



TRUTH, JUSTICE &  
LOVE FOR ALL MEN

## THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

### EPISODE 12 CODY GETS NANITES

by Sean Reid Scott



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[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.]

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C

ody stood at the computer panel in the lab of Phallic Fortress studying the semi-transparent interface that floated in mid-air. He read with it interest.

"You're going to get eye strain if you stand there too long," MuscleMan said as he entered the room.

"Shit," Cody said without looking away from the computer's display, "I can't believe all of this. It's amazing. Your log entry about The Shadow-- the Testones-- Star Fleet-- it's just all so amazing."

"I thought you'd be interested by it," MuscleMan smiled, approaching his young charge. "It seemed the easiest way for you to get the low-down on everything that has happened-- reading my log."

"Yeah," Cody said, finishing the last of the information, "thanks for giving me access." He turned off the floating "heads-up" display screen and it disappeared.

No matter how many times Cody saw MuscleMan, no matter how intimate the two ever got, every time the teen looked at the huge giant, it seemed like the first time he'd seen him-- it was always new, always unbelievable. MuscleMan's massive body and astounding physique was something he'd just never get used to.

MuscleMan put his hand on Cody's shoulder and asked softly, "You alright?"

Cody smiled faintly, "Yeah. Yeah, I'm going to be okay. I've got to admit, reading about you being tortured by The Shadow and-- well, being helpless like that-- it was a lot to take. But things worked out okay. I'm going to be fine."

"Good," MuscleMan smiled comfortingly. "Cody, you deserve something special."

"I don't deserve anything," Cody said. "Just being with you is enough for me."

MuscleMan smiled bigger. "Well, that's basically what your thank you consists of-- being with me. But its kind of special."

"Okay..." Cody said.

MuscleMan was getting excited-- almost like a little kid. "Tonight you're spending here, with me in the Fortress. I have something planned that I think you'll enjoy."

Cody grinned. "I like it. Go on..."

MuscleMan stepped close to Cody and instinctively, the young man put his hands on MuscleMan's pecs. It was an almost instant boner for Cody; his hands felt out the huge masses of meat. The Man of Muscle put his hands on Cody's waist, and held the teen close, patiently letting Cody get his fill of pectoral muscle.

But the feel-out had to end. "Before we go too far here, let's get started with the surprise. Turn around and step onto the pad," he smiled.

Cody's hands felt abandoned, but he dutifully obeyed his Master. As he stepped onto the laboratory's transport pad, MuscleMan summoned Ensign Orb, who appeared almost instantly.

"I think it's time we made your association with MuscleMan official," MuscleMan said, almost like he was announcing it to an unknown crowd. "Every good superhero has his sidekick, and I'm not going to be the exception. Ensign Orb and I have designed a uniform, if you will, for you to wear when you and I are out on official superhero business."

"What?" Cody almost gasped. "I get to be your sidekick?"

"Yes." MuscleMan turned and nodded to the Orb and the pad began to glow. Cody's body glowed, and it tingled, as if he were being transported. But he didn't leave. Instead, his clothes disappeared and in their place materialized white and golden clothing that matched MuscleMan's robe, thong and wrist & ankle bands.

Cody looked down at the garb he was wearing. His jaw almost dropped to the floor. He wore white posing trunks, that were nowhere near as brief nor as transparent as MuscleMan's, but nonetheless hugged Cody's tiny waistline and genitals with sensuality. They didn't leave much to the imagination. He had the same wrist and

ankle bands as MuscleMan, only smaller, to fit his body. And topping it all off was a silky cape, like MuscleMan's, only not quite as long. Instead of going all the way down to his knees, it came down to mid-thigh.

Cody jumped off the pad, ecstatic. He ran to a mirror and twisted around. Sure enough, there was a big MuscleMan "M" insignia on the back of his cape. The gold band that held the cape around Cody's neck sported a different insignia, though. It was a "C," stylized with the letters "BW" underneath. Cody looked at it and felt it with his fingers. He turned to MuscleMan and asked, "BW? What's that stand for?"

MuscleMan stepped over to Cody. "Cody, you're now my "Boy Wonderful."

Cody just beamed. He reached up and hugged MuscleMan and they both embraced.

Ensign Orb dematerialized.

As they broke the hug, Cody said, "But MuscleMan, I-- I'm not ready to be any kind of a superhero's sidekick. I'm just a man. I don't have any special powers.

"Well, for one," MuscleMan began, "You probably possess the strength of two men your size-- we've already established that."

"But I can't stop bullets or anything. I'd be a sitting duck at your side, and a liability if you have to babysit me," his countenance dropped.

"Nonsense. As for stopping bullets and increasing your strength to sidekick levels, that's what the rest of tonight is all about," MuscleMan smiled.

Cody's eyes grew huge.

"Yeah," MuscleMan said. "That's part of the surprise. The ensign and I have perfected a way to help with that."

"How?"

MuscleMan extended his arms, holding Cody's shoulders. "You'll see." He looked down at Cody's uniform. "Man, I think we hit the transfixer on the head with these clothes."

"Transfixer?" Cody asked.

"Oh, Sorry; Twenty-fourth century talk."

MuscleMan walked around Cody and inspected him, nodding and humming his approval. Cody loved it. It was unbelievable. He wondered what lay ahead that night.

"Will it hurt?"

“Hurt?” MuscleMan asked.

“This process to make me stronger...”

MuscleMan chuckled. “Well, no. It won’t hurt. I think you’re going to like the-- uh-- process.”

MuscleMan’s confident manner gave Cody complete trust.

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Later that evening...

The two men finished their candlelight dinner in the Fortress; the lights of downtown Seattle glowed outside the huge windows. MuscleMan looked Cody in the eyes and smiled. “Now, are you ready to begin the process?”

Cody looked apprehensive, but said, “yes.”

MuscleMan stood and walked over to a credenza. He opened it and withdrew a crystal vial that had a dark green liquid in it. He walked over to Cody and offered it to him.

“Jaegermeister?” Cody grinned.

“No,” MuscleMan chuckled. “This is a little more potent than alcohol.”

Cody took it and examined it. “What is it?”

“It’s the first part of the process. It is a special mixture of nanites and my testosterone.”

“Nanites?” Cody’s eyes went wide.

“Yes.”

“And your testosterone? I thought you couldn’t transmit your testosterone to others-- hell if you could, everyone you have sex with would be Supermen!”

“That’s true,” MuscleMan said, “under normal circumstances. But the liquid in this vial is a special concoction that Ensign Orb and I formulated. Upon drinking it, your body will lose its natural immunity to my testosterone effect. Thereafter, whenever we have sex, your body will absorb much of my testosterone and you will become stronger and stronger. Plus, the infusion of these nanites will also begin the process of absorption of more nanites through my semen.”

Cody’s eyes went even wider. “You mean, I’m going to be getting stronger?”

“And bigger.”

“Holy shit!” Cody’s hand began to shake as he held the vial. He set it down. “Fuck.” He looked up at MuscleMan. “Is it safe?”

“Completely. You couldn’t even begin to comprehend the level of testing Orb and I have done. 24<sup>th</sup> Century science is leaps-and-bounds ahead of what you know.” He leaned down and looked into Cody’s eyes, lifting the boy’s chin with his forefinger. “You know you can trust me, Cody.”

The two kissed, and Cody’s cock began to harden into a boner. As the kiss ended, Cody took the vial and without further hesitation he drank it, tipping it up into the air as he tossed his head back.

He sat the vial on the table.

“I don’t feel any diff--”

He stopped mid-word. He slightly cocked his head and said, “Whoa. This *is* better than Jaegermeister!” He blinked his eyes.

“You alright?” MuscleMan smiled.

“Yeah. This just feels-- really weird. I feel like I could run a marathon all of a sudden. Amazing! Total energy!”

“Your body will begin feeling different. But you’ll be able to control it. The nanites will help you control the testosterone. It all works in chorus. The whole process will take a few weeks-- sorry dude, but you’re going to have to spend some pretty passionate nights here with me over the next weeks, to make sure you have enough of my semen to grow properly.”

Cody smiled crookedly. “I guess-- I’ll have to sacrifice,” he said. He shook his head very quickly, letting the jowls of his cheeks flop as he groaned. “Whoa, this is getting *really* weird,” he said. He lifted his right arm and flexed his biceps. “God, I feel like I could punch a hole in this table!”

MuscleMan laughed. “Well, relax, kid. The feeling might precede the ability. Just try and take it easy for awhile. Maybe you should go up to the bedroom and lay down for a few minutes.”

The two went upstairs and Cody tried to rest. Occasionally, as he lay on his back, his whole body shook with the shivers. “God, MuscleMan, this feels so amazing. I like it! But when does it stop?”

“Give it an hour or so. Orb and I calculated everything out. Your body is reacting exactly as predicted.”

“Okay,” Cody said, smiling up at the superhero.

MuscleMan covered Cody with a blanket and went down to the lab.

About an hour later, Cody appeared in the doorway. "So-- how do I look?" he smiled.

MuscleMan looked up and grinned. "Well, not a whole lot different, to tell the truth, dude. But that's to be expected. Like I said, it'll take a few weeks."

Cody walked over to MuscleMan, who was sitting at a 24<sup>th</sup> century computer display. The teen bent down and began kissing MuscleMan, frenching his mouth with his warm, wet tongue. Cody's hand began moving over MuscleMan's enormous shoulders, onto his thick pecs and arms. The teen lifted his head only long enough to say, "God, I'm horny," and then resumed the sensual kiss.

MuscleMan just sat there, and before you knew it, Cody was lying on top of him, passionately making out with the huge man from the future.

"Your aroused need for sex-- that's part of the process too," MuscleMan said between kisses. "Let's hit the sack huh?"

Cody only nodded between kisses.

MuscleMan picked Cody up and carried him upstairs to the bedroom, like a groom carrying his bride.

"Dim lights," MuscleMan said; the Fortress' computer obliged, and the room was bathed with a dim glow. Much of the light actually came from Seattle's skyline outside the windows.

The bed was soft, firm and bigger than a 20<sup>th</sup> century King sized mattress.

MuscleMan stripped off his cape and wrist/ankle bands. He left his thong on. Cody was in more of a hurry than that, and immediately stripped totally naked. He laid back on the bed, facing MuscleMan. "Fuck me," he grinned.

The juice from the vial was having another expected effect: It created a desire in MuscleMan unlike he had felt before. The attraction to this muscleteen was growing by the minute. Before MuscleMan even bent over to Cody, the super-cock actually ripped through the fabric, tearing it audibly as it rose into the air.

"See something you like?" Cody teased.

MuscleMan didn't answer. He tossed the shredded fabric aside and moved onto Cody's muscular body. The two men embraced in passionate kissing and fondling. Cody moaned; he felt MuscleMan's erect cock rest on his abs. It extended up to the boy's pecs and left pools of clear precum in his cleavage. MuscleMan rubbed his organ up and down, and instinctively Cody flexed his pecs trying to enclose the cock between them. His pecs weren't near big enough to do much enclosing, but MuscleMan could feel the effort. It turned him on all the more.

They kissed. It must have been nearly two hours of foreplay-- kissing, blow jobs, flexing and feeling all manner of over-developed muscles, licking up precum-- before MuscleMan finally returned Cody to his back and descended on the teen for the climactic invasion.

As Cody felt MuscleMan pivot his hips and place his swollen plumb (more like the size of an apple) against his sphincter, the horny kid couldn't hold it any longer. Long, vigorous shots of cum began to spew out of his cock, up on to his pecs, neck and face.

MuscleMan held still, supporting himself on his hands which were placed at the sides of Cody's broad shoulders. He watched as Cody tossed his head back in his premature ejaculation. He smiled.

"God, you **are** one horny little bastard, aren't you?" MuscleMan chuckled.

Cody, deep in the throws of his orgasm, couldn't respond. That is, until MuscleMan began pressing himself inside. The cock-- as long as paper towel core, but much thicker-- began to slip inside the young man. At this, Cody called out-- in pleasure as much as pain. MuscleMan pushed a little harder and Cody's ass relented, being forced open by the strong penis. Soon, Cody's ass lips closed around MuscleMan's head, and the superhero pushed inside about halfway, eliciting another gasp and cry from Cody.

Cody grabbed on to MuscleMan's muscular shoulders and squeezed. MuscleMan could tell Cody was already getting stronger.

As Cody panted and finished his spurting, MuscleMan pushed in more, lying down on top of the teen and embracing him. He began rocking slowly. Cody moved his hands up and down MuscleMan's lats and shoulders. The teen's hands moved all over MuscleMan's rippling back and down to his twin globes of ass muscle. He felt MuscleMan flex and relax them with each slow rock of his cock.

If the foreplay took almost two hours, the actual sex probably took as long too. In fact, Cody ended up cumming twice again before MuscleMan ever did. The teen was just **so turned on**.

MuscleMan, despite the increased sexual attraction to his young charge, was ever the picture of control. That made it even hotter. Way past midnight, as the two men floated in the invisible fortress above the Space Needle, MuscleMan began to deposit the first absorbable dose of his semen into the hunky teenager. His orgasm was intense and long. If not for the small, immediate benefit of the vial's juice giving Cody more strength, MuscleMan might possibly have injured the young man-- his orgasm was **that** powerful. The superhero's ass and back flexed and hardened with each ejaculation. To a fly on the ceiling, the scene would have been unbelievable. MuscleMan's huge frame dwarfed Cody's and his backside was a rippling relief map of flowing lava-- hardened into muscle. MuscleMan's back bowed and he pushed ever harder and harder, flexing those ass muscles as he thrust-- occasionally calling out, often moaning.

The two men fell asleep with MuscleMan on top, still inside, still hard. Both were exhausted.

They awoke at about 4:00 AM and renewed their display of love and lust for each other, each man cumming again after more sucking, rimming and flexing.

By the time they got up at 8:00, the sheets were wet with sweat. They showered together. You can guess how **that** went.

“How you feel?” MuscleMan asked as they ate breakfast.

“Good. Really good.” Cody wolfed down his eggs and potatoes.

Orb served him up some more.

“Good,” MuscleMan smiled. “‘cuz it’s going to be a long weekend.” He winked at Cody and grinned.

Cody smiled and took another bite of eggs.



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