



TRUTH, JUSTICE &
LOVE FOR ALL MEN

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

EPISODE 11 JOHN THE SERIAL

by Sean Reid Scott



[Author's note: This story contains graphic violence and 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.]

J

ohn Baker turned off the computer monitor, nursing himself through his jeans. Today, jerking off to porn on the Internet just wasn't going to cut it-- and he knew it. Most of John's life was filled with obsessive-compulsive activities surrounding his addiction to sex-- that, and a possibly related addiction to building his body to huge proportions.

John stood from his array of computers and made his way to the stairs that led up out of his musty basement. It was an old house, located in Renton. John had rented the place a few years ago, easily making the payments with his programming job with a large software company. The house was way too big for him-- three stories of 1940's architecture with a full basement below that. The neighborhood was a mix of rundown, renewed and remodeled homes, with many like John's-- rentals in serious need of attention. At the top of the stairs, John closed the door and locked it with the old deadbolt. He now stood in his kitchen, countertops with the original laminate, complete with metal edging; linoleum on the floors; old everything. He kept the place reasonably clean, though.

Upstairs, he changed into black sweat pants and a hoody. His muscular body filled his clothes with bulges. He grabbed the keys to his old Saab and walked downstairs to his detached garage.

It was twilight.

After a short drive, John parked his car on a seldom-traveled street, next to a park. The sky was cloudy, but not raining. The clouds would make the darkness come early. His heart beat fast and hard. His 35 year-old body pulsed with adrenaline and testosterone. Most of the high he was experiencing was from the hunt itself-- the danger, the anticipation.

A man and woman jogged by his car, and he slunk down into his seat, pulling the hood of his jacket tight. A few kids wrapped up playing catch with a football and left the park. It was nearly dark.

And then, she came around the curve. John immediately knew it was her. He had seen her countless times at this time of day, at this very spot, jogging. She was short, petite and athletic. Occasionally she wore a baseball cap, but when it was warmer, she let her brown hair flow free. Tonight, she had the cap.

John's heart pounded in his chest. The urge was overwhelming. It was like he wasn't in control of his own actions.

She approached John's car from the front. There were no others parked on the quiet street. John slid down farther in his seat and as she ran past, he could tell she didn't notice him. John slid up and gazed into this side-view mirror. When she got about 50 feet away, John silently opened his car door and got out. By the time he quietly closed the door, she was about 75 feet away.

John started jogging behind her. Within a minute they both entered a thick wood. It was almost totally dark now. If not for her pink jacket, she could have easily disappeared into the darkness.

He started gaining on her. Now he was in an all-out sprint.

She jerked her head around to see what was causing the fast footfall behind her, and then in a panic started running faster. John upped his pace, and before the minute was done, he was just feet away.

She cried out as he grabbed her. They both fell onto the dirt path. She screamed now, and John quickly muzzled her mouth with his hand. She fought valiantly, but she was no match for him. Not in the slightest. John rolled her and positioned himself on top of her. The rush was overwhelming. Her eyes were huge. She was terrified. She screamed through John's cupped hand, but the sound only traveled a few feet. She kicked. She tried to scream again, but the horror began to overwhelm her. She looked into her assailant's hideous eyes. She was filled with uncontrollable fear. She was helpless against him.

John's huge body rested on top of her and within a minute her struggles subsided, except for a few random kicks and occasional squirms.

John just gazed at her face, letting her soak in the fact that he had total control; letting her bask in his power, his strength over her; letting her ponder what was about to happen. He grinned just a bit, and she almost began to vomit.

“Now, just settle down,” he whispered. “You might even enjoy this.”

She squirmed again and flailed her feet. John had her hands pinned above her head with one of his hands.

“You know, I think I’m going to do this one without even tying you up. That’ll be fun,” he whispered. “Just lie there and relax, princess.”

He pressed the crotch of his sweat pants against hers. She shuddered in fear. His muscular back, if it could be seen through his hoodie, flexed into a hard mass as his bubble butt rocked. He grinned again.

John liked to take it slowly. That added to the challenge of not getting caught, although he probably wouldn’t be able to categorize it that way. He just liked the feeling of being in control. He laid on top of her for a good ten minutes, slowly bucking his harrow hips, before moving on. Eventually, though, he was so aroused that he had to proceed. He pulled up off her. She flailed and kicked, but her tiny body-- although tight and strong-- really didn’t give him much of a challenge. He loosened the ties of his sweat pants and started to pull them downward.

Then, the darkness of the bushes seemed to lighten with an eerie white glow. It was very strange-- not like a light shining, but the whole area just got a little lighter. John started to make out individual leaves and bushes on the ground. Twigs in the dirt. Yes, it **was** getting lighter. He looked into the woman’s eyes. They were growing huge. She was definitely seeing something. He could see in her pupils the reflection of a strange glowing light coming from behind him.

In an instant, John felt a searing pain on the back of his neck. He fell to the side. He writhed in agony. His hand fell off the woman’s mouth and she started screaming. Another blow-- this time to his gut. The woman rolled away, still screaming at the top of her lungs.

A huge figure now stood between the woman and John, both of whom were still on the ground. The woman gasped for air; her screaming subsided. She looked up at the gigantic man who had intervened. He was bigger than anyone she had ever seen. And-- and he wore almost nothing, except for small, clingy briefs a cape! The cape was the source of the eerie glow that only dimly illuminated the small clump of bushes and stumps in which they found themselves. The giant of a man was all muscle. The size and development of his muscular physique was like nothing the woman had ever seen-- or imagined.

John gasped for air. His wind had been knocked out. He writhed in pain.

The giant just stood there, waiting for John to recover. He turned to the woman; his deep, comforting voice asked, “Are you alright?”

The woman nodded yes, slowly.

“Go,” the angel-man said. “I’ll take care of him.”

“But-- but the police,” she protested in a raspy voice, trying to compose herself. “Shouldn’t we call the police?”

“Go,” MuscleMan repeated. “I’ll take care of him.” He paused and looked at her for a second. She could see the earnestness of his face. “...better than the police,” he continued.

It took her a second to understand, but when she did, she at once felt relief-- and fear.

“I promise,” MuscleMan said. “I will be just with him. He needs to receive justice. I will be fair. I won’t take it any further than that.”

The woman, still with eyes bugged out, nodded slowly, most of her fear of this huge giant turning into gratitude-- gratitude that this rapist beast would receive swift justice instead of a hand-slap by the judicial system. She slowly stood up. Her mouth hurt from the hand that had smacked her face. Her back hurt from the fall

and from lying on a tree branch. But she turned away and started walking. Immediately, her walk turned into a jog-- then an all-out sprint.



MuscleMan looked down on John who although still grimacing, was recovering quickly. John looked up at the towering figure and immediately assessed that this guy was astoundingly huge-- much, much bigger than he was. Nevertheless, John wasn’t about to roll over and submit. He wiped his mouth and quickly made a lunge for MuscleMan’s waist area, hoping to knock him to the ground.

No deal.

Instead, John met with an impenetrable column. John’s whole body seemed to ring like a church bell as he sank to the ground at MuscleMan’s feet.

MuscleMan hadn’t moved an inch. He looked down at John who was moaning and gasping.

But quickly, John grabbed at MuscleMan’s calves and tried to trip him, pushing against his legs, hoping to get some leverage to tip him over and hopefully get time to escape. His intention wasn’t to fight this mammoth beast-- just to make a break for it.

MuscleMan reached down and grabbed John by the shoulders. There was a struggle, but there was never any question as to who would prevail. In seconds, John stood in front of the Man of Muscle, his shoulders cupped in huge, powerful hands, his eyes at level with the largest pecs he had ever seen. Two gigantic, ripped arms were in his peripheral vision, and he turned his eyes to take in their massive vascularity. It was at that point he pretty much gave up, although on the outside he tried valiantly to struggle. But it was no use.

After that, John didn't even kick. He was horrified at the size and strength of this guy.

"John Baker," MuscleMan announced to his captive, "Prepare to receive justice for your crimes."

John's knees went weak. He knew this guy could mete out any kind of pain he wanted to, and he'd be helpless to fight him. He was speechless.

MuscleMan turned John around and pushed him deeper into the dark woods. His cape dimmed a bit, but it still gave off enough light for the Man of Muscle to see the horror in John's eyes as he tried to make a run for it. Of course, it was a hopeless attempt.

MuscleMan pushed John to the ground.

"What are you going to do?" the rapist asked, horrified.

MuscleMan didn't answer. He laid down on top of the serial rapist. With his bear hands, he began to tear the clothes off John Baker. John fought. And fought. He yelled and MuscleMan covered his mouth with his hand, eventually filling his mouth with a rag he made from part of John's clothes. He produced a length of rope and tied John's wrists to the base of two trees, spread wide. He left John's legs free. Soon, John was wearing only his white briefs. He screamed into the gag, making a horrifying muffled sound. His eyes were the size of silver dollars. He was horrified.

MuscleMan bent down, and despite John's flailing legs, he moved without limitation of any kind. He lightly cupped his hand on John's briefs and squeezed the rapist's genitals with his large hand. He smiled just a bit.

John's eyes almost bugged out of his head.

MuscleMan kept massaging, very lightly.

Despite the ambient pheromones emanating from MuscleMan, John was not to be aroused. Of course, MuscleMan could have aroused him, but he wouldn't. He wanted John to experience this just as the rapist's victims had-- in horror, not in arousal. At least, not the first few times. There would be plenty of time for MuscleMan to bring John's semen up and out for the superhero to consume.

But that would come later.

MuscleMan stood up. He pulled on his thong, touching himself. Then, he turned around and finding a stump, sat down and relaxed. He looked over at John and smiled.

For the next hour or so, MuscleMan went back and forth to John, caressing him, torturing him with his control of the situation, letting him get a taste for the horror he had inflicted on his victims.

Sometime before ten o'clock, MuscleMan slowly tore John's underwear briefs off. They were wet with urine. He tossed them into the darkness.

The muscular body of John was quite amazing. If it wasn't for his evil, pouting countenance, John could have been an amazing hunk-- able to have almost any woman he wanted-- even some of his victims, if he had the brains to work it. But for John, it wasn't about the sex, was it... It was about the power.

And John did have power. His body pulsed with ripped muscles. MuscleMan was getting more and more aroused. He bent down, hovering his immense body over John's. He brought his face close to John's and began to kiss his neck. John fought against him for a few seconds, but his will was breaking. As MuscleMan nuzzled his neck, gently kissing, John began to stop fighting.

Now, there were only whimpers. The defiance had gone out of his eyes. Tears took the place of rage. MuscleMan licked up a tear as it streamed down toward his kisses. MuscleMan moaned softly, enjoying every moment.

After about a half hour of this, MuscleMan stood. His herculean legs straddled John. He caressed his huge cock through his thong, smiling. After a minute, with John's wide eyes watching, MuscleMan took the thong off, tossing it into the dirt. The most terrifying cock John could have ever imagined rose in the eerie darkness, dripping with clear honey. MuscleMan fondled his own balls.

John was beside himself. He started to scream through the gag again-- a fruitless endeavor, yet he couldn't help it. His head jerked from side to side; his arms pulled in jerks against the ropes that held his wrists to the base of the small trees. He pushed with his feet.

MuscleMan was immovable.

The superhero bent down once again, kneeling between John's legs. He grabbed John's ankles and spread the muscular man's legs out, holding them almost completely still. He waited for John to settle down again, and then bent down and began to moisten John's sphincter with his saliva, slowly dropping spit out of his lips and allowing it to fall right onto the hole. Of course, this sent John panicking, but after a few minutes he found his resignation once again.

Finally it was time. MuscleMan leaned forward and as he put his mouth next to John's ear, he positioned his tree-branch cock at John's asshole. By now, John was

done fighting. The climax of this encounter was painfully inevitable. There was no stopping, or delaying it.

MuscleMan started to whisper into John's ear as his superhuman penis began to split the rapist's ass open. "This first one is for Stacy-- your first victim."

John shuddered, not only at the pain he was receiving, but also at the thought that MuscleMan had just presented: "This first one..." Was this giant going to rape him once for every time he had done it to women?

"She was just a teenager. You were 20. You have no idea how much you affected her life-- she will be scarred by that forever," MuscleMan whispered. His cock head continued to separate John's ass. The force was overwhelming.

MuscleMan could have pushed in, all in one swift movement, but he didn't.

It seemed like an eternity until John's sphincter finally closed in around MuscleMan's head. The helpless man had been moaning in pain for the entire duration, and now he shuddered, somewhat relieved as MuscleMan paused his forward progress. But the relief was short-lived.

MuscleMan kissed John's cheeks and neck as he pushed in slowly. The enormous penis invaded, easily moving John's organs aside. God, it hurt. God it hurt.

John's whimpers and moans turned to sobs. The gag in his mouth was so dry. His ass screamed in pain. His outstretched arms ached.

"It's okay, John. You'll survive this. You'll live to see daylight," MuscleMan said softly as he pressed in farther. "You like the feeling of power? Do you have any idea how much power I have over you?" MuscleMan chuckled.

John renewed his sobs.

It took MuscleMan a good ten minutes to get his cock all the way inside, and most of the time, the pain was so intense that John's sobbing usually evolved into shrieks and yelling. But the gag held.

As MuscleMan's pubes met up with John's asshole, the giant stopped and held still. He tenderly kissed John's face some more. John was still. Almost imperceptibly, MuscleMan's hips began to rock, back-- and-- forth.

He never really got to the point where he bucked and pushed hard. The slow, steady, small movements of his butt muscles were enough to get MuscleMan off.

John lay there, helpless. MuscleMan's hot breath hissed across his ear. The breathing increased, in pace and depth. Each miniscule push was excruciating. Every pull was intolerable. It was like he was being taken apart from the inside out.

Finally, MuscleMan gave one slow push, and didn't draw back. John could feel the giant's hard body become even more hard-- like rock. John yelled into the gag as MuscleMan's powerful arms crushed his muscled torso. MuscleMan was frozen on the edge of orgasm. His arms tightened even more.

John thought he would pass out from the searing pain.

Unbelievably, MuscleMan's body got even tighter. He planted his hands on the ground astride John, straightened his arms and raised his head up from John's face, arching his back, the consequence being that his mighty phallus pushed inside even farther, even harder.

John screamed in unfathomable pain.

He looked up through his wincing eyes to see the most horrifying sight he'd ever seen. MuscleMan's body rippled with insane vascularity; the striations of his muscles moved as if live animals were crawling underneath his paper-thin skin. As MuscleMan's head rose up and froze there, John suddenly felt an explosion inside his torso. MuscleMan let out a loud, earthshaking yell. As if a fire hose had gone off inside him, John could feel his body begin to fill with MuscleMan's cum. And it hurt-- god did it hurt. MuscleMan's body, no longer motionless, jerked hard with each powerful ejaculation. It looked as if the superhero had lost all control. His torso pushed and pressed against John's ass.

John screamed into the gag again. Beads of sweat streamed down his horrified face.

MuscleMan eventually relaxed his arms and embraced John, pumping and pushing up volley upon volley of hot, milky semen into him.

MuscleMan's orgasm lasted over ten minutes.

When he was done, he took a full minute to pull his still-hard cock out. It sprang up against his abs, spraying juice all over John's body.

MuscleMan nursed himself, using his thumb and forefinger to squeeze out the last of his cum as he stood over John, cleaning up, basking.

"That one was for your first," MuscleMan said. "If my research is correct, that leaves four to go." He fondled himself, holding out his manhood so John could see the weapon that would be repeatedly used to mete out justice. "But the good news is," MuscleMan continued, "that's all there will be. You won't be able to inflict your horror on the other three women yet to come. You can thank me for that."

John, still bound and gagged, didn't understand. How could he... He had no idea that this Muscle Giant was the MuscleMan, who had come from the future, and who had access to just about every bit of information on record. He had no idea that this intervention by MuscleMan would change the course of history-- at least in John's

small sphere of influence; women who would have otherwise been John's future victims would be spared.

MuscleMan didn't lose his erection. It stayed hard and big. He stood above John and looked down ominously. "Now its time to milk you," he sneered.

John didn't know what to think; but in minutes he would figure it out.

Soon, MuscleMan's hand was on John's cock, and John-- despite every effort to the contrary-- was becoming aroused. MuscleMan's touch was light, and very sensual. John had never been attracted to men, at all. But for some reason, as MuscleMan played with him, and as he gazed at the herculean body next to him, he got hard-- very hard.

MuscleMan increased his stroking and the tension of his hand. He could tell this would go fast. In minutes, John's body tensed and tightened. His back arched. His cock solidified. Still bound at his hands, John's body froze as he blasted out a huge burst of cum.

MuscleMan's mouth was right there, and he didn't miss a drop. He stooped closer and wrapped his lips around John's dick and started sucking. It was sweet and warm. As he swallowed, MuscleMan felt himself strengthening-- maybe even getting bigger. He swallowed more and more. This guy was a huge producer!

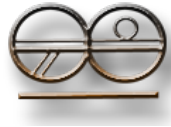
When John was done, MuscleMan untied the rapist's wrists from the trees. It was still dark, although dawn would be coming in just an hour or so. "That was for the first," he reminded John. "I will find you later to punish you for the second. Oh-- and don't worry, I **will** find you. You can't hide." He turned and took a few steps into the darkness, then stopped. He turned back and said, "And John, don't even think about victimizing another woman while you're waiting for me. I promise, I'll know-- and you won't like the consequences."

John shook in fear.

MuscleMan turned and disappeared into the night.

Over the next few weeks, the Man of Muscle would find John, again and again; despite John's best efforts to hide. By the time MuscleMan had raped John for payment of his last victim (a messy little episode in the back of a semi-trailer that John was living in to hide from MuscleMan), John was broken of his sexual addiction; MuscleMan's promise to mete out justice for any further infractions made sure of that.





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