

## **The Outing - 5**

*by Sean Reid Scott*

Trent didn't know what to do. He looked at Kent, who was still recovering from his overwhelming orgasm; he looked at Rocco, bound and gagged on the floor next to the wall.

Finally, Trent turned and left the shed, warily walking toward the cabin.

"Ben?" Trent called out as he entered the kitchen area. "Are you alright?"

There was no answer.

Trent walked toward the bedroom. The door was closed. On the other side of the door, Trent could hear movement. Ben was in there, doing something.

Trent knocked on the door. "Ben? Are you okay?"

No response.

"Ben. What are you doing? What about the guys out in the shed?"

After another moment of long silence, Ben said softly through the door. "I will be out in awhile. Don't come in."

Trent was puzzled, confused, and a little worried. Maybe even scared. This was quite weird. He stood at the door, silently, trying to listen to the movements in the bedroom. After what felt like an interminable amount of time, Trent heard a soft "click" sound,

followed immediately by a steady humming, like some kind of motor had just been turned on. It was quiet, but it was distinct.

The humming was steady. Hmmmmmm... And then, after a moment, it seemed to increase in intensity. It got a little louder.

After a few minutes, the humming increased in volume again. Then, Trent heard some moaning. And a groan.

Whatever was going on behind that door, it seemed that Ben wasn't enjoying it.

Trent could hear heavy breathing. An occasional "Ohhh," punctured the air. "Mmmmmgh." They weren't groans of pleasure, either-- that was for sure. Ben's voice cracked with obvious pain as the humming increased once again.

Trent was frozen with confusion and fear.

The humming seemed to level off and a high intensity, and Ben's moaning matched the magnitude of whatever it was that was hurting him.

Trent couldn't take any more. He slowly crept away from the door, trying not to make any noise. He plopped himself on the couch in the living room. Even from here, though, he could hear the tortured sounds come from Ben's bedroom. His eyes teared up.

What should he do?

There were two men bound and held against their will out in the shed. Huge-- inhumanly huge-- Ben was in agony in the bedroom, apparently from his own doing. Trent considered bolting for the door and running to town. He'd have to do it quietly, so Ben wouldn't hear him. But Trent not only feared Ben, he was infatuated with him. Trent really didn't want to run. He knew that if he made it to town, he'd be compelled to tell the authorities

what was going on out here. And he dreaded the thought of bringing the cops out to Ben.

The cries from Ben pierced the bedroom door and filled the cabin. Finally, a loud yell, "YES MOMMA!" climaxed the agony, and the humming stopped.

It was a half hour before the bedroom door opened and Ben emerged.

Trent remained seated on the couch, turning his head to see Ben slowly walk into the living area.

Ben looked no worse for the wear. He had put on a clean wife-beater and denim cut-offs. His vascularity was astounding. He looked as if he had been through a very powerful workout-- veins popping all over hell, and paper-thin skin barely seeming to cover the rippling masses of over-sized muscle. The guy had to be the biggest muscular human on the planet.

Ben was quiet. He made eye contact with Trent, then walked to the kitchen area and made himself something to eat and drink.

Trent debated what to say, if anything. Obviously Ben was aware that Kent and Rocco were still out in the cabin. And Trent knew better than to bring up the mystery of what had gone on in the bedroom...

Ben sat at the table, eating his food and drinking water. He said nothing.

Trent remained on the couch, trying to find a position that reflected the right balance of comfort, submissiveness, and attentiveness to Ben's presence.

Eventually, Ben finished his meal. He got up and put his dishes in the sink; he looked at Trent. "I'll be in the shed," he said softly.

Trent stood. "What do you want *me* do to?"

"Stay here."

Trent's eyes pleaded with Ben for comfort. His concern for not only the two men's lives was strong, but his concern for his own well-being was obvious.

Seeing this, Ben said, "It's okay. Everything will be okay."

Trent's expression didn't change much.

"Promise," Ben reassured.

With that, Ben grabbed some food and water and walked out the back door toward the shed.

Trent turned and looked at the closed bedroom door. Almost involuntarily, he moved closer to it. Whatever Ben was going to do out in the shed, it would take at least a few minutes-- perhaps many. Trent found himself standing in front of the door.

He turned the knob.

"Trent," the voice from behind Trent startled him so much that he nearly jumped out of his skin. He turned around in a flash.

Ben was standing in the hallway area. "Come with me."

Trent obeyed. Apparently Ben had realized that Trent's curiosity would require him to investigate, and he had turned around to make sure Trent didn't go into the bedroom.

In the shed, Kent had fully recovered from his recent traumas. He stood, still naked, still outstretched by the chains. Rocco watched from the corner, sitting on the floor.

Ben undid Kent's chains. He wasn't gentle. He moved Kent to the wall, where he attached the bodybuilder to longer chains,

allowing Kent to move a little more freely. He left the gag out of Kent's mouth. Then, he positioned Rocco next to Kent, in similar chains, removing the gag from his mouth as well.

Ben placed food and water within reach of the two men. "You have ten minutes to eat; then the gags go back in."

Both of the men were leery. Both were scared. Kent was incensed, but fought to hide his anger. As the two men ate and drank, Kent looked as if he were about to say something-- or call out for help, but he never did.

After they ate, Ben placed the gags back in their mouths. "I'll be back in a little while to take you outside to piss. Don't mess inside the cabin or there will be hell to pay," he said threateningly.

Back inside the cabin, Trent and Ben sat in the living room area. Trent, still afraid of Ben's intentions, concluded that regardless of Ben's actions, the huge man was being protective of him, and this gave Trent the confidence to speak. "Ben. What are you going to do? This-- this just doesn't seem right." He waited with trepidation for Ben's response.

"They still haven't paid," Ben said, his eyes focussing on nothing in particular.

"But-- don't you think the police should just take care of them? When you are done with them, they'll surely tell the police."

Ben looked intently at Trent. A slight look of curiosity appeared on his face. He cocked his head slightly, as if thinking.

"Well..." Ben started. He didn't finish his thought.

It almost seemed as if Ben hadn't quite thought out the consequences of his actions. Then his countenance changed once again, and Trent wondered if maybe Ben **had** thought it all out after all.

Fear gripped Trent, but he had to ask. "Are-- are you planning on releasing them?"

Ben didn't answer.

"Ben, I know you are protecting me," Trent said slowly and softly, "but this scares me."

"Don't be scared," Ben said. "Everything will be okay."

"But you're not telling me much to reassure me. 'Everything will be okay,' doesn't quite do it."

"Everything **will** be okay. You have to trust me," Ben said.

"But-- why... why should I trust you, when you're doing such scary things?"

Ben pondered the question.

"Ben won't hurt you," the giant man said. He stood, then bent down and lifted the trembling body of Trent, holding the teen at eye-to-eye level. "Ben only hurts mean people. They were mean to you. They have to pay."

Trent didn't like it when Ben referred to himself in the third person. It was... odd. Trent was so afraid, he nearly broke down. "Ben. I want to go. You're scaring me too much. I want to go."

Ben held Trent gently, but intently. "No. You need to stay. You'll see. I will take care of you. I will make sure you are safe. Always."

Ben leaned forward and kissed Trent softly; it was gentle and long.

Trent didn't return the kiss. He was terrified.

Ben then nuzzled his neck next to Trent's and hugged the teen for a few minutes.

When Ben put Trent down, Trent used every amount of strength to maintain his composure. He successfully hid his fear.

Ben walked into the bedroom and emerged a moment later with an old-style key-- the kind used in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. He closed the bedroom door and inserted the key, locking it. Turning to Trent he said, "I'll be right back."

As soon as Ben was outside, walking back to the shed, Trent broke down in tears. Fear gripped him. He doubled over, sobbing. His mind reeled. For a few minutes, he brainstormed plans of escape, trying to remember where the key to the truck was; calculating how long he could run on foot before Ben would discover he had left; coming with options and contingencies. His mind rattled off idea after idea, in a panicked, random sputter of thoughts. He was so afraid.

Just as he formulated one plan of action, he would veto it and concoct another. He started to settle on trying to use the truck for his escape, but as he began to ponder that option, his thoughts were interrupted by a commotion behind the cabin.

Trent got up and walked to the kitchen area. Stooping, so as to not be seen from the outside, Trent peered toward the shed. Ben had brought Rocco outside and was leading the man's naked body into the wooded area that surrounded the cabin and the shed. Rocco had no chains or bindings on. He was totally naked. He walked tentatively, and Ben had to practically lift him up to get him to move. Once in the bushes, the two men stopped. Ben said something to Rocco that Trent couldn't hear, but it was obvious the huge man was bringing the guy into the woods to let him pee.

Ben held Rocco by the shoulders, from behind. His giant hands dwarfed Rocco's delts, even though Rocco was a seasoned weightlifter.

As Trent peered through the window, the two men stood in the bushes; it seemed that Rocco must have done his business, because subsequently Ben pushed Rocco back into the shed. Moments later, Ben reemerged-- this time with Kent. This time, Ben was more rough. Kent struggled against Ben, but it seemed that although Kent was more hostile-- and thus more difficult to handle-- the bodybuilder knew that both resistance and escape were futile.

When Ben got Kent to the right spot, he punctuated his control over the bodybuilder by yanking Kent's right arm behind his back and forcing Kent's wrist and hand high onto his own shoulder blades. Kent cried out in obvious anguish. Ben held him in this position until Kent finally, apparently, pissed. Ben returned Kent to the shed, and by the time he returned to the cabin, Trent had returned to his seat on the couch.

Trent knew that he'd be trying an escape, but for now he knew that timing would be everything. He'd wait. He'd observe Ben. He'd come up with a plan. Then, at the right moment, he'd get the hell out of there and run for his life.

That night, as Ben slept in his room with the door closed, Trent was wide awake, staring at the ceiling above the couch. It was well past midnight, and Ben had gone to bed over an hour earlier. Trent waited another half hour before slipping silently off the couch. Moving slowly through the moon-lit kitchen area, Trent found the keys to the truck, hanging just where Ben had left them, next to the fridge. Quietly, Ben lifted the key ring off the hook and tiptoed to the back door of the cabin. Outside, he used the light of the moon to help choose his steps carefully, silently walking past Ben's bedroom window toward the parked truck.



Trent took nearly a full minute just to insert and turn the key in the door lock, making sure not to make a sound. Finally, he was inside the cab. He closed the door most of the way, but didn't dare let it latch, for fear the sound would be too loud.

Inserting the key in the ignition, Trent prepared himself. When he started the engine, he'd have to move fast. He turned his head and scanned the area behind the truck, planning where he'd back so he could quickly turn around and make his getaway.