



TRUTH, JUSTICE &
LOVE FOR ALL MEN

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

EPISODE 13 LURED

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 sat in the waiting room of a local tire shop, trying to answer emails on his laptop while his car was getting its tires rotated. The shop was busy on that Saturday morning, and the background noise of the other customers made it hard for him to concentrate.

Additionally, he knew that the testosterone and nanites that he had been "receiving" from MuscleMan were making him fidgety. It had been a week since his first dose of the magical serum and "infusion" of MuscleMan's superhuman semen, and Cody's body was in the middle of a powerful transformation.

Already, the Boy Wonderful had outgrown most of his clothes and gained some height, although some of the more baggy sweatshirts and Ts were still able to barely fit. His friends wanted to know where he was getting his stash of roids and he knew it was useless to try and convince them of anything else. But the

strange comments and occasional consternation by his peers was worth it. He felt fucking amazing!

He could feel the power pulse through his veins and muscles. He could feel himself getting harder and bigger-- leaner and more vascular. And the sex with MuscleMan (not to mention his more-frequent jerk-off sessions) well-- it was off the scale. MuscleMan was able to let his guard down and really release himself now that Cody was getting strong enough to really take it. And Cody was amazed not only at what MuscleMan could dish out, but in his own ability to receive that much power.

"Mr. Black?" a voice called out from the counter.

Cody closed his laptop and stood, walking to the counter. The young worker was a good-looking guy with a lean, runner's build. He had dark hair and sported a five-o'clock shadow, even though it was only 11:30. He looked up at Cody, and despite a proven track record of staunch heterosexuality, he went weak in the knees.

WTF, the guy thought. *This kid is huge! And built! And incredibly handsome!* He had never had such an attraction to another man before, and even as these feelings overwhelmed him, he didn't really know what they were, nor where they came from. "Uh, your Mustang is ready..." He fumbled with the paperwork and keys as Cody reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet. The teen's thick forearm rippled with muscularity, and the guy behind the counter was mesmerized.

"Here ya go," Cody said, handing over his credit card. He smiled and took note of the guy's nametag: "Rod"

Rod ran the card and handed it back to Cody, not saying anything. As Cody signed the slip, Rod's eyes were again glued to those forearms as they danced their veins and muscles just for the guy's lusting eyes. Rod could "feel" the presence of Cody; the

kid was warm, smelled of cologne, was clean and just felt powerful.

Rod began getting a boner. *WTF*, Rod thought again. *I can't believe this!* He tried to recall all his conquests with women, which were impressive indeed; and yet no amount of convincing was going to get his mind of Cody.

Cody pushed the slip back over the counter toward Rod and smiled. Their eyes locked for a second, and Cody knew he had him. "Thanks, Rod," Cody smiled. "You guys have a great shop here. Good service."

"Thanks," Rod said, finally averting his gaze away from Cody's gorgeous eyes. He filed away the slip of paper nervously.

"So, I know this sounds like a really lame thing to say, but... when do you get off? Cody smiled.

Rod felt his heart stop. *WTF!*, he thought once again (it was one of his favorite thought lines). "What?" he said, trying to mix just the right intonation of indignation with disbelief.

"I was just wondering... if you want to hang together when you get off? I figure you know something about cars-- working in a place like this; and I love cars too. Especially my muscle car," Cody continued.

Rod's skin bristled at the sound of Cody using the word "muscle." He fidgeted. "Well, not until 3:00," he said.

Nice.

"Okay, I'll be back then," Cody smiled, his eyes twinkling. "You be ready?"

"Okay."

"Good. I'll take you for a ride in my 'stang. You know of any places we can ride to that'll give us some privacy?"

WTF?

Cody winked and turned away without waiting for an answer.

Rod was a basket case for the rest of the day.

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The sun was setting and the sky was getting dark as Rod had his final ejaculation at the hand of the Boy Wonderful. The mustang was parked by a quiet stream, somewhere on a road to the Cascade mountain range, and as Cody took over once again, the car started gently rocking, with moans and passionate groans emanating from the back seat.

A few hours later, Cody sat at one of the city's fanciest bars, sipping a Mojito. His "V" shaped back filled his polo shirt, to the astounded stares of the other patrons, and his giant teen arms bulged the sleeves, forcing the powder blue fabric to stretch to its limits over his biceps. He picked up his drink and took another sip, while lusting mixologists and drinkers alike gawked.

"Sorry I'm late," a voice said behind Cody; the teen turned to see the man who had just trumped him as muscleking of the swanky bar. Eric Armstrong put his hand on Cody's thick shoulder and squeezed it, smiling. He sat down on a stool next to his BFF and indicated to the bar tender that he'd have what the kid was drinking. *[Author's note: Yeah Cody is 18, but the bar tender was in love with the kid's body, and well... didn't want to card him. This is just a story. Do not attempt. Hell, if you're under 18, you're not even supposed to be IN HERE reading this! So get out!]*

The subtle track lighting and dim neon accents were dark enough that the shimmering night lights of the city dramatically filled the bar, which was perched atop one of the tallest buildings downtown.

As Eric and Cody talked, the small crowd of customers couldn't help but marvel at the amount of prepossessing muscle that

graced their presence. Eric and Cody were not only huge men, and ripped-- but they were painfully gorgeous as well. More than one conversation in the bar now became nearly incomprehensible as people tried in vain to concentrate on something other than the overwhelming duo at the counter.

"Have a nice day today?" Eric asked Cody.

"Oh yeah," Cody smiled as he took another sip. "Met this guy at the tire shop. Actually now just got finished up with him-- we went for a ride up to the mountains."

Eric smiled. "Hope you didn't use up all your energy, Code."

Cody looked at Eric's "smaller"-state body and grinned. "It's not possible that I could not have enough energy for you, man."

"Good," Eric said, "because we have more work to do tonight."

"Work?"

"Well, you know what I mean," Eric said with a grin.

An older man sauntered up to the bar, next to the two hunks. He looked to be in his mid-60's, maybe a little older. He was the friendly, outgoing type-- always making friends. In his easy-going, good-natured style, he put a hand on Eric's broad shoulder and said, "You two boys look like you could lift the Space Needle off its foundation!" His grin was wide and his eyes twinkled. He lightly slapped Eric on the back. You could tell he wasn't coming on to the guys, he just was being friendly.

"Well, I don't know about that," Eric joked. "We might need you to help us with that trick."

The man laughed and looked over at Cody. "Shit, boys, if you're here to pick up girls, we might as well tell all these other guys to go home! Competition over!" he smiled.

“Oh, now, I think we’ll let the ladies alone for tonight. Just here for a drink or two,” Eric said.

The man took a look around the bar and then said, “Well, I think you just broke about 20 hearts now!”

The friendly conversation continued for a few more minutes. Just as the guy walked away, a message flashed onto MuscleMan’s internal eye display:

Emergency in progress. Car trapped on drawbridge. Three women inside.

“Cody, I’m getting a message from the Ensign. Sounds like my superhero services are needed,” Eric said.

“What’s up?” Cody asked, putting his drink down.

“Just a car stuck on a bridge. Doesn’t sound serious. It’ll probably only take a few minutes.”

“Let me go too,” Cody said.

“No, your transformation process isn’t complete. I don’t want to put you in danger.”

“I’ll just come to watch. I promise I won’t get in the way.”

Eric thought for a second and then relented. “Okay. But you stay down with the crowd. No funny stuff.”

“Agreed,” Cody smiled.

The two men stood and headed for the restroom, where Eric transformed into his huge superhero state, and both of them disappeared.

At the Fremont Bridge, the old structure was in the raised position. A car was perched on one of the spans which was up at

about a 45 degree angle. The car's front tires were hanging over the edge. Three women were inside, panicking.

MuscleMan appeared next to the car, wearing his superhero uniform. Simultaneously, Cody appeared in the crowd that had assembled at one end of the bridge. He was still wearing his polo shirt and slacks.

"Ladies," Muscleman called into the car as the women screamed. "Just relax. You'll be okay."

The women didn't know what to think at first, but then one of them shouted, "It's MuscleMan!" They all screamed more, both in astonishment and joy.

As the crowd watched, MuscleMan bent down and lifted the car's front tires up over the edge of the raised bridge. His biceps flexed as he held the bumper, standing there in a biceps curl kind of position. Slowly, he started walking down the bridge toward the flat portion of the structure. There, he moved the car to safety, and rescue workers converged on the car and tended to the women.

MuscleMan accepted the thanks of the women and the firemen at the scene, taking a few minutes to let them surreptitiously examine his gargantuan physique. More than one fireman had a difficult time concentrating-- that's for sure.

A minute later, MuscleMan scanned the crowd for Cody. He shouldn't be hard to spot. Already he had grown an inch, and his muscle-filled powder blue shirt would be easy to see, among the dark overcoats and jackets. But Cody was nowhere to be seen. MuscleMan looked across the bridge to see if there were people assembled on the other side, but that approach to the bridge was nearly empty, save two or three.

Emergency. Distress code from Cody. The message flashed onto MuscleMan's internal display.

“Immediate Transport,” MuscleMan said. He disappeared in a glow of molecules and materialized on the pad of Phallic Fortress’ laboratory. Jumping off, he rushed to the main computer station and said “activate.” The system lit up, with monitors, and floating displays. MuscleMan began typing and entering commands.

Ensign Orb appeared next to him.

“What happened?” MuscleMan said as he scanned the screens.

“Cody has sent an unspecified distress code.”

“Tracking? Do you have a fix on his position?”

“No. Not yet,” the ensign responded.

“Pull up the visual record of the bridge incident.”

Orb cocked his head just a bit and a new semi-transparent screen floated between he and MuscleMan, displaying a still picture of the bridge.

“Run, and zoom in on Cody,” MuscleMan said.

Immediately the picture started moving and the two figures watched as it showed Cody standing in the crowd, gazing, with the people surrounding him, at the action up on the raised bridge. Suddenly, Cody’s muscular body was surrounded from behind by two semi-transparent arms. A gigantic dark figure was standing behind him, grabbing him. Cody’s eyes grew wide and he struggled for just an instant, grabbing the tattoo implant on his forearm. “That’s when he sent off the distress code,” MuscleMan mumbled. As soon as Cody had sent the signal, he disappeared, along with the giant black shadow.

Orb and MuscleMan looked at each other.

“Sir, perhaps we should scan for nanites,” Orb suggested.

“Yes. Cody’s nanites should easily show up.”

Within seconds, Cody's location was pinpointed.

"Sir," Orb cautioned. "You *do* realize that this is just a trap to lure you."

"I don't care," MuscleMan answered. "I'm not going to just stand by while Cody is missing." He looked at Orb thoughtfully. "I'll be careful. Monitor me closely and keep an open channel. Stand by to beam us out when I give the order."

"Understood, sir," the ensign responded.

MuscleMan went to the transport pad and energized the beam, disappearing in a cloud of glowing dust.

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In an abandoned shack on the outskirts of Cairo, Egypt, MuscleMan appeared. The room was dark, with slats of sunlight streaking through the boarded-up windows. It was hot and dusty.

Intolerably hot.

As sweat began to bead up on MuscleMan's skin, he searched the room. The sounds of moaning from behind drew a quick jerking reaction from the Man of Muscle; he turned around to see Cody, bound by chains, his arms spread wide and his legs as well. He was naked.

"MMmmmmm," he moaned again. His eyes were half closed and his head rocked back and forth, slowly. He had been drugged. He was lucid enough recognize MuscleMan and tried to speak.

"MmmmmuscleMannnnnn. I'm sorry..."

MuscleMan ran to Cody's side and grabbed him. He pressed one of the glowing blue gems on his wristband. "Emergency Transport," he said authoritatively.

Nothing happened.

MuscleMan repeated the order, to the same effect.

“Ensign Orb. Emergency Transport. Now!”

“I think you’ll find your transporter ineffective, Commander.” The voice came from the shadows, but its origin immediately stepped forward. It was the Shadow. “There’s a little forcefield that I’ve put up. It’s quite powerful.”

“Not that I’m surprised, but what do you hope to accomplish with all of this?” MuscleMan said, standing tall now.

The Shadow moved forward and stopped right in front of the two humans. “What I hope to accomplish?” he grinned. “Simple: You.”

“Listen, Shadow, if you want me, then let’s deal with that. But leave the boy alone. He has nothing for you.” MuscleMan said.

“Nonsense,” the Shadow smiled. “I think there’s a lot he can offer.” The evil villain put one of his hands on Cody’s lat, which was extended from the fact that his arms were stretched wide. “He does, after all, have some of those juicy nanites of yours now.” His hand caressed the hard muscle. “And he’s learned the trick of absorbing your testosterone-- and our testostonite, I see.” The Shadow grinned as he looked back at MuscleMan. “So I think our young superhero-in-training has a lot to offer, don’t you agree?”

MuscleMan struck the Shadow’s arm and forced it off Cody’s lat.

The Shadow glared back at MuscleMan but took no action. “Come now, MuscleSlut, that’s no way to treat someone who can bring you all the pleasure you’ll ever want to experience. Where are your manners?”

MuscleMan stepped closer to the Shadow. “Let him go now-- or--”

The shadow grinned. “Or what? You’ll hit me again? You know you’re no match for me.”

“Do I?” MuscleMan said. “You’re a Testone, stuck on an alien planet, in the past. You’re alone. You have very limited resources and no way to get back home. And you have no idea what kind of Super-Human I’ve evolved into.”

The Shadow didn’t respond, but for a very brief moment, he appeared pensive. But his determination immediately returned and he looked back at the Boy Wonderful. “You know, I think it’s time for my feeding again.” He stepped close to Cody again and extended his hand onto the teen’s genitals, caressing them tenderly.

MuscleMan advanced, but the Shadow put up one arm and held him back. MuscleMan pressed, but to his shock, was rebuffed. As he continued to struggle, Cody’s cock began to stiffen at the Shadow’s soft touch.

“Very nice, Cody,” the Shadow smiled. “That’s the way. Grow for your new daddy, so you can give me another dose of your wonderful, enhanced cum...”

MuscleMan withdrew for a second and then grabbed the Shadow, twisting the villain’s free arm and forcing him into a half-nelson.

Cody sighed at the absence of the Shadow’s sensual ministrations on his cock.

The two huge figures struggled to the ground and fought, their insane musculature grabbing, forcing and pushing against each other. It looked like MuscleMan might actually get the upper hand, until the Shadow finally gave some cryptic audible order and MuscleMan instantly found himself bound and chained, just like Cody. The Shadow stood and dusted himself off. “Your earth is such a dirty place. And this arid desert is just disgusting,” he smiled. “I love it.”

MuscleMan rattled his chains.

The Shadow ignored him, instead walking back to Cody to finish what he had started. His dark hand moved up and down Cody's erection, and the kid began moaning again.

MuscleMan watched: the Shadow pressed his huge, muscular body against the Boy Wonderful. MuscleMan struggled again, trying to break free.

"Cody no!" he called out, but this just seemed to encourage the Shadow.

Within a minute or two, MuscleMan watched as Cody's body writhed in a hard orgasm. The Shadow bent down and enveloped the teen cock and took all of it in, and swallowed. Cody's chains rattled as he jerked violently with each burst of his infused cum.

When it was done, the Shadow stood, licking his lips, turning to face MuscleMan. "Damn, that's good stuff," he smiled. "Only one thing I can think of that would be better," he leered as he stepped toward MuscleMan.

MuscleMan's heart rate increased, and he called upon all of his strength, but the alien chains were simply too much for the superhuman. The Shadow stepped closer. MuscleMan could smell him, and his body began to respond to the Testone's powerful presence.

The Shadow slid his fingertips onto the white fabric of MuscleMan's trunks, which barely contained his super genitals. As the Shadow's fingers softly raked the cock and balls, he began kissing MuscleMan, and MuscleMan's resistance began to buckle. As the Shadow's warm tongue invaded Eric Armstrong's mouth, the commander involuntarily began sucking. Fingertips gently caressed, and subsequently began peeling away the silky fabric.

Boing.

MuscleMan's cock grew and began to point forward. The Shadow's soft caresses moved up, down, over, under and around the

hardening organ. Usually he held his grip very, very loose, only touching the throbbing member with his fingertips-- a technique that was very, very effective in exciting the Man of Muscle. But sometimes, the Shadow wrapped his hand and fingers around the shaft-- not in a tight grip, but hard enough to close around it. He'd hold it-- not moving his hand at all, and he'd feel MuscleMan's pulse through it as it filled with blood, hardening and straightening.

Cody's consciousness had started to become more strong, and he began to watch the Shadow and MuscleMan. Although still recuperating from his recent orgasm, his teen cock began to stiffen again as he watched the enormously compelling dance of muscle between the two giants.

MuscleMan could feel his balls boiling with semen. The Shadow was taking his sweet time, making sure that his prey would be good and ready to produce the optimum amount of jizz.

Eventually, the Shadow bent down and began to lick MuscleMan's cock and balls. He was perhaps the most accomplished sex partner that MuscleMan had ever "known," and his way of bringing MuscleMan right to the edge, and then back him down slowly-- well it was intoxicating.

MuscleMan moaned.

Cody groaned as he watched.

The Shadow continued licking the mighty phallus, occasionally kissing it. Then he took both hands and grabbed it gently. He kissed the piss slit, massaged the cock head with his thick lips, and then slowly opened his mouth to receive the gorgeous, enormous, hard, dripping organ. The taste of precum was sweet nectar to the Shadow's tongue. He sucked, pulling more from the superhuman, and then swirled it in his mouth before swallowing it-- to a stimulating rush of energy throughout his whole body. His skin tingled and he shuddered. He opened his mouth more

and slowly started to go down on MuscleMan, who, at the moment was lost in a storm of desire. God, this Testone was amazing.

The Shadow moved his right hand up MuscleMan's left leg, onto his buttock. Then he slipped his fingertips into the ass crack. He nuzzled it. He buried it farther.

He sucked.

As his middle fingertip found MuscleMan's sphincter, the superhero moaned and his cock flexed, depositing a large drop of precum into the Shadow's mouth; this had the same effect as the first drop, and he expressed his thanks to MuscleMan by nudging his finger onto the sphincter even more.

MuscleMan began to get louder.

Cody watched in awe. The vision of MuscleMan's insanely ripped body, glistening with sweat from the desert heat in that dark room, flexing with every stroke of the Shadow's lips on his cock-- it was too much for the kid to watch. He was so close to cumming again. His dick stuck out into the air, precum so profuse as to dribble down the shaft in streams that eventually formed a dark puddle on the dusty, dirty floor below.

And now the Shadow went in for the kill. His lips tightened and he went down to the base, wrapping his tongue around the shaft, pulling it deep into his throat-- something that no human was able to do. There, he held it. Still.

MuscleMan's mouth opened, silently holding his breath, trying to resist.

Then, the Shadow slowly flexed his tongue, then his lips. Then-- his throat muscles. He created a wave of constriction on MuscleMan's dick. And then another.

And another.

MuscleMan’s eyes squinted shut hard. He threw his head back. His body hardened into granite, rippling with veins and muscle that were humanly impossible.

Cody was overwhelmed at the sight. As his cock erupted, he could see the muscles on the Shadow’s back ripple and tighten in waves that, unbeknownst to Cody, mirrored the waves of pleasure his lips, tongue and neck were giving MuscleMan. And then the waves of mountainous muscle on the Shadow’s back themselves hardened in response to the flood of semen that filled his mouth, nose and sinuses. His hands flew out to his sides, then he grabbed MuscleMan’s big quads and held on for dear life.

MuscleMan hollered loudly and he jerked violently; his cock spewed rich, thick milk into the Shadow’s mouth.

Cody’s blast blew so hard that some of his semen hit the Shadow’s back, spotting it with white, runny liquid.

MuscleMan’s cock was in agony. The stuff squirted out so hard that it hurt-- bad.

The Shadow choked, and his lips were unable to contain the fluid; it dribbled down his chin. He wrapped his lips ever tighter, in a struggle to keep in all in, but just when he was successful at that, his sinuses overflowed, and his nostrils began to dribble the stuff onto his upper lip. He choked again.

Eventually, the Shadow and MuscleMan entered into a symbiotic rhythm-- one that seemed necessary for their individual survival-- MuscleMan bucking and forcing his mighty cock with each ejaculation, and the Shadow swallowing and pulling more and more out of the giant man.

As for the Boy Wonderful, he spent the last bit of his fluid and collapsed, nearly unconscious, held upright by his chained wrists.

Suddenly, everything was bright. As MuscleMan squirted his last, he had to close his eyes in order to adjust to the brightness. The room was cool. But-- this wasn't the same room.

The three were no longer in Egypt.

It was the Phallic Fortress.

As MuscleMan and Cody collapsed onto the floor, the Shadow had collapsed onto the transport pad, which had a forcefield erected around it.

"Commander, are you alright?" Ensign Orb inquired.

"Yes. Yes. Tend to the boy."

Orb bent over and checked out Cody, who was dehydrated and just getting over the drugs (not to mention that orgasm).

"Ensign, what took you so long? Your timing is wonderfully inopportune," MuscleMan said, standing to his feet.

"Sorry sir. The Shadow's protocol of erecting his forcefield took time to break."

The Shadow stood, wiping the cum from his face. The forcefield glowed as a cylinder around his massive, black, muscled body. He sneered in silence.

"Redouble the forcefield," MuscleMan ordered. "And erect a second one two millimeters on the outside of this one."

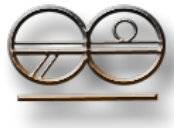
"Acknowledged," Orb said.

"Your time of freedom on Earth is over, Shadow," MuscleMan said, placing his hands on his hips.

"Not so fast," the Shadow said. He touched his index finger to his temple and disappeared.

“Ensign!” MuscleMan yelled.

“Sir! I don’t understand! There is no way that is possible! That was our strongest forcefield-- doubled!”



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Please click the following address to send the author a message:

sean@musclepla.net
sean@buffmuscles.com

Also, please make sure to visit my website:

<http://buffmuscles.com>

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