

# The Captain and his Privates

by Sean Reid Scott

## CHAPTER FIVE

THE COLONEL VISITS THE SERGEANT

— *Thanks to Albron (Alex Bronnings) for the muse of this story.* —

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The characters in this story are played by professional, fictional actors,  
and are not intended to represent, mirror, or allude to any **real** people.  
Any similarities with actual people are unintentional, inadvisable, inadmissible, and unbelievable.

This story contains vivid descriptions of homosexual encounters.

This story includes SEX ACTS BETWEEN MEN,  
and is thus **intended for ADULTS ONLY**.

There's lurid, kinky sex here. HOMO SEX.

It's proddy straight out of HELL, if you're inclined to hold the religious perspective.

Really, this story is not for those who button the collar tightly.

If you can't stomach this kind of smut, *skedaddle*.

**Likewise if you're under 18.**

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With CHAPTER FIVE, we move from the Army camp (where Captain David McAllister and his privates have been having some fun) to a Marine camp, where an ultra-muscular Sgt. West is taunting his CO (Commanding Officer), Colonel Nelson. [This chapter was originally posted as a stand-alone story.]

# The Captain and his Privates

## 5: THE COLONEL VISITS THE SERGEANT

**C**OLONEL NELSON'S LOWER JAW nearly fell to the floor when the door opened, for in front of him was Sergeant West... a naked Sergeant West, naked except only for a comparatively small towel around his waist, which—the colonel could not help but notice—showed a considerable indication of the private parts pushed out by the mountains of surrounding leg muscle.

“Hi Colonel!” the hyper-muscular soldier flashed his bright smile. In spite of his colossal physique, he possessed the youthful exuberance of a teenager. “Oh... I hope it’s okay if I don’t salute. I’m not in uniform anyway, and... well... I’m afraid if I stand at attention the towel might fall off.” His massive frame filled the whole doorway. His broad shoulders almost hit the door jams. He nearly came up to the header of the door. And all that size and height... coupled with that taut, narrow waist... Holy hell. He grinned —perhaps knowing his effect on the older man— with a smile that overwhelmed his visitor.

The colonel was completely stunned—and found himself unable to move or use any of his muscles. He stared at the incredible physique of the young man. Every inch of the sergeant was hard with bulging muscles—but it was West’s incredible pecs that grabbed Nelson’s attention, and sapped his will. They were so big. The colonel’s heart began beating quickly; he knew that he should sit down somewhere; his head was getting light. But the young buck blocked the doorway, just smiling down at the faltering man.

West leaned his right arm against the edge of the door, his forearm against the door-jam, his hand at the height of his head. With his other hand, he held the towel on. He said nothing. The new position showed the enormous mass of his biceps. It swelled, and his forearm flexed. The

sergeant seemed to have no fat on his body. He fixed Nelson with his wide grin, revealing his full set of perfect—and perfectly white—teeth.

Nelson's eyes moved to the new inside view of West's upper arm and his eyes widened as he gaped at the divide that separated the two massive arm and shoulder muscles. He refocused his eyes to include the whole of the magnificent upper arm. The skin covering the muscles was perfectly tensed, and seemed so soft over muscles that were obviously very hard.

“Oh—excuse my manners!” the young sergeant said. He stepped aside and smiled, “Would you like to come in?”

The colonel had been frozen in lust; now, he jumped when the sergeant spoke. “I... yes, yes, sorry... I was thinking about... about something else, sorry for that, sergeant. Yes, thank you.”

West moved aside and Nelson entered the smallish room as though pulled by a magnet. West followed him with his eyes, his grin still on his face. He closed the door, and went back toward his bathroom without another look at Nelson.

The colonel swallowed hard as the incredible, near-naked muscle god passed close to him. When West moved by, Nelson stared at the wide back and tight ass he walked away. The youth ambled; it was erotically powerful—and was made more so by the way he slightly, but so sensually moved his hips in co-ordination with his powerful gait. The Adonis-Hercules turned a corner and was out of view. West's clean smell lingered in the air; it wafted at Nelson, who breathed it in almost greedily.

“You can come right in, colonel, I won't bite you,” West called from the bathroom.

Nelson was startled by the break in the short silence. He stayed in the living room area and called out, “I... I don't want to bother you... I was just passing by so I decided to just stop and... and see if there's anything I can do to... to help you prepare for the contest. It's just six days away, you know.” He tried to laugh but his laugh sounded fake, even for him.

“Oh, thanks... but come on in, don't stay out there. I can't see you from here. You don't bother me, it's okay. Come,” insisted the muscle man.

The colonel complied, taking only a few steps to get to the open bathroom door. He stopped in the doorway. West's incredible, wide back was in full view—his round, hard ass cheeks clearly defined under the tightly-drawn towel... and the towel looked so small. The huge man's muscular butt was molded inside of it. The firm balls of muscle were tight, and close to each other, moving slowly as the huge sergeant leaned forward to put some water on his face. Nelson could hardly believe the perfection and elegance of West's V-shaped back. His lats were so broad; his back was mounded with muscles, so thick, so powerful—and its extreme definition made it so... erotic, actually. The colonel found himself getting hard. Honestly, he'd been getting hard since the sergeant had opened the front door and just stood there, with all those muscles bulging all over hell.

Still bent over, West looked up into the mirror in front of him and caught the colonel's eyes. The muscle stud grinned broadly.

Damn! busted! Nelson tried to look away, but couldn't.

“See anything you like?” West beamed with an innocent cock of the head.

“Ummm....” Nelson was flummoxed.

West now stood up straight, facing the large bathroom mirror. Still looking at Nelson in the reflection, he said, “I'm sorry, Colonel. I don't mean to embarrass you. Just having fun with you....” His shoulders were so broad compared to his waist!

Nelson was nearly falling over himself for all the lust he was feeling: Fuck, this kid is unbelievable! He's every man... every wet dream I've ever had. But I have to control myself... I can't...

West twisted his torso, and looked directly at the colonel now, over his big, round left deltoid, stopping the colonel in his thoughts. “Is everything OK?” He had to know what was happening with the colonel. He obviously knew the effect his insanely muscled body was having on his CO. And he was enjoying it very much.... He totally knew that he was in full control of his superior officer. “Are you going to tell me why you really stopped by?”

“I.... No... I... I’m fine... sorry.” Nelson tried to escape the sergeant’s growing control over him: “I’m not sure... I mean... yes, it was really... mostly to... to offer... any help. And to... you know... encoura... wish you luck. Yes. That’s all...” He smiled to the sergeant as best he could, trying not to tremble too much in the excitement of being so close to all that visible muscle. But looking at West like this, the way he was increasing the beautiful natural curve of the small of his back by twisting his torso.... The top of his back was looking so broad, so massive, so muscular, compared to his extremely narrow waist. How was that kind of proportional difference —between his wide shoulders and tiny waist—even possible? It was intoxicating.

Not to even mention how big the man’s legs were. Yes, the upper legs were somewhat covered by that skimpy towel, but the way they bulged and filled out the towel gave no doubt as to how massive they were.

“Well, thanks for the offer. I think I’m fine, though. And thanks for wishing me luck, Colonel,” West smiled. Then he lifted one of his enormous, tight arms and flexed it. “But do you think I need luck? I’m gonna go with hard work, determination, and raw power....” He winked at the colonel.

Which made Nelson nearly melt into the door’s threshold.

West turned back to the mirror and watched Nelson’s reflection again. He grabbed a small hand-towel and began drying his face. Nelson resumed his inventory of the lad’s muscles. His cock—in his uniform—was hardening like it had never hardened before. West’s towel was so low that the top of his glutes were slightly visible. You could see a tantalizing amount of his ass crack.

West turned around and faced the colonel full-on. The sergeant continued to use the hand towel to dry the skin of his gorgeous face—slowly, seductively. And the occasional view of the under-side of both of his upper arms and his arm pits caused Nelson to cough down a gasp. Nelson looked at the lower part of that towel which moved slowly over the taut, pale skin—its end stuck between the two bulging pec muscles.

The sergeant was smiling in his natural friendly, but slightly cocky way. “I know what you have, Colonel,” he said in a confident, matter-of-fact tone.

“What do you... mean, Sergeant?” the older man asked in a nervous rasp.

Sergeant West set the face-towel down and placed his butt against the counter. His smile could melt ice. He was so extremely gorgeous, and now, as he gazed at the colonel with that knee-weakening smile... with all those enormous, defined muscles just... right there, Nelson found himself catching his breath. West smiled softly. “You’ve got a muscle fetish, don’t you, colonel.”

Nelson swallowed hard. Holy fuck. I’m toast.

“It’s okay, sir. I’ve known for awhile. Since we first met, actually. Sir.”

“You... you... I’m sorry?”

“About your attraction to big muscles, sir,” West smiled. He glanced down at the floor with a shy look, then looked back up at Nelson. “You’re turned on by me and my muscles,” he said.

The colonel’s heart stopped for a second. When it restarted, it was jumping all over the place. He looked at West with wide eyes. “I... I’m not sure... I don’t know, what you... you’re talking about... I don’t....”

West chuckled. He held up a hand as if apologizing, “It’s okay. It really is, sir. I understand.”

“I.... No... it’s just that... that I...” The colonel tried to laugh, and he knew it sounded pathetic. He didn’t know what to say. His face reddened.

“This... this... I should probably... I think... maybe I should...”

“Colonel, it’s okay.” The sergeant looked patient. “Truly. You don’t have to apologize. I kinda like it... sir.”

“You.... I.... Pardon?”

“Yeah. It’s kind of cool, really. I mean, I’m glad you like it. It’s pretty awesome, actually,” the sergeant smiled.

“But... no... I mean... I really...”

“Yeah, sir, I’m not sure exactly where you’re coming from, and it doesn’t matter to me... but if you’re trying to hide that you like what you’re seeing, you might want to work on that. It’s hard not to notice.”

“I, um....”

Sergeant West grabbed the hand-towel again and scrubbed his military-short blondish-red hair. It was short enough that it really didn’t need drying, but Colonel Nelson wasn’t about to object, because when West rubbed his head, his biceps bulged and bounced next to his ears. It was unbelievable how big and good-looking this guy was. Whoever he would face in next week’s Inter-branch Military Strength and Physique (IMSP) contest didn’t have a chance.

But West’s words, about the colonel being... well, pretty obvious in his muscle lust... that stung. Basically, it scared the shit out of him! Holy fuck! How many people knew? How could he have been so careless? Could he do any damage control? He spoke quickly: “Well, I don’t know about that. I mean... I have always followed bodybuilding. As a sport, you know. And I was in pretty good shape back in my day, you know. A fit body is a happy body, I always say.” Oh for crying out loud. How was he coming up with this stuff? It was comical.

West looked at him askance and gave a sly smile.

He’s not buying it, Nelson thought. “And well, as a promoter of the IMSP contest every year, it’s my duty to flesh out the top competitors, you know....”

The sergeant tossed the hand-towel across the bathroom and it landed—nothin’-but-net—in a hamper.

“Nice shot,” Nelson said. “You play ball too?”

West smiled, “Oh yeah. Love to play me some ball.” His smile grew into an outright grin. He studied the colonel for a few beats then suddenly changed subjects. “Hey, I was just gonna make myself some sandwiches—post-workout meal, you know? You want to join me?” With that he pushed himself away from the bathroom counter and headed for the door, which Nelson was blocking. The colonel stepped back just in time, and

West's perfect muscle body—and heady scent of musk and spice—moved by.

By the time Nelson pulled himself together enough to join West in the kitchen, the sergeant was already pulling things out of the fridge. He was still wearing nothing but that low-flung, loose towel. The muscles above and below that bright white cotton were knee-weakening.

“You already have dinner, sir?” West said as he worked.

“Oh, uh, yes. I did.”

“Well, I can fix you something small if you like. Whatever you want, sir.” He motioned to the kitchen's small bar with two stools. “Here, have a seat, sir. Make yourself absolutely at home.” The hunk worked for a few more minutes while Nelson stared at him from his stool. West's ginormous arms bulged and undulated with every tiny movement of his fingers: forearms and upper arms. For the colonel—a true muscle worshiper, despite his denials—it was intoxicating. Nelson knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he'd remember this encounter forever, embossing every image, every motion, every sound of the young sergeant into his brain for future retrieval whenever he “needed” them.

West made two sandwiches for himself; Nelson had finally agreed to a V-8. He sipped it while West stood on the kitchen side of the bar, only feet from the colonel, chomping down on his food. Even his jaw muscles flexed and moved when he chewed. Damn, so hot.

Of course, there were millions of other muscles to look at, and Nelson availed himself of as much as he could take in.

While he ate, the sergeant said—as if it were just regular conversation—with the most casual of expressions, “You can't take your eyes off my muscles, colonel.”

Nelson nearly choked on his V-8. In fact, he did choke. And cough.

“Oh, sir, are you alright? Can I get you anything?”

Nelson finally regained control of his functions.

“Wrong pipe?” West asked innocently.

“Guess so,” Nelson said, wiping his mouth.

West just kept eating.

Nelson just had to object: “And sergeant, I... really don’t think it’s appro...”

“And even though I’ve noticed how much you always look at my muscles,” West interrupted, “I couldn’t help but notice that you keep looking at my... my package, too.” He stepped back so his lower body wouldn’t be blocked from Nelson’s view by the kitchen bar; he looked down at the bulky mound under his towel and put a hand on it. He squeezed it, then looked back up at the colonel, smiling as he removed his hand from his crotch. “So, maybe it’s good that you decided to visit me this evening... I mean, right when I was getting out of the shower and all.”

Nelson’s eyes were wide. His skin was flushed. His heart threatened to beat out of his chest. His hands were clammy. “I... um... I don’t think....”

“Sir,” the sergeant said, “it truly is okay, alright? I’m kind of excited about this myself. I know you are pretty excited. And, this is just between the two of us, okay? I mean, you coming over here like this, and all....”

Nelson swallowed hard again. “And all?”

“You know... what I said earlier, how much you look. I wouldn’t worry too much if others see it. You can just use that line... about how you have to ‘look’ because you promote the contest every year. I think most people buy that.”

The colonel cleared his throat. He didn’t know what to say. Because everything West said—about him being a muscle worshiper of the highest level—was hand-on-Bible true. He couldn’t deny it—at least and make said denial believable. West had him fair and square.

“It’s all up to you, sir. I mean, I know what you want, and to be honest, I want to show it to you. But it’s your decision, okay?”

Nelson didn't respond.

"I don't know if it's something you want to talk about, sir, but I've found that talking about it can make it a lot easier—a lot more... well, easier to figure out. If you want, sir."

"Pardon? Talk... about...?"

"Well, I don't know about you, but I remember being fascinated with bodybuilding since before I was even old enough to work out, you know?" He took a bite of his second sandwich and chewed—so sexily again. "My dad was big into fitness. And I had three older brothers who all worked out... played football, wrestled... you know. So I guess I was always kinda naturally attracted to... you know... the sport."

"The sport?"

West smiled. "Hello! Earth to Marine Colonel Nelson!" he laughed. "The sport! Bodybuilding!"

"Oh, yeah, yeah. That!" Nelson laughed, even though West's attempt at humor bordered on disrespectful.

"I mean, damn, when I started going to the gym and lifting weights, I couldn't believe the size of some of those guys," the sergeant continued. "They really blew me away. Anyway, I made a decision then and there that I'd achieve the best physique I could." He pushed himself from the counter and hit a double biceps pose. "And it's taken me over ten years," he looked at one arm, then the other, then added, "but I think I'm almost ready to peak, don't you think? Certainly ready for next week's competition, right?" His biceps peaked so high they looked like twin images of the Matterhorn.

"Holy shhhh..." Nelson whimpered softly.

West, grinning from ear to ear, lowered his arms. "You like?"

Nelson's eyes widened and he shook his head in an I-can't-believe-what-I'm-seeing kind of expression.

West laughed. “See? I told you you have it bad for big muscles!”

Nelson turned as red as the vegetable drink in his glass.

“So, what about you? When did you realize? That you really liked muscle men?”

How was it that West’s commitment to muscle was simply a commitment to “the sport”, yet Nelson’s interest was characterized as something as sex-driven-sounding as liking muscle men?

“Realize?” the colonel struggled. “Well, I guess I’ve always been into sports too. I guess. From a young age.” Yeah, why was he still trying to convince West of his noble thoughts, when he himself knew what a lie it was?

“That’s cool.” West swallowed down the last of his second sandwich, finished off the smoothie he’d made, and without comment headed for the living room.

When Nelson joined him, the muscle god was standing by the big couch, facing the colonel. “So, you can obviously see most all of my muscles now,” he said. Then he moved his hand to the hem of the towel and started to pull it back. “But maybe you want a tiny peek at...” He pulled the towel open just a bit, exposing part of his enormous cock. He smiled at Nelson’s slack-jawed reaction. “Yeah, I guess it’s hard to have a tiny peek at something this big,” he chuckled. “It’s kind of... huge, isn’t it.” He held the towel open a bit wider, allowing the colonel’s eyes to soak in the enormity of his manhood. “I know you probably thought it was big, like all my muscles are, but... I kinda doubt you thought it would look like this.” He raised his eyebrows in acknowledgement of Nelson’s raw reaction to seeing his manhood.

The colonel couldn’t believe what he was looking at. The organ wasn’t only gigantic, it was also... just amazingly beautiful! Holy shit! Vein upon vein ran down and around the thick, long shaft. Balls the size of lemons hung in low-dangling sacs. Reddish-blond pubes—trimmed and kept short—made a kind of sexy frame for the man’s genitals.

But before Nelson could gawk any more, the sergeant slowly closed the towel again and fastened it by tucking it inside itself around his waist. “You can look more later, if you want, sir,” West smiled. “It’s your decision, okay? I’m not going to do anything—or show anything that you don’t want to see. I don’t want to embarrass you in any way. But I gotta be honest colonel, just watching you look at my muscles... it’s kind of a turn-on to me. I hope that doesn’t make you feel bad or anything....”

“N-no... it’s alri....” Nelson mumbled.

Sergeant West stepped toward the nervous colonel. He stopped just in front of him. His bulk blocked the colonel’s complete frontal view; his chest was the most expansive, monumental, sexy, powerful thing Nelson had ever laid eyes on. West’s arms were relaxed, at his sides, and even then his triceps were like footballs. “So... what do you think?”

“I... I... think I will...” The colonel tried to raise his eyes, but his look was fixed on West’s huge pectoral muscles. He just gaped at them. Damn, they were emanating heat. They were so big, so hard-looking, so... “I... sorry... I should probably... leave... I shouldn’t....” He so wanted—well, needed—to get out of there. Why was it so hot in West’s quarters? If he could just make it to the door... But the sergeant was partially blocking his way....

“Is that really what you want? To leave?” West asked in a soft, seductive voice; it resonated through the colonel’s body. West stepped closer to the colonel and wrapped his big arms around him. Nelson couldn’t move; his feet felt like they were glued to the floor. Now the chest of the hunky, nearly-naked soldier was touching his nose. The scent. The manly, masculine, powerful, yet youthful scent... Nelson’s eyes nearly rolled back into his head.

“I... really have... to leave... sergeant....” Nelson mumbled. “I shouldn’t have... I shouldn’t...”

But West didn’t immediately move. He just inhaled more air and stuck out his chest farther. His arms squeezed Nelson gently, just so the man could get a sense of his power—as if he needed convincing. But then, the sergeant released Nelson and stepped back. “If that’s what you want to do, sir, I understand.” The massive, young sergeant smiled politely. “Just

know, though, that if you want to come back... if you ever do want to... come... and see me, you're always welcome here, sir."

"Um... yes... well, thank you, sergeant... um... Sergeant West...."

"Sir, since I have almost no clothes on, and since I'm making you all hard and bothered, I hope you feel comfortable enough to call me Aaron."

"Yes... of course, Sergeant... A—Aaron. Yes. I mean, in this setting I suppose it's...."

"But I don't believe you actually want to leave, do you?" Aaron interrupted, smiling down at the trembling man. Nelson's eyes were level with the kid's big, dark nipples. "I think you'd really prefer to stay, just a little longer." He rolled his pecs.

Ho. Lee. Shit. That nearly pushed Nelson over the edge. Goddammit, could there be anything more erotic?

"I... I... it's just that..." Nelson's forehead had broken out in a sweat. The smell of the muscle god was irresistible, and the room was getting even hotter.

"It's just that... what...? Is it that... you are afraid? You shouldn't be. Does being this close to me make you feel good—or bad? Can you look me in the eye and tell me you don't like being this close to me? To have me hold you in my arms? To have contact with my body? Even to just look at me? To stare at me? Admire me? 'Cuz, like I said, I've seen you look at me... a lot. I really appreciate that you admire me. All the hard work I put in to making my muscles big... when you admire me, it makes all that hard work worth it."

"Sergeant West... I..."

"Aaron, please."

"Sergeant Aaron... I mean..."

Aaron lifted his finger to his lips. "Shhhhh. It's okay," he whispered. He was sincere. "Just stand here for a moment. This is okay, isn't it? It's just the

two of us, and you can be damn sure, Ray, that I won't tell a soul that you're here. It's not the kind of thing I want to get out to the other guys anyway, you know? If the other soldiers got wind that I was spending time with the base commander... well, they'd get all kinds of mad at me. Special preference from a colonel? No way.... I can do without that kind of attention."

For some reason, the colonel didn't object at all that West had used his first name. Normally, that'd be totally out of line. But these were unique circumstances. Very unique.

"So, have you made a decision?" Aaron asked. "Do you really have to leave?"

"I... well, maybe..."

Aaron smiled. "Good. Even if you stay just a few minutes." The young sergeant brushed by the colonel, his heat-emanating muscle body rubbing against the smaller man. He moved into his bedroom. Nelson followed the wide "V" of the sergeant's rippling back.

Aaron turned around when he got to his bed. "So, sir... I'd like to show you that it's okay to enjoy what you really like. You like huge muscles. I know that and you know that. And it's all good, right? You like big, muscular guys. You like strong guys—virile, muscle men, Ray—guys like me." He put his hands on his hips and smiled some more. "But... and be honest with me here... have you ever seen someone as big and lean as me?"

Nelson shook his head slowly.

Aaron smiled. "Well, that's good... for both of us!" he laughed. "I'm glad you came, Ray. I can just tell you are aching to look at me. It's just perfect. You want to look, and I want to show off a little. In fact... yes! That's how you can help me prepare for next week! I could really use some help in posing, you know? Yeah, I know most of the contest is about strength and power, but the physique portion of the competition is important too. Maybe you could come here to my quarters a few more times this week, and we could... you know... practice?"

Nelson swallowed hard again.

Aaron let his hands relax at his sides. “Nice. I knew I could count on you, Ray.” He placed one hand on the colonel’s shoulder, and his warmth ran all through Ray’s body. “Thank you, man. I really appreciate it.” He withdrew his hand, and the enormous arm that had been filling Nelson’s field of vision moved away. “So, now that you have me here, mostly naked and willing to let you... you know...” he opened his palms. “What do you think? You like what you see?”

“Yes... Holy hell, yes. You have an amazing body, yes....” said the colonel softly. He couldn’t wrap his mind around what was happening—how genial and friendly West was being. And he certainly couldn’t remember what gave him the courage to stop by, unannounced, like this. And he also couldn’t figure out why his mouth had suddenly opened with a flood of words.

“Thank you, sir,” Aaron smiled. “I’m pleased! I’m curious—what does it do to you?”

Nelson avoided the question. “Hum, um... well... you... have the most incredible body that I’ve ever seen, sergeant.”

Aaron smiled cockily. “Nice. Thanks. I’m glad you approve, Ray.”

“Holy fuck...” Ray mumbled.

Aaron laughed. “At a loss for words? Well, that’s okay. Too much talk and you forget all about having fun, right? And if you don’t know by now, I love to have fun! One-on-one fun especially. How about you, colonel? I know you have to keep up the authoritative image, but I bet, deep down, you like to have some fun, right?”

“Well....”

“I knew it. You probably just need a little loosening up, right? Hey—I have some beer, or maybe some whiskey. Don’t know about you, but I get all suggestive and frisky when I have a few—ha ha!”

“Oh, well, no thank you.”

“I get it. No drinking while on duty, right? But... you’re not actually on duty now, are you? No worries, sir. I understand. Maybe there’s something else we can do to loosen you up. I dunno though. You look tighter than a tiny sphincter! You look like you could just break down and beg me to flex for you. Am I right?”

“Be—beg?”

“Yeah,” Aaron smiled. “I mean, have you ever seen a man so well-built that you just wanted to beg him to take his shirt off? To let you see his body?”

“Well... I’ve never... um....”

“Maybe not actually have begged out loud, but have you ever wanted to? Maybe to me? When you’ve seen me around the base?”

“Well...”

“I love it, man, Aaron laughed. “I really do. You like muscle so bad that you get hard just thinking about me, I bet.” He raised his eyebrows in question. “Do you? I mean, I know you’re totally hard now... I can see it in your uniform, sir. But do you get hard at other times when you see me? Or think about me?”

Nelson looked at the floor, turning red.

“Ha! I love it! That is so cool. Damn, sir, you’re making me hard right now, just imagining it!” His smile lit up the room. You could probably power the entire base with this guy’s enthusiastic energy. He was so powerful-looking, yet so adorably innocent too.

“Just between you and me, Ray, I know some of the guys in the barracks jerk off to me. I’ve found pictures of me, you know? In their bunks,” he said with that smile.

For some reason, the use of Nelson’s first name sounded so natural and normal. Not a hint of over-familiarity or mockery. Just sincere friendliness.

Aaron's voice lowered. "So... and you don't have to answer if you don't want to... have you ever jerked off to me?" He cocked his head to the side in a cute expression. "It's okay if you have."

Nelson didn't respond. But he did look up from the floor and locked eyes with his idol. His face gave him away.

Aaron smiled and nodded. "Fuck man. That's the hottest thing ever." He took a step toward Nelson. "Have you, really? That's getting me hard, just knowing about it. I mean, I don't mind. I don't mind when my buddies do. They can't help what they like, you know? So, don't worry that it bothers me. It's just the opposite, okay? Wow, that's cool. You've come, just because of my muscles? Goddamn, Ray. Holy shit, that's so cool!"

Nelson's mouth was dry. He was light-headed. This was like some kind of dream. It'd be a nightmare if it wasn't so erotic. Ever since he could remember, the colonel associated huge, defined muscles with sex. His sexual desire existed totally in the realm of bodybuilders and gorgeous, big men. Nothing turned Ray Nelson on like muscles did. Nothing turned Ray Nelson on, other than muscle men.

"You want me to flex my muscles for you?" Aaron asked. "Have you ever fantasized about that? About seeing me naked and flexing? Well, yeah, I suppose you have... I mean, if you've come while thinking about my body, I can only imagine that you've fantasize about me flexing. You want me to, right? You want me to flex? Just for you? You want to see my physique just blow you away while I pump my muscles? I bet you'd just love watching me show off my body to you... You want that, right, Ray?"

The colonel's dick, hardening since he'd entered the sergeant's quarters, was now at full erection in his pants, and he didn't even try to hide it. West's voice and mannerisms were getting more... enthusiastic. And Nelson really liked that. His hard-on was now almost painful. He'd never felt so excited. And here was this muscle kid, pretty-much volunteering to give him a private muscle show. The colonel couldn't believe it. Finally, he said, "You... You would do that? You would... flex... for me?" He was completely in lust—and completely under West's control. He was tossing his inhibitions to the wind.

“Sure I would. I’d love to show you what my body looks like,” his face became sly, sneaky... “and maybe let you feel? But...” his voice lowered again. “But you’re gonna have to ask me, if you really want to....”

“Pardon?”

“Ask me,” Aaron answered.

“Ask you? To flex your muscles?”

Aaron smiled and nodded.

“Okay... well, then....” Nelson was sweating hard. His heart raced. His hard-on threatened to burst in his pants. Nearly against his will, he found himself blurting out. “Would you? Would you flex, for me? I’d like that very m—it would be really cool.” He was blurting out more than he wanted to say.

The young soldier was so hot... nearly naked, perfect hairless skin, perfect massive muscles... right in front of him. Ray was over the edge and he knew it... at that moment he would do anything the big muscle boy asked. There was no turning back now.

"You want to see me flex?" repeated the muscular young man. "Say it again." Aaron was still his jovial self, but he sounded a bit more focussed now. More intent.

“Yes! Please, sergeant. I mean, Aaron. Flex for me. Pose for... show me your muscles.” His voice echoed in the room for several moments.

West was not moving. The colonel began to worry. The young sergeant was so sexy, yet at the same time so intimidating. Despite his friendly demeanor, the immense man was... well, immense. Power emanated from every pore of this muscle god.

Then, Aaron started to smile. He slowly raised his right arm. With artistic grace he lifted just one arm. He shifted his torso so that it rested over one hip. When his massive arm reached the pose, he tightened and flexed his big bicep. The muscle swelled, hitting that amazing peak again.

Nelson was in a trance. Only a few weeks ago, this incredible Sergeant Aaron West had entered his office for the first time, to report to the base commander when he'd been assigned to the base. Now, nearly naked, the sergeant was proudly showing off his muscle body for his commanding officer.

The biceps and the triceps became swollen from the flexing. Aaron smiled at his admirer. "You like this?" The thing was bigger than any arm Nelson had ever seen—and not simply big, it was more defined and rippling than any arm Nelson had ever seen.

"My god, Aaron... Your bicep has to be... what... 22... 23 inches?"

West smiled confidently, staring at his bicep. He grunted a little and flexed more. The bicep grew a little in response. He slowly raised his other arm and hit that majestic double biceps pose once again, knowing that the Colonel loved it. "These babies are nearly 25 inches, Ray...." He held the pose for his slack-jawed admirer. Shit, the peaks on those babies were unreal! He lowered his arms and twisted sideways into a side-chest pose. The fans of striations rippled over his stupendous chest. His legs tightened. His whole body hardened into what looked like rock itself. "What do you think?" he said, finally lowering his arms and standing relaxed.

Nelson found himself smacking his tongue and lips, his throat was so dry. He was captivated by the kid, and didn't have a clue what to say. At that moment, he couldn't believe that anyone could be more beautiful and erotic than this young muscle god, and he no longer had the will to resist the man, so it was with conviction that he finally rasped, "Holy hell, West. Fuck! I've never seen a man so amazing, so big and muscular, so tantalizing as you!" He couldn't believe the word tantalizing had come out of his mouth, but he'd lost his ability to think straight.

Aaron beamed. "Thanks!" Fuck... all that muscle, yet his demeanor was all shucks-n-golly.

Nelson's eyes feasted ravenously, and for the first time in his life, he did so openly and without the concern to hide his lust and excitement. Somehow he trusted the young stud. He'd believed Aaron when he'd earlier said that whatever happened here it would be just between the two of them.

The V-shape of the muscular hunk held his attention; Nelson's eyes bugged out as he noticed how the lats pushed the monstrous arms out to the sides. The man's shoulders were absolutely wide with masculine power.

Then Aaron moved his arms up, placed his hands behind his head and exhaled completely, with a loud whoosh. His abs contracted; the mounded bricks of abdominal muscles seemed to fight against each other to find room to expand; they were so ripped and so defined! And that fuckin' tiny waist...!

Nelson moved his eyes everywhere on the sergeant's body.

Aaron inhaled deeply, then pushed out his air again—and the muscles flexed everywhere. His waist got tinier; his arms threatened to crush his head. His legs... holy fuck! In this pose the towel was spread enough to reveal a lot of his gigantic leg mass. They were tight with rippling, undulating bulges! Aaron held the pose and smiled. The soldier lowered his arms. "You like that?"

The young man pulled the towel aside again, revealing the quadriceps—but not his cock this time. The colonel shifted his head to look at Aaron's vast legs. Even relaxed, they were so big! The mass of his thighs was fantastic, and—like the rest of his body—was so well cut, and so ripped, that it was purely erotic to see.

Ray moved his eyes to the center of the mighty hunk's body. Aaron now pulled the towel wider. It revealed his big, semi-limp, dick. The colonel couldn't suppress a gasp of amazement—even though he'd seen it just minutes before. Maybe it was because now, all pretenses were being blown away. Aaron West knew all about Ray's muscle lust. Pure pleasure pulsed through the colonel's body.

West massaged his bare cock a little with his hand, holding it firmly with an open palm so the colonel could enjoy looking at it.

The soldier touched himself for a few moments, then coyly looked up at his worshipping commanding officer. "It's okay if I show it off to you a little, isn't it?" he asked so innocently. "Do you want to see what it looks like when it gets bigger?"

Ray was frozen. He couldn't answer. He just stared.

Aaron apparently took that as a yes, because he returned his eyes to his cock and continued to play with it—and it was responding. In a moment he looked up at Ray. He gave a smiling frown and said, “Do you know that your dick is already sending loads of precum onto your pants?”

Nelson panicked. He was getting his pants wet? Fuck. He tried to look down at his crotch, but West—with just the power of his eyes—stopped him. “There’s nothing you can do about it now, Ray. You’re going to cum any moment... you already know it... and you know that you want to. And you gotta know that... fuck,” he chuckled. “Fuck, I want you to come too. That’d be so cool. Just from looking at my muscles—and this huge cock.” He fondled himself some more and smiled, “Damn, you got it bad for big muscles, don’t you. And I bet you’d like to touch them... and this....” he said, lifting his shaft up a bit.

Nelson actually let out a soft whimper.

“You know you want to. You can’t fight what you’re feeling right now. And you don’t need to fight it anymore... this infatuation for me; this desire... you can’t... so just let yourself go... enjoy yourself... you can look at my dick all you want, man... I don’t mind. If you want, you can open your pants. Shit, I’d kinda like to see what all of my hard muscles are doing to you. Fuck, it’d be so hot if you actually started jerking off to my muscles.”

The only think that came from Ray’s mouth was a soft, “Please....”

“Oh, don’t worry. Like I said, I’d never mention any of this to anyone. I don’t want to get in trouble, colonel. So don’t you worry about that. Anything you—or we—do here tonight, or for the rest of the week... it’s totally okay, and private.”

Nelson gave a shallow nod.

“So,” Aaron continued, “do you wanna? Seriously, dude, it’d be really hot.” He examined the progress of his own erection. “You’re already getting me hard, just thinking about it,” he smiled. “Unzip, if you want.”

Nelson said again, "Please...." Then he moved his hands to his belt.

"Oh... that's awesome," Aaron said. "Yeah... go ahead."

But Nelson stopped. He should not be doing this! Not with anyone, but especially not with one of his men!

"Well, actually," Aaron said, "I bet you don't even have to take it out." Then a devilish look came upon the young hunk. "In fact, you are so deep into muscle that I bet if I get real close to you, and flex, and let you see me naked... I bet I can make you come in your pants... without even touching yourself." Aaron chuckled. "Damn, I would absolutely love to do that to you. Make you come just by watching me flex my muscles. You wanna see if I can do that?"

Aaron moved his right arm in front of his chest; he straightened it and extended it toward Nelson; the fist clenched. He rotated the muscular arm, allowing Nelson to admire it from every angle. Nelson's mouth dropped open. Staring at this arm so closely was like an out-of-body experience. He couldn't stop watching its incredible definition. Every motion and movement was fascinating and elegant. "Yeah, I think if I do this some more you will be on the verge of creaming your pants with a full load."

West was so right. Nelson closed his eyes and tried not to come... he tried to breathe slowly, but his heart kept racing.

"Open your eyes," Aaron said.

The colonel obeyed the sergeant's order.

"Watch carefully." Aaron slowly undid the towel from his waist and let it fall to the floor.

Nelson nearly choked on his own spit when he looked at the fully-naked muscle man. West was perfection. Taut, throbbing muscles, spread over a huge body. No fat. Anywhere. Gorgeous face. Friendly personality. Mammoth cock. Tall in stature. Wide and broad in all the right places. Minuscule waist to contrast with all that astonishing mass.

“You like my muscles? Does this do anything for you?” His long, thick cock arched out in front of him, growing higher and higher. You could actually see his pulse in the way the shaft bumped up with each heart beat. He was just standing there, naked, not flexing, and he was about to send Ray into an involuntary, uncontrollable orgasm.

The muscular sergeant put one naked leg forward, forcing his ever-growing shaft to one side. He placed a hand on his quadriceps and started rocking the enormous limb back and forth, slowly. Then faster. Ray was mesmerized; he couldn't pull his eyes off it. It was so big, and so fluid. The way it rocked—the way its incredible mass pitched and rolled—it was unbelievable that that much bulk could move so much. And then, Bam! He flexed the titanic upper leg, and in an instant it solidified into insanely-freakish, defined mounds of muscle. The veins that fed the flexed leg distended all over the place. It was like a map—blood vessels wrapped all over the leg, feeding the tightened muscles.

The colonel's eyes glued to it. The long, bulging, hard muscles were the ultimate display of physical power. Nelson knew he couldn't hold back much longer... but really... he absolutely could not allow himself to come... not now. Besides, it was impossible! He'd never come without touching himself. He raised his gaze and saw the beautiful face of the sergeant looking directly into his eyes. He looked again at the massive leg and his eyes expanded as West used his free hand to cradle and roll his cock, and the large balls moving in the ball sac.

The sergeant's self confidence was amazing, and his virile sexuality was staggering... and he knew exactly the impact he was having on the colonel. He flexed and posed, knowing full well he was about to make a grown man come, just by showing off his muscles.

And then, Aaron stared deep into Ray's eyes. With authority, he whispered, “Come. Come for me. Now.”

And the colonel came. His whole body froze at the command. His steel-hard cock twitched, then pulsed, then filled with a tightness he'd never felt before—to the point that he knew it was going to burst. He felt a rush of pleasure in his body. The orgasm took over, commandeering every voluntary and involuntary function of his body. He started filling his pants. Without touching himself. Without the ability to stop, he came. And came.

The erotic power of Aaron West was overwhelming. Nelson's body totally obeyed the muscle god—in spite of his brain's objections—and shot load after load of warm muscle-offering into his uniform's pants. His involuntary bursts of semen were more than mere ejaculations; this orgasm was the most powerful thing he'd ever experienced in his life. His eyes squinted; he moaned loudly and clenched his fists. Standing in the middle of Sergeant West's bedroom, his body convulsed in the throes of uncontrollable climax. He was filling his pants—possibly to overflowing.

West had moved into a graceful, sensual, erotic flexing session. He gave his shaft a nice, long stroke. He bared his teeth with a growl, sending the colonel to an even higher—more intense—level of orgasm. Nelson couldn't contain his loud gasps between sustained groans of pleasure. His breathing was hard and deep, as if he'd just finished running a marathon. He looked at West... the confident, cocky man was still staring at him in the same way, but displaying a brilliant smile while he showed off his body. The colonel continued to fill his pants until he fell forward, past the muscle body, and collapsed onto Aaron's bed, exhausted. West stopped posing and stood straight.

The colonel kept his eyes closed. West turned and walked back to the bathroom. As he walked, he said, "Why don't you come and let me shower you off. That must be a big mess in your pants. We can shower together, and after I get you all cleaned off, you can wash me off."

"Didn't you just shower?" Ray mumbled breathily, lying on Aaron's bed with closed eyes.

"Yeah, I did," Aaron called out, a smile in his voice. "But hell, I think you'll enjoy washing all my muscles in the shower." The sergeant chuckled. "It'll probably make you come again too...."

Nelson found himself getting up. He went to the naked god in the bathroom. Aaron opened the glass shower door, then turned toward his colonel. "But before I make you come again, it's my turn, okay? You up to sucking off a big muscle guy like me?"

*...more to cum.*