



TRUTH, JUSTICE &
LOVE FOR ALL MEN

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

EPISODE 17 A NEW ORB

by Sean Reid Scott



[Author's note: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for **ADULTS ONLY**. If you are not an *adult* who wants to read this kind of smut, please do not continue.]

MuscleMan felt Orson's mouth hair on his neck first, then the teeth on his scalp. As the creature began to peel the scalp from his skull, and his body began to flail with his last movements, Orson stopped. MuscleMan was screaming, his head bleeding. He could feel Orson chewing his mane and the skin of his head, but the chewing slowed. Then stopped altogether.

The tentacles stopped their slimy squirming. The ass probe went limp and fell out of MuscleMan's rectum. He felt the mucoid's grip loosen and his body began to slowly slip downward. Absent their vise-like grip, the tentacles were nothing more than slippery, limp ropes; MuscleMan slid down a few inches, and then fell to the ground. He collapsed.

Armelica was frozen in disbelief. He stepped forward, his eyes huge and darting all over, trying to understand what had happened.

MuscleMan barely breathed; his head was bloody.

“What did you do to my Orson?!” Armelica yelled. He made some gestures with his hands and interfaced with a computer. “Orson!” He yelled. He looked up at the creature. The mucoid had gone completely limp, and some of its body-- the part above the hole-- was hanging down into the cell. It was pretty obvious that Orson was dead.

“How can this be? Mucoids have a 200-year lifespan!” the Shadow cried.

MuscleMan drifted in and out of consciousness.

Suddenly, there was a flash of light, and two figures appeared. They were humanoid, but Armelica didn't recognize them. MuscleMan wasn't cognizant of much, but he did hear some kind of voices. The voices were the two humanoids, and they seemed to be speaking english.

Armelica made some gestures, but nothing happened. The figures looked around the room-- at Armelica, up at the motionless mucoid and at MuscleMan in the pool of blood.

“Computer, security alert!” Armelica yelled.

“Unable to raise shields. Running diagnostic,” a voice from the walls said.

Armelica lunged for some kind of sidearm that was stored in a case on a wall, but one of the humanoids blasted the testone with a fazer beam and he fell to the ground-- shaken but not unconscious.

One of the beings bent down over the Commander and seemed to evaluate him.

“He’s near death. We must evacuate. Immediately,” the hunched-over one said.

“Understood,” the other one said.

In an instant the beings, along with MuscleMan, disappeared.

[Camera zooms in on Armelica’s nearly hysterical face, and he shrieks:] “Nooooooooooooooooooooo!”

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In the Phallic Fortress, Cody waited impatiently. The Orbs had been gone only about 45 seconds, but it seemed like an eternity to the youthful hunk.

The transport pad began to engage, and Cody stepped toward it. The two orbs materialized on the pad, with MuscleMan in a heap between them.

“Transfer to medical bay,” Ensign Orb said. Immediately MuscleMan disappeared and then reappeared on a bed on the other side of the room. The two orbs and Cody rushed to him. “Please stand back, Cody,” Ensign Orb said.

Cody obliged.

Ensign Orb and his yet-unnamed counterpart worked on MuscleMan, scanning his body, using computers, to assess his condition. “The nanites have already engaged, now that we’re out of the dampening field,” the other orb said.

They continued to work on him. “Engage the intravenous transport,” Ensign Orb said.

“Done,” the other orb said. Immediately fluids began being beamed directly into MuscleMan’s system.

Ensign Orb turned to Cody and said, “He’s going to be fine. His nanites have already engaged, and they are furiously working on all of his systems. We’re giving him regular transports of fluids, which will help as well. He needs to rest now.”

Cody’s eyes were big. He hadn’t ever seen MuscleMan in such a helpless condition.

“Light level at 20 percent,” the other orb said. Immediately the lights in the medical bay were dimmed. Ensign Orb motioned and the three of them left the area. They went up one level to the living area.

“Our computers are monitoring MuscleMan, and the progress of the nanites. They’ve interfaced with the computer, so we’ll be aware of his progress. He should be conscious by morning,” Ensign Orb said as the three of them emerged from the stairway.

“So, what happened to him up there?” Cody asked.

“I think we’ll let MuscleMan give us the story,” Ensign Orb said.

“And how did you get onto The Shadow’s ship?” Cody asked. “I thought his technology was decades more advanced than yours.”

The orbs looked at each other. “We have the ability to adapt-- to learn and grow,” the other orb said. “I guess you could say, we were before our time.” He smiled slightly. He wore an ensign’s uniform, just like the first orb’s, but his appearance was different. His features were lighter, with brown hair instead of the first orb’s black. And he was slightly shorter than the first.

“Two and I ran some specific analyses on The Shadow’s ship, and his defenses. We were quickly able to penetrate his systems, after engaging our hyper-learning protocols. After that, it was just a matter of devising a plan of attack,” Ensign Orb said.

“Two?” Cody asked.

“That’s me,” the other orb said. “We figured that designation would help you to differentiate between us, since we have no names, and you have become accustomed to referring to One as ‘ensign.’”

“Ohhhh,” Cody said. “I guess that is helpful. But-- just numbers? You both should really have names.”

“Having the designation of a name is most commonly a protocol of organic creatures, such as yourself,” Two said.

“But since we are now both functioning in a social structure in your world,” the ensign interrupted, “perhaps name designations would be appropriate.”

“Didn’t MuscleMan mention to me that he brought three orbs with him from the future?” Cody asked.

“Yes,” the ensign said. “Three is actually all around us. He’s the Orb responsible for the Phallic Fortress. He is attached to the top of the Space Needle, about ten meters below us and projects the Fortress in a holographic image.”

“Oh, that’s right,” Cody said. He sat down on the couch and looked out over the skyline of Seattle. “Well, if you’re going to take human form, I think you should both have human names.”

“Perhaps we should wait until MuscleMan regains consciousness,” Two said.

“Done,” a voice said from the stairwell.

All three men turned to see MuscleMan standing there, at the top of the circular staircase that led to the computer bay below. He was wearing his MuscleMan uniform-- cape and everything.

“MuscleMan!” Cody yelled as he jumped up from his couch. He ran to the superhero and they hugged. “They said you’d need all night to recuperate!”

MuscleMan looked at the ensign and smiled. "I think he was being generous. The nanites are pretty quick workers; I'm almost as good as new." He raised his arms and slowly stretched them, wincing. "Just need a little more work on these arms," he continued. "They were raised above my head for quite a long time."

MuscleMan briefed the three for about an hour, on The Shadow-- Armelica, and what he experienced.

"So," MuscleMan finally said, looking at Two. "I don't believe we've had the pleasure of being introduced."

"I am Two," he said, "and we have met before. I am the second orb jewel you brought to 21st century Earth."

"Ah yes," MuscleMan smiled. "I *thought* you looked familiar."

Both Orbs and Cody chuckled.

"When you came in," Cody said, "we were just discussing naming the Orbs, since two of them are now in human form."

"Uh, yes, Commander," the ensign said. "I hope it was permissible that I engaged Two to assist with your rescue. It required additional resources, and I didn't think you'd mind."

"Ensign, I am grateful for your resourcefulness," MuscleMan said.

"Two can be deactivated, if you wish, now that the emergency is over," the ensign said.

Both MuscleMan and Cody looked at Two. He didn't seem to have a reaction-- as if being deactivated (returned to jewel-orb form) was as inconsequential as deciding to have chicken instead of steak for dinner. Then MuscleMan and Cody looked at each other.

"Well," MuscleMan began. "I can see a definite advantage to have him activated; seems you two work quite well when you have each other to interact with." He looked at Cody, and for some

reason, he was able to get a “vibe” from the boy. “And something tells me, Cody, that you wouldn’t mind having another person around...”

MuscleMan’s intuition was spot-on. Cody looked at Two, and MuscleMan could detect a certain satisfaction in his sidekick’s expression.

“So, we should get back to the question at hand: Names for the Orbs,” MuscleMan said.

The ensign scratched his chin. “Hmmm...” he contemplated. Two did likewise.

MuscleMan chuckled. “You guys certainly learn human characteristics quickly.”

Two said, “Sir, we were simply accessing our databases on the subject of name designations; we certainly weren’t mocking human behavior.”

“I’m not saying you were,” MuscleMan smiled. He got up and poured himself an Adult Beverage. “I just thought it was cute, that’s all.” He offered Cody a drink and rejoined the party. “So, do your *databases* have any ideas on name-- designations?”

“Sir,” the ensign responded. “Our knowledge base suggests that names are almost universally *bestowed* by another, not chosen by the designee.”

“True,” MuscleMan said, taking a sip.

“Might I suggest,” Two chimed in, “that we allow the readers to contribute their ideas?”

“Readers?” Cody puzzled.

“CWSs,” the ensign said. “Curious Web Surfers-- the humans who are reading this story.”

Cody looked even more confused.

“That’s a great idea,” MuscleMan said. He explained to Cody: “Right now, the Author, Sean Scott, is up there typing away-- creating this erotic narrative-- hoping that thousands of horny men will someday read this story. Two is suggesting that we ask those Curious Web Surfers to send in *their* suggestions for naming the Orbs. Brilliant, ensign!” MuscleMan smiled at One.

“Thank you, sir,” he responded.

“Send in? What does that mean? And how would they do that?” Cody asked. “Besides, by the time the CWSs read this, won’t the story already have been written? And how would they get their suggestions to the Author? Email?”

“Yes. Email,” MuscleMan answered. “And even though *this* chapter will have been written by the time it is read, there are many more chapters to come. We could suggest to the Author that he get a few ideas from the readers, and then choose from the best-- then he could name the Orbs in a subsequent chapter.”

Cody scratched his head. “Sounds way weird to me...”

[Voice from above (its deep and resonant): *Don’t worry about it, Cody. Two’s idea is brilliant, indeed; even if I’m the one who thought of it.*]

The four characters looked at each other, and then Cody said, “The Author?”

“Yes, Cody,” the ensign said. “That was Sean Scott, the Author.”

Cody felt almost dizzy. He scratched his head again and mumbled, “This feels like the nexus of the universe...”

In response to hearing the Author speak, MuscleMan stood, and the others followed.

[Voice from above: *Please, be seated. I just wanted you to know that I'll take care of the details.*]

The four sat down, and the Author spoke for a moment more:

[Voice from above: *I hereby instruct any CWSs to send their emails to sean@buffmuscles.com and let me know of their ideas. Submissions will be considered until the next chapter in MuscleMan's life is written. I also reserve the right to come up with my own names, if my artistic sensibilities are not tickled enough by the submissions. Now, I must back out of this story line. The readers are itching for some good, passionate homo-sex, and that can't happen while I'm bucket-mouthing with the help. --I mean with the characters. Carry on, please.*]

"Sounds a lot like Charleton Heston, doesn't he," Cody said, taking a big drink.

The Orbs scratched their chins as they accessed their databases for references to a *Charleton Heston*.

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The four of them had dinner together that night. Two cooked up a feast fit for a king, partially to thank MuscleMan for allowing him to remain in humanoid form and to enter into the social fabric of 21st century Earth.

After the dinner, MuscleMan asked the three others to join him back in the living area for a special ceremony.

It all came as a surprise to the ensign, and he even showed some human emotion when it was announced.

"Ensign," MuscleMan said, "As Superhero of Earth, Commander of this mission and Chief of the Phallic Fortress, for your dedication, knowledge, resourcefulness in a crisis and life-saving initiative, I hereby promote you to the rank of Lieutenant." MuscleMan gave

the Fortress computer a command, and a second “pip” appeared on the neckline of One’s Star Fleet uniform.

“Thank you, sir,” One said, restraining his emotions.

Cody and Two applauded, and the four of them kissed.

“Now,” MuscleMan continued. “I really do need that good night’s sleep the Lieutenant mentioned.” He looked at Cody and Two and said, “But I think the two of you need to get to know each other.”

Cody and Two looked at each other.

“Lieutenant, would you please escort me to my sleeping quarters; and Two, would you please accompany Cody to the transport pad. There will be coordinates programmed in there, for a very nice overnight destination for the both of you. Hope you enjoy yourselves.” He winked at Cody, who blushed; but the Boy Wonderful didn’t hesitate to obey his Superhero. He and Two went down to the transport pad, while the Lieutenant and MuscleMan retired upstairs to the private sleeping quarters.

“Let’s see,” Two said, looking at the transport controls. “Looks like we have reservations in a mountain cabin not far from Vancouver.”

“The Olympics!” Cody exclaimed. “Cool!”

“Yes, the Olympics,” Two said. But he looked at Cody and smiled, “However, our cabin is up in the mountains.” He looked back at the computer controls. “Looks very private. I think we’ll be missing the opening ceremonies.” He glanced at Cody again. “Hope you don’t mind.”

Cody grinned. “I guess we’ll just have to create our own Opening Ceremonies.”

The men stepped onto the transport pad and Two said, “Engage.” In a flurry of light and sparkles, the two men disappeared.

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A fire crackled in a river-rock fireplace. A faint scent of-- *what was it exactly*-- hot chocolate wafted through the room. Outside, a few inches of snow rested on the fir trees-- about a foot of snow was on the ground, and more was falling. Occasionally a burst of wind blew against the warm cabin and icy snow brushed against the windows.

“Hooooooly shit,” Cody grinned. “This is spectacular!” He picked up a steaming-hot mug of hot chocolate. It was laced with Adult Beverage, and it immediately warmed his *whole* body.

They stood in a small kitchen area. Two walked into the living room portion of the big room. An oval rug was flanked by overstuffed chairs and couches. Two turned around and faced the kitchen area. The cabin was an “A” frame, with a loft bedroom above the kitchen; the living room was open to above. It was a real-live log cabin-- the walls were actual logs. The place was warm, but the bursts of wind reminded them of the frigid outside, making it all the more cozy. A large television hung above the fireplace.

They did watch part of the Opening Ceremonies, but by the time Finland’s athletes marched into the Olympic Stadium, Cody’s attention had been fully diverted onto his overnight companion.

When they had materialized, Two had been given a flannel shirt and jeans. Cody had a long-john-type long-sleeved T-shirt on, also with jeans. The two of them looked like mountain men, to be sure. Two had even gained a few days worth of beard on his face. For some reason, Cody found him especially attractive now and as the evening progressed, he came to the conclusion that Two was the epitome of what Cody wanted in a man. Not that Two could ever compete with MuscleMan, mind you. But if there was ever a *second* fantasy that Cody could have in a man, Two would be it. Indeed, Two had an uncanny way of making Cody forget all about MuscleMan.

The Adult hot chocolate didn't hurt either.

Like I said, by the time Finland came onto the TV screen, Cody was totally worthless as an Olympics fan. He had been watching the screen, but his heart (and other prominent organ) was completely given to Two.

The two men sat on the couch, snuggling; their heads at opposite ends of the couch and their legs intertwined. As Two's stocking-clad foot found its way between Cody's legs and winded up to the Boy Wonderful's crotch, Cody was already moist with pre-cum in his boxers. Two looked over at Cody as his toes wrinkled and tightened on top of the fabric of Cody's crotch.

Cody looked down at Two, and the orb reached over and pressed a button on the remote. The TV flickered off, and now the only sound was that of the fire.

"Computer, dim lights to 50%," Two said.

Nothing happened.

Two looked perplexed.

"Two," Cody smiled, "This is a real 21st century log cabin. There's no computer."

Two looked a tad embarrassed; Cody laughed.

"Two," Cody said, "Uh-- I hope it's okay to call you that, until you get named--"

"Certainly," Two smiled.

"Two, do you have any idea how gorgeous you are?" Cody's eyes twinkled with a tender lust. "God-- you are amazing. From when you first appeared with-- with the Lieutenant on the transport pad. I thought-- *Oh my God, these Orbs are amazing!*"

Two smiled broadly, and his scruffy cheeks dimpled. His teeth were perfect and bright. His brown eyes seemed to almost glow with life. "Want some more cocoa?" he said, turning his head to the kitchen.

"Don't change the subject," Cody grinned. Truly, if Two was at all fashioned with human thoughts and feelings, he couldn't help but notice the young man's own magnetism. The kid was huge, buff and ripped.

Two looked back and then slowly bent forward. He leaned onto Cody's big, muscular body and laid on top of him. They started kissing, and Two's hips slowly gyrated-- his bubble-butt ass raising in the air as he manipulated his orbish cock against the human's. Denim against denim.

The couple was well matched. They were both about the same size, but Two had an appearance of a 30 year-old, as compared to Cody's 18. Nevertheless, in spite of Cody's now nanite-infused physique, Two's body was equal to the boy's in every way-- except in strength, where Two was clearly superior.

Their lips locked, and their tongues exchanged saliva. Their mouths separated briefly while they gazed into each others' eyes, and then then passionately resumed their embrace. Cody's hands ran up and down Two's enormous back-- and his ass. Two pushed his hands underneath Cody and they hugged hard as they kissed.

Their breathing increased.

The fire crackled.

An hour later found the men in the same position. God, they had stamina-- *and* a true love for kissing and tender petting.

Actually during that hour, Cody had come. Two found particular pleasure in knowing he had cause a human to experience such profound pleasure, and he made a database note to do it again to the young buck, often.

The second hour on the couch ended with their positions switched-- Cody was on top and Two on the bottom when they finally decided to retire up the wrought iron circular stairs to the bedroom loft. They manually turned off the downstairs lights and stoked the fire before moving upstairs.

Two carried the large teenager up the stairs with the deftness only a futuristic hologram could muster. He held Cody like a groom holds his bride, slowly lowering him onto the large bed. As Cody relaxed, Two explored the bathroom.

“Oh, they have a big hot tub in here,” Two called out.

Cody jumped up and joined Two. It was a recessed Jacuzzi-type tub, shaped like a heart. “Let’s fill it up,” the teenager grinned.

They got the tub filled with hot water, and returned to the bedroom to undress.

Watching Two undress was erotic bliss for Cody. The guy was stacked. He was everything Cody loved in a man: powerful, but not too huge; perfect proportions; a thick, pouty chest with large, dark nipples; hairless, even on his pubic area; a gorgeous, mountain-man face; and skin that looked like it was vacuum-sealed onto his bulging muscles.

As Cody reclined on the bed, Two tossed off his socks and was now completely naked. Two approached Cody and unzipped the teen’s jeans. While Cody looked down, Two’s muscular fingers pried open the snap and zipper, then he explored the wet mess that still sloshed under Cody’s boxers from an hour or so ago. He pulled the red cotton boxers down, leaned forward and began to lick up Cody’s semen.

Cody’s head dropped back onto the bed and his muscles tightened under his flannel shirt. Two’s tongue was tender, and it took him a long time to clean the jizm up. Occasionally, his tongue or lips would brush against Cody’s hard pole, but Two only licked at it briefly for a split second, and returned to his work. He

did have to raise the protuberance up and to the side with his fingers a few times, so he could get to the semen underneath it. Unfortunately for Cody's sanity, Two's fingers did slide down the shaft slightly as he gently placed it back.

"Ggggghhhhhmnnn," Cody moaned.

Two took that to mean the teen was enjoying this.

He slowly climbed up Cody's mostly-clothed body and kissed him on the lips. They embraced and Cody's hands had an extremely good time exploring Two's rippling back and firm ass.

It must have taken almost a half-hour to get Cody undressed. Two seemed particularly fascinated with the boy's large penis. He enjoyed tickling it-- and the resultant moans and groans his fondling produced. For a hologram, he sure knew how to please a man. Two rested beside Cody and played with the Boy Wonderful's cock. He brought him close to the edge a few times, but masterfully withdrew when he sensed Cody reach the point of no return.

Two's fingertips moved up Cody's pulsing cock, then down. He pulled on the skin with his thumb and forefinger, tightening it over the shaft. It turned purple at the head, and a tiny spot of pre-cum emerged and trickled out. Orb fulcrummed it into the air and did it again. And when Cody began to push back hard, the orb gently released his fingers, causing Cody to curse in frustration.

After a brief rest, Two brought his mouth close to it. He stuck out his tongue and gave a long, slow lick, starting at the base and moving up the shaft, along the rigid urethra. When he finally reached the head, he licked at it, moistening it. He lifted his head and returned to Cody's side.

"You want to slip in to the hot tub?" Two asked Cody.

Cody turned his head. He looked dizzy. He slightly smiled and nodded, yes.



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

sean@musclepla.net
sean@buffmuscles.com

Also, please make sure to visit my website:

<http://buffmuscles.com>

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