

MS02: A Sweet Halloween: HoneyTrapped – Part 1

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Chapter 1

Jason Cross stood on the ledge of a neon-lit skyscraper, his fists clenched as he surveyed Kant City below.

At 6'4", the tall, 39-year-old superhero towered like a titan, his broad, muscular chest rising and falling beneath the skin-tight red-and-white suit that clung to every sculpted curve of his physique. His stone-carved abs rippled with each breath. His shoulders were massive, his arms thick with corded muscle, and his thighs bulged with strength. He was a marvel of athleticism, of strength and power.

His face completed the picture of the perfect, mature superhero - square-jawed, with sharp cheekbones. Thick dark hair was slicked back with a natural wave, but a rebellious strand always managed to fall across his forehead, giving him that effortless, cocky, masculine charm that drove fans wild. And those eyes—deep black, gleaming with sparks of confidence—were impossible to look away from.

To anyone watching, Jason Cross wasn't just [Captain Dynamo](#), the city's electrifying hero—he was a walking, talking wet dream. A paragon of male beauty and strength, chiseled from marble by a master sculptor.

But right now, he wasn't posing for a magazine cover. His brow was furrowed in intense concentration, his gaze sweeping the streets below. The superhero clenched his fists, electricity crackling lazily, lighting up his physique in flashes of blue-white arcs.

[Rockhide](#) was missing. A Vanguard Squad veteran. His brother-in-arms.

Before he left, Rockhide mentioned that he was on the trail of a villain – a minor player with a candy theme. It seemed beneath the Vanguard Squad. But when Jason's attempts to contact Rockhide had gone unanswered, he knew something was wrong.

According to the protocols, he should have informed the Kant Alliance. He should have told Captain Solar and had the Kant Guardians search every criminal den. He should have called his own teammates.

But instead, he tilted his head, his sexy lips curling into that signature smirk.

What? And let [Captain Solar](#) and everyone else swoop in and steal the glory?

Nah.

I can handle this villain myself. Rockhide needs me, not an alliance meeting.



The trail led Captain Dynamo to the edge of Kant City's industrial quarter, where an old candy factory loomed like a relic - except this place did not seem abandoned.

Every broken window blazed with a syrupy, amber light that pulsed like a heartbeat. The air outside was heavy with sugar, wrapping around Captain Dynamo's senses, sticky and intoxicating.

Captain Dynamo clenched his fists, sparks crawling across his gauntlets. With a smirk tugging at his lips, he let loose a crackling bolt. The factory's heavy doors shuddered before blowing inward, crashing against the walls with a thunderous echo.

The superhero entered with his broad chest swelled against his tight red-white suit, each stride flexing his washboard abs and thick, battle-ready thighs. Sparks danced along his arms, tracing the contours of his muscles in silver-blue flashes.

Towering candy-making machines dominated the floor, each churning out gleaming rock candies, their jagged surfaces glowing faintly. Pipes hissed and spat molten sugar, feeding the assembly lines that carried endless streams of these crystallized treats.

Jason whistled low, his cocky grin returning. "Man, dentists would have a field day in here."

He followed the main assembly line deeper into the factory. His senses were on high alert, but that smirk never left his face. This was just another day in the office for Captain Dynamo.

Find Rockhide, bust some sugar-freak ass, get the hell out.

RUMBLE!

The floor trembled violently.

Jason's eyes narrowed. It seems like his intrusion had been detected.

The vats of molten sugar bubbled violently, and from it rose rock-candy golems—towering, jagged constructs of crystallized rock candies. Each one gleamed faintly, veins of glowing sugar running through their bodies. They were at least eight feet tall, with fists that could crush steel beams.

Captain Dynamo chuckled low, flexing his massive biceps. "So, this small-time villain got some muscle, eh? I was looking for some action!"

The electric powerhouse shot forward like a bolt, his red-and-white suit a blur against the factory's dim interior. He threw a crackling punch, electricity arcing from his fist to shatter the golem's chest. The crystallized candy exploded into shards, raining down like hail. The next golem swung a massive, jagged arm, sending a shockwave that threw the Captain off balance—but he twisted midair, flipping elegantly and blasting two more with a crackling storm of electricity.

Captain Dynamo grinned as he unleashed more arcs of electricity, lighting up the factory. His sculpted chest and arms glistened with sweat as he dodged, countered, and blasted, each strike showing the raw power that could be on the level of Captain Solar and DayBreak.

Yet as the fight dragged on, a subtle strain began to creep in. Each bolt he unleashed seemed to flicker slightly. He attempted to tap into the factory's power grids to recharge, but nothing happened. The electricity in this factory wouldn't feed him.

Confusion flickered across his handsome face beneath the slicked-back hair.

No power? Impossible...

As he decimated the last of the rock-candy golems with a final surge, Captain Dynamo had used up around 30% of his electric power. Usually, he could tap into the city's electric grid to recharge, but here in the factory, he found himself cut off. Something about the factory's energy source wasn't compatible. It was almost as if the place was powered... by something else.

With his fists still crackling with residual sparks, Captain Dynamo glanced up at the massive overhead lights and the power conduits running along the ceiling.

"What kind of game is this?" he muttered, trying to draw in more power. "Magic? Or something else. Perhaps that's why the operation here remains a secret from the Alliance. No electricity used, no exposure."

There was definitely something bigger going on here than just some small-time candy-themed villain. But he couldn't turn back now—not when Rockhide needed him. He just needed to make sure he rationed his power reserve.

He inhaled sharply, taking in the overwhelming sweetness of the air, and then noticed the sugar crystals glowing in the seams of the factory walls. It was everywhere. He exhaled in annoyance.

The villains in Kant City always had their quirks, but this was a new level of weird.

He didn't have time to play games. He must find Rockhide.

Captain Dynamo continued his search of the candy factory, following the main assembly line. As he was almost to the heart of the factory, it hit him.

An overpowering smell, thick and sweet, like honey, but not quite.

A hint of musky saltiness?

The air around him was filled with the scent. It was heady, intoxicating, flooding his lungs and crawling across his skin.

"Ughhh... Ughh..."

What's that sound?

Jason followed the low groans echoing through the factory. His stride faltered as he turned the corner, eyes widening in disbelief.

There, in the center of the chamber, sat Rockhide—and what was left of his freedom. The massive rock-skinned superhero was strapped into a grotesque, candy-coated machine that molded perfectly to his hulking form. He could barely twitch against thick metal bands that encircled his bodybuilder-like frame. His massive arms were folded behind him, making his rock-solid pecs strain and his delts jut out like granite slabs.

Jason was stunned.

Rockhide was a giant—6'7 feet tall and 330 lbs. of pure muscle. But now, his enormous body was helpless, trapped in a machine that seemed to pulse with a sickly, sweet energy. His granite skin, normally impenetrable, appeared dulled and cracked under the strain, sweat running down his sculpted frame. A long feeding tube forced itself into Rockhide's mouth, filled with a gooey, amber substance that flowed directly down the captive superhero's throat.

The most shocking thing was Rockhide's crotch—his pants were gone, leaving him naked from the waist down. A thick, translucent tube was attached to his huge, fully erect, stone-covered dick. Inside the tube, Jason could see a rotating mechanism that relentlessly milked the hero, the steady suction making Rockhide's cock twitch and pulse with pleasure. Despite his dire circumstances, Rockhide seemed to be on the verge of climax, his hips making tiny thrusts against the machine's hold. Each time the mechanism spun, Rockhide's body shuddered, a low moan vibrating around the feeding tube in his mouth.

"Rockhide, what the hell happened to you?" Captain Dynamo barked, his smirk vanishing instantly.

Rockhide's eyes fluttered open at the sound of Jason's voice. They were glazed over, barely registering the presence of his comrade. He tried to speak, but the feeding tube in his mouth made his words impossible to make out. He wanted to warn his friend, but the machine sucked away his thoughts before he could formulate them.

Captain Dynamo's hands crackled with electricity as his jaw tightened. "Hold on, big guy! I'll have you out of this... sticky mess."

Before he could act, a deep, velvety chuckle rolled through the chamber, freezing Jason in his tracks.

From the shadows emerged **Sugarloaf**—silver hair gleaming, muscles straining the seams of his hot-pink suit, every step commanding the floor. The villain's cold silver eyes locked onto the electric stallion, a predatory gleam lighting up his face as he slowly grinned. He stroked his rugged chin thoughtfully with a thick, muscular hand.

"Ah, the dashing Captain Dynamo," Sugarloaf crooned, his voice like melting caramel. "Right on time. Bold, handsome, reckless. I do love a man who bites before he thinks. My name is Sugarloaf."

Captain Dynamo planted his fists on his hips, lightning crackling along his powerful arms, illuminating the contours of his broad chest and sculpted biceps. "You've got five seconds to let Rockhide go before I turn this sugar shack into a bonfire."

Sugarloaf's lips curved into a slow, wicked smile. "Threats... so predictable. No, Dynamo. Tonight, we play a game."

"A game?"

Chapter 2

Sugarloaf stepped forward, the silver in his hair glinting under the dim lights of the factory, giving him an air of sophistication. But it was his eyes that held the most dangerous glint of all—cold, calculating, and sparkling with intelligence.

From the shadows, a rock-candy golem lumbered into view. It pushed out dozens of small jars—at least fifty of them, each one containing a thick, golden liquid that shimmered faintly under the overhead lights. The scent was intoxicatingly warm, rich, and almost impossibly sweet, curling into Jason's nostrils.

"Yes! A game, my electric muscled stud. You've noticed it, haven't you? That spark of yours is sizzling out... That's because this place doesn't run on your boring little electricity—it runs on my sugar. Every pipe, every gear, every golem is humming with it."

"This—" Sugarloaf lifted a jar, swirling the golden nectar inside. "This Bee-ttery Honey. My masterpiece. Rare. Potent. The sweetest nectar you'll ever taste. It won't fuel my machines—that's not what it's for. No, this one's just for you. Packed with Electri-bee honey, each jar gives your tired little battery a jolt, enough to charge you right up."

Captain Dynamo scanned the jars warily, then flicked to Rockhide, still strapped and gagged in the candy-draining machine. Rockhide thrashed, eyes wide, sending muffled warning cries, "Mmmph! Mmmhph!"

Sugarloaf continued, "And here's the game, Dynamo. Fifty jars. That's all. You drink, you recharge, you walk out with your rocky friend. Simple. Just a hero topping off his tank. What could be more harmless...?"

Captain Dynamo's grin tightened, "And how does this benefit you?"

Sugarloaf chuckled cunningly, "Let's call it an experiment. I'm curious how much power a top-tier superhero like you can take. Think of it as a business venture. A way to test your limits and see how much electricity we can build up with this. Of course, there are side benefits. I'm sure you'll understand soon enough."

Jason's eyes narrowed. "And if I refuse?"

Sugarloaf waved a hand, and large syringes, the size of a small cannon, appeared around Rockhide. They moved closer, needle tips gleaming. Rockhide's eyes widened, struggling against the machine. Sugarloaf's smile was cold. "That's a special sour-mix that I developed. The acid will destroy your friend from the inside out. But you drink up, we'll all be winners here. What's the matter? Surely Captain Dynamo isn't afraid of a little... battery?"

Normally, Captain Dynamo would scoff at a trick like this. Whatever this sugar villain had planned, his super-charged metabolism would shrug off any poisons and drugs with ease. But Rockhide's capture was unexpected. If Sugarloaf had managed to break a veteran superhero like Rockhide, something more sinister was at play.

Still, his own reserves were running low after the golems had been defeated. He needed juice if he was going to bring Sugarloaf down.

And it was just honey... right?

Maybe a little recharge... just enough to even the odds.

His gaze met Rockhide's. The silent plea was unmistakable. He will rescue him soon enough from this demonic candy machine, being milked dry by some deranged confectioner.

"You really think I'm scared of a sugar rush?" Jason scoffed, rolling his bowling-ball shoulders as sparks licked across his arms. "I'm game. I'll down these jars of honey and then I'm gonna shove a lightning bolt so far up your ass that you'll be shitting sparks for a week."

The golden jars shimmered invitingly. Dynamo's grin sharpened.

Just a little recharge. Then Sugarloaf gets fried, and Rockhide's free. Easy.

He lifted the first jar, watching the viscous syrup catch the dim light. With a cocky tilt of his chin, he downed it in one gulp.

The effect was instant. Heat bloomed across his tongue, flooding his chest, then spreading lower—thick, molten, overwhelming. His muscles flexed as if supercharged arcs of lightning filled his body in dazzling bursts. But beneath the power was something else... a tingling sweetness that curled around his nerves, coaxing rather than fueling, whispering to him.

Jason exhaled hard, a sharp grin cutting across his face. “Damn... that’s—hah—that wasn't so bad.”

He reached for another without thinking. Then another. Each jar slid down easier than the last, each hit spiking him higher, flooding him with a rush that felt both electric and intoxicating. His cocky bravado wavered, replaced by a hungry edge, a restless need for more.

As he progressed, Captain Dynamo's confidence soared. The jars seemed to beckon him, every swallow lacing his veins with paradise. His chest rose and fell headily, sweat glistening on his handsome face, and every nerve in his body was alive with sensation.

The honey was recharging him more powerfully than any electricity. Lightning crackled around him, his black eyes gleaming with barely restrained force. His muscles swelled under the skin-tight red-and-white suit.

He was unstoppable.

Behind him, Rockhide thrashed weakly, muffled warnings spilling from the gag.

“Relax, big guy,” Jason called over his shoulder, voice dripping with swagger. “Couple gulps of this stuff, and we’re outta here.”

Sugarloaf leaned forward, silver hair gleaming in the syrupy light, arms folded across his thick chest. His smile was a predator’s—slow, patient, hungry.

Jason tipped back another jar. The golden honey slid down his throat like liquid fire, spreading warmth that coiled low in his gut. His cocky smirk faltered for half a second as the sensation lingered—sweet, burning, dizzying. He licked the rim of the jar, shuddering when a jolt of pleasure danced across his skin.

This wasn’t just energy. It was something richer. Deeper. Each swallow blurred the line between fuel and temptation, power and desire. Beneath the charge, there was heat—slow, irresistible, pulling him closer to something he couldn’t name.

Something that wasn’t his.

Jason shook his head, forcing the grin back onto his face.

“Focus. With this power, Sugarloaf’s toast. Rockhide’s free. Easy win.”

But even as he muttered the words, he realized he was repeating them like a mantra—like he needed to remind himself who he was.

Chapter 3

Sugarloaf watched, a slow smile curling along his lips, as Captain Dynamo—the mighty, cocky, ever-confident hero—consumed his jars. Fifty golden jars, each filled with Paradise Honey, disguised as harmless “Bee-ttery Honey.”

It was clear that Captain Dynamo could have handled the Paradise Honey like a champ, but with this volume? Not even his super metabolistic could take that on!

The Confectioner could see it already - just the faintest flicker in those perfect black eyes. That tiny pause, the way Captain Dynamo’s gaze swept the room a beat too long. Calculation. Hesitation. Pride wrestling with doubt.

So proud. So strong. So beautifully cocky. And exactly the type of prey I enjoy most.

Captain Dynamo licked his lips, savoring the molten sweetness, unaware of the poison laced beneath. Power flared across his sculpted frame—broad chest swelling, abs tightening, biceps flexing as arcs of electricity crackled brighter.

Ah, yes. The rush. The confusion. That intoxicating mix of desire and defiance, all tangled up in one gorgeous body.

Sugarloaf could almost see the wires of his mind reconnecting—hesitation, desire, exhilaration, subtle confusion.

Perfect.

Drink more, my electric stallion. Let it charge you... let it claim you.

Every jar was another thread tightening. He watched Captain Dynamo smirk, flex, strut with careless arrogance, even as the poisonous honey wound deeper through him.

Let him believe it was just a recharge. Let him think he was in control. Let him think he’s the predator here. But every sip brings him closer to me.

His gaze slid to Rockhide, gagged and thrashing in his seat, helpless to warn his friend.

Perfect bait. So easy to dangle loyalty like a lure before a proud hero. So easy to make him think he was choosing to fight, choosing to save.

Sugarloaf’s lips curved as he considered the next move.

His eyes traced the Captain's body from his sculpted pecs to his broad, powerful shoulders to his rock-hard abs. The superhero was a perfect specimen of masculinity—

confident and powerful. His arrogance only added to his appeal. It was a challenge that made him more alluring. A challenge Sugarloaf was all too eager to accept.

Then his gaze fell lower, lingering on the Captain's crotch. He could already see the subtle changes there. His cock was thickening, straining against the tightness of his suit. He had to adjust his stance, spreading his legs a little wider.

Oh, yes. Hung like a bull, with balls swollen full of lightning-laced cream.

Sugarloaf watched as Captain Dynamo's tongue flicked along the rim of the jar, slow and sensual. The hero's throat worked as he swallowed, the faint flush rising in his cheeks, the barest tremor in his hand as he reached for the next jar.

Perfect. Just as planned.

That quiver was all Sugarloaf needed. Proof that the trap was sinking in. Evidence that the "battery" was recharging far more than electricity.

Soon, the great Captain Dynamo would be his.

Chapter 4

Okay, Dynamo. Focus. You've got this.

It's already his tenth jar.

Captain Dynamo's body hummed with energy, muscles swelling beneath the red-and-white suit, arcs of lightning flashing across his skin. He felt alive—electric, unstoppable.

I don't need to finish this. I just need enough to recharge, then take down Sugarloaf, then free Rockhide. Simple.

But when his hand paused over the next jar, the thought of stopping made his chest tighten. His throat went dry. He licked his lips.

Just one more...

"Is the mighty Captain Dynamo hesitating?" Sugarloaf's velvet voice slid across the air. "Or is my honey too sweet to resist?"

Jason growled, sparks flaring, but his knees felt weak. Each swallow only sharpened the craving, twisting it deeper. His jaw flexed as he fought for control, but the jars kept pulling him back, whispering promises of power, of pleasure.

I'm in charge. I'm still—

His tongue flicked across the rim of the jar before he could stop himself. Heat coiled in his groin, sending shivers through his thighs. His cock throbbed beneath the skin-tight suit, straining against its confines. A groan slipped past his lips—part frustration, part desire, entirely unexpected.

He tried to focus. His eyes, now hazier, glanced back at Rockhide, restrained and gagged, muscles tense, eyes pleading.

Fry Sugarloaf. Rescue Rockhide.

However, the honey overwhelmed the mission with sweetness.

Another jar emptied down his throat, and this time the shiver that racked him wasn't power—it was hunger. His abs tightened as the heat surged, pooling between his legs, his erection pulsing.

He was hard—really fucking hard.

The suit was so tight that it felt like he was going to split the fabric at any minute. His balls ached, heavy with a need that grew with every swallow.

It was too much. This strange honey was getting to him.

Jason gasped with flushed cheeks.

Why... why does it feel so good?

I... can't stop. I just... need... one more...

What... what is happening to me?

The jars were nearly empty.

One more...

One more...

Just one more...

By the last jar, Jason was on the floor, sweat-slick and trembling. His usual swagger was gone. In its place, a dazed, needy grin tugged at his lips. His black eyes were wide, pupils blown, glazed with heat. Lightning still crawled across his skin, but it was tangled now with Paradise Honey's lust.

“I... I did it...” he panted, his bulge straining obscenely between his thighs.

Sugarloaf approached slowly. His eyes drank in the sight of Captain Dynamo—drenched in sweat, glazed pupils blown wide, sexy lips parted, thick chest heaving as if every breath were a struggle. The cocky smirk the hero was known for had melted into something slack, needy, vulnerable.

His gaze lingered shamelessly, sliding from the proud swell of Jason's chest to the ridges of his abs, the heavy lines of his thighs—and finally, to the thick bulge straining desperately against the red-and-white fabric of his suit.

The manly scent of sweat, musk, and honey hung heavy in the air - the sweet sticky musk of a man being undone.

"Mm. My stallion's enjoying the honey more than he cares to admit," Sugarloaf purred, his voice low and dripping with promise.

His eyes raked over Jason once more.

The great Captain's mind was tangled in the golden haze of Paradise Honey, clouded by craving. Desire shimmered in his black eyes, muddled with confusion, the proud champion reduced to a trembling, lust-drenched vessel, aching for more.

"S-shut up... we had a deal," Captain Dynamo stammered, his voice thin, betraying the heat he could barely contain. His powerful body quivered, caught between power and submission.

"You look delicious when you're flushed," Sugarloaf murmured.

Jason's lips parted as if to retort, but only a soft, needy whimper slipped out. Sugarloaf's dark gaze dropped to those lips, wet and trembling, then he leaned in and stroked a finger along Jason's jawline.

"Ugh..."

The barest touch sent a shudder racing through the hero's towering frame. His abs flexed, his thighs tensed, and his cock swelled harder, trapped and aching in the skin-tight suit.

All that power—his lightning, his strength, his pride—meant nothing now. Jason was trembling, undone, his body betraying him as surely as his eyes did.

And Sugarloaf knew the first step toward molding Captain Dynamo into his perfect, obedient supercow was already complete.