

NAMM 16

As soon as Armelica and MuscleMan materialized, MuscleMan realized he was now in even *more* trouble.

"Welcome to the *Semenisk*," Armelica smiled. "I hope you enjoy your stay on my ship."

MuscleMan stood in a dark, dungeon-like room. It was similar to many such chambers he had seen during his time on Testos Four. The testones have a penchant for the sinister, and one of the ways they manifest their personal power is to torture others.<sup>1</sup> Obviously, not all testones are given to this behavior, but Armelica is proving to be one of the more heinous members of his species.

MuscleMan had materialized wearing only his satin thong. His wrist and ankle bands were missing, as was his cape. Armelica stood at one end of the long room. A low-intensity hum seemed to emanate from the walls, and MuscleMan could tell that this dark cavern was indeed part of a spaceship.

MuscleMan took a few steps toward Armelica, but ran into an invisible forcefield. It buzzed and flashed as the nearly-naked superhero met it, and he flinched as he stepped backward.

"Don't worry, MuscleBoob," Armelica said. "The forcefield is quite strong. You're very safe and secure."

MuscleMan reached out with his hand and the invisible wall zapped him again. He tested it once again with his other hand, and then took a few steps backward before thrusting his mighty body forward, right into it, with a powerful push. The forcefield zapped and hummed, flashing and even surrounding MuscleMan's body with electricity. MuscleMan fell backward, onto the ground.

Armelica chuckled. "It's calibrated to increase in intensity in direct proportion to the force used against it. You'll just wear yourself out doing that; and I suggest you save your strength," he grinned. "You're going to need it."

MuscleMan got up and stood. The place looked dusty and decrepit; it looked like it was constructed with rocks and cement, but it was different enough that MuscleMan could tell that it wasn't. A curving staircase led up the back side of the cell. It all looked pretty theatrical, but MuscleMan knew there was some very advanced technology beneath the veneer.

Armelica walked toward the invisible wall that separated him from his prey. He made some gestures again and said a few words. A hole then opened in the ceiling

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<sup>1</sup> Testos Four's history is replete with violence, even though most current testones have learned to control their malevolent tendencies, much in the same way Vulcans restrain their emotions. Modern testones have learned to channel their viciousness into their sexual drive, which is one of the reasons their planet is such an erotic one.

at the center of MuscleMan's "cell." It was about about a foot wide (30 cm) and a soft blue light glowed from somewhere on the other side of it. Presently the light dimmed and it appeared something was approaching the hole. Indeed, a creature-- or creatures-- began to descend down into MuscleMan's room.

"I'd like to introduce you to a good friend of mine, MuscleBoob. This is Orson," Armelica said. "That's not his real name, but in my Testone language, you wouldn't be able to pronounce it. I figure *Orson* will work well. Orson is a mucoid. I guess the closest thing you humans might compare mucoids to are squids or octopuses." Armelica admired the being as it lowered into the room. "But he's so much more than you humans have ever met."

The creature was made up of tentacles-- maybe ten or fifteen of them. They descended very slowly into the room, slithering and moving as if sniffing the air, or looking around. A hissing sound, paired with tones that sounded like moaning, accompanied Orson's entrance. His tentacles became longer and longer.

"Snake-like, isn't he," Armelica said. The Shadow watched the creature with interest; he seemed to appreciate it, as a being of rare beauty. "As you two get to know each other," he continued, "I think you'll appreciate Orson-- and how much he has come to appreciate humans." He was still staring at the creature as it's tentacles descended farther and farther downward into the room. Soon, they nearly touched the floor as they squirmed, gurgled and hissed, inspecting the room, looking for prey.

Suddenly, one tentacle snapped out toward MuscleMan. Before he could react, the long slender appendage wrapped around his ankle, jerking back, causing MuscleMan to fall to the ground. He immediately scooted backward on his elbows, up against the forcefield, which zapped him back an inch or two. The creature's fleshy arm retreated.

"Oh, and he's also very fast," Armelica added. His attention turned from his pet creature to MuscleMan. "...as you can see."

Having felt MuscleMan's ankle, Orson seemed to squirm and move more. And then, MuscleMan began to detect an odor-- it wasn't an offensive odor, just a very distinct one: Similar to leather-- or was it cinnamon... The scent began right after the tentacle had tripped him up, and it slowly filled the cell. Immediately, MuscleMan started to become aroused. He had gone limp when Armelica transported him to the spaceship (after his mother-of-all-orgasms, down in the field), but now he found his libido accessed in a way it had never before been accessed. It must be the odor that the creature gave out.

The creature lowered his tentacles into the room more. MuscleMan couldn't tell how big it would get; obviously much of it was still above the hole in the ceiling.

MuscleMan hunched on all fours, keeping a steady gaze on the creature. Where the tentacle had grabbed him, he felt a unique sensation; not really a tingling, but-- *something*. And it seemed to move up his leg into his whole body. It centered into

his genitals, and coupled with the odor the beast gave off, the sensation of whatever it was that started in his leg began to stiffen MuscleMan's penis.

Slowly MuscleMan stood up, not letting his eyes off the creature. He fought to control his body, but he felt a mild fever, and his cock throbbed with tightness, although his silky pouch still held it.

"Ah, yes, MuscleMan. Orson must like you," Armelica grinned. "He's giving off those pheromones of his. Kind of hard to resist, aren't they? I'd say downright impossible."

The tentacles began to move toward MuscleMan, and he stepped sideways, perpendicular to the forcefield, until he met the wall of his cell. The tentacles moved in response to his movement, following him. He slid against the wall and moved away from the forcefield, still with his eyes trained on the slimy creature. It followed him, slowly assessing his moves. When MuscleMan bumped into the next wall, at the corner, Orson moved in closer. This time, instead of an instant snap, two tentacles slowly approached the commander, MuscleMan; they moved in circles, waiting for just the right opportunity to strike.

But they didn't strike.

The limbs simply moved closer to MuscleMan, and when he tried to move away, they followed him. Closer. One skinny limb began to slide onto MuscleMan's upper leg. He reached down and pulled it off, but as he did, the other tentacle slithered onto his upper arm. It began to curl around his triceps and MuscleMan twisted away.

The mucoid paused, seemingly watching MuscleMan's reaction, but he quickly moved close again. Another tentacle crawled onto MuscleMan's shoulder, and again, he grabbed it, flipping it away. But also, again, Orson brought another tentacle, and yet another, onto MuscleMan's torso and leg. They wrapped around him, not tightly, but firmly nonetheless. MuscleMan tried to grab them and pull them off, but this time they were stronger and more persistent.

He jumped away. Orson's limbs went with him.

He twisted and pulled, but more tentacles began to drape onto him. He gasped and clawed at them, but they were strong and there were now five of them, against his two arms.

Orson didn't overwhelm MuscleMan's body-- he didn't squeeze him or cover him, he just... explored.

MuscleMan thrashed, trying to get away. He stepped backward, twisted around, and bumped into the wall. He panted and grabbed, trying to pull the thing off.

But Orson was undeterred.

Armelica watched from a corner on his side of the forcefield. He touched himself.

As MuscleMan struggled to escape the mucoid, he became more flushed. With each touch of the creature, his skin became warm and he could tell he was being more and more aroused. The oily tentacles definitely interacted with MuscleMan's pores in an erotic way, as if Orson was infusing him with some kind of aphrodisiac.

The arms crawled over MuscleMan's huge body, despite his efforts to escape them. He turned once again and tried to break away, pulling Orson with him. He bumped into the forcefield again and felt an incredible shock, numbing his whole body.

The mucoid caught MuscleMan as he fell back, keeping him aright until he regained his balance on his own. But as MuscleMan was momentarily stunned, Orson moved a few more tentacles onto his body; one slid over his hip, another slipped onto his mighty chest and traced down his cleavage before slowly moving to his left pectoral. MuscleMan shook his head, trying to regain his orientation. The tendril on his hip slithered downward and inside, between his legs. It inspected his satin thong, and pulled on it.

The commander was just coming out of his stupor when the tentacle moved up the thong and then slipped inside his waistband; it began to explore his pubes.

MuscleMan reached down and yanked the arm out of his trunks, but immediately Orson's limb hardened and jerked away, returning to sniff out what it had found. A second attempt to pull it out was met with more forceful resistance. Orson had discovered something he liked, and he wasn't going to be restrained from enjoying it. The greasy appendage slipped back inside MuscleMan's thong, and at the same time another arm wrapped around his wrist, preventing him from stopping it. His opposite forearm was also encircled by a wet tentacle. He gritted his teeth and forced his arms toward his crotch, but Orson pulled him back.

Armelica slipped his hand off his thickening testone cock, and fondled his testes.

MuscleMan felt his thong fill with the muscular hydrostat. The tongue curled into his pubic hair, and moved lower, encircling his cock and balls. His penis was immediately infused with even more of whatever it was that made him aroused, and the combination of that *thing* in his shorts, and his own growing anaconda stretched the fabric. The tendril on his pec found his nipple, and MuscleMan gasped as it flicked and rubbed it.

In one final, panicked attempt to run, MuscleMan jerked and hissed as he thrashed against the creature. But instead of finding escape, the Man of Muscle felt the tentacles on his arms tighten and pull them upward. His hands grabbed the limbs and squeezed. The flesh on them was even more slippery than it looked. The limbs were warm with life, and they smelled with that intense odor that redoubled his progress along the road to full erection. The skin of the creature gave slightly, and MuscleMan thought it not unlike that of a dolphin, except for the color-- and was more slippery than you can imagine. But under the epidermis he felt only hard-- very hard-- muscle. Indeed, for tentacles that seemingly had very little bone

structure, the tension and hardness of them was amazing. They didn't budge against his grip.

He tightened his grasp, but the slippery limbs simply slithered through his hands more and extended themselves farther onto his forearms. MuscleMan continued to resist, but it was too late. Orson wrapped the two tentacles farther up MuscleMan's thick forearms and pulled. He could feel that sensation again; it entered his skin where the tentacles wrapped him, and moved into his body, exciting him. MuscleMan dug his feet into the floor but there was little traction, and the creature was very strong. As it began to drag MuscleMan across the room, toward its hole in the ceiling, more tentacles joined the others, moving onto his torso. The ones on his upper arms tightened and wound down his biceps and triceps, stretching him upward.

At this point, the mucoid's tentacles wrapped downward on MuscleMan's body forcing him up without itself moving upward. Orson's slimy limbs pulled MuscleMan off the ground. He squirmed and fought, but it was no use. He panted and wriggled, calling on all of his strength to break free, moaning, flailing his legs in the air, trying in vain to wrest himself from the hideous creature.

When MuscleMan's feet left the floor, Armelica made a motion with his hand, and the forcefield disengaged with a buzz.

MuscleMan was writhing with his head tipped back and his enormous arms gripped by tentacles. More tentacles joined in exploring the superhero's body, slithering around his chest, now caressing both his nipples. They'd move into the cleavage of his pecs, then one of them would move farther downward, onto his abdominal muscles while the other returned to his nipple. A couple more tentacles descended even farther on MuscleMan's physique, exploring his intercostals and his wide back.

Armelica walked to the suspended super-human. MuscleMan's latissimus dorsi curved outward in an oval, framing his muscular torso. They were huge muscles, now prominent since his arms were bound above his head. The lower terminus of the oval lats inserted just outside his intercostals-- which were defined as much as any man's could ever be-- rib-like rows of muscles framing the upper abdominal core, which flowed and narrowed with the cascades of his ab muscles. But it was those gigantic arms, pulled straight above his head, with those giant triceps jutting outward, that gave Armelica the most pause. They looked like huge slabs of meat-- like beef hanging in a refrigerated cooler, ready to be eaten.

Commander Armstrong's hyper-muscular body swung slightly as he tried to wrest himself from the gurgling, squirming entanglement. "Don't tire yourself, MuscleBoob," Armelica smiled. "You'll probably want to save your energy." He walked around his victim, admiring the striated musculature, the size and power that MuscleMan's amazing body exuded. He smiled as he watched Orson's tentacles explore the bulges and crevasses. A tentacle joined the one at MuscleMan's crotch. It slipped inside his leg opening to see what all the fuss was. They both wriggled slowly inside; MuscleMan twisted and groaned. One arm came out and began to pull at the white satin fabric. In a moment, the other one did likewise. They worked at it

for a minute, as a team, and then, the material began to rip. One tentacle worked its way inside and pushed. The other pulled. Just a few more tugs, and the white material tore all the way and fell to the ground. MuscleMan's cock sprang forward, not fully erect yet, but nearly there.

MuscleMan groaned as a tentacle sniffed at his perineum, just behind his balls. He squeezed his legs together, but it had no effect on the limb. It nuzzled in farther, even wiggling and resting under the pressure MuscleMan forced on it. Eventually, it pulled back and looped around the base of MuscleMan's cock, encircling it; it expanded the loop and brought in his balls, gently testing their weight, then letting them slip out of its circle.

The slippery, slimy animal had an uncanny way of handling MuscleMan, stimulating him as no human, or testone, could ever do. It fondled him. It caressed his big muscles, tensing around them and feeling their size and hardness, then moving on. and despite any direct communication from the thing, MuscleMan could sense that it enjoyed what it was doing.

Armelica crossed the room to a corner, then faced MuscleMan. "I know you just got done with the climax of a lifetime, MuscleBoob," he said, "but that was nothing, compared with what's to come."

MuscleMan tightened his powerful arms and raised himself up. His biceps bulged; he tipped his head back and looked up. His huge body moved upward. He tried to find a head, a face-- eyes, *anything* he could identify, but he found none. The tentacles explored his face, head and neck, but they didn't tighten. Obviously much of the creature was still above the hole, and MuscleMan couldn't tell *how* much. He wriggled his hands; twisted his forearms. The tentacles didn't budge.

Slowly, MuscleMan relaxed his arms and dropped back down.

"Can't figure out how to get away?" Armelica grinned. "Don't bother. Like I said, you'll probably want to save your energy for what's to come. You do too many of those pull-ups, and you'll tire yourself out. Although, I can't say I didn't enjoy watching..."

MuscleMan squirmed again, searching the room for something-- anything-- that might offer hope of escape.

"I'm going to have to go and clean up," Armelica said. "Your little orgasm down on the planet made quite a mess of me." He ran his fingers over the globs of cum that clung to his torso and examined his semi-hard cock. "I'll be back in a bit." He walked up to MuscleMan and Orson; He stroked one of the tentacles. "You two have fun getting to know each other," he smiled. "And Orson, wait 'til I get back before having your dinner. I want to watch." He looked into MuscleMan's eyes and gave him an insidious grin.

The huge testone walked up the stairway at the end of the room, leaving MuscleMan hanging in the slimy grip of the mucoid.

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"Do you have a trace on the transporter then?" Cody asked.

"Accessing," ensign Orb responded. After a few seconds he said, "The data is inconclusive. It's very possible, if not likely, that the Commander is no longer on the planet."

"What? Where would he be?!"

"Please stand by," Orb said. He seemed to be accessing more information. "Still unable to locate him."

"But if he's not on Earth, where could he go?" Cody pressed.

As Orb continued to work with the computer, he answered. "I am looking into the possibility that he was transported to an orbiting spaceship."

"Spaceship?!" Cody exclaimed, "Whoa! Why would you think that?"

Orb turned to Cody. "The Shadow came here from the future. It is likely he came in search of the Comma-- of MuscleMan. Assuming that hypothesis, it is reasonable to conclude he came prepared for his mission; and that may well have included a place to take MuscleMan and hold him captive. A ship is not an unreasonable possibility; and since I can find no trace of either MuscleMan, nor the Shadow, on the planet, where else would I search?"

Cody sat down. "It's just-- just so sci-fi," he said. "I mean, yeah, all of this Phallic Fortress stuff and everything-- but I never thought about a spaceship."

The Orb returned to his interaction with the computer; Cody watched.

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MuscleMan clenched his teeth. He tightened his whole body, trying to free himself from the ropy arms that moved over him. His physique twisted and writhed as he strained.

All to no avail.

Orson reacted to MuscleMan's struggling; it slithered up and down his muscles intently, feeling the massive hardness of his arms. The tentacles tightened, then relaxed just a bit, slimed a few centimeters and then tightened again. It was as if they responded to each bulge as they wrapped themselves around and explored his muscular forearms. They caressed the huge muscles of his upper arms, relishing in the mighty strength of MuscleMan's powerful cannons. Orson moaned-- or something similar to a moan, as it felt his rich, thick musculature.

MuscleMan ceased from his struggling, and Orson's tentacles resumed exploring the lower regions of his body-- his torso, and his legs. The tentacle that looped around his genitals began to secrete a slippery goo. The appendage tightened on the phallus and moved up it.

MuscleMan tensed. The sensation was like nothing he'd ever felt before. He felt his pre-cum ooze out and mix with the creature's lube. The snake slipped up his shaft farther; it wrapped around it like a candy cane as it went. MuscleMan could hear the lube slosh on his cock. The creature groaned and squeezed, releasing more and more of its powerful scent. Every pore of MuscleMan's skin that the tentacles moved over reverberated with the desire Orson dispensed.

And then Orson began to purr.

The tentacle on MuscleMan's left pec tightened on his already hard, peanut-sized nipple. It contracted and twisted.

Eric Armstrong whimpered.

A tentacle slithered down his left leg, circling his quad and hamstring muscles, tensing as it moved, feeling as it slimed its way. It moved down onto his calf and again paused to feel the bulging hardness. The tentacle tightened around MuscleMan's shin and calf, and then pulled his leg upward. The strength of the creature was astounding; it forced his leg out to the side, and up, at will. Despite MuscleMan's superhuman efforts to resist, Orson played with him like he was a rag doll. It seemed to test itself against his strength, assessing and pressing.

Another tentacle moved down MuscleMan's right side, and it mimicked the first tentacle, wrapping around MuscleMan's other calf. It too forced his leg outward, causing his ass to widen. MuscleMan tried to bring his legs together-- in vain. He tried to push up against the resistance the thin limbs gave, but they were too slippery, and too quick in responding to his efforts. He moaned in despair. His breathing increased.

Motion coming from the steps behind MuscleMan caused Orson to relax and MuscleMan's legs moved straight again.

"Ahh, Commander, I see my friend is taking good care of you," a boorish voice bellowed. MuscleMan tried to twist around to see Armelica but couldn't move much. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the testone standing near the door he had exited about an hour before. Armelica was now wearing clothing, although the fabric didn't cover much: A tiny, silky sac that cupped his large genitals, held on his waist by but a string; a silver chest-plate that seemed stuck to his pectorals, attached by some kind of glue; a pair of golden rings that were strapped just above his calves; all capped with a very tight-fitting cowl on his head that would have hidden his identity, had MuscleMan not already met him. " Well... it's good Orson has been nice so far," Armelica continued. He looked up and down MuscleMan's hanging body. "We wouldn't want to ruin any of that good meat, before its time."



The Shadow walked around the side of MuscleMan and stood directly in front of him. "Well, I see though, that Orson hasn't offered you any nutrition. Orson, where are your manners? You know MuscleBoob is going to need his strength."

A tentacle moved down MuscleMan's face. He shook his head to get it off. Two more small tentacles slipped into MuscleMan's ears. They seemed to expand and the limbs hardened so MuscleMan couldn't move his head. The first tentacle moved down his nose, pausing to peek inside his nostrils, and then it moved between MuscleMan's lips.

He clenched his teeth. The small snake forced his lips apart and moved in against his gums. The Commander tried again to shake his head, but he couldn't budge. The tentacle inside his lips began to secrete fluid. It tasted like mud, and MuscleMan spat it. Yet the snake just stayed there, secreting more. The gray fluid dribbled down his chin and onto his chest.

"Orson, I can see the Commander is going to be difficult," Armelica said. "Let him be, for now."

The snake-like tentacle retreated, and the ones in his ears shrunk and pulled out.

"Orson only wants to be a good host, MuscleBoob," Armelica said. "I hope you'll reconsider. You don't really want to hurt his feelings. His nutritional sludge, as I like to call it, might taste offensive to you, but I assure you, Orson has already examined your metabolism completely; the sludge is a mixture specially made for your body. It really can strengthen you." He stepped close. "But no matter. In the long run, the sustenance will only prolong your demise." Armelica ran his fingertip down the rigid muscles of Eric's leg as he talked. He looked right at the bound, hanging MuscleMan. "...although it would be fun to watch you struggle longer."

He stepped back and folded his arms over his chest plate. "Perhaps you'll reconsider in a while."

MuscleMan hung motionless. He glared at his captor.

Armelica admired the totally erect pole sprouting from MuscleMan's loins. "I see Orson *is* having a rousing effect on you," he smiled. "But you know, I'd like to help him in that effort."

Armelica made another gesture with his left hand, obviously communicating with his computer. A light cast on MuscleMan's body. Armelica made another gesture, this one accompanied with a growl and some unintelligible Testone words. Immediately on MuscleMan's corneal display, images began to appear. His view of the room disappeared.

"Ah, yes," the Shadow smiled. "Those wonderful nanites of yours. They're inert as long as you're on my ship, but I've decided to activate a few of them so I can show you some good old fashioned testone porn."

The image on MuscleMan's corneal display was of Armelica. The testone was naked; he was flexing his muscles, posing, as it were, just for MuscleMan. MuscleMan's closed eyes displayed for him more and more erotic images of the Shadow-- posing, flexing, demonstrating enormous strength, masturbating. Then the scene changed. Armelica was with another testone-- a slightly smaller one, yet just as muscular. He was raping the young testone.

And as the scene played out, the tentacles of Orson resumed their sensual massaging. They teased his muscles, pinched his nipples, and slowly stroked his iron-hard cock.

Then the scene changed again. It was Cody. Across MuscleMan's visual display flashed the Boy Wonderful, flexing his young muscles, lifting impossible poundage, and then-- being overcome by Armelica's huge, muscular body. Cody writhed in pain as Armelica wrapped his massive muscles around the human teen. And then as Armelica squeezed the young man, and caressed his youthful muscles, Cody began to come. He squirt his semen into the air-- like ropes being cast from a ship to a drowning victim in the sea.

MuscleMan, watched these scenes as they repeated with crescendoing intensity. The images were obviously intended to elicit the strongest sexual response possible. He got so hard that his phallus ached. He groaned. Precum flowed down his purple cock head. His shaft pulsed; and the tentacle on it responded likewise.

Armelica watched, motionless.

In MuscleMan's eyes, Cody finished his orgasm. Then Armelica started to rape Cody. Armelica held the human teen in his grasp, and Cody's eyes widened with every inch the testone's cock pushed in.

"Well, MuscleBoob, I'm glad you like the show," Armelica said.

At once, the scenes on MuscleMan's corneal display disappeared.

Armelica stood in front of the superhero. "Ah yes... you appear to be enjoying the scenes of your Boy Wonderful. Do you fantasize about Cody being held captive-- raped-- bound and tortured? I can certainly arrange that, if you like, MuscleBoob. Would you like me to transport him here? So he can see you hanging there-- like this-- and then I can fuck his tiny teenage ass while you watch and cum?"

"Leave him out of this!" MuscleMan protested. His cock, however, only stiffened more as a result of Armelica's word-pictures.

"Oh, if you wish," Armelica said. "I won't need him here anyway. He's useless to me. *You* are the prize, Commander Armstrong. *You* are the man who can provide me with what I want."

Armelica moved closer to the hanging musclehunk. "Orson, I do believe it's time for the first session."

With that, the mucoid tightened its grip on MuscleMan's cock. As it did so, the arms on MuscleMan's legs pulled them apart again. Simultaneously, the limb with the gray sludge returned to the superhero's face. This time, when he twisted his head away, instead of the two ear snakes Orson just tightened his tentacles around the top of MuscleMan's head, holding it still. When the snake bid enter MuscleMan's mouth, he gritted his teeth. Suddenly a loud *snap* was heard and MuscleMan wailed in pain. Orson had taken a tendril and whipped MuscleMan's back; MuscleMan opened his mouth in a cry; the sludge snake quickly lunged into his mouth. MuscleMan bit down hard, but although it was slippery and twisty, the tendril was as hard as metal. MuscleMan's jaws and teeth had no effect on it.

As Orson's arm had slapped MuscleMan, it released a large amount of the scent.

While the tentacle slid inside his mouth and filled it with sludge, Orson whipped MuscleMan's back again with a loud *snap*, and the powerful odor permeated the air. MuscleMan was overcome with eros. He wished for another whip, and another dose.

He gagged as his mouth filled with sludge, and a large amount of liquid dropped out between his lips. Another snake moved onto MuscleMan's chin and sucked it up, as well as the previous deposit on his chest. More goo filled his mouth. The tentacle moved inside, to the back of his mouth. MuscleMan gagged again and all of his muscles tightened. His legs flailed; his torso bucked as he arched his back.

Armelica stepped back to enjoy. He put his hand on the skimpy sac that held his sex organ.

The snake pushed in farther and started down MuscleMan's throat. Eventually it got far enough back that MuscleMan's gag reflex was overcome; two small tentacles came to his nostrils and hovered. They started to give off oxygen. Eventually, his body relaxed.

That is, until he felt the head of another tentacle push against his sphincter.

He screamed, as best a man can with a snake going down his throat. The arms on his legs held them wide, and the head of the ass inspector rubbed MuscleMan's cherry. As it did, the cock snake undulated, stroking him up, and then down, gliding easily with the greasy-smooth lube it continued to excrete.

"That's it, Commander," Armelica said softly as he slipped his hand inside his own thong. "Just relax and enjoy yourself. Orson is giving you exactly what you need. That sludge is full of nutrients... it has some very special ingredients as well. It's kind of an aphrodisiac-- as if you need more," he chuckled. "Plus it will give you even more strength; especially reinforcing those massive legs of yours-- and that amazing ass of yours. You see, Orson loves a good fuck. He's preparing you for the fuck of your life, MuscleBoob. The fluid you are ingesting will enable the muscles of your loins to clench harder during orgasm."

MuscleMan breathed hard through his nose, almost crying.

"Oh, just relax, MuscleBoob. You can't get away, so there's no need worrying about anything. Just go with the flow. I think you'll find it easier that way."

The sphincter snake moved off MuscleMan's ass, and slithered forward under his perineum; then between his splayed legs; to the right of his cock; and up onto his abs. It was at this point that MuscleMan was able to feel just how thick this particular tentacle was. The slippery, hard mass that moved between his legs was much more beefy than the other limbs. As it slid up his stomach it pulled outward, so MuscleMan could get a good view of it.

As best he could, he gasped.

The snake had a head on it, that was remarkably like the circumcised head of a penis-- but the circumference of that thing was like no cock MuscleMan had ever seen. His eyes widened in horror.

"Kinda big, isn't it," Armelica smirked. "Mucoids possess the largest phalluses of any testone species."

A slit-hole in the top of the penis-like tentacle seemed to open and close as if it were breathing. It looked at MuscleMan's face for a moment, and then lowered, pulling back over his abs, then his crotch and his ass.

The sludge made MuscleMan's whole body feel warm. His cock, wrapped with the swirling tentacle, ached.

The mucoid's grip on MuscleMan's arms tightened; it pulled MuscleMan's legs even wider now. The tentacle rubbed against his sphincter. It squirted a dollop of wet goop on it. It prodded. It excreted more lube. It nudged. The tentacles pulled MuscleMan's legs even wider. The ass tendril seemed to narrow slightly, forming a round point.

The snake that spiraled around his cock continued its rhythmic undulations, lathering him as it pulsed.

And then, MuscleMan's ass hole was forced open as the tentacle pointed and squeezed in. It pried his sphincter open and moved inside, slowly. The sludge had indeed strengthened MuscleMan, especially in his ass and legs, just as Armelica had said. He clenched his hole closed, but that only invigorated Orson, and the tentacle moved in farther, despite MuscleMan's glorious efforts.

It was extremely painful.

MuscleMan redoubled his ass-clench and pushed with all his might. He squeezed his fists. He flexed his calves; his toes spread.

No effect.

As it moved inside, it lost its pointed shape, expanding slightly.

MuscleMan writhed.

The head rubbed against MuscleMan's prostate, just as the nipple limbs squeezed his peanuts.

MuscleMan went ballistic.

The cock tentacle squeezed.

As the semen in his balls boiled, the arm that fed his throat began to slowly recede. MuscleMan gagged again as it passed out from his throat, then his mouth. He spat again, hocking and choking.

"Orson thinks you've had enough to eat, for now," Armelica said.

With that thing out of his mouth, MuscleMan could turn his head downward enough now to see the evil testone. Armelica had taken off his "G-string" and sac, and his big, dark cock was dripping with his own pre-cum.

"Now it's time for Orson to feed," Armelica grinned as he gave himself a long, slow stroke. "Did I tell you that he's partial to human semen?"

The mucoid pushed and massaged MuscleMan's prostate. Then a new tentacle descended on the front side of the superhero. It wasn't as thick as the arm in his ass, but it was thicker than most of the others. It wound down to the Commander's penis, twisting through the air. It stopped when it reached his enormous rod, then it bent to position itself right at the end of MuscleMan's cock head. It kissed his slit hole. As MuscleMan watched, the tentacle began to ripple and move inside itself. In a moment, it formed a hole at its tip. The hole widened, enlarging into a hose-like protuberance. The hose slipped onto MuscleMan's cock. The candy cane snake squeezed up and down. In a minute, the hose tentacle moved farther onto the cock until it began to cover the spiraled tentacle as well.

MuscleMan wailed. Every millimeter of his body was stimulated. His cock felt ready to explode. He looked down at the hose on his phallus, with the spiral beneath it, and watched as both of them undulated together to bring him to the peak.

The thing in his ass pushed in farther, eliciting another yell from the Commander. And then farther. It felt like a man's arm was moving up inside him. His leg tentacles pulled him wider.

Orson snapped a tentacle against MuscleMan's back again. The scent filled the air. Another smack, and more of the overwhelming odor. It was more powerful than ever.

Another tentacle moved down MuscleMan's torso and slithered between his legs; it began to massage his perineum like the ass snake had done moments before.

Another crack of the whip-like tentacle. MuscleMan's back welted, but he almost begged for more.

Armelica pushed his thumb against the root of his cock and came.

As splashes of testone semen landed on MuscleMan's body, the Commander himself began to ejaculate into the hose. The spiral swirled now, pulling-- while at the same time, pushing-- MuscleMan's milk out into the hose. The superhuman's body jerked violently with his first bursts of cum; Orson tightened his grip on the man and pushed his phallus farther inside the human rectum.

The ass tentacle began to push up and down, in rhythm with the ones on his penis.

MuscleMan yelled; he continued to jerk hard.

Armelica stroked himself hard and catapulted jizm up on to his man.

Just as MuscleMan reached the height of his orgasm, he felt a strange sensation in his ass. The phallus exploded inside him; it burst with hot liquid-- but not just liquid. There were solid, or at least semi-solid gelatinous capsules coming out. MuscleMan could feel the grape-sized globs fill his rectum. His eyes widened.

Armelica sensed MuscleMan's shock. As he pushed the last of his sperm out his cock, he smiled and said, "Ah yes. You're feeling the spermatophores, aren't you?"

"Sper-- mattaa--"

"Spermatophores," Armelica smiled. "Consider them a nuptial gift from Orson."

"Wha--" MuscleMan's body dripped with sweat. "What?"

"The mucoids expel spermatophores when they copulate. They're kind of big, and if you were to live any period of time after your encounter with Orson, they'd multiply and eventually eat you from the inside out. But not to worry, MuscleBoob. Orson won't let you suffer that horrific fate."

The tentacles slid all over MuscleMan's body now, lapping up his sweat. The hose on his dick began to retract.

"After Orson pumps out a few more loads from your phallus, he'll be full. That's when he'll eat you. I'd say spermatophores are the least of your worries, Commander."

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"Cody, we've received a signal." The Orb came alive with activity, moving over the computer, looking at screens.

"What?" Cody jumped up from his chair.

"The Commander has transmitted a signal. It is... coming from... somewhere above the planet, just as I had surmised."

"What do you mean?" Cody asked. "Is he on a spaceship?"

"Indeed, he must be. It will take me just a second more to triangulate it," the ensign said.

Cody watched impatiently as the floating translucent screen began to draw orbit trajectories above an image of Earth, then zoom in on a dot where those trajectories intersected.

"That's it. Right there," Ensign Orb said, pointing. He worked the controls some more. "Now, I just need to focus the search parameters..." In a moment, the image of some kind of spaceship appeared on a new floating screen. "That is the Shadow's ship," Orb said. "I'm not familiar with the configuration, but it definitely has design elements that are consistent with testone ships."

"So now what?" Cody pressed.

"Now, we rescue MuscleMan."

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Nearly unconscious, MuscleMan hung in the mucoid's tentacles. Orson seemed to be resting, and MuscleMan was exhausted. Armelica had left the "dungeon."

Orson stirred and the feeding tentacle descended to MuscleMan's mouth again-- for the fifth time. The mucoid began to purr again, in anticipation of yet another copulation session with his new-found human prey. The tentacles gently began to massage MuscleMan's incredible body again, moving over and under, inside and outside his massive bulges and crevasses. In response to the touching and secretions, MuscleMan started to become erect again. Snakes slithered between his legs, around his gigantic arms, around his mammoth quadriceps.

The lathering of his cock began again as a tendril spiraled it.

The sensual, almost relaxing routine was interrupted by a loud *smack* and MuscleMan cried out in agony as Orson whipped. More, fresh aphrodisiac-like scent wafted around the two beings as the larger prepared to feed on, and be fed by the smaller. Tiny rivulets of blood trickled down MuscleMan's back-- through four sessions of whippings, the skin had now been broken.

Armelica descended the stairs. "Is it time for another one already?" he asked sarcastically.

MuscleMan moaned; the tentacle entered his mouth again and as he had done since the second invasion, he sucked it inside, desperate for the nourishment, aphrodisiac and psychotropic sustenance it provided.

The tentacles on his legs pried them apart-- the one aspect of the whole routine that MuscleMan still dreaded. His body cavity seemed to be full of the spermatophores. Some of them had fallen to the ground as the phallic tentacle had pulled out, and MuscleMan could see them on the floor of the cell. They were white, grape-sized masses of hard pus. He wasn't sure, but he thought the ones inside him were sometimes moving.

"Oh, now don't you worry about those little boys," Armelica said, seeing MuscleMan eye the globs on the floor. "Like I said, the little jimmies inside you might be a concern, but I'm thinking this might be Orson's final copulation with you. So, you won't be around when they start eating you from the inside. Orson'll be eating you just fine from the outside." Armelica chuckled his evil chuckle.

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"Cody, we can't rush this," Orb insisted. "I can't just beam over to the Shadow's ship by pressing some buttons. It's shielded-- with technology that will take some time to crack."

Cody sighed. "There *must* be something we can do..."

"There. Got it," Orb said.

Cody's ears perked.

"I think we're ready to test this. It's delicate, though." The Orb studied the information on a screen and pressed some buttons. "The trick is to penetrate his systems without being detected. I can only speculate what his technology will do when I try this, and then try to anticipate and circumvent."

"God, this is torture," Cody mumbled.

The ensign continued his work for a few minutes, and then instructed Cody to activate a screen on the far end of the work station. "Okay. We're ready for the final step."

"We're ready?" Cody said, jumping up. "Whoa-- so what is the plan?"

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The fifth orgasm felt like it was going to tear MuscleMan apart. The intensity seemed to double each time, and his body couldn't take much more. The mucoid sensed this, and as it withdrew, it began to prepare MuscleMan's body for consumption.

Armelica smiled as he watched. He had restrained himself during this last session, in anticipation of Orson's "meal," because he wanted to get off while the creature pulled MuscleMan's body up into himself and fed on it.



The mucoid began to secrete a new liquid now. It slimed out of every pore of its tentacles. It was a clear, thick mucous that Orson smeared all over MuscleMan.

The superhero moaned, then fought, but it was hardly a fight at all. He had used up all of the slime's nourishment, just surviving the last orgasmic explosion; he had virtually no strength left.

Now dripping with clear slime, MuscleMan hung still. His mighty arms ached beyond comprehension, having been in this raised position for many hours now.

Orson's tentacles began to tighten on MuscleMan. They moved to his torso, wrapping around his ribcage. Two larger limbs spiraled around his gigantic upper legs-- they were the largest muscles Orson had ever encountered, and he wanted to start there in the process of breaking down MuscleMan's body. He started squeezing them. The powerful tentacles constricted.

MuscleMan wailed.

His legs were so mighty, so huge, so powerful; but the mucoid started to compress them like it was squeezing juice from a fruit.

MuscleMan nearly blacked out.

He felt his legs being splayed again, and the invader returned to his ass, shoving in quickly. God, it hurt.

The arms around MuscleMan's torso began to tighten. He couldn't breathe. For all his mighty armor muscle, he was helpless.

Orson squeezed, and as he did so, he began to pull MuscleMan upward. Slowly. The mucoid pulsed; its tentacles rippled as they pulled the superhuman physique up. MuscleMan looked up and saw an orifice open at the center of the tentacles. At the hole in the ceiling, Orson prepared to receive his dinner. It was a hideous sight. Tiny teeth-like appendages surround the "mouth." Outside the opening, stringy damp hair encircled it. The fleshy opening appeared like a giant ass hole, but with minute crooked, pointy teeth.

MuscleMan shrieked in horror. His face was moving closer to Orson's "mouth." He tensed every muscle in his body and prepared for the inevitable. Now just inches away, as his body writhed in unimaginable pain, MuscleMan felt the tentacles around his torso tighten. He felt a rib break, and he wailed. The tentacles tightened again and more ribs broke. MuscleMan put his chin on his chest, looking away from his horrible fate. He sobbed. He began to black out.