “You want to set a time limit? I mean, I don’t want you to miss evening mess.”

“Two hours,” Kenny blurted out.

Cap chuckled. “I could handle that.”

I thought Kenny was being generous to the Captain. Two hours seemed like a long time. But if it took that long—and maybe we should just stretch it out anyway—what a wonderful way to spend the afternoon: Stroking him, feeling all those massive, hard muscles. And maybe that’s what Kenny was thinking anyway. The longer, the better. I actually thought of suggesting three hours, but maybe we could reserve that for a rematch, if it was necessary.

I was dizzy with lust. I’d never imagined this was possible. From the very first day I was assigned to Company C, I had jerked off—many times a day—to fantasies of our Captain.

Cap gave us a look that said “fair enough.” Then he grabbed the neck of his tank top, and with one sudden spread of his massive arms the fabric tore loudly from top to bottom, opening the front of his shirt completely.

All three of us gasped as we laid eyes on his naked upper body for the first time. Devoid of any clothing: the incredible proportions, the gargantuan arms, the ridiculous shoulders, the brick like abs, and that insanely minuscule waist. His entire upper body was revealed to us. He was perfection.

And that chest! The flow of his massive pectorals, now unconstrained by fabric, formed into living globes of hand-deep moons. Each marvelous, hair covered breast carried the down pointed protuberance of an excited nipple on its undercarriage of thickly cantilevered meat. The wonder of each areola bound into full view, momentarily allowing nothing but those pouting nipple knobs to fill my consciousness.

Cap's pecks had always tormented me. I was obsessed with those gorgeous globes of chest muscle. Those giant, heavy, thick, hairy... hairy... pecks, crowned by those big, always hard nipples that poked from beneath any fabric... always commanding your attention... always filling your mind... driving you insane... Cap's chest was just nuts. You could set a plate and eat dinner off that thing.

What remained of the tank top hung from his back and shoulders like a limp vest. He shrugged it off and let it fall to the ground. He looked down and started undoing the drawstring of his sweats. While his long, muscular fingers did their work, he glanced up at us and stifled down a smirk. Finally he pushed his sweats down, and after forcing them over his galaxy sized upper legs, he let them fall to the dirt path. He looked up at us while he carefully stepped out of his pants.

All he wore now were his boots, socks, hat, and dog tags. No underwear.

All three of us stood there slack-jawed and wide eyed. The entire, obscene display of inhumanly perfected muscle—just standing there, naked—it was gut wrenchingly astounding. I was beside myself in lust. I couldn't believe Cap was actually letting us look at him naked.

And if all that rippling, bulging muscle wasn't enough, the cock hanging between his legs made all three of us blink and blink, trying to wrap our eyes around its magnificence. The thing was beyond gigantic. Cap's cock soft, was bigger than a regular guy's cock, hard. Even the biggest cock I'd ever seen—hard—was nothing compared to that thing soft. I caught myself

closing my hands into fists, and then re-opening them as I stared at the enormous shaft, and those low hanging testicles. It had to be eight inches, soft, hanging almost halfway down his enormous thighs. And it was thick. Like a rolling pin.

I'd showered with pretty-much every man in Company C. And scores of men before even being in the army, and I'd never, ever, seen anything like what was hanging between the Cap's legs. It was actually kind of scary. I doubted I, or anyone could get it in their mouth, even in its present, limp state. Much less when it was standing at attention. Who knew how a man or woman would be able to accept that thing into their body.... It almost made me shudder, thinking about the internal damage that thing would do.

He smirked at us. "Something tells me you privates like muscle."

None of us answered. Our jaws were hanging loose. One thing that wasn't loose, was the fabric at our crotches. My cock started getting hard back before Cap even took off his tank top, back when we were just talking about getting him to come.

Cap said, "Well since you men obviously like what you see, before we begin this little test maybe you'd like me to flex a bit, and let you look at my muscles."

I tried to nod, but I don't think I moved at all.

Kenny squeaked out, "Sure. Sure. Sir."

Captain McAllister must've done some showing off before, because when he crossed his arms at his wrists, and then slowly pulled them out to his sides while he moved into a double-biceps pose, he looked like a professional bodybuilder on stage—but this body was so massive, beautiful, and beyond comparison it would easily turn the biggest, most ripped pro bodybuilder green with envy.

Cap was able to move those massive muscles with the grace of a gazelle and the artistry of a gymnast... or ballet dancer. I couldn't believe how his muscles so beautifully responded to his wishes.

His insanely big and wide shoulders rose into helmets of sliced, rounded muscle, capping out higher than the highest part of the boulder-like traps whose image they displaced as his arms rose. Veins streaked across the curved surfaces of each deltoid, and meandered like great captured rivers onto the heaving upper pecks. He slowly permitted his fingers to unknot themselves as his arms drifted outward toward each side of his swelled beauty. So graceful in his movements.

The thickness of the expanding lats fought hard against the massive triceps, forcing them outward. These triceps now hung on the bottom of his extended, straight arms, advertising their size to be much, much bigger and fuller than American footballs. The sight of this godlike man, displaying his muscles like this made me lightheaded.

He paused, with his arms straight out, forming an image reminiscent of Jesus on the cross. Then, slowly, carefully, he examined his left arm, then his right one—obviously with admiration—anticipating what he was about to do.

Ever so slowly, each forearm came alive with an ecosystem of snakelike veins, and lumps of moving, thickening muscle. They fleshed out, seemingly as large as any one of his three lusting admirer's thighs, wrapped in ropes of intertwined veining from wrist to fucking elbow. The largest of the veins continued on, flowing over the surfaces of the ever distending upper arm masses. Fingers closed into fists once more, and the upper arms began to show their unimaginable might as his forearms transitioned from horizontal to raised vertical pillars of muscle.

As he lifted his big arms he shifted his weight to one side, delicately positioning his torso just slightly to one side, over his right hip, pushing his right latissimus muscles outward. This asymmetrical positioning dripped with grace. Cap moved sensually, like an Adonis. This off-center movement only served to accentuate his "V" shaped upper torso, and the powerful breadth of his massive legs below, all combining into an hour glass silhouette of masculine, muscular beauty. It was a vision of undeniable muscle perfection, glistening with sultry, confident, arousing power.

Mound after mound of fibrous meat began to define itself on the surface of each growing bicep. The rippling balls of muscle flexed and reshaped into spheres of heaving rock. It was as if they had a life of their own. They

undulated and mutated into ever higher peaks. Mountainous flesh protruded upward until two globes the size of volleyballs had announced their dizzying presence. These perfect shapes then reformed themselves again; they split to permit an outgrowth of magma-muscle that began to protrude out of the top of those balls to form even higher peaks of baseball sized pinnacles. His arms trembled as this second rounding of chiseled meat escaped from within the larger spheres, growing like hardening lava domes on top of the erupting volcanic masses.

The immensity of each magnificent deltoid was reduced to a foothill of muscle in the presence of the grand mountains of impossibly peaked biceps. The upper baseballs of muscle of each multi-split bicep forced the skin sheathing to translucent thinness. Each and every fiber of muscle became brutally conspicuous to the naked eye. These two mountains of biceps muscle had a way of making me feel unsteady, shaky. Twin Matterhorns of peaked, split biceps stretched ever higher, and then—defying all conventional concepts of anatomy that I've ever known—grew into even higher, more defined masses of muscle. It was a reckless amount of muscle.

At the same time his biceps came to full attention, Cap spread his back, making it fan out in a crazy wide display of latissimus dorsi splendor. The effect was breathtaking: His back flared out with such magnificence that it was difficult to comprehend what we were seeing. Two rounds of gigantic muscle wedges hung at his sides, bulging outward, under his flexing arms. At their connections to his narrow lower torso, the latissimus dorsi dove into his core, pulled by his insanely defined serratus and obliques.

As looked each of us in the eye, he flared his lats for his ogling privates, he studied each of us, gauging our reaction. He stifled back a smile. He must have realized how hard it was for us to watch this. He had to know how hard he was making us.

Cap's painfully flexed biceps peaked almost ear high in chiseled fullness. His arms trembled while he commanded them to remain tight and huge. His triceps billowed with the tension of compacted coiled springs. They fought against the writhing biceps above them in a contest of size and definition, each muscle group attempting to dazzle us with its own amazing presence. The banding of veins surrounding the stupendous masses of upper arm

meat visibly pumped all over hell. We could see the vessels nourish the intensely dense muscles that twitched under their feeding.

Standing before the three of us was a man bigger and more muscular than any of us had ever seen—or imagined—ripped and lean beyond what seemed possible, and more massive and perfectly-proportioned than any bodybuilder, anywhere. My two compatriots were as slack-jawed as I was, and as hard as I was. It was an almost offensive sight: No one human being should be allowed to possess muscles that big and ripped.

Cap smiled and said, “Before I continue to flex my muscles, I need to lose my boots.” He locked eyes with me, communicating exactly what needed to be done. “Private Scott?” He cocked his head in a “Come’ere” motion.

I kneeled in front of him and began unlacing his left boot. This close, his hot muscles *radiated* heat. I could feel his eyes boring through me while my trembling fingers fumbled with the strings. And right in front of me was the biggest, most rippling, oval, upper leg ever. Just inches from my face. His calf was like one of those really big snow globes, just hanging off the back of his lower leg. And then, right between his legs: the biggest cock—surely—on the planet. I got one boot off, then the sock. Then the other boot and sock.

“Thank you, private. Return to formation,” he said. We weren’t in any kind of actual formation; none of us had been any kind of “at ease.” But I guess it would be accurate to say that a certain part of all three of us was definitely at full attention. I returned to stand next to my buddies, and we waited for Cap to continue.

Apparently satisfied with the show mounted so far, Captain McAllister proceeded to move on from merely showing off his arms—into a full on posing routine. It was the most dazzling, graceful, slow—and dare I say, sensual—display of muscle imaginable. He moved with a fluidity that totally belied the muscle mass he was showing off. Graceful and aesthetic, the captain’s naked body was heart stopping.

The Cap grinned. He permitted his lats to become even more distended, if that were possible, forcing them to stark, dense brilliance—almost as wide across as an average man was tall. The curvature of immense muscle on each side cascaded down in a sweeping flow of vein-painted meat until

they crashed behind the tightly etched oblique muscles. These reached out and pulled the upper mass down into a girdled waist of what couldn't have been more than 32 inches. How could a man this big have a waist smaller than my own?

Fully inflated, Cap's immense upper torso chiseled itself into what must've been over 80 inches of lava-hot muscle. His hairy, extended pecks never surrendered any of their thickness as they swept across the vast distance between his central breastplate and their ultimate connection between the upper arm and shoulder. Each abdominal was an individual mound of muscle, outlined in knife sharp, chiseled definition, with a dark, deep chasm separating each and every one.

With sultry grace, Cap slowly lowered his arms, making the enormity of his distended latissimus dorsi even more painfully obvious as they forced his relaxed limbs outward from his torso.

His pecks quivered as they tensed to reinforce the volume of each immeasurable upper arm.

As if insisting for their own attention, Cap's voluminous pecks undulated with imposing raw power as they blossomed in an array of lined wonder, stretching from the unstoppable arm meat to the dark channel carved in a finger-deep vertical canyon between the two delicious, quivering breasts. The swelling peck meat permitted a wider view of the excited brown nipples pointing invitingly downward from the lower extremities of the shredded, quivering pectoral masses. The thick matte of black hair coating the bundled pectorals surrounded the areola, opening just enough to show off their sensual presence.

The hyper-masculine image that stood before us was one of unfathomable strength. It was all we could do to just keep our cocks in our pants.

"Fuuuck," one of us mumbled.

It was at that point I got as close as I ever had, to spontaneously ejaculating. Ever. I'm serious: I nearly started creaming my pants, watching Cap flex and roll those hairy man breasts, over and over again for what seemed like forever. He knew my weakness. He grinned and smirked right at me while he taunted me with his chest. As if he were saying, *I know how*

much you look at my pecks, private, all the time. You can't stop yourself from looking at them, can you. I see you looking every day. My big chest turns you on, doesn't it, private.

Beneath that unspeakably gigantic continent of hairy, rolling breast muscle, the broad, mounded, plated abdominals were ripped from the fingers of the carved serratus and obliques, bouncing downward in individually lined pairs of bulging meat, dragging the eyes of the viewer lower and lower toward the darkness of the tiny waistline. The proportional difference between Cap's enormously dense upper torso and harshly tight waist bordered on the impossible.

The girdled waist exploded downward: Two pillars of veiny marble had somehow been sculpted into gigantic quadriceps—massive, rounded ovals that gave meaning to the leg nickname of “wheels.” The quads flared and divided into sweeping mounds of the various upper leg muscles, each one more split and defined than its neighbor. Coiling fleshy cords of meat wrapped outward, downward and back in, as every fiber of Cap's inhumanly enormous legs announced itself to his riveted, drooling audience.

Cap moved one leg forward and, meeting each of our eyes, began to flex the presented column of beef. He pressed his now shoeless toes into the soil, tightening his calf and undulating his quad. Cords of muscle danced up the inside of the quadriceps then down the outside, as his upper leg exploded into the carved formations of the numerous, writhing muscles, pushing its girth past 40 inches, easily.

The Cap alternated flexing—and loosening—his leg. He locked his knee. The leg's mammoth mass wobbled back and forth as he shook it, and then... *Bam!* It hardened into a rock formation of boulders and mountains, all beautifully congealed into one monstrous unit, yet each one individually steeled into solid, massive, blocks of ripped, insanely-defined muscle. Veins appeared from out of nowhere; deep, defined ridges formed between muscles that had only seconds before been relaxed and smooth.

I heard Kenny gasp.

Then Cap did it again: He unclenched the leg muscles, and they smoothed over. Then he used his hand to assist the motion of rolling the gigantic limb

—back and forth, back and forth, and then *BAM!* Once again we nearly fell all over ourselves as we witnessed his leg solidify and morph into an amazing display of hardened, individual groupings of mounding muscle mass.

Between the mounding and throbbing muscles of Cap's legs, his giant cock languidly moved from side to side, depending on the leg muscles being flexed at any particular moment. He paid it no mind, allowing it to move where it wanted while he concentrated on flexing for us.

A dark forest of pubic hair nestled around the base of this elephantine trunk. At each side of the slowly lengthening poll that was Cap's cock, a pair of apple-sized, moist nut sacs framed the colossal organ. At first, the low-hangers dangled downward nearly as far as the cock that they book ended. But now, Cap was starting to get hard, apparently appreciating the lusting private's eyes that were running all over his physique. The shaft was getting longer—and thicker. The entire assemblage of genital perfection was forced forward by the veiny wall of muscle formed by the twin columns of inimitable quadriceps beef.

His shaft, laced up and down its length with distended veining, was definitely getting fuller and longer. It was lengthening, snaking down the chasm between his upper legs. As it grew, the plump, hard helmet moved farther away from the dangling nut sacs that stood watch on its flanks.

All this penis growth seemed to be happening with its owner totally oblivious to its ever hardening state. Mind boggling muscle completely filled our field of vision as Cap shifted and pushed every muscle fiber to achieve maximum displayed potential.

He gracefully lifted his arms again and placed them behind his head. He put one foot out front, smiled at his men, then exhaled the air from his lungs in a *whoosh* sound. And all hell broke out over Cap's body. Muscles that had previously been shrouded in a thin membrane of skin suddenly jumped into view, blasting our consciousness with unimaginable, rippling ridges and fissures of insanely defined meat.

The muscle man's waistline—already dwarfed by the unspeakable massiveness of his upper torso and the indescribable breadth and bulk of his legs—receded into nothingness. His body exploded with impossible

muscle. Cap's facial expression, tight from the effort of emptying his lungs, turned from concentrated effort to smirking understanding as he saw our faces pale, our eyes bulge, and our jaws drop to heretofore unseen depths.

He lowered his arms and put his hands on his hips, tightening his body into the *ultimate* Most Muscular pose. Deltoids that looked more like bowling balls than the oft' cited cannon balls, mounded into spheres of gorgeous, broad muscle. A deep cleavage at their base separated each deltoid from the gigantic balls of triceps muscles below. His body quaked with his effort to tighten every fiber of muscle.

Cap transitioned into a side chest pose, and I nearly lost it. Even under the matting of gorgeous black hair, the sweeping lines that fanned out from his central sternum and streamed over the globes of each pectoral were obviously visible. He tucked his grasped hands under the protruding overhang of that giant chest and squeezed his immortal body in brutal hardness.

Next, with sensual grace, he rotated his body away from us and exposed us to the most amazing assemblage of lumpy, moving, undulating back muscle conceivable. Actually, it was beyond anything you could conceive. His arms rose into a back double biceps and the relief map of muscle that comprised his back hardened into solid beauty. His biceps blasted higher and higher, and his entire back side—tight wedges of trapezius, quivering mounding ass, bulging hamstrings, and distended latissimus dorsi—they all blossomed into pure man muscle perfection.

The three of us watched in lusting silence. He continued to pose and flex, moving into countless displays of cock hardening muscle. He appeared to enjoy our rapt attention. And his extending and thickening cock seemed to belie his relaxed nonchalance.

I was leaking into my fatigues. The pre-come wetness that seeped out of my slit was making it uncomfortable. A cold, dark spot formed on my pants.

Finally, but way too soon, Cap stopped posing. He stood relaxed in front of us, a slight sheen of sweat coated his massive body—a result of his flexing session. Even relaxed like this, his body was gut-wrenching in its proportional massive beauty.

“Wow,” Sam muttered. “Just... holy *fuck*.”

Cap raised an eyebrow, then frowned at Sam.

“Holy fuck, *sir*,” Sam said, correcting his error of not using proper form of address.

“Captain... you’re...” Kenny was trying to form some kind of sentence. “You’re unbelievable...” He just looked down and shook his head, then added a soft, “Sir.”

Cap smiled politely, standing there totally nude, relaxed. His entire body dripped with unimaginable muscle.

His cock shaft was now throbbing with his heartbeats while it continued to stiffen. He looked at each of the growing crotches under our fatigue pants. His little muscle show had all three of us hard. We all had erections, just from watching Cap flex naked for us. And the volumes of clear pre-come dribbling out of our hardening cocks had made my buddies wet too. I’m serious. To a man, we each had made big, dark wet spots on our fatigues. Just from watching Cap flex.

“Maybe we should add another element to this contest,” he smirked. “Let’s see if I can get *you three privates to come*. Let’s see if the three of you men have enough discipline to control yourselves. Won’t surprise me if all three of you come before I do,” he grinned. “I doubt it will take very long actually.” His expression sobered. “Discipline, men. You need to learn discipline. This whole exercise will probably be an invaluable experience for you three.”

He paused, and let that idea sink in. Eventually he brought us to the task at hand. He said, “Well men. Maybe we should get this little contest started.”

I wasn’t sure if we’d actually agreed to change the contest—adding in the part where the three of us try not to come. But somehow it didn’t seem to matter. I think from the very beginning Cap wanted to make this a contest of wills, between himself and us: His totally off the charts muscle body, against our ability to control ourselves.

“Yes sir...” I said, not knowing exactly what to do now.

Cap smiled. He rolled his massive pecks again. Holly hell! Then he shrugged, and opened his palms to us. "Well? Take your best shot."

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To be continued....