

## THE OUTING IV.

by Sean Reid Scott



---

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

---

I

I'm going to teach them a lesson," Ben said. The old truck bounced along the road with an almost soothing rhythm.

Trent looked out the rear window of the cab at the two bound men in the back. "I'd say you already did."

Ben didn't respond. He looked straight ahead at the road, his gigantic right arm pulsing with muscle fibers as his palm rested on the top of the steering wheel.

The two didn't talk the rest of the way back to the cabin.

The overcast sky had started to empty its contents more steadily as the old Dodge truck came to a stop in its parking spot next to the cabin. Ben opened his door and got out. Trent timidly followed suit.

"You need any help?" Trent asked, somewhat nervously.

"Stay here," Ben said. He climbed into the back of the truck and picked up Kent's huge, bound body, effortlessly draping it over his shoulder. He stepped over the back gate and hopped down to the dirt driveway below. As Trent watched, Ben walked to the front of the truck and continued past the cabin. Not wanting to disobey Ben, Trent stood his position, yet his curiosity got the best of him, and he moved to see where Ben was going.

Trent had never had the opportunity to see much of the cabin's surroundings, so he hadn't seen the large shed behind. Ben disappeared into the shed and returned, sans Kent, a few minutes later. He returned to the truck and retrieved Rocco as well.

"What are you going to do?" Trent repeated his earlier question.

"You'll see," Ben said, cocking his head to indicate Trent should follow.

The shed wasn't as sparse as the cabin. It held a treasure trove of old farm equipment, rotary manual lawn mowers and a few contraptions that weren't familiar to Trent. A long work bench spread across one wall. Two windows-- each holding four quartered panes of glass-- broke up the wall above the bench, but between-- and both either sides of-- the windows, were scores of neatly-arranged and organized tools, all in their place, and all-- despite being vintage-- perfectly kept and maintained.

A few pulleys hung from beams in the low ceiling. Ropes, cables and chains were neatly hung on another wall. A few cans of oil, gasoline, whatever, were also right where they should be.

Trent studied the contraptions that he didn't recognize. There were three main "machines," that looked something like gym equipment, but homemade. They all had pulleys and weights, but they didn't look anything like the equipment you'd see in a gym. For one thing, they were each much bigger than what would be in a gym-- huge blocks of weight hung on them.

---

Still bound and gagged, and returning to full consciousness, Kent and Rocco sat on the ground with their backs to one wall. They squirmed a bit, but besides their rippling triceps (especially Kent's) as they fought their bindings, their most obvious feature was their horrified eyes. They watched Ben's huge, wide back as the giant man worked at the bench, retrieving tools, pulleys and such.

Trent stood in the doorway, viewing Ben's profile, watching with wonder and not a small amount of trepidation.

For the third time, Trent asked, "What are you going to do?" hoping he wasn't taxing Ben's patience.

As Ben worked on some rope at the bench, he said, "Going to teach them a lesson."

At this, Trent could see Kent's and Rocco's eyes widen even more. Both of the men moaned through their gags, and wriggled in an effort to escape their bindings.

"D-- don't you think... they've learned their lesson?" Trent timidly protested. "I mean... you're not going to... you're not..." his voice trailed off, unwilling to finish the thought he had begun.

"You'll see," Ben said, emotionlessly. "Momma wouldn't like them."

Trent stayed in the doorway; he subconsciously began to calculate how fast he could run, if needed. Could he outrun Ben? The guy was huge, but was he fast? Trent was a long-time jogger, but he'd never really run for speed. Visions of Ben, dismembering his captors, hideously disfiguring them, brutally torturing them to death, filled Trent's mind. "Momma wouldn't like them?" Trent meditated on that statement. Sounded too much like Norman Bates or something.

The teen held onto the doorway as he fought the panic inside. Should he wait-- give Ben the benefit of the doubt until it was obvious? Should he bolt now and run for help before it was too

---

late? Should he wait till Ben was distracted and slip away silently? Where were the keys to the truck?

As Ben continued to work on whatever it was he was making, Trent decided to wait, for the time being. Waiting would serve two purposes: 1) it would give more time to see exactly what kind of plans Ben had (maybe they wouldn't be too horrible), and 2) it would also serve to provide the opportunity to slip away while Ben was distracted.

Ben moved toward the men, then stopped. He reached above and began looping the end of the rope through a pulley that was hanging from a beam. He secured the end of the rope to a hook on the wall. He did likewise with another rope/pulley/hook. Apparently, Ben was planning on stringing up the men from these ropes.

Rocco was first.

In a few minutes, Rocco, still gagged, was standing under the beam, his arms forced wide, bound by the ropes on his wrists. His legs were still bound by the rope Ben had tied them together with at Trent's house. He wailed at the pain of having his arms manipulated into this position-- being dislocated and all...

Ben undid the ropes binding Rocco's ankles. The man was still naked from the waist down.

Trent's heart beat quickly as he watched, not knowing how far Ben was willing to take this. As Ben stood menacingly over Rocco, Trent *had* to try one more time to find Ben's ultimate intentions.

"Ben," he said quietly. "You don't have to do this. It's okay. I think they've learned their lesson. I don't want anyone to get hurt on account of me."

Ben slowly turned to Trent, standing in the door. He walked toward the teen, and if not for the gentle countenance of the giant, Trent would surely have peed his pants right then and there.

---

Ben stood only inches from Trent, his pecs filling the Teen's field of vision. "They hurt you," he said. "They have to pay."

"They've already paid," Trent insisted, trembling.

Ben gently wrapped his arms around Trent, pulling him close. "I won't hurt them bad," he said softly-- almost in a whisper, "but they *haven't* paid until they get done to them what they did to you."

Trent said nothing.

"That's what momma always said," Ben said. The giant turned from Trent and returned to Rocco.

Trent wasn't quite sure what Ben intended with this eye-for-an-eye thing. Would Ben actually sexually assault them? Suck them off? Would he take it further and maybe rape them? Ben had *said* he liked *women*...

Ben loomed over Rocco, stopping about five feet from the splayed, moaning man. At this point, Trent got instantly hard. Ben pulled off his T-shirt and for the first time, Trent was treated to the shirtless visage of the man-god. Ben stared at Rocco as he revealed his inhumanly developed upper body and Rocco's eyes widened in unbelief.

As did Kent's.

As did Trent's.

Ben strode toward the long work bench and placed his T-shirt there, affording Ben a full-frontal view of his incomprehensible upper body. Two globes of pec meat forced dark areolae and nipples to point to the floor. Blemish-free skin tightly hugged every facet of the rippling muscles. Ben's arms and shoulders were mind-numbing. His intercostals contracted with his every breath. His abdominals likewise. The lats-- *ohmygod-- those lats!* Even from the front, Ben's lats looked like an inverted map of the Mississippi Delta.

---

Without pausing, or acknowledging Trent, Ben returned to his position in front of Rocco.

The first pose was a most-muscular. Trent was somewhat surprised. Ben really knew how to show off his body. Trent had assumed that Ben hadn't actually done any bodybuilding shows. Hell, if he had, he should have been on the cover of every bodybuilding magazine in the world! Yet, with that first pose, Ben began to demonstrate an uncanny familiarity with the competitive bodybuilding world. The veins on Ben's traps and shoulders-- and arms-- stood out and pulsed as he held the most-muscular.

Rocco watched in awe.

It only took a second pose-- a double bi-- for Rocco to begin to get hard. As he gazed up at the mountain flexing before him, Rocco's cock began to thicken and bounce with life-- despite the pain of his arms and shoulders, *and* the horror of his helpless position.

Ben's biceps were bigger than large watermelons, yet despite their size they split into freaky-divided heads of pointed muscle, separating distinctly from not only each other, but from the larger triceps muscle beneath. The shape was pure beauty-- not overblown or anything, but with peaks that stuck high, looking like the Matterhorn. Ben slowly twisted his wrists, treating the three men in the room to the sight of his biceps as they bounced with life and power. Trent was astounded at how fat-free, dry, and pronounced the peaks and, well, *every aspect* of Ben's body was.

Next, Ben extended his arms outward, his wrists turned so his hands faced the floor. Even stretched like this, Ben's biceps lost no size whatsoever.

Trent's pants protested greatly the mushrooming organ they tried to contain.

By the time Ben brought his palms behind his head and began slowly twisting his lower torso to show off his obliques and abs,

---

Rocco was at full-mast. It took only a few twists of Ben's narrow waist, and a little leaning back and forth of Ben's humungous lats, and Rocco's thick, long cock pushed forth a sparkling, clear offering of pre-cum.

Ben had finished as many poses he could do without having to take down his pants; so he undid his jeans and began to force the waist down, over his quads.

Trent, for his part, without even realizing it, unzipped his pants and pulled them off. For the rest of this little session, he'd be stroking himself.

Ben wore boxers, and although he pulled the bottom the leg fabric up to reveal his interstate-highway map of veins and relief map of his continental mountains of quad muscle, Trent secretly wished Ben would lose the underwear. Regardless, this was a show that would send any warm-blooded muscle worshipper over the edge.

Which it did, for Trent.

A groan announced the production of his first shot of semen.

Ben turned and noticed, but didn't acknowledge. He just continued to pose-- everything now. And it wasn't just any kind of posing. It was perfect posing. Perfect posing that not only highlighted every possible angle of his unmatched body-- but artful posing that was obviously designed to show sensuality and power. This was more sexual than you'd ever see on a competitive stage. Indeed, as Ben held a side chest pose, and then a triceps pose, one hand moved down and cupped his genitals on the outside of his boxers. He grinned at Rocco, who obviously was overwhelmed.

Kent, still bound and gagged, and sitting against the wall behind Rocco, watched.

Rocco's cock was so hard it would have probably shattered into a thousand pieces if touched. It glistened with a thick sheen of

---

clear pre-cum that coated it like chocolate syrup cascades over a frozen "banana on a stick."

Ben finally pulled off his underwear. He was totally naked now. Once again, he began posing. This time, as he twisted and rotated his body, it was difficult-- for both Trent and Rocco-- to decide which they wanted to watch: Ben's other-worldly muscles flexing all over hell, or his cock, which looked like it belonged on a stallion, more than a man. It was ribbed with veins that seemed to pulse as they visibly fed the bobbing member. Still flaccid (for the most part), the gorgeous appendage of super-maleness was cut, thick as a the exhaust pipe on that pickup he drove, and long enough to hang halfway to his knees. Then there were his testicles. Plump, large, lime-sized nuts swung in long, low sacs. Often, the position of Ben's quads required the balls to move forward, forming a beautiful bouquet of 'nads and cock.

Rocco and Trent made their eyes move between that set of genitals and Ben's incredible muscles-- never actually deciding on where to make them land.

As Ben once again put his hands behind his head and flexed his abs for Rocco, the young thug could take it no more. The sight of this virile muscle giant was too much. He yelped and twitched as a hot, loud jerk of milk erupted up out of his throbbing cock, and landed on Ben's abs, just above the manicured pubes.

Ben held still, keeping his whole body tight, rippling with muscle.

Rocco began to moan as his pain-racked body reacted to his uncontrollable orgasmic eruptions. Volley after volley of semen burst up onto Ben's flexing muscles.

When Rocco was done, Ben re-tied Rocco's ankles together and untied his wrists from the ropes above. "You make a great faggot, faggot," he grunted as he worked. He re-bound Rocco's hands behind his back and returned him to the wall, next to Kent.



“Your turn,” Ben said, pulling Kent up. He carried the bodybuilder over to the same spot Rocco had been. With Rocco’s copious jizz still glistening on his torso, Ben untied Kent’s wrists in order to tie him up to the overhead ropes.

Kent immediately swung at Ben, but Ben barely registered the hit.

Ben stepped back, and the force of Kent’s swinging coupled with the fact that his ankles were tied together, forced him off-balance and he fell to the ground.

Ben stooped over and picked Kent up, standing him again. But Kent was nothing if not persistent. He swung and grabbed again. Ben just stepped back and watched Kent fall a second time.

As he picked Kent’s muscular body up a third time, Ben said, “I don’t know how many times you want to fall down, faggot, but I’ve got all day.”

This time, Kent relented. Ben tied his wrists to the ropes connected to the beam.

If Trent wasn’t hard from seeing this monster of beautiful muscle all naked and everything, the sight of seeing Kent’s award-winning body being trapped and splayed by Ben was indeed boner-inducing. Kent’s muscles writhed with ripples as his arms were strapped wide apart.

Ben stooped down and untied Kent’s ankles. Kent didn’t pass up the opportunity to initiate another attack. He gave a swift kick to Ben’s groin area, but ended up hitting more of Ben’s quads than his genitals. Again, Ben barely showed any movement. He simply stepped back and let Kent flail.

Kent yelled something, but his gag made his words unintelligible. A translation wasn’t really necessary. His eyes showed his anger, and fear.

Ben again stepped toward his captive. This time, Kent displayed a bit of gymnastic ability. He jumped and hung from the overhead ropes, raising both knees to his chest. In a flash, he pushed both legs at Ben.

Ben simply put one foot back to plant himself; the result was that Kent's body moved backward against the force of immovable Ben. At the apex of his backward movement, Kent's body then swung back toward Ben. Ben reached out his arms and grabbed Kent in a bear-hug.

Kent yelled through his gag.

"This is fun," Ben mocked as he squeezed Kent's bare upper body. Some of Rocco's jizz rubbed from Ben's torso onto Kent's as the two men met.

Kent was not amused. He wailed through his gag and his eyes bugged out from the pain.

Ben released Kent and allowed the bodybuilder to stand on the floor. Kent panted through his nose, trying to regain himself.

"You can make it more fun like that, if you want," Ben said. "I don't care." He put his hands on his naked hips. "But it will hurt more if you keep fighting."

Kent was unable to respond-- still concentrating on breathing and recovering.

Without waiting for Kent to recover, Ben stepped forward and undid Kent's pants, pulling them off. It took a bit of doing, since Kent's quads and hams had been tightly contained in the denim. As Ben pulled Kent's boxers out and down, over his cock, a fascinating discovery was made.

Kent was wet with globs and globs of come. It shined on his skin, and coagulated in his pubes. He had cum while watching Ben flex!

"Nice," Ben smiled as he pulled down the boxers. "Looks like we definitely have a pair of closet faggots here."

Trent was incredulous. Here were his arch-enemies: **both** of them muscle-loving hypocrites!

In a moment, Kent was totally naked-- save for the gag in his mouth, if you can call that clothing.

Kent's member was mostly soft, but even in this state, it looked quite thick and long.

"Here, let me help clean some of this off," Ben said as he began playing with Kent's come. He fingered it, slithering it over the skin, and then played in Kent's pubes.

Kent closed his eyes, scrunching his face. Trent wasn't sure if his expression showed fear and disgust-- or pleasure.

It was both.

Soon, Ben had Kent's balls cupped in his fingers. He flitted his fingertips over the sensitive spot behind the balls; and Kent responded by moaning-- yelling-- through the gag. Clearly, this was a turn-on, and Kent' didn't want that to happen.

In the short run, Ben didn't want it either. He wanted to drag this out as long as possible. Ben stepped back.

In spite of the fact that Ben had stopped touching him, Kent's cock grew and grew and was soon at full-mast, pulsing as it rested totally vertical against his abs.

But do you think Ben was going to stop?

Uh, no.

While he tormented Kent's under-balls with gentle, torturous tickling, Ben moved his other hand onto Kent's cock. He held it

---

still, feeling Kent's heartbeat in it. He gave it one long, slow stroke.

"Need more lube," Ben said. He scooped some of Rocco's come off his abs and mixed it with more come from Kent's pubes, then rubbed his hands together, sloshing his palm and fingers with it. He gave Kent another long stroke-- this one nice and wet.

Kent was panting, praying to the god of hypocrisy, I guess, that he wouldn't be turned on by Ben's gentle ministrations. Why that mattered, no one knew, since Kent had already shown incontrovertible evidence of his homosexual proclivities. But seeing come-stained boxers and seeing a guy get hard and eventually coming were indeed two different things, I guess.

Kent's hardening cock received another long, slow stroke.

Ben moved his face to Kent's neck and began kissing it.

Kent thought of kicking again, but he knew it was no use. He had lost the will to fight; almost the will to live. This humiliation was more than he could bear.

As Ben kissed Kent's neck and stroked Kent's dick, Kent became as hard and rigid as any man had ever become.

Ben moved his lips lower, onto Kent's pecs, and kissed and licked Kent's nipples.

With this small amount of stimulation, Kent began to jerk as his cock released its white, hot contents. Once again, Ben's torso was the recipient of involuntary orgasmic worship. The jizz ran down over Ben's incomparable abs, mixing with Rocco's.

Kent's whole body yanked back and forth. Clearly this was an amazing orgasm for the stud; and it lasted much longer than Rocco's had-- despite being Kent's second one in a matter of minutes.

Ben smiled into Kent's eyes as the bodybuilder finished flinching. The giant muscleman released Kent's cock, then stood in front of the exhausted man.

"Now its time for the real fun," Ben smirked. "When I pay back, I pay back with interest," he said.

Immediately, Ben pulled one arm back and released it forward with the force of a horse's leg, landing it squarely on Kent's abdomen.

Trent watched in horror.

Kent went nearly unconscious; but he stayed awake enough to begin spitting and vomiting into the rag in his mouth.

Ben watched for a minute, as Kent fought for his life. Then he reached forward and undid the head strap that had held the gag in place. The gag dropped to the floor, and Kent's mouth emptied itself of Kent's most recent meal.

It took a few minutes for Kent to recover-- at least an initial recovery; and it took a few minutes more for Ben to retrieve a towel and get it wet in the old sink in the corner, and clean the vomit off of Kent's body.

Kent was drifting in and out of consciousness.

Eventually, Ben stood in front of Kent again; Trent watched with trepidation; but a second blow never happened. Instead, Ben began flexing again, displaying muscle that defies description once again. This time, though, he took the opportunity to touch himself. It was like nothing you'd ever see on any kind of porno muscle site. Ben was off the scale in every way... even in his tauntingly seductive manner of posing and flexing. As he posed, he began to get hard in the cock.

Really hard.

It took only a few poses, and a few sensual strokes, and Ben's cock rose like a flag pole next to his abs, stretching amazingly close to the overhang of his pecs.

Kent began to remain in the present, conscious world more and more, although his eyes were somewhat glazed over.

Ben finished his posing-- and bringing himself to full erection, then slowly moved close to Kent. He held Kent in his monstrous arms, and began kissing Kent's neck and cheeks. The two naked men's bodies seemed to almost intertwine, although Kent's arms were still stretched wide.

Ben caressed, kissed and hugged Kent for nearly five minutes, rubbing his cock against Kent's torso. Eventually, Kent regained enough strength to get hard, once again, from all of the stimulation. Then Ben knew it was time. He bent down and picked up the gag again, and reinserted it into Kent's mouth.

Ben moved around to the back of Kent. He continued gyrating his cock against Kent's body; his hands came around the front of Kent and began caressing Kent's chest, shoulders, arms and abs. And, of course, Kent's cock.

Trent and Rocco watched silently as the muscle sex scene developed before them.

After much more petting, kissing and rubbing, Ben eventually pulled his hips back. He positioned his dripping-wet cock head against Kent's sphincter.

*"Ben! Turn out the demons. Don't feed the flesh."* The voice was as real to Ben as if his momma were standing right beside him. *"Oppose Satan. He is here, standing before you. Turn from him!"*

Ben pulled his throbbing cock back from Kent's ass, shuddering. Trent watched, wondering what was going on. Ben clenched his hands in hardened fists and shoved them straight down beside his torso. He was struggling with something deep inside himself, that much Trent could tell.

---

*"The demons are threatening, Ben! Turn away! You must not let them succeed!"* the voice of momma filled Ben's mind.

Ben took another step backward, almost stumbling. Then he turned and slowly walked toward one of the unusual contraptions that stood against the dark wall at the end of the large shed.

He stopped in front of one of the machines and stared at it. His naked back side stood in splendor.

"Momma, I must make him pay." Ben said it so soft that Trent barely heard it, but it was said with a mix of anger and passion that made Trent shudder.

*"Yes, you must,"* the voice of momma said to Ben's mind. *"But you must not feed the desires of the flesh. This is not the way. Turn from the demons!"*

Instead, Ben turned toward them.

Slowly, he walked back toward Kent. He mumbled something unintelligible as he walked, but Trent was able to make out something again about making Kent pay.

When Ben returned to Kent's backside, his cock still as erect as it could possibly be, he slowly grasped Kent's broad shoulders. He rested his cock against Kent's sphincter once again, and Kent yelled into his gag.

Slowly, Ben pushed-- opening the hole with a cock big enough to make a Louisville Slugger jealous. Kent knew his ass would almost certainly be damaged by the invasion, and he wailed as the assault began.

Inch by painful inch, Ben's cock forced its way in, oblivious to the resistance it met. Kent alternatively yelled into his gag and panted through his nose, as his magnificent body tightened and flexed in excruciating pain.

---

*"Ben! You are stepping into the inferno!" Momma hissed to her son. "Satan is making you do this! You are feeding the flesh! Turn away! Turn away!"*

Ben breathed heavily, obviously struggling with something. As his pubes finally met Kent's gyrating ass, Ben yelled out, "SHUT UP MOMMA!" to the astonishment of the three men in the room.

Ben's hands moved over and around Kent's muscular physique, finding a resting place on the man's magnificent pectorals. Ben's fingers played with the peanut-sized nipples and the dark areolae.

Kent's erect cock began spewing cum across the room. Ben held perfectly still.

When Kent was done, Trent could see that Ben was once again arguing with himself. Eventually, he pulled out slowly, without coming.

He gathered his clothes and dressed. As he brushed past Trent on the way out of the shed, he said nothing. Trent watched as Ben returned to the house, leaving Kent strung up in the middle of the shed, Rocco still bound in the corner, and Trent standing near the doorway, not knowing what to do next.

...oh, there's more.





© Sean Reid Scott

**Your comments are welcome.**

Please click the following address to send me a message:

[sean@buffmuscles.com](mailto:sean@buffmuscles.com)

Also, please make sure to visit my website:

<http://buffmuscles.com>

This story is © 2011 Sean Reid Scott. All rights reserved.