

HAUNTED HOUSE

by Sean

Originally posted way back in the Before Time

NOTE: This story includes a heavy dose of nasty, homo-centered erotica. Don't read if you're offended by same-sex muscle stuff.

Additionally: THIS IS A GRUESOME, VIOLENT STORY what might actually make you PUKE. Okay? Truly, this is a horrible story. (Yeah, I got issues.)

SNUFF WARNING:

Please step away from the computer if you don't like grotesque, nauseating, violent violence that ends in (spoiler alert!) death.

JORDAN PLACED HIS DUFFEL BAG on the floor as he thumbed through the junk mail he had just retrieved. A bill (*Why haven't I put that on my online banking account yet?*), two credit card offers, a useless ad for a tire shop, and finally, an envelope with no return address. It was addressed to him, handwritten. Jordan had just finished working out, and his arm-pump was still evident as his fingers worked to open the envelope. His forearms rippled, his biceps bulged. A walking wet-dream, Jordan's gigantic body oozed masculinity and power, and anyone watching his arms as he opened the envelope would have definitely been susceptible to involuntary ejaculation.

**"You and a guest are cordially invited
to the most horrifying haunted house you'll ever visit.**

Please join us at the House of Gore and Guts.

Scary fun for everyone is in store!

**To ensure the optimum horrifying experience,
admission is by invitation and appointment only.**

Your tour of the House of Gore and Guts is set to begin

at 8:00 PM, Halloween Night.

9845 West Elm Drive, North Atherton.

Please RSVP to sean@seanreidscott.com

Sponsored by the Pessimists Club of North Atherton.

The 24-year-old award-winning bodybuilder read the invitation again. He let out a verbal musing. It was puzzling indeed. "The Pessimists Club of North Atherton?" He knew the club was pretty active in town, but he didn't know they did a haunted house. The more he thought about the whole thing, the more he liked it. He shuddered with excitement, and under his clothes his muscle body rippled with lean, beefy meat. Still, the idea intrigued him. *Tiffany would love this*, he thought.

Or, rather, he knew Tiffany would hate it-- and that was all the more reason to take her. She'd be in his arms the whole time, which was, after all, the whole idea of taking your girlfriend to a haunted house, wasn't it?

Jordan put the envelope down, walked to his bedroom and stripped to shower. As the streams of water formed rivulets over his defined, bulging muscles, Jordan lathered up.

As was usual, he didn't get out of the shower without decorating the tile with a generous serving of his manly essence. Whether it was just the feeling of his slippery hands on his hopelessly gorgeous muscles, or the thought of bedding Tiffany after the haunted house, Jordan didn't know; but he did know that his orgasm in the shower was one of his more pleasant ones.

He dried and wrapped the towel around his taut waist. He walked back into his bedroom and sat down at his computer desk. He picked up his cell phone and called Tiffany.

Ten minutes later, he was entering the email address into his gmail site, sending off an RSVP, for himself and his guest, to the House of Gore and Guts. He smiled just a bit as he sent off the email. It was going to be a great halloween.

• • • • •

LANCE PROCTOR'S BODY SHUDDERED as his jizz flew into the air, plopping in a messy blob on his keyboard. He squirmed and tried to stifle his moans as his thick, long cock pulsed out even more semen. His lean muscles flexed, and he sighed loudly, looking at the video clip on his screen.

The bodybuilder on Lance's computer wasn't fucking-- he wasn't even jacking off for the 18-year-old. No, the North Atherton High senior was simply watching a video clip of an Olympia-contender flex and pose. That's all it took for Lance to get off.

Lance was amazingly good looking; easily one of the best looking 18 year-olds in the county. His square jaw and piercing blue eyes, coupled with his thick, football-player bull neck, gave him a face that could easily grace the cover of GQ or any other men's magazine (or women's boy-candy magazine, for that matter).

He had his choice of any girl in school, but since school started this year, he'd remained relatively single.

The last streams of cum slithered down his penis and into his brown pubes. He released his cock and the heavy, hard organ fell onto his torso. He remained silent for a moment, listening to the sounds of the house, making sure no one was ascending the stairs. His mom and sister were the only ones home, and he knew they were both down in the kitchen making halloween cookies.

At the sound of silence, Lance relaxed and began scooping his jizz with his thumb and forefinger, trying to clean up. He stood and sighed at the glob on the keyboard. Hope I can get all of it, he thought. His cock bobbed in the air as he walked into his bathroom.

"Laaaance," he heard his sister call from the bottom of the stairs. "You have a letter!"

After cleaning and dressing, Lance descended to the kitchen, assuming his normal, jock-like mystique-- a look and mystique that deep down, even impressed his little sister. God, he was gorgeous.

"Who's this from?" Lance said as he examined the envelope, not really addressing anyone in particular. He took it in his hand and returned to his room.

"You and a guest are cordially invited to the most horrifying haunted house you'll ever visit. Please join us at the House of Gore and Guts. Scary fun for everyone is in store! To ensure the optimum horrifying experience, admission is by invitation and appointment only. Your tour of the House of Gore and Guts is set to begin at 9:00 PM, Halloween Night. 9845 West Elm Drive, North Atherton. Please RSVP to sean@seanreidscott.com. Sponsored by the Pessimists Club of North Atherton."

House of Gore and Guts? he thought. Sounds totally weird. And cool.



IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT... Well, windy anyway. The tall fir trees swayed in the inky sky and the near-full moon lit the ground with an eerie glow that danced with the shadows of the aforementioned fir trees.

Jordan's Wrangler crept up the long drive slowly. It was a bumpy, narrow road-- one that Jordan would have missed if it hadn't been for that bright, new sign down on West Elm Drive, advertising-- with a Casper the Ghost kind of commercialism-- "House of Gore and Guts: Enter if you dare."

West Elm Drive was a long dark road itself, and this driveway was at the far end of the road, a few miles outside of town. Hardly anyone lived out this far.

As Jordan and Tiffany approached, the silhouette of the three-story house loomed at the top of a hill. A lone light shown through a small window on the top floor; otherwise the house was completely dark. It reminded Tiffany of the "Psycho" movie.

"This is cool," Jordan said with muffled excitement.

Tiffany wasn't so enthused. She scooted closer to Jordan's warm, hard body and held him.

When the Jeep made it to the top of the hill the young couple saw the only other light in the area, shining on a duplicate of the sign that was at the driveway's entrance. It was just Wal-mart enough to make the whole thing come across as hokey, and it lended a certain high school haunted house fund-raiser air to the whole situation.

But after they got out of Jordan's rig and started up the steps to the large front door of the dark house, the plastic halloween would come into question.

The wind howled through the eaves of the house and the wooden steps leading up to the porch creaked.

"This is so cool!" Jordan smiled, looking up at the building. "Too realistic!"

Tiffany looked around at the house, then down at the Jeep parked below them. "Jordan," she whined, "Why are there only two other cars here?"

“Tiff,” he started, “this whole thing is by invitation only. It’s exclusive. This isn’t going to be a shopping mall parking lot!” He pulled on the large knocker on the door and banged it a few times.

Nothing.

A second banging, and another long silence; but this time, after some moments, the two heard footfall coming from inside.

Finally, the doorknob started turning, slowly, and then the door creaked open, slowly.

• • • • •

[an hour later...]

LANCE PULLED HIS DAD'S RANGE ROVER to a stop. “I think that was it,” he said to Tammy, “we just passed it.” He threw it in reverse and found the sign: “House of Gore and Guts. Enter if you dare.” It was bright construction-orange with black lettering-- like something you’d buy at a discount party shop. Lance turned the rig into the driveway and started up the hill. As the car’s taillights dimmed into the gloomy night, a hand reached up and pulled down the sign.

• • • • •

[an hour earlier...]

JORDAN AND TIFFANY PEERED INTO THE MILKY DARKNESS of a large, tall entryway. A candelabrum stood on a small stand to the left, and two more candelabra were on a credenza that stood in the curve of a large, sweeping staircase. The candles cast a dark light.

Despite the door having just opened, the two saw no one.

“Won’t you come in?” a deliciously scary voice said. It was almost a parody of scary-- the kind of voice you’d hear at a theme park’s haunted house-- the kind of voice that put you at ease, that this was all just a commercial fund-raising, safe, haunted house.

Jordan and Tiffany stepped inside, on edge, yet satisfied at the innocuousness of the setting, what with those dorky signs and that mock spooky voice.

They looked up at the tall entry hall. A lone, yet huge, chandelier hung in the center, unlit and covered in cobwebs.

The door closed quickly behind them.

They both turned and saw a huge figure, clothed in a black robe. At first, the man looked as if he might be on small stilts-- or maybe wearing risers in his shoes, but he wasn’t. He looked as if his dark robe were stuffed with padding, but it wasn’t. The black robe was hoodless, and the man’s head was strikingly handsome, despite a devious countenance. He towered over the two. His neck was thick, and its muscularity and diameter eliminated the idea that the robe was stuffed. The guy in the robe was a gigantic body of muscle.

“Welcome to the House of Gore and Guts,” the man said. Now, his voice wasn’t a parody of scary anymore. It was deeper, and more genuinely-- creepy.

Jordan and Tiffany looked at each other; Jordan raised his eyebrows in a way that communicated the thought; “weird.” Yet he cracked a bit of a smile, if only to try and put his girlfriend at ease.

The man took one step forward, toward the two, and his figure was lit slightly by a lone spotlight that hung in the peak of the three-story entry. It was dim enough that Jordan and Tiffany hadn’t noticed it before; but now, it lit the short-cropped hair of the man and cast shadows on his face. He looked at Jordan. “I’m so glad you accepted my invitation, Jordan.” He looked up and down the bodybuilder’s physique, and even though it was covered in jeans and a jacket, the man was very pleased at its presence. Then he looked at Tiffany. “And you, my dear...” A

slight grin appeared on his face. "I think you may regret you agreed to come with your boyfriend to this haunted house."

He paused. "...at least until midnight." He slowly drew a deep breath, then sighed. "Then neither of you will ever have another regret again."

He laughed loudly, in a corny sort of laugh, as he looked back at Jordan. The corniness of the laugh once again put the couple at ease.

Yeah, this was fun. A haunted house to remember.

The huge man smiled. "Please, accompany me upstairs. I have some 'interesting' things to show you." His smile turned into a leering grin.

The couple looked at each other and smiled.

The man started up the circular stairway that framed the entryway. Jordan and Tiffany followed, as the wind rattled against the sides of the house, banging a lone shutter somewhere. The fir trees outside bent far in the wind, and the sound swept through the cold house.

"God, this is so cool!" Jordan whispered to Tiffany. "Have you ever seen anything so awesome?"

Tiffany smiled, but it was hard to hide her trepidation.

"Awe come on, Tiff," Jordan prodded. "It's the Pessimist's Club for ChristSakes!" He laughed and held her hand as they ascended the curving steps.

At the top of the white marble stairs, the man directed the couple to follow him down a wide corridor. The passageway was dark; but the huge man activated a button on one of the walls, and eerie, dim sconces brightened slightly, illuminating the hall faintly.

"But please," the man said, "step this way."

The couple followed and were led into a large room with high ceilings. It was dark, and yet a few lights illuminated parts of one of the walls.

As Jordan and Tiffany's eyes adjusted and they were able to distinguish between the shadows, they saw that chained to the wall were people, who were bound and gagged.

"Awesome!" Jordan hissed into Tiffany's ear.

There were two men and one woman. All three of them were in various states of undress.

They were totally realistic. All of them were gagged with rags that were duct-taped around their heads. Some had fake blood oozing out of wounds; some were shaking their heads in a horrifyingly realistic fashion; all had eyes that were as wide as the full moon outside. A few of the figures moaned and groaned-- as if warning the couple of pending doom.

"Tiff--" Jordan said softly, "this is too cool! Have you ever seen anything so realistic? These guys are fantastic!"

Tiffany smiled.

"I am sorry that these guests are tied up at the moment," the man grinned, "but it seems this woman is trying to tell you something."

The woman looked as if she had been half-unconscious, but she bounced up and her face seemed over-animated. Her eyes bulged and they darted at the huge man, as if trying to communicate something. Her duct taped-gag prevented her from verbalizing anything-- as the gags did for the men attached to the wall-- but her eyes and face were fantastic at communicating halloween horror.

Jordan watched the woman as her bugged-out eyes flashed at him, and he smiled. "God-- so realistic," he said.

Jordan moved toward the first man. It was a big man, and he was shirtless. He was large, and it was obvious he was in very good shape, despite the fact that his skin showed marks of blood and bruising-- made to look like he had been beaten.

God, this was a cool haunted house.

Shirtless, the guy's physique was very well developed. Jordan was impressed. Very impressed. The man was maybe in his mid-30's, and despite his wide-eyed frantic expression, Jordan's eyes drifted more to the man's muscular torso than to his frenetic, gagged face.

So realistic.

The muscular man fought against his restraints, and his eyes darted to and fro. His voice, muffled by the gag, was a panicked expression of horror.

So amazingly realistic.

Jordan returned to his girlfriend's side. "Tiff-- this is the best!" His eyes danced with obvious glee.

The host now moved next to the second man. He spoke to the young couple. "Now, I'd like to let you in on a little secret." As he spoke, he put his hand on the crotch of the man next to him. "These people you see, are here because they also received an invitation in the mail, just like you did, Jordan."

The couple looked at each other, and for the first time that evening, Tiffany saw concern on Jordan's face. The concern quickly disappeared, though, as the macho man tried to put on his friendly face. But as soon as his countenance softened, it became stern again as Jordan watched the giant man's hand massage the pants of his prisoner at his genitals.

Surely, this wasn't within the sanctions of the Pessimist's Club.

The captive man thrashed as the host cupped his cock and balls in his hand.

What the... Jordan thought to himself. This is weird.

Then the host moved his body closer to the bound man and nuzzled his neck. He kept on pushing on the guy, even though the guy resisted.

At this point, the giant host-man pulled back from kissing his prisoner's neck. He faced Jordan and Tiffany and slowly opened his robe. He spread his arms wide, revealing the most defined, most developed body you could imagine. As his

black robe fell to the floor, revealing his whole, naked body, Jordan gasped, and Tiffany froze.

The man smiled.

“Do not be alarmed at my presence,” the man spoke. “Believe me, there will be plenty of things to be alarmed at later,” he grinned. He took hold of his genitals and began to stimulate himself.

Jordan took a step forward, wanting to verify what his eyes were seeing.

“What the fuck...?” he said softly. He turned to look at Tiffany, who was ghost-white now.

“Yes, Jordan,” the man said, fondling himself. “This is the haunted house that you will never, ever forget... for the rest of your life.” His hand was doing a fine job on his already large penis, and it grew as he spoke. “...your very, short life.”

Jordan, unsure of anything now, turned back to Tiffany. Maybe she was in on the whole thing? Maybe she knew what was going on?

But no.

Her countenance was one of disbelief, coupled with fear. Jordan knew her well enough to know that she was incapable of acting this well.

“And now,” the overly-developed host continued, “I’d like to show you a little bit of the fun that is in store.” He moved back to the man whom he had been fondling. “That is, fun for me. I doubt that you two will consider it much fun...” His laugh was real this time. Not too loud and showy-- just a genuinely perverted, twisted laugh. He nuzzled into the man attached to the wall. He buried his face in the victim’s neck and moved his hands all over the victim’s body-- feeling all that the body had to offer. Then, the host pulled back, took the man’s forearm in his hand, and with just the strength of his grip, he snapped the victim’s wrist.

You could hear the bone break; the sound echoed through the room. The victim shrieked in pain through his gag, and his head bounced back and forth. His legs rattled against the wall and his whole body vibrated.

Jordan's mouth dropped. The guy could break a man's wrist with just his bare hands?

This was certainly no act; the man was violently in pain.

The host-man pulled back from the shrieking gagged man and walked toward Jordan. He stopped only about a foot from Jordan's face.

"And now, my buff friend, I'd like to add you to my gallery of prisoners." He stared Jordan down.

"Please, take off your clothes-- down to your briefs," the huge man said.

"You gotta be fucking kidding," Jordan said.

The man was bigger than Jordan, but not by much. Jordan was obviously younger, but not by much. The man raised his hands and put them on Jordan's shoulders. Jordan immediately whipped his hands up and flipped the man's arms away.

Then the struggle ensued.

The massive man was an adept wrestler, and in hindsight, Jordan never really had a chance. Tiffany watched, screaming and crying, as Jordan's huge body was easily handled and forced against the wall. In the struggle, the man was able to get Jordan's jacket and shirt off-- the bodybuilder was now wearing only his jeans and footwear. His superb physical development was astounding, obviously better than either of the two men already chained to the wall.

The host, with brute strength, forced Jordan's right hand into a manacle and chained it to the waiting space on the wall. Then his other hand. Jordan's arms were raised, and held by the chains, loosely in a double-biceps pose kind of position.

Jordan continued to fight, kicking his legs wildly every time the man came near, yelling the air blue.

Tiffany cowered and wept. That is, until the man turned toward her. He grabbed her, facing her away from himself, pressing his naked torso against her back. He wrapped his hand around her neck and walked toward Jordan.

"If you don't want to hit your lovely bitch, here," the man said, "you'll stop kicking those big legs of yours."

Jordan settled down.

The host moved closer, forcing Tiffany and Jordan to nearly touch. They both looked deep into the other's eyes, trying to comfort, trying to non-verbally communicate-- something.

"Now, since you're trapped on this wall, Jordo, there's nothing you can do to help her; and I promise you, if you don't cooperate, I'll snap her neck in two, right in front of you. Understood?"

Jordan didn't respond.

"UNDERSTOOD?"

Jordan nodded.

The man pulled Tiffany back. "Now. Keep your legs still so I can fasten you all the way." He released Tiffany so he could work.

"Tiffany! RUN!" Jordan yelled. "RUN RUN! GO!"

Tiffany bolted for the door; she tried the doorknob, but it was locked. Anyway, as soon as she got there, the man was on top of her. The man ripped her away from the door, lifting her into the air as he twisted her back toward Jordan.

"Bad advice, Jordo," he said, breathing heavily. "The doors all lock automatically, and only I know how to open them." As his hyper-muscular torso pressed against Tiffany's back, he moved one hand onto her breasts and slipped it inside her blouse. He grinned lecherously, moving his hand slowly, all over her big boobs.

Jordan panted hard, rattling his chains, but saying nothing. He closed his eyes and nearly started crying. Tiffany closed her eyes as well, as the big, powerful hand gently massaged her breasts.

The other three prisoners watched with visible anger and sadness.

“Any more outbursts like that, Jordo,” the man said as he felt out Tiffany, “and your bitch will be feeling much more than the fantastic feeling of my hand on her boobs-- I promise you.”

The man withdrew his hand and tossed Tiffany to the floor. “But really, you don’t have to worry about me sexually assaulting your bitch.

She’s not my type.” The host stepped very close to Jordan.

At this point, in one last valiant burst, Jordan swift-kicked the host in the nuts-- but the host’s reactions were amazing, and he put his hand down to soften the blow. Still, his eyes watered.

“You IDIOT!” the man yelled, leaning into Jordan’s face. “You think you can do ANYTHING now? I could pull your bitch’s ARMS off with my bare HANDS if I wanted! Your big guns are powerless while you’re shackled to the wall! Keep your fucking legs to yourself!” With that, he spat in Jordan’s face.

The man pulled back, taking a moment to recover from Jordan’s kick. His face was red, and his body glistened with a soft patina of sweat.

He leered at Jordan again. “As I was saying, your bitch is not my type...” He stepped close again, and said, “Tell me Jordo, have you ever heard of the Homo from Hell?”

Jordan’s eyes went wide, and the color ran out of his face. Tiffany, likewise looked horrified. From the looks on the faces of the other prisoners, they also had not been aware of the man’s identity until now.

The host put his hand on Jordan’s crotch and cupped the bodybuilder’s genitals through his jeans.

"You'll never get away with this," Jordan said with just the right combination of anger and hope.

"Oh, but you have no idea how much I've already gotten away with. The authorities have no idea who they're dealing with." His strong hand kept kneading Jordan, although there was no way it was going to arouse him.

Yet.

The man looked up at an old clock on the wall. "Hmmm... not much time before my next guests arrive." He pulled Jordan's shoes and socks off-- easily now. The huge athlete wasn't about to fight anymore. The man pulled Jordan's jeans off too. The young hunk now wore only his boxers. A few quick snaps of ankle shackles, and Jordan was securely chained to the wall.

The man gagged and duct-taped Jordan's mouth. He then removed Tiffany's jacket and some of her clothes and handcuffed her hands behind her back, leaving her free to sit on the floor. She also was gagged and taped.

"Now, my friends," the giant man said, "It's time for me to go downstairs and greet some more guests. But don't worry, I'll be back soon." He smiled an evil grin. "The party is just beginning!" He bent down and grabbed his black robe, put it on, and exited the room. You could hear the door lock behind him.

• • • • •

"WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF GORE AND GUTS," the man laughed at the two who stood in the tall entry hall. "You must be Lance," he said, smiling at the handsome, square-jawed young man. "And you...?" he said, turning toward Lance's date.

"Tammy," the girl said with a smile.

• • • • •

WITHIN MINUTES AFTER THE HOST had left the room, Tiffany was standing next to Jordan. With her hands bound behind her, she nuzzled up to Jordan's muscular, ripped body for comfort-- and to comfort. She cried, as Jordan forced back his tears. He looked around the room for options.

There didn't seem to be any.

She stayed at Jordan's side until there was footfall in the corridor. Then she stepped back as the doorknob turned.

The host entered the room, with his head faced back as he talked to his new guests, "And here, we have the Hall of Horrors," he said as he bid them to follow.

When all three were inside, the door closed behind them and locked. At first, Lance and Tammy's reaction was a mix of hopeful fun and incredulity.

God, this looked realistic. The people were fantastic actors.

But the fun and games soon stopped. The host threw open his black robe and revealed his stunning body. Totally naked now, he grinned at them as the robe fell to the floor.

The couple gasped in unison.

Naked? What kind of Haunted House does THIS? Lance thought. He looked at Tammy who was clearly embarrassed, and perplexed. Fear showed in her eyes. He looked back at the man, and then at the bound people against the wall. He couldn't speak. If he communicated real fear, well-- then if this WAS a total put-on, he'd be really embarrassed when it was over. Didn't want to hear the "gotcha" at the end of the night.

But if it was real...

It couldn't be real, could it? I mean... if it was real, this was beyond horrifying.

But nudity?

“Lance, I can see your mind is full of questions,” the naked host said kindly.
“Allow me to put you at ease.”

Lance breathed deeply; Tammy snuggled against him for assurance.

“Here,” the man said, extending his hand, “Tammy, let me show you.”

The couple didn’t move. Trepidation filled their expressions.

The man stepped close and took Tammy’s hand. She pulled back, but the man persisted. Lance didn’t know what to do.

“Surely the Pessimist’s Club would be please with your hesitance,” the man smiled, keeping his hand extended. “Their Haunted House must be a success, if you are reluctant...” the man’s grin was evil. He finally reached down and pulled Tammy’s hand from Lance and pulled her toward himself. He wrapped her petite body with two of the biggest arms ever.

Tammy objected. Her body was pressed to the man’s lean nakedness.

“Hey!” Lance said.

The man ignored him. He pulled Tammy over to a couch, reached down and handcuffed her hands behind her, just like he had done with Tiffany.

The chained people watched, intently-- some rattling their chains, some completely still.

Lance was not a man of action. The questions about the situation paralyzed him; this made it easier for the host to overtake the stud. In fact, Lance was so overwhelmed with fear, the host never even needed to bind Lance. While the man undressed Lance, and the teen put up a small protest, the host grabbed one of Lance’s fingers, bent it back and said, “If you resist, I’ll snap this right off.”

That was all Lance needed to become submissive.

After Lance’s beautiful body was totally exposed to everyone, the host stepped to a wall where a large bed was located. The bed was on wheels, and the host pushed it to the center of the room so that it was located close to his captors. He turned up a spotlight that now illuminated the bed.

He sat on the bed, patted the mattress beside him and called to Lance, who, although he hesitated, found himself sitting next to the man a moment later. Filled with horror until this point, Lance now found the man's hand on his thigh and as the host gently rubbed Lance's leg, the hopeless muscle-addict started getting hard. He looked at the host's unbelievable body and felt the soft touch on his leg. Somehow the group of onlookers, which included his date, disappeared from his awareness. Now there was only this ripped muscleman-- bigger than any of Lance's fantasies-- gently rubbing his leg.

The man told Lance to lie back onto the bed, and Lance obeyed. The man encouraged Lance to move up to the pillows and soon both of them were lying next to each other: the host on his side, facing Lance, and Lance on his back, sporting a hard-on that throbbed.

The host rubbed up and down Lance's muscular body now, his abs, his chest, his arms and shoulders-- and then down to his jet-black pubes and his legs. Each time the host's hand passed Lance's genitals, it barely missed them. His hand stopped and investigated the black forest, nuzzling fingertips into the darkness. Lance's cock bobbed in response, dribbling shiny pre-cum onto his torso.

Of course Lance was conflicted. He was being outed! By this madman! But his resolve, puny from the start, was even punier now; and despite having his true sexuality now displayed in front of Tammy and everybody, he was at a loss to resist the overtures of this man of incredible muscle and strength.

The gentle body rubbing continued for about ten minutes before the host leaned forward and brought his lips to Lance's. Lance shuddered.

He'd never been with a man before. As the host's tongue began to slow-dance with his own, Lance's cock-- having not been directly stimulated-- began shooting rope after rope of hot cream. It squirted onto his torso, and onto the host as well.

The host moaned as they kissed.

Tammy watched in disbelief. How could this man have such power over Lance? She thought. She didn't want to admit to herself what Lance's response to this sexual stimulation meant. She honestly thought it was something the host was

mysteriously forcing Lance to do, unaware that Lance was actually lost in lust-- horrified lust, but lust nonetheless.

The others in the room turned their heads, or watched, or thumped the wall, as each was inclined to do.

The man held Lance's cock now, and applied pressure. Lance's body writhed in pleasure and his sexual spasms were invigorated. The man moved on top of Lance and spread his legs. The man was erect; it was a huge, thick cock. He leaned forward and put his hands on the outside of Lance's broad shoulders. Slowly he went in; and Lance cried out.

"Oh, Lance," the man said, "you don't know the meaning of pain, yet." He pushed in farther and Lance yelled louder.

Tammy cried. The others looked away and tried to block out the yelling-- in vain, of course.

Inserted all the way, the man held still for a moment, wrapping his body all around the teenager. Then, the real horror of the night began.

With inhuman strength, the man pushed himself up; his cock pulled Lance with him. He maneuvered himself and Lance on the bed, over to the edge, and then stood up with Lance impaled on him. The teen was in obvious pain. His back was bent so that his hips were rotated enough that his anus pressed down on the host's inserted member. Lance's legs were thus spread wide, into the air. The man held Lance's shoulders.



The man turned and faced the others; he put his hand on the back of Lance's head and pulled it into his neck. Any of the others who had previously turned their head, now looked, amazed.

The host stepped toward the group and stopped. He addressed Lance, as the teen's head was nuzzled against his neck-- they were ear-to-ear. "Tell me, Lance, do you like this?"

Lance only moaned.

"Let me hear you say yes," the man taunted. "Do you like this?" The man bucked his hips.

Lance moaned again.

The man held one of Lance's fingers, like before.

"Yes."

"Good," the man smiled. "Because this is how you are going to die-- impaled on my rod."

You could hear gasps through the gags.

The man, and Lance, moved toward the wall, to the first man. He pressed Lance against the man, making a kind of Lance sandwich. The host rubbed noses with the bound man and started fucking Lance, flexing his ass muscles as he got into a rhythm.

Lance called out in pain.

Tammy and Tiffany watched, occasionally looking away, occasionally huddling close to each other for comfort. Both cried.

As the host got close to orgasm, his bucking naturally became more intense.

The prisoner turned his head away and moved his arms and legs against the binding chains.

The fuck lasted only about ten minutes. The host began to moan loudly, his thick, hard rod pummeling Lance's ass to mush. Lance never stopped moaning and crying-- until, toward the end, when the giant host started cumming in Lance's ass. Then, the host took both hands and placed them on Lance's head. He brought their faces together and he kissed Lance deeply. It was obvious the host was cumming. His muscular back muscles moved like waves. His arms flexed as he held Lance's head.

Then, as he yelled out in ecstasy, the host pulled his head back. His strong arms held Lance's head still. Victim and victor stared into each other's eyes. The man snapped Lance's neck to the left with a swift, powerful jerk.

You could hear the snap.

The man snapped Lance's head the other way; and then he took his fingers and wrapped them around Lance's neck, cracking it, strangling it, forcing the life out of the gorgeous young man's body.

Lance's body went limp.

The host kept pummeling, not quite done with his orgasm.

The prisoner on the wall-- his eyes bugged out.

The host let go of Lance's head and it dropped to one side; he now stared into the horrified eyes of the prisoner. He kept humping.

The prisoner, realizing that a dead body now pressed against him, got sick. He began to vomit, but of course the gag and tape made that a very messy, and dangerous situation. He began to choke on his own vomit. It sprayed out his nose.

The host kept fucking Lance's dead body.

Tiffany and Tammy were too horrified to even scream into their gags.

Jordan and the other prisoners were beyond terrified.

The vomiting prisoner thrashed. He couldn't breathe. The vomit continued to fill his mouth and nose. He probably would have died on his own, but as the host bucked his hips one more time, squeezing the last of his cum into Lance's virgin, dead ass, he pinched the prisoner's nose, closing off any hope of air (although the streaming vomit was already doing a pretty good job of that). The man continued to thrash, rattling the chains, banging against the wall. There was nowhere for his vomit to go, and the host wasn't letting go of his nose. In fact, the host's strong hand got an even better grip, and he snapped the nose to the side, breaking it-- eliciting an even more robust response from the prisoner.

Jordan began crying. Tears ran down his face, and he drew in quick, desperate breaths through his nose.

In a minute, the prisoner was dead. His limp body slumped toward Lance's.

The man stepped back, holding Lance's shoulders again, but now the teen was total dead weight. No matter; the host turned away from the dead prisoner and held onto Lance, wrapping his big arms around the teen's limp body. He looked at Tammy. "So sorry, honey," he smiled. "Looks like you're going to have to drive yourself home tonight."

As he forced Lance up off his still-erect cock and lowered him to the floor, he looked back at Tammy and smiled, "Oh-- but I forgot. You won't be leaving here alive either!" He laughed at his macabre humor.

• • • • •

[an hour later...]

AFTER KILLING THE WOMAN who was chained to the wall, that left the two handcuffed girls, the second man on the wall, and Jordan. The host never went limp.

He opened a drawer on a credenza and pulled out a syringe. He gave the shot to Jordan, in the arm. "There," he smiled. "That ought to do it." The host stood close to Jordan. "The shot should take only a few minutes to work." He began to play with the elastic of Jordan's boxers.

He looked down at the tight, narrow waistline into which Jordan's twin rows of astounding ab muscles poured. A small glory trail of brown hair led south, and the host's hand began to enjoy the cobblestone display and its light fur. The man felt Jordan's substantial member through the thin cotton fabric. It was getting hard. "Nice," he said. "The shot is working. You see, I know I could bring you to erection on my own, but this will be faster." He grinned as he continued to grasp, and relax his fingers on the hardness beneath the cotton. Jordan looked away, crying again.

Tiffany cowered in a corner, with Tammy.

The host pulled Jordan's boxers apart with a rip. He tossed them aside. Jordan's cock grew, and the host helped it along with delicate ministrations of his fingertips. He kissed one of Jordan's nipples, letting his tongue move around the silver-dollar-sized areola. The nipple hardened into a peanut, and the man sucked it lightly as Jordan's penis grew so hard that it pressed against his abs. The man ran his open hand up it, and then down it again, fondling Jordan's tight balls in his fingers. He pulled down on the sacs, tightening the entire skin of the phallus. Pre-cum oozed out the slit. The man bent to kiss it up.

"Delicious," he said, licking his lips as he stood erect.

He moved away now, toward Tiffany. He pulled her up and walked her toward Jordan. "Stand here, bitch. And watch. Watch closely as I make your big, strong, powerful muscleman boyfriend cum. Don't look away." He positioned her at Jordan's side, facing her boyfriend and himself. "Every time you look away, every time you close your eyes-- or if I think you're ignoring what is going on here-- I will break one of Jordo's fingers."

Tiffany gulped hard through her nose, trying to control her fear.

The man stood directly in front of Jordan now. He was tall-- and big.

He lifted his arms in a double-biceps pose and flexed for Jordan. His arms were beyond huge. Jordan looked at them. The host moved to another pose. Then another. Between poses, he sometimes felt Jordan's raging hard-on-- sometimes he'd feel other parts of Jordan's body.

Sometimes he'd kiss his chest.

Tiffany dutifully watched.

The man pressed his gigantic body against Jordan's. He rammed his cock into Jordan's. He moved his hands all over the massive bodybuilder. He kneeled now, and Jordan's cock stood in front of his face. The host kissed it, and began licking it.

Jordan reacted.

Tiffany tried to look away, but caught herself. It was a good thing, too, because the host looked over at her at just that moment. He leered at her as his long tongue ran up her boyfriend's impossibly hard member. Her eyes were filled with tears; but she continued watching. The host's tongue left a shiny wet path on Jordan's thick cock-- the cock that Tiffany had held, sucked-- the cock that her powerful boyfriend had countlessly fucked her with.

Jordan, obviously filled with horror, nonetheless had a hard time resisting the stimulation. Maybe it was the effects of the shot, but his penis seemed hypersensitive to the erotic licking and kissing. Tiffany had never given a blow job like this.

The man's mouth began to wrap over Jordan's penis head and descend onto it. He had to use one hand to pull it away from Jordan's torso so he could go down on it. It was that hard.

As his lips wrapped and wriggled down the shaft, Jordan shuddered through his gag. His body jerked with the pleasure. The host opened his throat to fully receive Jordan-- something Tiffany, or any other girl for that matter, was ever able to do.

The host put his fingertips under Jordan's balls and tickled lightly.

That did it.

Jordan's cock shot up a round of cum into the host's mouth. He moaned and his body spasmed. It flexed hard, and all of his muscles rippled.

Tiffany had no reaction, other than to continue crying.

Jordan's jizz began to fill the man's mouth. He turned more intent and twisted his head, tightened his lips, and increased his tempo, giving

Jordan's cock quick, hard sucks.

When Jordan was finally done, the man came off the wet penis and stood. Jordan was obviously exhausted.

"You liked that, didn't you," the man stated, more than asked. "But now its time for some real fun." He tore Tiffany's clothes off and drew her close. He began kissing her.

She gave no resistance. Her will was broken.

Jordan, groggy, couldn't even deal with it. His mind was numb.

The man lifted Tiffany up and skewered her on his cock, ramming her onto himself. Her gag barely muffled her scream. Her feet dangled way above the floor.

The host moved back to Jordan, and presented the backside of Tiffany to him, pushing her against her boyfriend as the giant host raped her. His hips bucked.

"Jordo, I'm afraid I'm not really into this vagina thing," the man said. The heads of the three were only inches apart. "I'm going to need to undo your gag so I can kiss you. That'll help me to concentrate on something more... stimulating. But I'm going to warn you, if you resist, call out or do anything to interrupt me, I'll break your bitch's fingers, one at a time. It will be very, very painful for her."

Jordan didn't respond, and the host took that as understanding.

Jordan's gag was removed, and for a brief moment, his listless resignation to this torture turned to a teeth-bared growl. He restrained himself, but did a fine job at communicating his rage.

"Yes, I understand you're probably a little angry, Jordo," the man mocked. "But remember my threat. I always make good on my threats."

The man resumed bucking his hips, moving his cock inside Tiffany's body, rubbing her backside against Jordan's muscular torso. He leaned into Jordan's face and kissed. He started with just the lips; Jordan was still unpredictable and it would take some time before the host would dare insert his tongue. But as the moments went on, and the fucking began to take on a certain familiar rhythm, Jordan's own cock pressed against Tiffany's ass. He had not gotten limp, and the shot was definitely still working. The stimulation of her ass got him even harder, if that were possible-- despite these impossible circumstances. Yeah, the shot was still working.

Jordan's arousal eventually reduced his resistance and he found himself so distracted that he actually began to accept the host's kissing. In fact, it was Jordan, with closed eyes, who was first to venture his tongue into the other's mouth.

Yeah-- the shot was definitely still working.

The host sucked on Jordan's tongue lustily, and Jordan seemed to almost like that. Within minutes, as the host fucked his girlfriend against him, Jordan was both giving and receiving tongue.

The host ran his hands up and down Jordan's muscles; each time he was near orgasm, he slowed down, and pulled back on the throttle.

He wanted to make this last.

Jordan was getting higher and higher. His cock dripped pre-cum onto Tiffany's lower back. He was getting so close.

Finally, the host could tell Jordan was approaching climax. He slowed his rhythm to draw out the time for Jordan. When he could no longer resist, Jordan yelled out-- much like he did whenever he and Tiffany fucked (alone). Tiffany recognized the sequence of profanity-- Jordan always cussed when he came inside her.

Immediately, the host wrapped his hands around Tiffany's neck and tightened his fingers. He snapped her neck-- twice. She stopped breathing, and went limp.

Jordan sprayed streams of his hot milk onto her lifeless back.

Watching Jordan cum all over his dead girlfriend, the man reached climax. His body thumped as he let loose his fluid, filling her body.

Jordan, fully aware that his girlfriend was dead, couldn't muster the wherewithal to process the facts. His orgasm-- whether accentuated by the shot, or just the immense power of the host-- was so powerful that he just continued to yell as his hips rocked, forcing himself against Tiffany's ass.

Now, the host began yelling too, and together the two muscle giants fucked Tiffany's body to a pulp.

The host watched Jordan's gorgeous face, which was anchored by that bull neck of his. As Jordan slowed down on the back side of his orgasm, the host put his hands on the bodybuilder's big arms. He moved his hands up onto the shoulders-- god those delts were huge-- he slowly moved onto Jordan's traps. Jordan's penis jerked again a few times as the host wrapped his hands around the bodybuilder's neck.

Jordan's eyes grew.

The host, still well within a very healthy, active orgasm, let a very slight smile appear on his face as his powerful hands wrapped around Jordan's linebacker neck.

"Nooooooooo!" Jordan hoarsely hollered. He tried to tighten his neck in response to the host's closing grip.

And actually, Jordan gave the host more resistance than any of his previous victims. It took a bit of work. His powerful arms bulged as his forearms rippled; he clearly had to work hard for this.

The two remaining prisoners-- the man on the wall next to Jordan, and Tammy, in handcuffs-- watched the unbelievable strength of the man as his hand slowly jerked Jordan's head. Jordan yelled out, but his neck was not broken. The man wrestled, even as he continued shooting Tiffany full of white-hot milk. His back and arms were sickeningly detailed mounds of muscle-- all moving in concert toward a unified goal. The man jerked Jordan's head again, and tightened. Jordan coughed. His body flailed, hitting the wall, clanging the chains.

A third twist, and this time, Jordan's muscular neck gave way. His head snapped to the left.

But he wasn't dead yet.

Jordan was still breathing, albeit barely.

The host pulled back, lifted Tiffany's limp body to the side and threw it to the floor. He lifted up Jordan's mammoth legs. Jordan, barely conscious, could do nothing as the host's still squirting cock was rammed up into his ass. The man renewed his fucking-- this time in

Jordan's rectum, pushing organs aside, providing a strong, straight support to the insides of Jordan's weak body.

One of Jordan's last sensations was that of feeling the host's hot semen fill his ass. It was hot-- or at least warm. The man kissed Jordan-- hard-- as he came and came.

Then, it was over-- for a little while. The man's orgasm stopped. Yet he stood there, pressed up against his prey. He stood there, occasionally caressing Jordan's formerly powerful body. He stayed inside Jordan for a half hour-- easily. Then he started to buck again.

The two prisoners watched, unbelieving, as the man fucked Jordan's barely alive body again.

Then at the man's second orgasm, Jordan's neck was snapped again, and his air was cut off by the man's strong hands. The big jock was dead.

And the man came.

And came.

As the morning light began to glint into window located high above, at the top of the tall room, the man continued to hold himself against Jordan-- his prize victim.

The two prisoners watched as he came a total of five times, never having withdrawn from Jordan's ass.