



TRUTH, JUSTICE &
LOVE FOR ALL MEN

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

EPISODE 19 OILING UP

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.]

W

e've tried everything, Cody, Valen said. The Schist has completely transformed MuscleMan's DNA on a molecular level. We don't have the technology to return him to his original state.

Cody looked at MuscleMan, who was lying on a medical bed. Orange light glowed around the huge, partially petrified physique. MuscleMan was unconscious.

"The best we can do is to keep him sedated. We've run out of treatments to cure him," Zoltan said softly.

Cody's eyes welled.

He turned and walked to the stairs. In the living area on the next level up, Cody stood, looking out at the Seattle skyline. He fought back the tears-- successfully for only a minute, and then the flood

came. He dropped onto a couch and cupped his face in his hands as he wept.

An hour later, Cody returned to the lab. Zoltan and Valen were still monitoring MuscleMan's vital signs.

"I'm going to beam down to the city," Cody said. "I should tell the mayor the news."

"Understood," Valen said.

Cody stepped to the transport pad, and Valen moved to the controls.

"Energ--" Cody stopped mid-word. "Wait!" He stepped off the pad, obviously having been hit with an epiphanic thought. "The transporter!" he said.

"The transporter?" Zoltan asked, stepping forward.

"Yes!" Cody said excitedly. "I remember watching one episode of Star Trek when that substitute doctor lady took over for Dr. Crusher that year. I don't remember her name-- but in one episode she came down with this awful disease that aged her very quickly. In the end, they found some of her un-damaged DNA off a hair brush and fed it to the transporter, and they were able to restore her to good-as-new!" He looked expectantly at the two orbs. "Let's do THAT!" Cody said, almost giddy now.

The orbs looked at each other, puzzled, but said nothing.

"Come on," Cody said. "You can do it, can't you?"

Zoltan moved to a panel and started doing calculations. Valen and Cody joined him. "It might be possible, but we'll have to reverse the transducer, plus multiply the phase variance by pi, then reset the Heisenberg Compensator to account for the bi-polar inverse resonance..."

"Just-- can you do it?" Cody almost yelled.

Zoltan turned to Cody. “Yes, we can. But we need that un-damaged DNA. Preferably something that contains the whole essence of MuscleMan.”

“Semen?” Cody asked.

“Yes. Do you have any idea where we can find some?”

Without answering, Cody bounded upstairs to MuscleMan’s quarters. He went into the bathroom and opened the shower doors. Into his hand he scooped a clump of semi-dried splooge off the tile, then returned to the lab. “Here,” he said, holding out the gooey, partially dried glob. MuscleMan and I took a shower together yesterday, and he blew a HUGE load all over the tile.”

Zoltan smiled and took the sample from Cody’s hand. “It will take approximately 8 minutes for me to complete the necessary preparations.”

Eight minutes later, MuscleMan’s motionless body shimmered in sparkling transporter light.

“The redundant onchrometer is inhibiting the process,” Valen said, staring at a computer display.

“Disengage it,” Zoltan ordered.

The orbs continued to work the controls on their computer stations.

“It’s disengaged, but now he’s slipping into dilactic trauma!” Valen said.

“Compensate for the induced scion waves!” Zoltan said. “You’ll have to do the calculations yourself!”

“Understood,” Valen said.

“What’s happening?” Cody called out nervously.

The orbs ignored him.

Then, MuscleMan’s body disappeared from the orange-glowing medical bed. At the same time, his standing figure began to materialize on the transport pad, glowing in shimmering light.

“It’s working!” Zoltan said.

“Watch your hyperbolic output,” Valen cautioned. “His genometric cohesion is breaking down.”

“I’ve got it,” Zoltan said. “Compensating.”

MuscleMan’s body shimmered on the pad for over 30 seconds, phasing in and out of mass, but finally, the shimmering, shiny light diffused, and the huge, healed body of the Man of Muscle stood proudly on the transport pad. He looked down at the orbs and Cody, forcing back a grin.

“MuscleMan!” Cody shouted. He rushed to his hero’s arms and they embraced. Cody sobbed. MuscleMan held the Boy Wonderful’s muscular teen body tightly, comforting him.

“It’s okay, Code-- I’m fine now.” He pulled Cody back to arms-length and added, “Thanks to you.”

“You were aware of what was happening?” Valen asked, stepping up to join the two.

“Yes, Valen. Even sedated, I was aware.” He looked back at Cody and said, “And if it weren’t for you, watching that TV show-- what was it called?”

“Star Trek, TNG!” Cody said.

“Yes-- TNG,” MuscleMan smiled. “You saved the day-- what with your obtuse taste in television,” he laughed. He looked down at Zoltan and said, “Commander, please note in the database what happened here, so we can save this procedure for future uses, should they become necessary.”

“The Schist,” Cody said, scratching his temple. “He’s still in the Transporter feedback loop.”

“Yes?” MuscleMan paused.

“Could we use this procedure on him somehow?” Cody pondered.

The orbs again went to their computer stations. “What did you have in mind?” Valen asked Cody as he began to work the controls.

Cody and MuscleMan stepped off the transporter pad. “Well, would it be possible to deneuter his ability to transform organic matter into rock?” Cody asked.

The orbs pace of calculating quickened. “Yes, it’s possible,” Zoltan said without looking away from his computer work. “But we’d need to increase the biometry output to compensate for the reduced metabolic phase variance...”

“And adjust the sparkley output to make sure the retread inducers don’t overload the tri-phased algorhythmic ionic manipulators...” Valen interrupted.

MuscleMan and Cody looked at each other and smiled. MuscleMan whispered into Cody’s ear, “Code-- while they’re working on this, what say you and I go upstairs and ‘clean up’ the mess we made in the shower yesterday.”

“Indeed,” Cody said. As MuscleMan picked up the Boy Wonderful and carried him up the circular staircase, Cody stroked the solid, bulging muscles of his hero and added, “but we should first add more of your ‘output’ to the tiles so we can store it for future use.”

“Indeed,” MuscleMan grinned. “Exactly what I had in mind.” He grinned and added, “But this time, you’ll need to increase the grip-strength output of your digits to compensate for my organically solid fuckpole tensorial strength, making sure to

calculate the harmonic rhythm of your shaft-squeezer to coincide with my nanite-enhanced climactic inducer.

“Indeed,” Cody grinned. “Exactly what I had in mind.”

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Pacific Island had become MuscleMan and Cody’s home away from home from the moment the orbs had created it. Situated some 200 miles north of Hawaii, the island was hidden by a cloaking forcefield, so no one knew about it.

The amount of energy to manufacture the island, and provide the cloak to hide it, was immense; yet the orbs possessed terawatts of power that would have otherwise gone un-utilized, so it was their pleasure to provide the getaway for their human masters.

The resort setting on the island was staffed by a few holographic people, and by some actual humans-- men whom MuscleMan and Cody had met in previous episodes, who wanted to work in paradise.

It was here, on Pacific Island, that Cody was preparing for the **Mr. Planet** bodybuilding competition. He and MuscleMan had decided they needed a diversion, after that Schist incident, and Cody had always wanted to compete in a contest, so the idea was hatched that Cody would enter.

Of course, Cody did have a “slight” advantage over the other contestants: He daily fed from MuscleMan’s super-human, nanite-infused, Physique-Bred-Specimen semen; the resulting transformation of Cody’s already strapping teen body was nothing short of phenomenal. Cody was bigger, and more ripped, than just about any other man, and he & MuscleMan knew the contest would be a walk-away. But despite his unfair advantage making the contest a given, Cody looked forward to rubbing his huge, broad shoulders with the other musclehunks of the world.

This would be Cody's first bodybuilding contest, and when he won it, he would become the youngest man (and only-ever teen) to win the most prestigious bodybuilding title in the world.

Admittedly, the "preparation" that Cody *most* needed was to have passionate sex with MuscleMan, so that his body would absorb the Man of Muscle's super-human semen. And so, the days and nights were filled with frolicking on the beach, lying in hammocks (together) and hours upon hours of sex.

It was paradise to the *nth* degree.

A week before the contest, Cody and MuscleMan transported to Brussels (where the competition was to be held) to do a little sightseeing and let their body clocks adjust to European time. While in public, MuscleMan assumed his smaller persona of Eric Armstrong so as not to create a scene. Obviously, MuscleMan could have dominated the competition himself, but there *is* such a thing as *too* unfair. As it was, he and Cody expected the Boy Wonderful to dominate the competition anyway.

The week was great. The nanites afforded them both the ability to speak fluent French, and they enjoyed a wonderful time seeing the sights and even taking a day trip to Paris.

The weigh-in was Friday afternoon, and the contestants all showed up wearing sweats over posers. Some would just weigh in wearing their sweats and all, but some would have to strip down to their posers in order to make the weight category they wanted to compete in.

Cody had considered competing in the Super Heavy class, but had decided to stay under the weight line and compete in the Heavyweight class. He looked forward to winning his class, and ultimately beating a man who was even heavier than he was.

Everyone from the the mainline bodybuilding federations was there, as well as some new names that no one had ever heard of.

[Author's note: Is it just me, or have I suddenly developed a habit of ending sentences in prepositions?]

Cody was one of the newcomers. He was a head-turner, that's for sure. Of course, his coach Eric Armstrong was repeatedly mistaken for a competitor too.

Cody wore sweats and a hoody to the weigh-in. The room was packed. Each competitor had an assigned time to weigh in, and then the media would have an opportunity to interview him afterward. Most of the crowd was looking forward to seeing the favorite, Markus Vladvistock, from the Ukraine. Vlady was in his mid 20's-- young for the competition himself-- and had been winning title after title for a few years. He had disappeared for the most recent contests, and rumor had it that when he was to return, he was going to blow the world away with his size and conditioning. A Super Heavyweight, Vlady had freaky genetics, and was very popular among the bodybuilding elite.

The weigh-in had started with the bantamweight class, which, in this author's view is almost oxymoronic. Why compete in a sport where bigger-is-better, if you are a bantamweight? Anyway, by the time Cody arrived, they were well into the light-heavyweight class. Almost all of the competitors elected to strip down to their posers, even if they didn't need to do so-- mostly for the intimidation factor, and because they wanted to be shirtless already for the media interviews.

There were seven heavyweights, and Cody was the last of them to weigh in. When he took off his sweat pants, there were audible gasps at his quads. But the gasps weren't nearly as loud as when he took off his hoody.

"God almighty," someone could be heard saying as Cody dropped his fleece jacket on a chair. "And he's only eighteen?"

Truly, Cody was a walking musclegod. A living breathing orgasm of muscle and good looks. Perfect proportions, and freakishly

huge size, combined with scary definition. No one had ever seen anything so amazing.

Cody weighed in at 219.5 pounds (just under 100 kg.), at the top of the weight for his class. At his 6'2" (162.5 cm.) height, he was the most amazing specimen of muscular manhood anyone had seen-- and that's saying a lot, considering these were all veteran bodybuilders!

His skin wrapped around his muscles like plastic wrap. His swollen pecs, with their big, dark areolae, were unbelievable.

People were oohing and ahing all over the place. The judge at the weigh-in even asked to see Cody's birth certificate again, to prove his age. Although age isn't a factor in the Mr. Planet competition, Cody willingly complied, knowing that the press would be scrutinizing him later.

"Looks like those nanites are doing the trick, Cody," Eric whispered into his ear.

"Yeah, that and your DNA," the Boy Wonderful grinned.

The only thing that could calm the crowd's mumbling and amazement was for Cody to step down off the scale and move to the corner for a news interview. While he did that, it was time for the Super Heavies to weigh in.

Although these guys weighed more than Cody, it was clear that most of them didn't hold a candle to the teen's conditioning. Not to say Cody was assured a walk-away, by any means; these guys were professional-grade bodybuilders and they knew what they were doing. But Cody was clearly the man to beat.

Then, Vlady stepped up to the scale. A hush fell over the crowd, and even though Cody was quietly answering a reporter's questions in the corner, he cocked his ear to hear what was going on.

Vlady's name was announced. Before stepping onto the scale, he pushed his sweat pants down to the floor. His quads looked like two fir trees-- with the deep-cut bark of the tree being the striations and separations of his muscles. They were huge! The crowd gasped. Then he started to unzip his fleece jacket. He handed it to his trainer and the crowd gasped again. They knew they were looking at the winner of the Super Heavy class right then and there. Vlady was astounding in size and proportion. Just astounding.

His muscles rippled as he stepped onto the scale. After a second or two, the judge examined the reading and announced, "One hundred fifteen point five kg." (about 255 pounds) The audience marveled. Vlady was only 24 years old, and he carried the weight of a seasoned pro bodybuilder. And his conditioning was off the scale. He had 35 pounds on Cody, and maybe an inch in height. The guy was huge! Yet he still had the youthful good looks of a 24 year-old. A fact that didn't escape Cody's wandering eyes as he tried to continue the interview.

"I have a feeling," said Eric after the interview was over, "we've seen who is going to be on stage next to you tomorrow night, for the Overall title."

"Yeah," Cody said. His voice betrayed his apprehension.

Eric looked into Cody's eyes. "Hey, Code. Don't fret about it. He may be bigger, but what did you expect? He's a Super Heavyweight. You have this thing wrapped up, man."

"Yeah. Maybe," Cody replied. "But he sure is cut, too."

Eric put his hand around Cody's broad shoulders. "Come on. Put your clothes back on and lets go back to the room. It's time for you to eat again."

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As Cody finished his meal, sitting on his bed watching Belgian TV, Eric emerged from the small kitchen area of their suite. “Cody,” he said. “I’ve just received a transmission from Valen. There’s an emergency.”

“What’s wrong?” Cody asked.



“It’s that oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico. They’re just not able to get a handle on it. Valen has been bombarded by requests from the authorities for my help. It’s looking pretty desperate.”

“But-- now? Do you need to go now?”

“I do, Code. Every hour this thing keeps spewing oil into the water, more and more damage is being done.”

“But my competition...”

“It’s only going to take me a few hours, at the most, Cody. I’ll be back before midnight,” Eric said. Then he ordered his nanites, “Assume MuscleMan.”

Instantly his body morphed and grew. His street clothes changed into MuscleMan’s cape and thong; shiny gold wrist and ankle bands appeared.

Cody couldn’t help but sprout a boner.

MuscleMan looked at his charge’s stiff penis. “Save that thought,” he grinned. “I’ll be back soon to help you with that.”

“Yeah, right,” Cody said. “I thought you told me to *abstain* until after the competition, so save up my energy.”

“Yeah-- okay,” Muscleman smiled. “But as soon as the contest is over..”

MuscleMan touched one of the blue jewels on a wristband and dematerialized in a flurry of sparkles.

“Good luck...” Cody said longingly.

At that moment, there was a knock on the hotel room’s door. Puzzled at who it could be, Cody peeked through the peep hole. A gigantic frame of a man filled the viewer. Cody recognized him immediately. It was Vlady.

Cody opened the door.

Vlady smiled. He was still wearing his hoody and sweat pants from the weigh-in. “Pardon the interruption,” the Ukrainian said in broken english, “but I wanted to meet my biggest competition in person, and wish you luck.”

Somewhat surprised, Cody thanked Vlady for the kind gesture. At the same time, the boner he had started for MuscleMan only seconds ago now renewed as he looked at Vlady’s young, yet powerful face. The guy was knee-weakening to everyone who met him, and Cody was no exception.

Yet again, the feeling was mutual.

After an awkward moment, Cody said, “Won’t-- won’t you come in?”

Vlady seemed relieved. It was funny for Cody to see this huge guy almost acting like a little kid. Vlady followed the Boy Wonderful into the room, closing the door behind himself. “I’ve never seen you yet, in the competitions before,” he said. Again, his english was broken.

“No-- this is my first competition,” Cody said, motioning for Vlady to have a seat on the couch.

“Your first?” Vlady said, somewhat incredulous.

Cody stifled a smile. “Yes. I thought I’d start at the top instead of the bottom.” *Then* he smiled.

Vlady laughed, “Well, that is good planning!”

Cody marveled at how a guy so huge could be so cute. Vlady had dimples that showed when he smiled-- a trait that didn’t do much to quell Cody’s raging hardon.

Vlady glanced around the room and said, “Your coach? Is he in hotel?”

“Oh, Eric? Uh-- no. He had to run an errand,” Cody said. “He should be back in a few hours.”

“Errand?”

“Uh-- errand. Um--” Cody accessed his nanites for a word to use. He thought of using Ukrainian, but decided to say, “He went shopping-- to a store.”

“Ah-- store,” Vlady smiled understanding now. “Well, I really must not stay. I just wanted to meet you.” He looked at Cody’s face, “to be comrades. Friends.”

“I’m glad you stopped by,” Cody said. “I would like to be your comrade as well.” He stood and Vlady also stood. The two shook hands.

“Perhaps, after the competition, we can get better friendship,” Vlady said, continuing the handshake.

“I’d like that. Very much,” Cody responded.

Finally their hands parted and Cody felt the void of Vlady's strong, warm grip. The two bodybuilders stood there, looking at each others' faces for a moment. The air seemed to charge with electricity as they then looked each other up and down. Despite both of them being covered in their warm-ups, they were each able to successfully imagine what the other must have looked like under the fleece.

But neither man wanted to let on. Whether either of them was successful at that effort was now being called into question: Cody's cock throbbed; the sexual tension was becoming palpable.

"You-- enjoy being a bodybuilder?" Vlady said, finally breaking the silence.

Cody didn't quite understand the question, but liked it nonetheless. He didn't know if the cryptic formation of Vlady's words were because of translation difficulties or because Vlady was purposely being... vague.

"Yes, very much," Cody said, deciding to be a little mysterious as well.

"I am glad," Vlady said. "Is good to be bodybuilder. Many people like."

"Yes, I'm sure they do."

"Many people like you," Vlady said, nodding his head toward the teen's warm-up covered chest. "I hear them at weigh-in."

Cody smiled. "They liked you too."

"Yes." Vlady smiled broadly. "They like both." He stopped grinning and said, "I like both too. You. You look very good at weigh-in." His eyes were clearly scanning Cody's body now, admiringly.

"Thank you Vlady." Cody brought his fist up to his mouth and covered a cough. "Um. You look very good."

“You like that? Don’t you?”

Cody was getting a little flustered. He had no qualms about jumping into bed with this guy-- none at all, but two questions were ringing in his mind: 1) Was this perceived come-on for real? and 2) What were Vlady’s *real* motives?

“Yes. I like that you look good,” Cody finally answered.

With that, Vlady stepped forward and put his hands on Cody’s shoulders, very gently. He moved his face forward and kissed the teen. Cody put his hands on Vlady’s fleece-covered arms. The two didn’t embrace, but the kiss lasted quite a few seconds. “Can you let me stay... for some time together?” Vlady asked as their faces parted.

Cody’s body was almost out of control with teen hormones and MuscleMan’s testosterone pumping through his veins. There was nothing more he wanted.

Nothing-- except winning the competition tomorrow.

He looked into Vlady’s eyes. “How about you come back tomorrow night, after the evening show.”

Vlady smiled. “Yes, that best... but what about coach?”

“Oh Eric? Well, I’ll just ask him to do some more shopping.”

Vlady laughed and the two men took their hands off each other. Cody escorted Vlady to the door and the huge Ukrainian left, but not before planting another wet one on the American teen’s lips.

Cody fell back against the closed door after Vlady left, out of breath and flushed with sexual tension.

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MuscleMan stood on the deck of the cruiser *USS Mayweather*, surveying the ocean. A group of uniformed men and women gathered around him.

“We’ve run out of options, MuscleMan,” the captain of the ship said. He turned to the BP liaison, who said nothing.

“Don’t worry,” MuscleMan said. “I’ve been following the story. I think I know what needs to be done.” He turned to the captain and said, “I’ll be back up in 20 minutes, maximum.”

With that, MuscleMan flew up about 50 feet into the air, turned and flew head-first at an angle into the water. The ship rocked with the sea as the crew members looked out onto the rough waters.

MuscleMan kicked his legs hard, propelling himself deeper and deeper; as he got farther down, he began to use his mighty arms as well, pushing the water backward, forcing himself to the ocean floor. At the bottom-- some 5,000 feet below the surface-- lights for the TV cameras that monitored the spewing of the black crude into the ocean lit up the area-- although MuscleMan didn’t need the light; he could have easily seen what was necessary to see with his super nanite-enhanced vision.

On the *Mayweather*, the captain left the deck and returned to the bridge, where TV monitors were monitoring the spill. More officials were on the bridge, all watching the scene on the ocean floor.

MuscleMan was in the picture, hovering next to the raging, billowing gallons of oil as it spouted and roiled out of the earth. He seemed to be surveying the situation-- weighing his options. Remnants of failed attempts to plug the gusher were strewn around the area beside MuscleMan.

MuscleMan stepped close to the black cloud of oil. It came out the hole like a huge faucet, pressurized to spray its contents hard and far.

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Cody plopped down on his bed. He unzipped his jacket and took it off as he lied there. Then he shimmied down his sweat pants. His posing trunks were filled with a tree branch-like protrusion. He put his hand on the silky fabric, squeezing himself. He let out a moan and closed his eyes. Vlady was on the inside of his eyelids. He squeezed again, and pre-cum oozed out, wetting his posers even more than they already were.

No-- he thought. *I should save myself for the contest.* He took his hand off his cock and tried to relax. He kept his eyes closed and practiced a relaxation exercise.

But no matter what he tried to think about, Vlady kept taunting his thoughts.

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Not far from the gusher, MuscleMan spied a boulder. It was massive-- a monolith, really, right there on the ocean floor. It would be plenty large to plug the hole-- *if* MuscleMan could get it over there. The size of the thing would provide a challenge even to MuscleMan's superhuman strength. He searched through the wreckage that was strewn about, and finally found a steel I-beam that was long enough to serve as a fulcrum. After a few tricky maneuvers, MuscleMan was able to budge the huge rock. Slowly, MuscleMan moved the stone, constantly readjusting the I-beam fulcrum, replanting it on the ocean floor to move it to its destination.

As the huge stone got close to the violent torrent of oil, MuscleMan paused to reassess the situation. It was going to be tricky. He'd have to roll the boulder onto the hole, but it would be like trying to cover a squirting sprinkler head with your hand to stop the flow. There was no guarantee that the oil wouldn't just push the rock right off. MuscleMan would have to adjust it, finessing it into the correct position. It would take brute

superhuman strength, as well as quick thinking and preciseness of skill.

Finally, it was time. MuscleMan positioned the I-beam under the huge stone. He used another, smaller stone as a fulcrum. His mighty arms bulged as he pressed down on the steel beam; the horseshoe of his triceps grew and separated into defined bulges. His face strained with the effort. Men on the bridge of the ship adjusted their pants. MuscleMan’s phenomenal body seemed to grow with the strain of his efforts.

The boulder began to lift. It moved into the stream of oil. The force of the oil rocked it back toward MuscleMan. He adjusted the I-beam, and the rock moved forward again. The gushing stream of oil wrapped around the huge rock. It teetered perilously. MuscleMan moved closer to gain better control. Just a few more feet, and he’d be very close to capping this thing. He abandoned the I-beam in favor of pushing directly against the rock to position it. He pushed with all his might, and the rock moved forward. But consequently, the gush of oil began to spew on MuscleMan’s side of the rock now. It blew him back; he lost his grip on the rock. The rock bobbed for a second as the stream of oil lifted it. Then the huge boulder rolled back toward MuscleMan. Before he knew what was happening, the rock rolled onto MuscleMan’s legs, crushing them against the sandy ocean floor.

MuscleMan slapped his hands against the bottom of the ocean in pain. The rock stopped moving, but MuscleMan was trapped. His mighty legs were being buried into the sand by the gigantic boulder.

“What’s happening?” the captain yelled.

The whole world, watching on television, gasped in unison.

MuscleMan wailed in agony into the water. He planted his mighty hands on the boulder and pushed with all his might. It moved-- maybe an inch, but that was all. He fell back against the sand. He

closed his eyes. Again he leaned forward and planted his mighty arms on the rock. He pushed; his triceps bulged with size and rippled with striations. His face winced. He pushed for all he was worth. The 100-ton boulder started to move.

But only a few inches. It rolled back and MuscleMan wailed in pain into the water. He fell back again.

Emergency beam-out he ordered.

Instantly, he disappeared in a snowstorm of light. He re-materialized on the Phallic Fortress's transport pad.

"Are you alright sir?" Zoltan asked.

"Yes," MuscleMan said. He stepped carefully off the pad. His legs were weakened, but the nanites almost instantly repaired them. He was completely dry; the transporter had dried him, and his clothes, off before re-materializing him on the pad.

"Sir," Zoltan said, "We can solve this problem from here, with a tractor beam, or the transporter. Whatever. You don't need to do it manually."

MuscleMan looked at the orb and said, "Thanks for the suggestion, but where's the fun in that? The readers want to see muscle struggle against unbeatable odds. That's what gives them hardons-- not tractor beams sealing up oil leaks."

"Understood, sir. If you'll step back onto the transport pad, I'll beam you back then."

MuscleMan took a deep breath and stepped back onto the pad. In seconds he reappeared on the ocean floor in the Gulf.

The huge rock had been blown a few feet off the oil plume when it had landed on MuscleMan's legs. It was completely off the gusher now, providing no relief at all to the rate of flow.

MuscleMan bent down and grabbed a piece of piping that had been discarded near the opening. It was larger in circumference than his body; he held his arms wide and grabbed the edges of the circle. The pipe had broken off from the rest of the tube that had been used to attempt a siphoning of the oil. The pipe was about 50 feet long, yet MuscleMan lifted it with ease.

“What’s he going to do with that?” the captain asked no one in particular as he watched the TV monitor.

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Despite keeping his hands at his sides, Cody could feel his cock twitching. Before he knew it, his semen was squirting into his posers as he lay on the bed. He moaned loudly. If he was going to have an involuntary orgasm, Vlady was certainly the man to do it. Cody’s milk filled his posers, and began to ooze out of the belt line. Before it was done, he had stained the hotel’s bed spread as well.

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MuscleMan maneuvered the long pipe into a vertical position. He stood it next to the plume of oil. Then, as the people on the bridge-- as well as countless millions on live TV-- watched in amazement, he lifted the tube onto the gushing plume. The oil was now being funneled through the pipe. MuscleMan wrapped his huge arms around the pipe-- spread wide-- and began shoving it downward into the earth around the hole. BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! His mighty arms forced the tube into the earth-- farther and farther. Now, all of the oil was moving up the chimney-like tube, exiting at the top.

“What’s he doing?” the BP executive thought aloud.

The camera was now focussed on the base of the large cylinder. By remote control, the camera started to move upward, changing its angle to provide a view of the top of the “chimney.” When the camera got there, the viewers could see the Man of Muscle

circling the top of the chimney. With the oil gushing out only inches from his head, MuscleMan circled the pipe, using his iron fist to punch holes in it-- about a foot from the top, and about a foot apart.

Within a minute or so, MuscleMan's fist had punched holes all the way around the top of the gigantic pipe. Then he swam over to some equipment lying on the ocean floor, not far from the gusher, and began to pull it apart with his mighty arms. SNAP! BAM! CHING! The metal popped, and MuscleMan retrieved all the rebar he could find. Finally, he returned to the top of the chimney and began tying the rebar to the holes, threading it back and forth, struggling against the rush of oil as he worked. He manipulated the steel bars like they were so much thread, or string.

Within a few minutes MuscleMan had the top of the tube strung with rebar. Then he set to work on bending the metal of the pipe, flattening it. As he did so, bringing the edges together, he tightened the rebar, sealing the metal against itself. He pulled the bar tightly and folded the metal tube over itself slightly, making a tight seal. Within minutes, the pipe was closed, pulled against itself and sealed with rebar that had been tightened with the skill of a surgeon treading sutures to close a wound.

The captain watching from the bridge of the *Mayweather* cheered, along with his crew and guests. People the world over cheered as they also watched on television.

MuscleMan swam for the surface, faster than any normal human could rise without getting the bends. When he surfaced, he raised one hand and rose into the air, flying above the *Mayweather* and landing on the deck. To the cheers of the crew members next to him, MuscleMan was congratulated by the captain and others. After a few moments of back-slapping, MuscleMan pressed a blue jewel on his wrist band and disappeared.

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“Quarter turn to the right,” the announcer’s voice commanded.

In unison, the seven heavyweight competitors pivoted their nearly naked bodies to the right so that they were now facing stage left. Their right arms, which were toward the back side of the stage, were posed forward; their left arms, pulled back, so the judges could see their chests.

Clearly, Cody was offered no competition in the class. His size and definition blew everyone off the stage. His proportions and good looks were also unequalled. Among the competitors in the audience, there were many various emotions of envy and amazement. Cody was so built, and yet so full of youth and virility-- he was the guy everyone was looking at.

“Quarter turn to the right,” the announcer said again.

The competitors turned and faced the rear of the stage, and the judges scribbled notes about their backside development. Cody’s wings, hamstrings and calves eclipsed all others, not to mention his more-than-hot glutes.

Most of the competition really takes place in the preliminaries, so by the time the evening program started, the winners were pretty much set, although no one knew-- officially-- who they were. The posing routines, set to music, still had to be done, and the scores from that event would be combined from the morning posing to attain the total score.

Cody had `em standing on their feet, and when the heavyweights were called out, no one was surprised when his name was announced as winner.

Then the super heavies were called out. Vlady was simply huge. And ripped. His name also was announced as the winner of his class, to no one’s surprise.

Then it came time for the overall competition. The winner from each class was summoned to the stage, where a comparison

would be done. Then there would be the all-important pose-down, where each competitor would flex his best, showing off to the judges, maneuvering himself in front of the other guys, positioning himself to get the judge's attention.

Cody and Vlady were obviously the only real contenders for Overall. Cody easily humiliated the guy who won light-heavy by standing behind him and mimicking the guy's poses, showing up bigger and more ripped on every body part.

One by one, both Cody and Vlady put the other class winners to shame, relegating them to the sides of the stage. They'd occasionally pose, but it was obvious their eyes were on the two monster-men at the center of the stage.

As the judges and audience watched the two men pose-off, Cody was on the left, Vlady on the right.

The posing became more intense. It would be a close contest for Overall. Cody hit a most-muscular, and Vlady watched for a second then stood right next to him and did the same. The two men scrunched their traps, delts and arms into huge ridges of rippling muscle. Their chests bulged into pairs of moon-sliced globes, waving with constant motion of hardening muscle.

The audience went wild.

Veins bulged everywhere and the guys' faces twisted with their efforts.

Vlady broke the pose first and switched to a side chest pose. His twin plates of pec steel looked like it wanted to jump off his body! Not to be outdone, Cody hit a pose, mirroring Vlady. His cleavage deepened with striations, and his arms hardened into steel-like beams of power. Again, the audience went ballistic.

The other competitors struck occasional poses, but it quickly became obvious that they were so enamored with Vlady and Cody that they were getting hard-- and not in the exposed muscles.

The bantamweight guy tried to avert his gaze from the giants, but no matter how much he concentrated on his posing, his penis was obviously stiffening under his posers. In a minute, he'd be forced to switch to all back poses because his cock would be jumping out of the fabric!

As Cody held his side chest pose, Vlady stole a look. He was amazed that someone in a lesser weight class could be so huge! And ripped! He fought to hide his amazement, and eventually hit another pose.

Cody noticed the effect he was having on Vlady, and started to talk a little trash. "Bet you thought you had this contest all wrapped up, huh Vlady?"

The heavier man didn't answer.

Cody moved right in front of Vlady and turned to face him. He spread his lats for the judges, but grinned right at Vlady as he did so. "Go ahead," he taunted. "You know you want to feel these wings."

Vlady was momentarily disoriented. He'd never had someone talk like that to him on stage. He regained his composure and moved to the side, also turning to the rear to give the judges a good comparison.

It was tough to compare.

Finally, Cody decided to move to face Vlady again-- this time he was facing the audience while Vlady faced the rear of the stage. Cody put his palms on Vlady's flexed lats and squeezed.

"Nice," Cody smiled. "Sure you don't want to feel mine?"

Vlady jerked to the side; whether he was embarrassed or disgusted with Cody, it was hard to tell. He looked toward the judges to see what they thought of Cody's behavior, but to tell the truth, all of them were interested to see what would happen.

Cody moved next to Vlady and placed his extended arm in front of the Ukrainian's face. Slowly he bent his arm, flexing his biceps into a cannonball-sized muscle. "Go ahead, man," Cody taunted again. "Cop a feel."

The audience was going crazy, screaming and cheering. The lighter guy's confidence was fantastic.

By now, two of the guys at the side had obvious boners in their shorts. In fact, within a few seconds, the middleweight guy's penis head was sticking out the waistband of his posers and dribbling pre-cum. He didn't seem to notice, or maybe he just didn't care. No one was really looking at him anyway-- all eyes were on Cody and Vlady.

Vlady's hand was feeling Cody's biceps now, and it was a sight to behold. Cody grinned; Vlady's face was filled with wonderment. He brought his other hand up and felt. Up, over, under, across. Cody's biceps peak split into two heads, and Vlady just kept his hand still, feeling them harden under his palm.

Finally he'd had enough. Vlady brought his own arms up and gave Cody a double-bi. Cody lost no time in feeling out Vlady's humongous arms-- to the delight of the audience. Cody's abs rose and fell as he breathed, tired from the posing-- but he seemed to be renewed by the fun he was having.

Vlady liked that Cody was enjoying himself on his arms. He posed harder-- flexing so hard that his body trembled.

Then Cody did what no one ever expected to see at a bodybuilding show. With his hands on Vlady's huge guns, he leaned forward and kissed the super heavyweight. Tenderly; it was more than just a peck-- it lasted a couple of seconds, and when he withdrew his face from Vlady's, he was smiling broadly.

Vlady was shocked, but he was enjoying the show that he and Cody were putting on for the audience. But now it was his turn to be a little audacious. He put his arms down and stepped toward

the heavyweight teen. He smiled and then raised both hands to Cody's bulbous, thick pectorals. Slowly, he felt Cody out. The two men's sides were to the audience now, so everyone could see in between them as Vlady's hands caressed the huge muscles. Again, the audience erupted.

The middleweight guy had his hand inside his posers now-- ostensibly trying to adjust them, but he sure was taking his time doing it.

Vlady moved close to Cody. He nuzzled his face in the teen's neck. Cody brought his hands up onto Vlady's broad back, and the two men embraced.

The audience was on its feet.

The judges tried to show a bit of astonishment, but even they seemed to succumb to the beauty and power of the moment. No one made a move to interrupt.

Cody's hands moved up and down Vlady's back, caressing the ripples and ridges. Then they moved downward, onto Vlady's trunks. Cody's fingertips slipped inside, then out.

The lightweight and middleweight winners were openly stroking themselves now, although they stood at an angle so it wouldn't be too obvious to the audience.

Vlady's willing hands continued to caress Cody's monstrous chest. He kissed Cody's neck and as Cody's fingertips slithered beneath his posers once again, he moaned softly. Cody cocked his head, nuzzling Vlady's face.

Between the two men, twin rods of phallic mass began to grow strong and powerful.

The bantamweight guy was the first to come. It was rather embarrassing, actually. During a lull in the audience's screaming, he reached climax with a shriek. His body jerked, and everyone

looked at him. He tried to control himself, but a few splurts of his jizz flew threw the air as his body convulsed.

A few in the audience gasped, but it took only a few seconds for everyone to scream their approval. The house sounded like it would come down.

Out of the corner of his eye, Cody could see the bantamweight guy; Vlady was facing the other way. "Looks like they are really enjoying the show, man," Cody whispered. We just made the small guy lose his load.

Vlady half chuckled-- half groaned.

Cody's hands were fully inside the back of Vlady's posers now, feeling the rock-hard bowling balls of his ass. He stuck his teenage middle finger between the cracks and played with Vlady's sphincter.

Vlady moved his face to Cody's and now the two men kissed tenderly, which served to launch the second competitor into orgasmic bliss. The middleweight guy had been stroking hard, and his ejaculations were heroic.

Cody's hands came out of Vlady's posers, and he held Vlady tightly. Vlady's hands moved from Cody's pecs to his back and the two men held each other as their tongues explored the other's mouth.

Less obvious than on the stage, it was nonetheless apparent that guys in the audience were now coming into their own-- orgasms. "A few 'Oh My God!'s could be heard as men began to burst forth with cum, registering their approval of the scene on the stage.

Fresh from his return to the Gulf the night before, Eric Armstrong, who had been watching the whole contest from the second row, smiled in approval. His pants, filled with his hardened pipe, were testament to the pleasure he got from seeing Cody entrance Vlady.

Now it was time for the coup de grace. Cody moved his hands down Vlady's back again, and rent the fabric of the super-heavy's trunks in two. He pushed Vlady away, pulled on the super heavyweight's trunks and let them drop to the floor. Vlady's boner sprang upward. Cody pushed his posers down over his huge quads; he forced them to the floor and stepped out of them.

The audience was going hoarse they were screaming so loudly.

With no resistance from Vlady, Cody turned the huge Ukrainian to face the audience. The teen stepped behind Vlady where he commenced to squeeze his own cock between Vlady's legs. Vlady was at full mast now, and Cody's cock could be seen poking underneath Vlady's balls as he slowly moved it in and out-- back and forth.

Cody put his hands on Vlady's narrow waist. He pulled Vlady's hips back. He leaned his face into Vlady's ear and whispered, "Now its time for the real fun."

With that, Cody pressed his cock head against Vlady's cherry. He held it there for a moment, then pushed in a few inches. Then a few more. Then to the hilt.

Vlady groaned loudly.

Cody put his hands on Vlady's pecs and held the heavier man still. The Boy Wonderful didn't move. He kept his cock still, so Vlady could feel it-- experience its hardness, its length, its girth. As Cody began to rock back and forth-- only an inch or so each way-- he dropped his right hand down onto Vlady's large organ. Pre-cum dribbled all over the teen's fingers. He began to masturbate Vlady.

Slowly.

Sensually.

Cody played with Vlady's left nipple while his right hand stroked.

It didn't take long, that's for sure. And when Vlady exploded with hard ropes of cum, it shot right into the judge's front row, soiling some of the scoring sheets as it plopped onto their table.

Cody held Vlady still-- his cock hardly moving at all, as he continued to stroke; more cum erupted. And more. Vlady wailed with pleasure.

And then, it was time for Cody's turn. Without pulling out, he forced Vlady to his hands and knees. He put his hands on Vlady's broad shoulders and, with his river-rock abs in full view of everyone, he began to rock. His head tipped back. He lifted his hands behind his head and closed his eyes as he humped the huge muscle competitor. He was obviously enjoying this.

As more and more competitors and audience members came, Cody's rocking intensified. Finally, Cody's whole body tensed. His muscles grew. They rippled. His veins bulged out.

And then he exploded inside Vlady. As the Ukrainian wailed with pain, Cody spewed his hot milk into Vlady's rectum. So much so that it started to ooze out Vlady's sphincter. Cody continued to hump for a few minutes, then pulled out. His cock, harder than anyone's there, save Eric Armstrong's, thwapped against his teenage abdominals. Vlady fell to the floor. Cody faced the audience as he stood, and with his cock at full salute, began to pose.

The very foundations of the auditorium began to shake. The audience was in a frenzy.

Cody went through a full posing routine; Vlady rolled onto his back and watched, getting hard again. Then, as if to say he was just getting started, Cody walked over to one of the other competitors on the stage. He pulled the guy's posers all the way off and held the dude's cock in his hand, squeezing a few times. The guy came again.

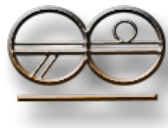
One by one, Cody moved to the other competitors, doing the same thing-- basically making them cum just by standing next to them and gripping their penises a few times.

Then back to Vlady, for a reprise. Vlady was now lying on his back, so Cody mounted him in the missionary position. The two men caressed each other, kissing tenderly. They felt each others' hard muscles. They stroked. Cody brought Vlady right to the verge of orgasm, then he inserted his cock inside Vlady once again. They came again, in each others arms.

That night, after the posing routines set to music, the Overall winner of the contest was a unanimous decision.

Although, if ever there was a time when the sappy cliché "We're all winners," was true... it was during *this* contest.

[A special thank you to **bicfetish**, for the idea about MuscleMan saving the world from the Gulf Oil Spill!]



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