

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 THREE

2020

With PART THREE, we move into my own writing more or less. Yet this story has been synthesized from the writings of ManOfSteel, the author John, and Sean Reid Scott (myself). Image Renders by ManOfSteel. Written (mostly) & Compiled by Sean Reid Scott.

CAP, LYING NAKED ON HIS large bed, looked up at Kenny and displayed his bright, white teeth. “Discipline, private. You obviously need to work on your self control.”

Kenny sighed, exhausted, but fulfilled.

To add insult to injury, Cap bent the arm next to Kenny and flexed his gorgeous, hard biceps muscle on the mattress while he grinned up at the defeated private. He taunted Kenny over the private’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 my eyes back to the Cap’n’s chest and saw he was rolling and waving his pecs, grinning and preening in the glow of his victory.

He continued his “victory posing” on the bed for a few more minutes, but soon he relaxed and just lay there letting us touch him. And we definitely touched.

“You men want to give up now?” he smirked.

Sam didn’t respond. But I found myself staring into the captain’s beautiful blue eyes: “No, sir,” I said. “Permission to continue our challenge?”

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

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 me—myself—almost coming just at that chest. In the back of my head I kept thinking that if anything would be my downfall and make me come, it would be 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 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 legs; 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-a-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 Cap had ever experienced.

The distended veins on his shaft were staggering. 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 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.

Yeah, Cap had a weakness at his chest. Which seemed appropriate I guess, since, you know, it was his chest that totally destroyed everyone else.

WE HAD BEEN WORKING ON CAP for about a half 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 Cap 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 rested his cheek on Cap's chest, and steadied himself with one hand on the other 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 was worthy of it.

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. I could tell he was flexing his cock in response to my rubbing. He was enjoying this, a lot.

And of course, when both of my hands got tired, I let my mouth take over. Goddamn, Cap had the biggest, thickest, longest, most veiny cock you could imagine. And between our ministrations and his voluminous precum, it was wet, slick, and shiny. I allowed my tongue to wrap around it as I tried to open my throat and get as much of it inside as I could. God, it was glorious. As I sucked, I sometimes helped Kenny worship Cap's enormous legs; sometimes I cupped Cap's testicles in my hands.

Despite their defeat, Sam and Kenny kept working. It was hard to know who was enjoying their efforts more, the captain or his privates. Both of the guys were obviously enjoying moving their hands all over Cap's huge muscles.

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

DESPITE BEING ON THE EDGE of orgasm for the next hour, I was able to hold off. Unfortunately, so was Captain McAllister. I definitely got the impression that he had been on the edge of orgasm, just like me. He'd been moaning and groaning the whole time. And his cock remained as hard as one of his flexed arms the whole time.

When the two hour limit was met, the three of us, disheartened, pulled off the magnificent body. Kenny stood up, at the foot of the bed. I stood at one side. Sam crouched, on his knees, on the mattress. All three of us watched the Captain get up, his boner waving tauntingly at us.

He took the opportunity to go through his magnificent posing routine—another victory lap, so to speak. Then he relaxed and stood still. He smiled. “So you see, gentlemen, what I say about willpower and mind-

control is true. If you are strong enough, you can fend off any desire, any craving, no matter how intense it is, and no matter how much effort someone might put into bringing you down.” His smile dropped and he examined each of us.

Sam crawled off the bed and stood.

“At attention, men,” Cap ordered.

We obeyed, each of us throwing our shoulders back and putting our chests out. Despite not being in uniform—actually all three of us were naked by then—and despite the fact that each of us was as erect as the Washington Monument, we assumed the stance and stared straight ahead.

“Men, despite your combined efforts—two hours of intense stimulation in an attempt to get me to come, those efforts were unable to overcome my concentration and my determination to hold off. My superior mental skills notwithstanding, your lack of ability, as well as your own lack of self discipline, is abominable. Two of you sorry privates actually came while you worked on me. Appalling.”

Each of us nervously glanced at the other, shifting our eyes in our unmoving heads.

“I’m ordering a regimen that will show you how to control your impulses. Starting tomorrow.” He stepped in front of me and thrust that chest in my face, just an inch away from my nose. “Private Scott, you’ll be first. Report for training at 1500 tomorrow, here in my quarters.”

TO SAY I DIDN’T SLEEP A WINK all night would somehow be an understatement. I tossed and turned, reviewing in my mind the exquisite, salacious time the three of us had spent touching Captain McAllister. And

between tossing and turning, I came. I don't know how many times. But in the morning, my sheets were wet with cum.

Being a Sunday, the base was still pretty quiet. Kenny, Sam, and I had a few chore duties to tend in the morning, but when they were done, the three of us talked and speculated about what this "training" the Cap had in mind might entail.

"He's gonna make you cum, for sure," Kenny proposed. "No way is he going to let you humiliate him by not cumming." He looked at Sam and said, "I'm just glad you and I ejaculated, buddy. I think he's got a vendetta against Sean now." He looked back to me and added, "I wouldn't want to be in your shoes now, buddy."

Sam said, "Aw, Kenny... don't make it into such a negative! Fuck, I wish I was Sean right about now! Can you imagine? Being called into Cap's quarters, alone? You know he's gonna put on a muscle show like no other. His whole agenda will be to make Sean come!" Sam looked at me and added, talking to Kenny as if I weren't even there, "Maybe he'll even fuck him!"

"Nah," Kenny sneered. "No way. Cap isn't gonna fuck anybody. The whole purpose of all this is to not cum, Sam. No way is he gonna fuck anybody. That'd mean losing! Fucking means cumming, man. His whole point is self-control and willpower. Nah, he's gonna torture Seanny with his body. I can promise you, the only guy who has an orgasm in Cap's hut today will be Private Sean Scott." He also looked right at me without talking to me.

"You guys are sick," I scoffed. "I didn't sleep a wink all night, and all you can do is taunt me, and make me feel horrible about what might happen in there."

They both looked down. "Sorry, man," Sam said softly.

"What are you going to do?" Kenny asked. At least they were talking to me now, instead of about me.

"What do you mean, do?" I asked. "What am I supposed to do? I'm gonna report to his quarters, as ordered, dufus!"

“I mean, well... what do you think he’s going to do with you? And how do you think you’ll react?” Kenny asked.

“I dunno.”

“Are you scared?” Sam chimed in.

“No. Yes. I dunno,” I said. “Maybe a little.”

“But I bet that hard-on you have right now is looking forward to some more time with our resident muscle man,” Kenny smiled, looking down at my crotch.”

My face flushed hot with my embarrassment. “Yeah, well, you two dudes are the ones who came last night,” I taunted back. “I only have a boner. You guys squirted all over hell at him!”

“Yeah,” Sam said, “but I bet your not gonna be so lucky today, man.” He looked off into the distance and pondered: “Damn, all alone with Cap in his barracks. I wonder if he’ll have you get into bed with him.”

“...or maybe he’ll order you to fuck his ass,” Kenny added. “Shit, ain’t no one gonna be able to keep from cumming then.”

“Ignoramus,” Sam slapped Kenny’s leg. “No way. Cap’s a top. No way will he let anyone come near that muscle ass of his!”

“How do you know he’s a top, you cock-sucker?!” Kenny protested. “You been alone with him yourself?”

Sam smiled. “I wish! But think about it, K. Cap’s the ultimate Alpha Male. You think he bottoms? You’re outta your mind, private.” He snickered.

“Guys,” I interrupted. “Not helping here.” Indeed, their talk about topping Captain McAllister was making me even harder than before. Fuck. I wouldn’t even be able to get inside before I’d be squirting all over that hard ass and that barn-door-sized back.

Kenny and Sam sighed. “Well, I doubt there’s much we can do to help, Bry,” Kenny said. “Other than, maybe, make you come and come all day

right up until 1500 hours. Maybe you'll be too spent to do anything when you get there."

"Kenny," Sam said seriously, "you are an idiot. A guy could come all day, every day, for a year, and as soon as he sees Cap all naked and shit... there's no way he doesn't come again."

I sighed. Seriously not helping. "Guys," I said, "I'm already exhausted from cumming all night. Just thinking about it. You guys should have seen my sheets this morning."

"Didn't need to, man," Sam said. "You could smell your spunk all over the barracks."

"Shit," I said. "But that's my point, I guess. Even after all that... just look at me..." I glanced at my crotch. "Gonna cum any second, man. Besides, if I jerk off any more, I'll be raw."

"Don't want to be raw, man," Sam said. "I agree with you. Save yourself for later. Last thing you want is to go in there sore. That'd be the shits."

Kenny nodded at Sam and sighed. "Guess you're right."

The rest of the day swung back and forth between trepidation and anticipation. I didn't eat much. But I did manage to hydrate myself; the guys helped with that too, making sure I drank every hour.

AT 1500 HOURS SHARP, I KNOCKED on Cap's door.

"Enter!" he called from inside.

I went in and stood at attention. "Private First Class Sean Scott, reporting as ordered, SIR!" I saluted.

He returned the salute, ordered me to at ease, and then crossed behind me to lock the door.

I don't know why, but that made me uneasy. It's not like I wasn't expecting him to ensure our privacy. Dunno. I guess I was just really nervous.

Captain McAllister returned and stood in front of me. He was in uniform—tan shirt under camo jacket and pants, matching camo hat. His silver captain's bars glistened on his jacket collar. I never understood how they got a uniform that would fit his body. He must have them custom made because in order to get something that big around the shoulders and chest, you'd have it looking like a tent at the waist, flopping all over the place. But his uniforms were always form-fitting and snug—everywhere—a fact that never ceased to amaze, and stimulate, the people with whom he came in contact.

With whom? Don't ask me why I'm using such correct English. I can miss-conjugate my verbs and end sentences with prepositions like the best of 'em. I guess my train of thought while standing alone in Cap's immense presence made me more than a tad neurotic.

He walked around the end of his desk, which was placed at the side of the large room. He picked up a file folder and began reading something. While he kept his eyes on the paper he talked: "Private, I've noted in your file here that you exhibited advanced self-discipline during our training exercise yesterday." He looked up at me and added, "Certainly better than your fellow soldiers anyway."

"Thank you, sir."

He continued to reference the file folder. "And I want you to know that I've given you a commendation as well, for your... skill... in your efforts to obtain your goal."

"Thank you, sir." What the fuck? He was noting, in my file, and giving me an official commendation... for... well... for... basically for... sucking him off? Trying to get him to come? Holy shit. Can't wait to write home and tell my parents about that honor. Is there a service ribbon for that?

He closed the folder and placed it back on his desk. "...In spite of not actually realizing that goal." He crossed back and stood at the front of the desk, a few feet away.

"Yes, sir," I said without emotion.

He rested his butt against the edge of his desk and supported his weight with his hands, also on the edge of his desk. Even with that Army jacket on —long sleeves and all—his triceps bulged. “Private, off the record now, I wanted to let you know that you show promise, son. A lot of promise.”

“Sir?”

His face took on an almost lecherous grin. Bright white teeth. “You got nice hands, Scott. And you know how to work your mouth, son.”

I blinked my eyes quickly. “Thank you, um... sir.” I added, a bit subdued, “But evidently not nice enough to... ahem... achieve my goal. Sir.”

He chuckled. “Don’t take it personally, son. You really didn’t have a chance, to be honest. My self-discipline and control are pretty-much impenetrable. So don’t beat yourself up.”

Again with the hubris. Cap was in a league by himself, so I had no basis to argue with his claims.

“But I have to admit, Sean... May I call you Sean, in this private setting?”

He’s asking me what he can call me? Holy hell. “Yes, sir. Of course, sir.”

He nodded. “I have to admit, the fact that you didn’t succumb, out of the three of you, that I’ve taken it as a personal challenge.”

“Challenge, sir?”

He nodded and smiled. “Yes. I’m intrigued by your control. And I want to see what it takes to push you over the edge.”

“Sir?”

“I have no doubt that I can do it, mind you,” he said, “but I think that maybe the other two privates might have been a distraction for you.”

I said nothing, staring straight ahead at him.

“So, that’s why I ordered you here this afternoon. I’ve already won the challenge you three put on me, so now, I’m offering you the same challenge.”

I remained silent.

“Two hours—not that I believe it will take that long when it’s just you and me—but that’s my challenge. You and me, alone, for two hours. One-on-one. You’ll come, Sean. And I’ll enjoy making you come.”

Holy fuck. Yesterday’s encounter was an unbelievable fantasy come true. This... this? It was a fantasy that was beyond unbelievable.

“What do you say, Private?”

I swallowed. Fuck yes. “Yes, sir,” I squeaked. I actually have no idea why I didn’t come last night, so I was not very enthusiastic about my chances now. But fuck, I was totally looking forward to being defeated in this challenge.

“Good.” He pushed himself off the edge of the desk. He walked toward his bed; when he got there, he turned to me, now about 15 feet away, and ordered me to attention. I turned and faced him, at attention. “And this new challenge is not without purpose,” he said.

“Sir?”

“The exercise will actually be a basic overview and assessment,” he said. “I know you need more training, private. And this will help me assess your weaknesses—your deficiencies. Then I can proceed with the proper course of instruction and demonstration.”

“Yes, sir.”

As he continued to talk, he began to undress. He started by removing his camo hat and tossing it on a nearby chair, then he began to open his jacket. “I’m sure you understand the importance of this kind of training, private. Any weakness—or even perceived weakness—in a soldier can be exploited by the enemy.” He casually unbuttoned his uniform’s jacket. “It’s my job as your CO to identify those weaknesses, and then train you to

discipline yourself to overcome those weaknesses.” He finished unbuttoning his jacket, pulled it open, and took it off. He tossed it on the chair.

If you’ve never seen Captain McAllister in person, you really can’t comprehend how magnificent his physique is. Even seeing him every day for the past few months... I’m still not able to control my reaction when I see him. And now, seeing him in just his tan Army T-shirt, after he’d been covered in that jacket... once again I just could not believe how massive, defined, and goddamn gorgeous his upper body was. Even with that cotton T, his shoulders, chest, arms and waist were just astounding. I struggled to maintain my attention position. I needed to look away; he was too fantastic.

He stood still for a moment. “If you were ever to be captured by the enemy,” he said, “even though the Geneva Convention is in force, not every foreign power follows it. In that circumstance, it’s possible you might be subject to unusual and inhumane treatment—up to and including exploitation of your sthenolagnia.”

“Sthenolagnia, sir?”

“Sexual and erotic arousal when exposed to demonstrations of strength and display of big muscles.”

“Yes... sir.”

“It’s there, in your file folder, private,” he nodded toward his desk. “You’ve been diagnosed—as have your two buddies. But of course, the diagnosis of Kenny and Sam is top secret. Not to be discussed outside this room, private.”

“Yes, sir.”

“It’s the Army’s equivalent of HIPAA.”

And you may have just violated it, captain. Not like I was going to call him on it though....

“Actually, an inordinate number of the men in Company C have been diagnosed with this condition. The Base doctors and psychiatrists are perplexed by it. “Why are so many of my men—way more than the general population—afflicted?”

I could make a wild guess.

He started working on his pants, undoing his belt and unzipping.

My heart was racing. I mean, yeah, it had been less than 24 hours ago that I’d actually been boning the man with my mouth, but as I alluded above, every time you see Cap it’s like the first time. Maybe even better than the first time—because you know what’s coming.

He pulled open his pants at the zipper, but then started to work on his T-shirt. He began to pull the shirt out from his waist, first the front then around to the back. The play of triceps and biceps against his short sleeves was muscle intoxication. Once he’d pulled the hem of his shirt out of his pants, he lifted it up and over his head. He tossed it with his other clothes.

As I knew I would, I audibly gasped.

“You okay, Sean?” he smiled.

I was glad he didn’t bark at me for breaking my attention stance. “Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I’ll be okay.”

He chuckled. With a look of amusement he said, “Well, we wouldn’t want you getting all flustered before we even start the challenge, private.”

“No, sir. We wouldn’t want that, sir.”

He gave a faint smile. He slowly—torturously slowly—started to tug at his uniform camo pants, widening them and pushing them down just a few inches, in obvious preparation for the monumental feat of getting them over those oversized upper legs.

“Now, where was I...” he said. “Oh yes, sthenolagnia. Suffice it to say, the Colonel is not pleased with the tendency of the Company C soldiers to

have it. He has instructed me to ensure that it doesn't become a... problem. Hence, I have undertaken this training program—beginning with those soldiers who show the highest ratings on the sthenolagnia spectrum. You, Sean, scored the highest.”

“Really, sir?” I swallowed hard.

He flexed and rolled those hairy, enormous pecs. “Yes. You did. Is that a surprise to you?”

I cleared my throat. “Well, sir. Perhaps not.”

“So you are aware of your propensity to be sexually aroused when exposed to big muscles?”

“Um... yes... I suppose I am, sir.”

He stopped working on his pants. Again, he was obviously commando. I was a bit surprised by yesterday's revelation that Cap didn't wear skivvies. It's a clear violation of uniform protocol. But then, I seriously doubt even the highest ranking General in the Army would be upset by it—since, you know, it was McAllister and all. Cap stood relaxed—his erotically muscular super-body right there in front of me—his pants open, exposing the top of his cock root, surrounded by that trimmed, dark black forest of pubic hair. And as if it were a neon arrow above his genitals, his glory trail fell down over his abs, pointing right to the treasure below.

“Yes,” he said, “I suppose you are.” He paused. “Tell me, soldier, do you often masturbate to thoughts of muscular men? Either in your bunk, or perhaps while in the showers?”

Fuck. The man was torturing me. “Well... Um...”

“I want a direct answer, private.”

“Yes. Yes, sir. I do.”

He nodded, then asked, “And, being totally honest now... do you ever think about your commanding officer when you masturbate?”

“Yes. Um... yes. Sir.”

“How often, Scott. When you masturbate... how often do you think about me?”

“Every... every time. Sir.” I wanted to crawl under the floor. But really, he already knew the answers to what he was asking. Still, just verbally admitting it... It was humiliating.

He suppressed a smile. “So tell me, private, when you think about me, while you masturbate, what, exactly, do you fantasize about? What kind of activities do you think about regarding me?”

The man was a fuckin’ bastard. “Sir, I’d rather not say, sir.”

He slowly shook his head. “Not an adequate answer, son.”

Mortified, I closed my eyes slowly, then opened them. Why was he putting me through this? “Well, um... sir. Touching.”

“Touching? What do you want to touch on me?”

“Your... um... sir, is this really necessary?” I know I was probably going to get a Court Marshal for asking that, but I was already so ashamed that I just couldn’t...

“Private. Answer the question.”

“Your muscles. Sir. All of them. Your muscles, sir.” Vague enough to be... well... vague. But not specific enough to demean me even more.

“All of them. I see. But there must be some muscles that really... make you hard, right? Which of my muscles do you want to touch... most?”

Fuck. He knew exactly what he was doing to me. I knew I couldn’t question his questions, nor hesitate, anymore. “Your chest, sir.”

He nodded. “I see.” He began to fiddle with his waist again. “And what is the frequency? How often to you jerk off to me, Scott?”

“Daily, sir.”

“Is that all? Only once a day?”

“N-no sir. More than once a day.”

“Private, it’s like pulling teeth here. Tell me exactly. How many times a day to you masturbate to my muscles?”

“On... on average, sir... I’d say it’s... maybe... three times per day. Sir.”

He smiled. “A morning, noon, and night kind of guy, huh?” He rolled his pecs, momentarily looking down at them, then at me, to gauge my reaction. “Do you want to masturbate to me right now, Scott?”

Fuck. What kind of sins must I have committed in my lifetime to deserve this humiliating line of questioning? “Y-yes, sir.”

“Yes, sir, what?”

“Yes, sir... I would like to masturbate to you—right now, sir.”

“Request denied,” he said flatly. He was still working on moving the waist of his pants lower. “We might engage in that exercise later, though. It depends on what I uncover...” he cleared his throat and winked at me, “on what I uncover later. It would be enlightening though, for me to watch you masturbate while looking at my muscles. Very educational I’m sure. As a matter of fact, yes. We’ll make sure to include that in your training. Perhaps regularly.”

“Yes, sir.” GodInHeaven I felt like a bug. An insect. Being examined under a microscope. Yet, Cap had just suggested that I could jerk off, regularly, while I watched his muscles! Holy shit.

He began pushing the pants down, in earnest now, and his arms rippled with what looked like the might of... I dunno... train engines. Don’t ask me for good similes and metaphors. None of ‘em are any good anyway. Regardless, even though those bazookas (okay, an apt metaphor I guess) were up to the task, his gigantic quads weren’t going to give up without a fight.

And just watching the fight was enough to make me ache. He shimmied and pushed, forced and prodded. Eventually his powerful arms prevailed against the combined forces of the pants' tiny waist and his own vast quads and hams. He bent forward (and what would I have given to be a fly on the wall behind him...) and pushed his pants to the floor.

He stood up, paused, took a deep breath to expand his chest, then worked at stepping out of his pants. With his boots still on, this took a bit of work, but in seconds he was free of them.

I'd never done this before, but I suddenly let out a kind of combination sigh-groan verbal enema. I mean, there was just a really weird noise that came out of my throat.

Cap smiled. "Under the circumstances, I'll let that one slip, private."

"Thank you, sir."

He tightened his legs and rolled the muscles into mounded swells of rock, each swell a mountain ridge with a deep canyon between it and the next one. Then he tightened his upper body and transformed everything into a most muscular pose to end all most musculars.

I made a noise with my mouth similar to the first one, but Cap didn't break the pose. Muscles stiffened all over his body; one particular muscle/organ stiffened on my body.

He broke the pose and bent forward again to untie his boots. When he got them, and his socks, off, he stood up again and relaxed, smiling, watching me fall all over myself, figuratively speaking, at looking at his naked body.

I stared at him for a few moments.

"Front and center, private," he eventually ordered.

I stepped up to him, now only six or so inches away from that magnificent naked body.

“My initial assessment agrees with your admission that you have a particular affinity for my chest, private,” he said. “So, we’re going to start there.” He extended a hand and took mine. He pulled me close and lifted both my hands with his, and placed them on his hairy pecs. They were as hard and warm as I’d remembered from yesterday. And that hair. Goddamn the carpet of hair was amazing. It wasn’t so thick that you couldn’t still feel the mounding muscles underneath, but it gave the hard rock of his chest a particular warm softness that was stimulating beyond belief.

He began to roll his pecs, slowly making waves of muscle move under my palms and fingers. Instinctively, I moved my hands all over his vast chest. The plates of muscle were so fucking big and hard. And he moved them so fucking seductively. He watched my eyes as I studied his chest—with my eyes and my trembling, worshipping hands. I could not believe this.

My shaft ached for release from my pants.

He stepped back. “Good,” he said. “Let’s get on with the real work.”

I said nothing.

He walked toward the wall opposite his desk and ordered me to follow. I hadn’t actually looked at the accouterments of Cap’s barracks and office. I suppose I could be forgiven for not paying attention to anything other than him. But now, we approached a wall that had two large rings attached. They were about five feet apart, and just above eye level. They were big enough for a man’s hands to fit through. Very odd setup.

“Strip.”

I obeyed, nervously. My cock gave an enthusiastic salute when everything was off. Cap smiled. His own cock was only semi-hard, but even in that state it was bigger than mine, twofold.

“Against the wall, Private,” he said.

I obeyed. I moved to the wall and turned around, placing my back to it. Cap came and lifted my hand and put it through one of the rings. It was easy to put my hand into, and out of, it, so it wasn’t like I’d be bound. But

when he put my other hand in the other ring, I was splayed out with my arms extended just above my head. It was a very suggestive position.

“I’m not binding you, son,” Cap started. “But I want you to stay in that position, with your hands in the rings, until I order you otherwise. Is that understood?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well.”

And so it was beginning. He stepped up to me, almost touching my naked body with his. His massive, furry chest was suspended right in front of my eyes. My face was only inches away from it. He just stood there, for the longest time, letting me inhale his musky, spicy, masculine scent, and allowing me to study the magnificent set of pectorals that hung in front of me.

Then he moved closer. We touched. I felt my erection move next to his mostly-down-pointed shaft. My cock nestled to the side of his, and I felt the warmth of his hairy pubic carpet surround it.

Fucking hell.

My face touched his chest. God. My nose nuzzled into the canyon between his pecs. His chest rose and fell with his slow-metered breaths. I heard—no, I felt—him moan very softly. The reverberation travelled through my body like a tsunami; I felt a large dollop of my pre-cum dribble down my shaft, likely mingling with his pubes.

He just stood there. Breathing. Letting me experience his body. No words. Barely any movement. Just touching. Just snug against each other. All that tight, warm, hard, lean, protruding muscle.

He pressed against me more now. His body pushed against mine. My cock throbbed with my heartbeats, rubbing against his pubes and upward, onto his abs. I probably dribbled pre-cum into his belly button.

His scent was so delectable, so masculine. His chest practically buried my nose.

He put his hands on my shoulders and lowered his head next to mine. He moaned again, and then he said my name. “Sean. I don’t know how this feels to you, but I really like it.”

I couldn’t respond.

“Do you like it?”

I just moaned something.

His hands moved down my arms and onto my hips. Now, he began to gently rock his body against mine, rising up on his tiptoes, and then back down. The effect was that his whole body moved up and down on me. It was the most erotic thing ever.

I was lost.

He nuzzled his face into the side of my neck. He started kissing.

Fuck, I wanted to touch him. To take my hands out of the rings and place them on those gigantic arms... that glorious chest.... But even though I could easily do that, I didn’t. Orders are orders.

He moved his face against mine—cheek against cheek—until his lips enveloped my own. He parted my mouth with his tongue. He put his hands on my face to steady it while he raped my mouth with his slow, languid exploration of it.

I moaned, uncontrollably, into his mouth. He didn’t seem to notice. His strong hands just held my face and he moved his tongue all over mine, and my teeth... all of them. His breath was steady: his nostrils exhaled against my face... his chest rose and fell with slow and steady movement.

A warm sensation began to dribble down my cock shaft. It actually took me a few seconds to realize that I had started to come. When I did realize it, I was awoken by the awareness that I had been shooting strong, hot bursts of come onto my captain. Unable to do otherwise, I pulled my hands out of the rings and placed them on his arms. I moved them over

the dizzying masses of muscle: his deltoids, his traps, and then onto the crowning glory: his chest.

Cap didn't react to my orgasm, nor to my hands coming to his body. He just continued to kiss me. And it was at this point that I got the sense that he was really enjoying what he was doing. As if he was totally turned on, not only by his overpowering me, but by my uncontrollable reaction to it. He held my face tightly, yet... romantically while he slurped my mouth.

My orgasm deposited thick, white, warm ropes of cum on his abdominals, and much of it ended up in his pubes as well.

His cock. It was lengthening. And thickening. Hardening. I felt it now. It was rising between my legs, nearly pushing them apart. Damn, it was big and hard. And getting harder with every one of his heartbeats.

He pulled out of my mouth and breathed a heavy, "Take the rings again." Damn, he was intense. His body pressed against mine; I reluctantly took my hands off his muscles and spread my arms out again, slipping my hands through the wall-fastened rings.

And now, Cap felt like he was moving more and more into a sexual stupor. "Hold on tight, Sean," he whispered into one ear.

I grasped the rings.

He put his hands behind my legs and lifted them up and outward. Holy, holy, fuck on earth. I felt his giant cock press up between my now splayed legs. He was as hard as I was now.

I squirted out a few more generous globs of cum.

He pushed his cock head against my sphincter. He was going to fuck me, and I had no idea how I was expected to accept that thing. He didn't waste much time now. He pushed my hole open, and withdrew just a bit—to give me a chance to acclimate? Not possible. His second assault was more forceful, and painful. Fuck, it hurt so good.

He thrust his giant meat inside me; I responded with an uncontrollable yell and then a long, loud, “Fuuuuuuuuuuuck!” Damn, it hurt. But it felt like the climax of my life too.

Cap growled into my ear. He put his hands on my back now, and I kept my legs spread wide. Now, though, he pulled away from the wall, keeping my body pressed to his with his hands. I was forced to let go of the rings. He stepped back, holding my impaled body against his.

I couldn't believe what he was doing.

I wasn't heavy, but I was the good part of 200 pounds, and Cap was holding me, upright, while he fucked me, right there in the middle of the room.

I moaned with painful satisfaction at being fucked by the most gorgeous muscle man on the planet.

Cap started to roll his hips slowly, and his gigantic cock moved up and down inside me. He had resumed kissing my mouth. He moaned. He thrust, then pulled back by rocking his hips just a bit. I held on to his shoulders and back. The excruciating act of sex with this man was frying my brain. It was at the same time painful, and wonderful.

His muscle body froze. He pushed in farther and harder. Then with a guttural groan and a tightening of his muscles all around my body—and inside it—he came. I felt his powerful blasts of cum begin to fill my ass.

He growled like a wolf guarding its den—a deep, sexy, resonant growl. His grip on my body grew stronger. It was almost as painful as the violation taking place at my ass. His body was so powerful. His muscles gripped me hard while he came inside me.

I pounded my fists against his chest, but I don't think he even felt it.

He came and came inside me. I think I ejaculated some more onto him.

When he was finished, he didn't put me down. Actually, he walked us to the end of the hut, into his bathroom. It was big. I saw our reflection in his mirror. He was so big; I felt so small being held by this man—still impaled on his cock. While I watched in one mirror, and he watched in another, he actually lifted me up off his shaft. His body flexed and rippled with the action. Fuck. His cock popped out of my ass and I felt alone and weak. He bent his knees and lowered me, putting me down.

He looked down at me. “Well, Private, that didn't take long.”

I don't know where I found this voice, but I replied, “Nor for you. Sir.”

He gave a crooked smile: “All planned, Sean. It's been awhile and well, I had decided I was going to enjoy myself this afternoon.”

All I could think about was PeeWee Herman after he crashed his bicycle and got up, brushing himself off and saying, “I meant to do that.”

Yeah, right. Sir. I certainly hadn't gotten the idea that he'd been all under-control and that his sexual release had been in any way “planned”. But of course, you didn't argue with Cap. Besides, who the fuck cared? I just got fucked by Fucking Captain David McAllister! I wasn't about to ruin it—nor the prospect of more—by disputing his claim.

It kind of made me feel good. I mean, maybe he did lose control! Over... me! Over me?! Fuckin' shit! Could it be that I had that kind of effect on Cap? Little ol' me?

Cap walked over to an oversized bathtub. His quarters were definitely not standard issue. Like I said, he obviously had connections... somewhere. I could only imagine the kinds of favors he did (or let others do to him) to get all the amenities he had here.

He leaned down and turned on the water to fill the tub. While the water ran he came back to me. He bent down and kissed me again. Just as passionate as before. This was no exercise or challenge. Today's little lesson was over. This was David, all David, expressing affection and desire. And hell if I was going to do anything but enjoy it.

MORE? WE'LL SEE. (But prolly not)