



THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

EPISODE 6

CODY, THE BOY WONDERFUL

by Sean Reid 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.]

---

Cody lowered the bowed bar to his chest for one final rep-- a move the three members of his "posse" hadn't expected. Hell, he had already blown them away with seven reps, and that a teenager would be able to do *that* many at *this* weight was beyond belief.

But Cody's strength was way beyond his years-- as was his physique.

"Holy Shit!" his spotter said as Cody racked the bar. "Eight reps of 315 pounds!"

"Fuck, man," another classmate said. "Unreal."

Cody sat up, breathing heavily. His game face hid his pride in impressing his buddies. He turned back to his spotter and said, "Thanks, Roger."

Roger hadn't even touched the bar.

"Nice job," a voice from beside the four boys said.

Cody turned to see who it was, and immediately recognized him. He didn't know his name, but the huge guy had been a regular at the gym for a week or so now. He had quickly become the de facto Alpha of the gym, pressing heavier weights and sporting a better body than anyone there--

and that was saying a *lot* as this gym, known for its hard-core powerlifters and its cadre of award-winning bodybuilders.

“Name’s Eric,” the handsome man said as he stuck out his hand.

“Cody. Cody Black,” the high-schooler said as they shook.

“Your friend here is pretty impressive,” Eric said to the other three. “You guys go to school around here?”

“Thunderbird High,” Roger said.

“Cool.” He turned his attention back to the muscular teen sitting on the bench. “Dude, I don’t think I’ve ever seen a kid your age press 315 for reps like that.”

Cody smiled now. “Thanks. Good genes, I guess.”

“And you’re doing a lot with them. That’s the key. There’s a lot of natural talent out there, but you’ve obviously got the self-discipline to take advantage of that.”

“Maybe someday I’ll be puttin’ up your kind of weight,” Cody said, his smile softening.

Eric nodded and smiled. “Keep at it, dude. Keep at it,” he said as he put his hand on Cody’s shoulder and then walked back to the locker room.

The four teens tried not to watch Eric as his massively developed body walked away, but one of the guys who was standing just couldn’t resist. The other three successfully kept their eyes on the ground, but each suspected that the other was thinking what *they* were thinking-- that this Alpha was a powerful bull with a great body and that having him take the time to come over and compliment Cody was pretty cool.

“Shit, he’s the strongest guy I think I’ve ever seen,” Roger said to no one in particular. “Have you seen how much he benches?” he said, turning to Cody.

“Yeah. Hell, it’s pretty amazing,” Cody said. “I saw him bench 495 for nine reps yesterday.”

“You’re shittin’ me,” one of the guys said.

“No shit,” Cody responded. “He had a half-dozen guys standing around watching him. Fuck, most guys with bench shirts on couldn’t push that much weight for *one* rep in a contest!”

The guys talked for a few more minutes, then Roger had them remove a 45 pound plate from each end of the bar so he could do his last set. When he finished, the guys began to grab their duffel bags to leave.

“You headin’ out, man?” one of them asked Cody.

“You guys go ahead. I gotta do a little triceps,” he answered.

“Brutal, man,” the guy said as he turned to leave. The three of them walked up out of the pit and left without showering at the gym.

Cody did a few sets of triceps pressdowns; Eric came out from the locker rooms and started working legs. Cody watched; but he knew it would be obvious that he was watching, so he only stayed for a few minutes.

Up in the entry mezzanine, Cody flirted with Jessica at the front desk for a minute. His current girlfriend, Kalie, would have been interested in seeing that, but it just wasn’t Cody’s style to keep to himself. He had what it took, and he didn’t mind enjoying that fact.



He said “bye” to Jessica and picked up his big duffel bag. Pushing on the glass doors, he exited BuffMuscles Gym and walked out into the sunny but cold parking lot in his T-shirt and gym shorts. He and his buddies never used the showers at the gym-- too many leering eyes for their self-conscious teen tastes-- opting instead to head home and clean up there. For his three compadres, they were more concerned with the comparisons that would be made between themselves, Cody and the other muscular bodies in the locker room. For Cody, he wasn’t afraid of any comparisons; on the contrary, his discomfort came from how many guys liked to look at him.

Not that he was a homophobe or anything like that. He just liked girls, that’s all. He didn’t begrudge a guy-- or girl-- for going after whatever turned them on. But he just wasn’t in to parading his body in front of guys to give them fodder for jacking-off sessions.

However, a young buck built like him could have easily pleased many a gay fantasy. Three years ago, as a freshman, he practically turned the school upside-down just by walking down the hall. Girls went gaga, guys watched him take away their babes, and everyone was mesmerized by his good looks and powerful-looking body. He had constantly been mistaken to be an upper-classman. He just looked very mature; and he carried himself with wonderful confidence.

He walked through the sparse Saturday morning parking lot toward his ‘65 Mustang-- his pride and joy. The completely restored pony had been his project for over a year now, and its chrome gleamed, its paint job glistened. He put his bag in the trunk, and as he closed the lid, motion to his left caught his eye. He turned to see a huge man standing next to his driver’s door.

It was MuscleMan. Cody recognized him from the TV stories and Internet clips he had seen. His heart skipped a beat. The media versions didn’t hold a candle to the real thing. The guy was a *lot* bigger than he thought he’d be. Not that he thought he’d ever meet the superhero in person. But as MuscleMan stood there, his white-hot cape flapping gently in the frigid breeze, Cody was impressed with not only how immensely muscled the guy was, but also with how *tall* he was. It

must have been the combination of height and mass that was so impressive, because Cody had been to many Sonics games (before the franchise moved to Oklahoma) and had seen guys-- up-close-- who were 6' 10"-- and taller; but this MuscleMan just looked *huge!*

Cody had become something of a student of MuscleMan. Hell, most people had. And yet, *his* interest seemed to exceed that of the average Seattleite. He'd never admit it-- not even to himself-- but he was fascinated with the muscular perfection and superhuman strength that MuscleMan embodied. His comic book collection rivaled that of the most serious devotee, and deep down his infatuation with the superhero characters was caused-- most basically-- by his infatuation with muscular strength and power. He'd never really gone there, though. Most guys who read comics don't go there, really. But truth be told, there's something captivating about the sensuality of physical power, whether the reader of that genre admits it or not. Obviously, at least to an informed observer, Cody's obsession with his *own* physical development and quest for strength and muscular superiority also fed off this fixation with power.

The very automobile that MuscleMan now stood beside was a testament to Cody's preoccupation with strength. It was a muscle car-- its primary function not necessarily to *go fast*, but to *look fast*. MuscleMan stood with his hands at his sides-- as best he could, given the fact that his lats forced his arms outward when he relaxed. His cape flowed down his back, his wide deltoids fully exposed. The sunshine reflected off his thick golden wrist bands. The golden band at his neck, holding his cape and the large "M" medallion above his chest also glistened in the bright sun. His physique was *off the scale*. Cody couldn't believe the size, nor the extreme definition of each muscle as it played off the one next to it, rippling in a concert of power. His chest was enormous. His arms, unbelievable-- god, they looked like they could crush boulders. His legs-- fuck, his *legs!* Cody couldn't understand how they could be so huge, and their size was made even more unbelievable by the fact that each individual muscle was separate from its neighbor. It was a beautiful, freaky display of vascular muscle fibers.

The intersection of this mass of muscle was a bottleneck of sinew, veins, ligaments and silky skin-- a taut, tight waistline that formed an amazingly small fulcrum, given the amount of development that pushed upward and downward from its narrow convergence. From those loins, genitalia that could have been accused of being photoshopped on, if this had been a picture, grew downward in an obscene display of manliness. They were covered with the slightest of fabrics, which actually had the effect of making them even more sensual and alluring than if they had been bare. The thin nylon-like material hugged the horse-cock and balls, seeming to massage them in a bath of luxury and sensual stimulation.

Cody's mouth dropped. His senses were overwhelmed. Obviously, his eyes were on the verge of overload. This avalanche of stimulus was almost enough to shut them down. His olfactory senses were being bombarded with pheromones, although imperceptible to Cody, that were wreaking havoc with his hormones. His skin was suddenly hyper-sensitive, somehow wanting to touch that-- that-- well, *something*. Even his ears were on alert, waiting to hear what might come out of that beautiful mouth.

"Cody Black?" MuscleMan said.

Cody could only nod yes.

“Don’t be alarmed, son. I just want to introduce myself to you.” That MuscleMan called Cody “son” was something of a joke actually-- given that the superhero was only 25 years old himself. Be that as it may, his overwhelming presence necessitated a calming demeanor, and truth be told, the phrase *did* strike a pleasing chord in Cody, who had been fatherless since he was in third grade.

Cody swallowed hard. “...okay...” he squeaked out.

MuscleMan looked down at Cody’s ride. “Nice,” he said, using the same word he had fist spoken to the teen inside the gym-- as Eric. “You soup this up yourself?”

*He wants to talk about my car?* “Uh, yeah,” Cody said, looking in the same direction that MuscleMan looked.

“Would you mind taking me for a ride in it?” MuscleMan’s eyes twinkled.

“Uh...” The initial fear Cody had experienced when MuscleMan’s appearance had startled him began to return from the awe that had superseded it for a moment. “Well, are you sure?” he asked. “I mean...” He didn’t know *what* he meant, let alone what he *felt*.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to. It just looks like a cool car, though.”

“Thanks,” Cody offered. *Hell, this guy is enormous!* It would take forever for Cody to really wrap his mind around this guy.

MuscleMan took his left hand and placed it on the hood of Cody’s car. “You really pay a lot of attention to detail, Cody. You did a really good job on this.”

Cody’s ears seemed to have their own little orgasm as they absorbed the sound waves of MuscleMan using his first name so casually. He actually had a catch in his breath for an instant. “Oh-- th-- thanks,” he said.

“So,” MuscleMan said, removing his hand from the hood, “what do you think?”

“Think? Oh, well-- sure. Yeah, you can ride with me...” Cody knew his words bordered on incoherent, but at this point he was *way* beyond trying to maintain his composure.

MuscleMan walked to the front of the car and around to the passenger side. Cody opened his door at the same time MuscleMan opened his, and they both got in. Suddenly sitting *right next* to MuscleMan, in the confines of his Mustang, Cody felt really, really *close*. He glanced over at the enormous physique that filled the seat next to him, and then immediately fixed his eyes straight ahead. He almost froze; the intensity of being *so close* to all of that rippling muscle-- more than

---

should be allowed to be on *any* man-- it was other-worldly. He tried to make his left hand close his door, but nothing seemed to want to work. His muscles were rebelling.

MuscleMan closed his own door and looked very comfortable, actually, in spite of overburdening the black leather bucket seat with his 390 pounds of pulchritude. “You okay?” he asked Cody, after surveying the cockpit of the car.

“Oh, yeah,” Cody said, finally forcing his left arm to move and his hand to close the door. God, he didn’t want to look over at MuscleMan, but *what else was there to look at?! He completely dominated the teen’s field of vision, even though he only sat at Cody’s side.*

“Where to?” MuscleMan asked blithely.

Only out of instinct could Cody actually start the car. He *knew* that’s what you do when you get in a car; but he didn’t really think about what he was doing. “Uh. I don’t know. Where did you want to go?”

Cody didn’t answer. He wasn’t really able to. Still acting on instincts, he put the car in gear and they somehow started to move. He was working the pedals and shifting gears, but he really wasn’t cognizant of his actions. Within a few minutes the two found themselves on the freeway, heading north. Cody occasionally darted glances at his passenger, but each time he did, he regretted it. The man was just *too* much.

“So, you go to Thunderbird, right?” MuscleMan asked, breaking the ice.

“Yeah. I’m a senior there.” Both of Cody’s hands were on the steering wheel.

“Seventeen, right?” MuscleMan said.

“Yeah. I’ll be eighteen in a week,” Cody said. He checked his blind spot, signaled and changed lanes to speed up. He was getting a little more comfortable.

“I gotta tell you, I’m pretty impressed with the weight you were benching back there at the gym,” MuscleMan said.

Cody looked right at Muscleman. “What? You were in there? How?”

“I have some-- unique abilities,” MuscleMan smiled.

“There’s no way you were in there. Shit, you’d never be able to go *anywhere* without being spotted.” He put his eyes back on the road.

“Well, like I said, I have some unique abilities. I can make myself kind of invisible if I want.”

Cody thought he was being figurative, but even then, it seemed very unlikely that someone so big and “out there” like that could ever be discrete about his presence. As that thought began to wear off, Cody was struck with what MuscleMan had actually said. “Wait a minute,” he said. “You were impressed with *my* benching?” At that, he laughed.

“Do you know of any other guys your age who are as strong as you? Have you even *heard* of anyone your age who is as strong as you?” MuscleMan asked.

“Well, no. I guess not.”

“So, yeah. I’m impressed.”

“Shit,” Cody said, now driving with only one hand on the wheel. They continued down the freeway, going nowhere in particular. Cody looked over at MuscleMan’s physique. “Shit, man. You are unbelievable! I mean, freakin’ *unbelievable!* Where-- how did you ever get so big? I mean, you’re bigger than any professional bodybuilder *anywhere!*”

“Thanks. Good genes, I guess,” MuscleMan said, repeating the teen’s earlier words to Eric.

Cody grinned. “Fuck man, you really were there.”

God, his smile was earth-shattering. MuscleMan had to admit he was totally struck by Cody’s youthful virility. The kid could render anyone totally helpless, just by smiling at him.

“So, it’s just genes, huh?” Cody continued.

“Well, I don’t have any *help* in the sense of what you’re thinking,” MuscleMan said.

Cody cast an unbelieving glance at the superhero. Of course, who on this planet would *dare* question MuscleMan about roids, or *anything*. But really, a body like *that*-- there’s *no way* that comes from just lifting weights.

“You don’t believe me,” MuscleMan stated.

“You think I’m going to even *think* about calling you out?” Cody asked.

“No need, man. Just trust me. Think about it. You’ve read the stories about me,” MuscleMan said. “You think juicing is what gives me the ability to lift busses or stop trains?”

Cody thought for a second. “Well, now that you mention it. No. I’ve never heard of ‘roids doing *that* for anyone.”

“Good. Now that we have that established, I *will* tell you that there *are* other things about me that aren’t normal.”

“You think?” Cody smiled, glancing down at MuscleMan’s amazing torso.

MuscleMan grinned. God, this kid was stealing his heart.

“So, when did you say you turn 18?” MuscleMan smiled.

“Next Satur--” Cody halted his words and he looked over at MuscleMan. At once, he knew what MuscleMan was thinking, and instead of being the most repulsive concept he had ever entertained, the idea somehow seemed-- well, not necessarily *appealing*, but at the very least, it seemed *innocuous*. And *that* was saying something. The teen hunk, even at the young age of 17, had built up quite an impressive resumé as far as being a playboy goes. It wouldn’t be a stretch at all to say he had bedded every available, cute girl in the school-- and many outside. Now, at the age when a guy’s hormones are at their height, Cody was well into his stride. There were virtually no sexually active girls who could resist his muscular body nor his gorgeous good looks and confidence. He could definitely afford to be particular, too. Looking over at MuscleMan, though, a totally unknown, new and for some reason *intriguing* world seemed to be calling. He didn’t really want to answer it at the moment; but it *was* calling, and he at least wasn’t hanging up on it-- at the moment.

“Hey, you hungry?” MuscleMan interjected, changing the subject.

“Shit. I totally forgot about my post-workout meal,” Cody complained. The Mustang was well outside the city by now; Cody didn’t get up this way very often, so he wasn’t familiar with where to pull off and find a place to eat. “Where the hell are we, anyway? Fuck, I’ve just driven 20 miles and I don’t remember *any* of it.”

MuscleMan chuckled. “I get that a lot.”

From Cody came another grin to melt MuscleMan’s heart. Seeing a highway sign promoting “Gas, Food, Lodging,” he pulled the stang off at the next exit.

“Burgerville okay with you?” Cody asked.

“Sounds great.”

They elected to use the drive-through, for obvious reasons. When the kid at the window handed Cody his change, he dropped the coins on the ground and froze, his mouth agape. Cody had to open the door to retrieve his money, and for some reason, the window filled with employees while they waited for their sacks of food. Cody didn’t mind any of it. Hell, it was *so cool* to be seen with this MuscleMan guy!

“Not your normal post-workout meal, I hope,” MuscleMan said as the two chomped down on hamburgers and fries in a parking stall.



“No. Not at all,” Cody said. “But my protein mix is at home. This’ll have to do.” He dipped some fries in some ketchup and gobbled them down. “How ‘bout you? What kind of stuff do *you* eat? I mean... where the hell would *you* even work out?”

“Oh, I work out at home sometimes. I eat whatever...” MuscleMan said with food in his cheeks.

“Oookaaaaayyy,” Cody said slowly, somewhat sarcastically.

The food in MuscleMan’s cheeks bunched up as he smiled. “Dude, you kill me.”

Cody’s mouth did the same thing as he hid his foody-grin with his fist. God, those adorable dimples in his cheeks! His lean face was just killer. Just incredibly killer!

After they finished their lunch, Cody turned the car southbound on the freeway and headed back to town.

They eventually pulled into a vacant parking lot on the north side of the city and MuscleMan got out.

“Where do you go from here?” Cody asked.

“Oh, I think I’ll go home. See what’s on TV,” he smiled.

Cody couldn’t tell if MuscleMan was joking or not, but the idea of a superhero watching TV on a Saturday night struck him as funny. He laughed. “So, will I see you again?” As soon as the words left his mouth, he realized that he sounded like a needy young girl. He actually blushed, but MuscleMan didn’t miss a beat. He leaned into the passenger window and talked across the front seat to Cody.

“Sure. I’ll be catching you soon. You got anything going tomorrow?”

Taken aback, Cody said, “No. Nothing.”

“Cool, I’ll give you a call.”

“You want my number?” Again, Cody experienced a feeling not unlike a girl trying to give out her phone number to a prospective date.

“Don’t need it,” MuscleMan answered. “I’ll just drop in, if that’s okay.”

“You know where I live?”

“Yeah.”

For some reason, Cody's mom entered into his stream of consciousness-- and he didn't want her to know about MuscleMan-- for some reason. On the surface, and to MuscleMan, he said, "My mom-- she's not going to believe you're real," but inside, he didn't want her somewhat controlling personality complicating his cool friendship with the superhero.

"I know. I'll meet her maybe a little later-- maybe," MuscleMan said. "For now, I don't think *anyone* will have an easy time believing I'm real. So, we don't have to let on to anyone if you don't want."

Cody gave MuscleMan a thumbs up, and the giant stood tall from the Mustang's passenger window.

"See ya," MuscleMan said, waving.

Cody drove off, contemplating the secretive nature of their new friendship. It was cool; it was definitely mysterious; it was something that Cody felt very powerfully about-- although he couldn't put his finger on the exact *nature* of those feelings.

Saturday evening fell and Cody found himself at home alone-- unusual for *The Stud* of Thunderbird High; but for some reason he felt it necessary to cancel his date with Kalie.

For some reason.

Cody's mom was in her room for the night.

In his room, Cody thumbed through his old comic books-- page upon page of pictures of hyper-muscular men. He reclined on his bed, wearing his T-shirt and jeans, scanning the pages. None of them offered him anything *remotely* similar to what he had seen-- had interacted with-- that afternoon. He tossed the comic book aside and flopped back on the bed, in profound depression.

What was this? What was happening to him? All he could think of was MuscleMan. For this hormone-infused teenager, merely thinking about this super-hunk was enough to engage his vast store of testosterone. As the hormones began to boil, his cock responded. *What the fuck? Why am I being turned on by a guy?* The question was academic, because he was, indeed, being turned on, and once turned on, it was nearly impossible to get Cody Black turned off without-- well, *you* know...

As his hand fell upon his crotch, the images in his mind vacillated between Kalie, and the singular physique of MuscleMan-- between many of the girls he had been with, and the incomparable body of MuscleMan-- and no matter who the girl who entered his thoughts, no matter how passionate their time together had been, she was almost immediately replaced by the nearly naked, pulsing, huge, ripped, sensual body of MuscleMan. His breathing increased; his heartbeat increased; his boner lengthened and hardened. Soon, the question of gay vs. straight was inconsequential-- irrelevant. Cody was *hot* and *bothered*; and the only way to relieve the sexual pressure that burned inside him was to-- well, relieve it.

He got off the bed and walked into his private bathroom, unzipping his jeans as he walked. When he got into the bathroom he stood in front of the mirror and lifted his T-shirt off. Instantly, his cock jumped.

Now that he thought about it, he had done this hundreds-- if not thousands-- of times before, and each time he had gotten profound pleasure in his own body. Truth be told, *much* of his fantasy life-- those times he got off by himself-- involved his *own* body. Sure, his fantasies involved the girls, but every one of them required *him* to be prominent in the picture. And the more he thought about it, as he pulled his pants and his shorts down, and his cock popped free, he realized that it was his own muscles, his own amazing 17-year-old body that had been the focus of his masturbation fantasies. But tonight, as he caressed his nips, and nursed his hard penis and balls, even the image of his tremendous musculature in the mirror couldn't hold his attention.

He closed his eyes, and MuscleMan was there. Flexing, holding his gargantuan arm up for him to feel. Rolling his huge, hard pecs for him to feel. Rippling his river-rock abs for him to feel. Tightening his mammoth legs into impossible granite columns for him to feel. And in his mind, as Cody stroked himself, he felt those muscles. Oh, he felt. All of them. His trembling hands moved over every sinew, every ripple, every mound and every flexing, hard muscle as the superhero displayed *everything* for Cody in his mind.

As the long ropes of teenage cum sounded on the mirror, Cody moaned. His tight body jerked and flexed with each ejaculation. To someone who had never met MuscleMan, this unreal display of virile muscle as it writhed in beautiful orgasm would have been the ultimate display of male power. Cody was *that* beautiful. Cody's balls rested against the bathroom counter and his hand pointed his penis up, resulting in multiple blasts of milky cum being sprayed across the mirror. It was the most intense orgasm of the young stud's life so far-- far more intense than any sex he had ever had with a girl. When he finished, the mirror was nearly full of slowly-falling globs of semen-- a volume of jizz that astonished Cody.

This was going to take quite some time to clean up.

But then, Cody eventually decided to leave it up. He ended up going to bed, naked, with his semen crusting on his bathroom mirror-- a decision that pleased him when he arose the next morning. It was quite a scene. As he cleaned it up the next morning, he smiled. And he thought about MuscleMan, hoping he'd receive a visit that Sunday-- which he did.

•••••

Indeed, he did.

Mrs. Black awoke and took off for church at about 8:30. She had long ago stopped arguing with Cody about attending church. He didn't really like it, and by the time he was in 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> grade he was making up just about any excuse he could come up with to avoid it. By the time he was in

---

high school, Mrs. Black just gave up, deciding to pray for Cody, rather than get in an argument with him every Sunday morning.

Consequently, Cody enjoyed peace and quiet on Sunday mornings. On *this* Sunday morning he arose at about the same time his mom had left for church; must have been the sound of the garage door opening and closing that woke him. He rubbed his eyes as he looked into the mirror; he smiled at the amazing amount of jizz he had sprayed all over the thing the night before. It took him a little while to clean it up.

Breakfast was his usual: Oatmeal, eggs, protein shake-- the regular bodybuilder fare. Before he even finished eating, though, the doorbell rang. Wearing only the boxers and T-shirt he had put on when he left his room, Cody answered the door.

Standing on Cody's front porch was the cape-clad superhero, in all of his muscular glory. He had the cape draped over his broad shoulders, possibly because of the cold, possibly to maintain at least a minimal amount of modesty so the neighbor's prying eyes wouldn't be *too* alarmed.

"I said I'd drop in," MuscleMan said in response to Cody's shocked expression.

"Yeah, you did," Cody said. "I just didn't..." his voice trailed off. "Uh, come in."

"Thanks," MuscleMan smiled as he followed his young worshipper.

Cody's heart was racing as he closed the door behind MuscleMan. *I can't believe he's actually here-- in my house!*

MuscleMan turned to Cody and pushed back his cape, revealing his astounding physique.

"Fuuuuuck," Cody moaned. "God, I don't think I'll ever get used to seeing all that muscle."

MuscleMan just smiled, politely. Cody wasn't the only one in the room who was excited about the meeting. MuscleMan had been looking forward to seeing Cody as much as Cody was to seeing him. "Got any plans today?" he asked his young charge.

"No. Not really."

"You want to head for some sunshine?"

Cody looked out the window. It was sunny outside, but the March temperature was still only going to get up to about 45°F (7°C) that afternoon. "Well, we don't have to go far for that," he smiled, "but its not going to get very warm today."

"I was thinking of heading south-- where it is *nice* and warm," MuscleMan suggested.

"Like-- where..." Cody asked.

---

“I know of a little island...” MuscleMan smiled.

Cody’s eyebrows rose in suspicion. “And... just how do we get to this island? I gotta be in school tomorrow.”

“Tele-transportation,” MuscleMan said.

“Tele-transportation?”

“Yeah. You ever watch Star Trek?”

Again, Cody’s eyebrows belied his unbelief.

MuscleMan took a step toward the muscular teenager. “You trust me, don’t you?”

“Uh, yeah.”

“Put your hands on my waist and close your eyes.”

Cody hesitated.

MuscleMan stepped very close, opening his arms wide and spreading out his white cape. He waited, patiently, while Cody got his wits about him and finally put his hands on MuscleMan’s narrow waistline. MuscleMan wrapped the cape around Cody and said, “Close your eyes.”

Cody obeyed. He was almost shaking. He could feel the heat emanating from MuscleMan’s body. Suddenly, Cody felt a tingling deep within his abdomen. It started there, and spread outward. It was like a zillion tiny champagne bubbles were bouncing all over inside him. In a second, the tingling spread to his whole body. His skin went nuts. It didn’t hurt, but it sure was a sensation that was paralyzing. Although his eyes were closed-- tightly now-- he could “see” the bubbles bounce all around his field of vision. Millions of colors, billions of hues.

In fear, he instinctively pulled close to MuscleMan; his face buried itself in the deep, thick cleft between the giant’s pecs. It was warm, solid. It felt safe.

Suddenly, the ambient temperature of his entryway melted away to a hot, direct heat. As MuscleMan relaxed the cape and pulled it back from around Cody, the teen realized that the heat he felt was direct, intense sunlight. This wasn’t March, Seattle sunlight. This was Summer, tropical sunlight. He opened his eyes and immediately shuddered. “Holy--” He retreated, throwing his hands onto his face and closing his eyes. With his face covered he panted, “What the hell just happened?!”

MuscleMan’s voice was calm and comforting. “It’s okay, Cody. You’re safe. I’m here. We’re on that island I told you about.”

Cody peeked from between his fingers, and the reality of where he was didn't provide much of the comfort that MuscleMan's voice carried.

“Holy Christ!” Cody nearly wept. He took another peek, and the result was the same. “How---”

“Tele-transportation,” MuscleMan said. The superhero put his hand on Cody's shoulder and instantly Cody pulled back.

“How the hell...” he exclaimed.

As he stood there, he realized that he had been hearing the sound of surf hitting sand. He uncovered his face and forced himself to look at his surroundings.

It was astoundingly beautiful. In fact, the absolute idyllic beauty of the lagoon that he gazed upon actually took his breath away. He heard tropical birds. He smelled the sea air. The sun warmed his whole body, deep to his core. He looked around. The intoxicating wonder of this place quickly overwhelmed him more than the shock of how he got here. It was good medicine to counteract his first tele-transportation. Very effective medicine.

He turned to MuscleMan, who looked the same as when they were in the house. “I thought it'd be fun to catch a few rays today, maybe go for a hike in the jungle,” he smiled.

It took another fifteen minutes or so before Cody stopped asking questions and started to settle into the reality of what had happened, and where he was. Before long, he had shed his T-shirt and boxers in favor of a Tarzan-like thing that connected via a length of string. It was almost as indiscrete as MuscleMan's thong. Cody's muscular body looked like it belonged in it though. God, he was hot.

MuscleMan lost the cape and golden bands, and clad only in his thong, he initiated play in the lagoon with his new teenage friend. The two spent the day sunning, playing and hiking. MuscleMan “found” plenty of delicious food for them to eat, and at one point he even opened some coconuts with his bare hands, nearly sending Cody into an orgasm just by that feat of strength.

At about mid-day, Cody and the giant were lying on the sand, very close to a nap, when Cody jumped up. “I need to let my mom know where I am-- I mean, that I'm okay.”

MuscleMan barely opened one eye. “I think your cell phone was transported with us. Check your boxers.”

“What? I didn't have my phone on my boxers when we transported here,” Cody laughed.

“Just check 'em,” MuscleMan said, closing that eye.

Cody got up and fumbled through the clothes-- they were mixed in with some towels that MuscleMan had “found.” Sure enough, Cody’s cell phone was there.

“How’d you...” of course it was an academic question. “We have cell service here?” he laughed.

“Check your bars.”

Cody started to realize that there was no use questioning MuscleMan’s “abilities.” He called his mom and gave her some lie about spending the afternoon with a friend from school, and that he’d be home sometime that evening.

When he hung up, he turned around to see MuscleMan, now totally naked, walking slowly into the water. His back, legs and ass were enough to make Cody almost moan out loud. *God, he’s off the scale!* But Cody was indeed conflicted. Were these feelings of envy? Yeah. Of lust? *Wow. That’s weird.* But as memories of his jack-off session the night before began to surface, he noticed that his Tarzan-briefs were starting to get fuller.

MuscleMan was bout knee-high in the water. He stopped and turned to Cody. “Come on in, man. The water’s awesome!”

•••••

MuscleMan held the steel bar in his hands, palms down. The teen watched wide-eyed. Slowly, the bar began to bend. MuscleMan’s huge arms bulged and tightened. Blood rushed to every surface on his massive shoulders, tightening them and causing every vessel to grow. The bar bent more.

Cody watched, not really believing what he was seeing. Right before his eyes, this herculean man from the future was bending the bar from his bench set into a hair-pin piece of worthless metal. He’d never admit it, but under his jeans, his well-exercised cock was getting hard. He had never imagined such strength.

It took MuscleMan only about 10 seconds to bend the solid metal bar-- a bar that was designed to support hundreds and hundreds of pounds for weightlifters to bench. He smiled as his gigantic body relaxed.

Cody’s jaw was as low as it could get. Despite filling his green skin-hugging T-shirt with hardened teen muscle that made every other guy in school nearly drool with envy, Cody felt small and weak right now.

“Whadaya think?” MuscleMan smiled.

Cody managed an awestruck, “Shhhhhiiiiiiiiit.”

MuscleMan put the bar on the floor beside Cody’s car and looked around the garage. “You have anything else you need fixed?”

Cody laughed-- a response that made MuscleMan himself get excited. God, he was the cutest kid Eric Armstrong had *ever* met-- in the 24<sup>th</sup> century *or* the 21<sup>st</sup>. His smile was stunning in its brightness and perfection. Dimples that indented nearly whenever he talked, let alone laughed as he was doing now. Buzz-cut dishwater blond hair that was just adorable. A thick, teen bull neck. And supporting this gorgeous face and head was a body that-- as has already been mentioned-- was so full of youthful muscle that anyone who saw it usually reacted with gasps.

But alas, Cody was only 17. Fortunately, Cody’s birthday was only a few days away, and MuscleMan was hoping for a big celebration.

“Dude,” Cody exclaimed. “What am I going to tell my mom about the bar? I’m not letting you near *anything* else out here!” he grinned.

MuscleMan raised one eyebrow. “You gunna stop me?”

For the first time in his life, as Cody looked at all of that impossible muscle standing nearly naked in front of him, and imagining what it would feel like to go up against it-- even if it *were* hopeless-- well, for the first time in his life the prospect of getting into a one-on-one wrestling match with another guy was really turning him on. Really.

Cody laughed at the idea that he could prevent MuscleMan from doing *anything*. “Really, man. Can you put it back-- make it straight?”

“Hmmm,” MuscleMan pondered. “Straight. I’m not really used to that.” Nevertheless, MuscleMan started working on it, and the scene of this huge specimen of muscle wrapping himself around that bar and working on it was incredible. Cody got harder. After a few minutes of wrenching on it and trying to tweak it into the straight rod it had been, MuscleMan held up a *mostly* straight, but hopelessly warped and irregular benching bar. “It’s always easier to bend them than it is to straighten them,” he said sheepishly.

“God,” Cody whispered. “You’re unbelievable.”

MuscleMan stuck out his hands, presenting the bar to Cody with a look that said, *This’ll have to do, sorry*. It was cute. “I can get you a new one,” he said. “So your mom won’t know.”

“Well, okay,” Cody said, examining the heavy metal in his young hands. “But can I keep this one too?”

“Sure,” MuscleMan smiled. He just couldn’t help but want to make the kid happy.

As Cody admired the misshapen barbell, the garage door opener engaged and the door started to lift.

---



“I thought she doesn’t get home ‘till after six,” MuscleMan said, surprised.

Cody turned white. “She doesn’t. I don’t know what’s up!”

MuscleMan pressed a blue gem on his left wristband and immediately dematerialized.

Mrs. Black pulled her Accord into the garage and shut off the motor. She opened her door and looked at Cody, who was standing in the “third” parking area of their large garage-- the space they had converted into a makeshift workout area for when Cody didn’t want to go all the way into town to work out. “You going to lift some weights?” she asked.

“Oh, uh, yeah,” Cody answered. “Why are you home early?”

“Elaine’s shower. Remember?”

“Oh, yeah,” Cody said. His mom had told him she was getting off work early that day so she could get the house ready for her best friend’s wedding shower, but like a typical guy he hadn’t really “processed” the information.

Mrs. Black gave Cody a strange look. “You going to work out in your jeans?”

Cody was flustered. *Where the hell did MuscleMan go?* “Oh. Uh. Well, I was just going to get a light pump. Nothing serious.”

Mrs. Black looked at her son out of the corner of her eye as she walked past him; Cody *never* did anything having to do with weights *lightly*. But there wasn’t anything obviously askew out here in the garage, and besides, she was intent on getting into the house and getting to work. There would be a *lot* of ladies at the house that night.

As the door to the kitchen closed behind her, and the garage door lowered back down, MuscleMan reappeared.

Cody nearly pissed his pants. “Holy *shit!* How did you do that? Where did you go?”

“I was here the whole time,” MuscleMan smiled. “Just had my invisibility on.”

“Cody, the garbage?” Mrs. Black simultaneously opened the kitchen door and whined at her son.

Cody immediately turned to her, and then in a flash he turned to MuscleMan-- or, rather, where MuscleMan *had* been. He wasn’t there-- again. Cody turned around to his mom again, the blood totally drained from his face. He really looked like he was sick.

“Cody. Are you all right?” Mrs. Black said.

---

Cody tried to find some moisture in his parched mouth-- to no avail. “Yeah-- I’m okay,” his voice cracked. “I’ll be right there.”

Mrs. Black cast another suspicious look and quickly closed the door.

“I guess I’d better be going,” MuscleMan said, having reappeared once again.

Cody was going to have a hard time getting used to this. He jumped again and turned.

“I’ll hook up with you a little later,” MuscleMan smiled. “You going to be okay?” he said with a comforting voice. He put a hand on Cody’s shoulder.

Cody was immediately calmed, and at once turned on. He felt his cock *jump* in his shorts. “Yeah. I’m fine.”

“Okay. Good. I’ll get with you later,” MuscleMan said. With that, he pressed a blue gem and disappeared.

“Is this your *invisibility* again? Or are you really gone...” Cody said into the air.

There was no response.

The kitchen door swung open again. “Is there someone out here with you?” Mrs. Black asked.

“No. No, mom. I’m just humming. Just humming a song.” Cody walked to the kitchen door and went inside with his mom, closing the door behind him.

•••••

Cody had a big celebration with his friends planned for his birthday Saturday. But Friday night was free. Well, it hadn’t always been free, but after meeting MuscleMan, Cody had done a little calendar-clearing so he could spend more time with his new superhero friend. He still marveled whenever he thought about how MuscleMan kept initiating the friendship, inviting him places, and just hanging with him after school. It was pretty hard to wrap his mind around the fact that the most powerful guy in the world wanted to be *his* friend!

Anyway, Cody had cancelled his date with Kalie, giving her some lame excuse about needing to help his mom with some church thing. It was a bold-faced lie, and the fact that he told it was unsettling to him. Not that he was a pillar of honesty and virtue. Hell, anyone with his record of plying through girlfriends had to maintain some semblance of deception. But telling Kalie this lie just so he could spend time with MuscleMan-- it seemed especially deceptive. Of course, no one would question this, given that it was MuscleMan and all; but it was what Cody was *thinking* and *feeling* about MuscleMan that made it so strange.

His conflicted affections notwithstanding, Cody was looking forward for school to get out on that particular Friday afternoon like none other. When finally the bell rang, he was out in the parking lot like lightning.

“I’ve got a great birthday present for you, dude,” a deep voice said from the back seat of his Mustang just before Cody turned the ignition key. Instead of turning the key, though, Cody nearly put a hole in the header of his car.

“SHIT!” Cody yelled as he jerked to see who it was. “God, man, you scared the shit out of me!”

“Sorry,” MuscleMan smiled innocently.

It only took a second, though, for Cody’s fear to turn to excitement. “My birthday’s not ‘till tomorrow,” he said.

“Midnight tonight, if you want to get technical,” MuscleMan replied. “You have any plans ‘till then?”

Cody turned around and faced forward. “Nope. Don’t have a thing to do.”

“Good. You want to spend it with me?”

Cody turned back to the rear seat. “What did you have in mind?”

“Dinner. Maybe a movie. Spend the night at my place.” MuscleMan’s slight, but confident smile was really turning Cody on, although he didn’t want to admit it.

“You’ll cause a riot looking like that if we try to get dinner and a movie.”

“I was thinking I’d let you in on a little secret about me. I have an alter-ego that I use to get around in public whenever I want to attract less attention,” MuscleMan said. His gaze was serious and intent.

Cody paused. “Okay. I’m all ears-- and eyes.”

“Drive, kid.”

Cody smiled, his dimples melting MuscleMan, although the superhero gave no indication. The teenager turned around and started the car. “Where we going?”

“The gym.”

Cody pulled out of the high school parking lot. “I don’t have my workout gear,” he said as the car hit the highway.

---

“Won’t need it. I just thought that it would be a good place to go.”

The drive took about 10 minutes. Cody turned off the ignition after he parked and swung his head around to look at MuscleMan. Only problem was, it wasn’t MuscleMan who was now sitting in his back seat. It was Eric Armstrong.

“Holy fuck!” Cody exclaimed. “You?”

Eric smiled. He *did* have the same eyes as MuscleMan, and he really did look a lot like the superhero. Now that Cody was seeing Eric in MuscleMan’s place, he didn’t question the connection at all. Well maybe a little.

“Holy goddamn fuck!” Cody said, shaking his head and having a hard time hiding a smile. “God, I get it. I really get it. I mean, you are Eric. You are MuscleMan. Damn, dude, you are the strongest guy I’ve ever met. I mean, besides MuscleMan. But, you *are* MuscleMan?” He shook his head again, as if trying to get some bugs out.

“Yeah; I am,” Eric answered.

“I should have known. I mean, but how could I?” He was getting a little incoherent.

Eric reached forward and opened the passenger door, pushed the bucket seat forward and got out. Even in his smaller state, Eric had to wrestle to pry his muscular body out of the back seat. He pushed the bucket seat back and sat down in the front seat, closing the door. “You hungry?” he asked, smiling.

Cody was incredulous, but happy. “Sure, very.”

“Where you wanna go?”

“Taco Bell,” Cody smiled.

“Taco Bell?” Eric said with a suspicious smile. “Dude, that stuff’ll make you obese!”

“Hey, it’s my birthday, man.”

“Okay. Taco Bell. But let’s not make this a habit,” Eric grinned.

“Don’t worry,” Cody said. “I keep tabs on my calories and fat.”

“I can see that,” Eric smiled. “Let’s leave the car here,” He suggested.

Cody raised his eyebrows, recalling their trip to that deserted island. “Okay,” he said.

---

Eric extended his left hand, resting it palm up on the shifter. Cody looked down at it. It was big, and the forearm that it came from was freaky-thick and lined with veins. The teen moved his right hand and rested it in Eric's. Eric slowly closed it around Cody's hand and Cody reciprocated.

That insane bubbly, vibrating feeling came again, but this time it didn't seem to last as long-- or maybe Cody just wasn't that surprised by it this time. In a second, the two men found themselves standing just outside the door of a Taco Bell. They were still holding hands.

The shock of the transport quickly melted into the shock of holding hands with Eric in public. There *were* other people in the parking lot, pulling up to park. Quickly, Cody pulled his hand away from Eric's. Eric grinned.

"Where the hell are we?" Cody asked, looking around.

"Taco Bell."

"Yeah, I can see that. But I can tell we're not in Seattle anymore."

"Walla Walla," Eric said. "Surprise, Surprise." His smile was exactly like MuscleMan's, and Cody couldn't help but grin broadly.

"Why Walla Walla?"

"I thought it'd be easier if we just went somewhere that we wouldn't be recognized," Eric said. He opened the door and walked inside, holding it for Cody to come behind.

•••••

They saw the movie in Toronto, which was nice because they got to see the sunset while waiting in line, and then again, when they got back to Seattle. Cody can't remember the name of the movie they saw, though. He doesn't remember much of anything that happened on the screen. It was the first time he had ever made out with a guy; they had a back row seat, and the place wasn't very crowded.

Of course Eric was the one to initiate first contact. He sat on Cody's right, and his left hand somehow found itself on Cody's muscular teen leg and he started massaging Cody's jeans. In a few minutes, Eric switched hands and put his left arm around Cody's neck, now moving his hand over Cody's thick quad, bringing his fingertips very close to Cody's crotch.

Cody turned his face to Eric's. He knew exactly what was happening, and the warring factions in his mind were driving him crazy. He put his hand on top of Eric's in hope of deterring the huge guy's advances; but instead he found himself egging him on. Before he could mount another resistance, Eric leaned forward and the two men started kissing.

---

Cody had kissed scores of girls before, but never a guy. It had never really entered his consciousness as a viable option. He wasn't attracted to guys. Until now. At this moment, his mouth was being penetrated by Eric's tongue, and it felt really, really good. Cody's heartbeat was as fast as if he had just run a mile.

Eric's was fast too. He cupped Cody's head close to his own, holding him still so he could gently fill his mouth. As they kissed, his hand moved onto Cody's crotch. Cody was getting hard. God, he had a nice cock. Eric squeezed it and Cody bucked his hips, pushing himself into Eric's hand.

The fires of passion had been lit, and for the rest of the movie, the two muscular figures in the back row became a twisting, throbbing, enmeshed mass of limb, torso and tongue. Cody, being hopelessly full of teenage testosterone, found himself right at the edge many times. Each time, however, Eric pulled back, not wanting to spoil his plans for the evening. There was lots of moaning, petting and kissing, but Eric was a master at controlling Cody's raging hormones.

Dinner, back in Seattle, was at the Space Needle restaurant. It was kind of a tourist trap-- I mean, having dinner in the Space Needle was almost a cliché-- but aside from dining there on prom night two years ago, Cody had never been. The restaurant rotates 360° in an hour, so the view of the city constantly changes. And it was spectacular. The food was very good, as well, despite its tourist reputation. And Eric was somehow able to order a magnum of wine, even though Cody had no ID. He had a way with the wait staff.

As they finished desert, Eric turned to Cody and said, "You know, man, I really don't live too far from here."

"Really?" Cody answered. He had a slight buzz from the wine, but he could hold his alcohol pretty well. He looked at Eric, who before dinner had changed into a really nice sports jacket and tie, as had Cody himself after the "beam-back" from Toronto. God, Eric was drop-dead gorgeous! "Are you going to show me?"

"Thought I might," Eric said, taking a sip of wine.

"And are you going to change back into MuscleMan when we get there?"

"Thought I might."

After the check was taken care of, the men headed for the restroom, where upon joining hands again, they dematerialized, only to re-materialize a few feet above the restroom, in *Phallic Fortress*. It took only a few seconds for Cody to realize that the view from where he now was, was exactly the same as the view from where he had been, only a tad higher. He went to the glass and looked down, and sure enough, there was the roof of the Space Needle, only a few score feet below.

“Shit!” he said, keeping his face pressed against the glass. “How’d you do this? We’re right above the Space Needle!” He turned to Eric, but was surprised to see a much larger figure in Eric’s place.

MuscleMan smiled. “I have my ways.”

Its unknown whether it was the wine or what-- probably a mixture of that and the heavy petting session in the movie theater-- but as Cody looked at MuscleMan, he was stunned at how gorgeously huge he was. It was kind of like this was the first time he had ever seen him. His bulbous chest stuck out so far, it looked like you could set a table on it. His shoulders were amazingly broad and thick. His arms were-- holy fuck-- they were bigger than many guy’s *legs!* The golden “M” medallion hung over the top portion of his chest, almost horizontal because of the size of the pecs. It glistened in the light. The white cape glowed. His neck was like a concrete support for a skyscraper. Each of MuscleMan’s legs almost looked like they were thicker than his waistline. He was just amazing.

Cody’s heart pounded once again. Standing in front of this almost-eighteen-year-old was the hottest homo-erotic display of muscular pulchritude ever seen. And it was all Cody’s.

MuscleMan stood still, knowing it was taking Cody quite a bit of processing power just to comprehend his beauty and muscles. After a minute, MuscleMan said “Lights: Setting Gamma 12.” Immediately the lights in the room dimmed. “Ambient music: Setting 142.” Soft, relaxing jazz began to play. It was something like Cody would have chosen if he wanted to get a girl “ready.”

“It’s only 9:14,” MuscleMan said. “You want to relax by the window and watch the city for awhile?”

It was at this point that Cody kind of broke down. This couldn’t be happening. It was like a dream; but was it really a nightmare? *God, what the hell is going on?* he thought. He had so many different thoughts and feelings bombarding his mind.

Cody turned back to the window and looked out. His breathing was labored. His muscular body was in distress, although there was no apparent physical issue. It was obviously an emotional outburst. This whole week, ever since he had met MuscleMan, had just been so strange-- so unreal-- so bereft of *normal*. Not only was there the stabbing issue of Cody questioning his life-long sexual preferences, but just the whole unbelievable concept of an actual *superhero* existing, let alone that this superhero had chosen *him* as his friend! Things had been happening *way* too fast for his young mind and heart to adequately deal with, and at this moment, his whole world seemed to be caving in on itself.

He gained his composure somewhat, and held perfectly still as a tear fell down his cheek. He looked at the sparkling city lights, trying to maintain control. But it was no use. In a minute, his hands were covering his face and he was sobbing.

MuscleMan didn't move. He knew Cody needed some space. Nevertheless, his instinct to comfort Cody was overwhelming. This was torture for MuscleMan. All he wanted to do was to go over and wrap his big, strong arms around Cody and hold him.

But he didn't. He couldn't, because the issue that Cody was dealing with *was MuscleMan* himself. It would just complicate things if MuscleMan tried to intervene. But he did speak. "I'm sorry, Cody. I know this is unbelievably hard to figure out."

Cody just kept sobbing. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't be doing this," he said, trying to wipe his eyes. "I feel like such a pansy."

"Don't," MuscleMan said. "Don't ever be ashamed of your feelings, man."

Cody took in a deep breath and sighed. *God, that felt so good to get out.*

"You had a lot of stuff bundled up in there," MuscleMan said, still standing in the same place he had been since they arrived.

"Yeah. I guess so," Cody said, wiping his eyes again.

Maybe Cody was too young. Maybe all of this was just too much for a teenager to handle. MuscleMan had wondered about it before, and now he returned to mull that prospect. He didn't, however, want to sound condescending to Cody. He didn't want to apologize and risk sounding like a mother hen.

"This is all... just so *unreal*," Cody said, waving his hand toward the city, the room, and to MuscleMan.

"I know. And you shouldn't feel bad over the fact that it's going to take *work* to deal with all of this."

"I just keep asking myself, how all of this-- how you-- how everything can be possible. Can it all be real?" Cody asked.

"It's real, Cody."

"I know. I know it's real. Sometimes I think that you are the *most* real thing I've ever seen. It's just all so confusing."

"I know, man." MuscleMan said. He now took a few steps toward Cody, slowly.

Cody seemed to relax. His shoulders dropped and his face softened. The closer MuscleMan got the more at ease Cody seemed.

---



They stood close now. Cody closed the last small distance between them, leaning onto MuscleMan's thick chest. His eyes met MuscleMan's nipples, and his face rested against the warm, hard pec meat. MuscleMan hugged him and he did the same. Cody took in another deep breath and sighed again. "Sometimes, when I get all confused about this, all I want to do is to have you hold me," Cody said softly-- almost whispering. He chuckled. "I feel like a little baby."

MuscleMan chuckled too. He squeezed Cody, but didn't say anything.

"Sometimes... Cody started to continue, but stopped for a second. Then he resumed, "Sometimes I can't wait to see you. I guess all the time. Sometimes I just want it to be like this, me in your arms. Sometimes I'm really embarrassed by my thoughts about you."

MuscleMan squeezed Cody again. "I know what you mean, Cody. I gotta tell you that I'm glad I met you only a week ago, because I'm embarrassed by the thoughts I've had about *you*. This week has been hell for me, and I can't tell you how much I've looked forward to you turning eighteen."

Cody lifted his head and looked at MuscleMan's face. "Really?"

"Yeah," MuscleMan smiled down. "And it's only two hours, nineteen minutes, thirty-eight seconds away," he smiled.

Cody's eyes twinkled, and yet they were wide. "Don't tell me how you know that."

MuscleMan chuckled again.

Cody's strong hands found themselves wrapping around MuscleMan's impossibly wide back, under his cape, and within minutes, the emotions he had been questioning a few minutes before melted into a united, unison chorus of lustful desire for more of his super-friend. His fingers and palms couldn't really believe the mountains of back muscle they were feeling. He pressed himself against MuscleMan's warm body and the two men embraced harder.

"Not yet, my friend," MuscleMan said a few minutes later, when it was obvious that Cody was getting carried away. The giant pulled away and invited Cody to sit on the couch facing the city lights.

"You have anything a little more comfortable I might be able to put on?" Cody asked after a few minutes. He looked *hot* in his shirt and tie, but MuscleMan relented.

"Let me introduce you to my servant," MuscleMan said.

Cody sat up straight.

"Ensign Orb, will you please join us?" MuscleMan said

---

A very large man walked through one of the doorways. He was wearing a Star Trek uniform. “Yes sir,” the man said.

“Orb, this is my friend, Cody.”

“Very nice to meet you, Mr. Black,” Orb said.

“You know my name?” Cody asked.

“Oh yes, sir. MuscleMan has talked about you a lot this week.”

Cody looked at MuscleMan, who actually looked a little *embarrassed*.

“Ensign, Mr. Black would like to change into something more comfortable. Could you take him upstairs and come up with something he likes?”

“Certainly, sir.” The ensign turned to Cody, and motioned to the large circular staircase, “Mr. Black?”

Cody turned to MuscleMan.

“It’s okay, Promise,” MuscleMan smiled.

Upstairs, in MuscleMan’s bedroom suite, Cody and the ensign stood in front of a mirror. The young man wanted cotton-- something comfortable; something casual. The ensign fabricated a few things, and Cody ultimately decided on a T-shirt and cargo shorts-- something he was used to wearing a lot. He had to admit that he liked the way the T-shirt fit.

The teen and the holographic projection descended the staircase in a scene not unlike something from “Gone With the Wind.” The ensign seemed particularly pleased with what they had come up with.

“Nice,” MuscleMan smiled, swirling a wide, round glass of brandy in his hand, standing next to the windows. “Thank you ensign. That will be all for tonight.”

Ensign Orb nodded and left the room.

Cody walked toward MuscleMan. He didn’t know whether to plop down on the couch like the stud he was, or whether to nuzzle up next to the huge hunk and start fawning. In the end, he decided to do the plop thing.

“Really nice place you got here, man,” he said casually.

“Thanks. I’m glad you’re feeling better.”

---

Cody went into a little macho act, spreading his arms on the back of the couch, “Yeah, all this stuff-- it isn’t so bad. I think I could adjust to this.” He let out an exaggerated sigh, like he owned the place. His muscular arms filled the T-shirt, even when extended like this.

MuscleMan laughed. “Good. I was hoping you could.”

“So, why didn’t you just do the duds yourself?” Cody asked, noting his new outfit.

“I thought you needed a little break. I think you’ll like Ensign Orb.”

Cody shook his head as he smiled. “Yeah, he’s cool and everything. But a little-- well, a little *stiff*.”

“He’s a hologram.”

“I figured he was something like that.” Cody smiled. He looked around for a brandy snifter, and MuscleMan poured him a drink.

“You know, you could get arrested for providing to a minor,” Cody smiled, taking a drink.

“Yup.”

Cody just smiled as he swallowed the brandy.

“We don’t have that rule, where I come from,” MuscleMan smiled.

“But you do have the ‘18’ rule?”

“Nope, don’t have that one either. But I thought that one was a little more important to you guys in the 21<sup>st</sup> century. Besides, the author of this story doesn’t want to be accused of promoting pedophile behavior,” MuscleMan said.

“Sean? Aw, he’s going to be okay,” Cody said, taking another drink.

“Nevertheless, I gotta do whatever he writes,” MuscleMan said, raising his glass into the air, saluting the only being in his universe with more power than himself.

Cody relaxed into the couch. The brandy was really settling in.

MuscleMan sat down next to Cody, and for the next hour or so, they watched the city while they talked. Cody had heard of MuscleMan’s claims that he was from the future, and MuscleMan told Cody *pretty much* everything he wanted to know, also reveling his one “need,” that he had to ingest human semen every day or so, lest he lose his super powers.

“So, how long has it been since your last ‘meal’?” Cody asked.

“A couple of days,” MuscleMan answered. At this point in the conversation, the two men had been touching hands and various other body parts, caressing and lightly petting in a few meaningful areas-- but nothing hot and heavy.

“A couple of days?” Cody asked wide-eyed.

MuscleMan nodded, drinking the last of his brandy. He sat his glass down and said, “Let’s go upstairs.”

•••••

The evening was coming to a climax, and both men knew it. As they stood next to the bed in the barely-lit suite, MuscleMan said, “You mind if I undress you?”

Despite only recently becoming connected with his inner feelings for this Mountain of Muscle, Cody was beside himself with lust. He could only nod.

It was ten minutes before midnight. MuscleMan pulled off the teen’s shirt, exposing some astounding development for a 21<sup>st</sup> century teenager. Cody’s upper body was packed with beef. And owing to his youthfulness, his body fat was deliciously low. His thick pecs sported silver-dollar-sized areolae; just looking at them gave MuscleMan a stir. His arms, at *least* as big, in inches, as his age-- probably an inch bigger-- were the perfect accents to his muscular torso. Wide shoulders-- not just wide from working out, but obviously a product of amazing genetics-- capped off his body and MuscleMan could see some of himself in the boy. Sure, Cody was nowhere *near* what Eric Armstrong had looked like at that age, but his confident attitude and natural gorgeousness was something that MuscleMan identified with.

Under his thong, MuscleMan was becoming erect, just looking at Cody’s body. The anticipation was killing him. He put his large hands on Cody’s smooth skin and started feeling the youthful muscles, starting with his shoulders, then slowly onto his big arms, chest, abs...

For Cody’s part, he couldn’t believe that this was happening. He gazed at the inhuman muscle mass that stood in front of him, and he so wanted to touch. But somehow, he knew that this was MuscleMan’s time to do the touching. He kept his arms at his side and just let MuscleMan’s hands have their way. Under his jeans, he was not only painfully erect, he was in agony. His jeans were confining his erection direction and growth so that it really, really hurt. God, he wished for those bounds to be loosed.

He wouldn’t have to wait long.

MuscleMan’s hands moved down from Cody’s abs. His fingertips slipped behind Cody’s belt line and his thumb fiddled with the button of his denim pants. Cody’s narrow waist left much room for MuscleMan’s fingers to work, and the giant moved his fingers lower as they worked to undo the jeans. MuscleMan’s left hand moved up Cody’s smooth teenage skin and cupped the back of

---

his neck. The huge man pulled Cody close and began to kiss him. His right hand continued to undo the teen's pants; finally the button was opened, and MuscleMan slowly unzipped the zipper. Their tongues intertwined in slow, dreamy, warm movements; their lips pressed loosely; it was wet and soft-- very sensual. MuscleMan brought the zipper down all the way and slowly spread the opening apart. Cody's hard rod was still pointing to the side.

Cody was nearly going insane. *Pull it out!* he thought. God, how he yearned to have his cock spring free.

MuscleMan was torturously slow in slipping his fingers inside, but eventually the fingers of his right hand found the position of the throbbing rod and gently wrapped around it. He tugged on it once, then let go.

Cody nearly went ballistic. He moaned as they continued to kiss. He bucked his hips forward, trying to encourage MuscleMan on.

The strong fingertips curled around it again, and MuscleMan pried it loose. Still covered with the fabric of his boxers, Cody's cock sprung free of the jeans. Cody sighed audibly, right into MuscleMan's mouth.

The cotton of Cody's boxers was wet at the head of his cock. MuscleMan lightly moved his fingertips up and down the fabric, tickling the teenage shaft.

Cody moved his hands up onto the unspeakably muscled body of his hero and began to caress them. Instantly his cock jumped. He moved his hands over the smooth back and shoulders, feeling the unbelievable development. He embraced MuscleMan and the two men totally pushed their bodies against each other. Cody moaned softly.

Eventually, as their breathing increased, both men found their hands fondling the other's sex organs through the fabric of their respective clothing-- Cody's on the slinky, silky, semi-transparent thong that barely contained the huge member of Muscleman-- and MuscleMan's on the young, hard, wet cock that was hidden only by a loosely fitting layer of cotton.

MuscleMan pulled back and gazed into Cody's eyes. "Happy Birthday, stud," he smiled.

"Is it midnight?"

MuscleMan smiled and nodded. "You want your present?"

Cody nodded; his body nearly shook.

MuscleMan put his hand on Cody's and lifted it to his thong. He slipped Cody's fingertips inside it, then gently pulled it forward, pushing Cody's hand inside further. Cody needed no more prodding. He opened his hand and shuddered as he felt the veiny tree-branch-sized dick. He loosely moved his hand up and down it once, and then with his other hand he pulled the thong

down, wrapping the waistband under MuscleMan's balls. MuscleMan's penis sprang up at full attention. Cody looked at it with astonishment.

MuscleMan pulled Cody's boxers (and jeans) all the way down and Cody stepped out of them; he pulled his own thong all the way off as well, leaving his golden wrist and ankle bands on, as well as his cape. He pushed the cape back over his shoulders so it now hung on his back only. As he stood there, Cody knelt down-- it was almost instinctive. Both men knew that MuscleMan's cock was the primary element in the room.

Cody cupped his left hand fingertips behind and under MuscleMan's hairless balls. He tugged lightly on the sacs and enjoyed the reaction of the Giant. MuscleMan's body tightened and he sighed. Cody's right hand moved onto MuscleMan's enormously developed upper leg. Cody couldn't believe the size, hardness and definition of the muscles. He wondered to himself how it came to be that he'd find himself here, touching the hugest mass of muscle on the whole planet. It made his fingers tremble. He felt the warm, smooth mass; the only thing that could draw his hand off MuscleMan's flexing, hardening leg was, of course, the behemoth of a cock that rose above it-- and draw it did. Cody's young, virgin hand moved up to MuscleMan's crotch, nestling its fingertips in the deep, tight crack between leg and cock. Finally, he pulled it out and moved his hand onto the huge erection itself.

He was beside himself. He couldn't believe the veiny ridges on the thing! It throbbed with each of the Giant's heartbeats. Precum, copious amounts of it, dripped in clear, languid strings from MuscleMan's piss slit. Cody's hand gave him one long, slow stroke. Again, he enjoyed MuscleMan's reaction-- just knowing that he was bringing this superhero such pleasure made him full of joy and wonder.

Another slow, long stroke-- this time with just a tad bit more grip. God, the thing seemed alive in and of itself! He pushed his hand slowly down to the base and held it there, squeezing just a little harder, pushing the base. MuscleMan tightened his ass and cock muscles, and a big drop of precum oozed out. It trailed down his erection for a few inches, and then formed a long string as it fell off. MuscleMan moaned. He closed his eyes. "Fuck, kid-- you got really nice hands."

Cody smiled. He gave MuscleMan another stroke, watching the whole reaction repeat itself. Then another stroke. For never having been with a guy before, Cody knew how to give a hell of a hand job.

Then, he left his right hand at the base again, squeezing, and he tickled under MuscleMan's balls with the tips of his left fingers. As he did this, he leaned his head in and stuck out his tongue. The tip of his tongue found the piss slit. He wriggled it there a second before wrapping it all around the red cock head. As his right hand squeezed harder, the veins on the cock bulged out and the head grew into a dark purple. Cody took the plumb into his mouth and wrapped his lips around the ring of the head. He sucked and pulled out more clear nectar, swallowing it. There was no way in hell he could take all of this think inside his mouth, but Cody gave it a good try. Alas, when he made it not even halfway down, he began to gag and had to pull out. Still, he found the

---

wherewithal to open his mouth as he did it, and rake his teeth over the veiny protrusions on the Giant's huge penis.

MuscleMan's whole body tightened and he called out. "Oh shit," he panted.

Encouraged, Cody took MuscleMan in again, this time a little farther, and raked his teeth over it in the out-pull once again.

The reaction from the superhero was the same.

"You have to stop," MuscleMan pleaded. "I don't want to cum yet."

Whether or not MuscleMan had the control to prevent a premature orgasm wasn't really an issue. Of course he could control it. Couldn't he? Did Cody turn him on *that much*?

MuscleMan reached down and pulled Cody into a standing position. He looked almost desperate. He gently pushed Cody back onto the bed, then pulled him all the way on so that his whole body was on the mattress. He climbed on top of Cody and embraced him. They kissed.

Cody pressed his penis against MuscleMan's torso. It was only a matter of a few seconds before he began to squirt hard, hot globs of his milk up between their torsos. He called out loudly. MuscleMan may have had the discipline to hold off, but the young Cody was helpless to hold off. MuscleMan's nearly quarter-ton body, right there on top of him, was just too much to bear. He pushed his cock hard and convulsed in hard jerks, tossing his head back.

When it was done, he looked deep into MuscleMan's eyes. The Giant could tell the teen was a little disappointed for going soon. "Don't worry, dude," MuscleMan comforted. "That's not the last time you'll cum tonight-- believe me." MuscleMan licked up the cum, swallowing every drop he could get. "Time for the rest of your present, little muscleboy," MuscleMan smiled.

Cody, for all his insane teenage size and muscularity, knew that MuscleMan was in his full rights to refer to him as his "little muscleboy." Compared to the man from the future, Cody was small.

He didn't, though, have much time to contemplate the moniker, because MuscleMan began to lift his muscle ass upward, pulling his lower body away so as to position himself to give Cody his "present."

He took one hand and pointed his cock right at Cody's sphincter. He pressed it into position and then returned his arm to the mattress. Cody spread his legs just a bit, but there was no way in hell he could open himself wide enough to receive MuscleMan's full glory.

The precum began to moisten Cody's cherry-red hold, and MuscleMan pushed to open the door.

Even this minimal invasion caused Cody to jump. *God, this feels weird*, he thought. Weird, yes, but he wanted it. Bad.

---

As MuscleMan kissed Cody he continued to prepare Cody's ass for penetration, pushing ever-so-slightly in and out, each time expanding the skin a little more.

It began to hurt Cody, but really, there was no way to avoid it. Pain was inevitable with something this massive being thrust inside.

As Cody cried out, MuscleMan's head inserted itself. Cody's hole wrapped it tightly. He panted hard. God, it hurt.

It hurt-- *so* good.

In spite of MuscleMan's best efforts otherwise, Cody's ass was going to be a victim of something very big and long-- something that his ass just couldn't contain.

But contain it, it did. MuscleMan pushed in harder. Cody could actually feel those veins again as they moved inside. The long, hard, thick cock was warm and strong-- just like the rest of MuscleMan.

MuscleMan breathed hard. Cody's panting was turning him on all the more. Cody lay helpless under him, and MuscleMan was loving it. Despite the intense pain, MuscleMan's supreme presence on top on him was turning Cody on, and his cock was soon at full erection once again.

MuscleMan was now about halfway inside, and at this point, he pushed and shoved it all the way into the hilt.

Cody yelled.

MuscleMan held it still, applying pressure, letting the boy know that there was nothing he could do to get away. Cody didn't *want* to get away, but MuscleMan loved the thought anyway. MuscleMan held his hips totally still while he began to kiss Cody again. It was passionate, hard, loud and wet this time. Not more slow and soft-- no this was intense kissing. The two men's hands wrapped around the mounds of muscles on the bed and they breathed hard. Still, MuscleMan's cock was firmly planted deep inside the teen, not moving at all, as stiff, hard, thick and long as ever.

MuscleMan tightened his ass muscles as Cody's hands moved onto them. They flexed into two bowling-ball sized mounds of rock. MuscleMan tilted his hips and the resulting pressure inside Cody caused him to cry out again. MuscleMan pushed his cock even deeper-- and deeper still, in spite of Cody feeling that it was already in farther than possible. God, it felt like the tip of it must have been pressing against his *heart!*

MuscleMan slowly pulled back. Just a bit. Then he pushed in all the way again.

---



Cody turned out to be quite a loud sex object. He was a groaner. With each of MuscleMan's insertion pushes, Cody moaned.

Now, MuscleMan pulled almost all the way out, just to the point where Cody's sphincter wrapped around the lip of MuscleMan's head. Then the Giant pushed in to the hilt-- and farther-- again.

Cody groaned loudly. He was in heaven. This was more than he could have ever imagined. There weren't words to describe his feelings of ecstasy and fulfillment, knowing he was bringing such pleasure to this ultimate man. It was the ultimate fuck.

After a few minutes of teasing himself with pulling out far-- slowly, like this-- MuscleMan put in all the way again and started to rock. Slowly at first, and then faster. Cody whimpered with each thrust. He was getting harder-- near another orgasm.

As must have been fate, just as MuscleMan's body prepared to spasm in a huge orgasm, so did Cody's. MuscleMan's hard ass tightened even more in Cody's hands and the teen could tell MuscleMan was close. He ran his hands all over MuscleMan's back and shoulders. Yes, the Giant was tightening-- his whole body was reaching the peak.

MuscleMan began to groan. His huge arms, at Cody's side, hardened into even bigger masses of rock.

Then, MuscleMan pushed in all the way, and froze. Cody looked at his face. MuscleMan's eyes were closed; he grunted; his face contorted into a tight mask. Cody wailed at the immense pressure that MuscleMan's hips were placing on him.

And then, Cody felt it. Deep inside his torso, a hard spurt. MuscleMan's whole penis tightened and throbbed as it began to release. MuscleMan's huge body jerked once. He lifted his head back, up off Cody's face-- his neck thickened. "Ohhhhhhh, Goooodddddddddd!" he yelled.

Another throbbing jerk of MuscleMan's body, and the blasts started to come regularly.

Shit, did they come.

The sheer force of MuscleMan's ejaculations made Cody begin to orgasm as well. His young cum spurted out between them as MuscleMan's milk filled him.

MuscleMan's mighty arms tightened around Cody's broad shoulders, and the boy thought he might pass out from the unbelievable pressure.

Seeing this, MuscleMan tried to relax his arms, but it was difficult.

They both came for quite a few minutes, but Cody’s orgasm finished long before MuscleMan’s. Each thrust of ejaculate inside Cody elicited yet another cry or yelp. MuscleMan thought to himself, *God this kid is loud-- I love it.*

MuscleMan’s cock didn’t really get small after the orgasm. He rolled onto his side, still inside his young charge. Cody’s penis, drenched with his milk, became limp. The two kissed and whispered to each other, smiling and laughing. Occasionally, MuscleMan would tighten his cock inside Cody and another small squirt of leftover semen would rush into Cody. Cody was amazed that MuscleMan could stay so hard, long after his orgasm. What he didn’t understand yet was that MuscleMan would end up *staying* hard all night, between all of his orgasms.

Between the passionate episodes of musclesex, MuscleMan posed for Cody many times. One time, he jerked Cody off, just by placing Cody’s cock between his giant biceps and forearm. He’d flex and relax; flex and relax, as Cody’s hard, tight cock was trapped between the muscles. It became one of Cody’s favorite ways to get off-- instead of a hand-job, Cody called it an “arm-job.”

The birthday party lasted all night, with only brief periods of sleep between sexcapades.



© Sean Reid Scott

Comments: [sean@buffmuscles.com](mailto:sean@buffmuscles.com) [sean@musclepla.net](mailto:sean@musclepla.net)

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

[sean@buffmuscles.com](mailto:sean@buffmuscles.com)

Also, please make sure to visit my website:

<http://buffmuscles.com>

This story is © Sean Reid Scott. It **may** be posted on other websites **only** if the following conditions are met: 1) It must be posted in its entirety, without modifications or edits of any kind. 2) This notice, and all references to authorship and copyright are intact. 3) The above links to my email address and my BuffMuscles website must also be included.