

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 TWO

Captain McAllister, in all his naked glory, waited patiently for us to move. Understandably, we were petrified at the opportunity we had been offered. But speaking for myself, this scenario was something I'd fantasized about since the moment I'd first laid eyes on Cap's unbelievable body.

Even fully clothed in his uniform, Cap was staggeringly muscular. No amount of cloth could disguise his physique. He was bigger, 'n buffer than any man I had ever seen. His gorgeous face—with that thick neck supporting it—was so sexy too. All of those immense muscles, coupled with that movie star face—it was mind boggling, and I for one couldn't think of anything but him since I'd been assigned to his Company. He drove me to distraction.

Whenever he'd dress down and take Company C on exercise drills, he'd order us to strip to our waists. But *he* would always keep that paper thin bright white wifebeater on. (Damn, what I wouldn't give to be his wife! Or have him do some S&M on me!)

When he had us line up in formation, and he walked down our ranks inspecting us, sometimes he'd stop right in front of one of his soldiers, dwarfing the man. He'd get in real close, and sometimes say something unintelligible, leaning down into the private's face. (No one was as tall as Cap.) Sometimes he wouldn't say anything, just stare down at the private, as he if were waiting for the soldier to break concentration and fall out of "attention." Or maybe he was trying to find out if he could make the man come, just by positioning his enormous muscle body a few inches in front of him.

I was glad I'd never been subjected to that, because I seriously doubted my ability to keep my come inside my cock if he so much as looked at me out of the corner of his eye—let alone stand that close.

Sometimes Cap would walk through our barracks, and you could just feel the tension. And believe me, it wasn't his rank that made everyone pay attention. Whenever he walked into a room he somehow sucked out all the energy, just by being. His physique just did that. I think he liked the torture his body caused. He made you look. But you couldn't look. His presence was war. A war of minds. There had to be some kind of prohibition against a man like Cap—like maybe in the Geneva Convention or something: Cruel, and unusual torture just looking at the man. No one should be subject to that kind of torment.

Yet Cap had just finished expounding on the idea that a man can control his impulses—any impulses—with just the power of his mind. And to back up that claim—as well as show us how well disciplined he was in this regard—Cap had claimed that his mind power could fend off any attempts at making him come—no matter what kind of effort someone might put forth to force him into orgasm.

I, for one, harbored no delusion that I could resist that kind of stimulation. Hell, just watching Cap flex all those muscles, only moments earlier, was agony. He blew us away with a posing routine that showed off every insanely defined and massive muscle on his enormous physique. Just *watching* him almost made me start jizzing my pants. Could Cap resist having us privates trying to get him off? I kinda doubted it. But regardless, I sure as hell wanted to give it a try!

So, Kenny, Sam, and myself found ourselves standing in front of Captain McAllister's throbbing, naked muscle body. We'd *seen* it, but now it was time to experience what muscle beyond our wildest dreams actually *felt* like. We had all stopped on a secluded section of the running course behind the base, and Cap stood buck naked in front of us, waiting for us to take action.

He opened his palms to us and gave us the challenge. Could we make those muscles quiver and quake with desire? Could we find his weakness and make him come?

He shrugged and said: “Well? Take your best shot.”

We moved in on his naked physique. I don’t know what made us overcome our apprehension, but I for one didn’t want to risk a Court Marshal for refusing a superior’s order. Not *this* order anyway.

Somehow this just seemed right... to provide this monument to masculine muscle with the groping adoration it deserved. Personally, I had long been perplexed as to how people could ever stay away from this mega-physique. I knew what it was like on base: To a man, and woman, you couldn’t *not* stare at Captain McAlister. He was bigger-n-life, for sure. Of course, the culture of the military precluded you from being obvious about your admiration—let alone lust—for the Cap’s body. But even his superior officers had tells that they were fascinated by McAlister’s muscles.

What, though, was it like when David McAlister donned his skivvies and ventured into town on leave? What kind of traffic accidents must this man cause—merely by walking down the street? Did he have to fight off the civilians? Men and women? And what about kids? Little boys must always greet him with huge, bulging eyes and wide mouths. I couldn’t imagine what I would have been like if, as a teenage boy, I saw this god walking down the sidewalk. What must he do to teenage boys’ psyches when they see him. If I have done nothing with my life since I met Caps, other than jerk off to him, what must teen guys do?

As we approached this epitome of muscular, masculine perfection, our field of vision was totally filled with sinewy, throbbing flesh. For me, I could see nothing but that chest. I’d been permanently damaged by it: It had wrapped itself around my brain the moment I first laid eyes on it, and had smothered my entire existence with its rock-hard, hairy, undulating mass.

I thought about that first day—the day that ruined me forever—when I came to Company C. I’d gotten my bunk assignment from the Master Sergeant, and was unpacking my bag when Kenny and Sam approached me. They totally skipped over the introductions and went straight to the subject at hand: “Have you seen the captain?” Kenny’d asked.

I said I hadn’t met him yet. Kenny and Sam exchanged tentative glances, then Sam said, “Dude, just make sure you don’t fall apart, okay?”

“What?” I asked.

“When you first see Captain McAllister, you’re gonna want to just fall apart, man,” Kenny said. “He’s beyond anything you could ever imagine.”

“What do you mean?”

“There’s nothing I can say to prepare you,” Kenny continued. “Just try to keep it together, dude.”

“Don’t say we didn’t warn you,” Sam added.

With that, the barracks door flew open. I turned my face to the door and that’s when I first saw him. The image has been indelibly seared into my mind. And actually, it was just his silhouette. His upper body and his legs filled the entire barracks door, and his waistline narrowed... the imagery of an “hour glass” doesn’t do the description justice.

Someone called out, “Ten-SHUN!” and all of us immediately snapped to attention.

Cap stepped into the room and said, “Where’s the newbie?”

“Sir, over here, sir,” Kenny called out. At first I felt like he’d given away the position of his own man, but I instantly realized that you couldn’t *not* respond to the captain’s request. HE made that impossible.

The Cap strolled over to our bunk row. The only thing I remember about *myself* at that moment, was that I swallowed *real hard*. So hard my throat hurt. Everything else I remember is about Cap. He stood at least six and a half feet—probably more. Probably a lot more. I learned later that he’s not one to give out specific numbers about himself, so the best we’ve been able to do is to make a mark on one of the door jams and try to memorize where he came to when he stood there. We’ve pretty-much narrowed it down to six-five, but it doesn’t surprise me that I thought he was much taller than that. He’s kina imposing.

And like I said when I began this little side-story, it was his chest that made the biggest impression. Well, maybe his arms too. And his goddamn door-busting shoulders. Well, okay, his legs are indescribably gigantic too.

Damn, there's nothing about him that doesn't make you want to literally fall apart—just like Kenny and Sam said. But when Cap'n stopped right in front of me, it was his goddamn fucking huge chest that hovered right in front of my face. And those nipples of his pushed out, making two thick points in his uniform shirt. He just stood there, and I just gawked.

“Private! They teach you to salute a senior officer back in boot camp?” he barked.

Fuck. I nearly pissed my pants right then and there. Clumsily, I snapped my hand to my forehead. He waited a moment to release me from the salute. His fucking gigantic arm slowly raised. When he gave the return salute, all I could see was that enormous, beefy, meaty, rippling, thick forearm.

We both lowered our arms simultaneously.

And still, his pecs just hovered in front of my eyes. Those nipples! Such erotically sensual nipples—just taunting me from behind his shirt. And they were exactly at the height of my eyes. A jet-black tuft of hair poked up from his shirt at his neck. His chest was so massive that I remember thinking you could use it as a table. So thick that the place where his pectorals met his neck, it was totally horizontal!

He just stood there, totally still. I suppose he was gauging my reaction, but hell, I don't know what was happening. All I remember was that he kept his Herculean chest right in front of my eyes. Like he totally knew what he was doing to me. And I'm absolutely positive that he did.

Now, instead of fighting back piss, I had to fight back cum. The man was literally making me fight to contain all of my bodily fluids; I wanted to throw up; I needed to pee; I nearly couldn't keep from jizzing in my uniform. Fortunately, the only fluid I wasn't able to tamp down was my sweat. The Cap'n had me sweating like a pig.

“What's your name, son?”

“Sc... Scott... Private First Class Sean Scott.” I swallowed again. I felt a jab from Kenny's elbow in my back, and realized I had screwed up. “Sir,” I finally added.

I have no idea what else—if anything—Cap'n said during that meeting. That part's a total fog.

But I totally remember after he left.

"You okay?" Sam asked me when the door shut behind our CO.

I was frozen.

"Scott?" Kenny waved his hand in front of my face. "Private? Scott? You okay?"

I finally blinked myself into the room. I felt my knees give, and my new buddies helped me sit down on a lower bunk. Wasn't even mine, but... whatever. It was then that I realized that I had only been momentarily successful in warding off the loss of control of my whitest bodily fluid. I could feel the warmth as I sat down. I looked at my crotch and blushed. It was totally dark with the stain I had made. Kenny and Sam chuckled.

"Don't worry about it, man," Sam smiled. "Happens to all of us."

"We're pretty sure he does it on purpose," Kenny chided in.

"Reminds us of the chain of command," Sam added.

"You might want to wear two sets of underwear while you're assigned to Company C," Kenny said.

Now, standing in front of us, totally naked, dripping with naked virility and power, Cap's enormous presence allowed plenty of muscle room for all of us to partake simultaneously.

I wanted that chest. I was ready to shove Kenny out of the way to get to it, but he went down on his knees and went for Cap's cock. Sam moved behind Cap and started running his hands over the god's wide back and shoulders. He explored the monstrous presence of the giant clam-sized lats and tapering lines of Cap's brilliant erectors. I could tell that Sam's hands were trembling, just from looking at his face while he moved them up the captain's huge back, then wrapped his fingers around Cap's thick neck to

feel the sheer size of it. Then he let his hands slowly move down again, out of my view, over the mounds of Cap's muscular back. Eventually he cupped those hard, solid, tight muscle buttocks in his hands.

I imagined what Sam was experiencing: Layer upon sculpted layer of sweepingly defined ass muscle swirled from the girdled waistline down to the outward sweep of Cap's rear leg biceps. The thickness of his thigh muscles was beyond description and, if not actually being witnessed, beyond belief. Sam dropped to his knees, felt out the twin pillars of incomprehensible, round leg mass, then spread Cap's glutes and started licking his lips.

I was running my hands back and forth across what surely must be the biggest, most muscular, beautiful, thickest, widest, hairiest chest in the world. I was dizzy in lust. I couldn't believe I was actually doing this: feeling the most glorious, hard, warm, hairy chest in the universe. My hands were probably trembling more than Sam's. But I couldn't help it. Back and forth, slowly, I moved my palms and fingers over the mat of black hair, diving my digits into the deep, deep canyon between his pectorals. Sometimes Cap would flex his pecks and trap my fingers between them. When he finally released me and let me pull them out, he would roll those enormous globes of muscle while I moved my hands out to the outer edges and caressed the warm muscle planets.

Cap closed his eyes and smiled faintly. He liked what I was doing. He liked what Sam was doing. His mouth opened, and his head went back.

Cap permitted us the luxury of touching, rubbing, caressing—and even licking and tasting—every inch of his awesome muscular power and grandeur. Hands, tongues and various other body parts nervously tripped across the vein mapped meat that enshrouded this living shrine to muscle.

Right at this point, Kenny managed to stuff the head of Cap's cock in his mouth. I glanced down and saw by the movement of Kenny's cheeks that he was sucking. This was going to be interesting. If he could barely get the head in *now*, what was it going to be like when Cap got all the way hard? Kenny pulled his mouth off of it and we both saw that it was swelling quickly. Kenny licked his lips and tickled the underside of the cock head with his tongue.

“Unnnnh!” Cap moaned. His eyes flew open and he jerked, involuntarily pulling his cock away. His faint smile had suddenly been replaced by an expression of shock.

Kenny looked up at me with an evil smile. Ah, a chink in the armor.

The three of us worked on him: Kenny—obviously quite experienced in cock worship—tended to that ever-growing penis and Cap’s low-hangers; Sam had apparently begun some kind of rimming, or at least some exploration of his ass’s nether regions; I continued to enjoy the indescribably masculinity and muscular size of Cap’n pectoralis majors. I wanted to hold back just a bit: Even though every atom in my being was screaming that I should bring my lips to his pouting—obviously sensitive—nipples, I didn’t even fondle them with my fingers at this point. Oh, sure, I ran my palms over them occasionally, but I held back from actually playing with them. Yet.

Cap still had his eyes wide open. He was expressionless though. Too expressionless. As though he was feigning control. Sam had spread Cap’s buttocks apart. Cap looked confused. Peeking between Cap’s spread thighs, I could see Sam on his knees behind him.

And this is what I was thinking about when I had respectfully challenged Cap. What kind of stimulation had he been subjected to? My guess was women so thrilled about being boned by a muscle god that they never found time to explore his body. Or guys so taken with that gigantic cock that they started a hand job on him and just were too mesmerized to stop and do anything else. Regardless, I doubted many of Cap’s partners lasted long enough to give him any kind of a challenge.

Did Cap even know where his most erogenous zones were? Surely he must. But I bet he’d never known what it was like to have three young recruits find them and work them—not necessarily hard, but rather... skillfully.

All at once.

Sure, it was entirely possible that some of us might come before he did. Maybe all of us. I certainly had doubts about my own resistance. To be

honest, I'd have to admit that my ability to resist Cap's body was pretty much *nil*.

But we were intent on doing more than just feeling out the captain's enormous muscles. We wanted to make sure he came first. And that meant caressing, licking, tickling and fondling every single one of his erogenous zones. The first part, happening now, was more or less simple *discovery*. Once we ascertained Cap's sensitive spots, we could hone in and concentrate on getting him off.

Looking confused, wide-eyed—as though the sexual lighting Kenny had ignited was a surprise to him—and without moving his head, Cap moved his eyes sideways now, as though he was trying to get a look at Sam behind him. Now Cap stood in a rather precarious stance. His hips were tilted way back, his butt in the air, pushing back toward Sam's mouth. His gigantic arms were at his side. They'd become tense—and hard. His upper body leaned slightly forward; his chest thrust out towards me.

For the first time since I'd met him, I saw Cap look tentative. Timid even. Gone was the confidence, the self assurance; he'd quickly become uncertain, even unsure. And I loved it. Before me stood untold pounds of solid, powerful, god-like muscle that had just been reduced to a whimpering, questioning mass of mere mortality.

Still looking confused, and with a nervous smile, he said, “Hey, uh, Sss... Sammy. What the hell are you doing back there?”

And that was the moment I ran the backs of my fingers over his nipples. Coincidentally, it was the exact moment that Sam buried his face between Cap's glutes and pushed at his twitching, puckering hole with his tongue. And finishing out the trifecta of erogenous stimulation, at that instant Kenny went down, twisting his head back and forth and opening his throat to get as much of Cap inside as he could.

“Ohh! Oh, Gnh—ghhhn!”

I teased those gigantic, hard nipples; Sam licked and rimmed Cap's puckering ass; Kenny swallowed and sucked that now totally hard monster cock—as much as he could anyway. Then, Kenny pulled up and began

bathing Cap's shaft and balls with long, wet licks. Without taking his tongue off the underside of that big cockhead, Kenny looked up at me and smiled.

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Cap's entire body tightened into a mass of unspeakably defined, trembling muscle. He was fighting. He alternated between closed eyes and wide-open ones. When they closed, you could see he was succumbing to the stimulation. Apparently he liked it. Couldn't help but enjoy it.

But then those eyes would fly open in surprise, and he'd be working against the pleasure. As if he'd suddenly realized that he was supposed to be fighting this, not enjoying it.

He'd squint, and grunt. He'd bare his teeth as he summoned his willpower to resist.

But we'd only started. It'd had just been a few minutes since we'd begun working on him. And there were three of us—only one of him. I knew we could rotate positions, so if any of us got tired (how could a man tire of this?) we could switch to do something else.

But first, I wanted to enjoy Cap's chest—and those protruding nipples—more. I leaned forward. Because of his height, Cap's oversized chest was level with my face. I tenderly brushed my lips over the taut, quivering finger-like nipple. I exhaled through my lips as they moved over it one way, and then the next.

Cap's voice cracked with a groan.

I stuck my tongue out just a bit and moistened the nipple, delicately wetting it in preparation for the next phase. But *this* phase would take awhile. First his left nipple, then his right, fell under the spell of my worshipping tongue—its caressing presence obviously creating quite a reaction in the big guy. I licked and licked, over, under, around each one. And each one stuck out even more, as if eager to experience more of my languid ministrations. Cap's nipples actually glistened in the sunlight with my liberal application of saliva. I made sure he was adequately "oiled" by my tongue before moving

onto the next phase: wrapping my well-trained, luscious lips around the hard, mouthwatering fruit. Now it was time to ply his nipples with tender, yet sometimes kneading, contact: They began their task of softening these rigid nipples—the objective being to turn them from impenetrable, stiff protrusions into pliable, malleable, warm, compliant breast digits.

I pulled my lips off so I could examine my work. Fuck, his nips were bigger and harder than ever. I noticed Cap was looking at me now, and for some reason I lifted my head toward his. It was as if a magnet was pulling me to his face, and well... before I knew it, my mouth was on his. It started very gently, slowly, tenderly. Our tongues wrapped around each other. His mouth was warm. He explored my mouth and I explored his. He gave an almost inaudible moan; he was enjoying this. Obviously, my level of excitement was exponentially higher than mere enjoyment, but I got the feeling that the three of us were having the desired effect.

I twisted a nipple between my fingers while we kissed. Then I brought my other hand to his other nipple. I was seriously getting nervous that I'd come right then and there. I had to pull back. It was quite possibly the most difficult thing I'd ever done in my life, but I did it. I pulled out of the kiss. He looked surprised. I realized that I had to *do* something, so I returned to suckling on one of his nipples. As if *that* would calm me down. Not a chance.

At this moment, though, Kenny must have succumbed to the enormous stimulation of sucking the most beautiful, big cock in the land. Because just as I began to tease one of Cap's nipples with a very gentle nibble of my teeth, I heard an expletive as Kenny's mouth popped off Cap's cock. Then Kenny cussed again. I angled my head to see what was happening below me, and saw that Kenny had previously removed his camo pants—who knows how long ago—and was now holding himself, as his cock sprayed Cap's legs with a long, steady, unbroken stream of come.

I pulled my lips off Cap's nipple to watch more. Kenny moaned now, his hand tight around his throbbing shaft. He looked like a firefighter trying to put out a blaze. His jizz sprayed hard onto Cap's gigantic quadriceps—both of 'em—and elsewhere. When he was done, he sheepishly looked up at me and shrugged an embarrassed “sorry, man” look.

“Oh. Oh! That’s one down,” Cap said, seeming to jump out of his sexual stupor. “Two to go.”

Had he merely been feigning his helpless response to our attentions? His pronouncement was lighthearted, yet serious—as if he suddenly had total control of his faculties.

That couldn’t be good for our side.

Cap displayed his bright, white teeth while he watched Kenny finish up. “Discipline, private. You obviously need to work on your self control.”

Kenny fell back, exhausted, but obviously fulfilled.

To add insult to injury though, Cap then proceeded to flex his insanely gorgeous muscles—I concluded it was some kind of congratulatory posing to celebrate his dominance over Kenny’s pathetic efforts. I had absently kept one hand on Cap’s pectoral, and as I watched Kenny recover—and saw that leviathan of a cock bob up and down with glee—I felt the chest muscles begin to undulate and ripple. I snapped back to the Cap’n’s chest and saw he was lifting both arms in a double-biceps, grinning and preening in the glow of his victory.

“You two remaining privates want to give up now?” he smirked at me.

Damn, the man was off-the-charts amazing.

Sam didn’t respond. But I found myself staring into the captain’s beautiful blue eyes, and well, it was as if I was *required* to answer: “No, sir,” I said. “Permission to continue our challenge?”

He grinned and nodded. “By all means, Private. Fire at will.”

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He continued his “victory posing” for a few more minutes, but after Kenny recovered from his involuntary orgasm and began anew to minister to that totally-erect cock, Cap settled back into just standing there and letting us.

Letting us.

And as much as I didn't want to leave his pecs, I thought maybe a reassignment of "asset coverage" might be in order. Plus, to be honest, there had been a couple of close calls regarding I, myself, almost coming just at that chest. Why I thought moving down to his cock would provide me with a proverbial cold shower, I'll never know. But Cap's body—and presence—had a way with messing with your thought processes. So anyway, I called for a rotation. Sam was to take the chest; Kenny moved to the back side; I slid down the lumps of abdominal muscles to work that set of inhuman genitals.

It was here that I determined to outlast Kenny. And my strategy was simple: I planned on bringing my hands to bear on that thing; not so much my mouth. Oh, there was no way in hell I could keep my mouth off it, but my intent was to manipulate—in the true, etymological sense—his sex organ. Mano-to-penis, if you know what I mean. I was only too familiar with my ability to pleasure myself with my hand. Now it was time to try my talents on my captain. I began what I hoped would be the most erotic, sensual, stimulating hand job Captain M had ever experienced.

The distended veins on his shaft were distractingly sexy. And the thing was so long—and so thick—that I trembled at feeling it. I moved my hand up it, then down. I kissed the head and sucked out a bit of his pre-come.

I don't know if it was my artistic manipulation or one of the other guys' work, but *something* got to the Cap. His body tightened, and he gasped. I glanced up and saw Sam really going to town on the nipples. He was suckling one while twirling the other between his thumb and finger. I think that was what the captain had reacted to. Note to self, right?

Yeah, things were fleshing out—if you know what I mean—to confirm that the cap had a weakness at his chest. Which seemed appropriate I guess, since, you know, it was his chest that totally destroyed everyone else.

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We had been working on Cap for over an hour, and it definitely appeared we were going to indeed use up the allotted two hours for this little challenge. Unfortunately, Sam had been our second casualty in our efforts to make Captain McAllister come before we did. And he tried to argue that Sam's succumbing had already made him the victor, since, like, it was already two-out-of-three. But we all protested, and taunted him with the argument that he just wanted us to stop because we were weakening him.

Although I seriously doubt any of us actually believed that he was in fact weakening, the mere suggestion was enough for him to abandon the idea. His whole position was that he had the mind-control necessary to ward off our sexual advances. So he let us press on.

I was a bit disappointed in Sam, even though I had empathy for his plight. Maybe I'd made a good decision after all—to move off Cap's chest. Apparently Sam couldn't resist it. Only about ten minutes after we'd switched up body parts, Sam's lithe body jerked with the onset of orgasm. Unlike Kenny, Sam hadn't removed his pants, and well...

His orgasm was quite impressive, even though shrouded. When he started to come, he simply leaned his head against Cap's chest, and steadied himself with one hand on a pec while he jerked out volley after obvious volley into his pants. When he finished, and pulled them down, a mass of white was revealed, fully coating his entire, untrimmed pubes. What a mess.

Of course, Cap gloated even more, and that's when he said it was all over. But like I said, we accused him of cowardice, and that was enough to shut him up. I secretly believed he wanted us to continue. I mean, the guy was walking sex. Walking muscle sex. It was as if he *needed* this kind of stuff.

He certainly deserved it, IMO.

So, here I was, still working Cap's swollen, distended cock. Don't know why we didn't switch again after Sam came, but whatever... I was happy to stay right where I was. Damn, I wanted to make this thing squirt. Uncontrollably. It was driving me nuts. I kept masturbating the captain, switching hands whenever one got tired, and occasionally using both at the same time.

And I have to admit, even though Cap was obviously in heaven over our ministrations, I was seriously questioning my ability to hold out. Not just with my tiring hands and forearms, but with my entirely-too-hard and excited penis.

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“You men are going to have to undergo more training,” Cap said. “Your lack of self discipline is abominable. I’m going to prescribe a regimen that will help you control your impulses. Starting next week.” Then he looked right at me and said, “Private Scott, well done. While you didn’t succeed in your objective, neither did you fail to maintain your composure and self-control. You show promise.”

“Thank you, sir,” I said. Damn, I was quickly falling into depression that this little challenge had ended. But my dispare quickly dissapated when he said:

“I’d like to see how well you hold up under more stringent conditions, Private. Report for evaluation tomorrow at zero-five-thirty—directly to my quarters. And come prepared to experience muscle stimulation like you’ve never dreamed.” He slipped on his pants (forcing that elephantine ophidian inside as best he could), grabbed the rag that was left of his tank top, then his boots and socks, and started running down the path, barefoot and shirtless.
