

Team Augment Superhero Peril

By: Jobber Comics

The Augment Alliance: An Introduction

Grand Island City, a sprawling metropolis of 10 million people spread across three densely packed islands off the eastern seaboard, is a city like no other. Its towering art deco skyscrapers, bustling streets, and shimmering bridges are both a beacon of innovation and a battleground for the forces of good and evil. At its heart stand The Augment Alliance, a team of elite heroes whose strength and fame are a legacy of the heroes past.

Fused with cutting-edge technology developed by their brilliant leader, Marcus Kane, they represent the pinnacle of power and precision. The Augment Implant, a revolutionary advancement in bioengineering, channels their biological energy—enhancing their strength, speed, and stamina to superhuman levels. It's not just their abilities that have changed; their latex-like suits, integrated with the Augment system, are designed to amplify their physical prowess and protect them in battle.

Muscular, fit, and striking in appearance, Slate, Razor and Stone have become icons. Their victories against Grand Island City's rogues' gallery of villains have made them household names. Magazine covers, primetime interviews, and adoring fans are now part of their daily lives. Yet fame hasn't dulled their edge—they've won every battle since their Augment upgrade, proving their strength time and again.

But a new threat looms. Deep beneath the city's surface, in the shadowy underworld of the industrial district, a sinister alliance has formed. Doc , a criminal mastermind with a penchant for cruel experimentation, has teamed up with the monstrous Kraken, and a ruthless Russian oligarch, pooling their resources and expertise to bring The Augment Alliance to their knees.

Their plan is as devious as it is dangerous. Kraken, now equipped with mutated, venomous material, has become a sadistic drainer, capable of extracting bodily fluids from heroes during combat. These fluids include white creamy hero cum, laced with the Augment's enhancements, are the key to the villains' strength. The process is excruciatingly painful, designed to weaken the heroes, not kill them. Doc plans to sell these fluids on the black market, where they'll fetch a fortune while empowering the highest bidder.

But the villains don't want to simply drain the heroes and discard them. They aim to trap them, force them into torturous conditions to extract even more. They want the heroes to ooze out loads of buckets of cum that their balls can produce at rapid speed. With specially designed lairs—equipped with advanced restraints, training equipment, and draining devices—they've devised a plan to turn the heroes into a renewable resource for their dark ambitions.

While most of The Augment Alliance is away at a high-profile hero convention, the villains see their chance. Grand Island City's best defenders are gone—except for one. Slate, the bald, muscular Latino powerhouse of the team, remains behind to patrol the city. Dedicated and loyal, he refuses to let the city go unprotected, even for a day. He's a veteran and knows villains never sleep.

The story begins as Marcus Kane, the new tech-savvy leader of The Augment Alliance, helps Slate prepare for his patrol. Their bond is undeniable, forged through countless battles and late nights in the lab. As Marcus carefully fits Slate into his suit, explaining the updates and reinforcing the importance of protecting his vulnerable Augment-enhanced areas, the sense of foreboding is palpable.

Unbeknownst to them, Kraken has already set his trap. The villain lurks in the shadows, ready to ambush Slate and unleash the first phase of Doc's twisted plan. Alone and outnumbered, Slate will soon find himself in a fight for survival, his every move tracked by Marcus back at headquarters. This is the beginning of a new era—not just for the heroes of The Augment Alliance, but for the entire city they've sworn to protect.

The question is no longer whether Slate can win, but whether he can endure. The battle for Grand Island City is about to begin.

Title : More Than Tech

The quiet hum of the lab was the only sound as Slate stood in front of Marcus, who was meticulously inspecting the updated version of the latex suit. The new design gleamed under the fluorescent light, its precision-engineered contours a testament to Marcus's skill. But Marcus's focus wasn't just on the suit—it was on Slate.

"Alright," Marcus said, breaking the silence. He held up the codpiece, its sleek, rubberized design almost seamless with the rest of the suit. "This is the most advanced piece of tech I've worked on for you. Anatomically correct, designed for perfect integration with the Augment Implant, but..." He paused, his tone turning serious. "It's not armored. You need to know that."

Slate raised an eyebrow. "Not armored? Why not?"

Marcus sighed, adjusting his glasses as he stepped closer. "Because the Augment relies on direct contact to regulate energy flow and... other things. Your testicles." His voice softened as he added, "It's going to enhance everything, but any hits to this area are going to hurt. Bad. Like, deep-in-your-gut bad."

Slate frowned slightly, looking at Marcus. "You're not selling me on this, you know."

Marcus smiled faintly, shaking his head. "I'm telling you because I need you to trust me, Slate. Every enhancement I've made is to protect you, to make you stronger—but I can't remove every risk. You're putting yourself out there, and I need you to know the limits of what I've built."

Slate reached out and placed a hand on Marcus's shoulder. "I trust you, Marcus. Always."

The words hung in the air, unspoken but deeply understood. Marcus's hand lingered on the codpiece for a moment before he took a step closer. "Alright, let's get this on you," he said, his voice softening again.

The Suiting Up

Marcus knelt slightly to fit the codpiece into place, carefully aligning it with the rest of the suit. His fingers worked with precision, ensuring every connection was perfect. "This," he said, his voice a mixture of technical focus and warmth, "isn't just tech. It's part of you now. It's designed to move with you, to enhance everything that makes you, well, you."

Slate watched him, the usually playful bioengineer's demeanor replaced by something more vulnerable, more genuine. Marcus wasn't just fitting a piece of equipment; he was putting his heart into ensuring Slate was protected, knowing the risks Slate was about to face. He placed his hand over Slate's genitals to ensure they were all in place.

When Marcus finished, he stood up, looking Slate over. "You're all set," he said quietly. His hand rested on Slate's shoulder again, this time lingering. "But you need to promise me something."

Slate tilted his head. "What's that?"

"Don't get reckless just because you've got all this tech backing you up," Marcus said, his voice steady but laced with worry. "You're not invincible. You're... important."

Slate studied Marcus for a moment, the words settling in. Without thinking, he stepped forward and pulled Marcus into a hug, his arms wrapping around the smaller man. "I know," Slate said, his voice low. "I'll be careful. And I'll come back."

Marcus, slightly startled, returned the embrace, his hands gripping Slate's back. "You'd better," he murmured, a faint smile breaking through his concern.

When the hug ended, Marcus adjusted his glasses and smirked, the usual humor creeping back into his tone. "Alright, hero. Go save the city. But remember, if you ruin my work out there, I'll be the one kicking your ass next time."

Slate chuckled, stepping back as the teal accents on his suit lit up, signaling full activation. "Deal," he said. "And thanks, Marcus. For everything."

As Slate turned to leave, Marcus watched him go, his heart heavy but his resolve firm. This wasn't just tech; it was trust, care, and a bond that went beyond words. And no matter what, Marcus would always be there to bring Slate home.

The Mission Identified, Villain Name : Kraken

The night air in Grand Island City was heavy with tension as Slate followed a trail of destruction through the industrial district. He had been tracking Kraken, a towering, grotesque villain infamous for his long, octopus-like tentacles that could strike with incredible speed. Kraken had left a string of brutalized law enforcement and civilians in his wake, his venom and electric attacks feared across the city.

Slate's sharp hazel eyes scanned the darkened factory grounds. His grey skin tight rubber suit clung to his body, a symbol of precision and control. Yet, even he felt a pang of apprehension. Kraken wasn't just strong—he was smart, a strategist who thrived on the weaknesses of his opponents.

Slate entered the abandoned factory, the sound of dripping water echoing through the space. The shadows seemed to move as he crept forward, his every sense on high alert. Suddenly, a deep, guttural laugh reverberated through the air.

"So, you're the one they sent to stop me," Kraken's voice boomed, his tone mocking. "You'll make a fine trophy for Doc."

From the shadows emerged the massive figure of Kraken, his seven-foot-tall frame dwarfing the room. His grotesque body was covered in thick, rubbery skin, and his eight long tentacles writhed menacingly behind him. His bulbous eyes gleamed with malice as he grinned, revealing sharp, yellowed teeth.

Slate wasted no time. He charged forward, his movements fluid and precise, aiming for Kraken's center mass. But before he could close the distance, a tentacle lashed out with blinding speed. Slate narrowly dodged it, his agility saving him from the initial strike.

"You're fast," Kraken sneered. "Let's see how long you can keep that up."

Kraken's tentacles whipped through the air, striking at Slate from all angles. Slate ducked and rolled, using his speed and training to evade the attacks. He landed a series of precise kicks and punches on Kraken's torso, but the villain's thick hide absorbed the blows with little effect.

Another tentacle struck, this time grazing Slate's suit. The fabric tore slightly, sparks flickering as Kraken's venom corroded the material. Slate winced but stayed focused, using his momentum to create distance.

"You can't run forever," Kraken taunted. "Sooner or later, I'll catch you."

Slate's mind raced. He needed to find a way to disable the tentacles, but Kraken gave him no time to strategize. One of the villain's appendages lashed out, grabbing Slate's ankle and yanking him off his feet. Before he could recover, another tentacle coiled around his torso, pinning his arms to his sides.

A tentacle wrapped around his codpiece and the large testicles inside. The cock tip also squeezed and wrapped by a tentacle. His plump mushroom head in the grips of a smaller tentacle strand. This was intentional.

“Got you now,” Kraken growled, his tentacles tightening.

Kraken’s signature move, the Killer Wrap, began. Multiple tentacles encased Slate, wrapping him tightly in a constricting embrace. The pressure was immense, forcing the air from Slate’s lungs as his suit crackled under the strain. Sparks flew as the venom seeped into the torn sections of his suit, further weakening him.

Slate struggled, his muscles straining against the unrelenting grip. But Kraken’s strength was overwhelming, his tentacles like steel cables. As the villain’s electric charge coursed through the writhing appendages, Slate’s body convulsed, pain shooting through his nerves.

“You’re tough,” Kraken admitted, his voice dripping with mock admiration. “But not tough enough.”

Slate gasped, his vision blurring as the venom began to take effect, sapping his strength and dulling his senses. He fought to stay conscious, but Kraken’s grip was merciless, his tentacles squeezing tighter until Slate’s body went limp.

Kraken slung Slate over his shoulder, his tentacles retracting as he carried the defeated hero through the factory. “Doc will be pleased,” Kraken muttered, his deep voice filled with satisfaction. “He’s been looking forward to getting his hands on one of you.”

As Kraken disappeared into the shadows, Slate’s mind raced, his resolve unbroken even in his weakened state. He knew Razor and Stone would come for him—but for now, he would have to endure whatever horrors awaited him in Doc’s lair.

Slate stirred as consciousness returned, his body aching from the crushing force of Kraken’s Killer Wrap. His suit was in tatters, torn and corroded from the villain’s venom and electric shocks. He found himself bound in a dark, humid chamber deep within Kraken’s lair. His arms and legs were restrained by pulsating organic tendrils attached to the walls, each one oozing a faint green glow. The room reeked of saltwater and decay, and the faint hum of machinery suggested he wasn’t alone.

From the shadows, Kraken emerged, his towering, grotesque form casting a menacing silhouette. His octopus-like tentacles writhed in anticipation, their tips crackling faintly with electrical energy. He grinned as he approached Slate, his bulbous eyes gleaming with cruel delight.

“Welcome to my lair,” Kraken said, his deep voice echoing in the confined space. “You put up a good fight, hero, but now you’re mine.”

Kraken wasted no time, unleashing a barrage of brutal blows. His tentacles lashed out with terrifying speed and force, striking Slate across the chest and sides. Each hit sent shockwaves through Slate's battered body, his suit offering little protection against the onslaught. Sparks flickered from the damaged sections of his gear as the venom continued to eat away at the material.

Slate gritted his teeth, refusing to cry out. His hazel eyes locked onto Kraken with unyielding defiance, even as the villain's attacks intensified. Kraken's tentacles wrapped around Slate's torso, lifting him off the ground and slamming him into the wall. The impact left Slate gasping for air, but still, he held his silence.

"Stubborn, aren't you?" Kraken sneered, tightening his grip. "That's fine. It makes breaking you all the more satisfying."

With a flick of his tentacle, Kraken sent a surge of electricity through Slate's body. The energy coursed through him, causing his muscles to convulse uncontrollably. Sweat dripped from Slate's brow as he endured the pain, his resolve unwavering.

Kraken finally stepped back, a sadistic grin spreading across his face. "You heroes always think you're so untouchable. But I know where your power comes from."

Slate's body tensed as Kraken's tentacles moved with purpose, targeting the source of his strength—his codpiece, the core of his suit's energy distribution. The villain's tentacles coiled around it, their venomous tips seeping into the fabric, further corroding the material.

"This is where it all begins," Kraken said, his voice dripping with malice. "Let's see how much you can take when I drain you dry."

Kraken activated a device embedded in his chest, channeling energy through his tentacles. A sickly green light enveloped Slate's codpiece as the machine began to siphon his strength. Slate groaned, his body wracked with pain as he felt his power being pulled from him. The once-vibrant teal accents of his suit dimmed, flickering as his energy ebbed away.

"Look at you now," Kraken taunted, his voice filled with triumph. "All that strength, all that confidence—gone."

Slate clenched his fists, fighting against the restraints with what little energy he had left. His mind raced, focusing on Razor and Stone, on the mission they had sworn to protect. He couldn't let Kraken win. Even as his power dwindled, his spirit remained unbroken.

When the draining was complete, Kraken released Slate from his tendrils, letting him collapse to the floor. The once-proud hero lay battered and weak, his suit barely clinging to his body. Kraken loomed over him, savoring his victory.

"Don't worry," Kraken said, grabbing Slate by the collar and lifting him effortlessly. "You're not done yet. Doc has plans for you, and trust me—he's far less forgiving than I am."

As Kraken carried Slate deeper into the lair, the hero's mind burned with determination. He had survived this far, and he would find a way to endure whatever came next.

Slate awoke in a cold, metallic chamber, his body weak and aching from the draining he had endured at Kraken's hands. His torn suit offered little protection, exposing his bruised and battered chest and abs. His nipples exposed brown and large. He was bound to an upright frame, his arms and legs restrained by energy cuffs that pulsed faintly with an oppressive hum. The room was dimly lit, the shadows broken only by the eerie green glow of the machinery surrounding him.

Standing before him was Doc, the mastermind behind Grand Island City's most sinister operations. A thin, pale man with a wiry frame, Doc's eyes gleamed with scientific curiosity as he examined Slate like a specimen under a microscope.

"Ah, Slate," Doc said, his voice sharp and clinical. "Kraken delivered you to me in excellent condition. I must say, your resilience is fascinating. Let's see how far it can go."

Doc pressed a button on a control panel, and mechanical arms descended from the ceiling, each equipped with sharp, glowing instruments. Slate's hazel eyes narrowed as he braced himself, refusing to show fear.

The first strike came swiftly. A mechanical arm delivered a sharp, focused jolt to his exposed chest, the energy searing into his pecs. Slate's body tensed, his muscles tightening as pain shot through him, but he gritted his teeth, refusing to cry out.

"Impressive," Doc murmured, taking notes on a clipboard. "Most subjects would be screaming by now. But I have plenty of time."

The next wave of attacks targeted Slate's abs. Two mechanical arms delivered rapid, pounding blows to his core, each one designed to weaken his muscles further. Slate clenched his jaw, his body convulsing with each impact, but his determination remained unshaken.

"You're tough, I'll give you that," Doc said, stepping closer. "But even the strongest can be broken."

Doc adjusted the controls, increasing the intensity of the attacks. One mechanical arm applied a sharp suction device to Slate's pecs, pulling at the muscles while sending pulsating electric shocks through the tissue. Slate's chest heaved, his breathing labored as he endured the assault. His abs were next, targeted by a vibrating blade that pressed against his skin, testing the limits of his endurance.

The combination of sharp pain and relentless pressure was overwhelming, but Slate's mind stayed focused. He thought of Razor and Stone, of the people he had sworn to protect. He couldn't let Doc win.

“Still holding out?” Doc sneered, his frustration growing. “Your resolve is admirable, but it’s also futile.”

Despite the excruciating pain, Slate found his voice. “You’ll... never break me,” he rasped, his hazel eyes locking onto Doc’s with unyielding defiance.

Doc frowned, his thin lips pressing into a line. “We’ll see about that.”

He activated another mechanism, and the mechanical arms doubled their assault. One struck Slate’s chest with rhythmic, hammering blows, while another sent concentrated jolts of electricity through his abs. Sweat dripped from Slate’s brow as his body endured the relentless punishment, his muscles straining under the pressure.

But even as his strength waned, Slate’s spirit remained unbroken. His silence and defiance became a testament to his heroism, a reminder that no matter how dark the situation, he would never surrender.

As Doc prepared to escalate the torture further, an explosion rocked the lair. Alarms blared, and the room shook as debris fell from the ceiling. Razor and Stone had arrived, their combined force tearing through Kraken’s defenses and disrupting Doc’s operations.

Doc scowled, his frustration turning to panic. “You heroes never know when to quit.”

Slate, sensing his chance, mustered the last of his strength. With a surge of willpower, he pulled against the energy cuffs, his battered muscles flexing. Now his cock was hard pressing against his codpiece. His big balls full of cum ready to secrete.

As Kraken and Doc continued their assault, the room filled with the sound of machinery and crackling energy. Slate’s body was battered, his strength nearly gone, but his resolve remained unshaken. Even in his weakened state, his mind burned with determination.

Doc leaned closer, studying Slate’s battered form. “You’re extraordinary, Slate. But every hero has their breaking point. Shall we find yours?”

Slate’s battered body hung limply in the restraints, his chest heaving as he fought to hold on. His grey and teal suit, once a symbol of precision and control, was now shredded and corroded by Kraken’s venom and Doc’s relentless devices. Sweat dripped down his face, mixing with the bruises and cuts etched across his muscular frame. Despite the pain, his hazel eyes burned with defiance—he wasn’t going to give these villains the satisfaction of seeing him broken.

Doc circled him like a predator, his pale face illuminated by the sickly green glow of the lair’s machinery. “You’ve held out longer than most, Slate,” Doc said, his voice sharp with both admiration and irritation. “But you’re nearing the end. I can see it in your eyes.”

From behind, Kraken stepped forward, his grotesque bulk towering over Slate. His long, writhing tentacles flicked in anticipation. “Doc, you’ve done well,” Kraken sneered, his voice a guttural growl. “But I know how to finish him.”

Slate’s heart pounded as Kraken’s tentacles slithered closer, their venomous tips crackling faintly with energy. He knew the villains had been targeting his power source—the codpiece embedded in his suit’s design. It was more than symbolic; it was the core of his strength, channeling energy to his entire body. Without it, he was vulnerable. His codpiece.

“You heroes and your precious suits,” Kraken taunted, his tentacles coiling around Slate’s waist. “Let’s see how you handle losing your foundation.”

With terrifying speed, Kraken’s tentacles wrapped around Slate’s codpiece, their crushing grip sending a jolt of panic through him. His sensitive testicles feeling the crushing of the tentacles sent a pain in his abdomen. The pressure was immediate and excruciating, the reinforced material of his suit groaning under the strain. Sparks erupted as the energy core within the codpiece began to falter, its protective mechanisms overwhelmed. His balls getting shocked and burned in the process.

Slate’s muscles tensed involuntarily as waves of pain shot through his body. He struggled against the restraints, his battered arms and legs pulling futilely against the energy cuffs. The crushing force of Kraken’s tentacles sent sharp pulses of venom coursing through the suit, targeting Slate’s most vital source of power.

Doc watched with fascination as Slate’s body convulsed under the torture. The once-bright teal accents of his suit flickered weakly, mirroring the dwindling energy reserves in his codpiece. “Fascinating,” Doc murmured, leaning closer. “Your resilience is remarkable, but even you have limits.”

Kraken tightened his grip, his tentacles pulsing with electric energy that surged through the codpiece. Slate let out a choked gasp, his strength fading as his core power drained away. His chest heaved as he fought to stay conscious, his mind clouded by pain and exhaustion.

“You’re almost there, hero,” Kraken growled, his tentacles squeezing tighter. “Just give up. Let it happen.”

Slate’s voice was a hoarse whisper, but his defiance shone through. “I’ll... never... give in.”

Doc smirked, his pale face illuminated by the sparks flying from Slate’s suit. “Admirable,” he said. “But pointless.”

With a final surge, Kraken’s tentacles crushed the codpiece completely, the device shattering in a burst of light and sparks. A giant load of cum shot out and one of the tentacles slurped it up. Every last drop. Kraken grew in strength.

Slate's body went limp, his strength drained, his suit dark and powerless. The hero hung in the restraints, his head slumping forward as he teetered on the edge of unconsciousness.

To be continued...

Slate's body hung limp in the restraints, his muscles throbbing from the relentless punishment of Kraken's tentacles and Doc's cruel experiments. His once-pristine grey and teal Augment suit was tattered, its energy flickering like a dying light on the pulse monitor on his neck.

Yet, despite the agony, his hazel eyes still burned with defiance. The 30-something Puerto Rican muscle adonis flexed his muscles in defiance. His superb specimen of human now partnered with technology made him an undefiable superhero. Unfortunately his weak spot was always his testicles. Now they were about to be crushed since Marcus planted the Augment implant in his nuts.

Doc tapped on his wrist-mounted device, adjusting the restraints' tension. "You're remarkable, Slate," he mused, circling the captured hero like a scientist admiring his prized specimen. "Most would have given in by now. But not you. You just keep fighting."

Kraken let out a guttural chuckle, his seven-foot-tall monstrous form looming over Slate. His serpentine tentacles coiled and uncoiled, their tips crackling with residual bioelectric energy.

"He won't be fighting much longer," Kraken growled. "He's running on fumes."

Slate lifted his head, sweat dripping down his chiseled jaw. "If you think I'm just gonna roll over and die..." He gritted his teeth. "You don't know me at all."

Kraken's red eyes flashed with amusement. "Oh, I know you, Slate. I know you're strong. That's why I want to crush you."

"And we will then milk your fluids dry to create super serum." Doc said.

With lightning speed, Kraken's thickest tentacle lashed out, wrapping around Slate's testicles and codpiece and tightening instantly.

Slate's broad chest compressed, his ribs straining under the monstrous grip. His Augment-enhanced body fought to resist the pressure, but the tentacle kept squeezing his nutsack.

Tighter.

And tighter.

His powerful abs flexed against the relentless constriction, but Kraken knew exactly how to apply the pressure. He adjusted his coils, shifting Slate's body just enough to disrupt his breathing pattern, forcing his diaphragm to work against the suffocating grip.

Doc smirked, taking notes. “Ah, the classic Boa Constrictor Effect. No broken bones—just pure, methodical suffocation. Slow. Crushing. Efficient.”

Slate let out a strained grunt, his pecs twitching, his teal-lit suit dimming further as his body struggled to keep up with the oxygen loss.

Kraken smirked. “Oh, I’m just getting started.”

A second tentacle wrapped around Slate’s waist, curling over his obliques, then cinching in with brutal force.

Slate’s back arched, his core fighting the unbearable squeeze, but Kraken’s tentacles were unyielding. The more he resisted, the tighter they got.

Then came the third tentacle.

It slid between his legs before wrapping around his thighs and Augment-enhanced groin armor and into his muscle ass crack.

Slate’s hazel eyes widened as Kraken applied another calculated squeeze, targeting the very source of his strength—the core energy center embedded in his codpiece.

“Oh, this one’s important,” Kraken rumbled, his grin widening as Slate’s body trembled involuntarily. “Let’s see how much your suit can take before I drain every last drop of your energy.”

Slate growled through gritted teeth, his powerful thighs flexing as he fought against the tentacle’s unbearable constriction. But Kraken’s bio-serpentine grip had a vice-like precision, slowly compressing the very core of Slate’s strength. The crushing pressure on his codpiece was intense.

His Augment suit sparked, dimming further.

Slate let out a guttural groan, his biceps bulging as he pulled against the energy restraints—but the pressure kept building.

Kraken grinned. “Let’s milk that power of yours dry.”

The villain increased the squeeze, his tentacle throbbing against Slate’s core energy conduit.

Slate’s muscles convulsed as the final stage of the draining began.

His Augment-enhanced energy pulsed, struggling against the relentless squeeze, his body shuddering with the last reserves of his power.

Doc monitored the data on his device, his grin widening. “This is fascinating. His suit is reacting to the energy loss—it’s overloading.”

Kraken squeezed even tighter.

Slate let out a deep, guttural roar, his body arching from the sheer force of the drain.

His Augment suit short-circuited.

The teal lights flickered.

Then died completely.

Slate slumped forward, his body spent, his strength completely siphoned away.

Kraken loosened his grip, letting Slate's motionless body hang in the tentacle restraints, his massive chest rising and falling in heavy, exhausted breaths.

Doc adjusted his glasses, approaching the unconscious hero. "A Augment warrior, drained of everything," he mused, tapping his device. "Perfect. Now, let's see what happens when he has nothing left."

Kraken lifted the defeated hero, hoisting him over his broad, monstrous shoulder. "Doc, you wanted a test subject? Here's your prize."

As they carried Slate deeper into the hidden depths of the lair, the battle-tested hero's mind swam in exhaustion.

His body was broken.

A few hours later around 2 am....

Slate woke up

The cold metallic surface pressed against Slate's bare back as his limp, exhausted body was strapped onto the testing rack. His battered chest heaved, each breath slow and labored as he regained flickers of consciousness.

His arms were restrained above his head, secured by thick, reinforced clamps that buzzed with a faint electric charge. His legs were spread apart, each foot strapped down, ensuring total immobilization. The air around him was damp and sterile, filled with the low hum of machinery.

And then, he heard him.

"Ah, awake already?"

Slate's vision was still hazy, but the silhouette of Doc loomed over him. The scientist's thin, wiry frame was illuminated by the eerie glow of his workstation. His gloved fingers danced across the control panel beside the rack, making small, calculated adjustments.

Slate gritted his teeth, his body weak but unbroken. “Let me guess,” he rasped, his voice dry. “More experiments?”

Doc smirked, adjusting his glasses. “You already know the answer, hero.”

From the corner of his eye, Slate saw Kraken standing by, his massive form watching with satisfaction. His tentacles twitched, eager to resume their torment, but Doc waved a dismissive hand.

“No, no, Kraken. This phase is mine.”

Doc turned back to Slate, his gaze settling on the last functioning piece of the Augment suit still clinging to the hero’s body—his codpiece. Even more specific his plump testicles, still round like dangling round orbs pressed against his codpiece.

“The Augment Implant,” Doc mused, brushing his fingers over the sleek, rubberized anatomically correct covering that covered Slate’s cock and balls. “The core of your enhancements. The very thing that transforms you from an ordinary man... into something extraordinary.”

Slate tensed instinctively, feeling a surge of dread unlike anything before.

Doc’s smile widened. “But what happens when we introduce direct pain stimuli to the Augment’s most sensitive conduit?”

The clamps descended from above, gleaming metallic pincers, attached to hydraulic pistons and shock regulators. Their razor-edged grips flexed open, moving methodically toward Slate’s codpiece.

Slate pulled at his restraints, but he had nothing left. His body, his muscles, his Augment-enhanced power—all of it was gone.

The first clamp locked into place, gripping the left side of the codpiece with a sudden, unforgiving snap.

Slate inhaled sharply, his nerves flaring as an intense pulling pressure radiated through his lower abdomen.

Then came the second clamp.

It clamped onto the right side, sealing Slate’s codpiece between them, locking around the most vital, most vulnerable core of his suit’s energy system.

Slate’s entire body seized.

A deep, visceral ache erupted in his lower abdomen, sending a sharp wave of pain up his spine.

Doc observed Slate's reaction with a clinical fascination, adjusting a dial on the control panel.

"Ah. That got your attention."

Then, he activated the pressure cycle.

The clamps tightened, pressing inward, their mechanical grip slowly crushing the core of the Augment implant against Slate's groin.

The pain was instantaneous.

A raw, searing fire ignited deep inside him, unlike anything he had ever felt before. His entire lower body tensed involuntarily, every muscle in his core contracting violently as the crushing force doubled.

Slate bit down hard, his teeth clenched as his nerves screamed in agony.

But Doc wasn't finished.

"Let's see how much more you can take."

The clamps vibrated, sending a shockwave of pulsating pressure through the implant, grinding the metal components against Slate's most sensitive bio-engineered tissue.

Slate jerked against his restraints, his biceps flexing, his back arching off the rack as his groin burned with an unbearable, pulsing ache. His breathing came in ragged, strained bursts, every exhale a mix of pain and pure, agonized endurance.

The Augment implant fought back, sending weak, flickering pulses of energy through his body in an attempt to regulate the unbearable compression. But without the full suit's power, it was futile—each desperate response from the implant only made the pain sharper.

Doc leaned in, watching as Slate's massive chest rose and fell rapidly, his body convulsing from the assault.

"I wonder..." Doc mused, his voice disturbingly calm.

He reached for the next control.

The clamps twisted.

A deep, grinding pressure sent an explosive jolt of pain straight into Slate's lower abdomen.

Slate gasped—a sharp, guttural sound escaping his lips as his hazel eyes squeezed shut. His entire body locked up, every muscle bulging, trembling, his powerful form trapped in agony.

It was unbearable.

The Augment implant was failing. The metal groaned under the relentless crush, the core systems faltering.

Slate's vision blurred. His mind swam.

The pain was drowning him.

Doc's voice pierced through the agony.

"This is what true weakness feels like, Slate. No strength. No power. Just pain."

Slate's breathing hitched, his broad chest rising and falling rapidly, his body shaking against the restraints.

Kraken watched, his grin widening. "This is the most satisfying thing I've ever seen."

Doc smirked, reaching for the final dial. "Let's push it just a bit further—"

Slate's cock was now fully erect. His manhood throbbed and jumped around in the jolts.

"Release the cum hero," Doc said.

"UNGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH," Slate moaned as an orgasm mixed with the power surges and intensity of the test forced a large ejaculation. The cum dripped through he codpiece like sticky white paste. It must've been a pint running down his codpiece.

Kraken couldn't help himself and with his mutant tongue licked every drop of it up. Every drop. Kraken then pulled off the codpiece and began to suck the brown latin cock.

"You fool," Doc said. "That spunk was for the test to make serum."

"Sorry boss," Kraken said. "I can't resist the cum. It strengthen's me."

Kraken wrapped his tentacle around each testicle and rubbed the nuts and squeezed them.

"We need to hook him to an IV to flood him with fluid. I need that cum," Doc said.

Kraken swallowed and released Slate. He walked away and followed Doc. A tube from the restraints found its way into Slate's vein. It would be about a hour before they could milk the muscle hero again.

"Unghhhh," Slate moaned. He slumped his head and prepared for the long night ahead of milking.

To be continued...

