



TRUTH, JUSTICE &
LOVE FOR ALL MEN

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

EPISODE 10 THE SHADOW APPEARS

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.]

Kevin Myers sat at his desk in the newsroom, taking notes while interviewing a Seattle city councilor on the phone. It was a slow news day, and this afforded the young, muscular TV reporter the chance to get caught up on an investigative story he was working on. Seems there were some anonymous sources down at City Hall claiming that Councilor Redmond might be accepting paybacks for considerations given concerning a new basketball arena for an NBA team. Ever since the Sonics had moved to Oklahoma City (?!), politicians and businesspeople alike had been scrambling to regain a franchise for the city. The sticking point was that Key Arena, just rebuilt a few decades ago, was really too small, so a new venue was needed.

The city was in talks with various groups, but nothing had been happening, until Councilor Redmond started taking with the Bluefish Group, who seemed to have the financing. But Bluefish had some major hurtles to jump in City Hall. Yet, for some unknown reason, those hurtles were being lowered substantially. According to the anonymous source, Redmond was... shall we say... sleeping with the enemy, and giving them special considerations in return.

"So, you're saying that you have no knowledge of any indiscrete relationship between Redmond and anyone at Bluefish," Kevin pressed.

“No; none,” Councilor Southland replied. There was a long pause. “But, strictly off the record...” Another long pause.

“Yes? Off the record?” Kevin said.

“Off the record, maybe you and I should meet for coffee sometime. I know someone you might want to talk to,” Southland said.

The intrigue of dirty politics and illegal favoritism wasn’t really the reason Kevin Myers got into journalism, but this little story had so much potential that he was really getting interested. The two men made arrangements to meet later that afternoon at a quiet out-of-the-way pub in West Seattle.

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MuscleMan hovered over the man, kissing him softly, pushing his mighty cock ever-so-gently back and forth inside him. It had been ten minutes since MuscleMan had finished his powerful orgasm, and for the third time this afternoon, his companion in the posh suite of the hotel room began squirting, even while MuscleMan was still hard inside him. MuscleMan on top, the man on his back, the two men would have made a compelling picture on any muscle porn site.

The giant bent his body, pulling out just a bit in order to get the right angle, and put his mouth over the spurting head of his date. He sighed as he began to swallow the large amounts of semen the man was putting forth. Invigorated and renewed, the Man of Muscle breathed heavily, enjoying the powerful infusion of strength the man’s seed was providing.

The man convulsed as MuscleMan massaged more and more cum from his painful ejaculations. MuscleMan ran his large hands over the Man’s hard, bulging muscles.

As the man’s orgasm subsided, he panted as he lay exhausted; his arms spread out wide on the sweaty sheet beneath him. “I need--” he breathed hard, “I need to take a break, man--” he continued to pant.

MuscleMan smiled as the man’s cock popped out of his mouth, splattering sweat as it hit his defined twin rows of abdominal muscles. The man’s stomach rose and fell with each of his heavy breaths.

MuscleMan stood. “No problem, man. Take a break.” He walked over to one of the huge windows of the suite and looked out at the afternoon cityscape, naked. At street level, the sight of this super-human physique standing in a window like this would have caused major traffic problems, but the hotel room was too high for anyone to see him. MuscleMan picked up a phone and pressed two buttons. “Room service? I need four steak dinners, some lobster, with potatoes and vegetables please. And a magnum of your finest wine-- Cabernet please. Room 2500. Thank you.” He turned to the man and said. “We’ll rest for an hour or so. You need some food, too.”

The man, his award-winning heavyweight body still recovering from the workout, smiled; his eyes were half closed. "Thanks."

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At a beachside pub in West Seattle, three men sat in a booth, speaking softly. The older of the three wore sunglasses, despite the cloudy weather outside, and a hat. Kevin Myers wore a macintosh; the third guy, a young "twink" looking guy, wore a puffy ski jacket which did little to fill out his gaunt appearance.

"Kevin, this is Rob Karcher. He-- uh, works in the mail room down at City Hall," the older man said.

Kevin and Rob shook hands. Rob's eyes were entranced with Kevin's physique. Kevin got that a lot, but it was easy to see that Rob's interest was quite deep.

"Nice to meet you," Kevin said. "Thank you for meeting with me Councilor," he said, turning to the older man.

"Please. Don't use my title. Just call me John for now," Councilor Southland said.

"I understand. Sorry," Kevin answered.

"Rob, here, has known Mr. Redmond-- my colleague on council-- for a number of years now," Southland continued. "He has a unique, intimate relationship with Mr. Redmond."

Kevin and Rob's eyes met, and Kevin understood what Southland was getting at.

"Rob has some information that he's told me he's willing to give you. Of course, this is all off the record. This meeting is not happening. This is background information."

"Understood," Kevin said.

Southland turned to Rob and the young man started talking, slowly.

"I'll cut to the chase," Rob said. "Redmond is seeing someone high up in the Bluefish organization." As these words escaped Rob's lips, the pain of their meaning was evident on his face. "And in return for these 'visits' he is working to give Bluefish an advantage in talks with the city on a new basketball arena."

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MuscleMan and his companion finished the last of their meals. "I can't believe you ate all of that food," the man said, taking a drink of cabernet.

"I have a high metabolism," MuscleMan smiled.

The two naked bodies of muscle returned to the bed, and reclined, side-by-side. Just as their lips were about to meet in a passionate, long kiss, a soft musical tone on one of MuscleMan's wrist bands could be heard throughout the room. The band was on a chair on the other side of the room.

"I need to take that," MuscleMan said. "Sorry." He got up off the bed, his just-starting-to-get-hard cock swinging like a tree branch between his legs as he walked. He pressed a button on the band. "Yes?"

"Sorry to bother you, sir," a voice that only MuscleMan could hear said, "but you wanted me to let you know if there were any new temporal anomalies detected."

"Yes. Thank you, ensign. Go on."

"Just a few minutes ago. The location is difficult to pinpoint, but it seems to be coming from somewhere near Boeing Field."

"Anything more specific than that?" MuscleMan asked. The man on the bed listened, but could not hear who the giant muscleman was talking to.

"No sir. I'm still trying to narrow it down. The anomaly lasted for about 45 seconds, then ended."

"Thank you, Mr. Orb. Please continue to monitor. Let me know if you learn anything more." MuscleMan looked over at the hunk lying on the bed. "But for the rest of the afternoon, only contact me if there is imminence. I will contact you when I am done here."

"Understood," Ensign Orb replied.

MuscleMan walked back toward the bodybuilder on the bed, his gigantic quads rubbing against each other as he walked, requiring him to step somewhat broadly. He bent over the man, placing his hands on the mattress, outside the man's shoulders. He climbed on top and they started to kiss.

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If Kevin Myers was inclined to smoke, now would have been a picture-perfect opportunity to do so. He stood outside the West Seattle pub, looking out at the Sound. He pulled his macintosh close and fought off a shiver. It was late on a Friday afternoon. The clouds were dark and Kevin could see streaks of rain falling onto the Olympic Mountains in the distance. The water would be dumping here within the hour. Traffic back into downtown would be brutal this time of day.

He pulled his cell out of his pocket and opened it up, pressing one button. He put the phone to his ear.

It rang a few times and then went to voicemail.

He hung up without leaving a message. The receiver would know he called; if he was interested, he'd call Kevin back. Kevin wasn't big on leaving messages-- especially for personal stuff.

He got into his car and drove back to the station, battling rush hour traffic on the Alaskan Way Viaduct. Not assigned to any story that night, he'd leave early, ending up in a downtown bar, drinking his evening away, looking forward to a Saturday off. Ever since his first encounter with MuscleMan, he found himself frequenting bars that catered to a clientele that included a "mixture" of sexual orientations. He had even hooked up with a guy for the first time in his life. But of course, after being with MuscleMan, any mere mortal was going to be a disappointment. And, unfortunately, the ladies didn't seem to turn him on as much as before either.

A few second-takes from the men in the bar. Kevin felt good about that. But, again, his heart wasn't into cruising. He looked at his phone to see if he'd missed a call. Nothing.

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MuscleMan and Orb studied the data from the Ballard Locks incident. The night lights of the city glimmered outside Phallic Fortress' lab.

"Oh, and I wanted to mention," the ensign added, "you received a cell phone call from Mr. Myers,"

"Oh?" MuscleMan perked up.

"At 5:22."

MuscleMan accessed his nanites and placed a call. As Kevin's phone started ringing, MuscleMan turned to Orb and said, "Thank you ensign."

The holographic man disappeared.

Kevin felt the vibration of his phone on his hip. Putting down his beer, he pulled the phone open. His heart jumped. "Hey," he said nonchalantly, trying to disguise his excitement.

"Hey," MuscleMan responded. "How you doing?"

"Good. Good." Kevin took another sip of beer in an effort to calm himself, "You?"

"Fine. Just fine," MuscleMan said.

There was a silence, and then Kevin said, "Well, I just wanted to see how you are, and to-- you know-- talk. Maybe catch up. You said to keep in touch." He was feeling uncomfortable now-- like a school girl hoping her idol would want to continue the friendship.

“Cool. You know, I’m actually free tonight. You busy?”

Kevin’s heart jumped into his throat. “No. Not right now. No plans for the rest of the night.”

“Well, as a matter of fact, I have a suite for the rest of the night at the Biltway Tower. You want to meet me there?” MuscleMan asked.

“Sure-- sure. That’d be great.”

“Good. Suite 2500. I’ll be waiting.”

Kevin folded his phone and chugged the rest of his beer.

It was only a half hour later that Kevin’s hands were running up onto MuscleMan’s huge, broad chest. The two men stood in the entryway to suite 2500, the door to the hall closed behind them. Kevin was rock hard even as he had knocked on the door to the suite, and now that MuscleMan was holding Kevin’s hips close to his own, the two men pressed their cocks against each other-- Kevin’s still clothed in his pants, and MuscleMan’s barely clothed in that thong.

After a few quick rubs, and as Kevin’s hands took in the breadth, warmth and hardness of MuscleMan’s pecs, Kevin began to cream his pants. His face contorted slightly; his eyes rolled back into his head.

MuscleMan grinned and held Kevin’s waist tightly. “Dude, you been storing up for me?” he smiled.

Kevin could only eek out an occasional, “Oh Godddddd,” or “Shhhhhhhhhhhhit!”

It was a generous mess that Kevin had deposited in his pants. He shed his clothes, allowed MuscleMan to lick up all of his semen that he could get, washed his underwear in the bathroom sink and draped everything over the glass door to the three-head walk-in shower to dry. He returned into one of the bedrooms of the huge suite-- there were only two suites on the floor, so, yeah, they were ginormous-- to see MuscleMan lying on the bed, now naked, nursing a throbbing hard-on.

MuscleMan looked up at the gorgeous bodybuilder; Kevin’s proportions were enormous and perfectly graced with sensual, powerful symmetry. MuscleMan drew in a breath as he took in the beauty and strength of this man. “Shit,” he said, “How could I have forgotten how amazing you look.”

Kevin blushed. He sat down on the bed next to the giant and put his hand on MuscleMan’s calf. It was insanely ripped and defined-- a beautiful heart-shaped muscle. He fingered the separation of the muscles on the leg. As his hand ran up to MuscleMan’s quad, Kevin began to get hard again.

MuscleMan's cock was hard as a pipe. Drops of clear precum oozed out of his penis' head. He avoided the strong temptation to touch himself; instead, he tightened his cock and watched Kevin's reaction as the mighty weapon bounced on his abdominal muscles.

Kevin's hand moved over MuscleMan's huge legs, feeling every cut, every ripple, every striation of muscle. As Kevin's hand moved inside, between the legs, MuscleMan opened them up just a bit, giving the young reporter more room to work.

"God almighty," Kevin gasped as he took in the amazing sight of MuscleMan's body, spread out on the bed, just for his own enjoyment.

MuscleMan smiled. He was so in control. His gigantic legs dwarfed Kevin's legs, and they nearly dwarfed Kevin's whole body! He tightened them occasionally, turning them from simple mind-boggling masses of inhuman muscle, into complex relief maps of mountainous, hard, separated ropes of superhuman muscle.

Kevin's hand occasionally trembled. He found his left hand on his cock now, stroking slowly. How it got there, he didn't remember; it was an involuntary response to being so close to-- to all of this.

MuscleMan watched, but not intently.

Kevin's right hand moved higher up the legs, and soon found the long, drooping sacs that held MuscleMan's plum-sized testicles. The skin was warm and moist. The balls were hairless; MuscleMan kept his pubes trimmed to just a tasteful patch right above his cock. Kevin cupped one of the plums in his hand, gently squeezed it, then opened his hand enough to move it downward without pulling on it. He briefly tickled MuscleMan's sensitive spot behind the balls with the very tip of his fingers.

This got MuscleMan's attention. He inhaled quickly and held his breath. He slowly let it out.

Kevin began with a long, slow stroke up MuscleMan's lengthy member. As his fingers and palm moved up it, he could feel the veins as they stuck out. He closed his fingers around it, but it was so thick that he couldn't make them meet. When he got to the head, he played with it; he fingered the precum in the piss-slit; he ran his fingertips around the lip of the dark red head.

MuscleMan tightened his cock again, perhaps in an involuntary response to Kevin's ministrations. More precum oozed out of the slit and dripped onto MuscleMan's abs.

Kevin squeezed a bit, then gave MuscleMan a long stroke going down.

MuscleMan watched, now with a little more interest.

At the base, Kevin used his hand as a fulcrum and stood MuscleMan's enormous penis in the air, pulling it high. It was astounding. He leaned forward and began licking it. Slowly. Very slowly.

MuscleMan dropped his head back onto the pillow and moaned. Kevin took the whole thing in his mouth, but he doubted his ability to take much more than that. The thing was massive! It felt like he was trying to force a tennis ball into his mouth-- and this was just the head!

He kissed it, licked the long log some more, and kissed again.

Before long, MuscleMan was getting pretty hot for more. He sat up and instructed Kevin to lie down on his stomach. MuscleMan moved on top of Kevin and spread the young reporter's powerful legs apart with his dick. MuscleMan rested his upper body on his forearms, enveloping Kevin in warm muscle. The giant penis head was wet with precum, and Kevin's ass and legs got pretty wet as the Man of Muscle positioned himself. Soon, Kevin was moaning as MuscleMan's cock started knocking on the door.

MuscleMan wriggled his ass muscles, twisting his hips slightly. His head began to push Kevin's ass apart. The giant applied more pressure by tightening those breathtaking ass muscles. They flexed with sensual power, dwarfed in size by MuscleMan's mighty legs.

"Ghhmmmmmm," moaned Kevin helplessly.

MuscleMan's penis penetrated the hole and Kevin's sphincter was forced open.

"Mmmmmhhhhhhnnnnng," Kevin continued.

MuscleMan flexed his glutes again and made a few millimeters more. "Just relax your ass, Kevin. Relax it and let it happen," MuscleMan whispered into the young man's ear. His breathing was long and slow next to Kevin's ear, and gave Kevin another reminder of who was in control here (as if he needed one).

Kevin tried to relax his ass muscles, and as soon as MuscleMan sensed it, the giant pressed again.

"Mmmmmmmgrrrrhhh," Kevin groaned into his pillow. "OhhhhhhShhhhhhhit," he called.

Undeterred, MuscleMan rotated his hips and gave a gentle, but effective, push. His head moved inside Kevin's rectum with a loud cry from Kevin. Instinctively, Kevin's relaxed ass tightened once again as he was invaded.

"Relax it," MuscleMan coached. "You'll feel much less pain."

But Kevin was not in control. His tight ass was fighting to keep the invader out.

MuscleMan pushed again; he made an inch or two, despite Kevin's verbal protests. Now it was MuscleMan's turn to moan as he pushed again and began to really enjoy the tight confines of the reporter's inner sanctum. Without waiting for Kevin to recover, MuscleMan slowly, forcefully pushed his way almost all the way in, filling Kevin's torso.

"Aaaarrrrrrrrghhhhhhhmmmmmmmmhhhhhh," Kevin cried out. He tried to bury his face in the pillow again, but nothing could ease the pain.

Now, MuscleMan pushed the last few centimeters, all the way up to the hilt.

Again, Kevin whimpered.

Slowly, MuscleMan began to rock. If there was a fly on the wall, watching this scene, the fly would have easily cum by now-- this was muscle on muscle, humping, moaning, pushing, sweating.

"Godddddd, your ass is so tight," MuscleMan breathed into Kevin's ear as he pumped slowly.

MuscleMan brought himself almost to the edge, but then backed down. He wanted this to last. He rested, pulled out, and then slowly pushed all the way back in. Pumping again, he tightened his cock inside Kevin, causing it to bulge and pulse with hard power. He came close to the edge and then backed down once again.

He pushed his upper body off Kevin and moved both himself and his charge to a position at the edge of the bed where MuscleMan could stand. The giant grabbed one of Kevin's legs, lifted it up and started turning him over, literally screwing Kevin as his leg passed in front of his face and then moved down. Kevin was now face-up, looking into MuscleMan's eyes, with the freakin' monster cock still inside. A normal-sized man could have never accomplished what MuscleMan had just done, but because of his cock size, the Man of Muscle easily twisted Kevin as he continued to impale him.

At this point, MuscleMan tightened his mighty cock once again, and put his hands on Kevin's lats, lifting his body off the bed. He stepped backward and Kevin wrapped his legs around MuscleMan's hips. MuscleMan and Kevin embraced. Both of them moaned.

MuscleMan flexed his cock inside Kevin; Kevin's own cock was hard again, dribbling precum on his own chest, and MuscleMan's as well.

MuscleMan let go of Kevin, lowering his hands to his side. He grinned at the wide-eyed man. "Go ahead and let go," he smiled at Kevin.

Kevin slowly obeyed, with trepidation. Amazingly, MuscleMan's huge cock held Kevin tight. "Relax your legs," MuscleMan said.

Kevin obeyed again, and soon he was hanging on the front of MuscleMan's huge body, impaled on the Man of Muscle's gigantic, strong cock which was the only thing suspending him about six inches off the ground.

Kevin couldn't believe it. The pain was intense, yet the realization of what MuscleMan was doing just blew him away.

MuscleMan smiled, although it was obvious that he was experiencing a powerful mix of erotic pleasure and virile control from the exertion of this feat.

Kevin leaned forward, and the two men began to kiss. Sitting on the best seat in the house, Kevin slowly ran his hands up and down, all over MuscleMan's huge body, feeling every ripple of hard muscle.

MuscleMan kissed passionately. Clearly, he loved what he was doing.

Kevin started to rotate his hips as he sat on MuscleMan's erection, and MuscleMan liked it. As Kevin's rectum began to masturbate the giant from the future, MuscleMan groaned in pleasure. He kept his arms at his side, an erotic demonstration of his strength and control.

Kevin bucked his hips a little faster. Soon, MuscleMan moved his hands onto Kevin's hips; but instead of holding him up, MuscleMan actually began to push down on Kevin's body, forcing himself deeper still inside the young bodybuilder.

Kevin, the hugely muscled bodybuilder, nearly blacked out from the pain.

MuscleMan pushed Kevin backwards at an angle. That was the ticket. MuscleMan began to moan in rhythm. He was getting close. The angle of Kevin's body against MuscleMan's cock was just right-- causing the perfect resistance.

Kevin bucked his hips more; MuscleMan did the same-- his mighty legs holding both men up next to the bed. MuscleMan pushed Kevin back a little more, increasing the angle.

Kevin cried out. It hurt. He closed his eyes.

MuscleMan was getting closer and closer.

Then it happened. With a passionate "Sssshhhhhhhhhhhggh," MuscleMan's cock opened up and began shooting into Kevin.

Kevin moaned. He could feel the hard blasts inside. He could feel MuscleMan's cock thumping and thumping with each ejaculation. He opened his eyes to see a closed-eyed MuscleMan straining to push everything he had into him. MuscleMan's neck bulged with thickness; the veins on this superhuman's neck stuck out as he held his breath and pushed.

And then, suddenly, Kevin fell back onto the bed. There was no cock inside him. He hit the mattress with a thunk. He looked up at MuscleMan.

But no one was there.

“What the hell?” Kevin mumbled. He felt the relief of having that invasive log out of him, but the puzzlement was overwhelming. “MuscleMan?” he said.

He looked around the room. No one was there but himself.

“What the hell?” Kevin repeated.

In a dimly-lit, damp room, MuscleMan roared out, “AAAaaaaffffffffhghghggg!” as his cum blasted out of his mammoth cock and sprayed across the room. Kevin was no longer on MuscleMan’s throbbing cock, and the absence of Kevin’s mass caused MuscleMan to stumble backward, off-balance. He caught himself without falling, stabilizing his feet to regain his balance. Caught in the throes of his orgasm, MuscleMan wasn’t able to immediately ascertain what had happened, but he was aware that something was wrong.

Another huge blast of semen roiled up in his penis and burst out with another loud yell from the Man of Muscle. It, too, shot across the darkened room. MuscleMan’s legs rippled with tightened muscle as he pushed out his jism. He grabbed his cock, nursing it for the lack of resistance that Kevin had-- up until a split-second ago-- been providing with his beefy body. MuscleMan’s hand pushed on his cock and he shot out another round. Then another.

Within the minute, MuscleMan regained control enough to cut short the ecstatic orgasm he had started. He took a good look around the room. The scarcity of light made it difficult to ascertain much. *Nanites: switch to emergency communication mode*, he thought to himself. *Initiate Condition Delta-One-Four.*

“Understood.” The words flashed on his visual. Now he would be able to give the nanites commands without having to verbalize them.

Before he could continue with another command, he heard the sound of hands clapping together, slowly, as in a cynical attempt at applause. “Very good, MuscleMan-- or should I say, Commander Armstrong.”

MuscleMan looked around but couldn’t see where the clapping and the droll voice were coming from.

“You sure do know how to impress,” the voice continued. “God, your body is amazing. Just amazing. Beyond compare.”

MuscleMan looked straight ahead, and into a dim spotlight stepped a gigantic humanoid figure. MuscleMan immediately recognized it as Testone.

“And watching you cum like that, squirting your semen across the room-- just an amazing display of your virility. Just amazing.”

As the figure stepped fully into the light, MuscleMan demanded, “Who are you. Where have you brought me?”

The dark figure was covered with a cloak-- a robe that hid his entire body and draped down to the ground. But it was obvious he was a Testone-- his size was a testament to that.

Immediately, on MuscleMan’s visual presentation inside his head, the nanites displayed: “Current location: Approximately one mile south of Boeing Field.”

Still in Seattle, thought MuscleMan.

“Who are you?” MuscleMan repeated. His physique bristled with his anger, and I gotta tell you, I wouldn’t want to really get this guy angry.

The Testone stepped closer. He snapped his fingers and immediately MuscleMan was bound by clamps on his ankles that were fastened to long chains. The chains led to two thick columns that stood at both sides of MuscleMan. His feet were spread wide. On his wrists were clamps identical to the ankle clamps. On the wrist clamps were chains that led to the columns as well, but the chains were long, and their insertion point on the columns was a hole at the top of each one. MuscleMan’s formidable arms hung relaxed at his sides. But only for a moment. The chains began to retract, through the holes in the columns, pulling MuscleMan’s arms outward, and upward. MuscleMan flexed his mighty arms in an effort to fight the chains. His biceps bounced upward as he assumed a double biceps flex. The progress of the chain’s movement slowed dramatically. MuscleMan strained. His throat gurgled with a deep moan; he gritted his teeth as he fought. The blood vessels on his thick neck bulged out. He looked at his huge arm on the left, then his right one, trying to will them to stop. But even though his strength slowed the chains, it couldn’t stop them. The chains kept slowly retracting, like two anchors being raised into the side of a ship, each one forcing the Man of Muscle’s powerful arms to be splayed wide. As MuscleMan’s arms reached their extended limit, the chains continued to pull. MuscleMan’s eyes grew, and presently he began to wail. The force was pulling him apart!

“Oops!” the Testone said with a clap of his hands. “Too tight?” The chains stopped retracting, and then loosened just a bit.

MuscleMan breathed hard. He was sweating. He flexed his guns and tried to move them, only causing the rattling chains to make a loud clanking noise.

The chains wouldn’t give, even to MuscleMan’s superhuman strength. They must have been tempered somehow because metal chains of this size would normally be no challenge for our powerful superhero.

MuscleMan glared at each of the columns that held him, trying to assess how to break free. Then he glared at his captor. "What do you want with me?!" he demanded.

The Testone stepped right in front of MuscleMan and said, "I'll be the one asking the questions, Commander. Now shut up!"

MuscleMan glared at the big being. The Testone was as tall as MuscleMan, and easily as big and heavy. MuscleMan knew from his experiences with Testones that pound for pound, they were quite a bit stronger than humans; but he didn't know where (or when) this particular Testone came from. Nor did MuscleMan know how much stronger the Testonite in his own veins (as well as his nanites) had made him, comparably.

The Testone grinned. "I am Armelica, of the house of Yot, on Testone. You will call me the Shadow."

"I figured it was only a matter of time before you came for me," MuscleMan said.

"I said Shut UP!" the Testone ordered. Then he started to chuckle. He slowly walked around MuscleMan's bound body, admiring it. His black cloak covered his body, but MuscleMan could tell the being was huge. The superhero felt a tinge of fear, and maybe, envy. The being's sneer was wicked. He ran his eyes all over MuscleMan's impossibly beautiful, powerful, naked body. He stopped in front of MuscleMan. "When you were sent backward in time-- here-- there was much debate as to whether or not to rebuild the Time Transport Device and retrieve you."

"Rebuild it?"

"Too MANY QUESTIONS!" the Testone barked.

But MuscleMan noted that every time he asked a question, the Testone answered it, despite his outbursts.

"The TTP was destroyed by your transport. Many thought it could not be salvaged. Eventually the idea of time travel was scrapped. The TTP was scrapped."

MuscleMan didn't need to voice his question this time.

"So, how did I get here, you're probably wondering," the Shadow smiled. "Good question. It has taken me five of your Earth years, but I was able to obtain the design specifications to the TTP, and eventually rebuild it-- with a few minor enhancements."

"So the TTP falls into the hands of the evil the Shadow, huh?" MuscleMan mused.

"SILENCE!" the Shadow shouted. He ruffled his huge robe and then relaxed, saying, "But yes, you could say that." He strode around the room some more as he talked. "And now, all of my work, the years of labor and testing, have come to a climax, so

to speak,” he smiled. He stopped right in front of MuscleMan again and folded his arms. His eyes seemed to trace every inch of MuscleMan’s naked, bound body.

MuscleMan could see the desire in the Shadow’s eyes. The dark-skinned Testone breathed deeply as he took in MuscleMan’s physique.

“You are more beautiful than I imagined you’d be. The holographic images that they programmed to reproduce your body-- they don’t do you justice at all,” the Shadow sneered. MuscleMan could almost feel the Testone’s lecherous eyes violate him.

MuscleMan rattled the chains, trying in vain once again to escape their hold.

The Shadow smiled. “Nice.” He brought one hand to his chin and scratched it. “Do that again. I like to see your muscles bulge and struggle like that.”

MuscleMan remained still.

“Not feeling cooperative?” the Shadow toyed. He stepped toward MuscleMan, slowly raised one hand and placed it onto MuscleMan’s thick pectoral muscle. Even with his arms spread wide, the hard meat of MuscleMan’s big pec filled The Shadow’s hand. The Testone squeezed lightly. He slowly moved his palm over it, under it, around to the outside of it, into the cleavage, then back to the middle where his palm caressed the nipple.

MuscleMan fought the urge to gasp in pleasure. His nips seemed even more sensitive than usual and the Shadow’s touch was very stimulating. Still, the Shadow could see in MuscleMan’s eyes, a slight wince of panic.

“That feels good, doesn’t it,” the Shadow grinned. “I thought you might like my touch.” He stepped backward and let go of MuscleMan’s chest, standing a few feet away now. “Commander, I am here because your body possesses a unique mix of human testosterone, Testostonite, and those cute little nanites I’ve heard so much about. It’s that combination that makes you quite unique in the universe. We Testones can appreciate that uniqueness like no one else. In fact, your semen has been regarded by Testones for years, as the ultimate in sensual fulfillment and power. It’s said on Testos Four that any Testone who ingests your cum will obtain super-Testone strength and virility.” The Shadow gazed, once again, up and down MuscleMan’s big, muscular body. He put one finger on MuscleMan’s now-limp cock and slowly traced the edge of his digit up MuscleMan’s long, thick organ. “And I am here to find out if the stories are true.”

Deep inside, MuscleMan tightened. “You’ll never get that far,” MuscleMan scoffed.

The Shadow was confident and methodical in his speech. “On the contrary, Commander; I have a strong feeling that you’ll be giving up your cum-- whenever I want it,” he smiled. His hand opened, and he gave MuscleMan a long, slow stroke.

“Never.”

“Aw, come now, Commander. I see how you flinch when I touch you. You want my touch. You want my hands to travel all over those huge muscles of yours.” Again, the Testone’s lecherous gaze ate at MuscleMan, actually causing a slight tightening of his cock. “And I really believe that once you get a glimpse of me, in all my muscular glory, you’ll be begging me to fuck you and suck you off.”

The Shadow took another small step backward and undid a strap at his neck. He pulled the robe wide and then dropped it to the floor. He was now totally naked.

MuscleMan sucked in a quick breath, gasping-- shocked at what he saw.

Standing in front of MuscleMan was the most virile, huge, powerful, sensual, throbbing mass of gigantic Testone muscle a person could ever imagine. He was bulging, ripped, striated and enormous in his proportions. Between his concrete-and-muscle-looking blocks of leg muscle hung a tree-trunk cock that dripped with honey-like juice, just begging for someone to lick. It extended nearly down to his knees. His abs and waistline were astounding-- like shrink-wrapped skin over rocks. His arms and chest-- unbelievable. Clearly, this was a Testone who was over-the-top, even for men of his world.

MuscleMan was overwhelmed with lust. Immediately upon seeing this overwhelming display of muscle, MuscleMan’s member began to fill with blood and straighten. He couldn’t help it. Try as he might, his cock would not respond to his order to settle down. It rose in throbbing motions, pulsing with life and desire.

The Shadow’s mouth turned up at the ends in a sinister smile. “See something you like Commander?”

MuscleMan turned his head, trying to avert his stare, but it was as if the Shadow willed him to look back. And when he did, surveying the Testone’s powerful body, his cock traveled the rest of the way up to full erection. MuscleMan’s own honey-precum now drooled down, giving away the obvious desire that he held for this gorgeous alien. The human cock saluted the Testone in a painful, visibly-throbbing, steel-hard erection.

The Shadow stepped toward MuscleMan. “Correct me if I’m wrong, but I think you’re aroused by me.” He chuckled and again raised one finger to MuscleMan’s penis, which was still bouncing slightly with every beat of his strong heart. The Shadow’s fingertip moved onto MuscleMan’s wet cock head. He slid it around a bit.

MuscleMan sucked in a hard breath and turned his head away.

“You see, MuscleMan,” the Shadow used the commander’s assumed name with a sarcastic drawl. “I know you enjoy the strength of many men, and your power is practically insurmountable.” The Shadow walked around the back of the giant human. “And yet, I think I know where lies the chink in your armor.” With that, the Shadow placed his muscular hands on MuscleMan’s lats and slowly moved them forward, around the front of the human’s torso. Sensually, the Shadow’s gentle

hands moved up onto MuscleMan's large pecs, moving over the warm meat, occasionally pinching his hyper-sensitive nipples.

Again MuscleMan gasped, then sighed.

"I know," the Shadow continued, "that I might not be able to break you with pain or torture." MuscleMan's nips were gently being twisted, driving him crazy with desire. His cock throbbed as it spewed out drop upon drop of precum-- it ran down his veiny cock in rivulets. "But I do believe that you won't be able to resist-- *pleasure*. I can give your muscular body more pleasure than you have ever imagined. You know you want it. You know you want me."

MuscleMan whimpered silently, and whispered out a hoarse, "No!" If the Testone was right, and MuscleMan's own semen would provide the Shadow with a boost in strength, there was no way MuscleMan could acquiesce to his overtures.

With every bit of will, MuscleMan thought an order to his nanites: *Transport to Fortress*.

But nothing happened. MuscleMan repeated the order with the same result: nothing. Finally, he said out loud, "Transport to Fortress."

The Shadow chuckled. "Nice try, Commander. Did you really think I'd kidnap you without putting up a forcefield to disable your communication with your home base?"

MuscleMan's head dropped in despair.

The Shadow stepped back, slowly sliding his hands down MuscleMan's torso, then his ass muscles. He walked around the front of MuscleMan. "So, tell me, human. Do you really think it's worth it-- to deny yourself this?" The Shadow slowly raised his arms and flexed them. His arms were beyond description. The biceps heads split into two distinct muscles with a cleft between them that rivaled a river canyon. The whole top of his huge arms seemed to bulge up and nearly separate from the triceps muscle underneath. His forearms were so taut they looked skinless.

MuscleMan's eyes widened. He couldn't believe the mass and development of the individual muscles on the Shadow's arms. MuscleMan watched in awe-- and hopeless lust. He wanted to beg for it.

The Shadow stepped forward, close to MuscleMan, and began to stroke himself. When he was fully erect, he took some of his own precum and slathered his hand with it; then he took that wet hand and slowly began to stroke MuscleMan's hopeless erection.

MuscleMan nearly went crazy. The feeling of this powerful hand, squeezing just right-- massaging exactly in the manner that turned him on the most-- lathering his cock with the honey from the Testone's own giant black penis-- it was pure torturous ecstasy. The commander breathed-- no panted-- heavily as The Shadow

drove him insane with long, slow, slippery strokes. The liquid between their skin sloshed, clicked and squeaked as the Shadow's hand moved.

MuscleMan turned his head to one side, biting his lower lip; then he looked straight ahead, trying to look right past, or through, the Shadow. Then he closed his eyes.

The Shadow continued the long, slow strokes, masturbating MuscleMan. After a few minutes of this, the Shadow moved his cock so that it rested against MuscleMan's torso. It was longer, thicker, more veiny and darker than MuscleMan's. It was warm and hard. It was leaking even more of its magic serum onto MuscleMan's body. And still, the Shadow continued to stroke MuscleMan with his hand, long and soft; then long and hard; alternating his grip to produce the maximum amount of unbearable pleasure.

Then, the Shadow released his grip off MuscleMan's cock and stepped back. "You want more? You want me to let you feel me?"

"Yes," panted MuscleMan. He was surprised at how fast he had responded. But he knew he was at the end of his rope. He so wanted to give up and just experience all that the Shadow was.

"Yes what," chided the Shadow.

"Yes, please."

"Sure. I'd be glad to." The Shadow stepped close again. He pulled his hips back, rotated them backward and took his large black cock in both hands, maneuvering it just below MuscleMan's balls. He winced as he forced his big dark cock downward, parallel with the floor, in order to tuck it between MuscleMan's legs.

MuscleMan gasped as the Shadow's cock head tickled his perineum and slid back.

Despite the wide stance that MuscleMan's ankle cuffs required, being pulled apart and chained to the posts, the human's gigantic quads were so muscled that they still touched each other.

Slowly, the Shadow pushed forward, forcing his sex organ between MuscleMan's legs.

Despite the incredible hardness and strength of MuscleMan's flexing quads, the Shadow's cock moved between MuscleMan's legs easily-- the lube of his precum providing easy passage, wetting MuscleMan's legs as it went.

"Nice and tight," the Shadow smiled. He hugged MuscleMan close. Finally, the Shadow's cock poked through behind MuscleMan, sticking out under the mighty human's tight ass cheeks. The Shadow stopped. "You are so nice and tight down there," he whispered into MuscleMan's ear, wetting the commander's ear with his saliva.

MuscleMan froze. He fought with himself. He panted. He turned his head to the side, and then back. He squeezed his ass muscles, and tightened his legs, bathing himself in the erotic sensuality of holding something so huge, so hard, so powerful between his own legs. His legs and ass rippled as they hardened and loosened, uncontrollably responding to the Shadow's close proximity.

MuscleMan's erection rubbed against the ridges and valleys of the Testone's abdominal muscles. The Shadow flexed them, massaging the huge boner with his rippling torso. At one point, it was almost as if the Shadow's abs wrapped themselves around MuscleMan's cock head, pulling the piss slit open, allowing more precum to ooze out.

With only one slight push of his cock against the Shadow, MuscleMan began to cum.

Profusely.

Like never in his life before, Commander Eric Armstrong-- MuscleMan himself-- began to cum and cum and cum with powerful jets of semen being forced out of his mighty cock. The fluid blast out onto the two men's torsos. MuscleMan was unable to control himself. He writhed in ecstasy. "Ohhhhh, ohhhhh, ahhhhh, Gggggoddddddddddd!"

More blasts.

As MuscleMan sat on the Shadow's cock, his own penis cranked out pulse after pulse of milky substance-- like a sprinkler trying to water a parched lawn on a hot August day. "Ggggmmmmmmghhhhhhhhh!" MuscleMan panted. Each shot was intense and hard. MuscleMan's breathing synchronized with his ejaculating and he yelled with each breath. "Uuuuugh, Uuuuugh, Uuuuugh!"

The Shadow himself was astonished at the copious amount of fluid that was collecting between the two giants. It dribbled down their chests and abs, pooling in the crevasses, hanging up on pubic hairs, flowing down both their legs. The Shadow pulled back slightly and looked down at the mess MuscleMan was making.

The Man of Muscle thrashed with each ejaculation; his cock gurgled with each eruption.

The Shadow pulled back and stood away from MuscleMan. MuscleMan groaned in despair at losing the Shadow's intoxicatingly muscular body while his own powerful physique continued to spray his tormenter, and the dark room, with fluid.

The Shadow bent down on one knee and took MuscleMan's throbbing sprinkler in his hands. As he pointed it to his mouth and moved his lips over it, MuscleMan groaned loudly. The touch of the Shadow's grip was so hot!

The Shadow's eyes rolled back as he began to drink. His grip tightened, as did every muscle in his body; he swallowed hard. And swallowed again. Each swallow seemed to make him go further over the edge, swooning, as it were, with pleasure.

It was like he was taking a hit from a drug. His grip continued to massage MuscleMan's penis, and the human convulsed in hard ejaculations-- so much so that it jerked violently inside the Shadow's mouth, at times hitting the back of his throat. MuscleMan's hips bucked like a bull in a rodeo. At one point, the Shadow lost his grip and MuscleMan's cock slipped out of his mouth with a loud pop. White semen sprayed all over the Shadow's face, joining the milk that had previously landed there, before he could force the fountain back inside his mouth.

When MuscleMan's juice slowed to a small squirt, the Shadow pulled his mouth off. He climbed up MuscleMan's body and started hugging and kissing him. He spoke softly as MuscleMan quieted down. "That's okay, my little human. I see you don't have much control, do you," he grinned. "Not to worry. Maybe next time I'll take it a little slower, so you can enjoy me longer." He kissed MuscleMan and taunted him. "And there **will** be a next time. In fact, there will be as many next times as I want." He slid his hand up MuscleMan's now hyper-sensitive cock, sending reverberations of hopeless pleasure throughout the superhero's body. When his hand reached the top, and as MuscleMan whimpered, the Shadow took his thumb and forefinger and squeezed more droplets of white jizz out of the piss slit. He then leaned forward and kissed MuscleMan on the lips.

Without any ability to resist his own drives, MuscleMan kissed back. His whole body jerked in one last ejaculation. The Shadow moaned in pleasure. The two giants continued kissing-- for quite a few minutes.

When the Shadow finally stepped back, MuscleMan could tell the Testone was invigorated. His eyes twinkled, his attitude was lighter, stronger, more at peace. The Shadow lifted his arms in a slow, reaching stretch. He twisted his torso and finally placed his hands behind his head, exhaling and shrinking the skin around his abs. He grinned, "Aw, I feel so good now." His arms bulged against his head, smashing his ears.

Was he a little taller now?

MuscleMan dismissed the possibility, yet the Shadow certainly did seem more confident, if not more powerful.

The Shadow relaxed and stepped toward MuscleMan. "Thank you, Commander," he smiled. "And now that I'm done with you-- for now-- I will release you back to your dull, mundane life-- for a little while." He looked around at the dark room, as if surveying it. "I need to get settled in here," he continued. Then he looked back at MuscleMan who was still bound hand-and-foot, and was dripping with sweat and cum. "But understand, that whenever I want you, you will find yourself here at my beck and call, to service me, and to be serviced." The huge Testone grinned.

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In suite 2500, Kevin was now dressed. He looked disoriented, confused, worried. He checked his cell phone as he stood in the kitchen area of the suite.

In a flash, MuscleMan reappeared next to the bed, in the other room. Released from his shackles, he fell exhausted onto the bed.

“God! MuscleMan-- is that you?” Kevin came running around the corner of the kitchen and laid eyes on the superhero. “Oh my God, are you okay?” He rushed to the bed and put his hand on MuscleMan’s sweaty back. MuscleMan’s breathing was labored.

“MuscleMan, are you alright? Where did you go?” Kevin pressed.

“Are you alright?” MuscleMan asked, groggily.

“Yes-- why, yes. I’m fine! Where where you?” Kevin objected.

“Kevin, I was kidnapped-- it’s kind of complicated,” MuscleMan said.

“Kidnapped?!” Kevin almost yelled. “What the hell happened? Who did it? How did you get away? What did they do to you? Are you okay?”

It took a little while, but MuscleMan finally got Kevin to settle down and he explained as much as necessary to assuage the young man’s concerns. A few minutes later, MuscleMan was promising to hook up with Kevin in the near future, but he needed to get back to the Fortress.

“Transport to Fortress,” he said out loud. Immediately his nanites engaged, sending the order to the Orb-powered computer at the Fortress. MuscleMan dematerialized in a pixilated blur of light.

Kevin, relieved, was still concerned and puzzled. He left the suite and drove home through the Seattle darkness.



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