

NAMM 14

Thursday, December 10, 2009

It had been months since The Shadow had lured MuscleMan away to that shack in Cairo where he had bound and tortured him, along with Cody. MuscleMan had worked closely with Ensign Orb to assess the Shadow's transport technology and his ability to circumvent the Phallic Fortress' forcefield.

And during these months, Cody had been "working closely" with MuscleMan to assimilate the Man of Muscle's semen, with all its benefits-- MuscleMan's hyper-powerful genetics, the testosterone he had been given, and the nanites; all of which had had profound effects on Cody's body, as well as his confidence and strength of character. In a word, Cody was a walking wet-dream-- more muscle than any 18 year-old on the planet.

The Christmas season was in full swing, now that December had descended on the planet. Winter held Seattle in its grip with a tight-fisted strength that hadn't been seen in years. It was bitterly cold, and the snow was refusing to give way. Snow was certainly not unheard-of in the Emerald City-- they usually got *some* kind of dusting or another every year; and once every four or five years a storm good enough to close schools and businesses came along-- but this week-long inundation was starting to wear on Seattleites nerves. They were ready for good old rain again.

Cody stood at the window of the Fortress, looking out over the white winterscape of the city. His thick chest pushed the straps of his wife-beater, and his nipples poked at the fabric. Cody watched as cars slipped and slid on the streets, citizens scurrying to get home on a Friday evening before the next arctic blast dropped its forecast five inches (13 cm) on the city.

"What'cha thinking?" MuscleMan said as he quietly approached Cody and nuzzled his neck from behind.

Cody cocked his head and leaned into MuscleMan. "Oh, nothin'," he said. "Just watching the scene. It's beautiful, really."

Eric Armstrong gazed out the floor-to-ceiling window; "Reminds me a lot of the Seattle I know," he said.

"From the future?"

"Uh huh."

The two stood in silence for a long time, just watching and holding.

"I think we may have made a breakthrough in the Shadow's disappearing act," MuscleMan finally said.

"Really?"

"Yeah, Orb and I have found a minute trace signature. It's obviously not from my time-- must be something that was developed after I came back to the 21st century here."

"So... can you fight it?" Cody asked.

"Don't know yet. But understanding what it is is the first step. I think Orb is pretty adaptable and smart. We'll come up with something."

"Commander Armstrong," a voice sounded from behind the couple.

"Yes," MuscleMan said without turning around. It was obviously Ensign Orb.

"I am receiving a news report of a house fire, sir," the Orb said.

Obviously, house fires occur all the time, and the Orb doesn't bother telling MuscleMan about them, so the commander's interest was piqued. He turned to the Orb, who's face showed concern. "House fire?"

Orb glanced at Cody for an instant, and then at MuscleMan. "It's the young man's house. His mother--"

MuscleMan and Cody both froze, but only for a moment. They turned to face each other, and MuscleMan put his hands on Cody's shoulders. "Hold on," he said.

Cody put his hands on MuscleMan's waist. The Commander said, "Computer: Emergency transport to the site of the house fire the Orb mentioned. Provide warm, contemporary clothing for both of us."

"Acknowledged," the computer said. The two men disappeared in a sparkling blizzard.

They instantly materialized on the street in front of Cody's house. Three fire trucks were working the blaze, and there were police cars all around, as well as an ambulance. Two news trucks were parked about a block away, and the police were kept busy keeping the curious neighbors at bay. The water from the fire trucks was quickly freezing and making a mess for everyone at the scene. The house was fully engulfed in flames.

"MOM!" Cody yelled. He made a dash for the house, but Eric grabbed him and restrained him.

"Cody! Wait! You stay here!" Eric held the teen tightly and forced him to be still. "I can go in there. You can't. I'll get her. I'll get her!" Cody wasn't comforted much, but before he could fight back, Eric touched a blue button on his watch and disappeared.

There really was no way Cody could get inside the burning house. The whole thing was totally on fire. You couldn't get close to the place without being repelled by the intense heat. Cody watched in horror, helpless to intervene. Two police officers came to him and got him to move away while they began asking him questions.

MuscleMan appeared in the middle of the flames. The nanites engaged a forcefield as he materialized, and he was impervious to the fire. He scanned the living room.

Nothing.

He ran into the kitchen where a falling beam bounced off his forcefield. On the floor, Cody's mother lay next to the door. The flames lapped at her body. MuscleMan grabbed her and the two of them disappeared.

Report to the Fortress immediately. I have your mother. The message flashed on the internal display that had been developing on Cody's retina. Cody pressed his tattoo implant and disappeared with the same fuzzy sparkles that had brought him here. The cops were dumbfounded.

When Cody re-materialized on the Fortress' transport pad, he saw MuscleMan and Orb hovering over the body of his mother, which was lying on a hospital-like bed in the lab. Some elaborate medical devices had been produced and the two were intently working on the equipment, checking on Mrs. Black, and trying to save her. By their mannerisms and the intensity of their actions, Cody could tell the situation was grave.

Immediately after Cody appeared, another figure materialized. "Please state the nature of the medical emergency," he said.

"Mom!" Cody said as he jumped off the transport pad.

"Stay back, Code-- let us work," MuscleMan ordered.

Cody stood next to the superhero and watched, as tears filled his eyes.

Ensign Orb said to the newly materialized man, "Burn victim; 21st century house; severe smoke inhalation; third-degree burns over 80 per cent of body."

The Emergency Medical Hologram responded, "Scanning patient." His eyes closed for a second, then opened. He approached Mrs. Black.

"Try the Tissue Regeneration Materializer," the EMH ordered. "Target her lungs."

Without verbally responding, Orb worked on some controls.

"No response. She doesn't have enough healthy tissue to use as a sample," Orb said.

"Go to Time-Stasis Mode," the EMH said.

Orb again worked on the computer display. A device appeared at the ceiling, right above Cody's mom. It started to glow.

"Stand clear," Orb ordered.

MuscleMan and Orb both took a step backward. The EMH bent over Mrs. Black, checking her.

The glowing device on the ceiling turned colors, and then cast a misty-blue light on Mrs. Black.

Immediately, a soft warning tone began to sound, and a red light on one of the computer displays began pulsing. "Warning: Cardio failure. Respiratory failure. Systemic trauma," the computer announced.

"Initiate Trans-Dimensional Holographic Inducer," the EMH ordered.

"Acknowledged," the computer said.

"What's happening?" Cody said, almost hysterical.

"The TDHI is having no effect," Orb said.

"Re-initiate," the EMH said.

The alarm tones continued.

"Nothing," MuscleMan said.

Then, the low warning tone changed pitch, to a high squeaking sound. The blue light turned off and normal light resumed on Mrs. Black.

"What's happening!?" Cody yelled, obviously aware that something bad was happening.

All but one of the computer's medical displays darkened; the one still lit had only minimal amounts of information displayed-- nothing that Cody could understand.

"Patient has expired. Time: 16:14," the computer announced. The alarm stopped.

The EMH stepped back and stood still, looking straight ahead. He held his hands at the front, and remained still.

"Noooooo!" Cody screamed. He pushed MuscleMan aside (who offered no resistance) and fell onto his mother's body. He held her, and looked into her face, which was dark, but not burnt. He stroked her hair and cried, then he collapsed on her and wept uncontrollably.

"Deactivate the EMH," MuscleMan softly said. The motionless figure disappeared.

Ensign Orb, although an Artificial Intelligence, was well-versed in human emotions and customs. He stepped to the computer panel that was still active and tapped a few buttons. The darkened displays all vanished, and the sterile-looking lighting dimmed a bit. The orb then de-materialized, leaving Cody with his mother, MuscleMan standing at their side.

After a few minutes, MuscleMan touched Cody's shoulder. "I'll be upstairs if you need me. I'll leave you alone," he said.

Cody looked up at Eric Armstrong. "Please. Stay."

Eric MuscleMan Armstrong nodded. His eyes were wet.

Cody turned back to his mother and hugged her again, then stood back from the table.

"Cody, I am so sorry," MuscleMan said, fighting the tears. He could feel the trauma that Cody was experiencing.

Cody just stared at his mother's body.

Eric put his arm around Cody.

"How did this happen," the teen asked. "How could she be dead?"

Eric knew they would find out, but now was not the time to discuss forensic investigation. "I'll find out, Cody. We'll find out," he said comfortingly.

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A half hour later, Cody came into the living area of the Fortress, where MuscleMan was standing, looking out the window at the night sky.

"You okay?" MuscleMan asked, as he turned to see Cody enter.

"As good as can be expected," Cody said, joining his idol.

"Cody, we need to make a decision pretty quickly," MuscleMan said.

"What..." Cody asked.

"You mom's body. They'll have the fire out soon, and you mom won't be there."

The ramifications of MuscleMan's intervention began to sink in to Cody. "So... what should we do?"

MuscleMan directed the Boy Wonderful to the couch, where they both sat. "Well," he began, "it's a touchy subject, son."

Cody loved it that MuscleMan called him son.

"First, I want you to know that I won't do anything without your approval. But there are a lot of consequences to discuss."

"Okay."

"One option is to do nothing," MuscleMan said. "We could bury your mom wherever you want, or cremate her, or whatever."

Cody looked pensive.

"Code, I know this is so soon after her death. And I'm sorry. But we do need to make the decision right now."

"I understand."

"The drawback of doing nothing is that her body will never be found. That is huge, Cody. Your relatives will never know what happened. Some will wonder if she was even in the house at all-- *did she disappear and run away? Why?* So many questions will be raised if the body isn't recovered."

"Mmmmm," Cody said groaned.

"Another option is that I can take her body back and put it where I found it. But I'd need to do it right away, before the investigators get in there. But, I realize that it would mean moving the body; and I want to make sure you are okay with that," MuscleMan said.

Cody was in a daze. "So... what should I do?"

MuscleMan moved close. "My advise? Let me take her back there. That will be the best for everyone. It's the way she died, and people need to know that."

Cody looked into Eric's eyes. "Yes. You're right. You have my permission to move her body back there."

"I understand," MuscleMan said, hugging Cody. With that, he stood and left the room.

Fifteen minutes later, MuscleMan returned to the living area and found Cody right where he had left him.

"Did you do it?" Cody asked, looking up at MuscleMan.

"Yes. It's all taken care-of, Cody."

"Thank you, MuscleMan."

"Code-- you can call me Eric whenever you want," MuscleMan smiled. He sat with his charge and the two reclined together.

"Do you think I should go down there?" Cody asked after a few minutes. "I mean, I would be there if I wasn't here with you. Seems like I should be there after the fire."

"You're right. But let me-- let Eric-- come with you. Okay?"

Cody looked into Eric's eyes. "I'd like that. That would be good."

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The funeral was a celebration of her life, and it was indeed beautiful. But the graveside service afterward was cold, wet and gray. The snow had turned into rain by now, although not all of it had melted off the ground. All the relatives had flown in to town, and Cody was surrounded by loved-ones from across the country.

Cody's aunt, who lived in Everett, had a reception after the services, which Eric attended, along with Cody's many relatives.

"Cody, I am so sorry for your loss," his uncle from Dubuque said over a glass of wine. "Marla was such a wonderful woman."

"Thanks, uncle Pete," Cody smiled. "I'm glad you came."

Uncle Pete couldn't hide his awareness of Cody's physical transformation. "Cody, I can't believe how much bigger you've gotten. You must be hitting the gym like nobody's business."

"Oh... yeah, I have," Cody said. He glanced at Eric, who even in his "smaller" persona was huge.

Uncle Pete also looked at Eric and said, "I guess your new friend must be teaching you a few things, huh?"

Both Cody and Eric smiled.

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It took a few days before Cody was ready for sex again, but when it did happen, it was a sensual, glorious, intimate expression of love for both of them.

As the two laid together in the afterglow, MuscleMan asked, "Cody, do you want me to cancel the Christmas party on Saturday night?"

"No. No-- don't cancel it. I'm looking forward to it. I need the distraction, to be honest."

MuscleMan tightened his cock inside Cody's rectum and smiled. "I'm glad. I think you'll have a good time."

"Who all is coming?"

"Oh, a few guys," MuscleMan smiled. "A fireman, this TV reporter I know, and a few other dudes I've met. Not a big gathering, but it'll be a lot of fun. There's also this one guy I have my eye on. He doesn't know he's coming yet though."

Cody grinned. "Really? What do you mean?"

"You'll find out come Saturday night. Suffice it to say, this dude is a muscle hunk. He hasn't met me yet. I'm looking forward to seeing how he reacts to being transported here."

"You're horrible," Cody laughed.

"And you love it," MuscleMan replied, flexing his cock again.

Cody's laughing stopped and his whole body tensed. "Oooo, do that again..."

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Eric Armstrong finished his set of squats; a few gym members watched with obvious awe; nearly everyone else watched with hidden awe as they feigned working on their own workouts, eyeing the huge muscleman out of the corner of their collective eyes.

"Shit, man--" one guy exclaimed. "That's impossible! How can you squat that kind of weight?"

Eric racked the barbell and stepped forward. The bar was bent with nearly 1,000 pounds (453 kg) of weight: Two of the 100 pound disks on each end (all that the gym had), plus five 45 pound disks on each end.

"Dude! That's like-- nearly the world record, and you did it for ten reps!" another guy exclaimed.

Eric smiled shyly.

The crowd grew.

One of the guys who milled among the amazed spectators was a local bodybuilding champion who also dabbled in strength training and a few powerlifting contests. He could see that Eric was lean and ripped-- something that belied his superhuman demonstration of leg strength. The guy was astounded.

"Eric Armstrong," Eric said, extending his hand to the guy.

The man was shocked. I mean, there were a bunch of onlookers, and for some reason Eric extended his hand to *him*.

"Oh... uh-- Gabe. Gabe Martin," the guy said, shaking Eric's hand.

"You work out here long?" Eric asked.

"A few years," Gabe answered. "Moved here from up in Orlando in '07. How 'bout you? I haven't seen you here before."

"Oh, I'm kind of scoping out the place. I'm new to Miami, so just kinda looking for a gym," Eric smiled. He could tell his smile had found its target in Gabe's psyche.

"So, where you from, then..." Gabe asked, trying to put his most macho face forward.

"Seattle," Eric said.

"Wow, that's just about as far away as you can get," Gabe joked.

Eric laughed, and again, he could tell his smile and laughter had its intended result.

"How the hell can you squat that much?" Gabe asked. "I mean, we all just witnessed the impossible!" he said, motioning to the others standing there.

"Aw, just genes, I guess," Eric said humbly, avoiding the question.

"Seriously," Gabe said, "I don't understand it."

"Well," Eric said, moving close enough so his quiet words could be heard only by Gabe, "if you really want to know, I'll tell you. But only in private."

Gabe was obviously intrigued-- on more than one level. A half hour later, Eric and Gabe drove through the streets of Miami toward Gabe's apartment.

Inside, Eric took off his clothes immediately, and Gabe's attraction to the naked muscle body was getting hard to hide. "See something you like?" Eric grinned.

Gabe was unable to answer.

"You want to know how I can lift that much weight?" Eric asked. Even as he talked, his attraction to Gabe was also becoming hard to hide. His MuscleMan cock was starting to thicken.

Gabe nodded, yes.

"Okay. But it's going to be pretty unbelievable. I mean, you have to be willing to come with me on kind of a fantasy trip."

Gabe's eyebrows raised.

"You okay with that?" Eric asked.

"I don't really know what you mean... but, yeah. Okay."

Eric smiled. He said to himself, "Assume MuscleMan." Immediately he began to grow. His muscles thickened, his definition increased, he got taller and wider. It all happened slow enough for Gabe to kind of "follow along" as Eric transformed. The whole process took nearly a whole minute. When it was done, MuscleMan stood there, wearing his cape, posing trunks and accompanying wrist bands, etc.

Gabe nearly fell to the floor. "M-- m-- MuscleMan?!"

"Yeah. Glad to meet you, dude." MuscleMan stepped forward and began undressing Gabe, who offered no resistance. He slipped his hand inside Gabe's workout T-shirt and lifted it off. He squeezed Gabe's cock through his shorts. It was really getting hard.

Gabe looked down at his crotch-- MuscleMan's strong hand massaged it lightly. "I-- I don't... ever do... I've never done... I'm not attracted to..."

"Shhhh," MuscleMan comforted. "It's okay."

And somehow, it was. Gabe relaxed and let MuscleMan stimulate him. He allowed himself to let down the boundaries he'd never even explored. He studied the amazing musculature of MuscleMan's body as the Man of Muscle got him so hard that he hurt.

MuscleMan had Gabe out of all his clothes rather quickly, and he himself stripped soon thereafter. Gabe's cock was firmly planted against his torso now, nearly totally wet with clear, shiny pre-cum.

"God, you're gorgeous," MuscleMan said.

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The next evening, MuscleMan appeared on the Fortress' transport pad, with a new friend.

The ensign and Cody were up in the living quarters, decorating for the party that would be starting soon. The tree was beautiful. Candles glowed. Barbra Streisand sang "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas" over the sound system. The ensign wore a Star Fleet dress uniform, all fancy and tight. Cody wore a dark green turtleneck with long sleeves, that hugged everything perfectly. Khaki slacks that bulged with powerful leg and ass muscles rounded out his attire. He was a teenage knockout, the likes of which were not seen before or since.

"Anybody home?" a voice from the lower-level lab called out.

"We're up here," Cody answered. "It's about time you got home, dufus! You're missing all of the fun decorating!"

MuscleMan walked up the circular staircase. Gabe, wide-eyed and full of wonder at what he was experiencing, followed closely.

Cody and the ensign turned to the two.

"Cody, ensign Orb, this is Gabriel. He goes by Gabe. He's from Miami," MuscleMan said.

Gabe wore a dress shirt and slacks, which he filled out to perfection. He was a really big man, but his muscles were proportioned perfectly-- definitely a pro-level bodybuilder. His face, though, belonged on a magazine cover. Just adorable.

MuscleMan wore his cape and posers uniform.

"Nice to meet you, Gabe," Orb said, extending his hand.

"Me too," Cody followed, obviously impressed by MuscleMan's choice of a surprise guest."

"When is everyone else getting here?" MuscleMan asked, grabbing a glass of wine.

"About an hour," Cody answered. "I mean, that's when you're supposed to beam them up here."

"Cool. Then I haven't missed all the fun," MuscleMan smiled, offering a glass of wine to Gabe. "Are there anymore ornaments?"

Cody showed MuscleMan and Gabe to the box of ornaments. "Orb synthesized these. They're made to reflect ornaments that are current to what's available in the early 21st century." Cody picked one ornament up and looked at it. "Would have been cool to use some of my mom's, but..." his eyes watered.

MuscleMan put his hand on Cody's shoulder. "It's okay, Code."

Orb pulled Gabe aside and explained Cody's situation to him.

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Two hours later, ten men stood around the decorated tree and sang carols. There was so much testosterone in the room it was hard to breathe.

"Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly, Fa Ra Ra Ra Ra, Ra Ra Ra Ra!" MuscleMan sang.

Cody burst out laughing, as did a few of the other guys.

"What..." MuscleMan said embarrassed.

"Fa Ra Ra?" Cody laughed. "Where did you get that?"

MuscleMan looked around at the guys. "What do you mean? Aren't those the words?"

Cody laughed hysterically now. "You serious?"

MuscleMan almost looked indignant. "Yeah, I'm serious."

Cody stifled his laugh enough to get out, "What do you mean? Really? It's 'Fa La La,' not 'Fa Ra Ra.'"

"Really?"

"Really," Cody kept laughing.

"Wow! MuscleMan chuckled. "That's the way everyone in my century sings it. The Holiday Wars of 2240 destroyed a lot of the Earth Christmas information. One of the only musical records that survived was a copy of the movie, *A Christmas Story*. We got this song from the end of the movie where they are in the Chinese restaurant and the waiters and cooks are singing to the family."

Cody burst out laughing again. "Are you *serious*? Did you ever wonder why the family is laughing at the singing?"

MuscleMan looked puzzled. "Well, I kinda did, but nobody really seemed to know why they laughed. We all just sang the song like the waiters sang it."

Cody, as well as the other guys, were beside themselves with laughter.

MuscleMan looked to Ensign Orb, "Guess we need to update our files, ensign."

"Yes, sir. I'll get right on that," the ensign answered, stifling a smile.

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It was late in the evening; the men had had plenty of food and spirits, and being in the same room with MuscleMan was taking its toll on them; in a word, they were horny. The mood was getting quieter; the men were talking quietly, milling around and enjoying themselves and the sights of the nighttime skyline. It was a really good party.

But the party was just starting.

MuscleMan emerged from the kitchen. "Well, I think it's time for a little fun," he announced.

The men turned to him.

"You've all met Gabe," MuscleMan said, nodding to his new guest. "Well, I thought it might be kind of fun to feature Gabe in a little game of sorts."

MuscleMan walked over to Gabe and draped his arm over the bodybuilder's shoulder. "It's called *Suck the Cock*."

The guys cheered. Gabe turned beet red.

"But this version has a twist."

"A twist?" Cody asked.

"Yeah," MuscleMan said. "You'll just have to see. For now, Gabe, if you'll accompany me upstairs, we can get ready for the game."

A few of the guys chuckled and gave out some low whoops.

MuscleMan and Gabe walked up the circular stairs to the bedroom suite.

After the two men were naked, MuscleMan told Gabe to lie on the bed, face down.

From the living room, downstairs, the men could hear Gabe calling out, moaning and groaning. They smiled as they listened intently; Cody led the way by taking his shirt off. Within minutes, all of them were naked.

A few minutes later, MuscleMan descended the stairs.

Gabe was impaled on MuscleMan's cock, facing the same direction, his back to MuscleMan's huge chest. Gabe's cock was painfully erect, hugging his abs.

All the men in the room immediately stood. Their jaws dropped, and then their mouths grinned.

Without words, MuscleMan nodded for the men to come up. One at a time, they took turns bringing Gabe to orgasm with their blow-jobs, while MuscleMan flexed his cock inside his rectum. Gabe remained about four inches above the ground, his big legs hanging.

Finally, it was Cody's turn. When the Boy Wonderful got up to Gabe and MuscleMan, he slowly licked Gabe's now red and throbbing cock. It was still as erect as ever, but it showed the signs of distress that multiple orgasms had caused. Slow, sensuous licking by the teenage tongue soon had Gabe moaning again.

Cody stood and began kissing Gabe on the lips-- none of the other guys had done that yet. Gabe responded in kind, and the two embraced, joined by MuscleMan's huge arms that enveloped them both.

Gabe could feel MuscleMan's cock throb inside him-- it was obvious that MuscleMan was excited by Cody's closeness. He seemed to enjoy watching his young partner enjoy Gabe's body. Cody's hands ran up and down Gabe's muscles, and despite having ejaculated so many times already that night, Gabe let loose with a torrent of jizz, splashing up between his and Cody's bodies.

Cody took his mouth from Gabe's and moved his face to MuscleMan's which was just behind, and above, Gabe's. MuscleMan and Cody kissed sensually. It was passionate.

"Merry Christmas," MuscleMan whispered to Cody between kisses. He held Cody tightly, but softly.

Gabe continued to orgasm onto Cody's torso; and he noticed that MuscleMan was getting harder, bigger inside. The giant cock throbbed with his increasing heart rate. He moved his head to the side, allowing Cody and MuscleMan to kiss. MuscleMan's penis began to hurt Gabe's rectum. And then... as MuscleMan and Cody buried themselves in a breathless kiss, the Man of Muscle erupted inside Gabe with a fire hose of pressure.

Gabe cried out, closing his eyes tightly. His muscles flexed and he yelled.

Cody could tell what was happening.

MuscleMan nearly lost control. He couldn't move. He froze as he filled Gabe and kissed Cody. Well, maybe *froze* isn't the right word, because his whole body jerked with his ejaculations. He moaned into Cody's mouth. He felt the kid's solid muscles. He caressed the kid's face. He continued to come.

If Gabe wasn't exhausted from the evening's parade of men, he was certainly now being pushed to the edge of consciousness now. MuscleMan's orgasm was more of an assault than anything else. Gabe's body was overwhelmed. He could hardly bear the pain.

And MuscleMan's orgasm lasted for minutes and minutes.

About halfway through the climax, Cody himself began to cum. His milk joined Gabe's between their torsos, and he continued to kiss MuscleMan.

Kevin and Nathan, two of the invited guests, retreated to the couch and began having sex, each of them with one eye on their host's *ménages à trois*. The others in the party also joined forces; even Ensign Orb got in on the activities.

After the initial game of *Suck the Cock*, the focus turned to the upstairs bedroom suite, where MuscleMan entertained his guests with posing, cumming, flexing, feeling and all perverted manner of Muscle Worship. Each man took turns giving MuscleMan hand jobs, as the others watched (and jerked off themselves). By the time the sun came up on the city, the guests had also been treated to individual time between the sheets with MuscleMan, with kissing, feeling and of course,

MuscleMan's cock ripping their individual asses all to hell. Although it wasn't the first time someone had been sleepless in Seattle, undoubtedly it was the most erotic, powerful and sexually fulfilling.

For the men who spent the night in the Phallic Fortress, it would be the Christmas Party that would never be forgotten.