



TRUTH, JUSTICE &  
LOVE FOR ALL MEN

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MUSCLEMAN

EPISODE 21  
THE BERET – PART TWO

by Sean Reid Scott



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

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**M**uscleMan examined the hole in Colton's bathroom countertop. "Amazing," he mumbled. Obviously, Colton's morphed state was formidable. He walked back into the bedroom and examined the mirror-- it was plastered with drying cum. He glanced over his shoulder at Colton, who was sleeping, then looked back at the copious amount of semen on the mirror, walls and even the ceiling. "GodAlmighty," he whispered.

He stepped forward and scooped a glob of cum off the mirror with his fingertips. Upon contact with the semen, a chill ran through MuscleMan's body-- then a warm feeling. He felt more virile-- more strong and confident. He felt sexual and powerful. MuscleMan examined the semen on his fingers. He lifted it to his face. He licked it.

Immediately, he felt a rush. Even *more* power-- even *more* sensual virility. He felt like he wanted to fuck someone-- bad.

MuscleMan inserted his fingers all the way into his mouth and swallowed Morphed Colton's cum. He shivered with goosebumps. His cock began to thicken, stretching the white thong that barely contained his genitalia anyway. He flexed his pecs, rolling them slowly-- arousing himself even more. He lifted his arms wide and examined their size and vascularity. They seemed even more lean, and more humongous than ever. His cock grew even more. Just before it threatened to rip his thong to shreds, MuscleMan lifted the leg hole to the side and pulled his schlong and balls out through the right leg hole. Within seconds, his cock was throbbing against his abs-- as hard as it had ever been.

He turned and looked at the unconscious Colton. The bodybuilder was *hot* indeed. MuscleMan walked over to the man and regarded his rippling body. He slowly began to stroke himself. **How** he wanted to fuck this guy!

But he knew he was being affected by Morphed Colton's cum. Would he be able to control himself-- to fuck the stud without actually ripping his body to pieces? Hell, he was nearly unable to control himself *now*. What would happen in the throes of sex? No-- he needed to back down. He looked at the cum-stained mirror again and forced himself to leave normal Colton's side.

At the mirror, MuscleMan scraped more cum off and applied the goo to his rock-hard cock. The stuff nearly overwhelmed him with sexual stimulation. He stroked himself slowly, imagining himself fucking normal Colton-- and then imagining himself fucking Morphed Colton. "*Oh My God!*" he moaned at that thought! Suddenly his mind was filled with the scene: Morphed Colton grabbing him, MuscleMan grabbing Morphed Colton back. The huge Morphed giant fighting against Muscleman in an epic battle of strength. Each man unable to gain the upper hand, each man hopelessly turned on by the other.

*"Fuuuuuuuck!"* MuscleMan yelled as his mind filled with the erotic muscle-scene. He stroked himself faster. In his mind, Colton lifted MuscleMan off the ground and began boning MuscleMan's dick with his mouth. Unwilling to let the Morphed monster blow his load, MuscleMan forces a head-lock and pushes the giant to the ground. MuscleMan pins the giant down and begins kissing him, MuscleMan's powerful body straining to keep the Morph on the ground. MuscleMan leans forward and the two lock mouths in a passionate kiss. Then, as MuscleMan lies on top of the Morph, the Morph embraces MuscleMan. Hard. MuscleMan gasps for breath, breaking the kiss. The Morph squeezes harder, and his gigantic arms begin to crush MuscleMan's impenetrable body.

The Morph stands up, holding MuscleMan an inch or so off the ground. MuscleMan looks helplessly into the Morph's evil, smiling eyes. "You are my sex toy, MuscleMan," the Morph growls through his grinning teeth.

With one more hard squeeze, MuscleMan finds himself standing in front of the mirror, erupting with a violent burst of jizz. He yelled, nearly waking normal Colton out of his recuperative sleep. As his semen joined Morphed Colton's semen on the mirror, walls and ceiling, MuscleMan slowly stroked himself. He came for innumerable minutes, in the hardest masturbatory orgasm he could remember having.

"Holy shit!"

MuscleMan turned to see Colton sitting up in bed. MuscleMan squirted out his last and turned to Colton.

"MuscleMan-- I remember now," Colton said, groggily. "You carried me in here-- from out in the hallway."

MuscleMan looked down at his huge, hard cock. It would be a few minutes-- at least-- before he could force it back into his thong. He took a few steps toward Colton's bedside.

“Did you do all that?” Colton asked, looking at the obscene amount of cum that was splashed across his bedroom.

“Not all of it, my friend,” MuscleMan said, arriving at the head of the bed, standing next to Colton. He looked down and smiled at the bodybuilder. “You contributed quite a bit of it as well.”

Colton rubbed his head. It ached. “I-- I think I remember now... I-- I was big. No-- I was HUGE!” He looked up at the Man of Muscle and asked. “Was I? Was I really as huge as I remember?”

“Yes,” MuscleMan said. He was still breathing heavily from his epic orgasm; his chest rose and fell. “You transformed-- somehow-- into a giant of a man.”

“But how? And why?”



“I’m not sure. I *have* isolated that brown beret as the source though.”

“Brown beret... yes. Wes’ new hat,” Colton said. “My partner, Wes-- he bought it earlier tonight.” Colton paused and looked up at MuscleMan. “It *is* still tonight, isn’t it?”

“Yes. It’s December 19<sup>th</sup>,” MuscleMan said. He looked at the clock on the bed stand. “Well for a few more minutes anyway.”

“So, Wes... when he put that hat on-- he turned into this freaky-huge giant too. Really big-- like some kind of bodybuilder on hyper-steroids-- only *bigger!*”

“And you too,” MuscleMan said. “When you put on that hat, you ‘morphed’ into a muscle giant.”

Colton rubbed his head and eyes. “And Wes-- he’s in the hospital overnight?”

“I don’t know anything about Wes. I do know that we saw a-- an anomaly-- on our instruments earlier this evening. We weren’t able to pinpoint its location though. That must have been Wes’ episode you’re talking about.”

“We?” Colton asked. “Instruments?”

“Never mind,” MuscleMan answered. “It’s not important.”

“And the hat... where is it now?”

“We’ve-- *I’ve*-- taken it to examine it,” MuscleMan said. At this point, MuscleMan found his cock to be semi-flaccid, so he pulled the fabric of his briefs around it; it still looked obscenely large, but it was on its way to returning to normal.

Colton laid back onto his pillows; he was still pretty tired.

“I need to know,” MuscleMan said, “about Wes. What hospital is he at?”

“Mercy General,” Colton said.

“Okay,” MuscleMan said. “I need to check on him. I will be right ba--”

Suddenly there was a knock on the wall in the living room.

“Hello?” a voice said.

MuscleMan walked out of the bedroom and into the living room. A police officer stood in the doorway-- the doorway that no longer held a door, thanks to Zoltan. “MuscleMan...” the officer said upon recognizing the superhero. “What are *you* doing here?”

“Investigating this-- this incident,” MuscleMan replied, stepping toward the officer.

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Another policeman stood behind the first officer, out in the hallway.

The badge on the first officer-- the one in the doorway-- said "Coleman."

"Officer Coleman, can you tell me what is going on here?" MuscleMan asked.

The two officers came inside and told MuscleMan what had happened at the camera shop, and how the giant had gotten away. They confirmed Colton's word that Wes was recuperating overnight at Mercy General.

"So, what do you make of that door?" Coleman asked MuscleMan. "Did that giant-thing come here too? Does he have something in for Wes-- or maybe his partner?"

"Speaking of his partner," the other officer said, "Do you know the whereabouts of the man's partner? I believe his name is Colton Hancock? He visited Wes at the hospital. We came here to ask him some more questions."

MuscleMan looked at the second officer's name plate: "Criss."

"Officer Criss, Mr. Hancock is in his bedroom, sleeping," MuscleMan said.

"We'd like to see him," Coleman said.

"I don't think that would be a good idea right now. He's been traumatized by all of this. He needs to rest."

The two officers looked at each other. "We-- really need to see him," Criss said.

"And what about that door?" Coleman added. "It appears a crime has occurred here as well. We need to interview the apparent victim."

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“I’m going to have to insist that you come back in the morning,” MuscleMan said, standing.

The two officers stood, in response.

MuscleMan’s crime-fighting reputation was well-known throughout the city, and he acted with impunity. He was respected, and given quite a bit of latitude. Not only would the Chief of Police look unfavorably on any attempt to countermand MuscleMan’s authority, they really didn’t stand a chance at all if push came to shove between them and the superhero. The two officers looked at each other and silently agreed to retreat.



“Well, here’s my card,” Criss said, reaching into his jacket pocket and giving the small piece of paper to MuscleMan. “I trust you will contact me if you find anything of import.”

“Yes officer, I will.”

Out in the hallway, as the two cops headed toward the elevator, Coleman said to his partner, “Something’s not right back there.”

“Obviously,” Tom Criss replied. “Could you smell that-- whatever it was?”

“That was the cum,” Coleman said. “Just like in the camera shop.”

“Yeah, just like the sample we got,” Criss said. He patted one pocket of his jacket. Just acknowledging his possession of the precious aphrodisiac made his cock jump.

So did Justin Coleman’s.

“We need to get in that apartment,” Coleman said. “Need to get more of that stuff-- it’s obviously in there.”

“Yeah,” Criss smiled. “God-- that stuff is potent.”

The elevator doors opened and the two officers got inside. The doors closed and Criss pressed the button for the first floor. Criss reached into his pocket and pulled out the evidence baggy. He held it reverently. He opened it. Instantly both men got fully hard.

Had there been someone in the lobby of the apartment building at that midnight hour, they would have seen the doors to an elevator open, and standing inside, they would have seen two police officers in a passionate embrace, kissing and moaning as their hands explored each other’s muscular, uniformed bodies.

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MuscleMan returned to Colton Hancock’s bedroom. The hunk was still sitting up in his bed.

“Did you hear all of that?” MuscleMan asked.

“Yes. They think someone is after Wes and me.”

“Precisely,” MuscleMan said. “And for now, I think it’s best that we let them keep thinking that.”

“Why?” Colton asked.

“Because we need to find out about the power in that hat, and I *don’t* want the police to find out about it. If they are investigating some non-existent assailant, that will keep them out of our hair.”

“But what if they come back to ask me more questions? What if they talk to Wes, and he mentions the hat?”

MuscleMan walked over to the mirror and barely touched a splotch of cum. His whole body tingled with virile strength. “We’ll need to deal with that possibility,” he answered. He looked at the



cum on the mirror. “But I think we also have *another* problem on our hands.”

“What’s that?”

“This.” MuscleMan scooped a small piece of semen onto his fingertip. He shook with sexual desire, but his powerful willpower was able to hold back his emotions. He turned to Colton to show him the cum on his fingertip. “When you morph into a giant, and then ejaculate, the cum-- *this* cum-- has some very unusual, powerful effects.” He walked over to Colton, stuck his hand out, and allowed Colton to touch the semen.

Colton immediately seemed to recover from his exhausted state. His headache was gone. He felt invigorated and strong. He started to get hard.

“God! I see what you mean!” he said.

“If the police got ahold of Wes’ semen in the camera shop...” MuscleMan said.

“And they *had* to-- that stuff was *everywhere!*” Colton interrupted.

“Then they doubtless have been exposed to its amazing power.” MuscleMan, unable to resist the effect of the cum on his fingertip, put his hand inside his briefs and smeared the tiny amount of cum onto his cock. He tipped his head back, and sighed. His penis got hard again. He became lost in arousal, and before he knew it, his cock had hardened fully, ripping his thong off; it flew across the room as his giant cock burst forth.

“Holy shit!” Colton exclaimed.

As MuscleMan slowly stroked himself, he struggled to say, “And... if they-- have experienced the cum’s powers... then they’ll want... more.”

Colton watched with wide eyes as the Man of Ultimate Muscle continued to masturbate himself.

“MuscleMan,” a voice said. “MuscleMan, this is Lt. Valen.”

MuscleMan breathed hard; he forced his hand to his side, even though his cock begged for more attention. “Yes-- yes, MuscleMan here,” he finally answered.

“We have examined the hat. I think you should return to the Phallic Fortress and see what we’ve found.”

MuscleMan took a deep breath. He sighed. He looked down at Colton and said to Valen, “Agreed. I will be there momentarily.”

“Understood,” Valen answered.

“Stay here and rest,” MuscleMan said, trying to figure out how to repair the damage to his thong. “I’ll be back soon.”

MuscleMan pressed a blue button on his wrist cuff and in seconds disappeared in a bright flurry of snowy light.

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In the apartment parking lot, a police cruiser rocked back and forth with erotic rhythm. In the back seat, two naked police officers made passionate love as they rubbed each other with the gooey contents of an evidence bag.

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“Report,” MuscleMan said as he stepped off the transport pad.

Valen and Zoltan looked at the superhero, and their eyes immediately went down to what was left of MuscleMan’s ripped thong-- his genitalia swinging in the wind. They both raised their eyebrows.

“It’s a long story,” MuscleMan said, somewhat sheepishly.  
“Report,” he repeated.

The two orbs turned to the computer display. “We have analyzed the hat. It is definitely the source of the Penultimate Novatron,” Zoltan said.

“*And--* the transformation of both Wes and Colton,” Valen added.

“Okay, but where did it come from?” MuscleMan said, looking at the display readouts, standing between the orb men.

“Flexonia Seven,” Valen said.

MuscleMan looked at Valen. “Flexonia Seven? How did it get *here?*”

“Unknown,” Zoltan said. “But it’s definitely from Flexonia Seven. This particular strain of Penultimate Novatron has a distinctive resonance when exposed to anti-matter magnetic radiation. Our tests confirm, without a doubt, that it is the Flexonia Seven strain of Penultimate Novatron.” He called up a 3-D display of two rotating, double-helix DNA examples. They slowly moved together and merged. They were identical.

“So, we know where it came from,” MuscleMan said. “But how could it have gotten here?”

“We are unable to determine that,” Valen answered.

“Well, I have some more information about this whole event,” MuscleMan said. The three men sat down, and MuscleMan told the orbs about the Powerful Cum and its effect on humans-- and indeed, himself. “...I’m not sure, but I believe that even I might not be able to resist its amazing erotic forces. I found it very hard to control myself in its presence.

“Apparently not,” Valen said, glancing down at the ripped thong and MuscleMan’s not-yet-totally-flaccid penis.

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“I suggest that one of us accompany you during the investigation,” Zoltan said. “If you are exposed again...”

“Agreed,” Valen said. “We can’t risk having you fall prey to whatever effect the Powerful Cum has.”

“And what of the hat?” MuscleMan asked.

“It is secured in a anti-matter vault,” Valen said.

“We will lock the vault with a password,” Zoltan said. He looked at Valen and the two orbs apparently silently exchanged information. “Done,” he said, looking back at MuscleMan.

“But you know I can override your controls,” MuscleMan said, somewhat concerned. “Even now, just thinking about that Powerful Cum-- and that hat-- it has me *wanting* it.”

The orbs exchanged another volley of silent communication.

“Perhaps, sir, we should return to the city-- to the apartment, and check on Colton,” Zoltan said. “I will accompany you.”

MuscleMan looked at each of the men. “Very well. Let’s do that.”

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In a snow cloud of light, MuscleMan and Zoltan materialized in the living room of Wes’ and Colton’s apartment. From the bedroom, they could hear moaning and groaning. Quickly, they moved into the bedroom, only to discover three naked men on the bed, deep in passionate sex.

MuscleMan looked at the mirror and walls. Some of the semen that had been there when he left had been scooped off. He looked at the three men. Each had semen on his hands, as well as spots of it smeared on his body.

“It’s the police officers who came here earlier,” MuscleMan said to Zoltan, “Coleman and Criss. And that’s Colton Hancock,” he said, motioning to the man on the bottom.

None of the men seemed to notice the two men who had entered the bedroom. They kissed, fucked, rimmed and felt each others’ muscles.

MuscleMan felt pulled to the mirror, where he obtained a small amount of cum. The effect was instantaneous. He drew in a deep breath and then sighed. It was like a hit from an addictive drug. His body tingled. It felt *so good*. He started getting hard. His hand felt the growing rod through his thong (that had been replaced during the beam-down).

“Sir,” Zoltan said, trying to get MuscleMan’s attention.

MuscleMan turned away from the mirror to Zoltan.

“It appears that the Powerful Cum doesn’t have the growth-effect that the hat does,” Zoltan said. “Look-- none of the men are morphed.”

“Just-- powerfully energized with an uncontrollable sex drive,” MuscleMan said breathily. He stroked his growing schlong while he enjoyed the orgy scene in front of him.

Although aware of MuscleMan’s arousal, Zoltan seemed almost oblivious to it. “So, when the hat is worn, a man will morph into a giant muscle man...” he said, processing the information. “And when that *morph ejaculates*, the semen he produces is some kind of steroidal aphrodisiac-- irresistible to men, causing them to lose their senses and have sex till the cows come home.”

“Cows come home?” MuscleMan asked.

“A human aphorism,” Zoltan said. “Was that a misuse?”

“No,” MuscleMan smiled. “Just unexpected.”

The two men returned to their observation of the three on the bed. Two of the men were now ejaculating on each other.

“Imagine what would happen to a man if a morph ejaculated *inside* someone, instead of just tasting the cum...” MuscleMan pondered.

“That would most likely have an even more profound effect,” Zoltan said. “*Not* something I would recommend trying.”

But MuscleMan couldn’t help but wonder-- and fantasize-- about that scenario. Indeed, as he watched the three men, his thoughts went to the hat in the Phallic Fortress. What would happen if it were placed on Colton-- or someone-- and MuscleMan were to have sex with that morph?

Already stimulated by the sample of cum on his hand, MuscleMan licked it off his finger. His cock was painfully pushing against his uniform briefs. To avoid another unfortunate tear in the fabric, MuscleMan bent over and pushed his thong over his gigantic, muscular legs and stepped out of them.

“Sir,” Zoltan objected.

As MuscleMan slowly stroked himself, he watched the three-way. The hardness of his organ was amazing, and his muscular fingers enjoyed themselves to no end as they ran up and down the long, thick pole. The scene of being fucked by a morph returned to MuscleMan’s mind, along with images of that brown beret. The hat had become a sexual object to the superhero. His mind filled with images of himself being raped by a morph who was wearing the hat.

He came.

God, did he come!

Zoltan watched, amazed, as MuscleMan sprayed the room with cum. The three men looked up as MuscleMan yelled in ecstasy,

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pumping his semen into the room. It hit the men, the bed, the walls and the ceiling-- not to mention Zoltan.

The scene of the Man of Muscle cumming all over hell only served to invigorate the three men's sex drive. They lustily resumed their orgy.

Zoltan waited until MuscleMan was done ejaculating before beaming them both back to the Phallic Fortress. Being the superhero that he was, MuscleMan didn't require the rest and recuperation that normal men did. He and Zoltan stepped off the transporter pad.

"Sir, I think we have a problem," Zoltan said to the superhero.

MuscleMan, although not exhausted, was tired from the exertion of his amazing orgasm. "Yes, Zoltan, I think you may be right." He sat down in a chair. His large-- still hard-- cock lay on top of his abs, nearly reaching to the huge mounds of his pecs. "It seems that every time I encounter that Powerful Cum, I become less and less able to resist it."

"Agreed," Zoltan said.

Valen joined the two. "And the hat-- you are drawn to that as well..." he said.

"Yes, I fear I am," MuscleMan responded.

"Then we really *do* have a problem," Zoltan said. "We need to keep you away from the hat, *and* the powerful semen down in the city."

"Sir," Valen said, "I need to ask you for Ultimate Power."

MuscleMan sat up straight. "No. I can't give you that."

"But sir," Zoltan agreed, "you are obviously susceptible to this alien power. We are not. All you have to do is override our

programming and you will have access to the hat-- and access to the transporter, allowing you to beam down to the city.”

“Nonsense,” MuscleMan said. “I agree that this power is challenging to me, but...”

“Sir,” Zoltan interrupted, “I must insist. You need to be quarantined until we are able to eliminate this threat.”

MuscleMan knew that the orbs were right. Yet, he recalled that hat, the morphs, the semen. Deep inside he became aroused again, his gut tightened with desire. It was like an alcoholic contemplating a drink... or a drug addict plotting how he’d get his next hit... or a teenage boy trying to figure out how to get to his parent’s computer so he could masturbate over bodybuilders on the Internet.

“Okay,” MuscleMan said reluctantly. “I will agree to conditional quarantine.”

“Conditional?” Valen asked.

“There has to be a fail-safe,” MuscleMan answered. “Triggered only by a series of catastrophic events. If you two are incapacitated in any way, I don’t want to spend the rest of my life here quarantined in Fortress.”

“Agreed,” Zoltan said.

Valen gave his fellow orb a disagreeing glance.

“There will be a very strict fail-safe,” Zoltan said to MuscleMan while looking at Valen.

Moments later, MuscleMan was giving his password to the orbs, while giving the orb that comprised the Phallic Fortress-- the main computer-- specific instructions, including the fail-safe that would return Ultimate Power to MuscleMan.



Satisfied that MuscleMan was sufficiently safeguarded against his own desires, the orbs got to work on their plan to dispose of the hat, and to render the Powerful Cum powerless.

MuscleMan retired upstairs to his quarters. Stripping to his birthday suit, he reclined on his bed and closed his eyes.

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“I realize this is highly unusual,” the hunky doctor said to Wes the next morning, “but the police have requested this test. They have a court order.”

“But-- a semen test? I’ve never heard of that. Even if they needed a sample of my DNA, *semen* wouldn’t be necessary!” Wes objected. “Am I being accused of a crime?”

“No, no, not at all,” a police officer stood next to the hunky doctor. “But this is a very special investigation. This semen test is imperative. It’s a new technology that we’re using. You understand.”

“No, I actually don’t,” Wes said. He turned to the doctor and said, “I thought you said I’d be released this morning.”

“You will be,” the doctor said. “Right after we obtain this sample from you.”

“I want to see a lawyer. This is an egregious violation of my privacy.”

Officer Criss said, “Your lawyer will come to the same conclusion as the hunky doctor here.” He held up the court order. “We have a court order. You understand,” he added patronizingly.

“I can’t believe this...” Wes whispered indignantly. After a few seconds of reflection he angrily said, “Okay... what do I have to do to get you people off my back. I just want to get out of this place.”

The hunky doctor smiled. "I assure you, the test is easy. Many men actually find it quite pleasurable." He produced a small cup, wrapped in cellophane. "Just go into your bathroom there, and give us a sample of your semen. That's it."

Wes pushed the blankets off and stood. He tried to pull the back of his hospital gown together to eliminate the cold draft. The hunky doctor handed him the sterile, wrapped cup.

"Just leave it in the bathroom, on the counter, when you're done," the doctor said.

"Yes-- just leave it on the counter," Officer Criss said, smiling oddly.

Wes took the cup, cocking his head at the strange expression on the cop's face. He walked into the bathroom and closed the door.

The doctor walked to the closed door and said, loud enough for Wes to hear, "We have magazines if you like. Playboy, Girls Gone Wild-- what have you. Or, Men's Bodybuilding Monthly, if that's your style," he smiled.

"I can handle this just fine, thanks," Wes said tersely through the door.

A few minutes later, the cop and the hunky doctor heard loud moans through the door. When the door finally opened, Wes emerged, flushed red in the cheeks and breathing heavily. He returned to his bed. "It's in there-- on the counter, just like you wanted.

The hunky doctor and the cop both hurried into the bathroom. The doctor came out first, and the cop followed. In the doctor's hand was the cup-- filled to the brim with Wes' cum! To the brim!

"This has to be nearly 300 milliliters!" the doctor exclaimed. "How did you produce all of this?!"

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“I told you,” Criss said. “This stuff is special. This *guy* is special.”

Wes knew his orgasm in the bathroom had been spectacular-- and had produced more cum than he had ever produced before (at least in a non-morphed state), but he was perplexed as to what the police officer knew about the whole situation.

The doctor skimmed the top of the semen-filled cup with the tip of his forefinger. The cop did likewise.

Immediately, the two men looked like they had just taken a hit of something-- after being deprived for a long time. They inhaled deeply and sighed. They took another dip of the cum, this time sticking their fingertips into their mouths and sucking it off.

Wes watched, shocked that anyone-- let alone a medical professional-- would do such a thing with his semen.

The eyes of the two men seemed to glass over. They kissed and embraced. As they did so, they undressed themselves.

The erotic scene caused Wes to become aroused. As he watched, he found himself stroking his still-not-flaccid cock. He got out of bed-- inexplicably drawn to the container of his own cum. He raised the cup to his mouth and took a sip. He would have drunk the whole thing if Officer Criss hadn't grabbed it out of his hand.

“We need to save that for later,” he grinned, placing it out of Wes' reach.

Wes didn't seem to mind. He had consumed enough of his Powerful Cum to become overwhelmed with desire. Within a few minutes, a passionate ménage a trois was in full swing on Wes' hospital bed.

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Zoltan and Valen worked on the computer, intently scanning for any trace of the Powerful Cum they could find. Fortunately, the

only traces they saw were in Seattle, although they were scattered in four or five locations in the city.

“We need to make sure we have found all of it before we beam it out,” Zoltan said.

“Agreed,” Valen responded. “Let’s increase the scanner sensitivity so that...”

Suddenly Valen disappeared.

An instant later, Zoltan was also gone.

Down the staircase from MuscleMan’s private quarters, the superhero descended slowly, as if making sure no one was there to see him. He needn’t have worried. His plan was working just fine. The code he had given to the orbs was a secondary code. He had saved the primary code-- of a higher security level-- for himself. He had just used the primary code to deactivate the two orbs.

MuscleMan walked to the main computer panel and activated the viewer in the anti-matter vault. There sat the hat, enclosed in the lead box. He gave the computer a few commands, and the lead box materialized on the transport pad.

Minutes later, MuscleMan-- lead box in hand-- materialized in Colton’s living room.



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**Your comments are welcome.**

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