



TRUTH, JUSTICE &  
LOVE FOR ALL MEN

## THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

### EPISODE 15 CAPTURED

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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uscleMan smiled politely as the audience applauded. The stage was filled with dignitaries from all over the state. Bunting draped from the platform: flags flew behind the podium, which had been set up on the steps of Seattle City Hall. Behind the few hundred people seated in the audience, a row of TV cameras was elevated so the event could be broadcast.

Next to MuscleMan the Mayor of Seattle was giving a brief speech, touting the many feats and heroic deeds of MuscleMan. "...and our city, our state, indeed our entire nation is indebted to you, MuscleMan. Therefore, it is my great pleasure, as the Mayor of the Emerald City, to bestow upon you the Keys to our fair City."

The audience burst into applause once again, standing as they cheered. Confetti was thrown into the air. At the side of the stage, Cody, the Boy Wonderful, stood and clapped as well, his face beaming with pride. The Mayor stood on his tiptoes and tried to drape the ribbon which held the oversized symbolic key, over MuscleMan's head, but the superhero had to bend forward in order for His Honor to reach. The Mayor's hands



couldn't help but move over MuscleMan's thick neck, traps, shoulders and pecs as he made like he was flattening out the ribbon and adjusting it just right. He trembled at touching the Man of Muscle.

MuscleMan stood tall and shook the Mayor's hand, then he pulled the Mayor close and kissed him on the lips. He frenched the Mayor for quite a long time, and the assembled guests and dignitaries laughed, applauded and cheered. Of course, there were a few muffled gasps as well. Interestingly, the Mayor didn't seem to be fighting the rather overt gesture.

MuscleMan broke the kiss and faced the audience; he raised a hand, waving.

The Mayor stepped back from the podium and motioned for MuscleMan to take the dais and say a few words.

"Citizens of Seattle, of Washington, the United States, and Earth," he began. The crowd sat down and listened. "Thank you for this honor, Mayor. I would like to thank the great people of the Pacific Northwest for your generous hospitality..."

The speech wasn't long, and when MuscleMan said his final words, "I will fight for truth, justice, and love for all men..." his signature phrase-- the crowd erupted once again in thunderous applause. MuscleMan shook the hands of the dignitaries, and then motioned for the Boy Wonderful to join him center stage, and the two waved as the audience threw bouquets of roses onto the platform.

Suddenly, from behind the elevated row of TV cameras, a loud bang rang out. Screams pierced the air as another bang blew. A dignitary standing behind MuscleMan fell back onto his chair and then slumped onto the stage. More screams; people began hitting the ground; others ran for cover.

Before a third shot could be fired, MuscleMan's nanites shifted into gear, signaling him as to the exact source of the bullets. MuscleMan instantaneously dematerialized and reappeared behind the TV row where the shooter had been standing. But as he did, the shooter vanished.

"Condition red, Victor 3-1," MuscleMan said to himself. In response to this command, the Orbs initiated a forcefield around the front of City Hall. Some people, as they ran from the mayhem, ran right into the invisible wall and fell to the ground. Others, the first responders, also hit the wall as they tried to get *into* the area to help. Simultaneously to the appearance of the forcefield, a level three recording scan of the area began in the Phallic Fortress, to be used later in evaluating any clues.

MuscleMan transported back to the stage, where Cody was applying first aid on the dignitary, the local District Attorney. MuscleMan altered the forcefield, allowing first responders in, but no one out. Within minutes paramedics relieved Cody and began working on the man. It wasn't immediately clear if the DA would survive.

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“Before Victor 3-1 was established, the information we have is not very complete,” Ensign Orb said as MuscleMan looked at the screen in the lab. Cody stood behind him; Orb at the Boy Wonderful’s side. “Thus, it is difficult to tell who it was, or how he got away.”

“I know who it was,” MuscleMan said, concerned. “There’s only one person it could be: The Shadow.”

“Transport readings support your hypothesis, sir,” Orb said. “He is the only one we’ve encountered who can transport like that, and there was a transport distortion recorded at that location when he disappeared. Additionally, trace amounts of triclinium were detected immediately after the incident-- consistent with Testone transport devices.”

“Were there any of these transport events recorded before the ceremony?” MuscleMan asked.

“Negative, sir,” Orb responded. “He must have arrived at the scene conventionally.”

MuscleMan scratched his chin. “HmMMM...”

“He must have been a really bad shot,” Cody piped up. “The DA was *yards* away from either of us.”

“He wasn’t aiming at us, Cody. Bullets couldn’t hurt us. No, he wanted to send a message.”

“That message being?” Cody asked.

“I don’t know,” MuscleMan answered. “But whatever it is, I’m going to find out.”

“How?” Cody queried.

“That triclinium transport trace.” MuscleMan turned to the ensign, “Run a scan to see where that transport trace ended. I want to know where that bastard re-materialized.”

“Yes sir,” the Orb said.

Within seconds, the computer had the answer; Orb said, “Sir, the best we can do is localize the signal to somewhere on Whidbey Island.”

MuscleMan’s nanites began to show a map on his corneal wall, and MuscleMan sent the information to Cody’s nanites as well.

“I know where Whidbey Island is,” Cody said wryly.

“Well, I didn’t,” MuscleMan replied. “Sorry if I offended you.”

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Cody put a hand on MuscleMan's thick traps and squeezed it.

"Cody, I think I'm going to take a little trip to Whidbey Island tonight," MuscleMan said as he stood.

"What about me?" Cody objected.

MuscleMan looked down at his muscular companion. Cody had developed into his full, nanite-infused, MuscleMan semen-enhanced form. He was the epitome of strapping, muscled youth. Think [Antoine Vaillant](#). "You stay here with the Orbs and see if you can find out anything more," MuscleMan said.

"But--"

"No buts," MuscleMan said. "You can keep a lock on me and monitor my every movement."

Cody reluctantly agreed. MuscleMan bent forward and the two kissed, passionately. It ended up going into a full-on petting session, and MuscleMan's fingers soon had the Boy Wonderful sticking out of his skimpy trunks, hard and dripping. But before they went too far, MuscleMan cut it off. "Keep that thought, for when I return," he smiled.

With that, he pressed a blue Orb jewel on his golden wristband and disappeared. Cody was left standing there, winded, flushed and with a big, teenage boner sticking up in the air.

Ensign Orb looked at it, then busied himself with the computer.

MuscleMan's nanites held him hovering above the large island, about 30 miles north of Seattle in Puget Sound. He instructed his nanites to activate a transporter scan of the area. As his white cape flapped in the breeze, his hyper-muscular body floated with ease, some 3,000 feet above the island. His eyes became enhanced with an "overlay" of the nanite's scan, and within a few minutes MuscleMan was descending to the ground, next to State Route 525, some 100 yards from the area where the trace transport elements had been detected.

He quickly made his way off the road and into the woods, toward his destination. A few minutes later, MuscleMan stood crouched outside an old log-cabin looking building-- not much more than a shack, really. He ran another scan, and confirmed that this was the place where transport activity had recently taken place.

"Are you sure your bad guy is in there?" a low voice said from behind MuscleMan.

MuscleMan whirled around quickly, startled. There, about 20 feet in front of him, stood the Shadow, in all his muscular glory. The initial sight of such a beautiful being made MuscleMan's breath catch; but immediately he tensed with strength.

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“You didn’t think I’d be stupid enough to wait for you inside, did you?” the Shadow grinned. Then he chuckled and said, “My dear MuscleMan, you are too predictable. The shooting, the transport scans-- I couldn’t have asked for a more responsive superhero-dumbass than you. You bought into my trap, lock- stock- and barrel.”

The huge Testone took a few steps forward. “You know, we haven’t really been properly introduced. You know me as the Shadow, which is apt enough; but actually, my name is Armelica, son of Plexis, of the house of Wapp. You, MuscleBoob, may call me Armelica.” He extended his hand to shake hands with MuscleMan, but the superhero didn’t move.

“Initiate Delta 22,” MuscleMan said authoritatively.

The Shadow chuckled again. “Come now, MuscleMan. I’ve made preparations for all of your so-called security measures. You’re not going anywhere, I can promise you that.”

“I don’t have to,” MuscleMan said, folding his arms. “They’ll be coming for **me**.”

Again, Armelica grinned. “You think so? Why would they do that? Right now, your sickly-looking ‘Boy Wonderbread’ and his pathetic excuse for a sentient computer are staring at a screen that says you are still looking for me.”

MuscleMan uncrossed his arms.

“That’s right, MuscleBoob. I’ve blocked your signal and am sending them a bogus one. They won’t be concerned about anything for quite a while. Plenty of time for me to have my way with you.”

MuscleMan raised a fist and extended his arm toward the Shadow-- Armelica. Immediately a shot of blue light burst out of his wristband and hit the evil Testone. **ZZZZZPBang!** The dark Testone giant was knocked back, but not down. MuscleMan raised his other arm and shot from his left armband. Again, Armelica stumbled backward. MuscleMan began hitting Armelica with blast after blast, alternating from his right, then left, armbands. **ZZZZZPBang! ZZZZZPBang! ZZZZZPBang! ZZZZZPBang!** The electricity filled the air. Armelica finally fell to the ground, visibly shaken up, but not out of commission. He rubbed his head.

MuscleMan stepped toward Armelica, but before he realized it, the evil being jumped up and ran right at him, knocking the superhero to the ground. Armelica wrapped his mammoth arms around MuscleMan’s torso and began squeezing. MuscleMan had never encountered anything like it. He instructed his nanites to reinforce his invisible body armor and Armelica’s grip seemed to weaken. The dark being kept trying to crush MuscleMan, but it became obvious that his effort was not going to succeed.

MuscleMan pried Armelica’s mighty arms away. He jumped forward, turned around and quickly kned the Testone in the stomach. The Man of Muscle cried out in pain

as his leg seemed to vibrate. Armelica wasn't fazed. MuscleMan writhed as he fell to the side, holding his gigantic, powerful leg.

"You aren't the only one with enhanced body armor, MuscleBoob," Armelica smiled. Instantly, the Shadow was on top of MuscleMan and the two men rolled on the floor of the grassy area. Armelica's huge legs wrapped themselves around MuscleMan's waist. The pressure was tenfold that of his arms. Armelica locked his ankles and began to squeeze even harder, crushing against MuscleMan's rib cage in slow, rhythmic flexes. MuscleMan began to get faint. *This is unbelievable!* he thought. *I've never encountered a Testone this powerful!* Again, he called upon his nanites to reinforce his armor, but they returned a message that said "Already at maximum. Estimated time to failure: 15 seconds."

MuscleMan wailed. The pressure was excruciating. Armelica's huge legs rippled right in front of MuscleMan's eyes as they continued to crush his torso.

Just before MuscleMan was about to pass out, Armelica's undulating flexes subsided. "I don't want to kill you, MuscleBoob; just restrain you," he smiled. He kept his legs wrapped around MuscleMan; the superhero panted for breath. As he recovered, MuscleMan tried to pry Armelica's legs apart, but even *his* super-powerful arms couldn't compete with Armelica's legs. Armelica tightened them again, and MuscleMan wailed in pain.

"That should be a little lesson, BoobHead," Armelica said. "Don't try to weasel your way out of this, or I just might break a rib or two." He chuckled at the thought. "Hell, I might do that anyway, but we'll save that for later."

Armelica moved his hand onto MuscleMan's shoulder. The Man of Muscle lay back against Armelica's torso and the dark Testone had the perfect view and reach of MuscleMan's body. In response to Armelica's advance, MuscleMan grabbed his hand and bent his arm backwards. Armelica cried out. The two men struggled, their powerful arms pushing and pulling at each other. The only thing that broke the struggle was the searing pain that ran up MuscleMan's spine as it once again was wrung by Armelica's legs.

"Arrrrrrmmmmmpgh!" MuscleMan wailed as his arms flailed free.

Armelica gave one more squeeze of his legs, for good measure. "Don't try that again, Commander," he ordered.

Well, he *did* try it again, as soon as Armelica began to feel out the muscles of MuscleMan's upper body-- but he was met with the same, horrible painful result. "I've been patient with you so far, MuscleBoob. Try that again and I won't stop flexing these legs until I hear a rib pop."

MuscleMan swallowed hard, panting. He knew he was in a bad place. "Initiate..." he panted, "Initiate... Delta... 664," he hissed.

Nothing happened.

“Your orders are useless. Your nanites can’t help disappear you while we’re inside my dampening field,” Armelica smiled. He squeezed his rippling legs again, and MuscleMan cried out in agony.

Armelica returned to feeling out MuscleMan’s fantastic upper body-- this time with both hands. He moved his mouth close to MuscleMan’s ear and started whispering to him. The tone was soothing, but the words were pure evil-- dripping with horrific descriptions of what Armelica was planning to do to MuscleMan’s fantastic body.

Slowly, the Shadow’s left hand moved down MuscleMan’s abs, toward his superhuman genitals. The evil Testone flexed his legs once more, as if to warn MuscleMan that something very intimate was coming, and he shouldn’t even *think* about resisting.

MuscleMan, exhausted and in pain, wasn’t planning on resisting-- at least right now.

Armelica’s fingertips slipped under MuscleMan’s thong and felt the manicured pubes. Armelica moaned, obviously turned on. He pulled his fingers out and moved his hand upward, over MuscleMan’s torso and onto his pecs. Then he went back down, toward the genitalia again. Under the silky fabric, into the pubes, then back out and up the torso. With each foray of Armelica’s fingertips into MuscleMan’s shorts, the superhero found himself getting harder.

As did Armelica.

MuscleMan could feel the dark Testone’s cock on his back-- it was getting harder, bigger and longer.

Another squeeze of the legs signaled that an even more invasive move was coming. Indeed, with the next downward trip, Armelica’s fingers didn’t stop at MuscleMan’s pubes. Farther and farther downward, the back of Armelica’s hand slowly brushed against the thick, hardening schlong.

MuscleMan gasped.

Armelica was indeed a master at sexual stimulation.

MuscleMan’s head fell back onto Armelica’s chest. At a very base level, he wanted to succumb to Armelica’s advances. But he knew he musn’t. This dastardly Testone must not have more access to MuscleMan’s semen. The consequences would be horrific.

Armelica’s hand withdrew again. It moved upward, where his thumb and forefinger squeezed and pinched MuscleMan’s peanut-sized nipple. He gently played with it, driving MuscleMan nuts. Armelica’s fingertips circled around the nip, brushing against the tiny raised pores of MuscleMan’s areola. MuscleMan whimpered; his cock pushed against the fabric of his trunks. Precum flowed out his piss-slit, wetting the silky material.

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Again, Armelica lightly pinched MuscleMan’s nipple; then his hand opened wide and he rubbed the very tip of it with his palm.

MuscleMan groaned. He whimpered. He tried to wriggle free once again, but Armelica’s giant legs reminded him with a hard squeeze that he was hopelessly trapped.

Once again, Armelica’s hand moved down the Man of Muscle’s torso, over the rock-hard cobblestone abs. This time, they stayed outside of the trunks; Armelica’s muscular hand moved on top of the fabric, stopping on MuscleMan’s genitals. He just held it there, feeling the heartbeat through MuscleMan’s cock. It was a fast heartbeat-- as a rabbit’s heart might beat as he is held in the jaws of a wolf.

Armelica squeezed lightly, and his grip was met with a tightening of the cock. MuscleMan couldn’t help it. Slowly, Armelica moved his hand over and over the giant sex organs, on top of the fabric.

MuscleMan was in stimulation heaven.

Then, with a few more false starts, Armelica slowly began to pull the fabric down and over MuscleMan’s now wet cock. It sprang free as Armelica slung the waistband under MuscleMan’s large balls.

Armelica had to stifle a gasp. He had forgotten how beautiful MuscleMan’s cock and gonads were. As the beautiful organ grew into its fullness, now free from the fabric, Armelica slowly took it in his hand, feeling the hardness, the amazing weight, the wetness of the precum that covered it, the beautiful flower of the head, the thickness and muscularity of the rigid shaft, the perfect roundness and weight of the plumbs that were encased in hairless, warm, moist skin. Armelica’s hand moved over and under the shaft. He hefted the balls again. He tickled the perineum, eliciting a particularly enthusiastic moan from the Commander.

All this touching took place without any firmness at all. Armelica’s hand was open and free-- softly caressing every rippling mound of MuscleMan’s organ. How MuscleMan wished for some kind of resistance-- but Armelica gave none.

MuscleMan bucked his hips, pressing his cock against Armelica’s hand. But the Testone pulled back. MuscleMan stabbed the air with his cock, but found nothing to push against. He moaned, closing his eyes in sexual frustration.

This teasing, exploring, and most intimate of touching went on for a good half hour. As the sky moved toward twilight, the powerful Testone played with his prey, enjoying every flex, every attempted push, every moan and every drop of precum as it dribbled out MuscleMan’s penis.

Finally, Armelica wrapped his big hand around the base of MuscleMan’s giant sex organ. He used his fingers as a fulcrum, raising it as high into the air as he could. It stood-- a dizzying monolith of superhuman sexuality, as if it were a statue, or perhaps a huge obelisk erected in the center of a city.

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Armelica held the base firmly, then slowly squeezed, pushing his hand into MuscleMan's pubic hair. His fingers cupped MuscleMan's churning balls, his thumb pressed against the base of the shaft, keeping it perpendicular to the superhero's mighty body.

MuscleMan rotated his torso, pushing his penis into the air, groaning loudly. Over the past half hour, his cock had filled with the fruit of his testicles; it was ready to burst with the slightest push. He felt as if there were nothing inside it but hot, milky liquid-- and that, connected to a well that ran through his balls into the core of his body-- a limitless supply of semen, ready to escape the confines of his tight, throbbing body.

A split-second before MuscleMan reached the point of no-return, the Shadow loosened his grip and let the cock slap back to the superhero's abs.

MuscleMan writhed in frustration, again stabbing the air.

Armelica smiled and pushed his own cock-- now totally hard-- against MuscleMan's back. "Oh, MuscleBoob, not yet. This is much too soon. You need to take a break," the evil one said.

Armelica moved his hand up MuscleMan's tense body, lingering at the abdominal muscles, and then moving up onto the gigantic, thick chest. The pecs rose and fell with labored breathing. Armelica spread his fingers out and moved them slowly over MuscleMan's mighty chest. He moaned as his palm passed over a nipple. Over and back. Slowly. Tortuously. It was as if his hand was having sex with MuscleMan's pectorals.

MuscleMan's cock dribbled a steady stream of precum, forming tiny pools of clear nectar between his abs.

Then Armelica moved his hand back down. He slid it over the abs, moistening the tips of his fingers in the small puddles of clear fluid. The back of his thumb brushed against the shaft as he went lower, once again nesting his fingertips in the dark, thick, wet pubes. He grasped the giant cock and gave it a long, slow slippery stroke. Then another. Again, the superhero came to the edge, only to be frustrated at the last second.

Four more false starts, and Armelica decided it was time. The sky was getting darker; soon the sun would be down and the night blackness would quickly follow. Armelica fondled his prey. This time he pulled MuscleMan's rigid pole up from the purple head. He gently wrapped his perfect fingers around it, then slowly started to slide them down. As they moved downward, Armelica tightened them-- at first a little, and then more. By the time he got to the base with this mother of all strokes, his hand was tightly wrapped around the giant trunk. He held it high in the air with just his thumb forcing it up, at the base. You could see the organ throb. Literally. It bounced with his heartbeats.

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“Now, before you cum, MuscleBoob, remember that every single drop you shoot out is going to go to such a good cause,” Armelica whispered into MuscleMan’s ear. “I want to thank you in advance, not only for ‘rising to the occasion’ as it were, and complimenting my touch with this fine display of lust on your part-- this is a compelling specimen indeed-- but also I want to thank you-- in advance-- for the fine semen that I am about to enjoy. I appreciate that you would prepare it, just for me.”

Of course, these words only added to the torture. MuscleMan knew he had to fight with all his might to fend off this orgasm. But Armelica just held his cock up, throbbing and pulsing, on the verge of a huge explosion. He squeezed just a bit more.

MuscleMan couldn’t help it. Despite his best efforts, his hips rotated-- the result of which was to press his cock even farther in the air, against the strong resistance of Armelica’s strong hand.

If there were any neighbors out for a walk that evening, if there were any animals foraging in the woods, if any birds flying overhead-- *anyone* within a mile or so-- they would have heard the most guttural, deep, soul-wrenching yell imaginable. As MuscleMan, resisting ‘til the end, came, his whole body not only erupted in a shower of semen gushing from his raised cock, but his lungs blasted out a moan that resonated across the countryside.

The intensity startled Armelica.

Viscid, alabaster cables of cum spewed straight upward like a city fountain. Armelica tilted the spigot to aim the essence his way. Soon he was sucking as best he could to ingest the potent super-semen.

MuscleMan convulsed. It was his biggest orgasm.

Armelica suckled at MuscleMan’s penis for quite a few minutes, massaging the superhero’s pectoral muscles, caressing them, pinching the nipples-- anything he could do continue the stimulation so that the Commander from the future would produce more.

As he swallowed, he could feel the strength entering his body-- and the hyper-sexuality. Even for a sex-crazed Testone, this liquid was making him hornier than he had ever felt. Before he was done milking MuscleMan, Armelica began to cum himself, depositing his ejaculate between MuscleMan’s back and his own abdominal muscles and chest.

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“I don’t know,” Cody said to the ensign, “seems kind of funny that he’d still be searching the island. You’d think he would have either found something by now, or would have returned to get a better fix.”

“Perhaps MuscleMan isn’t searching, but following...” the holographic ensign said.

“Yeah, maybe,” Cody said. “But why? Why would he just follow him? Why not engage?”

“Unknown,” Orb said.

“Run a spectral analysis on his signal,” Cody ordered. “Something tells me something is wrong.”

“Aye, sir,” Orb responded. Within seconds the ensign said, “Your suspicions are correct, sir. Analysis indicates that the signal we are receiving is not authentic. That isn’t MuscleMan. There is a slight variance in the amplitude and in the tertiary modulation beam. We’re looking at a fake signal, not doubt intended to mislead us.”

“*Shazayam!*” Cody yelled. “So-- what should we do? Where do I go?” He jumped and his muscular body tightened with excitement. His muscles bulged with youthful vigor. “I’m going after him! He’s in trouble!”

“Sir,” the orb said calmly, “a protocol has been established for this contingency. There are specific measures we need to take. You can’t just run off like-- well, to use an aphorism, like a chicken with his head cut off.”

Cody settled down. “Yes, yes, you’re right. I need to do this right.” He breathed heavily, obviously still excited and angry. “Okay, so what’s the plan.”

“We need to initiate condition Orion Blue,” Orb said.

“Yes-- yes, let’s do that,” Cody said. “How... how do we do that?”

Orb was perplexed by the Boy Wonderful’s youthful exuberance, and lack of focus. “I’ve already initiated it,” he said.

“Okay. So, what happened? What is Orion Blue?” Cody asked impatiently.

Orb ignored him and moved to a computer station. He began accessing files and viewing screens. Cody watched, impatiently.

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Indeed, there *was* a couple out for a walk that night. As twilight robbed the landscape of its color, they were about a quarter-mile from home, invigorated by their evening constitutional, looking forward to returning to their modest home to enjoy some tea and cookies, and perhaps some light reading next to the fireplace.

The guttural, whole-body yell came from far off, yet it permeated the evening air. The birds fell silent; crickets that had just begun their songs paused; frogs interrupted their croaking.

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For a few seconds.

The couple stopped in their tracks. The absence of their footfall on the dirt road, and the momentary silence of the countryside gave them the opportunity to train their ears for more. But no more yelling was heard.

The animals resumed their noise, but the couple froze and then looked at each other. “What the hell was that?” the man said to his wife.

She didn’t answer; her eyes were big, filled with the fear that the yell had suffused. They both looked to their left, from whence the cry had come.

Just as they resumed their walk and the woman said, “That was strange...” a bright blue light flashed, on their left, about a mile away. It wasn’t a bolt of lightning; indeed, the partly cloudy skyscape couldn’t have produced lightning. Besides, it was generated on the ground-- as if a transformer had exploded.

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“What was *that*?” Cody said, staring at the blip on the transparent screen.

Orb worked on the controls; “It appears it was a transport beam of some kind. I’m not familiar with it.”

“Seems pretty pyrotechnic to be a transport beam,” Cody said.

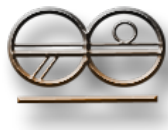
“Indeed. It is puzzling,” Orb said, continuing to analyze the occurrence. “But I am able to penetrate the dampening field that was being generated there now. Indeed, the field has completely dissipated.”

“How can you tell?”

“Just before that blast, or whatever it was,” Orb said, “I was able to decode the frequencies and algorithm the field was using. When the blast occurred, the field disappeared. The algorithm is no longer there.”

“So, can you see MuscleMan now? Cody pressed.

“That’s the puzzling thing,” Orb answered. “No; I can’t. He’s apparently been transported.”



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**Your comments are welcome.**

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

[sean@musclepla.net](mailto:sean@musclepla.net)  
[sean@buffmuscles.com](mailto:sean@buffmuscles.com)

Also, please make sure to visit my website:

<http://buffmuscles.com>

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