

Mister Muscle and Love Bug Issue #1: Of Bugs and Brawn

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Mister Muscle and Love Bug Issue #1: Of Bugs and Brawn Chapter One: A Bug in the House She spent a lot of time playing with her zipper. It was either a nervous tic or (and this is the explanation I preferred) an attempt to draw my attention to the fact that she was all woman. Oh, and what a woman. I'd known, even before she walked through the door that she was in heat. Her presence had been announced by what I can only describe as pheromones. Not at all subtle either. I could feel the blood drain from my extremities in a rush to fill my erection as my heart began working overtime to pump my penis full of the life blood normally needed to run my brain. That would explain the slight trickle of drool that kept making an appearance at the corner of my mouth with every downward zip of metal teeth. "So, let me get this straight. You expect me to pay you?" Her brow furrowed incredulously as her lips formed a pout that had to have been practiced to perfection in order to have the effect that it did upon me, which was, of course, to hurriedly assure her that no payment would be necessary. The smile she gave me was payment enough. That and the pause as she tugged the zipper tab down as far as it could travel, satisfying my curiosity about whether the carpet matched the furniture, had she not decided to go with bare floors, if you get my drift. Oh, yeah, this babe had it all going on. She was a tiny thing; four and a half feet of mouthwatering nubile cuteness. She was narrow waisted and slim hipped with a gently rounded belly and perky breasts tipped by nipples that had been standing so perfectly at attention that I wouldn't be surprised if they gave me a salute. She had a silky waterfall of hair the color of sunshine threaded with golden highlights and gleaming with copper and bronze. Her eyes, set over exotically high cheekbones, were luminous blue orbs that would put all but the rarest of sapphires to shame. Her skin was dusted with a light smattering of freckles with added to, rather than detracting from, her sensuality and her mouth... I caught my breath, forgetting to breathe for a time, as I imagined kissing those plump, pouting lips. Full and sensual, it was impossible not to gaze at them, imagining them wrapped around my cock. When God had made this girl, it had been with the intention of doing very naughty things to and with her. She was a wet dream come to life and here she was, seated on the edge of a chair before me, her thighs

parted as she teasingly tugged her zipper back up, cutting me off from a glimpse of her carnal delights. I let out a soft groan, at which she giggled, ending the gesture by running her tongue over her lips until they glistened, making me wonder, once more, what it would be like to push my prick into her juicy little mouth. So. I had hired my very first side kick. What had started as an idea to raise a little badly needed cash by giving lessons to wanna-be super heroes had backfired with my very first client. I found myself saddled with a woman that I knew absolutely nothing about with one exception which was, I wanted to show her exactly why they called me Mister Muscle in the worst possible way.

Chapter Two: Muscle Immobile One thing you should know about me. I don't do things half way. You can't afford to in the cape business. You either commit 110% or you end up dead. "You expect me to learn how to use all of those?" She sounded incredulous as she stared at the rack. I had loaded it with every weapon I could think of, from throwing stars to hammers, in the hopes of finding out if she had a natural affinity for anything in particular. There were even a set of laser pistols and a freeze ray gun to try out. "We play by my rules, Squirt..." I began, poised in my most authoritative pose, legs spread, arms crossed over my mighty chest, my mouth in a grim line as I did my best to ignore the peaks that her perpetually perky nipples presented sheathed in her skin tight suit. "Love Bug." She corrected me with a glare obviously meant to make me tremble in my boots. I held my leer in check. It had, in fact, had the opposite effect, filling me with the desire to tear off my codpiece, grab her by the hips, and impale her on my might muscle of love and pump her tight little super-hole full of super-spunk. "Until you earn your sidekick name, you'd better get used to me calling you whatever I damn well please, Squirt." I growled, doing my best to ignore the discomfort between my legs that as my erection sought to escape the confines of my costume It didn't help that her annoyance with me was accompanied by a (apparently) subconscious release of what I had begun to suspect was one of her super powers; pheromones that enhanced sexual desire in those around her. Certainly not enough to turn a good Christian girl into a raging lesbian, but to anyone already with the inclination to fuck her brains out it certainly made it difficult to think about anything else. With a mighty effort I pulled myself together, discreetly wiping the drool from the corner of my mouth with the back of my hand, something I seemed to do a lot lately. "Seems like a waste of time, but fine, whatever." She sighed, tilting her head up, her luminous eyes sparkling with mischief through her pale lashes, her lips curving into a mischievous smile as she began playing with her zipper again. I made a mental note to make sure her next costume was zipper-less as my eyes drifted down to her smooth little mound, my mouth suddenly falling open as I caught an eyeful of her little pleasure button peeking out above glistening pink lips. "Stop that!" I commanded (admittedly rather weakly). I couldn't fault her with not following orders. She did just as I asked, leaving her zipper alone at the zenith of its downward motion, leaving herself partly exposed, forcing me to fight a losing battle with my raging manhood as it sprung to attention, poking out of like a latex sheathed dowsing rod sensing pussy. "Better?" She giggled, shuffling towards me, her smile deceptively innocent. I growled. Or maybe my prick did. We were both eager and hungry, after all, for the same prey. Closing my eyes tightly, I wrestled with my monstrous libido for control, knowing that we wanted the same thing. To bend her over and pound the living daylights out of her tight little pussy until she screamed for mercy. Worst of all, she let her gaze

wander up and down my muscled form as if reading my mind and, when they finally came to rest upon my chiseled face, I swear there was an open invitation within their dark blue depths. "Stay." I commanded, my finger poised at her nose, forcing her eyes to cross. With that, I stormed out of the room, stripping out of my costume as soon as the door slid shut behind me. Once inside the sanctuary of my locker room, I wrapped my fist around my cock and roughly jerked it until, with a bellow, I released what felt like several gallons of cum all over the titanium wall. Allowing myself a moment of weakness, I rested with my forehead against the cool surface, holding my position until I'd gotten my breathing under control. Then, and only then, did I stuff myself back into my costume and rejoin her in what I'd christened The Threat Vault, freezing in my tracks as the doors opened automatically for me. Technically she had followed my instructions to the letter. She was still standing in the exact place I'd left her, wearing a smile and little else, the lower half of her costume pooled around one ankle, while the upper half had been pulled up to reveal her firm tits, capped by rose colored nipples pointed my way, tantalizingly stiff. My mouth was suddenly dry as thoughts of sucking on them played havoc with me, undoing the damage control I'd just submitted myself too, instantly bringing my cock to full red alert again. A sultry moan leaked from her pursed lips, floating towards me like a blown kiss. I replied with a low moan, taking a single step towards her before forcing myself to stop, Only my superhuman strength of will kept me from ravishing her on the spot as I watched her reach down between her thighs and part her cream coated outer lips, opening herself like an blossom in spring time. I watched, fascinated, as her pearly white nectar trickled down the inside of her quivering thigh, her fingers quivering as she ran them along her slit with a lust filled sigh before lifting her hand out to me. I stared, each breath quicker than the one preceding it. Her index and ring finger were covered in cream up to up to her second knuckle, a dew drop hanging from the tip of each finger, trembling, ready to fall like dew from a leaf. "Yum." She giggled breathlessly, slowly bringing her fingers to her lips, her eyes fixed on mine as she slid them home into the oval of her mouth, sucking them clean as I stared helplessly. When she removed them again, they were damp, but clean. "See what I mean about it being a waste of time?" She said with a sexy little smirk. "I can stop you in your tracks with two..." I did my best to school my expression into something other than stupefaction as her hand drifted down to her firm little titties, her saliva slick fingers tracing a wet little circle around her jutting nipple, turning it into a flesh colored bulls-eyes. "...fingers, and you..." Her fingers trailed down her breastbone, wandering over her soft belly, drawing my gaze hypnotically as they slid slowly past her dimpled belly button to the plateau of her hairless mound. "...are powerless..." I suddenly realized I was holding my breath. I tried to breathe, but all I could manage was a soundless sob as she poised her fingers over the hood of her nub, massaging it as she teased her swollen little bump from hiding with an intimacy I had never even imagined. She was making love to herself in a way I could only long for, knowing that I could never please her as she could, but wanting desperately to be given the chance to try. "...to stop me." I trembled, my mighty muscles straining as I stood rooted, transfixed as she slowly pushed her slender digits deep into her clenching orifice up to the final knuckle, her lust drenched moan growing in volume as they disappeared from my sight. "It's pounding time." Somehow my whispered motto seemed as appropriate now as when I

normally used it when about to put the hurt on one of the slew of baddies that inhabited Radium City. With all my heart, I wanted desperately to cross the few meters that separated us and plunge my throbbing cock into her honey hole and show her who was in charge. She was, after all, my sidekick and not the other way around. Somehow, I managed to take a single step, narrowing the distance between us. It seemed to take forever, giving her plenty of time to let her feet slide on the matted floor until her legs formed an inverted 'V'. The inside of both thighs were decorated by sheening trceries of the juices leaking from within her hungry pussy, reminding me a faintly shimmering spider's web, an apt description under the circumstances. "Think you can take me, Muscle?" Her moan was a sultry blend of mockery and mirth as she continued to pleasure herself, pushing her fingers slowly in and out of her fragrant snatch deliberately, her breasts heaving with each breath, her belly growing rounder as her spine began to curve, her head tilting back. I lifted my eyes to her face, noting that her own orbs had grown unfocused, partly hidden behind her pale lashes and her suddenly heavy lids. And her mouth, that sensual gash in which I had imagined engulfing my manhood in earlier, hung open as she made the most delightful sounds which, I was suddenly aware of, were in completion with the delicious squish of her juicy cunt as she began to suddenly plunge her fingers faster and faster until... "Oh." It sounded like a prayer, sent up to the heavens. I couldn't help imagining a host of very horny angels listening to her climax. I will never forget that moment, my attention focused upon the expression of ultimate joy inscribed on her face, her lashes flickering as her eyes rolled back in her head, the oval shape of her mouth as she cried out wordlessly, the golden threads of her mane cleaving to her damp cheeks. And then, my gaze slipped, drinking in her quivering globes, her swollen nipples, the ripeness of her sex filling my nostrils until I could taste it, drawing my eyes further down... Her cunt was spread wide, full of fingers, gripping at them like a starving animal. Her thighs shook and I half expected her to collapse at any moment yet somehow she kept upright, feeding her gash at an almost impossible speed, the meat of her knuckles smacking violently against her cream soaked flesh in a blur until she let out a cry that echoed through The Threat Vault with a vengeance, finally freeing me from my inaction. With an impassioned shout, I leapt the remaining distance, catching her in my arms as she collapsed and held her against my manly chest. A almost overwhelming feeling of protectiveness warred with the lust that still beat within my heroic heart as it continued to pump blood into my throbbing prick. Had I been a lesser man or worse, a villain, I would have had my way with her right there in the middle of my headquarters. It would have been so easy to set her down on her hands and knees and slake my lust sheathed inside her tight little cream filled pussy or, had I the inclination, inside her even tighter asshole. I did neither. Instead I simply held her until her eyes fluttered open, brushing her silky gold hair from her face tenderly, my fingers trembling as I fought my baser instincts to rut with her like an animal, earning me a somewhat dazed smile accented by a playful little giggle. "So. Am I your sidekick, Mister M?" I applied my sternest frown, keeping my eyes hard, a look I had practiced in front of the mirror ever since taking up the cape. Usually, I reserved it for scaring young punks straight after boxing their ears for being wanna-be evil minions. "You promise to play by my rules, Squirt?" She grinned, chuckling softly, her head slowly moving from side to side, her bright blue eyes boring into mine like a drill, the tip of her pink tongue

parting her lips sensuously. I wanted to kiss her. I think she wanted me to kiss her. Somehow, I managed to resist her charms, even when she squirmed against me, her naked pussy sliding across the bulge between my thighs. "If you promise to call me Love Bug, I'll try?" "Good enough, Squirt." I grinned, sealing our deal with, not a kiss, but a handshake before giving her a comradely smack on her apple shaped ass and sending her off to her quarters after which I took a very long, very cold, shower. Not that it helped. What had I gotten myself into? Only time would tell.