

**THE NEW ADVENTURES OF
MUSCLEMAN**



Testos Four

Chapter 13

by Sean Scott

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

This story begins three years after the previous log entry by Commander Eric Armstrong, when he was held prisoner by the Renegades, on Testos Four. For a full background of Commander Armstrong (the *new* MuscleMan) you are encouraged to read the ***Testos Four*** saga, especially beginning with Episode 9. Episode 13 (this one) is a transitional chapter, after which will begin the official "New Adventures of MuscleMan."

Special note: This new "MuscleMan" should *NOT* be confused with the original MuscleMan stories by Derek Flex (me). The characters are distinct and separate from each other. In fact, as the Curious Reader will find, the *new* MuscleMan (Eric Armstrong) bases his MuscleMan persona **on** the original character penned by Derek Flex (me), after *reading* about him on the Internet.

- Sean Scott

Commander's Log-- Stardate: 36221.5

Aboard the *USS Punxsutawney*

First Officer **Eric Armstrong** reporting

Under the command of Captain Raexis Mitchell, the *USS Punxsutawney* is proceeding to Testos Four. Our mission: to determine the Testone threat; especially regarding their purported time-travel device, the Temporal Transport Portal (TTP).

Normal relations between the Federation¹ and Testos Four have yet to be established, due to the ongoing civil-war on their planet. The “Renegades” faction of Testones are bent on preventing the establishment of relations between Testos Four and the Federation. The Renegades are the ones responsible for my kidnapping three years ago. It is the Renegades who have supposedly developed the technology of the TTP.

As part of my ongoing development in Star Fleet², and as preparation for this mission, I have undergone an experimental, revolutionary process, involving the implantation of *nanites*— micro-biological/computerized organisms designed to amplify my already unique physical abilities. These nanites have been injected into my bloodstream. They have augmented my body with communication and hologram (holo-projection) abilities, among other singular powers. Consequently, I have no need for a communicator, and I am able to use the nanites to create holographic images, by merely summoning them with my thoughts (since they are embedded in my bloodstream and brain cells). Combined with my already superior Physique-Bred Specimen (PBS) genetics, the nanites give me many powers and abilities that far exceed normal human possibilities, not the least of which is my super-human strength, which enhances even more my hyper-muscular looking, award-winning physique (not bragging, just trying to be accurate).

I have been assigned the mission of infiltrating the Testos Four Renegades, to learn of their strengths and weaknesses, and to gain an understanding of just how pervasive their organization is, among the regular Testone population. A central aspect to my mission is to find the TTP and determine its potential functions. If operational, the TTP poses a huge risk to the security of the Federation.

Upon arrival in orbit over Testos Four, I will beam down and infiltrate the Renegades, in a top secret spy mission. (Mwwwaaaaahh!)³

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¹ Not to be confused in any way with the Federation of *Star Trek* lore. I don't want to be sued!

² Not to be confused in any way with “Star Fleet” of *Star Trek* lore. I don't want to be sued!

³ Sorry, I just couldn't resist. It won't happen again.

[Author's note: As of Commander Armstrong's beaming down to Testos Four right now, the voice of this story will move from first-person to third-person, except for occasional log entries, which will be obvious to the Curious Reader.]

Commander Armstrong's head pounded. He was groggy and felt weak. As he slowly awoke and tried to open his eyes, he fought against the disorientation and the pain. He tried to move his arms, but it was impossible. Ditto with his massive legs. He was strapped to a metal table, his huge body restrained by devices similar to the ones that held him the last time he had been on this planet. He was naked, and his huge body was confined by these strong restraints.

Not again! he thought.

At that moment, a door opened, and two huge Testones entered. Armstrong immediately recognized Captain Cutter-- the man who had tortured him previously. The other Testone was slightly taller than Cutter, and bigger too.

"Yes, again," Cutter said, grinning. "Those nanites you have-- they have given us a special look inside your mind, commander." He chuckled and said, "They give off signals that we can monitor. Basically, we can read your mind."

Armstrong struggled against the restraints, in vain.

Cutter chuckled again. "Not to worry, commander. You won't have to struggle too long. The injection of *testostonite* won't take long, and then we'll be ready for your tests."

"*Testostonite*? Tests?" Armstrong asked.

"Why yes, commander. You don't think we do our experiments without testing the results, do you?"

"What kind of experiments?" Armstrong demanded.

"Come now, Eric-- you don't mind if I call you Eric, do you? We're just trying out a few things; we want to know what you humans are capable of. You know, strength and such."

"You won't get away with this! The Federation will find me-- like they did last time!" Armstrong protested.

Cutter smiled. "I don't think so. You forget, it's been three years since your last visit-- and rescue. We've-- how shall I put it-- we've made some significant improvements to our security measures here. Your friends won't be able to find you."

Armstrong turned his head away from Cutter.

“Now, Eric,” Cutter continued, “it’s time for Lieutenant Taro here to administer the *testostonite*. Lieutenant? Please proceed.”

Armstrong looked back at Cutter, then at the huge Lt. Taro. From the grin on Taro’s face, and the growling, throbbing of the big Testone’s cock, Eric quickly surmised just exactly how this *testostonite* was going to be “administered.”

As Taro approached, the metal restraints on Armstrong began to move; his legs began to spread and his ass was positioned at just the right level, relative to Taro. Despite his straining, Eric was unable to resist the powerful bonds that moved him.

Eric flailed his head from side to side, breathing hard. His muscular body sweated.

“Now commander,” Taro smiled as his erect cock rested against, but stood above, Eric’s ass hole, “you have to know that when you try to resist like that, in only turns me on more.”

Eric tried to settle down, but he was horrified. He looked up at Taro with wide eyes.

Taro grinned as he slowly rubbed the base of his cock against Eric’s sphincter. He was huge-- and so incredibly muscular. Eric’s pheromones were exciting the Testone, and the massive physique of the Testone was exciting Eric.

“I think you’ll actually enjoy the process,” Taro said. He bent forward and draped his dark body on top of Eric, pushing his cock against the super-human’s torso. He kissed Eric softly on the forehead. Now he spoke softer. “You see, just as the humans have bred you for power, strength and virility, the Testones have done the same with me.” He nibbled Eric’s ear. After many years of breeding and experimentation, the result was-- well, *me*. And I am so powerful, and my semen is so unique among Testones, that its called *testostonite*. It’s quite powerful. It gives me some very special-- shall we say-- ‘powers.’” He pushed his body upward and stood between the commander’s splayed legs. He grinned again.

Eric wanted to fight, but having Taro so close had weakened his resolve. Now, all he wanted was Taro to bend forward again and kiss him. The super-human’s cock was nearly ready to erupt in a firestorm of lust and passion.

Taro resumed the slow, slimy rocking of his dripping cock, moistening Eric’s ass hole with his *testostonite* precum. Eric’s butt quivered as the clear liquid moved over the skin. Eric trembled convulsively in response to absorbing even this small amount of *testostonite* through his pores.

Taro smiled. Then, he pulled his ass backward and positioned his cock head against Eric’s hole. Once again he leaned forward and climbed up onto Eric, preparing to fuck the daylight out of his prey. As the impossibly thick rod sank slowly into Eric’s ass, he moaned loudly-- then even began to yell. The pain was unreal. It was simply too big. But Taro was only turned on more by the pain his powerful body was able to inflict, and he pushed farther and farther inside.

While feeling so much pain, and so much desire, Eric continued yelling. His massive muscles wanted to wrap all around Taro. At this point, Taro knew he had Eric; he nodded to a Testone watching from an observation window, and Eric's restraints opened. Immediately, Eric embraced Taro, and the two men kissed and moaned together, their huge bodies engulfing each others'.

The restraints were no longer necessary.

Even if he wanted to-- and he *didn't want to*-- Eric wouldn't be able to command his body to push Taro off. He was uncontrollably overcome with lust and desire.

The whole sexual encounter lasted hours; both men had multiple orgasms. When all was said and done, Eric was more exhausted than he had ever been in his life.

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When he awoke a few hours later, Armstrong could hear a number of voices. He was disoriented again, but he quickly gained full consciousness. He felt invigorated and strong.

"Captain," someone said. "Take a look at this. These readings..."

Armstrong saw a few Testones, including Captain Cutter, gathered around some instrument panels.

"My God!" Cutter gasped. "It's off the scale!"

"Captain." Eric could tell it was Lt. Taro speaking now, in a hushed voice. "We need to take security measures, sir. If he becomes aware of his new strength..." Taro's voice trailed off.

Armstrong looked at his massive arms and legs. The restraints were back in place again. He pushed against them and flexed them *hard*. He could hear a slight pop. Was the metal weakening? How was that possible? Years ago, despite his PBS strength, these super-reinforced Testone metal straps were impossible for him to budge. The nanites must be kicking in! Or maybe the *testostonite* had some unexpected benefits for the super-human. Maybe a combination of both.

The group of Renegades looked away from their computer monitors, and up at Armstrong.

The commander flexed his arms again-- his naked body rippled with inhuman strength. His left arm was the first to break free, then his right. Within seconds, both of his gargantuan legs were free as well. Armstrong jumped off the table.

The Testones pounced on the human, but their *testostonite* infusions turned out to be their own demise. Not only were the nanites giving Armstrong new and improved strength, but the *testostonite* Taro had given him had also improved his strength as well.

Armstrong quickly threw the huge Testones off and made for the door. As he tried to force it open, Captain Cutter jumped him, grabbing him around the neck. Armstrong quickly flipped Cutter over his head, pivoted around, grabbed him again and lifted him up into the air. With his bare hands, he snapped the huge Testone's neck, killing him instantly.

The other three Testones, including Lt. Taro, watched, frozen in horror.

Armstrong dropped the Captain on the floor and pried the door open, running into a corridor. He didn't know which way to go. Suddenly an alarm sounded throughout the complex-- obviously alerting others to the security threat that Armstrong posed.

As guards filled the corridor, and as Lt. Taro and the two others in the lab chased after Armstrong, the commander decided it was time to field-test his holographic abilities.

"Engage nanite field," he said. He could have simply *thought* this command to himself and the nanites could have responded; but in his training it had been determined that in order to eliminate the possibility of accidental activation, voice commands would be made a requirement.

Immediately, Commander Armstrong disappeared from the Testone's view. In reality, he hadn't disappeared at all-- he had simply begun projecting an image that blended his body into the background. He was invisible.

The Testone Renegades turned and looked everywhere, searching for the human.

"He's beamed out," one of them shouted. The complex was alerted and the guards, along with Lt. Taro, reported to their stations to search and scan for Armstrong.

When the Testones were gone, Armstrong disengaged the nanite field and became visible again. He looked up and down the hallway and entered one of the rooms at the end.

The room was dimly-lit, and there were many computer stations around the perimeter. In the center was a large platform, with some kind of projection devices directly above it, protruding down from the ceiling.

Is this the TTP? he asked himself.

Indeed, as he examined the computer stations, he determined that it was in fact the Temporal Transport Portal. He did some initial investigation of the computers and came to the conclusion that the time portal was "aimed" at Earth!

They're planning on attacking Earth! he thought.

He looked around the room some more, and spotted a wall that held a huge glass-like case, containing a dozen or so small spheres, each about the size of a chicken egg, only perfectly spherical. They were dark blue, but they emitted a light, making them glow very faintly. He

opened the casing and picked up three of the spheres, holding them in his large hands. They were slightly warm.

In a control room about 500 feet away, Lt. Taro watched a panel of screens. Armstrong had been detected as soon as he had reappeared from the nanite field. He was being tracked on Testone scanners, as well as being monitored by hidden cameras.

“Lt. Taro,” an underling said. “We do not have a protocol for this. Our scans show that the human is much stronger than our defenses can withstand. We must eliminate him!”

“I know,” Taro smiled. “I have just the solution.” As Taro watched the wide back of Commander Armstrong in the monitor, he pressed a few buttons, and entered in some data. A transporter beam began to activate around Armstrong.

In the TTP room, as the commander examined the blue orbs, he suddenly began to dematerialize. Before he could audibly activate any kind of nanite shield, he found himself re-materializing on the TTP platform! And just as fast as he materialized, he began to feel dizzy and disoriented. The room began to shift-- to faze. He tried again to speak-- to activate the nanites, but it was useless. His body seemed to separate from his mind-- and then join back again. At once, he was in deep space, then he was on a Star Ship somewhere-- then back on Testos Four, then on some unknown planet. He was being moved through time and space. This process took about three minutes-- three minutes of total disorientation.

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It was dark. It smelled. It was cold. The commander was lying on a cement floor, wearing nothing, just as naked as he had been while on Testos Four. He raised his head. It throbbed. Outside of wherever he was, he could hear rain falling. It was night.

Eric’s body ached.

He lifted his head some more. Lying next to him were the three dark blue orbs, glowing with a barely noticeable light.

The room-- or the building-- where he was, was probably 50 feet by 100 feet. It had some windows, up at the top of the walls, near the ceiling, that allowed an amount of dim-- obviously artificial-- light to stream inside. The room was mostly empty, save for a few ancient-looking mechanical contraptions. They reminded Eric of some of the holo-images of “automobiles” he had seen in museums-- maybe 20th century Earth; most likely North American. But these didn’t seem to be working models at all. They were dirty, unusable pieces of junk.

Where am I? Or, more importantly, WHEN am I?

The rain pounded on the metal roof of the building.

Eric stood up. His head pounded and his huge muscles ached. “Nanite Diagnostic Mode,” he said. Immediately his corneal nerve activated his “heads-up” like “screen” in his mind (or, more accurately, on the back of his eyes). Eric closed his eyes to eliminate visual distractions; in his “vision” he could see data about his body temperature, physical functions and many other elements, as the nanites ran multiple diagnostic programs throughout his body. Within seconds it was determined that trauma of some kind had been inflicted; there was no evidence of prolonged effect, nor of any permanent damage. A number of small anomalies existed, but the nanites were unable to determine the cause; regardless, the aberrations didn’t seem serious.

Must have been that trip through the TTP, he thought. That was one HELL of a ride! He rubbed his left shoulder. “Initiate symptomatic protocol to return effective state to acceptable parameters,” he said. Immediately he felt better. The pain-relief measure wasn’t permanent, but it’d help him feel better until his super-human body returned to normal. Since the nanites didn’t diagnose anything more than simple trauma, he wasn’t in danger of covering up any symptoms that required attention. He’d need to take it easy for awhile, though, and run another diagnostic on himself in a day or two, to make sure everything had healed.

He looked around the room. He was still cold.

“Fabricate uniform,” he said. Immediately Eric was clothed with his blue and black science officer’s uniform, with his three-pip commander’s-rank insignia. It was unusual for the first officer of a ship to wear the blue of a science officer-- normally those in command functions wore red and black-- but in Armstrong’s case, he had been firmly ensconced in the science field-- an obvious choice, given his super-human, PBS makeup.

The commander looked down at his body, now warming under his Star Fleet uniform. His muscles bulged beneath the fabric, and the clothing hugged his physique with its customary sensual tightness.

Now to find out where I am. “Determine location,” he ordered the nanites.

Within seconds, a message “appeared” on Eric’s visual: “Unable to locate reference point. Triangulation not possible.”

“Search for available technology,” he said.

On visual, the message came up: “Only available technology is GPS.”

“Define GPS,” he said.

“GPS: Global Positioning System. Rudimentary technology used in early 21st century Earth.”

Eric’s stomach sank. He looked at the piles of metal in the dark warehouse. *So those really are automobiles, he thought. I’m on Earth. In the 21st century!*

“Utilize GPS and determine location.”

“Current location is 47° 37.216’N, 122° 19.75’ W., utilizing current measurement protocols.”

“Extrapolate from data and determine nearest city or landmark,” Eric said.

“Current location: Seattle,” came the reply.

Seattle! I was born in Seattle! But, of course, he was born in the Seattle of the 24th century.

“Locate time beacon and determine current date and time.”

There were a few seconds of data-gathering; “Receiving data. Converting historical archives to read signals. Archaic. Translating radio frequency information.” Finally, “Current date is Saturday, February 7, 2009. Pacific Standard Time (vernacular) is 23:34:04.”

Holy shit! The 21st century, indeed! he thought.

“Calibrate internal nanite chronometer to coincide with retrieved data.”

“Calibration complete,” the message flashed onto Eric’s visual area almost before he finished the command.

Eric picked up the orbs and placed them in his uniform pockets. He surveyed the room again. He walked over to the side of the room, and opened a door. The rain splashed on the pavement outside, shimmering and reflecting the streetlight. *Yeah, it’s Seattle, alright. Rain looks the same no matter what year it is.*

A message flashed onto Eric’s visual area, super-imposing over his view of the night-time street. “Warning: Atmospheric particulates exceed normal acceptable levels for carcinogens and other hazardous materials. No immediate danger is present, but long-term exposure is not advised.”

“Ignore warning,” Eric said. *There’s nothing I can do about ancient Earth emission levels,* he thought.

But then he reconsidered. “Belay that directive. Initiate countermeasures to maintain optimal lung function, as well as other physical operations.”

“Countermeasures initiated.”

It had been only three months since Eric had completed the nanite treatments, and the subsequent training that had been necessary. He still found it difficult to remember everything they could do. Within a few seconds, Eric found his breathing easier, and he seemed to have renewed energy.

He stepped out into the dark street. A wailing sound pierced the pitter-patter of the rain-- an alarm of some kind, perhaps. Above Eric, an elevated freeway towered over him, and the

constant rumble of traffic could be heard; but not seeing the cars, the noise they made on the double-decker viaduct puzzled him. He watched the large cement structure for a few minutes and finally determined that it was some kind of transport system.

I never knew it was so loud on ancient Earth, he thought.

He walked down the dark street, ducking into the shadows as he occasionally encountered people. He knew that not only his immense size and physical development would be awkward to explain, but his 24th century Star Fleet uniform would definitely not fit into the fashion of the day. Later, he would need to have his nanites assess historical data of 21st century clothing and fabricate suitable wear.

After a while of assessing his surroundings, and realizing there was no immediate danger, Commander Armstrong decided to concentrate on his most concerning need: Getting back to his own time. *But how?*

Surely, the office of Temporal Control would be notified of his disappearance, but even in the 24th century, time-travel wasn't really feasible. Temporal Control really only had observation capabilities. That's one reason why the TTP on Testos Four was so important. So, Eric sadly came to the conclusion that the only viable means of getting back (or ahead) to the 24th century was if the Testones were somehow able to *bring* him back. And that didn't seem likely. He'd still be looking for ways to get back, but realistically, he'd need to figure out how to fit in to the time and place he now found himself.

Downcast, he returned to the warehouse. He thought of his loved-ones, his friends-- most likely he'd never see them again. He had to accept that possibility.

He closed the door behind him and walked to the center of the dark warehouse. It was almost midnight. He was still recovering from the time transport. He needed to sleep-- and sleeping now would help his body adapt to the current "Pacific Standard Time."

"Fabricate bed. Standard configuration; from preferences."

Immediately his nanites produced a holographic bed-- very large-- and a few items of accompanying furniture and lights.

"Delete all clothing."

His Star Fleet uniform dematerialized and his huge body pulsed with his hyper-muscular virility. On the floor at his feet, the three blue orbs pulsed slowly. He picked them up and sat them on a bed stand. He pulled back the thick covers of the bed, laid down and put himself to sleep.

[This story is continued in the anthology "[The New Adventures of MuscleMan](#)," available by clicking the story link.]

Your comments are welcome. Please click the address below to send the author a message:

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Also, please make sure to visit my website:

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