

# A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

## BOOK 1

### Chapter 1 – The Motel

He took the Hollywood Boulevard exit from the 101 and turned left. It's strange how small decisions, insignificant at the time, can sometimes lead us down a road that changes our life forever. If only he had turned right .....

As it was, the left turn brought him to the shabby end of the Boulevard and he pulled over to the curb. In the July heat he was soaking wet. Sweat had soaked through his tank top, denim shirt and jeans and he realized that denim and boots were probably not the best clothes for Southern California at four o'clock on a baking afternoon. Raised in the northeast he was used to the cold and was always taken by surprise by the oven heat of Los Angeles. But he had driven seven hours straight and needed a drink – then sleep.

His thirst, at least, could be satisfied right away as a *Cocktails* sign was flashing up ahead – a small nondescript bar that had seen better days. He locked his car and walked to the door – really just two big strips of leather flapping in the breeze. Inside, total blindness as he stood inside and waited for his eyes to adjust to the blackness. Gradually he became aware of what he had walked into. Not much – a small, dark bar, almost empty except for a couple of early drinkers at a table in the corner and a guy at the bar who looked as if he had just got finished work at the nearby construction site – black T-shirt and Levis and big muddy boots.

The new arrival stood at the door getting his bearings. Needing to get cool he pulled off his shirt and stood in just the tank, jeans and boots. The tank clung damply to his sculpted chest and he was quite a sight. Tall, dark haired, handsome, with an obviously muscular body, his arms and chest profiled by the clinging shirt. A tough looking, masculine man he would make heads turn in any bar. Self-assured, confident he was the image of what's known as an alpha male.

He strode to the bar, sat down and looked over at the barmaid, a blonde with a great figure. Her face, like the bar, had seen better days, but her body caused a stirring in his groin. "A Bud," he said when she came over, and she produced one without a word. She was bored, having pulled the afternoon shift – few drinkers, no money – and she was not interested in talk.

The beer went down well and quickly and he got another. As he relaxed he became more aware of his surroundings, and especially the construction guy sitting two stools away.

"You look beat," the guy said.

"Yeah, I just drove nonstop from San Francisco. On my way south of the border. I'm just taking a quick breather here, a few drinks and a few hours sleep in my car before I move on. I'm Bob."

"Randy," said the other holding out his hand. Bob moved over to the next stool and the two hands clasped. Randy asked, "You live up north?"

"Yeah –I've lived with my wife in San Francisco for six years now."

Bob had guessed right about him as Randy said, "I'm taking a breather too. Work on the construction site next door – so me too, I need a few drinks and then sleep."

Bob looked him over and breathed in the smell of stale sweat. His black T-shirt was stained with it and he looked as if he hadn't showered in a while. He was tough looking, a three-day growth of stubble on his handsome face.

He was stunning. Swarthy face, square jaw, unruly dark hair. And the body was a evidently a tribute to years of hard manual labor ... chiseled pecs straining under the tight T-shirt, bulging biceps, broad shoulders tapering down to the narrow waist of his dusty cargo pants. He looked as if he could take care of himself – as if didn't give a shit about anyone or anything.

Bob asked, "You going back home to the wife?"

"No, she's back in El Paso. I go where the work takes me and right now it's two months in L.A. Gives me a chance to play the field – like Sheila there," nodding at the barmaid. "She and I get together every week or so. She's hotter than she looks – she'll try anything. How's your wife?"

"Not so great. Well – that's why I hit the road. We've been fighting for months and finally I snapped, jumped in the car with just the clothes on my back and took off – nonstop. Need time to think. Fighting with her, no sex for a month. You get the picture."

"You shouldn't have any trouble getting laid. Great looking guy like you must have women crawling round him."

"Too fucking pissed off to think about that. Just need to drink, sleep and hit the road."

Bob's sun glasses had hidden his eyes, but they were the kind that became clear in the dark. Suddenly they were light and Randy was able to see his eyes. As he looked into them there was a split second, a jolt – something in their gaze that held and... well, never mind. They had both felt it but then instantly forgot about it.

Randy bought another round and they sat for a while, talking a little, drinking a lot. Finally Bob said he was now not only exhausted but drunk too and he needed to sleep. He asked if there

was a safe place where he could sleep in his car for a few hours, or if motels here would rent him a room for a while.

"Hell, they rent them by the hour round here," Randy said. "But look, you can crash at my place for a few hours. The company puts us out-of-towners in a motel. Mine's round the corner. Buckingham Palace it's not .... more of a roach motel .... but it has a roof, air conditioner and a shower, so you're welcome for a few hours of oblivion."

Bob was so drunk and tired he was in no mood to argue. Randy gave a salute to Sheila and the two guys went out into the blinding sun.

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Unsteadily, Bob followed Randy the half block to the motel. As they entered the room Bob realized that Randy had not exaggerated. Spare, faded, with peeling walls, the room was a mess. One chair, a small table and a good sized double bed .... unmade, with messy sheets and pillows.

Sun was streaming in so Bob instinctively went to the window and slammed the blinds shut. Randy gave him a strange look and Bob smiled. "Sorry, I did that without thinking. My wife always says I'm such an alpha male that I never think of anyone else. Always take the lead. Sorry, it's your room. Do what you like.

"I will," Randy said. He was pissed that Bob had taken charge like that. Alpha male! He was about to say more but then he realized his anger was taking hold, that familiar anger that could be ferocious and that he was trying to control.

"That's OK. Make yourself at home." Randy threw himself fully clothed onto the bed, lying on his back with his hands propping his head. Bob sat in the chair and tried to settle down. He closed his eyes but the chair was about the most uncomfortable he had ever met.

Randy laughed. "You're not gonna get much sleep there. Come to the bed. There's a ton of room. Get comfortable and sleep, man."

Bob stood up. His jeans were soaked and his feet were stinking, so he kicked off his boots and pulled off his socks, and jeans. All he left on was his sweaty tank and his white boxers. Randy squinted at Bob and, now he was near naked, thought again how this muscular, good-looking guy would have no trouble with the ladies. Then he was asleep.

Bob almost fell onto his half of the bed, rolled over, his back to his bunkmate, and fell into a deep sleep, brought on by exhaustion and booze. But he soon began to dream. He hadn't thought about sex for a long time but he dreamed about it now. Various images of women crowded into his mind until one broke out of the pack – Sheila, from back at the bar. They were

in a bed, on the floor, him fucking her every which way. Finally his dream faded as he held her in his arms and slept with his head on her chest.

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The two guys must have slept for quite a while and would have slept for a lot longer but something was making Randy stir. As he came slowly to consciousness he was aware of an arm around his neck, and a head on his chest and a leg hooked over his. He woke up with a start and realized that Bob was draped over him. Worse, Bob had a big boner in his thin white boxers

"You fucking pervert!" Randy leapt out of bed, then bent down and slapped Bob in the face. "Faggot!" Bob woke startled and bewildered. What the fuck was happening?

"You were coming on to me, shithead. Me! You didn't tell me you were a fag. Look at this," he said slapping the bulge in Bob's briefs.

Bob shook his head and protested. "I must have been dreaming .... Sheila or something. I was having sex with her. You gotta believe me. I'm as straight as you are."

But Randy had lost it. The anger was back. Before Bob could react or defend himself Randy hit him across the face again and again until the big man was in a daze, barely conscious. Randy walked over to the wardrobe and pulled out a bag. The stuff he had used with Sheila in what she called 'kinky sex' would come in handy after all.

Bob had a vague idea that his body was being manhandled but he was too weak and dazed to react. When he came to it took a while to realize where he was. He felt a tightness on his wrists and ankles and he realized he was tied, spread eagled on the bed. Randy looked down at him and smiled. "You cheap piece of shit. Now you'll pay."

"What the fuck .... ?" Bob started to panic. "Hey, man this is crazy. You gotta believe me. Let me out of here. Just untie me, we'll forget the whole thing and I'll get the hell out."

But Randy had other ideas. Bob struggled against the ropes and tried to get free. Randy just stood there and watched and he had to admire the straining muscles and frantic, handsome face. He was going to enjoy punishing this man. He waited patiently while Bob fought to get free, straining every muscle, until he slowed down and finally accepted the fact that he was a prisoner and at Randy's mercy.

"What are you going to do to me?"

Randy didn't reply. Instead he pulled a leather collar from his bag and fastened it around Bob's neck. Then he tied a couple more ropes over the bed so Bob was almost immobile and unable to thrash around. There was a long pause while the two men looked at each other. Sure, there

was fear in one and anger in the other, but other things too. They could not help admiring each other, the sweating stud in bondage and the swarthy, greasy construction worker standing over him.

Without another word Randy pulled the belt out of his pants and laid it on Bob's heaving chest. "Now it begins," he said. "Don't even think of yelling because by the time anyone comes you'll be finished. Just take it like a man. Prove you're no faggot."

Bob knew what was about to happen and he braced himself. Randy lifted the belt and brought it down lightly on Bob's chest. Then again and again, harder and harder. Bob gritted his teeth and willed himself not to shout. He tried to use reason.

"Please man, don't do this. I swear I'll never tell anyone. Just untie me and I'll leave."

Randy made no reply. Instead, he put his hand at the top of Bob's tank top and with one move ripped it right off his body. There the big man lay, helpless, stripped down to his shorts, chest heaving, muscles straining, waiting for more punishment. The belt lashed down on the now naked chest and just when Bob was about to scream .... it stopped.

Bob knew better than to plead any more. Randy jumped on the bed, astride the naked, suffering man, and looked down at him.

"I'll teach you not to mess with me, you shithead. You think you're so big and tough ..... a real hit with the ladies. Well if they could just see the big stud now, tied up and helpless."

He put his filthy boot on the heaving chest, then onto his face, grinding it into the bed. Then he dropped to his knees over him and stared into Bob's face. Two straight, dominant muscular studs, they locked eyes and suddenly that fleeting look that had troubled them both in the bar came back. Neither knew what it was exactly, but they both instinctively realized that this was becoming something more than one angry construction worker punishing a stranger who had pissed him off.

Bob looked up in awe at the beautiful, swarthy muscle stud straddling him. Slowly Randy brought his hands to his lips. He licked his finger and lowered them to Bob's chest. There was a sharp intake of breath as Bob understood his tormentor's next target.

"No!" he pleaded softly. "Not that."

Randy brushed his wet fingers against the other man's swollen nipples, causing another gasp of breath. Then he began to twist them, slowly at first but then more and more painfully.

As his fingers dried, the pain in Bob's nipples became sharper and he knew he had to scream. Randy knew too and reached down to pick up one of Bob's stinking socks from the floor. He rammed it into Bob's mouth just as the agonized man screamed in pain. Randy had him. The

punishment continued and all Bob could do was plead with his eyes. He gazed at his captor and willed him to stop. Just when he felt he would pass out, the punishment suddenly ceased.

As Randy stood up and looked down at his captive, face in agony, muscles straining and streaming with sweat, he knew he wanted more. This man was his. He untied Bob's ankles first, pulled off the shorts and then retied the feet together. He did the same with the hands, tying them behind his back.

Then he made him kneel on the bed and tied his hands to his ankles behind his back. Bob was hogtied, butt naked, on the bed in front of his tormentor. Again he struggled to get free but Randy took hold of the collar and started to twist it. Bob realized he was beaten and stopped still.

Randy pulled a whip from his bag with many strands of leather – a cat. He knew he could torture his slave for longer with this. And so he began to flog him. Bob struggled to avoid the whip, falling over on his side, then face up, still hogtied, then kneeling again. But the whip kept raining down, on his chest, his back his legs and, worst of all, on his ass. His whole body was writhing in pain.

The big construction worker finally pushed his victim backwards and he fell on the bed whimpering. Bob looked up at his master, and Randy saw that the look was no longer simply one of fear. The pleading was for him to stop, but somehow he knew that the sweating stud was really pleading for more.

Randy sat in the chair, relaxed and gazed at his victim. “You are one tough son-of-a-bitch,” he said. He was filled with admiration for this handsome, muscled straight guy who had suffered so much, lying hogtied, naked and drenched in sweat. “I know what you need, man.”

He untied his captive's feet and made him get off the bed and kneel on the floor. Taking him by the collar he led him, still on his knees, stumbling, to the bath room. He made him get into the shower and kneel down. Bob was beyond thought by this time but he felt the sharp pain in his knees of the tiles.

To his great surprise he felt Randy come behind him and slide the bathmat under his knees to ease the pain. In that act Bob understood. He looked up at Randy, at the big construction worker, and their eyes connected again. Bob knew that both of them wanted this, man to man, each admiring the other and feeling an intimacy they had never felt with anyone.

Randy made him stand up and began the nipple work again. They were really sore by now and Bob's chest was soon heaving in pain.

"There is one way you can stop this," Randy said.

“Anything,” Bob moaned.

"Beg me to piss on you."

Bob recoiled at the idea and groaned, "No way, man!" So the torture continued and just when Randy was about to plug Bob's mouth with the sock again, the whimpering man said, "OK, I give up. You've won."

"What do you want?"

Bob hesitated. "I want you to piss on me."

"Is that all you've got?" Randy taunted him, giving a vicious twist to the nipples.

"OK, OK. Please, piss all over me ..... sir. I beg you. Do want you want with me. I want it. I'm begging you, sir."

His captor pushed him back down on his knees. Randy had earlier fallen asleep so suddenly that he had not even taken a leak, with all that beer inside him. There was a pause while Bob looked up at Randy's cock. Then it began, a dribble at first then a steady stream and then a gush. The hot, yellow liquid streamed all over the muscular naked body, making it gleam with piss. For a long time it streamed all over his face, neck chest until Bob's entire body was soaked.

Bob looked up at his master. "Thank you sir."

"We're not done. Lie down." Bob lay on his back in the shower with his feet and legs up against the wall.

"Ok, now," Randy ordered and Bob knew what he had to do. He too had a day's piss in him and he let it go – all over his own gleaming chest onto his face and through his hair. By now he was lying in a deep pool of urine; he had been thrashed, beaten and humiliated, at the total mercy of his master.

Randy looked down at him and stroked his meat. Gazing down at this gleaming, straining muscle stud, a slave who had been dominated completely, he couldn't hold back. As Bob looked agonizingly at him he needed just a few strokes. His muscles tensed, his body went rigid and he yelled, "Yes!" as his cock erupted in a stream of white liquid. The hot cream hit Bob's face with full force and poured down his cheeks, his chin, onto his chest.

Bob gazed up at the magnificent stud whose body heaved with the release of orgasm. When he was finally still Randy ordered Bob to lie on his back and to stroke his own meat. It didn't take long. Bob gazed at his master and felt a sensation building in his body that he had never felt before. A warmth began in his legs and ran up his whole body, focusing finally in his groin. His body tensed, spasmed and then went rigid.

He screamed as he felt his cock pulse and explode with hot semen that flowed all over his own chest and face. It mingled with the pools of his master's cum and Bob stared wildly at the man who smiled down at him. It was the most incredible orgasm he had ever experienced. Finally he sank back in the pool of piss and cum, exhausted.

With one last look at the beaten slave he now owned, gleaming with piss and cum, Randy left the bathroom.

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## Chapter 2 – The First Trial of Strength

Sated, but confused Randy staggered back into the bedroom. After his spectacular orgasm his mind was reeling. He didn't want to think about what had just happened. He put it down to drink – and to his familiar runaway anger. All he had wanted to do was punish the guy for his behavior on the bed, and he had done that totally until the big man, tough, masculine and dominant though he was, had begged for mercy.

Even now his victim was lying beaten and sobbing in the bathroom, naked in a pool of both guys' piss and cum. He had been thrashed, destroyed, totally humiliated. The big, straight, alpha male had begged to be pissed on. That was it. Enough was enough. It was over. Randy lay exhausted on the bed, on his back, his hands behind his head, eyes half closed. He started to doze.

In the bathroom Bob exactly fit the picture etched in Randy's mind. Every muscle in the big man's body ached and when water dripped on his tits they burned as if they'd been hit by molten lead. He was beaten, exhausted, a wreck of the man he had been when he came into the motel room.

He lay there for a long time, trying not to think about how totally he had been demolished. Finally he tried to move but realized that his hands were still tied behind his back. Sliding in the deep pool of urine he tried to move his arms, but slipped back down, his face flat on the floor half covered in urine.

The shock made him gasp, which made him swallow a mouthful of piss. He retched and that made him redouble his efforts, so he was eventually able – slowly and painfully – to move onto his back, slide his arms back down and over his feet, so they were in front of him. He pulled at them and realized that, in all his struggling, they had come a bit loose. Soaked as he was he was able to work his wrists and finally, excruciatingly, pull one out through the rope.

He breathed deeply for a few minutes and then pulled himself unsteadily to his feet. He didn't think of cleaning up or drying off. He just wanted to get out of there. He staggered to the door



and saw Randy lying half asleep on the bed. Even now, after all he had suffered, there was a twinge of admiration for the swarthy construction worker who had beaten and humiliated him so completely.

But enough of that. He looked around for his clothes. His body was still gleaming, stinking with piss and he ached all over but he managed to pull on his jeans, not bothering with underwear, and to struggle into his boots. He found the torn remains of his tank top and pulled it on. He gasped as the wet shirt brushed his ravaged nipples.

This noise made Randy stir and he half opened his eyes to watch his beaten slave struggle to pull himself together. Even though he still admired the gleaming muscles he had so recently tortured he just wanted the man to get out of his life. He watched as Bob reached behind his neck, unfastened the leather collar and let it drop to the floor.

Bob picked up his denim shirt and stumbled to the door. He almost fell against it and felt for the doorknob. The door was double locked and he couldn't work out how they opened. Randy watched him get more frustrated as he tried to escape. Eager for him to get out Randy pulled himself off the bed and over to the door. He reached down to the locks and easily freed them. He opened the door for Bob to leave.

Only now did Bob look up into Randy's face. The two pairs of eyes met and bored into each other. What the fuck was going on? Randy tried to say "Go!" but the word wouldn't come out. Bob tried to leave but his feet were like lead. It was surreal the way both strong-willed men stood there gazing at each other, neither moving.

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The atmosphere in the room was heavy, full of anticipation and uncertainty. The two men were entering uncharted waters. Finally it was Bob who moved. He put his hands on Randy's heavily muscled chest and slowly crumpled to his knees, running his hands down the full length of the man's body. His face fell to the ground and he smelled the boots, still stinking of piss and cum. He was in a trance now as he began licking the boots, slowly at first and then ravenously. At that moment this was all he wanted, to service the man who had so totally dominated him.

As he looked down at the handsome face licking his boots, the shoulder and back muscles gleaming with the effort, Randy was overwhelmed with a sense of .... what? .... admiration, intimacy....something. He too lost any sense of what he was doing. He reached down grabbed Bob's hair and pulled him up until the beautiful, pleading face was level with his crotch. He grabbed the back of his head and pushed it into his crotch, feeling his dick swell instantly.

Then he kicked the man and Bob fell onto his back on the floor. Randy closed the door and looked down at the muscular stud who was once again his captive. He gazed down at the fallen straight guy who lay sprawled at his feet.

"Strip," he ordered.

Bob shot to his feet, kicked off his boots, tore off his jeans and ripped off the tank top. He stood naked in front of his master.

"On the bed!"

Bob jumped onto the bed and lay down on his back. He didn't need telling. He stretched his legs and arms to the corners .... spread eagled. The ropes and restraints were still in place from the earlier bondage and it took just a minute for Randy to make the naked muscular man secure. Again the two men looked at each other. It was as if they were not sure what came next .... they were in uncharted waters, but they needed something.

"Free yourself," Randy ordered. Bob tried with all his strength. He pulled mightily at the wrist ropes, and tried to kick his feet free. The naked, gleaming, muscles writhed, twisted, strained, and the beautiful face winced and groaned. His frustration at his failure finally got to him and he suddenly wanted out.

"Fuck you," he said. "You mother fucking pervert, let me go. I don't want this. I don't know what's happening here. You must've fucking drugged me or something. Just let me get the hell out of here. You've fucking thrashed and humiliated me already. You tied me up, whipped and flogged me, tore my chest, pissed and cum all over me. What more do you want?"

Right now, all that Randy knew he wanted was to watch this beautiful, writhing slave try to get free, and plead with him. It was clear he wasn't yet broken, and this pleased Randy a lot.

Finally Bob's anger and struggle subsided and he lay whimpering and helpless. Randy went over to his bag and pulled out something made of black leather. Bob's eyes widened in horror when he saw what it was. A hood.

"No," he groaned. "I want to see you."

Randy made no reply. He went quickly to Bob's squirming head and, with one last look at the handsome, pleading face, he slipped the hood over it and with one move fastened it around the neck. There were fasteners at the eyes and mouth but Randy left them closed. He knew Bob could breathe fine.

He also knew that this was something completely new to Bob and he was panicking. The body writhed again, pulling and stretching until the muscles were pumped and gleaming from the effort. The sight was too much for Randy. He reached down, unzipped his fly and took out his dick. He started to pump it as he looked down at his writhing, bound captive. It didn't take long. He shot wads of cum over the hooded face and down over his naked chest. The man's screaming muscles dripped with the creamy liquid.

After a few minutes Randy zipped himself up, picked up his shirt, went over to the door and left the room, locking the door behind him. The hooded, struggling slave became still and was left there, unable to see or hear, bound and spread eagled .... to wait for his master's return.

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Out in the street Randy took a deep breath. He realized he was trembling. He just wanted something familiar, to get back to normal. The construction site. He walked there and saw the guys starting the night shift. They yelled at him and asked what the hell he was doing there.

"You're not on until eight tomorrow," his buddy Jack said. "Jeez, you look as if you've had great sex. Sheila put out again?" Randy looked straight through the guy and just walked away. He passed the bar and went in. Sheila was in a good mood.

"Hi, lover boy? Want some action later?" In the past that had always worked to relax him. Not this time. He just nodded to her and left.

In the motel, Bob lay completely still. Deprived of sight and sound, in tight bondage, he tried to empty his mind. He was not scared. It was something else .... an anticipation .... but that was in conflict with a huge need to get out of this and get his life back. He was a straight married guy, who had just meant to stop in L.A. for a few hours. Back home he was respected, a company executive. People called him arrogant sometimes, but that's who he was.

Now here he was, stripped naked, bound, and waiting for his master. His master? What the fuck was that? He had to get away from the guy and forget any of this happened.

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Randy walked aimlessly for a couple of hours, unsure of himself for the first time in his life .... confused, angry. Then he knew what he had to do. Get rid of the guy. Get his life back to normal. He relaxed and realized he was starving. He dropped into a greasy Chinese restaurant and bought takeout. He wanted to get back to the motel fast so he could end this thing.

When he walked into the room his new resolve almost deserted him. He looked down at his slave, spread eagled naked on the bed, muscles stretched, his face hidden by the hood. He did not turn on the light but opened the blinds so the light from the street lamps streamed over the beautiful body.

Unable to hear, Bob had no idea his tormentor had returned. Randy knew this and he stood for a long time looking down at his helpless captive. His eyes focused on Bob's raw, ravaged nipples and he couldn't hold back. With a sudden moved he clamped his fingers on the tits and twisted.

The shock, surprise and pain convulsed Bob's body, his muscles strained and he screamed into the hood. Just as suddenly the pain stopped. He felt the hood being unfastened, then removed and he shut his eyes as light blinded him. Slowly he opened them and he saw Randy staring down at him. Bob was ashamed to feel his cock getting hard. But Randy ignored that and began to untie the ropes from his wrists and ankles. Bob sat on the edge of the bed looking down at the floor.

"Here," Randy said. He gave Bob his jeans and he dug one of his own dirty T-shirts from a drawer. He flung it at Bob who pulled it on, smelling the sweat and grease that had come from Randy's body. He gasped as the shirt brushed his nipples.

"Hungry?" Bob was surprised by Randy's question but immediately realized he was starved. Without a word Randy opened the takeout and gave Bob a fork. The two guys ate ravenously, not looking at each other. But the silence started to get oppressive.

Bob cleared his throat and said, "I'm not gay, you know."

"I know," Randy said, looking up. "Neither am I."

"It never crossed my mind that you were. You're all man." Embarrassed by this dumb remark Bob actually blushed. To fill in the silence he said, "I'll leave as soon as I've finished this."

"Yeah," Randy grunted. "The on-ramp to the 101 South is just down the street." But they both remembered the last time he had tried to leave and they fell silent. The air became oppressive again, like a gathering storm that somehow had to break.

"What the fuck do you want from me, anyway?" Randy blurted out.

Bob looked him in the eyes. "I want you to tie me up, sir."

Randy exploded. "Fuck that! And fuck you! Get out of my life. Fuck you."

The gathering storm broke and Randy lost it. He hit Bob across the face, then again, and again, hard. This was not the practiced way he had been careful not to mark Bob before .... this was for real. Bob knew this and his masculinity asserted itself in force. Part fear, part adrenaline, and part the pent-up anger at being thrashed, he fought back. He hit Randy back, slapping his face hard and punching him in the gut.

The fight was inevitable. It was unavoidable that two strong-willed men like this would end up fighting, in a macho trial of strength, straining for dominance. Instantly they were on each other, wrestling, punching, anything they could do to punish the other. They grabbed at the shirts which were quickly shredded and the two muscular men, now stripped to the waist, wrestled and sweated.

They rolled off the bed and Randy landed on his stomach. Bob took advantage of this and twisted Randy's arm behind his back, wrenching it painfully. Randy yelled in agony and tried to get free. But Bob held tight and came down on the wounded arm with his knee. He turned Randy over, still twisting the arm behind his back.

Randy lay there looking up at the strong muscular stud who was thrashing him. With his free fist Bob punched Randy in the gut, again and again. Bob no longer knew what he was doing. He just looked down at the man who had humiliated him and now took his revenge.

Completely stunned and winded, Randy lay still and Bob followed up his assault. He knee-dropped his victim again and again, on both arms, his heaving chest, his abs, and punishingly on his solid thighs. The construction worker screamed in agony at each blow and through a blur of sweat and pain dimly saw the muscular stud above him who was fast becoming his destroyer.

He managed to groan, "OK man, you've won. I'm done. I submit."

But Bob didn't let up and the pounding continued. He focused now on the pecs, hammering them with his fists as Randy tensed them mightily so their hardness would ward off the worst of the pain. Beaten into near unconsciousness Randy still, somehow, with all his force of will, resisted passing out. In the back of his mind, through the mist of pain, he realized that if Bob won, he would never see him again.

He looked up at the man who had thrashed him near senseless standing astride him, the arrogant winner. And, with the last desperate, heaving action of a wounded animal Randy did the only thing left to him. With his right foot he aimed wildly at the top of Bob's muscular legs and crashed it with all his strength into Bob's balls. Everything changed. Bob reeled back in agony, clutching his balls in a sudden scream of pain. It was so bad he almost passed out.

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Both men, exhausted, half conscious, heaved in pain, trying to regather their senses. Bob was kneeling back against the side of the bed, his legs back under it and his body stretched limply back over it. He could no longer think or act – he was just aware of the agony in his balls. Randy too was still, aware only of his aching, ravaged body.

They both began to stir but Randy came to his senses just a bit sooner than the other man. He eased himself painfully to his feet, reached down and pulled off Bob's jeans. Leaving Bob arched backward over the bed he reached for the ropes, tied them to Bob's ankles and pushed his legs back under the bed.

He drew the ropes under the bed, up over the other side and tied the other end to his captive's wrists. He drew the ropes tight so, now naked, Bob was stretched backward over the bed, his knees on the floor. The pain in his balls was replaced by his screaming arm, chest and back

muscles as the ropes got tighter. His arms were pressed against his head as they stretched straight up to the other edge of the bed.

Randy stood up and I looked down at his prisoner. The chests of both men heaved and their bodies streamed with sweat. Slowly Randy recovered and stared at the now naked man at his mercy. Bob was on the rack. Randy had never done this or even seen it. He started to get hard.

But his anger did not subside. "You fucking asshole! You think you can thrash me? You think you can top a man like me? Nobody has ever done that .... or even had the balls to try. You've got guts, I'll say that, and you're tough .... but you're stupid. And now you're really gonna pay."

Bob was helpless, immobile. He closed his eyes, then opened them to stare at the angry construction worker and realized he has lost .... he had been beaten. He waited for Randy to take his revenge.

Randy reached down for the whip, but not for more flogging. Not right now. There was something else first. Going to the other side of the bed he put the handle of the whip through the ropes like a garrote. It was a tourniquet. Just a slight turn tightened the ropes. Bob realized that he was on the rack and Randy was his executioner. Thoughts of the Inquisition flashed through his mind. He begged Randy to stop.

"Please, man. This is too much. I .... I was wrong to challenge you. You are the top man .... always were, and you thrashed me good. But let me go now and it's over. Please sir .... I'll do anything. I'm your slave. I'm begging you .... do anything to me.... piss on me, whip me, humiliate me however you want. Just take this pain away.

"Shut up," was Randy's only response. There was a long pause until Randy started to turn the handle. His naked body already stretched to its limit, Bob felt the rope getting tighter, and his arms were pulled even farther up. The pain started to get intense and he was afraid he would pass out.

His moans and groans got louder and more desperate as his gleaming muscles were stretched. The veins stood out in his arms, legs and chest. Randy knew his prisoner was going to scream so he grabbed the torn T-shirt and tied the stinking cloth round Bob's mouth. The agonized man screamed through the gag, but it did its work well.

Bob felt that his arms were being pulled from their sockets. He floated in and out of consciousness as Randy brutally tightened the ropes. When Randy knew his slave would soon pass out completely he stopped and stood up. He looked down at the naked muscle stud stretched in agony on the rack. The handsome face twisted in pain, the head thrashing from side to side. The body gleamed with sweat and shuddered in agony. Randy was pleased with the sight.

But he still had to take his captive to the next level. He reached down to the floor, picked something up and held it in front of Bob's face. Through his haze of pain the agonized man looked in horror and knew what was to come. He would be hooded. Randy was fast. He ripped off the gag, slipped the hood over the man's head and fastened it tight around the neck.

All sight and sound was blotted out for the helpless man stretched naked on the rack. The only sensation he had was the continuing searing pain in his muscles as they were stretched to the limit.

The muscular stud was now completely helpless and vulnerable. He couldn't move an inch. He couldn't see, hear or scream. And his naked chest was being offered to his brutal master. Again, Randy looked down admiringly at the muscular chest and arms as they stretched and streamed with sweat. He heard the frantic sobs through the leather hood.

Then he focused on the raw, swollen nipples. He knew that the slightest touch would send jolts of pain through the man's heaving muscles. But he remembered the humiliating beating this man had given him and he wanted full revenge. He knelt over the heaving chest, knowing that his captive was completely immobilized. He lowered his fingers to the tits .... it was payback time.

# # #

### **Chapter 3 – Fight for Supremacy**

Slowly at first, then more and more intensely Randy began to twist his captive's tits brutally. The hooded head swung violently from side to side as the beaten man screamed soundlessly into it.

Bob had known what was coming but still the pain was something he had never experienced in his life. He forgot the torture in his stretched arms and shoulders and was aware only of the searing agony in his tits. It reached an unbearable pitch ..... and then, suddenly, he didn't feel anything. He had passed into another state, a state of ecstasy where his chest and his tits were on fire and he loved it. He groaned in delirium, and his last thought was of his handsome master before he passed out.

When he gradually regained consciousness he at first thought that the torture was continuing, as his tits were searingly sore – on fire. But the punishment had stopped. He lay there, no movement, no sound, even though he was sobbing and his eyes were streaming with tears inside the hood. He was aware only of the agonizing pain in his stretched muscles and his burning nipples.

But on another level a part of him knew that Randy had not finished with him. He remembered the look in the construction worker's face when Bob was pinning him and pounding his gut. The

fury was intense and he knew Randy had to reassert his dominance. What had started as a casual acquaintance between two tough, straight, dominant men had become a test of wills – with no holds barred. The big, muscular man had been bound, whipped and humiliated. He had begged the other man to piss on him, to punish him to his limit and he had been left soaked and sobbing in a pool of piss and cum.

But he had not been broken. Much later he had come to his senses and when Randy slapped his face he had lost control and fought back. And he had nearly won. He had pinned the big sweaty construction worker on the floor, tortured his arm, stomped on him and punched his gut until Randy had screamed in pain. If Bob had won he would have left and never come back. But he had lost and he knew the price he must pay. A man like Randy would never be humiliated without exacting a terrible revenge. Now, sweating, sobbing, racked with pain, Bob waited for more.

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Randy looked down at his helpless, heaving captive and was having similar thoughts. He had never been thrashed and humiliated before as Bob had done to him and he knew he had to break this man, this big, muscular, straight guy who had already taken such a beating.

He looked down at the naked body stretched helpless before him, the chest heaving and pouring with sweat, the arms, shoulders and biceps stretched to their limit, the bulging muscularity on agonized display. He had to admire the man's beauty and his strength. He had taken a thrashing like nobody else, and he was still not broken.

The construction worker was in no hurry. He stood up, took a breather and prepared slowly for the finish. But first he needed to see the agonized face, so he quickly unfastened and whipped off the hood. The handsome face was twisted in pain, pouring with sweat, tears streaming from his eyes. He looked up helplessly into his tormentor's face his eyes implored him to stop.

Randy taunted him. "You worthless piece of shit. Asshole. You're nothing! You think you could beat me and make me beg? Well, maybe you did, but now it's my turn. And I'm gonna thrash you until you break. You fucking bastard. You're big and your tough, but we'll see how much more you can take."

His final revenge would be more fitting. He remembered the beating he had taken and now began to give like for like. Bob felt a hand move over his face and grab his neck tightly. He thought this was the end, that he would choke, but then the hand released and moved down his chest, grazing the torn nipples. It came to rest on his stomach, and Bob suddenly he realized what was to come.

Randy started to punch the beautiful abs lying helplessly before him. Stretched to the limit as they were they could not move, could not avoid the blows or absorb them in any way. Randy pounded the gut unmercifully, first with one fist then with both. In his mind he saw himself as he



had been, pinned to the ground and taking the full force of the other man's strength, and he became more angry than he had ever been. The pounding continued.

By this time Bob was beyond thought or feeling. He was aware only of the searing pain in his stomach as the construction worker pounded his gut, exacting his revenge. But, as before, the pain began to disappear and that feeling of ecstasy overwhelmed him. All he knew was that his master was giving him the thrashing he deserved. He was being destroyed, his strength, his masculinity, his very manhood was being demolished. The man was his master. This beautiful, muscular, tortured straight man was finally becoming a slave.

Again remembering how Bob had attacked him, Randy began to viciously knee drop the helpless muscles – first the arms, then the chest and finally, agonizingly, the muscular thighs stretched over the side of the bed. He looked down at his slave and became like an animal. He picked up the belt and whipped the man's chest again.

He was in another world. As he looked down and saw the whip lash the beautiful body it was as if someone else was doing the beating. He gazed mesmerized at the tortured man. Randy was not aware that he too was streaming tears as he saw this man whom he had admired so much take the beating of his life. The two men were sobbing uncontrollably.

In the fog of his delirium Bob became aware that his cock was rock hard. He had no idea how long this had been happening, but he felt it now because all the intense pain .... in his racked body, his torn nipples and lashed chest, and in his agonized gut .... all the pain went into his groin and he was intensely aware of his cock. He felt it moving, something was stirring deep in his gut. He was about to break.

He started to scream obscenities. "Fuck you, asshole. Thrash me .... whip me .... torture me. Is that all you got, you cocksucker? Harder ..... harder. I'm your slave."

His cock trembled, his body shuddered and he felt the explosion coming. He went totally rigid and his orgasm erupted, all over his bruised gut and chest, up over his beautiful face. The hot cum poured out of him, again and again, as his obscenities intensified. His whole body convulsed as sweat streamed off him. Then he collapsed in silence. He was demolished, destroyed, broken. He was Randy's slave, and would be for ever.

Exhausted, spent and amazed by the sight of the beautiful cum-splashed man Randy collapsed sobbing on top of him. Their faces side by side they wept together in a wild delirium. They were bound by the most intense, intimate and electrifying experience they had ever shared with another human being. All thought vanished. There was only sensation, the acute sensation of two beautiful, exhausted bodies pressed together with sweat and cum.

\* \* \*

They lay like this for a long time, chests heaving against each other until their sobs subsided and they luxuriated in the feeling of maleness as the two bodies became one. Randy was unaware how long his cock had been rock hard, but he felt it now throbbing against the leg of his prisoner. Slowly he raised himself up on his arms, his hands on either side of Bob's face. He grasped the sides of Bob's head tightly so it was trapped. The two pairs of eyes burned into each other, the men's intensity undiminished. And they both knew absolutely what was to come next.

Randy moved up so that his big, thick cock was pointing ramrod straight down at the captive's face. Bob opened his mouth wide and Randy lowered himself slowly. The gorged head of the cock entered the slave's mouth and paused. The wait seemed endless until slowly the thick shaft sank deep into Bob's throat. Bob tried to gag but his mouth was completely filled.

Again there was no movement as both men savored the feeling of this exquisite moment. Then Randy pulled back the shaft until it came out of the mouth for a second, then plunged back in. The pounding began. Still stretched taut as he was, his face in the vice-like grip of his captor, Bob was aware only of the huge rod plunging into his mouth and down his throat. He gasped air through his nose and watched as his tormentor continued the torture.

Randy's cock was on fire. He'd had blow-jobs from women before but never anything remotely like this. He looked down at the handsome, rugged face as it got brutally fucked. He had never seen anything as beautiful as this broken man, eyes streaming with tears, hair matted to his forehead, face soaked in sweat, his gaze riveted on the big, swarthy construction worker heaving above him.

As the hammering continued Randy felt the fire rising slowly up his legs and into his groin. He knew he couldn't hold back much longer. As the two men locked their gaze together he felt the hot liquid rising, and he screamed obscenities as his cock burst and the creamy liquid poured into the open mouth and deep into the throat. Bob tried to thrash wildly but was held in Randy's vice-like grip. He swallowed again and again, tasting the hot, bitter liquid as it poured into him.

Randy finally pulled out, but not because he was finished. He felt a second wave of cum rising and he pointed his cock straight at the wide-eyed, pleading man's face. A stream of cum spurted into the face, over the hair, eyes and cheeks, mixing with the sweat and tears. Bob was in another world as he felt his master's juice pouring over him. Randy stopped, paused, and then plunged his still-hard dick back down into the throat. He fell forward onto his prisoner, the rod spearing his face to the bed.

\* \* \*

After a long while Randy pulled off, stood back and looked down at the trembling, shattered, muscular body stretch tight before him. "That's it man. You're finished," he said. "You've lost. You're beaten, broken. You're no longer a man. You're a fucking animal. What do you say?"

Bob looked up at the man who had taken such a brutal revenge and knew he was destroyed. "I submit, sir. You are my master. I've never felt....I've never...." And he started to sob, in total despair and humiliation. The big handsome, confident, arrogant straight stud was reduced to a sniveling wreck of a man. He was broken.

Randy stood over him and folded his big, laborer's arms across his chest. He looked magnificent in victory.

"Now you know. I am your master. You came in here, arrogant, proud of being your own tough, beautiful, straight man. You fought, but you lost and I took my revenge. You have been tortured, humiliated and destroyed. You will do everything I order you to do. I own you and will do whatever I want to with you. You are my property, so I can pass you around to my buddies, sell you to them, if they want to use your body. Is all this clear?"

Bob's strangled reply was simple .... "Yes sir!"

"OK. Here's your first test as a slave. When I work on your tits again your chest will be on fire. The pain will be unimaginable. But you are to make no sound. You will look into my eyes as I inflict the ultimate pain and you will not utter a sound.

And with that, he lowered his fingers to the ravaged nipples and began to twist harder than ever. He was right. Bob had never felt such pain in his life. His eyes widened, pouring with tears but still riveted to the face of his master, and his mouth opened in a soundless scream. He passed into another state of existence. The pain was so intense he didn't feel it. Instead he was dimly aware of only one sensation – his cock was becoming rigid again.

He reached the point where he knew he had to scream out loud, but Randy knew his slave well and the torture suddenly stopped. The muscular body shuddered and heaved as the pain began to subside, until finally it was still

\* \* \*

Randy stood back and again the two men gazed at each other, trying to come to grips with this extraordinary situation that neither of them could have dreamed of. Eventually Randy leaned forward and finally began to loosen the ropes that had stretched Bob's beautiful muscles so agonizingly for so long. Bob felt some semblance of life returning to his bruised and battered muscles. Some kind of normal feeling returned to his tortured body, battered and aching as it was. Randy released the rest of the ropes and ordered his new slave to stand.

The two men stood upright, face to face and looked at each other without a word. No words were adequate. As they looked at each other they sensed an immense intimacy. They had just gone through something that few people ever experience. Randy picked up the leather collar from the floor. Holding it up, like a trophy, he ritualistically fastened it around the big man's muscular neck. Then he took hold of the collar and led his prisoner into the bathroom.

"Sit!" he ordered, and Bob instantly sat down on the john. Randy reached down and quickly fastened Bob's hand behind him and tightly to the pipe behind the toilet. Again, savoring the moment, he stood back and stared down at the handsome, muscular man sitting bound before him. Again, they both knew what was coming.

Randy took hold of his dick and pointed it at his prisoner's face. A trickle of liquid started to flow and quickly became a stream of hot, rancid piss. It gushed over the stud's face, into his hair, his eyes, flowing down his nose and cheeks and splashing onto the straining muscles of his magnificent torso. The piss kept coming in a steady torrent, soaking the man, making his muscles gleam as his shoulders bulged, pulling against the ropes behind him.

Then everything was still, the only sound being the dripping of hot, stinking liquid from the strained, muscular body. Bob's head fell forward in a finally acknowledgement of total submission.

Randy stepped forward, grabbed Bob's hair and pulled his head up tight. He gazed down one last time at this beautiful face that he had so humiliated, streaked now with sweat, cum and stinking piss. Bob looked up and saw that his master was grinning down at him. Randy's gaze pierced Bob's eyes as he said,

"And that, my friends, is a broken man."

He let the face fall, turned his back and strode out of the room.

# # #

## **Chapter 4 – Obsession**

Randy fell face down on the bed. He had never been so tired in his life ..... nor more alive. He had just created a slave out of a proud, tough and arrogant man. His mind flashed on the image in the bathroom – a big, muscular man now a sobbing wreck lashed to the john, streaming with piss. It was too much for Randy to take in and he began to fade into a dream-filled sleep.

In the bathroom Bob was beyond rational thought or feeling. He had only a vivid sensation of having been totally destroyed and now thought only of his master. As his battered muscles began to relax he slumped forward, held in place by the ropes binding his arms behind him. As painful as that was he too began to fall into a troubled sleep.

Although there were only a few hours until daybreak, Randy several times needed to take a leak, and he walked groggily to the bathroom. Without a second thought he unleashed his piss on the huddled sleeping stud, who was now his urinal. Bob's dreams were broken by the

sensation of more hot, rancid liquid pouring down on him and he raised his face to take the full force of it from his master.

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Dawn finally came and Randy woke in a daze. He had to go back to the construction site in an hour for his day's work and, as usual in the morning, his first need was to take a leak. His big, muscular human urinal stirred, and again the ritual anointing occurred.

When he was finished Randy leaned down and untied the ropes from the water pipe, though Bob's hands were still tightly secured behind him. Randy let him relieve himself into the john and he was, with some difficulty, able to clean himself. But Randy did not permit a shower or any other activity. He intended to leave his slave filthy. He pulled the big man up by the leather collar, pulled him forward and left him lying helpless on the bathroom floor.

Randy realized he was hungry. He quickly pulled on his jeans, boots and a denim, sleeveless work shirt and left the motel room. He locked the door behind him, though there was no fear of anyone coming by. Maid service was almost non-existent in this dump ..... only when someone moved out.

He returned a short time later with fast-food takeout and began to eat greedily. Through the open bathroom door he saw his captive's pleading look and he placed a second container of food in the middle of the bedroom floor.

"Come and get it."

His hands still tied behind his back Bob began to move forward into the bedroom. His movements restricted, he was able only to crawl on his belly, slowly and painfully, toward the food. Randy watched spellbound as the naked, muscular man ..... more animal than man ..... inched his way forward, a picture of degradation.

Randy felt a mix of emotions ..... pride that he had demolished this man so savagely and completely, admiration for the toughness and spirit of the guy who had endured the beating of his life, and even a vague sense of pity for how low the man had sunk. The crawling man reached the food, and there was only one way to eat it. He buried his face in it and swallowed it like a dog.

When the meal, such as it was, was over Randy got ready to leave for the day. Before he did, he went over to the naked man on the floor to make him more secure. He pulled the arms back behind him and tied the wrists by a rope the back of the collar. He did not want him to slide his arms down and in front of him. He would be able to get up and walk – but not far. Randy left the room and locked the door.

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As the day wore on the exhilaration of the night before began slowly to dissolve into a different mix of emotions for both men. As reality dawned neither one could really grasp what had happened, and as time dragged on there began to creep in a basic desire for some kind of normalcy. The extraordinary high of the last twelve hours could not possibly be maintained. There had to be a return to sanity.

Around noon Randy came back into the room and gazed down at his magnificent, helpless slave. He had brought more food, which he put on the floor for his prisoner to eat as before. But as Bob gobbled ravenously Randy was overwhelmed by one of his earlier emotions ..... pity for the degradation of this beautiful man.

He sat on the bed and looked down at him. Without even working things out for himself, he instinctively knelt down and untied the shattered wreck of a man. Then, before he had time to reconsider, he left the room and went back to work.

As usual the two men were in sync. Bob suddenly had an overwhelming desire to recover his sanity, regain some shreds of self-respect and reconsider the direction of his life. Without any logical thought he stood unsteadily, found his jeans and boots and pulled them on. He put on the old T-shirt of Randy's, patted his Levis and realized that his car keys were still in his pocket. He let himself out of the room and walked to his car.

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When Randy's day was over and he came back into the filthy motel room he was not really surprised to find it empty. Not disappointed either, though he still felt a stirring as he bent to pick up the collar that he had so recently placed round the muscular neck of his slave. But all that was over and he needed to purge all those thoughts and clean up his life – starting with this wreck of a room.

Newly energized, he stripped the cum- and piss-soaked bed, ripped his filthy clothes from the drawer and tied them all in a bundle. He tore off his clothes and stepped into the shower. He unplugged the tub and watched the pool of piss gradually drain away. It was as if the searing memories of the past night were draining away too.

When he was clean, he grabbed the bundle of filthy linen ..... but then noticed a couple of items he had missed ..... Bob's shredded and stained tank and piss-stained boxers. Instinctively Randy picked them up and buried his face in them, inhaling the maleness of the man he had broken. But he shook his head to rid himself of the sensation, threw the stinking underwear under the bed, left the room with his bundle and walked the few blocks to the nearest laundromat.

\* \* \*

About that time Bob was still driving the streets of Hollywood in something of a daze. He struggled mightily to rid himself of thoughts of the night before, but his aching muscles and burning nipples kept making him flash on images of the long torture he had endured. He had to get over this! He needed to reassert himself. Automatically he headed his car in the direction of a hotel he had stayed in on previous business trips to L.A. He was a Marriott regular and pulled into the plush Renaissance Hollywood Hotel on Highland.

The valet took his car keys with a "Thank you sir!" Bob looked up and smiled. He needed that "sir" even if it was the kind that money bought. The desk clerk recognized him (though his filthy clothes raised eyebrows) and he was soon in a large sun-filled room overlooking the Hollywood Hills. He stripped off his jeans and boots, but as he pulled off the T-shirt it scraped his nipples and made him gasp.

Naked now he stepped into the generous shower and let hot water pour over his battered and bruised body. Later, in the hotel's thick bathrobe he ordered dinner from room service and again enjoyed the "sir" of the waiter. He was back to his old life. He felt an extreme fatigue, greater than he had ever felt, and he fell gratefully into the soft king-size bed. He was asleep almost immediately ..... but a sleep that was full of dreams.

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The next morning in the motel, Randy, got out of the now clean and restored bed and left for work. He knew that the hard, manual, sweaty construction work would complete the cleansing of any wild thoughts that still lingered.

Bob too was in the process of cleansing. He still had his gym clothes in his car and there was a nearby branch of his regular San Francisco gym. In the locker room as he undressed he saw some of the other guys looking at him. He panicked and thought that his body must be a mass of welts and bruises. But he looked in the mirror and saw that Randy had been a master at what he did. Apart from a few red marks and light bruises, his perfect body was unmarked. The guys were simply looking at the big man in admiration.

Bob pulled on his Speedos, went out to the pool and dove in. He swam with long, powerful strokes that helped his muscles regain some of their strength and authority. After that he changed into a black tank and shorts and did a long, intense workout, pushing his muscles hard and watching them flex in the mirror. He was recovering well, he thought ..... but maybe not.

Preparing to do fly exercises with the cables he stretched his arms up to the corners of the equipment and grasped the handles. He admired his taut, strained muscles in the mirror ..... and then it happened. In his mind, his reflection morphed into a naked, muscular man, tied with arms stretched and straining to get free. He looked on mesmerized and it was as if he felt the lash of the belt across his straining pecs. He felt his dick stir in his shorts. He shook his head to make the image disappear.

Later, when he jumped up to the bar to do pull-ups he again caught sight of himself hanging at full stretch and his mind flew to the naked man stretched in agony on the rack. He had to get a grip on himself, and he knew what he would do.

He had driven from San Francisco with only the clothes he was wearing, so after the gym he went to a clothing store round the corner and bought some dress clothes ..... two short-sleeved white cotton shirts, a pack of three white tanks and white boxers, a pair of tan loafers, socks and a belt. He even threw in a tie so he could reestablish himself as the confident executive he was.

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Meanwhile, at the construction site Randy too was having a hard time shaking off earlier images. He and the guys were tying bundles of old beams to be shipped off as trash. As he worked on the ropes he found himself pulling them tighter and tighter and in his imagination the beams became the naked man he had so recently lashed to the wall and the bed. At another point he looked up to see his buddy Jack, shirtless, stretching upward to pull down an old chunk of plaster, and the naked torso dissolved into the straining muscles of a naked man stretched out in bondage.

Randy, too, knew he needed to shake this thing off.

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At the hotel Bob tried to take a nap, but dreams and images kept filling his mind and he became restless as a caged animal. As he tossed on the bed the sheets brushed his still-sore nipples and he gasped. Instinctively he grabbed his tits and pinched them hard with his fingers. The jolt of pain excited him and he almost screamed.

Leaping out of bed he saw Randy's T-shirt that he had discarded on the floor. Picking it up he buried his face in it and the faint smell of piss and cum transported him back to the squalid motel room. His old English professor would have called this a Proustian memory, where the sense of smell and touch caused this vivid flashback.

Bob felt his dick getting hard. "Shit," he said, "shit!", and he tossed the rancid T-shirt on the floor. He knew this had to stop. He pulled on a pair of the cotton boxers, then his new slacks and belt. He pulled one of the white tanks over his head and over it he put on the crisp white, short-sleeved shirt. As a finishing touch he put on the tie.

He checked himself out in the mirror. He looked great. His shirt was a bit too snug, though. His wife had always bought his dress clothes so he didn't really know his size. But it clung nicely to his torso and showed off his muscular body ..... not a bad thing. He admired himself before going down to the restaurant for an early dinner.

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At the motel Randy was still trying to deal with memories of the last wild night. He stood in the now clean room but still the smell of sweat and piss lingered. He saw something jutting out from under the bed and he pulled out Bob's cum-stained boxers and torn tank. Without thinking, he stripped off his own clothes and pulled on the remains of Bob's underwear. He looked in the mirror and saw, not himself, but the beautiful man he had tortured, just standing there waiting for more. It was like an acid flashback from the drug days of his youth. His dick began to stir.

"Fuck you, man!" he said to the image in the mirror. He needed a drink. He ripped off the clothes, pulled on his jeans and T-shirt and headed out to the bar. Sheila greeted him with a "Hi, handsome! Want some action?"

"Why not," the big man replied. "But first I want a beer, or five or six."

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After dinner Bob came back to his room but was soon pacing and cursing to himself. He had never been this restless. He needed to get out. He got his car from the valet and started to drive aimlessly through the streets of Hollywood. He actually shook his head to get it clear but it didn't work. He felt his cock stirring and didn't know why.

He drove for a long while, not knowing where he was. Eventually, as darkness fell, he found himself pulling into a small parking lot, where he headed for a dark corner and parked. He looked up and realized with start where he was. The motel.

He sat there in the shadows, his gaze fixed on the motel room he now knew so well. He loosened his tie and began his wait, until his head slumped on the steering wheel in a troubled sleep.

He was wakened by voices, laughing and shouting. He looked up and he took a sharp intake of breath as he saw Randy. The big swarthy man had his arm draped around the neck of a woman .... Sheila .... as they staggered drunkenly into the motel room. The door slammed behind them and Bob looked in a daze at the closed door. The full impact dawned on him slowly. Randy had put Bob out of his mind. He had turned his back on all they had been through and resumed his old life .... starting with a night with Sheila.

"Shit," Bob shouted. "Shit, shit, shit!" He slammed his hands on the steering wheel and buried his face in his arms. He didn't know why he felt this way, or even what he was doing here, but he was devastated. He didn't know what to do. He stayed there gazing at the motel room door for a long time.

Suddenly the door flew open and Sheila staggered out, pulling her disheveled clothes around her. "Fuck you," she screamed over her shoulder. "What the fuck's happened to you, anyway? You can't get it up and you're a million miles away. It's like I'm not even there? You're mind is

totally fucked these days. Just get a life!" Slamming the door behind her she staggered away into the night.

The motel was now dark and still. Bob looked at the room and, as if in a trance, got out of his car, went over to the window and looked through the small crack in the curtains. Inside, Randy was lying on his back on the bed, wearing just boxers. His hands were behind his head and he was staring unblinkingly at the blank wall at the foot of the bed. He was perfectly still.

Bob felt his cock stiffen as he looked at the near naked construction worker. God, he was beautiful. He went to the door and knocked softly.

When he heard the knock Randy thought, "Goddamn Sheila. She won't give up. I can't handle her right now," and he stayed where he was. When the knock came a second time he leapt to his feet and was already yelling as he yanked open the door. "For Christ's sake, Sheila, leave me alone. You just don't....." but his words died in his throat. It wasn't Sheila. It was a tall, muscular man dressed in neat business clothes, a man he didn't recognize at first until ..... His heart leapt. It was Bob.

There was a long pause as the two men looked at each other. Then Randy opened the door wordlessly and Bob walked in. They stood facing each other and locked eyes. That strange, almost hypnotic sensation they had both felt fleetingly when their eyes had first met back in the bar returned, but this time more penetratingly. Staring into Bob's deep brown eyes Randy could see his own reflection. The two men were drowning in each other's gaze.

This was it, why they had inexplicably been unable to suppress all thoughts of the other. They had tried to resume their normal lives, but failed. Now they knew why. Bob's hand moved up to his tie as he prepared to take off his business clothes, but Randy quickly stopped him.

"Not yet."

Holding him by the back of the neck Randy steered the big man over to the wall opposite the bed. With Bob's back to the wall Randy quickly secured his wrists to the restraints that still hung in the upper corners. He lengthened the rope a little so Bob's biceps were level with his shoulders, his forearms pointing straight up. Bob spread his legs and Randy quickly secured the ankles to the bottom corners of the wall.

Randy withdrew and lay back on the bed facing his captive. "God, you're beautiful," he breathed. He was fully dressed in a tight, white shirt with a white cotton tank clearly visible underneath stretched over the big pecs. The short sleeves of the shirt slid back to reveal the man's huge, veined biceps. The torso tapered down from broad shoulders to the narrow waist where the shirt was tucked into the belted slacks. The legs strained through the slacks as they were held taught and wide.

Now held motionless, Bob looked intently at the construction worker, and his cock stirred again. The swarthy man, dressed only in boxers lay on the bed, his naturally muscular body, honed by hard labor, glistened with a thin sheen of sweat. The stubble on his chin had thickened in the past two days and his piercing blue eyes were riveted to the bound man.

As he looked at his beautiful prisoner Randy had an idea. He got up and went over the closet facing the wall. Its door was mirrored, floor to ceiling, and he propped it open a little. Then he lay back on the bed.

Instinctively Bob looked over to the mirrored door and .... saw himself. He had often admired his reflection in the gym, but it was never like this. He sure looked like the successful, well-dressed business man that he was ..... except that he was in bondage. It was as if he were looking at another man, a big, proud man, dressed for work in the office, but tied to the wall. What the fuck was going to happen to him? And, incredibly, the sight made his cock start to stiffen.

Randy watched his prisoner look at his own reflection with the stirring of lust. As he saw the bulge in Bob's slacks grow Randy grinned. He growled, "Last time I thrashed, tortured and destroyed your body, man. Now time to fuck with your mind."

And he got up from the bed.....

# # #

## Chapter 5 - Mind Fuck

Randy was taking his time. He wanted to luxuriate in the sight of this man .... and he had all night to do it. He walked up to Bob and untied his hands. He put the leather collar on him and attached the sides to the hooks in the upper corners of the wall. Now Bob was bound to the wall by his neck and ankles but his hands were free to obey his master's instructions. Randy went back to the bed, lay with his hands behind his head and surveyed his prisoner. The sight was glorious. He began to give his instructions.

"Slowly loosen your tie and let it hang open," he ordered. "And keep your eyes on the mirror."

Bob obeyed, and watched as the guy in the mirror did as he was told. Bob wasn't seeing himself .... just the image of a muscular business executive bound to the wall. He stood still, gazing at the beautiful image before him. Whether it was the heat of the room, his own fear or his anticipation he started to sweat. Randy watched as the tight shirt, and the tank underneath, started to get damp and cling to the big torso.

"Now slowly, very slowly, unbutton your shirt."

Bob's eyes were riveted by the mirror as the guy he saw there slowly started to strip. He and Randy were soon both looking at the tough executive with his tie hanging loose, shirt open to the waste, revealing a white, damp cotton tank stretched over the perfectly molded pecs. Randy's hand went down to his crotch and he began to rub his bulge.

"Take off the shirt."

Eyes still riveted to the mirror, Bob slowly removed the shirt and let it and the tie drop. There the muscular stud stood, tied to the wall by his neck and his legs, the white tank stretched over his chest and tapering to the belted slacks at the slim waist, the legs wide apart. The man was stunning. As Bob looked at his own image he felt his cock stir and a bulge began to form in his slacks.

Randy got up and walked over to face his captive. "Looks good, uh?"

"Yes sir!" Bob replied.

"I'm gonna show you how good. Get ready to have your mind fucked."

Randy began, very lightly, to rub the backs of his fingers over the prisoner's nipples that strained under the tank. Bob took a sharp intake of breath and looked into Randy's eyes.

"Did I tell you to look away from the mirror?" Randy asked sharply.

Bob snapped his head back to continue watching the mirror image. The bound man's chest heave as his nipples were stroked. Randy released the collar, took a step back and said,

"Now the tank. Take it off – very, very slowly.

Bob was mesmerized by the image of himself, reaching up and pulling at the tank from behind his neck. Slowly it started to rise, revealing first his perfect six-pack abs, then the chiseled chest. He gasped as the tank scraped over his tender nipples. He let it hang loosely round his thick neck for a few moments before lifting it off completely and letting it fall to the floor.

Randy retied the man's wrists to the wall as before and settled back on the bed to gaze at the sight. Spread eagled, stripped to the waist Bob looked incredible. The glistening chest, arms and shoulders were now naked. His torso tapered down to the slacks where an inch or so of his white boxers was showing above the belt of his slacks. His beautiful head fell again to the side, showing his square-jawed profile. As Bob slowly looked back at the mirror, he saw the muscular, shirtless stud, and his dick got harder.

Randy got up, went close to Bob, reached down to the floor and picked up the tit clamps. Looking into Bob's eyes he clamped them quickly over the nipples on the heaving chest. Bob gasped but made no other sound. Randy attached a long rope to the chain joining the clamps,

took the other end back to the bed and lay down. Then he started the slow, building torture. He pulled lightly on the rope, causing the chain to tighten and the nipples to be painfully stretched.

Bob closed his eyes at the stab of pain. When he looked again in the mirror, what he saw made his dick jump. The proud business executive, stripped to the waist, muscles straining in bondage, was arching his back from the wall to ease the pain in his chest. As he did so his slacks slid down slightly to reveal more of his white shorts underneath. The rope got slowly tighter and the pain intensified. He pushed out his hard, round pecs as far as he could to lessen the burning in his tits, and Randy heaved a sigh of pure pleasure. Torturing this stud was incredible.

Bob was immobile, his beautiful arched body straining, his gleaming muscles streaming with sweat. Randy held the rope taut for a long time. Finally he got up, walked over to the suffering man and with a quick movement removed the clamps. For the first time Bob cried out in pain. Then Randy released him .... wrists and legs .... and walked back to the bed.

"Now the pants. Drop them."

Slowly, Bob undid the belt, pulled it out of its loops and let it drop. He stood there in just his slacks, the boxers showing above the waistband. Then he undid the waist, unzipped the fly and let the pants fall round his ankles. His legs had been stretched tight all this time and his muscular thighs now bulged. He looked at himself in the mirror as he stood there in just his boxers and saw afresh how beautiful the man was, now stripped to his underwear.

He stepped out of his slacks and, in a quick move Randy tossed them aside, took off the socks, and reattached the ankles and wrists to the corners of the wall. Bob could not take his gaze off the mirror. He had watched the smartly dressed businessman, in dress clothes and tie, be bound to the wall. Then at the instructions of his master he had slowly stripped. And there he stood, naked except for his boxers, limbs stretched to the far corners of the wall, his veined muscles dripping with sweat.

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Randy stood right in front of the big man and now raised his hands up to cover the bound wrists. Then he stretched his legs sideways to match Bob's bound legs. The two men were now face to face in exactly the same position, both naked except for their shorts.

Slowly Randy moved forward until his body made contact with the sweating muscular stud tied to the wall, arms to arms, bare chest to chest, legs to legs. Their swelling cocks pressed together through the thin fabric of their shorts. Randy pushed against him until Bob felt the crushing pressure of the construction worker's body squeezing him to the wall. Their eyes burned into each other as their bodies became one.

They were a magnificent sight .... two big muscular straight men, two sides of the same coin. A picture of virile masculinity they matched each other perfectly, both stripped down to their shorts. The one man, a proud, commanding executive with the golden, ripped, gym-honed body, in new white boxers, which he had worn under his business clothes before he was ordered to strip. The other man, a dark, swarthy, construction worker, big hairy chest, his hard-muscled, veined body the product of hard manual labor, wearing only the sweaty dark gray boxers he had worn under his greasy jeans.

Pressed hard together, they were the yin and yang of total, tough, uncompromising masculinity .... the thirst and the hunger. Randy's thirst was for inflicting pain on a man as tough as his slave. Bob's hunger .... his need .... was to absorb the pain from his beautiful master. Their eyes disengaged as Randy lowered his head and rubbed his stubbled chin against Bob's already ravaged nipples, making the big man flex and gasp with pain. Randy eased off by rubbing his tongue over the nipples, but then bit down on them making the slave shout in pain.

Randy came back up to face his prisoner and their eyes held steady inches from each other. Recalling how Bob, then smartly dressed, had earlier knocked at his door, Randy's eyes burned into Bob's and he spoke.

"You came back."

"I had to."

"Why did you leave?"

"I had to."

"Did I tell you you could leave?"

"No, sir."

"You disobeyed."

"Yes, sir"

"You know what that means."

"Punishment, sir."

"Damn right!"

In one swift move Randy reattached the nipple clamps, took the rope back to the bed and the tit torture continued. Bob focused again on the mirror and watched as the muscles again strained to reach forward, the beautiful body arched in agony. Through his pain he loved what he saw

and this time the sight was too much for him. Suddenly his rock hard cock burst through the fly of his shorts.

"Well, will you look at that," said Randy, as the rigid dick pointed straight out. "The big, straight stud is getting off on himself. I knew we could fuck with his mind." The sight of the man's cock gave him an idea. There was one part of that beautiful body that had not yet felt his master's touch.

Randy walked over and looked down at Bob's crotch. He reached down, put his hand in the fly and closed it around the big, hard balls. He pulled them through the fly and let them hang. With the back of his hand he flicked hard at the rigid cock and big balls, until the prisoner groaned in pain as his big dick bounced under the blows. This was new to him. Cock and ball torture was something he could never have imagined, and now his body flinched as the blows fell.

Randy removed the tit clamps and untied the rope. He now bound the end tightly round the scrotum behind Bob's balls. As he tightened the knot the balls bulged and the big man swam in a blur of pain. Randy took the other end of the rope and went back to the bed. In a repeat of his previous action with the tits, Randy pulled on the rope, gently at first but with increasing pressure.

Bob gasped as he looked in the mirror. The gleaming muscles sweated and flexed as he pushed his hips forward, straining to relieve the pressure on his balls. His wrists bit into the restraints, his arms pulled tight as his big body arched. Randy watched greedily too as he saw big, tough, straight man endure the ultimate pain as his balls were stretched. It was as if he was being crucified. Bob started to whimper as the pain became unendurable.

"OK, man, I'm done. I can't take any more."

"I'll tell you when you're done!", and the rope got tighter.

"Stop, man, please. My balls are killing me. I can't take this. You're castrating me."

"Nah, just a little stretching. Just what you need."

"Please sir, I'll do anything you say. Whip me, piss on me, fuck my mouth. I can't take anymore."

But Randy knew his slave's limits. He had another few minutes to go. And Randy loved watching him. His mind went back to the tall, strong, smartly-dressed executive who had first come to his door. This was a man who no doubt strode into his office boardroom, commanding admiration and respect and giving orders to his staff. He was a top man there, but now look at him, stripped to his underwear, shackled to the wall, gleaming muscles stretched in agony, veins sharply defined. The big, straight stud was being destroyed. Time to fuck with his mind again.

Just when the muscles were at their extreme of pain and the captive was about to scream Randy suddenly let the rope drop. Bob's head dropped in submission and his body fell back against the wall. Randy was content to just gaze at the suffering man, stripped to his shorts, sobbing quietly as his body slowly regained some of its feeling.

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Randy's eyes roved about the room. The motel was a dump now, but it had seen better days. The rooms had been designed as detached cottages, with slightly vaulted ceilings and a there was a high, broad beam that ran the length of the room. Randy had known the time would come when this beam would be useful. Now was the time. He got up off the bed.

Quickly he untied Bob and led him forward to about two feet in front of the full-length mirror. He buckled leather restraints round Bob's wrists. He threw a rope over the beam, attached one end to one wrist restraint, hauled the rope tight and attached the other end to his other wrist. Bob had no choice but to look at the image in the mirror, the muscular body taut and helpless, with arms stretched wide and upward. Despite the pain he found that he loved watching himself struggle.

The rope was still hanging from his balls. Randy attached the other end of it to the clamps on Bob's tits and pulled it tight. If he moved even a muscle, Bob's tits and balls tortured each other. Randy stood close behind his prisoner and looked over his shoulder into the mirror.

"That hurt?"

"Yes, sir."

Looks great, though."

"Yes sir!" Bob almost shouted.

"Now we're gonna see how much you turn yourself on. You'll be amazed."

Randy stepped back and looked in admiration at the muscular v-shaped back .... broad shoulders, wide lats narrowing down to the small, tight waist at the shorts. It was a blank canvas just waiting to be worked on.

Randy picked up the thonged whip and brought a single lash across the straining back. As Bob jerked in reaction his tits pulled on the rope attached to his balls and both roared with pain. Then the flogging really began, with every lash bringing pain to his back, tits and balls. Bob watched the mirror in horror as he saw himself, the big muscle stud, writhing in pain, with every movement bringing fresh agony. Through the haze of pain he was amazed to see that his dick was still rock hard, and he was aware of the fire in his groin.



Eventually the flogging diminished and then stopped. Randy untied the man's balls and with one agonizing movement released the tit clamps. He knew that the nipples were on fire and that the pain after the clamps could be excruciating. Standing up against Bob's back and looking into the mirror into his eyes he started to speak.

"I've broken your body. Now for your mind."

He reached round and put his fingers on Bob's nipples. Bob yelled at the sharp stab of pain in his tits. This was worse than anything. He watched as his own body writhed, and he became aware of the swarthy construction worker's grinning face on his shoulder. Randy spoke softly into his ear.

"You like to watch that muscle stud get tortured?"

"Yes, sir."

"Great body, uh? Pity we have to tear it apart."

"Yes, sir."

"Now we're gonna find out just how much you turn yourself on."

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Randy stepped back, unshackled one of Bob's wrists, and his right arm fell limply to his side. Randy pulled hard on the rope tied to the other arm and pulled it higher over the beam. Soon Bob was tied by one arm, stretched high up to the beam, his feet barely touching the floor. The muscles streamed with sweat as the big man's body hung there. He looked in the mirror. He looked magnificent.

With one movement Randy ripped off Bob's shorts, so the muscular body now hung naked from the ceiling. Randy picked up the whip again and resumed the flogging of the broad back, now stretched tightly upward from one arm. This time the whip landed also on the ass and legs, bouncing off the hard globes of Bob's perfect ass and curling round his thick thighs.

Bob watched mesmerized in the mirror as the beautiful body was flogged. The pain he felt in his back and ass only intensified the image. Randy increased the strength of the blows and began to taunt Bob.

"Look at that beautiful naked body. Watch it get broken. See the pain as you feel it. Is that stunning?"

"Yes, sir," Bob yelled and as he felt his dick becoming even more rigid he held it with his free right hand.

"That's it, man. Stroke your meat. Look into your eyes and pump your dick."

Bob did as instructed and he began to enter another world. Half closing his eyes, the background faded and all he saw was the muscular naked body being thrashed. The whip now started to curl around to his chest and strike the nipples with mind numbing pain. Bob was in ecstasy. It was not himself he saw, but another man, the most beautiful man he had ever seen. The muscular stud was hanging by one arm, being brutally whipped. He watched it and felt it and he was totally mesmerized.

He looked into the eyes of the suffering man and saw his own reflection in them. He felt fire rising up his legs into his groin and he pumped his dick harder. He started to yell at the reflection in the mirror.

"Look at that body. You're fucking gorgeous, man. You're being thrashed, destroyed. You're finished, man." And he screamed, "God, you are so fucking beautiful. I love you man!"

And his cock exploded. A stream of come shot upward in a high arc and splashed onto the mirror, obliterating the image of the tortured man's face. The whipping stopped and Bob hung there, gasping, his cock still pumping hot white liquid. He had no idea where he was, what was happening or what he had just said. But suddenly his words flashed back to him and he hung his head in humiliation and exhilaration. His body was shaking and he was moaning.

As the cum slid down the mirror he saw his face again, distorted by the thick white film and he again felt a mix of shame and elation. His master's swarthy face appeared again on his shoulder, his mouth pressed to Bob's ear.

"That was unbelievable, man. I've never seen a guy turn himself on like that. You were incredible. And that, my friend, is what you call a mind fuck!"

They gazed at each other in disbelief, but now it was Randy's turn. Quickly he untied the agonized body and Bob fell to his knees. Randy kicked off his own shorts so both men were naked. He turned Bob sideways to the mirror and stood with his hard, pulsing dick in front of his face. Bob opened his mouth wide and with one hard thrust Randy plunged his dick into the burning mouth and deep down into his throat.

Out of the corner of his eye Bob could see in the mirror what was happening. He watched the broken, naked man on his knees, his beautiful face being brutally pounded by the big construction worker. Randy held his head in a vice like grip so he had to take the full force of the iron rod. Intoxicated by the sight of the big swarthy man fucking his mouth, Bob reached round and cupped the man's hard, mounds of his ass in his hands and pulled them forward into this face, again and again and again.

Looking down at the beautiful, tortured face Randy couldn't hold back. He exploded into the furnace of the mouth and Bob greedily swallowed the stream of cum as it spurted deep into his throat. But, as always, Randy had to shoot twice. He pulled his dick out of Bob's mouth, turned him around to face the mirror, and shot another wad of cum over his shoulder into the mirror. The white liquid mixed with Bob's own cum, still running down the mirror.

As Randy stood behind his kneeling slave, both men looked at their image, blurred by the thick creamy liquid, and they marveled at the sight. Two glorious, straight, muscular, virile men who had shared so much. They were both stunningly beautiful.

Randy pulled Bob up by the shoulders and they fell on the bed. They were soon in a deep, deep sleep.

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It was hours before Bob regained consciousness and his first sight was of Randy lying next to him, his face close, gazing into Bob's beautiful eyes.

"I hope you're rested. Because we're not finished."

Bob moaned in fatigue, fear and anticipation. How could there be more? How could anything top what he had just gone through? Randy answered his unspoken question.

"Now I'm gonna fucking blow your mind. This you'll remember. Stand up."

Slowly Bob stumbled to his feet and Randy made him stand on a low table under the beam and in front of the mirror. Expertly, Randy tied the man's hands together attached them to a single rope and threw it over the beam. He pulled it tight and secured it, then slowly removed the table.

Bob felt a sudden wrenching in his arms as his legs kicked free and the rope yanked on his wrists. He hung clear in the air, feet not touching the floor. The pain in his stretched muscles was extreme, but as he looked in the mirror at the man hanging helplessly, he again felt the heat in his groin and his cock started to rise.

Randy came up to him and slowly rubbed his hands over the magnificent body, glorying in this beautiful, bound stud. He knew he had to be quick. His hands began to twist the body round and round. Bob watched in horror as his reflection appeared in the mirror, and then disappeared, as he was turned around again and again.

When the rope was twisted tight Randy finally stopped turning and picked up the whip. He let the body go and began to lash it hard. Bob had never experienced anything remotely like this. As his body began to twist round and round, faster and faster he felt the lash of the whip .... on

his chest, his back his balls, his tits, his ass, his legs. His whole body was being brutally tortured at once.

He opened his eyes and couldn't believe what he saw in the mirror. The big, tall muscleman was spinning in the air, every inch of his naked body under the lash. He caught glimpses of it as he spun in front of the mirror and it was completely surreal. The image started to flash, like a strobe light, and it became a blur of muscle, pain, ecstasy, and wonder.

The feeling became hypnotic as he flashed on the stunning image again and again. He felt the whip on every part of his body and he entered another plane of existence. He was transfixed by the flashing image of this magnificent, tortured man, twisting and screaming. He felt he was reaching some kind of mental and physical climax but he had no idea what it was. He was unaware that his cock was rock hard and his balls were on fire. He was also unaware when his cock erupted and he began to spray thick spurt of cum as he spun around.

Randy had never seen anything as incredible as this. The big, muscular stud, suspended naked from the ceiling, lashed on every inch of his body was spinning round, screaming and spraying thick cum into every part of the room. Randy stood back and watched in wonder and admiration as the cum splashed on his face and body. He was still watching as the writhing, screaming body started to slow, until he eventually hung still, the body in spasms of pain, exhaustion and delirium.

Quickly Randy released him and he fell into a shaking heap on the floor. Randy stroked him, then picked him up and laid him gently on the bed. Bob's face quivered and his head was thrashing from side to side. To make him still, Randy cradled his head, then leant over him and lightly kissed him on the lips. Bob opened his eyes and looked into the face of the man he now knew he could never leave.

Randy smiled down at him and said softly, "I told you. I said I would blow your mind."

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Eventually Randy lay back beside the now sleeping man and thought about what came next. He felt that the time had come to put Bob on display to one of his buddies. He wanted another man to glory in his muscular slave .... even lend a hand with the discipline. As he drifted off to sleep he smiled at the thought of Bob being worked over by two guys.

But he couldn't know how things would go so horribly wrong, bringing pain and humiliation to both of them.....

# # #

Chapter 6 - Hans

Love can exist between two heterosexual men in many forms: The love that begins in childhood and becomes a lifelong friendship. The love between buddies who know each other's moods, who play together and support each other no matter what. The fraternal love of siblings. The competitive admiration and respect of competitors. And the love between warriors who would die for each other.

In a short time Bob and Randy had developed a strange blend of all of these, based on sensations that ran too deep for either of them to understand and certainly not to control. On that blazing hot August weekend in a shabby motel room at the scruffy end of Hollywood Boulevard the two straight men had embarked on an intimate union that defied description. As soon as they met, there had been a fleeting glance between them that went beyond thought or feeling, and their encounter quickly developed into a series of events and experiences that came from a deep well of needs, aches and hungers.

Neither one had ever suspected that these feelings existed buried deep within them. Now they burst forth and found their expression in raw physical action, involving pain, bondage and domination, and an even stranger emotional hold that they had over each other. It was not sexual in any conventional sense of the word, but it became so intense and so loaded with testosterone that its only possible release was through orgasm. They were two big, tough, self-assured, powerful, unquestionably straight men who were now brothers of the flesh. They could not exist without each other.

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Over the days that followed the men developed an intense intimacy that existed on two levels. For much of the time, and certainly in public, they were two straight buddies, doing things together that men usually do. Randy joined Bob's gym near Universal City and they worked out hard together. The gym members became familiar with them as work-out partners. They went to movies and ball games, shot hoops together, hiked in Hollywood's Runyon Canyon and later went out drinking together. Sometimes they even vented their heterosexual needs together with Sheila or one of her girlfriends. The girls could not believe the turn-on of the three- or four-way hookups with the two striking, muscular and supremely virile men.

But when the two buddies went back to the motel room and the door closed behind them their world changed. They entered their real, essential world, the world that kept calling them back like a siren song. They looked deep into each other's eyes and knew that their exhilaration was about to begin again.

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It was just such a moment that led to events that were to test their strength, endurance and commitment to each other. They came in after a long, hot hike, both wearing gym shorts and

sweat-stained tank tops. As they looked at each other they were again filled with awe at the sight of the other muscular body.

"Come here," ordered the swarthy construction worker. Bob came forward and stood under the ceiling beam. Randy placed the familiar restraints on his wrists and within a few minutes Bob had his arms stretched up and out, attached to the beam. Randy stepped back and gazed at the spread eagled body, muscles straining, chest heaving under the wet tank top. As always he looked stunning. Randy looked deep into his prisoner's eyes.

"The time has come for me to share you. I want my buddy Jack to see you the way I do, and to help me work you over. I'll be back."

He turned and left the room, leaving behind a man in spectacular bondage who was anticipating, and fearing, this new development.

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Randy had arranged to meet his fellow construction worker, Jack, at the bar, promising something special. But Jack was not there and Randy asked the bartender Sheila if she knew anything.

"Jack was here earlier but he had to leave. Said something about working an extra shift."

"Shit," said Randy. He was looking forward to showing off his slave. "Gimme a beer."

As he sat at the bar he became aware of another guy at the other end ..... a tall, muscular blond dressed in work clothes, grubby jeans and a sweaty T-shirt. It was Hans, one of the other guys from the work site, a big German with a harsh accent. The two guys had never liked each other. The same height, weight and sinewy build, they matched each other in looks and strength and had always been competitive, each one out to prove he was the better man. Hans came over and sat next to his rival.

"You gonna fuck Sheila tonight, or you gonna leave her to me?"

"Fuck off."

"I hear she likes it rough ..... just my type."

"Yeah? Maybe you should pick on someone your own size. Maybe you'd be the one to get roughed up."

"I don't think so," Hans snarled. "I've worked over plenty of big guys. But that's something you know nothing about."

"Is that so? You don't know how wrong you are."

Randy's mind went back to the motel room, to the muscleman stretched in bondage waiting to be worked on. He had a sudden urge to show off to Hans, make the big German envious of his magnificent slave. He ordered another beer and looked hard at the twisted grin on the German's rugged face. He had to wipe that grin off. His toughness had been challenged and he wanted to prove that he was the top man. Without thinking of the outcome, he grabbed Hans's shoulder and said,

"Come with me."

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Bob heard the key turn in the door and watched it open. He took a sharp intake of breath as Randy came in with the tall, ripped blond. The two construction workers were equals in size and beauty. Hans's eyes opened wide at the sight of the bound stud and he gasped,

"Wow. Will you look at that! What do we have here?"

He had to admire the bound man, muscles straining under gym shorts and tank top. He walked over to him and ran his hands over the beautiful body.

"Uh-uh," said Randy, pulling him away. "This is for me to touch and you to just look at. Go lie on the bed and I'll get some beers."

Hans threw himself on the bed and gazed in awe at the captive with his arms pulled tight to ceiling. Randy went and opened the small refrigerator in the corner.

"Shit," he said. "Just one left," and he threw a beer over to Hans. "I forgot I was out. I'll have to run to the bar and get a couple of six-packs from Sheila. Now you," pointing at the grinning Hans, "stay right where you are and just drool. I'll be right back." And without thinking he left the room, something he realized later was one of the dumbest things he ever did.

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Left alone with Bob, Hans had no intention of just drooling. He stood up and went over to the big helpless man. He ran his hands over the body again, than clasped Bob's jaw tightly.

"So you're Randy's toy boy. He's got taste, I'll give him that. You look great ..... much too good to be left alone. But I'm sure Randy doesn't know how to treat you. Takes a real man to do that."

Bob's throat was dry and he said, "No. Wait for Randy. Please....no."

"Shut up!" and Hans hit him viciously across the face, making Bob's head spin. "You're mine now. I give the orders. Let's just see how much that beautiful body of yours can take." And focusing on Bob's huge pecs he squeezed the nipples with a brutal ferocity.

Bob howled in pain, until Hans eventually let go and stood back. He yanked at Bob's tank top, pulled him toward him and spat full in his face. The force of the wrench tore one arm of the tank, leaving the shirt to hang from just one of the massive shoulders. Then Hans stepped back, ripped his belt from his jeans and stood there swinging it. Bob closed his eyes, knowing what to expect.

When it came, the first lash made him scream in agony. Hans was a real sadist and wanted to destroy this property of Randy's. He held nothing back and his sinewy muscles bulged as he put every ounce of his strength into the blows. Bob had never experience anything like this. The belt cut into his chest, his back, his thighs and, worst of all, his ass. In no time his muscles were a blaze of welts and bruises and he was howling like an animal. He was only dimly aware when the door burst open.

"No!" Randy screamed and threw himself on the big German in a perfect football tackle. The two giants crashed to the floor and the fight began. It was brutal, with shirts quickly ripped off so both men were stripped to the waist. The men were equally matched in skill and strength but Randy had the force of his fury on his side. He pinned the big German to the floor, knelt on his arms and began to smash his fist into his face.

"You fucking asshole. I'm gonna kill you. I'm gonna fucking kill you," he screamed. Then he clamped his hands around Hans's throat and picked him up bodily off the floor. Backing him up to the wall, his hands still on his throat, he crashed his head against the wall again and again.

The muscular German was reeling. He was in a complete daze, quickly losing control of his body and mind. As Bob watched the fight in horror, Randy shifted his hold to clamp his arm around Hans's head in a brutal head lock. Again he rammed the head against the wall until Hans was slipping into unconsciousness. Hans was almost finished, but with the instinct of a wounded animal he summoned every last ounce of strength and brought his elbow backward, crashing it hard into Randy's balls.

Randy howled in pain as he released his rival and fell in a crumpled heap on the floor, clutching his groin. The two men crawled slowly and painfully, each trying to recover, but it was Hans who came to first and he seized the advantage. Coming up behind the fallen giant he grabbed his wrists behind his back and pulled them viciously upward in a brutal double hammer lock. Yanking on the arms he pulled Randy to his feet. He was helpless, his arms stretched up behind his back, his big chest straining and heaving. Hans yanked him round to face Bob and held him locked in place. He yelled at Bob.



"You see, punk! You see your master now! He's nothing! He's beaten. Hear your buddy scream," and he pulled the arms up even higher, causing excruciating pain. "He's finished. Listen to him submit."

"Fuck you!" Randy yelled, but Hans applied even more pressure and his arms felt as if they would be wrenched off. Bob was horrified as he was watched his buddy in front of him, chest heaving, muscles straining, shoulders and arms screaming under the pressure.

"Give up!" screamed Hans.

Randy managed to croak, "Go and fuck yourself."

But Hans's muscles bulged as he put every ounce of strength into torturing Randy's arms. Randy screamed in agony and knew his arms would soon break. He held on until the pain was unbearable and he knew he had no choice.

"OK ..... I give up."

"I don't hear you."

"I give up, I submit."

"Again."

"I'm finished. I submit ..... sir."

"I'm your master?"

"Yes sir," Randy yelled. "Please let me go. You win. I'm beaten." Then he whimpered, "The pain ..... please let me go."

Hans finally released the arms and pushed Randy onto the floor on his chest. He gloated over him, then kicked the big body, which turned over limply onto its back. Hans wasn't finished. He kneeled astride the broken stud, clenched his big fists and pummeled his big pecs unmercifully, then moved down and punished the hard abs. Finally he paused, pulled back and then with one vicious blow, slammed his fist into the swarthy, agonized face. Randy's head fell to one side. He was unconscious, beaten.

Helpless to move, Bob looked down at his fallen buddy, his brother, and tears flowed down his cheeks. The big, tough, powerful man, his master who always dominated him, now lay on the floor a broken wreck of a man, beaten into submission by the big muscular German.

His muscles heaving and sweating Hans stood up and raised his fists in the air.

"I am the best," he shouted. Then turning to Bob, "Look down at the piece of shit. Your so-called master is destroyed. He's finished. Now he will see how I treat his buddy. He will be a helpless witness to the suffering of his friend.

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It took a while for Randy to slowly start to regain consciousness. In his first glimmerings of feeling he was aware only of pain, the throbbing in his jaw, the pain in his balls, the bruising on his pecs and abs, and something stretching his shoulders and arms behind his back. He tried to move but gradually realized that he was on his knees, stripped naked, and his hands were tied tightly behind him. He managed to turn his head and realized that he was lashed to the old water pipe that run floor to ceiling up the wall.

He closed his eyes again and shook his head to try to recover his wits. As his mind was starting to clear he heard a guttural voice close to his ear.

"Wake up, big boy. I have something to show you."

Hans! Memory started to come back to the bound construction worker, of a brutal fight, a fight he had lost. He had been beaten and humiliated. But he couldn't make any more sense of it.

"Open your eyes, cock sucker."

Randy did so, but at first nothing would come into focus. Slowly the haze cleared and he was aware of a man, twisting and groaning, his muscular body striped with welts and bruises. Gradually the full horror came to him. The man was Bob, his buddy, his brother, the man he had bonded with so intensely, the man he had dominated and protected. His arms were tied upward and apart, shackled to the high beam. But worse, his feet were now six inches above the floor, flailing free. He was still wearing gym clothes except that one arm of the tank had been ripped down to expose one of his bruised and tortured pecs.

"NO!" Randy howled, pulling wildly at his restraints in a desperate attempt to get to his agonized friend. "No ..... don't do this!"

"Oh this is just the beginning," grated the voice in his ear. "Look at that body. Incredible, no?" You can feel his pain. But, you know, I think we can improve on the picture."

Randy could hardly take it in. The muscular body suspended from the ceiling flailed twisted and thrashed in an effort to get free. Bob looked down and focused on Randy, his eyes pleading for release." Hans had already gone over to the flailing giant and in one quick moved pulled down his shorts. As they fell to the floor his big, thick cock flopped free and flew back and forth as the body writhed. Then Hans ripped the other shoulder of the tank, which fell in shreds around the tight, heaving waist. Hans went back close to Randy.

"Now the picture is perfect. He looks stunning." Through the haze of physical pain and mental anguish Randy still felt a rush of adrenaline looking at the writhing muscle stud, naked now except for the shredded tank draped round his waist. But he had to stop this. He decided to plead.

"Look, Hans. Be reasonable. Stop this before it's gone too far. You know you'll pay for it in the end."

"I think not," said the guttural German accent. "I have a feeling you are the one who will pay ..... you and your magnificent toy boy being tortured in front of you. You tried to beat me and lost while your buddy watched. Now you will see what it means to lose to Hans."

"OK, you win. But torture me instead. Tie me up, whip me, thrash me, fuck me, whatever you want, only let him go. He's not the one who fought you. I'll do anything, be your slave. Just let him go." He added with a whimper, "Please, sir."

"As enticing as the idea is of torturing you, I think there is one thing worse than physical pain. You will go through far greater agony watching me destroy your friend. And he will, slowly and methodically, be destroyed. But first we watch."

And, shoulder to shoulder, the two muscular construction workers watched in awe as the bound giant struggled. The rope cut agonizingly into his wrists so he tried to hold onto the rope above the shackles. Then, to ease the pain further he tried to haul himself up to grasp the beam. As his sinewy muscles strained and his veins bulged, he tried several times, and failed to pull himself upward. Each time he crashed back in the restraints and howled in pain.

As Hans stood up Randy yelled, "NO! You asshole, you mother fucking bastard. You arrogant sadistic prick."

"Silence!" Hans wheeled round and brought the back of his hand viciously across the construction worker's handsome, the rugged face. "You will not speak. Just watch ..... and enjoy."

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And so the torture began. Hans took his time. Picking up his belt he circled the groaning, writhing, near naked man, choosing the best place to start. The ass, he thought, and brought the belt crashing across the perfect, rounded cheeks. Bob and Randy both screamed together as one felt the intense physical pain and the other the agony of watching it.

The muscular body arched as Bob tried to avoid the whip on his ass. But it crashed again, and again and again. The perfect ass was now a brilliant red, covered in welts. Hans aimed his belt higher, across the bulging pecs, across the V-shaped back, around the thighs and then, viciously, across the ravaged nipples.

Hans went into a trance, losing all control and lashing the screaming, muscular giant who pulled, twisted and writhed in agony. Tears flowing down his face Randy screamed for Hans to stop, put the massive German was beyond hearing him. In desperation, Randy eased himself up, his hands still bound around the pipe and he managed to pull his legs into a crouching position. When Hans had his back turned, Randy summoned all his strength and aimed a hard, brutal kick at the back of Hans's right knee.

With a howl of pain, Hans's legs buckled and he fell backward toward Randy. Bound though he was, Randy moved his legs fast and, as Hans fell, locked his powerful thighs around Hans's waist. Hans fell, held in a vice-like scissor grip. His body thrashed and kicked but the massive thighs increased their pressure on his six-pack abs.

"You fucking asshole," Randy screamed. "You fucking sadistic animal. Try to get out of this."

And Hans tried mightily. He pushed down on the rock hard thighs but couldn't move them. His muscular body strained and bulged and he flexed his abs as he tried to relieve the pain, but his body was locked solid, squeezed by the straining legs. Bob looked down in amazement at the two straining giants, their muscles cracking in the pain and heat of the struggle, both screaming obscenities at each other.

Crushed and winded, Hans was growing weaker and his breath was coming in agonized gasps. His animal instinct again took hold again. His arms were still free and, clasping his hands together into a single fist he raised them and crashed them down into Randy's balls. Randy's eyes opened wide as he gave an agonized gasp. The pain was excruciating and he fell back. His legs collapsed and Hans sprang free. His eyes blazed with anger.

He knelt in front to the groaning construction worker and hit him hard across the face, from side to side, again and again.

"You fool! You never learn. You cannot beat me. I am the best, I will always win. I will fucking kill you." He stood up, his chest heaving and he fixed his maddened gaze on his crumpled victim.

"But it's not you who will pay. It's him!" and he wheeled round to confront the terrified man whose muscled body now hung limply from the ceiling. He reached down to Bob's groin, seized his big balls in his hand and started to squeeze. Bob's huge body convulsed and his screams echoed round the room. Hans looked down at Randy as he tortured the man's balls.

"Now see what you have done. Now you will submit to me ..... I mean really submit. What do you have to say?"

Randy would have said anything to make his buddy's pain stop. He spoke without thinking.

"OK, OK. You win. Please stop. Please, sir, stop torturing him. I'll do anything, say anything. Just ease off." He was sobbing as he watched his buddy's torment.

"Who is your master?"

"You are sir," Randy shouted. "I submit to you. You have destroyed me. I am your slave. Please, sir. I'll do anything."

"Will you give your friend, your slave, to me?"

"Yes...anything."

"To do exactly as I wish with him?"

"Yes ..... anything."

"Tell him!" Hans screamed.

Randy looked up at the writhing, tortured muscles above him and looked into his eyes.

"Bob, Hans is now your master. You belong to him. He has thrashed and beaten me. He has won. You are now his. He will torture you and you must submit. You understand?"

With tears streaming down his cheeks Bob managed to croak a feeble "Yes," and at that moment the pain in his balls stopped as Hans released his hold.

His body went limp as Hans turned his attention to the beaten construction worker sobbing on the floor.

"Get back on your knees."

With difficulty, his muscles aching in pain, the big, rugged man managed to pull himself up, his bound wrists sliding up the pole behind his back and he fell back on his knees. Hans reached down and pulled his head back by the hair. He laughed as he looked at the sweat- and tear-stained face. Then he stood back, picked up another beer, took a deep gulp, and began to speak.

"I've always hated you, Randy, you arrogant fucking bastard. Sure, you look good ..... handsome, tough, strong, and you always thought you were better than me, could always whip me. Well tonight I've proved that's bullshit, I've proved that I am the best. I have totally humiliated and broken you. And there you are, a pathetic wreck. You have humbled yourself in front of your buddy, your slave. He is looking at you not as his master, but as the shattered asshole that you are. And Bob now belongs to me."

Hans took another long drink of beer and walked over to Bob, whose head hung in despair. He reached up to lengthen the ropes until Bob's feet touched the floor in blessed relief. Hans grabbed his hair, pulled back his head and spoke inches from his agonized face.

"What to do you say?"

"Thank you, sir."

"Who do you belong to?"

"You, sir."

"What about him, that animal on the floor?" pointing with his beer bottle to the broken muscle stud on his knees.

"He's nothing, sir. He's finished. You are my master."

"So you want to see how low your so-called master has fallen?"

"Yes, sir."

Letting his head go, Hans turned back to Randy. With one last gulp of beer, he said.

"You piece of shit. Open your mouth."

Randy obeyed and looked up, knowing what was coming. Hans took hold of his thick cock and point it downward. He let go a long stream of piss that went straight into the dark, handsome face and straight into his mouth.

"Drink, mother fucker."

Randy gulped the hot, rancid yellow liquid as it gushed into his mouth. His mind was blank. He was aware only of the German's stream of piss as it gushed into his mouth and down into his belly. As he started to gag, Hans raised his dick and directed the hot spray over the stubbled chin, the eyes, the face, the hair, and then down onto the heaving sinews of the man's beautiful body. Randy's sweating body was now drenched in piss. It soaked his hair, ran down his dark, rugged face, poured over his heaving chest and straining arms, and down over his bulging thighs.

Hans stepped back and contemplated his work. The big man was a picture of total humiliation, his piss soaked body still convulsing with pain. He looked up at his bound buddy with tears streaming down his face. He saw that his blood brother was also sobbing as he looked down at the beaten man. Randy's face twisted in shame and defeat as he said,

"I'm sorry, man."

"Very touching," Hans said. "But keep looking at your beautiful friend. We're not finished by a long shot. Things are about to get interesting."

# # #

## Chapter 7 – Escape from Hell

Hans folded his arms across his powerful chest and looked from one muscular man to the other, both of them now both his slave. Bob, once a proud business executive, a confident alpha male, was now a prisoner, his naked body striped with welts from the brutal lashes of the belt and bruises from Hans's fists. He stood naked with his bound arms stretched upward to the beam in the ceiling. Randy, Hans's fellow construction worker, a big sinewy, dark-skinned ruggedly beautiful man, knelt in abject naked surrender, his muscles streaming with sweat and piss, beaten, destroyed.

Hans pulled up Randy's face by his hair and he spat in the swarthy face. "You piece of shit. You're pathetic, you know that? You think you've been beaten, but you don't know what real torture is, big boy. We're not finished by a long shot with you and your beautiful friend. Things are about to get interesting."

He let the head fall, walked over to Bob and picked up a small length of rope that he tied tightly around Bob's scrotum behind his balls. The captive winced in pain as his balls bulged. Then Hans picked up the black leather collar from the floor.

"Just the thing to complete the picture," he sneered at Randy. "Look up, asshole."

As Randy raised his head Hans fastened the leather collar around his thick neck. He pulled on the collar and looked down into the piss soaked, suffering face.

"Just in case you get any more ideas about repeating your heroics, you prick, look at your friend's balls. One wrong moved from you and I'll rip them off in a second. Got that?"

"Yes, sir," the big construction worker croaked.

Hans leaned behind Randy and untied the rope from the pipe, freeing the kneeling man, though his hands were still tied tight behind his back. He pulled the arms up behind his back and attached the wrists with a short rope to the back of the collar. He tied the ankles together, about a foot apart. Then he kicked the bound man to the floor. Randy fell heavily, hog-tied and helpless.

"Now. On your knees." Hans pulled him up by the collar onto his knees. "Move."

As Hans pulled him by the collar Randy found himself moving forward on his knees, being led around the room like a helpless animal. Bob watched in frozen agony as the big, brawny stud, his former master, was paraded and humiliated before him. Finally Hans made him kneel close up to Bob's crotch. He attached the rope hanging from his balls to Randy's collar, so the swarthy face was tied next to the swollen balls, Bob's dick swinging against Randy's stubbled chin.

"Perfect," Hans said with a sadistic leer, standing with his crotch in front of Randy's face. "Open."

In an instant Randy knew what was to come. He had never ever sucked a man's dick, never even thought of it. He was a top man, and his dick had been sucked many times by women, and even by his buddy Bob. But never this. He hesitated. Hans yanked at Bob's balls and he yelled in pain. Randy opened his mouth wide and waited as Hans stroked his dick into a long, thick, hard rod.

"Enjoy, asshole."

And he pushed his shaft hard into Randy's mouth, leaning into the agonized face until the tip of the cock was all the way down the choking man's throat. The pounding began. Hans pulled the dick clear and then rammed it back down the throat, again and again until Randy thought he would black out. Worse, as his head was pushed backward by the stiff rod, his collar pulled brutally at Bob's balls, making the bound, captive stud yell with pain. They were both being tortured by the pounding cock.

"What the fuck's this?" Hans asked, looking down at Bob's long, but soft cock hitting against Randy's face. "You," he yelled at Randy. "Get it hard."

He pulled out his own cock, and stuffed Bob's big dick into Randy's mouth. He grabbed the back of Randy's hair and began pulling him back and forth onto the now swelling dick. Both prisoners felt a surge of something new and exhilarating. Their roles had been reversed. The master was sucking greedily on his slave's cock, which was now hard as a rock and pounding the back of the choking man's throat.

Hans watched in fascination. He taunted Bob. "You wanna see your master's mouth stretched, big boy, taking two cocks at once? He's gonna enjoy this."

Hans's cock had remained rigid and, holding Randy's face in a vice-like grip, he stretched the construction worker's mouth and crammed his own dick next to Bob's. Randy tried to scream but no sound came. The two huge rods pounded his agonized mouth one against the other as Randy gagged. He thought he would choke on the two huge, pounding shafts and tears poured down his cheeks. Bob closed his eyes and, despite his revulsion at the situation, the friction of Hans's cock and Randy's mouth brought him close to climax.



Hans sensed this and said, "Enough!" He jerked Randy's head back and the mouth was blessedly free of the two stiff cocks. Hans felt his groin burning and he knew he had to cum. He began to stroke his rigid dick, and it didn't take long. With a shout of triumph Hans exploded. A huge stream of hot, white liquid shot from his cock and hit Randy's dark, rugged face with a force that knocked his head backward. The stream of cum was endless, flooding into the construction worker's mouth, his eyes, his hairy chin and streaming down his heaving chest.

Bob looked down at his buddy in horror. The handsome face was now soaked with piss, cum and sweat. The big, construction worker was completely humbled, and his head dropped in abject shame. Hans was elated.

"You fucking useless piece of shit! Look at you now. Look at that gorgeous face, coated in cum. Who's piss and cum is that, then?"

"Yours, sir," Randy whispered.

"And what do you say?"

"Thank you, sir."

Randy laughed. "Finally you're broken. If the guys could see you like this. They'd know I was the best, the stud who wrestled you into submission, tortured you, pissed and cum in your face. I am magnificent!" And he pumped his fists in the air, as the beaten man sobbed quietly before him.

Bob could take no more. His legs were still free and he raised one high, slamming it into Hans's back and sending him spinning across the room."

Stunned, Hans staggered to his feet and screamed. "You fucking assholes. Don't you ever learn? You can't beat me. You can't win. And I'm gonna fucking show you. I'm gonna hurt you so bad, and I'm gonna enjoy watching you two fucking losers torture each other."

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Hans worked fast. He rummaged through the equipment at the bottom of Randy's closet and eventually pulled out a second wide leather collar and another set of tit clamps. He also located a hook on the wall far behind Bob's back. On a sudden whim he picked up the two men's jeans.

"Just what I needed," he gloated. "This will make the picture perfect." Ten minutes later he was lying back on the bed gazing in awe at the sight before him. He was in no hurry.

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And the sight was magnificent. The two big alpha males, muscular bodies sculpted to perfection, stood in identical bondage facing each other, about six feet apart. Wearing only their jeans they looked stunning, their shirtless, muscular bodies streaming with sweat. Testosterone and adrenaline raced through every muscle of their glorious bodies.

Both wore leather collars attached by a long rope to the walls behind them. Their wrists bound behind them stretched upward by a rope attached to their collars, so they were both in painful double hammerlock bondage. The effect was to push their beautiful pecs forward in stunning symmetry, the ravaged nipples taut and vulnerable.

And the nipples were being viciously tortured as each had been brutally attached to tit clamps. The chain linking them had in turn been linked by a rope stretching tautly between the two men. Hans watched mesmerized as the two powerful bodies, stripped to the waist, pulled backward by the collars, their chests chained to each other, strained mightily to arch forward and relieve the agony in their nipples. They not only felt their own pain but saw the agony in the eyes of the other man, who was feeling exactly the same degree of torment.

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Finally Hans stood between the two big bodybuilders and, stretching his arms sideways, closed his fingers around one of the clamped nipples of each man. In unison the two men gasped and groaned under the German's brutal tit torture.

Hans picked up the whip with the many strands of leather and, turning it in a circle, began to whip each chest in turn, making sure the leather made sharp contact with the burning nipples. As each man in turn flinched backward from the blows, he wrenched his own chest and the other's. The screams of both brutalized men intensified as they suffered in excruciating pain.

Hans finally dropped the whip and gave a last twist to the rope running between the clamps, stretching it even more to an agonizing extreme so the clamps pulled brutally at their tits. As a final indignity, he ripped open the fly of the jeans on each captive so their huge thick cocks flopped out and hung free. Hans lay down on the bed on his back and said, "Now I enjoy the sight of two big, helpless musclemen chained in identical bondage torture and break each other until they beg me for release."

\* \* \*

But Hans was wrong. He was to witness something completely different from the suffering he expected from the two sobbing musclemen. The agonized men had their eyes closed tight, trying to deal with the intensity of pain they both felt. Both at the same time slowly opened their eyes, and looked at each other. They fell silent and, through the mist of pain, began to search deep into each other's eyes. Slowly they melted into each other, with that familiar sensation of

passing a threshold into the mind and feelings of the other man. They had again become united as one, except that the bond this time was one of extreme pain.

As their nipples were stretched in a blazing fire they held each other's gaze. Their stunning, muscular bodies arched in pain, but they could not distinguish between their own pain and the other man's. It was both. They were causing, and feeling, each other's suffering. They saw and felt, watched and knew, and the intense, shared sensation of extreme pain bound them together as no other force could.

As they stood chained together, torturing each other's chest, they stared into each other's eyes, and the pain began to dissolve into a feeling too intense for understanding. Each one felt ecstatic, hypnotized by the sight of the superb animal before him, stripped to the waist, stretched to the limit. Everything else faded as they were transfixed by the glorious image of each other. They were one. They had moved over into the world that only they shared, in all its glory and agony.

A slow smile came to both their faces.

"Yes," Randy whispered. "Yeah, man," said Bob.

Far from trying to relieve the pain, they now pulled on the rope, jerking it and watching the other man feel the same level of intensity as himself. As the pain grew more extreme, their rapture soared and they smiled recklessly at each other. They both saw at the same time that the other man's dick, hanging out of his jeans, had grown to a rock hardness. They both knew what they needed.

"More," Randy said and pulled his chest back hard so the rope jerked tight on Bob's swollen balls. "Yeah! Harder, man, harder," breathed Bob and jerked his body back so his nipples yanked on the rope and the clamps tore at Randy's chest. They were both torturing each other savagely and loving it.

The end had to come. As the pain intensified their cocks throbbed and a burning sensation began in their legs, rising slowly into their groin. Their cocks were on fire. They could take no more.

"NOW!" Randy screamed. "Tell me!" And Bob yelled, " I love you man."

And both cocks erupted at once. Two high streams of cum streamed out with such force that they spurted across the distance between them and bathed their faces and heaving, sweating chests. Again and again the orgasm erupted as they laughed in the elation of their shared joy. Finally their tortured bodies came to rest and they stood sweating and heaving, both soaked in each other's cum.

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Hans had been watching paralyzed at the extraordinary sight before him. He was dimly aware that something was happening that he could not begin to understand, that the two men had been somewhere he couldn't follow. When it was over he jumped up and stood gazing at Randy in disbelief. He pulled Randy's head back by the hair and stared wildly into his face. The handsome, rugged face looked up and the pale blue eyes bored into Hans. Randy's smile was triumphant as he said,

"We won, Hans. We won."

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Hans became demented. "No!" he screamed. "I will kill you!" and he grabbed the middle of the rope, pulling it high up, stretching the two men's ravaged nipples in an extremity of pain. The screams of both straining men pierced the room as they felt as if their nipples were being ripped off. They were about to pass out when Hans gave a last, vicious tug on the rope and the tit clamps tore free. The two beautiful bodies leapt in a muscular spasm of extreme agony and they both lost consciousness.

Hans was quick to cut the ropes attached to the collars and the two men fell forward in a lifeless heap on the floor, Randy on top of Bob. Hans looked down with satisfaction at the battered heap of muscle and sinew and pissed a steady stream of urine on the beaten men, leaving the two magnificent but lifeless bodies in a steaming pool. Then Hans got busy for the climax of his destruction.

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It was the searing pain in his shoulders and arms that jolted Randy back to consciousness. He was hanging naked from the ceiling beam, feet six inches off the floor. His wrists were tied and suspended by a single rope from the beam. His brawny arms were pressed against the sides of his face as they were stretched upward. His feet were also tied. It looked, and felt, as if his body was being stretched on the rack. His shoulders, arms and chest heaved in pain and the veins stood sharply out in his agonized muscles.

He opened his eyes and took in the ritualistic sight before him. In the middle of the floor Hans had placed a chair. Bob's big, sculpted body had been draped forward over the back of a chair, his ankles secured to the chair's back legs, his wrists to the bottom of the front legs. In this position his ass was stretched high in the air, totally vulnerable. A rope had been run through his mouth, like a tethered horse. Hans was behind him pulling on the other end of the rope.

"Welcome back," Hans taunted the helpless construction worker. "You like your stallion? See how he jumps." And he slapped the flat of his hand hard across the perfect, rounded globes, already scarlet from his previous beating. The stab of burning pain made Bob's bound body jump in a spasm of pain.

"I thought you should have a close up view of my final act of domination of your slave. But first I think the stallion needs a tail." Hans picked up the whip and shook the leather thongs. He rubbed the handle against the crack in Bob's ass. Randy realized with disgust what Hans had in mind, and once again began to beg.

"No. Don't. Not to him. Do it to me. He's had enough. He can't take any more. You'll split him open. Shove it in me. Please. Fuck my ass. I beg you, sir, fuck my ass."

"Tempting," said Hans, "but better you witness the rape of your friend's beautiful, virgin hole."

He spat in his hand, rubbed it against Bob's ass. He brought the whip handle to the crack. Gradually he pushed and inch by inch the handle began to disappear into the bodybuilder's ass. As Bob's insides were invaded, he screamed in a nightmare of delirium, losing all awareness of his surroundings and finally losing consciousness.

Randy hung helplessly in horrified witness to the scene. His beautiful muscular buddy, his brother, slumped limply over the chair, his ravaged, burning ass pointing upward, pierced by the shaft of the whip. Randy felt totally defeated. The man he had dominated and protected, his friend, his soul mate, was ravaged, vulnerable to whatever sadistic pleasures Hans had in mind. Bob groaned as he slowly regained consciousness and felt the throbbing pain in his ass.

"Enough of this playacting," Hans sneered. "Now for the real thing," and in one sickening movement he pulled the whip handle from Bob's ass, causing another spasm of pain. Now, Randy, you will see your big, beautiful friend here violated by a real man. His manhood will be shattered. He will be totally humbled, broken and destroyed. And you will watch, helpless." Hans began to stroke his long, thick cock and it quickly grew stiff as a pole. He rubbed it against Bob's vulnerable ass in anticipation of the final act of torture.

Randy's naked body thrashed and twisted in his suspended bondage as he frantically tried to free himself. Hans was in no hurry. He thought he would enjoy teasing this gorgeous, hairless ass, so he knelt down and buried his face between the two perfect round globes. Bob took a sharp intake of breath as fear gripped him of what was about to happen. Hans greedily lapped at the burning hole.

Randy's mind raced with a stream of thoughts. The man he had grown to know so intimately was a virile, beautiful, rugged stud, totally straight. Randy had to stop this rape. No man was going to violate his buddy in this way except ..... except Randy himself. This thought jolted him and, as he gazed at the perfect, rounded ass his dick started to stiffen. But he suppressed the thought and his mind focused on getting free. As his beautiful body thrashed and twisted wildly he looked up at the rope suspending him. He realized that in his manic haste to secure the construction worker, Hans had used an old rope to tie him to the beam, a rope that was already frayed.

Hans was mesmerized by his prisoner's ass, where his face remained buried as he licked at the hairless hole. In desperation Randy pulled himself upward to the beam, then let himself drop suddenly. This brought an intense jolt of pain to his shoulder sockets, but also had the effect of fraying the rope more. Again and again the naked construction worker put his muscles through torture as he pulled up and dropped suddenly in an attempt to break the rope.

Hans finally stood up and, stroking his rigid cock again he positioned the tip hard against Bob's asshole. "Now, big boy, I will show you who is master." And he began to push the monster head of his cock against the virgin ass.

"NO!" Randy screamed. "His ass belongs to me." He heaved himself upward one last time and as he dropped the rope finally broke. His wrists and ankles were still tied together, but he was free of the beam. In one controlled move he dropped to the floor and then sprang forward at the German, just as the head of his dick was entering Bob's ass. Randy's bound wrists reached for Hans's throat, he slid his hands over his head and pulled the rope tightly around the German's neck.

Taken by total surprise Hans fell back and started to thrash wildly but, fueled by rage and adrenaline, Randy strained every muscle in his powerful arms. Hans kicked and clawed, elbowing Randy's balls brutally again and again. But Randy knew that if Hans broke this hold everything would be lost. So he heaved the rope tighter, until Hans's desperate struggles became weaker and weaker. Holding him by the neck Randy bodily picked up the huge body and hurled him across the room. Hans crashed against the wall and slid down to the floor. He was unconscious, beaten.

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In minutes Randy had freed himself and Bob, and secured his tormentor. Still unconscious, Hans lay on the floor in the same bondage position he had inflicted on the two men. His wrists were tied upward behind his back and attached by a short rope to the collar round his neck. The double hammerlock position made it impossible for him to fight back.

Randy needed to tend to his fallen and battered comrade, and he wanted Hans gone. He slapped the German back to consciousness and in one strong move hauled him upright on his feet. Hans was dazed and offered no resistance. Randy hissed in his face.

"You're finished, man. You've lost. I'll deal with you later, but now I want you gone." He stripped him naked, and in one small concession put his boots back on his feet. He picked up one set of tit clamps and attached them so they bit savagely into Hans's nipples, making the huge man scream and scrape himself against the wall in an attempt to remove them.

"Now, go!" said Randy. He opened the door and kicked Hans in the ass, so he lurched forward through the door and fell on his face on the paving outside. Randy slammed the door, then turned to his fallen buddy on the floor. Gently he picked up the limp body and carried it to

the bed. He ran his hands lightly over the bruised and battered muscles to ensure that no permanent harm had been done. His fingers caressed the beautiful ass that had almost been brutally fucked.

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Outside Hans managed to stumble to his feet. His arms were still helplessly bound and his nipples were burning but he was able to walk, and he started to stumble forward. He had to get inside and get help before the cops saw him. There was only one place nearby he could go.

The bar was fairly crowded with construction workers after their day's shift but all their talk and laughter died to a stunned silence as they watched the big naked man crash through the door and fall to his knees.

"You gotta help me," he gasped. "For God's sake set me free."

"Jesus, will you look at that?" Randy's buddy Jack was the first to find his voice and he turned to Sheila behind the bar. Didn't you say that Randy left here earlier with Hans? The fucker must have really pissed Randy off. Only he could have done something like this."

"Help me," pleaded the naked man.

But Jack and the others disliked Hans intensely, and Jack considered the situation.

"I have a feeling that Randy will be along soon. Let's leave this to him."

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At the motel Randy held Bob until he stopped shivering and finally calmed down. Eventually, totally exhausted his eyes began to close. As he drifted into blessed sleep he heard Randy whisper in his ear.

"I have to go out. Back soon. I have a job to do." And he pulled on his jeans.

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Randy knew there was only one place Hans could have gone at this time of night. All eyes in the bar turned as the big construction worker, still stripped to the waist, burst through the door. His voice was ice cold.

"Where is he?"

Jack spoke. "In the downstairs bathroom. We though we would leave him to you."

Without a word Randy strode to the stairs. As he entered the big, dingy toilet he saw his target. Hans sat whimpering on the toilet, a bound and beaten man, dripping with piss where the beer-filled construction workers had each in turn relieved themselves on him. On the wall above, about head height was a hook with the janitor's hose on it. Randy threw off the hose and went over to the huddled wreck sobbing before him.

"Get up!"

He grabbed the big man by the collar and with all his strength hauled him up and looped the collar over the hook. So Hans hung there, his feet barely touching the floor, his arms tightly bound behind him, his chest thrust forward and his nipples clamped tight. He looked in terror at the burly construction worker he had recently tortured. "No, please," he said. "Please."

"Payback time, asshole," Randy hissed and, raising his arm high brought the flat of his hand crashing across Hans's cheek. "That one's for me." Then swinging the arm back he cracked the back of his hand against the other cheek. "And that one's for Bob." He crashed his hand back and forth against the captive's head until he was knocked into near oblivion. Hans reeled in agony and terror.

Randy looked at the tit clamps and began to squeeze and twist them brutally. Hans shrieked, and yelled, "Please, sir. The pain. My chest is killing me. I'm begging you. Take off the clamps."

"OK, sure," said Randy and taking hold of the chain, with one heavy jerk ripped the clamps from the tits. Hans screamed again and his body jerked against the wall in spasms of excruciating agony.

"That one was for me," Randy said. "And this one's for Bob." And he quickly reattached the clamps to the ravaged nipples. Hans passed out. When he came to he was aware of the searing pain in his chest, but also of a new throbbing in his ass. Randy had taken one end of the hose from the floor and pushed it deep into the muscular man's ass.

"Just thought you should know how it feels," he said. "Now, talk. Who won tonight?"

The battered face looked up at Randy. "You did. You did, sir. You beat me."

"You're finished."

"Yes, sir."

"And now I'm gonna thrash you."

"Yes, sir."



"Is that what you want?"

Hans knew there was only one answer. "Yes, sir. Please, sir. Whip my body."

Randy slipped his belt from his jeans and said. "And this is from both of us, from Bob and me. Enjoy." And the beating began. Randy didn't hold back. With all the strength of his hugely muscled body he lashed every part of the big man's heaving sinews, crashing the belt again and again across his chest, his arms and shoulders, his thighs and legs. Randy had lost all sense of control and Hans was screaming obscenities in huge spasms of intense pain as the vicious beating continued.

Neither man was aware of the door opening, but soon Randy felt a hand grasping his wrist and restraining the whip. Jack said quietly in his ear, "Enough, man. Ease up or you'll kill him. He's ruined, broken. Whatever he did to you, you've won."

Chest and muscles heaving Randy stopped and looked at the shattered man hanging on the wall. He pulled out his cock and pissed a heavy stream of hot piss all over the shattered body. He threw Hans's clothes at him that he had brought from the motel and said, "You'll hang here like this until the bar closes, then they'll set you free. Then you get as far from here as you can, as fast as you can. If you ever show your sadistic face here again I swear I'll kill you. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," the broken man croaked.

Randy turned, went upstairs and, without a word, the magnificent, shirtless man strode out of the bar.

Jesus," one of the guys said. "Remind me never to piss that guy off."

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Back at the motel Randy stripped off his clothes and climbed into bed, pressing his naked body against Bob's. "It's over," he said in his ear, and he heard his friend's huge sigh.

But it was not over for their intense, intimate relationship. What they had been through, the torture, pain and humiliation was to strain the balance of their friendship and threaten to tear it apart. There was only one way to heal it.

# # #

## Chapter 8 – The Storm

In the sultry heat of the shabby motel room the two men lying next to each other tossed throughout the night in sleep haunted by dreams, nightmares, of the shattering evening they had just spent. Images flashed through their subconscious minds of their naked bodies suspended in helpless agony, whipped and battered, forced to watch powerless as their buddy was humiliated, his manhood destroyed.

Their tormented night was made worse by the intense heat. Los Angeles had descended into its customary late summer heat wave, becoming a pressure cooker of sweltering, humid air that gave no relief even at night. The sheets on the bed were tangled and soaked by the sweat pouring from the big, muscular bodies as they tossed incessantly.

Randy was the first to slowly wake up, and his conscious mind immediately recoiled at the sight and touch of the beautiful man he had betrayed and before whom he had crawled like a whipped animal in abject submission to the sadistic Hans.

Bob was the man Randy had previously dominated. Randy was the master who had come to possess this beautiful slave. But all that had been destroyed as the burly, muscular top man had been beaten and thrashed into submission by the sadistic Hans while Bob watched. Randy had even offered up Bob to Hans to torture as he pleased. Randy could not bear to look at the handsome face lying next to him. Then he heard Bob's voice.

"Hey. Thanks, man."

Randy finally turned to look at him. "For what?"

"For getting me out of that mess last night. For rescuing me."

Randy jumped off the bed and stared down angrily at Bob.

"Don't thank me, asshole. You should be killing me for getting you into the mess in the first place. I let you down. You watched me submit to another man ..... me, your master, thrashed, degraded, in bondage and soaked in piss. I watched while that sadist tortured you and I was fucking helpless."

There was a heavy silence as the two men looked away from each other. Finally Randy picked up his jeans and pulled on a T-shirt.

"We gotta get out of here. This fucking rat hole stinks of that man's piss. It was right here that he pissed on us both as we lay unconscious in a heap. I can't take this. We gotta go."

Without another word Bob got off the bed and pulled on jeans and a T-shirt. He crammed a few other clothes into his backpack, while Randy threw shorts and a tank top into his bag. Bob noticed in passing that it was the same bag that contained the ropes, whips and other items that

had featured in the endless torture session. Randy also gathered up the few items of camping gear that he had.

They did not look at each other as they left the room and piled into Randy's flat-bed truck. Randy's cold fury was still obvious. He grabbed the wheel and floored the gas pedal so the truck burned rubber as it screeched out of the parking lot and hit the road. Stopping only briefly to load up with food and supplies at a local store, Randy turned off Hollywood Boulevard onto the 101 North and was soon going 70 in the fast lane. The clammy heat of the city was now even more oppressive.

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It was not until they hit Interstate 5 that Bob turned to the big, brooding construction worker.

"Where are we going?"

"Getting out of this hell-hole. Give us time to breathe, to think. This fucking heat is driving me crazy. I wish to God a storm would come through. We're going to the mountains. I know a place."

It wasn't long before they were on Angeles Crest Highway heading into the remote areas of the Angeles National Forest. Eventually Randy turned off onto the road he had been looking for. It soon got narrower and became a dirt track. The four-wheel drive truck handled it easily and they bumped along for a good half hour until they came over a hill.

"There," Randy said.

They had come to a small lake, one of the many that nestled high in the hills in the remote forest. Legend has it that all kinds of secrets, bodies even, are buried up here in the Angeles Forest. Today, even here, the heat and humidity were still brutal. As if reading each other's thoughts they leapt from the truck, tore off their clothes and ran butt naked into the water. They both swam with long powerful strokes far out into the lake, then back again until they were exhausted.

As they stumbled ashore Bob tripped and fell back into the water. Instinctively, Randy bent and lifted his muscular body. He held it for a moment, looking into Bob's face, and he felt his cock stiffen.

"Fuck," he breathed as he pushed Bob out of the water. They threw themselves down onto the small beach and lay side by side in silence for a long while. Finally Randy spoke.

"I can't do this anymore. It's all fucked. Before last night I knew where I was, what we were, but all that changed as I groveled at your feet. What the fuck was that? Christ, I even gave you to that fucker and told you to submit to him. How can I face you after that?"

Bob understood and said nothing. Then he turned to Randy.

"Maybe it would help if you watched me do to Hans exactly what he did to me."

Randy looked at him intensely, and their eyes once again melted into each other's.

"Maybe you can," Randy said, leaping to his feet. "Come with me."

They both pulled on jeans and old tanks and, picking up his black bag, Randy strode back into the forest. Bob followed him for a good mile or so until they were in a dense, very remote part of the forest. They finally came to a clearing and Randy turned to Bob. He took him by his massive shoulders and stared deep into his eyes.

"There's only one way I can get beyond this. I can't purge the guilt I feel for what I did to you, but I can pay for it ..... pay physically. And you want to thrash Hans in all the brutal ways he tortured you. So do it. But do it to me. I need that more than anything. Do to me exactly what Hans did to you in exactly the same way. Imagine I'm Hans if you like ..... whatever works. But don't hold back. Please man, torture my body. Make me suffer. I deserve it."

Intuitively Bob understood right away, and reached down for Randy's bag.

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In a short while Bob stood back and gazed at the magnificent body before him. Randy stood on a thick log between two trees. His arms were stretched up and outward, his wrists roped to branches of two trees on either side of him. His sinewy muscles strained, his biceps and shoulders bulged as he stood helplessly spread eagled before his captor.

"Now," Randy said.

Bob stepped forward and heaved at the log. Eventually it came free and Randy's feet hung clear off the ground. The big construction worker groaned in pain as his stretched body swung free. Bob undid Randy's jeans and let them fall to the ground. Then he yanked at the tank, which fell in shreds around Randy's small, tight waist. He stepped backward and gasped at the stunning sight of the swarthy bodybuilder hanging helplessly between the trees, naked but for the shreds of the tank hanging just below his abs. This is exactly how Bob had looked last night. Randy had taken Bob's place.

Bob lay down on the ground on his back gazing at the magnificent sight. "Now, try to get free."

Randy began to twist and thrash, kicking his legs, and hauling himself upward to relieve the pain in his arms. For a while he was able to hold onto the tree branches until his grip slipped and he crashed back down, wrenching his arms and shoulders. Bob watched spellbound as the

tortured giant began to stream with sweat in the torrid heat. Bob's huge cock began to burn and became instantly hard as he stroked it.

But he knew he had to delay his orgasm, so he stood up and approached his prisoner. He ran his hands over the hard packed, straining muscles, rubbing the taut nipples and watching Randy's eyes close in pain and pleasure. He bent down to the bag again, pulled out the tit clamps and attached them hard to the burning nipples. Again, Randy winced, but he was determined not to scream. Instead he looked deep into Bob's eyes.

"Now hurt me. Whip my body. Thrash me, break me. I need this. I beg you."

Bob stepped back, pulled off his tank, and slid his belt from his jeans. He remembered how Hans had begun on him, and he brought the belt crashing around the big man's ass. Randy took a sharp intake of breath but did not yell. And that's how the beating continued. As the two men held each other's gaze the belt crashed again and again across the straining muscles that the construction worker flexed hard to absorb the pain. He almost screamed as the lash fell across his clamped nipples, but he clenched his teeth hard and stayed silent.

The two men were piercing each other's eyes with the intense look that bound them together as one. Bob knew exactly what his beautiful buddy needed. As he looked at him, Randy's tortured face morphed into Hans's and Bob lost control, lashing the body with all the strength he could summon, exacting his brutal revenge for the torture he himself had suffered.

Finally exhausted he stood back and watched the suspended giant swaying between the trees, his pumped and veined muscles striped with red welts and bruises from the brutal lashing. Gasping for breath, Randy raised his tortured face and gazed once more at Bob.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

So that was it. The master was hanging helpless in front of his slave, and the tables were turned. The slave had brutally whipped his beautiful master and watched as the helpless body swung from the trees under the lash. Bob could hardly believe the sight before him. But he was not finished.

Picking up another rope he tied one end around Randy's huge balls. He stepped back and began to pull on the rope, watching as the muscleman swung back and forth, his balls being stretched in agony. Again he did not say a word, though Bob thought he detected a grim smile on his captive's lips.

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And so it went on into the late morning. Bob had remembered the final tableau of his own torture and had duplicated it with Randy. The construction worker was now tied face down onto a half fallen tree that leaned at an angle. His ankles and wrist were tied so that his ass was

pointing upward, completely at Bob's mercy. Bob looked down at the gorgeous, hard cheeks of his captive's ass. He fell on his knees, brought his mouth up to the sweating, hairy hole and began to lick. He plunged his mouth hard against the ass and pushed his tongue as far as he could into the hole. His own dick was rock hard.

He stood up and took the whip from the bag, pointing the handle at the vulnerable ass before him. Bob remembered the pain he had felt when Hans had penetrated his ass with the whip handle. But now he hesitated.

"Do it," Randy said.

"I can't."

"You have to. You know how. Do it."

Coming to a decision, Bob threw down the whip and stepped out of his jeans. Naked now he moved forward and brought the bulging head of his stiff, raging dick up against the hole.

"Yes," said Randy. "The final humiliation. Break me."

Bob's eyes filled with tears as he knew that this would be physical and mental torture for the big, straight, proud, totally masculine man. But he could not stop. Slowly he eased forward, his dick head pressing harder and harder until suddenly ..... it slipped inside his buddy's virgin ass. This time Randy did shout with pain, but it was followed by an ecstatic, "Yes! Fuck me. Fuck my ass. Please sir, I want you inside me. Please ....."

Bob eased the whole length of his long, stiff rod into the warm ass until it came to rest deep inside. He waited a long while as both men exulted in the exquisite sensation they were both feeling for the first time. There had never been anything like this.

These were straight men who had never imagined anything like this. Buried deep in their subconscious they might have imagined a moment like this, but this was not the way it was meant to be. Last night Randy had screamed at Hans, "His ass belongs to me." But that was not the way this was now. This was the first time ..... and it was the slave who was fucking the master.

And fuck him he did. He pulled back, so his dick slid right out of the whole. He pushed it back in with a hard thrust that made Randy's insides burn with pain and pleasure. Then the pounding began. Bob grabbed the hard cheeks of Randy's ass and pulled them toward his rod, plunging it again and again into the burning, virgin ass.

Randy lost all sense of place and time. His only sensation was his buddy's long, hard shaft pounding into his gut. He yelled in ecstasy as he experienced a sensation more intense than he had ever felt in his life. Looking over his shoulder he watched as the muscular giant, this

beautiful man, his buddy, his soul mate, his slave, pounded at the ravaged ass in a delirium of excitement, yelling obscenities in his exhilaration.

It went on and on as they became unaware of time passing, both men pouring sweat in the stifling heat of the day and the fire of their intense energy.

Randy yelled, "Yes, man, yes. Torture my ass. Pound my ass. I'm you're slave. Please, sir. Fuck the cum out of me."

Bob became aware of the hot flame shooting up his legs and into his crotch. The burning rose into his dick until it became unbearable. He pulled back one last time, paused, and then plunged the whole painful length of his dick into his buddy's hungry ass. His orgasm erupted deep inside the construction worker's heaving body and both men yelled in a pitch ecstasy.

Randy's dick was pressed hard against the tree but he felt it explode as his own semen poured out. The men were in another world entirely as their muscles tensed and flexed and their bodies pulsed and burned with this entirely new sensation.

Bob fell forward onto the back of his helpless captive, their heaving bodies joined by the sweat that poured from them in the intense heat of the day and their passion. His cock stayed buried in Randy's ravaged ass. There were no words, no movement, just the searing sensation of this incredible new experience as they lay together, totally exhausted.

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"Untie me," Randy said finally. His voice had a hard edge to it that disturbed Bob. He pulled back and slowly slid his dick out from between the bulging checks. Bending down he untied Randy's wrists and ankles, and the burly, dark man stood up painfully. His body still heaved, marked with the welts and bruises from the lashing he had endured.

He turned to face Bob and his gaze was hard and unsmiling.

"That's it," he said. "We're done. I've thrashed you and now you've taken your revenge. We're even. There's nothing left. Let's go."

Bob pulled him back as he turned. "What do you mean? What are you saying? You told me to do this. You said it would make things come right. What did I do wrong?"

"You were perfect ..... as always. It's me who was wrong. Look, when we met you made me feel more of a man than I had ever felt. I got off on dominating you, treating you as my slave. But now the tables have turned, you've seen me humiliated and beaten. You've fucked my ass, for Chrissake! I can't go on with this. How can I be your master now? How could I ever dominate you? It's all fucked. The game's over. I'm leaving."

He pulled on his jeans, turned and began to stride away. But Bob grabbed him again.

"Fuck you, man. You can't leave. I need you. I'll follow you."

Randy spun round. "What the fuck do you want from me? Leave me alone. I want my space. I want my life back." He gripped Bob's shoulders hard and said. "You're not following me anywhere. You'll fucking stay here."

And he pushed the big man back against the tallest tree in the clearing. Grabbing a rope he tied it round his neck and the tree trunk, then secured his hands behind his back. Picking up another long rope he coiled it round and round Bob's body, lashing him tightly to the tree from his chest to his ankles. The big bodybuilder was now immobile, roped securely with no hope of escape.

"There. Is that what you want, you sick fuck?" Randy screamed. He was not thinking straight. He knew he had to be alone and, with one last look at the beautiful, naked man lashed to the tree, he stumbled back into the forest.

Bob screamed after him. "Asshole. Don't leave me. Help me." But Randy didn't hear him.

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Randy staggered blindly through the forest, not caring where he went until finally, almost by accident, he stumbled to the edge of the lake where the truck was parked. He threw off his jeans and ran into the water. He had to clear his head, to think. After a long swim he fell naked onto the small beach and lay on his back looking up at the sky. For the first time he noticed that billowing black storm clouds were moving in from the west. Finally the long-awaited storm was coming.

He heard the rumble of distant thunder and thought, "Thank God .... the weather's finally breaking. At least it'll clear the air. Now if only I could clear my mind and start to see straight."

His thoughts were racing, and he could make no sense of them. He had no idea what was happening to him. All he knew was that he hated Bob. He wished he had never met him and now he wanted him out of his life. He had no doubt that, tied helpless to the tree, Bob was coming to the same conclusion. It was over, thank God.

He drifted into an uneasy doze until he was wakened by big water drops falling on his face. He heard a huge crash of thunder and, through closed eyelids, was aware of a vivid flash of lightening. He pulled himself onto his elbows and looked across the lake. It was a massive storm, the kind that happens once in a while in summer when a Southern California heat wave builds like a pressure cooker.



As the raindrops quickly became a downpour he watched mesmerized as the lightening flashed in jagged strikes across the sky. The thunder grew louder and the heavens opened in a cloudburst. A huge flash of lightening hit the ground somewhere and he heard a loud crack, as a distant tree was split.

He suddenly shot bolt upright. Bob! What the fuck had he done? He had left his buddy tied to a tall tree in the middle of a violent storm. He had to get to him.

Butt naked he raced back into the forest, blindly crashing through the branches. But he was blinded by the downpour and had no idea where he was going. He was lost, but he had to find Bob, help him. In his panic the truth flashed before him. He needed this man. He had become his whole existence. He couldn't live without him. His mind was now clear. He understood everything.

He was sobbing as he thrashed wildly through the trees, yelling out Bob's name, frantic that he might be too late. He yelled to the raging sky, "Help me!" and fell to his knees. Motionless now, he listened, and thought he heard in the distance the howling of an animal in pain. It had to be Bob. Following the sound he finally, mercifully, crashed into the clearing and leapt at the struggling, screaming man whose muscles were straining to break his bonds.

The huge relief both men felt had to find vocal expression and it did so in anger.

"You asshole," screamed Bob. "You tried to kill me. I fucked your sorry ass and you couldn't take it. You tried to kill me!"

"Shut the fuck up. Just let me get you out of here." But the rain had soaked the knots making them tighter. The lightening flashed around them and their naked bodies were streaming with the pounding rain. Randy frantically tore at the ropes until they began to come loose. He ripped them away from the thrashing body until Bob stumbled free.

Adrenaline pumped through Bob, fueled by a mix of relief and fury. He pushed hard against Randy's soaking chest.

"I could've died. And you didn't give a shit."

Randy pushed back. "Asshole! I came back for you didn't I?"

The shoving match grew more intense until the two muscular men crashed to the ground, rolling around, straining to get the upper hand. As the rain poured down the ground became soaked and turned into a mud bath. The two men were equally matched in size, strength and beauty and their straining muscles wrestled in the mud in a tangle of sinews and limbs. Each tried to crush the other's body as they vented their pent up rage and frustration.

Just as the storm had been building from the intense heat of the city, so the storm between Randy and Bob was borne of the intense, powerful, physical traumas their bodies had been subjected to.

As their muscles ground together and their bodies rolled in the mud and water, the two big men became one mass of flailing limbs. In their frenzy they were unaware that the intense physical struggle had caused their cocks to stiffen into huge erections. The brutal fight slowly evolved into an erotic writhing where each man became aware of the magnificent body gripping him. Finally Randy was able to flip Bob onto his back and pin him to the ground by his wrists, his arms stretched upward in the mud.

Suddenly they were still. Rain poured down on them, streaming over their bodies and faces. Randy was arched on his hands and feet, stretched above Bob, gazing down at the beautiful man he was pinning. Bodies heaving, still gasping for breath, they held each other's intense gaze. Their eyes melted into each other and, not for the first time, they became one again in that transcendent union of souls. Randy gloried in the man beneath him and finally said softly,

"Dammit. I'm in love with you, man. Don't you know that?"

Bob smiled. "You have a hell of a way of showing it."

"That's the point. I don't know how to show it."

Bob looked deep into his friend's eyes and he whispered. "I think you do."

Randy's eyes softened. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

Randy let go of Bob's wrists and pulled back. He grasped the other man's ankles and slowly raised them up and out. He looked down at the beautiful ass, being pelted with rain, and knew that the time had come. Quickly and gently he brought his rock hard cock to the crack between the solid cheeks and eased it forward. The huge head slipped easily into the rain-soaked ass and his long, thick rod moved easily deep inside his buddy's body. Bob was in ecstasy.

This was it. This finally was right. This was what they had been building to from the moment their eyes met on the first night in the bar, though it was only now that they understood. This was exactly the way it was meant to be. As Randy's cock slid out and back in, pushing gently again and again deep inside the warm ass, they melted into each other's bodies and became one man.

Their eyes never left each other as the intensity of the sensation raced throughout their whole bodies. This was something extraordinary, something they had never imagined. They were two masculine, straight men, but they knew this was perfect.

Bob could not believe the sight of the big, powerful construction worker above him as he pushed rhythmically in and out of his body. He reached up to the muscular chest and gripped Randy's nipples, twisting them slowly. Randy gasped and threw his head back in rapture. Bob breathed, "God, I love you. Please, sir, fuck my ass. Please ..... cum inside me."

They moved in perfect harmony as the rain poured down and anointed their glorious bodies. There was no sound except their breathing and the pouring rain. And then, silently, gently, as Randy's cock caressed his buddy's ass, his body stiffened and he started to stream cum inside him. Bob felt it bathe his inside and he too shot a stream of thick, white cream over his own chest and face.

Their orgasm was endless. Cum poured out of Randy into the ass of the man he loved. And Bob, delirious at the sight of the beautiful, swarthy giant thrusting above him, shot streams of hot semen over his own stunning body.

The lightening had stopped and, as the thunder rumbled off into the distance, the men finally became still. Randy fell forward onto the body he had just penetrated and the two muscular, powerful, straight men held each other, with Randy still inside the beautiful ass. And then, for the first time since they met, their mouths came together and locked in a deep, lingering embrace. Finally they collapsed into each other's arms and slept, the torrential rain still pouring over the two glorious bodies.

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When they woke the rain had stopped and the storm had passed. There was a warm stillness in the air, the only sound the steady drip of water from the leaves of the trees. Randy pulled his cock out of his buddy's ass and they slowly they got to their feet. They gathered up their sodden clothes and gear and together walked naked out of the clearing and through the forest.

Nothing was said. There was no need. Thinking each other's thoughts and feeling the same sensations, they knew that they were now bound together by some strange ethereal force. All the earlier doubt, frustration and confusion were gone. The balance, the dynamic of their friendship was restored. Randy, previously beaten down by the humiliation and defeat he had suffered, had now reasserted his masculinity in the only possible way. He was without a doubt the top man. Bob unreservedly regarded him as his master.

Randy slung his arm casually over his buddy's broad shoulder.

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When they finally reached the lake, still naked, they dropped their gear and rushed into the water. Swimming together they at last found their voices, laughing, splashing each other, wrestling and hugging in the joy of newfound comradeship. As they returned to shallower

water, where their feet touched bottom, Randy came behind his buddy and put his arms around his chest, twisting the nipples and pressing his hard body against Bob's back.

Bob knew what was coming and breathed an expectant sigh. He felt the tip of Randy's hard dick pushing against his ass under the water. Then suddenly, easily, it was inside him, stroking his insides in a return of that incredible sensation he had felt before. Randy held him tight as his thrusts became more urgent, and Bob reached down to stroke his own raging dick. They both shot their loads under the water.

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In the next few days Bob was to be fucked again and again by the man he regarded as master. It was as if they had discovered a new, addictive drug. At one point Bob lay on his back spread eagled between four trees. Randy had tied his ankles high onto two of the trees and his wrists at ground level to two others. Immobilized Bob watched as Randy knelt, leaned forward and placed his rough hands on Bob's hard six-pack abs. His cock homed in naturally to the sweet, warm ass and penetrated the heaving man once again.

"Who does your ass belong to?" he breathed.

"You sir."

"Only me?"

"Always."

Randy pulled his dick out and leaning forward, grasped both their cocks together in his two big, rough hands. He stroked them together, and as they squeezed against each other they erupted in a single stream over the bound man's chest.

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Early one afternoon, Randy pushed Bob, standing upright, against a tree and bound his hands tightly around the trunk. He ran his hands over the smooth rounded cheeks and began to slap the ass he now owned. Although Bob's upper body was bound tight he was able to move his ass and he pushed it outward, begging for his master's cock. First, Randy knelt and buried his face deep in the smooth, moist ass and licked it hungrily. Then he stood and Bob breathed deeply as he felt Randy enter him and the hard cock moved in and out of his burning hole.

After his orgasm Randy lay down on the ground just to contemplate the magnificent ass of the bound man as he waited for more. When he felt his cock stiffen Randy stood up and fucked the ass again. Bob was to spend the entire afternoon lashed to the tree, his ass vulnerable to satisfy the big construction worker whenever he wanted. Randy swam far out into the lake.

When he returned and strode out of the water, his magnificent body streaming, he walked straight up to his captive and fucked him again.

Then he dozed for a while, and awoke to the sight of the bound muscleman and the waiting ass. He fucked it again. Bob was in another world. Immobile in bondage, he waited in silence for the next assault on his ass. He lost count of how many times his buddy fucked him, or how many times he himself shot his load. The afternoon passed in another dimension, outside of space and time. Their intimacy was now complete; they were now bound as one whole entity. Their union was indissoluble.

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Finally they had to leave the paradise they had created. They loaded their gear into the truck and Randy drove it back over the rutted road, back onto the highway. Randy looked over at his buddy and once again gloried in the sight of the handsome face. The world should see this, he thought. There was a part of Randy that wanted to show this beautiful man off, to put him on display, to show other men, "This is mine. He belongs to me."

He couldn't know it, but he was soon going to have the opportunity to do just this, to create a visual fantasy. He was to have the unique experience of seeing his buddy displayed in ways he had never dreamed of. And at the same time a whole audience of men would glory in the extraordinary sight of these two incredible men.

# # #

## Chapter 9 – Trial by Exhibition

As they drove back to the city Randy and Bob were at last completely relaxed with each other. No, it was much more than relaxed. They knew now that they were bound together in an inextricable union, ethereal even, that went far beyond thought or reason. They were of the same flesh, blood brothers, whose feelings, sensations and intuitions were in complete harmony.

For two straight men, confident, self-assured, muscular alpha males, love was a word they had been reluctant to use, but that was before their extraordinary experiences in the remote seclusion of the high Angeles National Forest. Pounded by the violent thunderstorm, they had experienced an epiphany and screamed their love for each other. They had crossed the last physical boundary and penetrated each other's bodies, anointing each other with hot streams of semen like a baptism.

Their relationship had been forged in a crucible of pain, with each beautiful man undergoing bondage, savage whipping, punishment and humiliation. Their friendship had undergone many

changes until, as Randy fucked Bob's beautiful ass, they knew without a doubt that Randy was master. Bob would submit to him, physically and sexually, whenever Randy wanted.

With one hand on the steering wheel Randy threw his arm across Bob's broad shoulder and they drove home.

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'Home was the wrong word. As they let themselves into the squalid motel room they knew at once that they had to move. They would establish a new life together. But for now ..... they exchanged knowing looks and read each other's mind.

"One last time in this rat-hole?" Randy asked.

"Yes, sir. Please."

As Randy held Bob's intense gaze he ran his hands over the sweat-stained, powerful muscles and began to strip his buddy naked. He pulled the mud-caked tank over his head, over the solid six-pack abs, then the stunningly defined chest muscles. He loosened Bob's jeans and, falling to his knees, removed the boots and jeans and looked up at the glorious man, naked except for his boxers.

He stood up, stripped off his own clothes, and turned Bob round to face the full-length mirror. He took two long ropes from his bag and tied the bodybuilder's wrists to the beam in the ceiling, his arms spread wide. He kicked Bob's legs wide apart and tied one ankle to the bed and the other to the hook in the opposite wall.

Standing behind him, he reached round and in one swift wrench ripped the boxers clear of his body. Bob's big cock swung free as he stood naked, spread eagled, straining in tight bondage. The wide stretch of his legs made him clench the cheeks of his ass into hard, bulging mounds.

Randy picked up the whip with the multiple leather thongs and looked at the prefect V of his friend's lats as they tapered down to the slim waist and perfect ass. The back was a blank canvass just waiting for the whip. The ass was an inviting pure white that was begging to be warmed up.

Randy brought the whip crashing across the heaving back muscles and the huge body convulsed in pain and pulled at the restraints. After thrashing the back, Randy turned to the flexing bulges of the beautiful ass. He lashed it repeatedly until it had changed from pure white to an angry red. He continued the torture until both men were exhausted and streaming with sweat. Randy threw down the whip and pressed his body close behind Bob. He breathed in his ear.

"God, you are so fucking hot. You should be put on display, you know that? People would pay good money to see that. Now that you've been thrashed and your ass is on fire, look in the mirror. Get a good look at yourself, stretched and helpless. Now look into your own eyes."

His back and ass still stinging with pain Bob got off on the glorious image in the mirror. It was as if he was looking at a beautiful stranger, until he gazed at his face and saw himself reflected in his own eyes. As he drank in the sight, his cock began to stiffen and he watched as it grew into a raging erection. Randy had shown him how to make love to his own image.

Randy stroked the mounds of Bob's whipped ass and his own cock quickly stiffened. He knelt behind him and buried his face between the beautiful mounds, pushing his tongue as far as he could into the warm, moist hole. Both men groaned in pleasure as the big construction worker hungrily licked, sucked and ate his buddy's tortured ass.

Finally Randy stood up and again pressed his body into Bob's back. He brought his raging hard-on closer to Bob's ass and stroked the opening with the huge head of his dick. He drove Bob to a pitch of desire.

"Please, sir. Please. Put it inside me. Fuck me. Fuck my hole. It's yours."

Randy eased forward and his huge rod slid easily inside the furnace of the ass. He pushed it deep and let it rest all the way inside him. He brought his hands round to Bob's chest and twisted his nipples. Bob moaned in ecstasy as he looked at the reflection of himself and the dark, burly man behind him whose cock was deep inside his ass.

Slowly, Randy pulled back until the head of his cock was almost clear, then just as slowly he pushed back in. Bob's muscular body, spread eagled in bondage, was at the mercy of the sinewy construction worker. And this is how it continued for a long time, both men lost in the rhythm of their bodies moving together, the huge rod churning inside the clenched ass that was now on fire.

Randy knew how to excite his buddy. The pain of the vicious whip torture was now replaced by the slow, tender movement of Randy's cock sliding gently in and out of the bound man's ass. Fucking could be brutal, but this time it became a loving, almost spiritual sensation. They held each other's penetrating gaze in the mirror as the fire in their groin intensified. They knew they were both close. Randy pushed deep inside his friend's ass and then ..... he stopped still.

They were both motionless as their cocks grew rigid. Without moving Randy felt his pulsing cock begin to pour semen into the man he loved. At the same time he watched Bob's cock pour a thick stream of creamy liquid onto the mirror.

Feeling his own orgasm and watching his friend's it was for Randy as if he saw in the mirror his own flood of semen splashing against the glass. Their orgasms had become one, their cocks pulsing and erupting in one incredible spontaneous stream. They never left each other's gaze,

never uttered a sound. They stared in silent wonder at the two beautiful men in the mirror erupting in endless ejaculation.

Randy held his cock inside his buddy for a long time. Then slowly he pulled out and stepped back. Quickly he released the heaving body and dropped Bob onto the bed. He lay down beside his friend and held him tight, their flawless bodies joined together by the sweat pouring off them. That was the last time they would make love in this squalid room where they had shared so much. It was now time for them to build their life together.

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It is a fact of life that, when two people fall in love, all the other issues or problems they face pale into insignificance. It is as if they live a charmed life. And so it was with these two straight men who were undergoing major life changes, their lives turned gloriously upside down. The two self-sufficient alpha males were now joined as one, doubly strong, and there was nothing they couldn't do with and for each other. Everything fell into place for them.

Bob had no problem transferring to the larger and more prestigious Los Angeles office of his firm, where he would soon be made a vice-president. On the personal level he knew that his marriage had disintegrated and his wife had not unexpectedly filed for divorce in Northern California.

Randy's days as an itinerant construction worker were over. The L.A. company he worked for took him on full time as a site foreman. His marriage back in San Antonio was also foundering; he had known for some time that his wife had a lover.

The men looked for a place together, and finally leased a house in the Mount Washington section of the Los Angeles, an old-established, hilly neighborhood, it's narrow, winding streets lined by large, mature shade trees. The house was a good-sized old craftsman home that needed some work, which Randy could easily handle. Best of all, there was a large basement that had once been used as a gym. The full-length mirrors were still in place, as were the various chin bars, hooks and spot lights. The guys knew that it had definite possibilities.

So they left the seedy motel without regret, though as they took one last departing look their minds hovered briefly back on the extraordinary, traumatic and painful events that had forged their friendship. Then they drove away to begin their lives together.

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In the weeks before their new jobs began the two men spent most of their time together and established a comfortable daily routine. They spent hours fixing up their new home, though money was tight until their paychecks started coming.



One regular feature of their lives was their daily workout at the gym where they could indulge their physical needs, working hard in strenuous, exhausting routines. Part of their satisfaction was in watching their buddy's muscular body flexing, stretching and straining with weights and cables. The image excited them in anticipation of the private physical exertions they would enjoy later at home. Randy was especially turned on as Bob hung from the chin bar and punished his ripped muscles in repeated chin lifts. His chiseled face grimaced in pain, his lats flared and the veins were etched in his chest, biceps and shoulders.

Randy was not the only one to be turned on. The two magnificent men turned many heads, male and female, as the other members surreptitiously watched the stunning workout partners challenge each other in bone-crunching exercise. And when they swam after the workout there was many a hidden erection as guys watched the beautiful bodies, wearing only Speedos, climb out of the pool, their gleaming muscles streaming with water.

Two of the members, older guys, were especially focused on the dazzling sight. They made no secret of their admiration and Randy and Bob were very aware of their eager attention. In fact they purposely flexed and strained, knowing the effect they were having. As the two friends relaxed afterward at the juice bar Bob said,

"You're such a fucking exhibitionist, you know that? Those guys were totally turned on watching you."

"Watching us, you mean. I told you before, some people would pay good money to watch you and your incredible body. You're such a fucking turn-on."

As if to confirm their words, the two older guys came over to the table, sat down and introduced themselves .... Paul and Mitch. After some small talk, Mitch said,

"You guys are a total turn-on, and I think you know it. So I'll come straight to the point. Paul and I have a circle of friends, about twenty guys, who have formed a sort of club. We are all quite wealthy, and we are all voyeurs, meaning that we get off watching and drooling over gorgeous men. And you are two of the best."

"Look," Randy said hastily, "there's one thing you should know. We're both completely straight."

"We know that," Mitch replied. "That's obvious. And that makes it all the better. You see, we have a proposition. Here it is in a nutshell. Spend twenty-four hours with us and the other guys and just let us get off watching your beautiful bodies. That's it. We would make no sexual demands, wouldn't even touch you ..... just watch. You both apparently have quite an exhibitionist streak and you're very competitive, and that's perfect. There might be some self-inflicted pain involved, but I suspect that you guys are no stranger to that. Am I right?"

Randy and Bob grinned in silent affirmation.

Mitch continued, "What's in it for you, you ask? Apart from getting off looking at each other, which I'm sure you do, there's five grand apiece. Cash. As I said, we're all wealthy and we have quite a setup in the Hollywood Hills. You'll be perfectly safe, well cared for. And you'll have a good time. Talk it over. We'll be back in a minute."

The guys walked away, leaving Randy and Bob gaping at each other. They were not sure they could get their minds around this astonishing offer. Randy broke the silence.

"Well, we could sure use ten thousand bucks right now. And the guy's right. We're shameless exhibitionists and I never get tired of looking at you. I've always wanted to show you off to an audience. Getting paid is the icing on the cake. We can take care of ourselves, and each other. How about it?"

The deal was sealed. When Mitch and Paul returned they gave their address and a date was set for the next Friday evening.

"You don't need to bring anything," said Mitch. Just your glorious selves."

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As they drove along Mulholland Drive on the spine of the Santa Monica Mountains high above Los Angeles, the guys were feeling a mix of anticipation, excitement and some apprehension. They finally swung into the driveway of a large estate hidden behind trees and high hedges.

"Very impressive," said Bob. "Sure beats that old motel room we knew and loved."

"It should be impressive," Randy grinned, "if they can afford ten grand just to watch two guys get off on each other. Well, let's give them something they'll remember."

They buzzed the intercom and a voice said, "Hi, guys, welcome," and the gate swung open. A few minutes later they were standing with Mitch in a room that amazed them. It was basically a large gym, lined floor to ceiling with mirrors and with chin bars, hooks, rings, wall bars and various other pieces of equipment. One half of the room was an empty raised platform, with elaborate theatre lighting hanging from the ceiling. At the other end of the room were benches and chairs for an audience. It was in fact a small theater, just waiting for the performance to start.

"Elaborate, no?" asked Mitch. Several members of our group are studio executives so they have access to lighting, costumes, all the effects you need for a show. That's where you guys come in. The other members will be here soon. Come with me and I'll show you where you can change. Bob and Randy were taken to separate rooms on either side of the stage, elaborate dressing rooms with racks of clothes of every description.

"Let's get started," said Mitch.

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Half an hour later Randy and Bob walked out of their rooms onto the stage that was pitch dark. They were aware from the muffled sounds that the audience was now seated. After everyone settled, the ceiling lights came up slowly. A collective gasp came from the spectators. The two men were face to face and took a sharp intake of breath as they looked at each other. What they saw made their cocks stiffen.

Randy had never seen Bob look more stunning than he did now. He was wearing a full cop uniform. The black shirt, with shoulder flashes on the sleeves, a police badge and nameplate on the pocket, was open at the neck to give a glimpse of the white T-shirt underneath. Bob's broad shoulders and big chest were evident under the tight shirt, the sleeves pushed up by the bulge of his biceps. The shirt tapered to the slim waist of black pants with a silver stripe, tucked into high shiny black boots. Attached to the heavy black belt were regulation handcuffs. Bob's eyes were hidden behind mirrored sunglasses.

Bob was equally turned on by the sight of his buddy. Randy was in full leather ..... tight black leather pants, heavy black boots and a leather vest over a sleeveless denim shirt that barely concealed a white tank underneath. His muscles bulged under the shirt, his bare shoulders and arms gleaming under the lights. He too wore mirrored sunglasses.

Near them, at an angle to the audience, was a big full-length mirror. Standing side by side the two guys turned to look into it. In this way they were facing the spectators who, in the darkness, were just a blur to them. They gazed at their extraordinary images in the mirror, and the audience was equally awestruck at the unbelievable sight.

Although dressed differently the two men were equal in size, muscularity, authority and stunning beauty. As they looked at the supremely masculine images side by side Bob and Randy instinctively knew that this was to be a trial of strength to determine dominance. One of the men, the cop or the leather man, had to come out on top. Subconsciously they also knew that this was also exactly what the club members wanted, turned on at the thought of watching these two men battle for supremacy. As a kind of trophy, a broad leather collar was prominently displayed at the side of the stage. The loser would wear it.

But before the battle began the cop and the leather man had to acknowledge the other in recognition of his strength and beauty. Their dicks were now raging hard and they both unzipped their pants and pulled out the huge rods. Their eyes riveted to the dual image before them, they began to stroke their meat as they gloried in the sight of this ultimate archetype of masculinity.

As the fire rose into their groin they took off their glasses and stared into each other's eyes. A smile came to their lips as they silently acknowledged each other, and they shot simultaneous streams of hot white semen out toward the gasping spectators. The club members had never

seen anything to equal this and there were more than a few orgasms among them. The lights faded to black.

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Now the battle had to begin. When the lights came back up the men were facing each other and Randy reached over to Bob's shirt. Very slowly he began to unbutton it, revealing more and more of the white T-shirt stretched over the bulging pecs. He pulled the shirt out of the pants and it hung open. Randy unbuttoned his own shirt slowly, uncovering the white tank. He took off the leather vest and let the shirt hang open.

Turning to face out to the spectators the men took off their shirts and let them drop. There were more gasps from the club members as they took in this stunning new image. The cop was now stripped to his T-shirt, which stretched over the massive chest and tapered down into the tight waist of the cop pants. The leather man was spectacular as his muscles strained against the old white tank tucked into his leather pants. Again there were moaning sounds of men reaching orgasm.

Randy looked around for what should be the first test to see who was the tougher and stronger of the two. Hanging from the ceiling behind them, as part of the gym equipment, hung two sets of rings used for pull-up exercises. Randy looked at Bob and each understood what the first trial was to be. Together they jumped up and gripped the rings, each man hanging side by side. They hung motionless, their straining muscles flexing to absorb the pain, the cop in white T-shirt and the leather man in white tank.

Slowly they began to move to relieve the throbbing in their arms. They reached up to grab the ropes, twisted their bodies and thrashed their legs in attempts to ease the pain so they could hold on longer. The twisting bodies were reflected multiple times in all the mirrors surrounding them. The spectacle of these two bodybuilders writhing and kicking as they hung before them brought gasps and moans from the spellbound spectators.

The show lasted a long time as both men were determined not to drop first. Their bodies streamed with sweat, so the T-shirt and tank became transparent, clinging to the muscles etched underneath. Their shoulders and arms racked with pain, the cop and the leather man began to groan in agony as they gripped the rings hard and thrashed in pain. They began to taunt each other.

"Give up asshole. You know you can't win."

"Go fuck yourself. You're nothing. You'll never last."

"You piece of shit. Submit. Give in. Your muscles are ripping apart. Drop, dammit."

They were losing their sense of space and time, forgetting where they were and how long they had hung there, but they held on interminably. Finally it was as if they blacked out. They released their hold and dropped simultaneously, both men sprawling on the floor. Neither had won. They lay one atop the other, lungs gasping, their ripped bodies heaving in pain.

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Now standing facing each other they knew that it would take a huge effort for one to defeat the other. And it was becoming personal. The cop and the leather man again gloried in the sight of each other. Their bodies gleamed with sweat and the shirts clung tightly to the heaving chests. Time to strip them off.

They turned to face out to the audience and reached up and back behind their neck, pulling the shirts slowly up and over their heads. Again there were gasps from the spectators as they saw first the hard, defined six packs of their abs, and then the shirts rose up and over the pecs until the perfectly defined chests were on full view. The shirts came clear and dropped to the floor.

There they stood, side by side, the beautiful cop and the swarthy leather man both stripped to the waist. The one was now wearing just tight leather pants and boots, the other just the regulation police uniform pants and tall shiny leather boots. It was too much for several of the onlookers and again there were sounds of guys shooting their load.

The bare chests were too glorious not to be tortured, and the equipment was right at hand. From a table at the rear of the platform Randy picked up two sets of tit clamps and a length of rawhide. He gave one set of clamps to Bob and, gazing steadily at each other, each man attached the clamps to the other man's hard nipples. There was a sharp intake of breath as the clamps bit into their chests.

Randy tied the rawhide to the chain linking his own clamps and the other to Bob's. They both understood what came next. They walked backward until the rawhide tightened and pulled at the tit clamps. The pain in their chests instantly doubled and they gasped as they held each other's gaze.

Again, the sight for the onlookers was stunning. Two muscular, shirtless men, a cop and a leather man torturing each other, their nipples viciously clamped and straining against each other. It was another trial to see which man would submit first, who would fall victim to the other. The rapt onlookers could hardly believe the test of strength and toleration of pain that they were witnessing. The men flexed and groaned as their chests were brutally tortured by the other man. Their nipples burned in agony, but they never eased up. They pulled tighter and tighter until they were both screaming, shouting obscenities to each other, begging the other to submit.

The men were lost in a mist of pain, feeling that their chests would be ripped open, when suddenly the clamps were torn from each of the massive chests and fell to the floor. As they

were ripped off the pain was unbearable and both men screamed and fell to their knees. They looked at each other and knew that the game was not yet over.

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There had to be one defining test that would decide the winner once and for all. Again, the table at the back of the platform provided the tools. On it were two black leather bull whips, handles attached to five-foot long lengths of woven black leather used to subdue large animals. Few men could withstand many lashes from these brutal weapons.

The whip fight would be the deciding contest. It was now serious and personal. Their masculinity was on the line. Holding whips the cop and the leather man, both shirtless, began to circle each other, their images reflected in the many mirrors. The men knew what they had to do but hesitated, knowing the pain they were about to inflict. Bob flicked his whip at Randy's chest and it hit his ravaged nipples. In an angry reflex Randy brought his whip curling around Bob's flexed muscles and the loud crack caused the shirtless cop to yell and spasm with pain.

The whip fight was on. They bobbed and weaved, seeking an opening. Again and again the whips curled around the powerful bodies, leaving red stripes on the sweating heaving muscles. It was a brutal battle, with the whips landing more and more savagely, the two beautiful men screaming as each lash curled around their bodies.

The spectators started yelling, urging the two shirtless men on, but soon begging them to stop as they witnessed the increasing brutality of the fight. The men looked into each other's agonized eyes as they circled and viciously tortured each other. Even though they were screaming at each other to submit they increased the force of their blows.

At one point it seemed that Randy would lose. Bob curled the whip around his legs and pulled hard, so Randy crashed to the floor and lost his grip on the whip. Bob took advantage and lashed the fallen muscle man again and again. But Randy could not submit and, gritting his teeth, he grabbed at the whip and staggered to his feet.

In blind fury now, Randy knew it was time to end this. He brought the whip curling around Bob's huge bicep and forearm, making him drop his weapon. The cop stood defenseless at the leather man's mercy. Standing back Randy raised his arm high above his shoulder and with all the intensity and power he could summon, he curled the whip hard around the cop's naked back and chest. It hit the man's shoulders, chest, back and nipples and landed with such muscle tearing force that Bob's beautiful body arched, he screamed in agony and fell to the floor, writhing in spasms of pain.

Randy looked down at his fallen victim and lashed him again and again on his muscular, naked torso. Screaming, Bob rolled over and over, desperate to avoid the brutal whip, but the agony continued. Finally the powerful cop could take no more and screamed,

"OK, I submit. I submit, sir. You've won. Please stop. I give up."

His chest heaving and gleaming with sweat Randy stood over the fallen giant. He had won. The leather man had thrashed the cop into submission and the once-proud bodybuilder lay in a sobbing, crumpled heap at his feet. The lights dimmed to blackout.

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When the light came up the two men were facing each other. Bob was still stripped to the waist, still in his uniform pants and boots, handcuffs still hanging from his belt. Randy was now wearing his leather vest over his bare torso. There was an air of excitement among the spectators. They had watched as the cop was brutally beaten, broken, and defeated. They now waited for the final act of submission.

For Randy it was not an issue of satisfying the onlookers. This was now personal. The defeat had been much harder than he anticipated. He was a top man but he had been publicly thrashed, whipped to the floor, tortured as he lay helpless and made to scream in agony as the lashes fell one after another. He had almost lost to the muscular cop and he wanted revenge. His machismo demanded it. The cop's humiliation would be public and degrading.

First, he reached down to Bob's waist, unclipped the handcuffs and cuffed the cop's wrists behind his back. Then he walked over to the leather collar prominently displayed at the side of the platform and brought it to the beaten man.

"Kneel," he ordered, and Bob dropped to his knees facing out to the audience. Randy came behind him and ritualistically fastened the collar around the handsome man's thick neck, causing a gasp from the onlookers. Randy pulled Bob's head back by the hair and looked into his face.

"You fucking piece of shit. Thought you were a powerful cop. Now look at you. Who won?"

"You, sir."

"Who is your master?"

"You, sir."

"Now you have to be humiliated. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

Randy tied a rope to the collar and pulled it up, stretching the beaten cop's chiseled face upward. He looked out at the audience and said,

"Gentleman, I give you a broken man." There were cheers and whistling as the men got off on seeing the muscular cop in total submission. Randy turned and stood in front of the kneeling cop at an angle so everyone had a clear view. He pulled out his cock and there was a long pause until a spurt of yellow liquid splashed into the anguished face. This was followed by an endless stream of piss that gushed over the face, neck, chest and shoulders of the broken man.

Several onlookers shot their load at this incredible sight, a shirtless cop in a leather collar, kneeling in submission, being soaked in the leather man's stinking piss.

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Part two of the cop's degradation was now set. Randy had tied Bob's hands together and attached them to a rope on the chin bar above them. Still stripped to the waist Bob's arms were stretched upward and his legs were spread a little way behind him. Randy turned him sideways to give the audience a good side view. Then he reached around the cop's waist, loosened the belt, unzipped the fly of the uniform pants, which slid down just below his ass. Bob's cock sprang free. The spectators gasped as they saw for the first time the perfectly rounded globes of the cop's ass and his huge dick. They got ready for the sight they had been waiting for. The beaten man was to be publicly fucked.

Randy unzipped his own pants and pulled out his cock, which was already rock hard. He pushed the huge head against the crack between the cop's cheeks. This time the fucking would not be slow or gentle. Randy needed to punish the man who had whipped him so brutally. He grabbed hold of Bob's waist and with one massive lunge, drove his cock deep inside his gut. Bob let out a scream that echoed round the room.

Then the pounding began. There was no mercy, no letup. The huge rod plunged again and again deep inside the cop's ass, smashing against the back of his hole. The pain was incredible and Bob's body heaved and arched in a futile attempt to ease the pressure. He was securely tied by the wrists and at the leather man's mercy.

He screamed as the pole was driven deep inside him. His piss-soaked muscles flexed and tensed, streaming with sweat and gleaming under the lights. The torture of his ass seemed never ending and the onlookers stamped and cheered, elated by the sight of the beautiful cop being brutally fucked by the leather man.

Randy knew that it had to end before Bob passed out. Feeling the heat rising into his groin Randy's pounding became faster and more savage until he finally let out a scream, plunged his shaft deep inside the ass and shot a hot stream of cum into the beaten cop. Bob felt only the extreme pain in his shattered ass, and he was unaware that he too shot a hot stream of semen toward the cheering crowd. As many of the men watching shot their own loads they whistled and cheered as the muscular cop sagged in the ropes, his body racked with pain and his ass fucked so brutally that it felt on fire.



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A short while later the final act of humiliation was in place. When he was cut down from the ropes Bob's huge body had crashed to the floor. Randy spread eagled him flat on the floor, tying his wrists and ankles to the corners of the stage. His pants had been pulled up and the belt rebuckled. The massive shirtless cop lay stretched and immobile, at the mercy of whatever final degradation he was to endure. Randy announced it to the eager group of men.

"Gentlemen, be my guest."

Bob looked up helplessly at the leather man towering over him. "No," he breathed. "Please. Don't let them."

But Randy wanted his full and total revenge so he let it happen. In ones, twos or small groups, the men came forward from the shadows of the audience and stood around the helpless, beaten cop. Riveted by his beauty they began to piss on the muscular bodybuilder. Soon there were streams of hot rancid urine pouring over his body, soaking his face and hair, and streaming over the gleaming muscles of his chest.

Many of the men still had another orgasm in them and cum poured down on the helpless cop to mix with the pools of urine. Bob's body heaved and thrashed, desperate to avoid the shower of piss and cum that poured down on him. As Randy and the other guys looked down on the magnificent, shirtless cop spread eagled on the ground, soaked and sobbing, his humiliation was complete.

It was late now and the crowd began to disperse. They had been witness to extraordinary sights that went beyond their wildest imagination. Soon there were only two men left. A soaked and helpless cop and the huge leather man standing in triumph over him. Both exhausted, they gazed into each other's eyes ..... and a slight smile formed on their lips. They knew that their contest for supremacy would continue the next day. It was time for the cop's revenge.

# # #

## Chapter 10 – Public degradation

Randy looked down at his beaten friend in awe of the stunning sight. The cop was stripped to the waist, bound and spread eagled on the floor, his muscles gleaming, still streaming with urine and semen. Twenty guys in turn had pissed and cum over him as he struggled in total humiliation. Randy had taken merciless revenge on Bob for the lashing he received in the whip fight earlier. But now it was over, and Randy bent to untie the shattered body builder and help him to his feet. Bob collapsed into Randy's arms, barely able to stand.

"Guys, that was incredible, unbelievable." Mitch had approached them. "That was quite a show. You are both amazing. We've never seen anything like it. Now come with me."

He led them to a nearby room and closed the door as the two exhausted men took stock of their new situation. They were in a good sized bedroom with a large, comfortable California king-size bed. There was a closet and a big refrigerator in the corner. One major feature of the room was that one wall was entirely mirrored, floor to ceiling, and in the corner was a glass walled shower.

"I know you guys just want to shower and rest for a while, but let me explain a few things first," said Mitch. "I think you'll find the bed comfortable, the closet has everything you'll need, the refrigerator is fully stocked with food and there is a small bathroom."

He grinned. "I see you're looking at the mirror. I know you get off looking at each other and of course our guys enjoy the sight too, which is why the mirror is two-way. In the room on the other side of the wall this mirror becomes a window onto the bedroom. Our guys back there can see everything very clearly. Oh, and your room is wired for sound, so we can hear everything too."

"I did tell you that you will be on display for 24 hours, which includes bedtime. The lighting is controlled from our room ..... bright when you're awake and subdued when you sleep. But I do emphasize that everything you do day or night will be observed with great interest. The shower too is part of the two-way mirror so we can see in there too. We just love looking at you two magnificent guys and you'll be on display all the time. OK?"

Randy shrugged. "I guess that was the deal ..... so, OK. Whatever works for you."

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Mitch left the room and the two men looked at each other, coming to terms with this new situation. Also, their minds were racing with the memory of the battle they had just endured, where Randy had totally dominated his buddy.

"Shower," said Randy, breaking the silence. Get that fucking wet uniform off.

They both stripped naked and stepped into the shower together. The feeling that they were being watched through the mirrored wall was strange but somehow exhilarating. The hot shower felt good running over their muscular naked bodies, which were still striped and bruised from the brutal whipping they had both endured. Bob's body was cleansed of all the piss and cum that had poured over him. They soaped up and gently massaged each other's aching muscles.

Each man ran his wet hands over the other guy's chest and shoulders, the massage becoming more of a caress, and their big dicks began to stir. As they reached behind each other they

found they were hugging each other, their faces and mouths close. Randy turned Bob around and pressed hard against his back, his stiff cock rubbing against the slippery cheeks of his beautiful ass.

But they shook off the sensation. Bob fell to his knees and soaped Randy's huge thighs and calves. When he came to the feet he bent his head and pressed his lips on them in a final act of submission to his master. He looked in the mirror and there was a slight shifting of the light from the other side. They knew that the other guys were getting off on the stunning sight of the two guys running their hands over each other's bruised bodies.

After a long, hot, erotic shower they reached for the thick towels and, standing in front of the mirror, slowly dried their gleaming bodies. They loved looking at each other but what made it even hotter was that other guys were getting off on them too on the other side of the glass.

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And in the room next door, they sure were getting off. Watching it all through the two-way mirror the twenty or so men were mesmerized by the sight of the two body builders soaping each other in the shower and now toweling off.

This was the first time they had seen the guys naked. During the whip fight the cop and leather man were just stripped to the waist. Now they could take in the full splendor of the two incredible bodies. Mitch had told the club members that one of the men was a construction worker. He must be the one with the mass of dark curly hair, the swarthy face with the stubbled chin and pale blue eyes, and the superb, dark-skinned, sinewy body honed to perfection by hours of physical labor.

The other man was apparently a business executive, equally tall and beautiful but less rough, somehow, preppy even. His dark hair hung over his forehead, his clean-shaven face was chiseled, with a square jaw and dark brown eyes. The big muscles were beautifully defined, evidence of hard hours spent at the gym.

The men watched as these two straight buddies finished toweling off and pulled something to wear from the closet. They each put on white boxers and T-shirts. They looked incredible no matter what they wore. Randy went to the fridge and took out two beers, tossing one to his buddy. They sat on the bed trying to relax, but their minds instead went to what was in store for them next.

"You know," Randy said, there's gonna be another competition of some kind, more tests of strength and endurance. I thrashed you last time and I want you to know that I'm going to use all my strength to whip your sorry ass again and subject you to more public humiliation."

"Me too," Bob replied. "Except that it's me who'll whip your ass and have my revenge for the degradation you made me suffer. When I was spread eagled on the floor you let all those guys

piss and cum over me, and I hated your guts for doing that. Now I'm getting even and then some. And when you lose you're gonna get worse humiliation in public than you ever thought possible."

"Deal," said Randy. "So let the best man win."

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An hour later the lights came up on the big gym room and the twenty men gathered there were in a high state of anticipation. In the middle of the room a wrestling ring had been erected. It was a full-size, regulation square, bounded by the usual three ropes attached to padded turnbuckles at the four corner posts. The two contestants were already in the ring. They wore only very brief Speedos that showed off their bulge in front and the perfect mounds of their ass. Their otherwise naked muscular bodies flexed and gleamed under the lights.

Mitch had explained the rules. It was to be a no-holds barred fight until one of the men submitted or lay unconscious. The winner was then free to humiliate the beaten man in whatever way he wanted.

A bell sounded and the fight was on. The two body builders circled each other warily and eventually raised their arms and came together with their fingers locked in a trial of strength. They pushed, heaved and flexed against each other, first one buckling a little at the knees and then the other. Bob made a supreme effort and forced Randy to the ground on his knees. Then he kicked him in the stomach, sending his sprawling across the ring.

Bob stood over the fallen construction worker, taunting him. Stunned, the big man caught his breath, then, still on his knees threw his fist hard into Bob's stomach. He too fell to his knees and the two men locked their hard bodies together and fell writhing on the floor. Squeezing each other viciously they turned over and over across the ring trying to get the upper hand.

Finally Bob broke free and stood up, then fell forward to slam his body onto his fallen opponent. But Randy was too quick for him. He spread his legs and as Bob fell between them, Randy squeezed his massive thighs around Bob's waist in a brutal body scissors. Bob gasped and instantly began pushing hard against the thighs that were squeezing the breath out of him. The veins stood out in his bulging arms, biceps and shoulders as he pushed desperately at the rock hard legs pinning him and he started to groan in pain. The stalemate lasted a long time, sapping Bob's strength.

"Give up," Randy shouted. "You can't get out of this."

"Fuck you!" Bob screamed and brought his forearm smashing down on Randy's hard eight-pack abs. There was no response at first but as Bob kept smashing at the flexed stomach Randy had to lessen his grip until finally Bob pushed free and sprang to his feet. His opponent was left on the floor clutching in agony at his pummeled stomach.

"Get up!" Bob yelled. "You're nothing."

He reached down, grabbed one of Randy's arms and pulled him to his feet. He threw the dazed muscle man against the ropes and, as he rebounded, Bob smashed his forearm against Randy's upper chest in a savage clothesline smash, sending Randy crashing to the floor again. Bob watched as the stunned giant crawled around the ring attempting to get to his feet. As he began to rise Bob kicked him viciously in the stomach making him collapse to the floor once more in agony. This happened again and again until Randy was groveling at Bob's feet in near defeat.

"You've lost!" Bob shouted. "Give up or I'll keep thrashing you. You're finished."

Randy looked up in a daze and saw a blurred image of the big stud standing over him taunting him. With whatever strength he had left he managed to raise his leg off the floor and smash it into the small of Bob's back, sending him crashing to the floor with a scream. The two battered men lay stunned on the floor motionless. Slowly they tried to move, each one dragging himself across the ring.

The spectators watched in awe as the two big musclemen crawled away from each other to opposite corner posts and tried to get to their feet. They gripped the ring posts and hauled themselves painfully upward until they stood facing each other, still in a daze.

Randy moved first, lurching across the ring and grabbing the back of Bob's neck. Gripping hard he pushed Bob to the corner post and smashed his face hard against the turnbuckle. Bob's face sprang backward from the blow, and he would have collapsed except that Randy held on with an iron grip. He pushed Bob to the other corner and again smashed him on the turnbuckle. He did this in all four corners until Bob lost all sense of where he was.

Randy stood back and watched as the sweating muscle-stud staggered in the middle of the ring, turning round and round, dazed and disoriented. His remaining strength gave way and his legs started to buckle. But Randy didn't let him drop. Opening his arms he grabbed him around the waist in a brutal bear hug.

His hands tightly locked in the small of Bob's back, his huge biceps bulged as he lifted him up and used all his strength to squeeze the breath out of the big body builder. Bob screamed as he felt his body being crushed, his back and abs in agony as the breath was wrung out of him. His arms waved wildly in the air as he tried to twist out of the vicious clamp of Randy's arms, but the pressure only increased.

But Randy was not finished with him yet. He finally relaxed his hold and, holding him by the waist, slammed the muscular body down hard on the floor. The huge stud bounced across the ring, all strength ebbing from his body. In a daze he was aware of the big construction worker taking hold of his wrist and pulling him to his feet.

Again Bob staggered around the ring in a stunned daze, and again he started to fall. As he leaned forward Randy pushed his shoulder under Bob's chest and with a supreme effort hoisted him up onto his shoulders, one hand on his neck and the other on his feet. The helpless body builder was stretched on his opponent's shoulders, at Randy's mercy.

Randy was madder than hell at the way he had been brutalized before all these guys. He started to turn, spinning around and around causing Bob to lose any sense of time or place. Finally Randy pushed up on the helpless body and held him at full arm's length. "I win," he screamed and threw his massive opponent to the floor. Bob's huge body smashed to the floor, shaking the ring and the room with a thunderous crash. He spun across the ring like a rag doll and hit the ring post, completely out of control.

Randy savored his victory turning to the spectators and raising his arms. "I win!" he yelled. "I am the best. Take a look at that piece of shit. He's finished, broken." And he acknowledged the cheers of the crowd.

Behind him Bob looked up and made a huge effort to regain his scattered wits. Adrenaline and anger fueled him as he pulled himself up on the ropes and leaned against them, catching his breath. Randy, pumping his fists in triumph, still had his back to him and was unaware of Bob's halting recovery. Bob almost fell across the ring behind Randy, thrust his arms under Randy's armpits and locked his hands behind his neck in a tight full nelson.

Taken completely by surprise Randy stood helpless, his arms stretched high above his head, locked in place by the huge biceps of the man behind him. Bob pulled and stretched the brawny body so it looked like it was being tortured on the rack. The pain made Randy scream as his arms felt as if they were being pulled from their sockets. Bob finally lifted Randy's feet from the floor and spun him around, still in the full nelson hold.

When they stopped Bob shifted his hold. He brought Randy's arms down and then pulled them up behind his back in a brutal hammerlock. Randy screamed again as more punishment was applied to his aching muscles. As Bob pulled hard on his wrists Randy's arms stretched even higher. His shoulders and chest bulged, his veins etched in the agonized muscles. Seeking relief from the agony, Randy fell to his knees. Standing behind him, Bob pulled even higher on the man's tortured arms.

"Submit," Bob screamed. "You've lost."

Randy managed to groan a few words through his pain. "Go and fuck yourself."

Hearing this, Bob lost it. He loosened his vice-like grip and threw Randy back against the ring ropes. The big construction worker's back hit the ropes and he fell to his knees, his arms stretched along the top rope. Bob took advantage and pulled the second rope up over the outstretched arms so that Randy's arms were tightly pinned by the crossed ropes. On his knees

he looked up at Bob and knew his position was hopeless. He braced himself for the punishment he knew was to come.

Looking down at the massive kneeling body secured in the ring ropes Bob started to take his revenge. With a vicious kick he brought his foot crashing against the big man's hard stomach, making him scream in agony. Then he smashed his forearm into the same spot, doubling the pain. Alternating with his feet and his forearms Bob repeatedly and brutally pounded Randy's abs as his body bounced and arched under the rain of blows and his head flew and twisted in pain.

The onlookers watched in awe as they saw the huge, muscular construction worker systematically demolished. His face contorted in agony as he screamed at each savage blow. His muscles flexed and strained in the ropes but there was no relief. He had to endure the brutal beating that his buddy had promised him. He knew that the end was coming but his pride made him endure the savage beating and searing pain. He would not submit.

But finally he lost all sense of the contest, the place, the cheering spectators, his beautiful muscular opponent. All he was aware of was the pain, the searing pain in his stomach as it suffered blow after blow. It was not the man but the pain that finally spoke.

"I submit!" Randy screamed. "I give up. You've won. Stop! I can't take any more. I'm finished."

And the beating stopped. The huge body slumped in the ropes and the head dropped in semi-consciousness. Bob stood back and gazed at the stunning sight. And the spectators around the ring stood in silent awe as they watched. The big, brawny construction worker had finally been thrashed, beaten and broken. He was a macho top man, never beaten, always the best, and yet there he hung, twisted in the ropes, at the mercy of the man who had thrashed him so brutally.

Bob took hold of the hair on the bowed head and pulled it back for the men to see. The gleaming muscles strained in bondage and the agonized face streamed with sweat and grimaced in pain, shame and humiliation as Bob said, "Gentlemen. You have gazed on the sight of this alpha male. Now look again. Feast your eyes on a broken man. And he let the head fall forward unconscious.

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As Randy regained consciousness he was aware of his torturer's face close to his. Bob spoke.

"And now for my revenge. For you it's gonna be a nightmare. When you were the winner you forced me to lie spread eagled while twenty guys pissed and came over me. Well now you've lost and your humiliation will be ten times worse. It will be a descent into hell. First, I'm gonna warm you up. Get used to it."

Bob took off his Speedos and stood naked in front of the helpless man pinned in the ropes. His cock was rock hard, aimed straight at the construction worker's face.

"Open your mouth."

"Fuck off."

Bob aimed a vicious kick at his victim's already bruised stomach and Randy screamed. He opened his mouth and looked up. Bob quickly slid his thick rod into the mouth and pushed hard until it hit the back of his throat. He held the sides of Randy's head rigid and began to pound the face hard. Randy desperately tried to move but he was completely immobilized and at the mercy of the steel-like rod ramming his throat. He choked but the pounding continued. When Bob felt his orgasm coming close he stopped and pulled out. He had other plans for his tortured victim.

He reached behind Randy and loosened the ropes and the dazed captive slumped forward, splayed on the floor on his stomach. Bob fell on him with a savage elbow drop on his back and the limp body jerked upward. More elbow drops followed, along with knee drops. The already battered body was being thrashed senseless. Finally Bob picked him up and threw him hard across the ring.

Randy hit chest first against the opposite ropes on his knees, his neck and his outstretched arms rested on the top rope. Bob followed up by reaching over and pulling up on the second rope. He brought it over Randy's head, to the back of his neck, so Randy's head and outstretched arms were all pinned tightly in the entwined ropes. Helpless, unable to move, the dazed construction worker looked down at the awestruck spectators, their faces only feet from his.

Randy's ass was also vulnerable and Bob came behind him to take advantage. He quickly pulled down the Speedos and, falling to his knees he buried his face in the stinking sweaty hole; he pushed his tongue deep inside. He loved the burning hot taste of the tortured man's asshole. As Bob stood up his cock was rock hard and he brought it close to the helpless, naked ass. There was a pause and Randy took a deep breath, waiting for the pain.

Bob suddenly pushed his rod savagely into his buddy's hole. Randy screamed as the shaft pierced his gut and slammed against the inside of his ass. Bob was determined to give Randy the same punishment as he had received. He pulled his cock all the way out and slammed it again deep inside the hole. Again and again he punished the burning hole and the onlookers had a close up view of the prisoner's agonized screaming face, trapped in the ring ropes, streaming with sweat and tears.



Bob couldn't hold back any more as he felt his cock shuddering inside his buddy's ass. With one last tremendous plunge he shot his load deep inside the gut. Both men screamed, the one in ecstasy, the other in agony, as the burning liquid gushed inside the ravaged ass.

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Bob finally relaxed and with one bound leapt over the ropes and addressed the spellbound onlookers.

"Gentlemen. The big stud is helpless and his spirit is broken. Look at this naked animal because he's all yours. I have finished with him. I give him to you. Get in line."

He jumped from the ring and faced his victim's agonized face. Randy managed to speak, to plead.

"Don't do this. Please, don't let them. I can't take it."

"But I won and you lost. And I promised you the worst humiliation you could imagine. This is it, your journey to hell." His voice softened. "Besides I need to see this. You're so fucking beautiful. And I love you." He brought his face close and kissed Randy passionately on the lips. Then he pulled back, and stood aside.

Before the real action began the twenty men looked at the face in front of them. They had never seen anything like it. It was the strong, rugged face of a totally masculine man ..... unruly black curly hair, deeply tanned skin, pale blue eyes and a chin rough with dark stubble. He was a proud, tough muscle-stud who was always on top, never beaten, master of his world. Now he was kneeling, his arms and neck pinned in the ropes, his stunning face trapped and helpless.

Knowing what was coming Randy yelled a pleading "No!" and made a last desperate effort to free himself. His muscles flexed and strained as he pulled at the ropes, but he was hopelessly pinned, unable to move, at the mercy of the men facing him. He dropped his head in submission. Bob had been right. His spirit was broken and he waited for his agony to begin.

He was to be group-fucked in the face. The first man came and stood in front of him. He unzipped his fly and pulled out a rigid cock. Randy looked up in despair and opened his mouth. The cock slid in and began to move in and out. For the first of many times Randy felt the tip of the cock slam at the back of his throat and he choked. He had tasted his buddy's cock, but this was the first time he had ever been face fucked by a stranger. He was mortified by the sensation. But the assault on his mouth continued until the guy felt his orgasm getting close.

Mitch had given the men only one rule....don't come in the mouth. So the man pulled out his dick, aimed it at the construction worker's face and let loose a stream of hot, creamy cum. It poured over his face, streaming into his hair, his eyes and over the stubbled chin. Randy gagged and almost threw up. But before he could recover, another man came forward and

another cock pushed into his mouth. Again the pounding against his throat, and again the stream of cum splashing into his face.

The savage face fucking continued, man after man, cock after cock, stream after stream of cum all over the shattered man's face. Randy began to lose all sense of time and place. He was aware only of the brutal assault on his mouth and the hot, thick liquid pouring over every inch of his face.

At one point he looked up and gasped in horror as he saw a young black guy step up to take his turn. The cock that he pulled out was a giant, ten inches long and thick as a beer can. "No," Randy groaned. "Please, no." But the guy ignored him and pushed the huge pole into the helpless mouth, stretching it wider than ever.

Randy almost passed out as his mouth filled with the enormous shaft. He couldn't breathe, he started to choke. His face felt as if it was being pounded by a battering ram. The torture went on and on and, just as he was about to lose consciousness, the cock pulled out and his face was knocked backward by a blast of hot liquid as the young man shot his huge load full in the man's ravaged face.

Randy started to lapse in and out of consciousness. He was in another world, a nightmare world of pain and degradation. He had descended into hell, a scorching furnace of brutal cocks and gushing, rancid cum that was drowning him. He managed to gasp a few words.

"No more. Please. I can't take any more. Please stop. I'm begging you. I'm finished."

But the line kept forming and cock after cock pushed into his mouth. As more and more men worked him over the only thing that kept him from screaming again for mercy was the glimpses he caught of his buddy Bob, watching him in awe and stroking his big piece of meat.

Randy was unconscious for the last few attacks on his mouth. When he came to he was dimly aware that the pounding had stopped. He opened his eyes but everything was blurred, though he was aware of a crowd of men gazing at him. The sight was incredible. The broken man was sobbing, his rugged face was twisted in agony, jerking in spasms of pain, tears pouring from his eyes.

And his face was coated in layers of cum, streaming from his hair, over his eyes and cheeks, matted in his stubbled chin and pouring over his chest. They had never seen a man so totally crushed, humbled, degraded and destroyed. He hung there sobbing, his eyes pleading for release from the hell he had endured. The big, proud, muscular construction worker was completely destroyed.

Bob came and stood before him. Randy knew he would have to endure one last cock. Bob had been hard for a long time as he stroked his meat watching the incredible torture scene taking place. He gloried in the sight of his master being utterly and brutally humiliated.

"My turn, now," he breathed. "You are fucking glorious, magnificent. I love you, man."

He grabbed his victim's hair and pulled the face upward. With one quick movement he grabbed his cock and pushed it deep inside his buddy's brutalized throat. The mouth was burning hot after being savaged by so many cocks. Bob's dick felt as if it were plunging into a furnace. It was not long before he began to feel his semen rising inside him. He put his hands tightly on the sides of Randy's face and held it rock steady. His pounding became quicker and deeper.

Aware only of the pain in his throat Randy raised his agonized face and looked up at the man who had totally demolished him and was now taking his final revenge. He watched as the man threw back his beautiful face and screamed with the rapture of orgasm. He felt the hot gush of semen as it poured into the back of his throat. Randy gulped and swallowed and tasted the hot, bitter taste of his buddy's juice. It seemed like it never stopped flooding his mouth and gushed deep inside him as he swallowed frantically again and again.

Finally Bob was finished, and he knelt down in front of the shattered man. He gazed lovingly at the beautiful face and whispered to him.

"I've never seen anything more beautiful than this. You're incredible ..... you are the best. You won, you know that. I belong to you. I love you with all my soul."

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Bob eventually stood and turned to face the awestruck crowd to receive their congratulations. They crowded round him, whooping and slapping him on the back, proud to touch the glorious winner. Then everyone turned to get a final look at the loser. The rugged face was still pinned in the ropes, streaming with cum, tears and sweat, his mouth sagging open, pouring with the semen of the victor. Bob had been right. His torment and humiliation were worse than he could ever have imagined. He was in hell, broken in body, mind and spirit. He was finished.

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It was hard to imagine how the love that bound these two men together could survive such brutal treatment that each had inflicted on the other. The physical intensity they shared, finding expression in acts of pain and humiliation, risked being so passionate that it could shatter their relationship. But the acts that were to follow in the bedroom were also unprecedented and provided yet another astonishing spectacle for the spectators behind the two-way mirror.

# # #

## Chapter 11 – Agonizing Climax

Bob knelt in front of his buddy and said, "It's over. You were incredible. I love you." He released Randy from the ring ropes and he slumped to the floor, barely conscious. Bob pulled him slowly to his feet and, with his arm around him, tried to help him to walk. But Randy's pride took over and he stood up straight and shook off Bob's support. He took a deep breath and walked unaided to the bedroom, where he headed straight for the shower.

Bob knew instinctively that he should leave him alone, so he lay on the bed and watched. Randy let the hot water pour over his shattered body. He scrubbed at his face to get rid of the thick layers of cum covering it. It was a long shower. When it was over he toweled himself dry and threw himself on the bed and lay on his back staring at the ceiling.

Bob took a quick shower and then picked up the T-shirts and boxers they had worn earlier. They put them on and lay on the bed motionless, both of them needing time to recover from the harrowing experiences they had endured. Randy especially seemed to be almost in a trance as his mind raced with tangled images of the torture he had suffered. Lying close, Bob looked at his buddy.

"You OK?"

Randy turned his head and looked long and hard at Bob. Finally he spoke.

"Sure I'm OK. Get me a beer, will you?"

Bob went over to the fridge and took out two bottles. He twisted off the tops and gave one to Randy. They drank in silence until Bob finally spoke.

"Look, man. Everything we've been through... it got a bit out of hand... I'm sorry I...."

But Randy put his hand up to Bob's mouth and interrupted him.

"No. No apologies. We don't apologize for anything. We knew what we were getting into. I knew I would suffer if I lost. Well you won, and I suffered. That's it."

"But what happens now? I'm not sure how we can...."

Again he was interrupted, this time by a knock at the door. They were surprised to see a tall, young black guy come in carrying a tray.

"Hi guys. I'm Darius. I'm the designated attendant this weekend. I brought food." He put the tray on a table beside the bed.

Randy suddenly flinched as he recognized the face from the nightmare images of his punishment. It was the guy with the monstrous cock who had pounded his throat and almost made him pass out. Darius smiled broadly and approached him holding out his hand.

"Allow me to shake your hand. You were fucking awesome, man. I've never seen anyone take such a beating and you swallowed my cock deeper than anyone ever has. God, you're so fucking beautiful. It was about the most incredible thing I've ever seen. When I came in your face, wow, that must have been the best orgasm I've ever had. Both of you are like something out of a fantasy. The whip fight, the wrestling, and the punishment you both dished out. Unbelievable! I lost count of how many times I shot my load. It's a real privilege to meet you both." And he shook their hands.

The men got a good look at the black guy called Darius. Dressed only in jeans, shirtless and barefoot, he was damned impressive himself. Coffee colored skin, his handsome face, finely etched features, his buzz-cut hair and a friendly smile that displayed dazzlingly white teeth. All this was enhanced by the most surprising pale green eyes.

The body was great too. He had a fine, naturally muscular build with not an ounce of body fat. His veins stood out on his impressive arms, shoulders and chest, and his abs were six-pack solid. The most impressive feature, of course, was his huge, ten-inch beer-can thick cock. Its outline showed clearly through his tight jeans stretching halfway down his thigh. And as he stood looking with admiration and lust at the two men his cock seemed to swell and grow even longer inside his pants.

"Sorry about that," he said, noticing their eyes fixed on his leg. "But every time I look at you it does that."

The guys couldn't help smiling at him, with his open face, his innocent smile and his obvious lust for them.

"I find it embarrassing actually. The guys here actually made a cast of my dick and made rubber dildoes from it. As a matter of fact you'll see them later. Anyway I should go."

This little speech left Bob and Randy open mouthed at the crazy notion Darius had just explained with such candor. Darius turned to leave, but then hesitated and looked at them.

"Just before I go, there's something I'd like to ask, something kinda personal."

"Seems like we have no secrets," Randy said. "Go ahead, shoot."

"Well, your friendship seems kinda wild. You're two gorgeous, rugged straight guys and you seem incredibly close. But it all seems to be based on your physical toughness and endurance. You're competitive with each other, not afraid to fight and cause pain, even give each other orgasms. And yet you seem bound to each other like blood brothers. I mean ..... well .... for example, do you ever kiss each other?"

"I guess we have, once or twice," said Bob.

"And .... well ..... I don't really know how to say this but ..... have you ever, like, made love?"

Randy was taken aback. "Made love? What, you mean like we did with our wives? Hell, no. We get off on each other, we're real close, we compete, and you've seen that we fuck, but making love? Nah, that's not part of it."

"Just thought I'd ask," said Darius. "It's just that it would be incredible to watch if it ever happened. Two beautiful straight guys making love to each other for the first time." He gave his dazzling smile. "I can dream, can't I? Anyway, sleep well. And don't forget the mirror there. We'll all be on the other side watching." And he rubbed the growing bulge in the leg of his jeans.

"I swear, you guys would make perfect Colt models. Like something out of Tom of Finland." He saw the blank look on their faces. "You don't have any idea what I'm talking about, do you? Jeez, you guys really are straight." And he laughed as he left the room.

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Bob and Randy had kind of forgotten that the mirror that took up one wall of the bedroom was in fact a two-way mirror and on the other side the twenty or so guys were gathered to watch everything that happened in the bedroom and shower. It was even wired for sound so they could hear everything too. That had been the deal, and they accepted it. The idea even turned them on.

After they'd eaten the food Darius had brought they lay on the bed to sleep, their backs to each other, still wearing their white T-shirts and boxers. They were both exhausted but sleep didn't come easily. Randy did manage to doze, but Bob was restless. His body was on edge, alive somehow. Finally he turned over to face his buddy. Propping himself on his elbow he looked down at the handsome face he had come to know so well.

The man was truly gorgeous. Despite all the physical pain and humiliation he had endured, his expression as he slept was calm, with even a slight smile on his lips. God, Bob loved him. He had always felt lust for Randy's rugged masculinity, but as he looked down at him now he was overwhelmed with something deeper, tender even. He brushed the tousled hair back from his friend's forehead and Randy opened his eyes. Bob found himself looking at his own reflection in those pale blue eyes. It was as if he were floating in them.

"Hi," Randy whispered.

Bob could not get over the sight of this man he had so brutally tortured. He had been the cause of Randy's total destruction and humiliation and yet here was that beautiful face now looking up at him and smiling. Bob wanted to take it all back, to somehow make amends, but he didn't know how. He wanted to hold him, to.....he didn't know. He spoke haltingly.

"You know what Darius said earlier ..... that thing about, you know, making love. Well, the idea's crazy. We're straight for God sake. Guys like us just don't do that kind of thing. "

Randy smiled. "There are no guys like us."

Bob stammered on. "Look, I'm sorry that I hurt you ..... No, I mean ..... I never meant....."

Randy put a hand up to Bob's mouth. "Shut up. Don't say anything. Show me." He closed his eyes and waited.

Bob's inhibitions faded away. He bent down and kissed Randy on the eyes, then the forehead and neck, and placed his cheek against Randy's face. He pulled back a little, then put his mouth over Randy's and began a kiss like he had never given anyone. His lips pressed and caressed, his tongue searched deep inside his buddy's mouth, and Randy responded hungrily. Randy flipped his buddy over, lowered himself onto his body and they held each other in a tight embrace. They began to make love.

Feeling the other man's muscular body ripple under his T-shirt they felt a heat rising in them that they had never felt before. Randy ran his lips over Bob's arms and chest, biting the nipples through the T-shirt and Bob moaned in ecstasy. They held on to each other as if their bodies were joined as one, rolling over and over on top of each other.

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In the room on the other side of the glass wall there was total silence as the spectators watched in awe, unable to believe what was happening. They were seeing these two magnificent, masculine, straight men making love for the first time. They watched as the muscular bodies, dressed in white boxers and T-shirts, wrestled with each other in a loving, writhing outpouring of desire. The muscles flexed and rippled as the men strained to embrace, squeezing their bodies together in a passionate struggle.

Then they heard a surprising sound. In their churning embrace the two men looked at each other and their smiles became laughter. They were euphoric, exhilarated, laughing with the sheer joy of making love. It was a display of animal excitement that had the spectators gasping in amazement.

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In the bedroom the activity became more and more frenzied. The men's lips ground together, they grabbed at each other's clothes so the T-shirts became torn and soaked with the sweat of their passion.

Now they knelt breathlessly on the bed facing each other. In silence, they reached out behind each other's neck and pull the T-shirt upward. As they tossed the shirts aside the men stared at the stunning sight before them ..... perfectly sculpted bodies, kneeling, stripped down to white boxers. Their eyes locked together in a smile as they ran their hands over the sweating torso before them, the broad shoulders, chiseled pecs and washboard stomachs. They rubbed the backs of their fingers lightly over the nipples, causing sharp intakes of breath.

Unable to control themselves any more the near naked bodies locked together again in a thrashing, churning embrace, their dicks hard as rocks. Bob was on his back and Randy twisted round so his face was over Bob's cock. Both cocks thrust rigidly through the fly of the white shorts.

Poised over him, arched on hands and feet, Randy lowered himself slowly so his mouth slid over Bob's pulsing cock just as his own rod entered Bob's hungry mouth. His shoulders and biceps flexing like he was doing pushups, Randy lowered and raised himself and felt the simultaneous sensation of his buddy's cock feeding his mouth and his own cock sliding in and out of Bob's throat. It felt as if they were sucking their own cocks.

They stopped only when they felt their orgasms getting close. They wanted to wait, to explore every part of their bodies. Randy turned round to face Bob who was still on his back. In one swift movement Randy pulled off Bob's shorts, pushed his legs in the air and, bending down, buried his face in Bob's perfect, hairless ass. He lapped at the hole, licking and sucking, pushing his tongue as far as he could inside his buddy. He was dizzy with the extraordinary sensation.

Roused to a pitch of excitement Bob flipped his friend over and pulled off Randy's shorts. Their positions now reversed, Bob was mesmerized by Randy's hairy ass and pushed his face hard into the sweating hole. He was carried away by the taste of his buddy as he pierced the hole with his hungry tongue. After exploring every part of the warm, moist ass he finally pulled back, then fell forward onto Randy's heaving chest. He was kissing him feverishly, moving now by instinct, not thought.

Unaware of his actions Bob suddenly felt an incredible sensation in his cock and he realized that he had entered his buddy's gorgeous ass. Instinctively he pushed in deep, then pulled all the way back and slid his pulsing dick slowly back inside Randy's gut. Randy threw his head back in a spasm of joy. The man he loved was inside him, caressing the inside of his ass with his cock. Bob was making love to him ..... and it felt incredible.

Kissing and fucking at the same time the men entered another world. Their glorious bodies were burning inside and out. By now Bob had his hands resting on Randy's hard chest. Staring into his buddy's eyes Bob increased the rhythm of his cock as it ground into the hungry ass. Randy groaned in ecstasy and knew that the end was near.



The fire in his body now centered on his groin and his cock began to throb uncontrollably. The pounding in his ass grew harder and deeper and he knew he could take no more. He heard two piercing screams, and realized it was his own voice and Bob's as both beautiful men simultaneously shot a hot, endless stream of cum. Bob's semen streamed deep into his lover's ass and Randy's hot creamy juice splashed all over his own stomach, chest and face, and into his hair.

When the endless orgasms subsided Bob stared down at the muscular cum-soaked body beneath him and he fell sobbing on top of it, the torsos bound together by sweat and cum.

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On the other side of the mirrored wall the spectators gasped at the sight that was beyond their wildest imagination. The two powerful, naked, muscular straight men had made intense physical love and, when they saw the men bucking and arching and they heard the screams of orgasm, there was not one of the twenty men who did not shoot his own load.

Now they looked on, mesmerized, awestruck, as the two naked, heaving bodies streamed with sweat and cum, the men sobbing in exhaustion. Bob began licking at the pools of cum on Randy's muscular torso. He sucked it up, then fell forward and kissed his buddy feverishly so they both tasted and drank the hot, creamy juice. Their mouths were pressed together, oozing cum.

But the scene was not over. It was not long before the spectators saw the bodies stir. Bob got up on his knees and leaned forward on his hands, facing the mirror, his back to the swarthy body builder. Randy's dick was already hard again and he grabbed Bob from behind around the waist. He pulled his buddy's ass onto his rigid pole and it plunged deep inside his gut. Bob's head reared up and he saw in the mirror his own wild-eyed expression and, behind him, the swarthy, macho face of the construction worker fucking him. The spectators behind the glass got a full-on look at the two gorgeous men.

Randy was less tender than his own fucking had been. He pushed his long shaft again and again ..... deeper and deeper into the beautiful ass that he now owned. Exerting all his muscular force he pulled Bob's ass mercilessly against his own body, so the thick shaft hammered the back of his friend's gut. Bob was yelling in a mix of pain and ecstasy and the pounding got faster and faster until there were again two piercing screams.

The twenty onlookers yelled in their excitement as they watched the magnificent bodies go rigid and explode in another orgasm. Some of them even shot their load a second time. Then there was silence as they watched the two beautiful men collapse onto each other, bodies gleaming with sweat, heaving with sobs as the orgasms finally ended and their incredible love making came to an end.

The huge bodies, still entwined, finally fell asleep, naked in each other's arms, and the lights dimmed. It was over.

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Exhausted in body and mind the two men slept in a tight embrace for the rest of the night. When they eventually stirred awake the gradual realization that they were still holding each tightly startled them and they pulled apart.

Their minds slowly replayed the extraordinary events of the night before and they could hardly believe that they had at last made passionate love to each other. They felt a mixture of elation and embarrassment. Before they could speak there was a knock at the door and Darius came in, again carrying a tray. He was dressed as before just in jeans, shirtless and barefoot.

"Morning, guys. Here's breakfast." He put it down and stood back looking at them. "I gotta thank you guys for giving me more incredible orgasms. That was awesome. When I said what I did last night I had no idea that I would get to see you making love for the first time. It was mind blowing."

"Well," Randy said. "Thanks for bringing the subject up. Guess it gave us just the push we needed."

"I gotta go," Darius said, "get ready for today's entertainment. This is the last act, so I gotta make it good. See you outside. Oh, and no need to dress. The guys want you naked." He grinned. "So do I! See you outside."

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When the two naked bodybuilders came onto the stage they were met with a sight that surprised and shocked them. Lying on the floor were two St. Andrews crosses, eight foot long wooden crosses in the shape of an X. There were restraints for the wrists at the top and the ankles at the bottom.

But it was what was fixed to the middle of the cross that horrified them. Standing out rigid from the center of each cross was a huge, solid, black rubber dildo. Darius had told them about the dildo replicas that had been made of his enormous cock, and this was it. They were at least ten inches long and as thick around as a beer can, exactly like Darius's cock. They were monstrous. Darius himself approached them.

"You like my cock? That's exactly how it looked when you had to swallow it, Randy. Now for something new. Lie down."

The men obeyed and soon they were lying spread eagled on their backs, their muscular bodies stretched on the crosses on the floor. Their widespread arms were secured by the wrists and

their legs, stretched apart, were tied at the ankles. But they were not lying flat. Their bodies were arched in the middle as high as they could, straining to avoid the huge dildo aimed exactly at the level of their ass. They could feel the rounded head of the rubber cock resting on their asshole, so they strained to keep their ass as high as they could.

Darius and three other guys got behind the crosses and pushed at the top, raising them into an upright position until they slotted easily into holes in the stage. A collective gasp went round the crowd of men as they took in the amazing sight. The two stunning musclemen were bound naked to the X shaped crosses. Their spread eagled bodies flexed and strained as they arched outward, trying to escape the touch of the enormous rubber cock behind them. The spectators had never seen anything so incredible, or so electrifying. Darius spoke.

"You will hang on these crosses, stretched and arched until one of you begs for release. We have taken bets on who will submit first. You look fucking fantastic." And he stroked his huge dick, the model for the ones pointing directly at their asses. He and the other guys stepped back into the shadows to watch this final act of torture.

Mirrors had been set at an angle so Randy and Bob could see each other as they endured identical punishment. They each watched the other's muscles bulge and strain as they stretched their bodies outward as far as possible. Their own big dicks pushed out in front of them as they felt the rubber cock beginning to press against their ass. The effort and the pain took their toll, and their veins stood out all over their bodies as they began to weaken. Their feet rested on small ledges, which relieved some of the pain in their wrists.

They stayed in these excruciating positions for a long time, both determined not to quit. They watched each other as sweat poured from their gleaming bodies and they moaned as their huge muscles began to throb. They knew that they could not maintain this stretching for much longer, and there was only one way to ease the pain. They looked hard into each other's eyes in the mirror and read each other's thoughts.

Their bodies were now growing weak and, as they began to lose their arched positions, the dildoes pressed harder and harder against their assholes. They knew what they had to do. Slowly, very slowly, they relaxed their mid-section, letting their ass ease backward. The tip of the rubber cocks pressed painfully against their holes and the pressure increased until suddenly two screams pierced the room. The head of the cocks had entered their assholes, and they shuddered in agony.

The huge black dicks were starting to pierce them, but they knew they could not take these huge, long, thick rods all the way in. And yet there was no way out. With all strength gone from their aching muscles they had to inch backward onto the cocks. They took strength from watching their buddy suffer the same agonizing pain. The rugged faces grimaced and tears began to spurt from their eyes. They forgot the pain in the rest of their straining bodies as their minds focused only on their stretched and tortured assholes.

Inch by agonizing inch the monstrous shafts slid slowly into their asses, stretching their holes wider than they thought possible. Their beautiful bodies writhed and shuddered as their asses were invaded. Together they screamed as the pain became unbearable. They saw right in front of them Darius stroking his rigid cock, which they knew was exactly the same as the poles that were splitting them wide open.

Their bodies heaving and their screams getting louder, the incredible pain reached a crescendo as the last of the massive cocks slid deep into their asses. They watched each other as they gave in and let their asses slide right back to the hilt of the black dildoes. Their asses were now totally full, stretched beyond limit, and they passed out.

When they began to regain some semblance of feeling they were aware only of the enormous plugs stuffed into their ass. Opening their eyes they became aware of their buddy hanging spread eagled on the cross, his body impaled on the huge pole stretching deep down inside his gut. The pain had eased somewhat as their insides stretched and adjusted to the invading weapon. Their agonized expressions softened to intense admiration for their buddy's endurance as he hung pierced by the spike in his ass.

Neither man had the slightest intention of giving in. To ease the pain they pushed their bodies forward slightly so the dildoes slid out a few inches. They held this position as long as possible and then fell back, so the rubber cocks slid back all the way in. They both did this several times and found that it not only eased the pain but, amazingly, even felt good and made their own cocks stir. They looked at each other in the mirror and a shadow of a smile crossed their faces.

“You look incredible, man,” Randy breathed. “You with me, buddy?”

“Right there, sir. Let's do it.”

The onlookers could not believe their eyes as they saw the two sweat-soaked body builders begin to rise up and back, sliding on the huge dildoes, and then they saw the amazing sight of the two men's cocks start to get hard. The rhythm of their bodies increased as they slid further and further, forward and back. They were fucking themselves on the massive rubber cocks!

The musclemen looked at each other, and then at Darius in front of them as he stripped naked and stroked his huge erect pole. Their gaze fixed on his cock as they felt the same cocks slide in and out of their ass. It was as if they were both being fucked by Darius's monster shaft. The sight of this increased their exhilaration and they began to lose all sense of time and place. They gazed at Darius and began pounding their own asses, impaling themselves brutally on the hard rubber shafts.

Their own cocks were now rock hard and burning hot. Behind Darius the other men gathered, all stroking their stiff dicks as they gazed in disbelief at this incredible sight. Randy and Bob both felt fire in their groin as their asses ground into the piston that was fucking them. They

were transfixed by Darius and his enormous shaft as he pounded it faster and faster. The three men were approaching their climax together.

The two bound body builders began to shudder, their muscles flexing and straining as their bodies arched and fell back in a pounding ecstatic rhythm. Their asses and their cocks were on fire.

Bob screamed, "I can't hold on, man. Let me shoot, sir. You're making me cum. Please, sir."

Randy felt his huge cock convulse and he yelled, "OK, buddy ..... "Now!"

The two men screamed obscenities and threw their heads back as their cocks erupted in a huge stream of white hot liquid. The two torrents of juice arched outward and splashed heavily onto the face and body of the beautiful, frenzied black man before them. In a rapture of excitement Darius screamed and his massive cock burst with a gush of semen that spurted forward onto the two men shuddering on their crosses. As cum poured over all three men, the guys behind Darius also shot their loads, unable to hold back as they saw the three men in front of them streaming with each other's thick white juice.

Bodies heaving and pouring with cum, their lungs gasping, the two bound men hung on their crosses, the rubber cocks still deep in their ass. They gazed at the gorgeous black man who was shuddering ecstatically. They looked at his still hard dick and felt the same massive pole inside their own holes.

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"You were magnificent, unbelievable," Darius said. "It was as if I was fucking you both. Watching you suffer like that was beautiful, man." Then he paused. "But there's just one thing ..... you have not yet submitted." And he smiled. They had all begun to recover and Randy and Bob expected to be set free from their bondage and brutal impaling. But that was not to be.

"You gotta stay there until one of you begs for release. That was the plan. We can wait, we have plenty of time. As a matter of fact, it's time for our group's farewell meal."

The lights came up on the main part of the room on a strange sight. A long table had been set up, laid out for an elaborate meal.

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The group of twenty men was now seated at the table being served lunch. The only observers were the two naked musclemen bound to the crosses on the stage. Their asses were still on fire, still plugged by the enormous rubber dildoes. Worse, a belt had been buckled tight around their waist so they could not ease themselves forward off the brutal dildoes. Still, as their holes

throbbled with pain, their bodies strained and flexed in an effort to relieve their agony. As they looked down at the men at the table Mitch, the leader of the group, spoke to them.

"I'm sorry you guys can't join us but you know the conditions. All you have to do is beg for release and your torture will end. But until that happens you will remain tied to the cross and the excruciating pain in your asses will continue. Don't be obstinate. Give up. Submit."

"Fuck you," Randy growled. "You know us better than that."

"Have it your way," Mitch said, and sat down with the others.

And so the two muscular straight men hung there naked, as visual entertainment for the group. At first, the spectators could not keep their eyes off the body builders as their muscles ran with sweat and their veins bulged all over their tortured bodies. But as the meal progressed they became engrossed in their own conversation and ignored the two suffering studs hanging over them.

In a way, this humiliation was worse than any of the physical torment they had endured so far. The body builders hung there buck naked, like well-sculpted trophies, throughout the meal as the group ate and talked with each other. They watched each other in the mirrors and each felt the indignity of his buddy as he grimaced in pain. It was now a matter of endurance. Their throbbing asses were stuffed full and their agony continued as the meal below them went on and on.

The physical pain and the mental torment of hanging naked and helpless in front of all these men made them long for release. But as they looked into each other's eyes they knew that submission was not an option. They had to hold on. Their masculinity was at stake and they knew that neither one would submit, no matter what.

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The two tortured bodybuilders were starting to lose touch with reality as their suffering continued. But eventually they heard a voice call for attention. Mitch had stood up and was addressing the members of the club.

"Gentlemen. It is clear that our friends here will never submit. They are the most magnificent men we have ever seen, I think you will agree. But their time with us is coming to an end, and the final act must play out. Darius, I think you should take over for the finale. You know what to do."

Darius had not been able to keep his eyes off the men throughout the meal. He was burning with admiration and lust for the two most exciting men he had ever seen. Now he walked over to Randy, reached behind his ass and quickly unclipped the dildo from the cross. It was still

deeply embedded in the construction worker's ass. Darius untied his wrists and then the ankles and helped the gleaming muscleman down to the floor. He did the same for Bob.

Soon the two victims were standing on the stage facing the group. Their hands were bound behind them and their asses will still pounding with the pain from the huge rubber cocks jammed inside them. Darius was behind them and spoke close to their ears.

"Now, there is an easy way to do this and a hard way, which will inflict the worst pain you have ever felt. All you have to do is submit to me and I'll go nice and easy. You've already suffered so much. Why not give in to me? It's so simple. You guys are so impressive and so fucking gorgeous. Take it easy on yourselves. What do you say?"

Randy spoke first. "Go fuck yourself, Darius." And Bob growled simply, "Asshole."

"OK," said Darius. "But first I'll prepare you." He stripped off his clothes and knelt in front of them. He brought his mouth to Randy's cock and took it all the way down his throat. He sucked it hard with real pleasure and longing, something he had wanted to do for hours. As Randy looked down at the naked body and stunning face working on his dick he started to get rock hard. Darius switched to Bob and worked on his big dick until it too was standing out stiffly. Darius stood up and went behind them.

"These huge cocks have been in your ass for hours now. But the end has come. This is one last chance for you to avoid the agony I can cause. Submit to me now." There was a long silence. "OK, you asked for it."

He paused, then grabbed in each hand the ends of the two huge rubber cocks protruding from the asses.

"Here it comes. I love you guys."

And with one swift, powerful heave he pulled the dildoes from their asses with lightning speed. There was a brief silence. Then the two muscular bodies leapt off the floor and their scream shook the building and echoed around the room. Their asses that had been stretched for so many hours suddenly contracted in a huge spasm of pain as the massive rods were brutally yanked out. At the same instant their cocks burst in a huge stream of cum that arced out over the spellbound crowd.

The agony was something they had never felt and caused their involuntary leap into the air. They crashed to the floor, writhing in excruciating pain. They reached round to grab their asses, their huge bodies twisting and thrashing on the floor. They became aware of their buddy screaming in agony and slowly they crawled toward each other. When they met they held each other tight in a passionate embrace of unendurable pain. Then they collapsed onto each other, unconscious.

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When they came to Darius was standing over them. As their minds cleared they saw the naked, perfectly sculpted black body of the beautiful man who had just brutally ravaged them. Darius knelt and looked them in the eyes.

"One last thing. The guys tell me I get a reward. You don't have to do anything. Just kneel."

With great difficulty Randy and Bob got to their knees, leaning on each other for support. Darius now stood in front of them gazing down at the incredible sight before him.

"You guys are awesome. God, you turn me on so much. I have to see you again. I need to. In the meantime here's something to remember me by."

It didn't take him long. He was already rock hard and it took only a few strokes of his huge dick before he felt his climax coming. He howled as his cock erupted into a huge spurt of hot creamy cum, which splashed into Randy's rugged face and mouth. There was a pause and then he came again, shooting a stream of semen into Bob's mouth and all over his beautiful features. His muscular body shuddered and finally became still.

"Now," he breathed. "Kiss each other." The men turned and did as he said, coming together in a passionate embrace, their tongues filling each other's mouths, tasting Darius's cum as it still oozed out of their mouths and streamed over their faces. The creamy semen made their embrace even more frenzied.

Darius could not hold back. He fell to his knees and joined his face to the beautiful faces he lusted for so much. The three men ground their lips into each other, sliding their mouths together in the sea of cum. Randy and Bob both plunged their tongues into Darius's hungry mouth and the three men were joined together in a raging passion.

Finally their passion cooled. When it was over Darius pulled back and looked hungrily at the two men who had created such intense feelings in him. "I've gotta see you again," he whispered.

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