

HOMO FROM HELL

by Sean Reid Scott



[Author's note: This story contains sex acts between men, AND ALSO DEALS WITH REALLY HORRIFIC VIOLENCE DURING SEX, and is thus intended for ADULTS ONLY. If you are not an *adult* who wants to read this kind of smut, AND IF YOU CAN'T STOMACH THE VIOLENCE, please do not continue.]

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he county was being terrorized, and the police didn't seem to have any clues as to who the serial killer was-- at least they weren't releasing much information to the public. Consequently, residents were arming themselves, locking the doors and windows and some just up and left town to stay with relatives until the strangler was caught.

That's what they called him-- the strangler. He had killed eleven people over the summer months. The police knew it was the same guy; the county had had only two murders the entire previous year, and the m.o. was the same in every strangling.

The bizarre thing about the murders was that you'd expect all the victims to be women; but they weren't. In fact, only one victim was a woman, and it was reported that she happened to get home while the strangler was killing her husband and he knocked her off to get rid of the witness.

The men had all been raped anally before they were murdered.

Thus, some of the townsfolk started calling the perp the Homo from Hell.

Ben Walker was home from college during the summer, staying with his parents. His mom had insisted that they leave town and stay with her sister's family in

Atherton, but Ben's dad didn't go without a fight. When they actually did get the car packed up for the trip, Ben's dad was still fuming about having to run away like this. Ben had a summer job in town and so his mom gave "permission" for him to stay with one of his buddies from high school. At least Ben wouldn't be alone, his mom thought.

Ben could take care of himself, though. He was, in a word, *built*. Not many kids from this rural area of the state got into bodybuilding, or even weightlifting of any kind, so whenever Ben went into town, the local's heads turned at the sight of his broad shoulders, thick, powerful arms, and massive chest-- not to mention his gigantic legs.

Yeah, Ben was big-- and powerful. Could've probably won any amateur bodybuilding contest he might have entered, but he was holding off 'til next year-- wanting to get even bigger-- a fact that made his buddies shake their heads in wonder.

Despite the kid's mind-blowing physique, his mom insisted that he be with someone during the night-- the time when the strangler almost always struck. Ben's buddy, Rod, was a cool dude and Ben enjoyed his company, but to be honest, Ben was kind of a loner. He preferred to stay at home. So, after a few nights at Rod's house, Ben decided to make his way back home and thus violate his mom's orders. She could be pretty bitchy, and Ben knew there'd be hell to pay if she found out, but he'd deal with that if it happened. He figured there really wasn't anything to fear; the strangler never used a weapon-- just his bare hands, according to the forensics-- a startling fact when you thought about it, but true nonetheless. But Ben knew he could handle himself in a fight with just about anyone. (Never mind the fact that the strangler never went after small guys; he always seemed to stalk bigger, beefier men.)

Anyway, it was a Friday night and Ben got home from work-- to the empty house-- and changed out of his work clothes, into a tank top and denim shorts. He finished washing his car and plopped his ass in his dad's recliner chair with a beer and the TV tuned to a DVD of "Girls Gone Wild" that he had bought while in school. He watched the video with his left hand on his crotch, nursing an ever-growing hard-on, and his right hand on his Coors. God, he loved big boobs.

A thud on the back patio gave Ben a start. His heart, already at an elevated rate because of the subject matter on the TV, increased beating-- not only faster, but heavier, too.

Ben grabbed the remote and turned down the sound. He cocked his head to listen for any more sounds.

Only minimal TV sounds and the soft whirr of the ceiling fan-- and his own heartbeat-- could be heard.

Just as he placed his finger on the volume button to turn it back up, he heard another noise-- this one a bit softer-- maybe the back screen door closing? Whatever it was, someone had to be back there.

Ben slowly, silently stood up. He turned down the TV all the way and sat the remote back down. He trained his eyes on the door leading to the kitchen. He would need to walk through there to get to the back porch. Like a cat, he made no noise as he crossed the room. He looked for something he could use as a weapon; his dad had taken the hand gun when he left, and the shotgun was locked up upstairs in the spare room. He slightly crouched as he made his way into the kitchen. The lights were off in there, and outside the twilight had almost turned into complete darkness. His eyes slowly adjusted from staring at the bright TV to the shadowy gloaming.

As he crept through the kitchen, not having found anything appropriate to arm himself with, he slowly poked his head around the corner to see the back porch.

A searing flash of hard metal hit Ben's skull from behind, nearly knocking him out. He didn't fall to the floor, but he did see stars. Immediately, a banging sound rang out. Whatever had hit him-- the perp had dropped the weapon on the floor. It sounded like one of his mom's iron pans or something. As Ben grabbed his head, reeling in pain, two huge, thick forearms wrapped around his neck and pulled him backward. The perp was obviously a really big man. Ben was almost six and a half feet tall, and well into the 230 pound range; and the guy on his back was just as tall, and he felt like his mass was way heavier than Ben's.

However much the dude weighed, his strength was overwhelming. He easily pulled Ben backward and held him. Granted, Ben had been surprised, and he was suffering from a possible concussion now, but regardless, the strangler who held him had the power of an ox.

Ben struggled. He grabbed the forearms that choked his neck and found his hands unable to move them. Muscles cabled into rock beneath his hands, keeping their hold on the young hunk very, very secure.

Ben kicked. He forced the guy's legs apart, but the guy quickly recovered. Ben's mind reeled, searching for a way to get out of this guy's vise grip. Then, in an instant, he inhaled quickly and tightened his abs. With a jerk, he doubled over and-- nearly hitting his head on the floor-- flipped the guy over the top of his body. The guy's feet actually hit the ceiling as he went over the top of Ben and ended up on his back on the porch floor. Ben put one hand on his neck and steadied himself with the other hand on his knee as he bent forward, panting heavily.

He watched as the guy moaned and recovered. The guy stood up slowly, but before Ben could mount an offensive, the guy stood tall, and-- well, Ben froze. He nearly gasped. The guy was the most massive, muscled man Ben had ever seen-- in person, in magazines, on TV-- *anywhere!* And we're not just talking big, fat size either. The guy would have been able to take down anyone in any kind of bodybuilding contest. Just freaky definition everywhere-- he looked like he had

absolutely no body fat. Looking at all that insane muscle, Ben seriously wondered how he had been able to flip the guy like he had. Really, the guy almost didn't look human. I mean, it was like he was so big and so defined, he looked like he belonged in some kind of comic book or something. Shirtless, the guy had an intricate network of vascularity and muscle definition, covering freakin' *unreal* size.

"Whoa," the man smiled, dusting himself off, "you caught me off guard, there man. I don't think anyone's done that before." He looked at Ben with two of the most piercing, glowing-- dare I say, *evil* eyes you could imagine. His eyes (and the rest of his body) while exuding a certain gorgeous appeal, were enough to make Ben feel sick-- not to mention deathly afraid.

Despite the overwhelming proportions of his opponent, Ben instinctively jumped forward and thrust his broad shoulder into the ribcage of the guy, intending to slam him onto the floor. His effort was only slightly successful, knocking the guy off balance enough to have to step back to catch himself. A blow that would have violently taken out any other man barely made this guy shift his feet! And like I said before, Ben was *no pushover!*

The perp grabbed Ben by his denim shorts and held him. But Ben wasn't very cooperative. He thrashed and punched the guy, but with limited results. The guy *did* react and have to respond to the blows, but they clearly didn't have the desired-- nor expected-- results. With an impatient demeanor, the guy pulled Ben out the back door and Ben's thrashing and squirming caused both of them to trip across the landing of the porch and fall the three steps to the dirt driveway that wound behind the country house. They struggled on the ground for a bit, but really, there was never any question as to who was in control.

As the guy dragged Ben across the driveway toward the barn, Ben felt a feeling he had almost never felt in his life-- certainly not since he was a little kid: panic.

The perp pushed the heavy wooden door to the side and pulled Ben inside the pitch black building. Long ago it had been the home to four horses, but in recent years it had fallen into a state of disrepair, being used by Ben's dad mostly as a storage/ junk building. There wasn't much in there but a couple of old lawn mowers, a compressor, some broken furniture and a bunch of boxes of household discards.

The man-handler flipped on the light and Ben's face filled with horror as his eyes lit on the sight at the other end of the barn. Seems the perp had been here awhile, and had prepared the place for-- well, Ben didn't want to consider what this setup was for. The lights had been aimed to shine on the area beneath a heavy beam that was supported by two posts. From the beam hung two chains with a set of handcuffs on the end.

Ben struggled anew, but it was as if the scene here had invigorated the perp, and his strength-- and resolve-- was renewed. Ben couldn't budge him. In a few moments, Ben found himself cuffed to the chains, with his arms outstretched. The muscle-freak simply used his brute strength to force the young bodybuilder into the

cuffs. Ben stood on the floor of the barn and despite flailing his legs, he found his ankles soon secured the same way as his wrists.

The guy stood in front of Ben, wearing only a pair of ragged cutoffs and an evil grin. His upper body made Ben light-headed, and his legs were indescribable-- he was *that* big and ripped.

The guy slowly walked around Ben's restrained body, eyeing it like a collector who had just bought an antique Tucker at an auto show.

Ben thrashed, rattling the chains.

The perp walked to the front of the bodybuilder and grabbed the kid's blue tank top at the neck.

Ben could smell the muscle of the guy. He smelled like strength-- like powerful manliness.

The guy slowly tightened his arms and with very little effort he tore Ben's tank top shirt from top to bottom. Then he tore the arm openings and tossed the rag of fabric to the side. He eyed Ben's muscular torso, obviously pleased.

"You pervert!" Ben shouted out, almost crying.

"Careful boy," the man said, his face stern. "I can make this a *lot* more painful than it has to be." He kept staring at Ben's face and slowly tightened his traps, growing them into two balls of muscle. Then his delts tightened and grew, and soon his whole exposed body was moving like a symphony of muscle-- held in a most-muscular pose that would have thrown any competitive bodybuilder into a deep depression. The perp relaxed and said, "One more word out of you and these muscles will be a punishing force you will *regret* challenging."

Ben, for all his fear, found his cock thickening at the sight of all that unholy muscle mass. *What the hell?* he thought. He was no faggot.

The guy stepped forward again and put his fingers inside Ben's waistline and his thumbs on the outside. His muscles tensed again, right in front of Ben's wide eyes, and he popped the button on Ben's jeans shorts and pulled the zipper all the way open. The guy bared his teeth as he did this, and once again, Ben found his cock responding to this most base of muscular expressions. The guy had a thick, thick neck-- to go with all of his other muscles-- and his proportions, while obviously overdone, were in total agreement with each other-- making for such a perfect display of male pulchritude that the totally het Ben couldn't help but feel his stomach move up into his throat. He found it hard to breathe.

The guy stepped back, and seeing Ben's reaction, chuckled. "It's okay, dude. A lot of guys react this way." He extended his arm forward and turned his palm downward, toward Ben's torso, sticking his hand inside Ben's shorts, but still outside of Ben's boxers. He gently pushed inside. The very thin cotton fabric felt to

Ben like *nothing* was between his cock and the perp's gentle grip. The perp barely smiled; he looked deep into Ben's eyes as he held the kid's genitals, as if he were watching-- searching-- to see his reaction.

Ben closed his eyes in shame. He gritted his teeth and twisted his head away.

The perpetrator didn't move, save for an occasional twitching of his fingers as he coaxed the college kid a little further into erection. Satisfied that his hand was having the desired effect, the perp withdrew his palm and stepped back. He looked at Ben's crotch. Clearly the young man was growing.

The perp changed tactics. He undid his raggedy shorts and pulled them downward, struggling to force them over his silo-sized legs. Eventually he was able to step out of them. He looked up at Ben, who now had opened his eyes again. The muscle-freak pulled down his boxers and stepped out of them.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

Ben gulped. He just stared. He knew his jaw was wide open, but he couldn't help it.

The guy seemed to tighten his entire body, and it rippled with wave upon wave of muscle. Abs that looked like conduits, arms that were like metal beams, and the most insanely gigantic legs in the world! Despite his obviously devious intentions, the perp's smile was hypnotic. Truly his good looks matched his unbelievable physique.

Ben's cock grew even more, and before the guy could even raise his arms to flex his biceps for the kid, Ben's penis popped out of his boxers and dribbled precum like a sink faucet that needed a new gasket. Ben even squeaked out a few noises-- not really moans; but clearly something involuntarily that his body was doing in response to this body-freak.

Ben almost passed out, but just in time he took a breath. He had forgotten to inhale as his eyes had been tracing the rivers, mountains, valleys and hills of this guy's musculature.

The guy's horribly huge arms were now bent, flexing into two bowling-balls. It was freaky-unreal. Someone not into bodybuilding might have been repulsed by the abnormal development, but not Ben. His appreciation for bodybuilding-- the reason he went into the sport while at college anyway-- was now fulfilled. His innocent interest in male physical development now zenithed into animal lust for this being standing before him.

Even someone turned off by bodybuilding could not have resisted this guy's compelling development. He seemed to somehow *grab* your desires and twist them around his muscular fingers, manipulating you to lust.

The guy hit a few more poses, and Ben's precum kept oozing and dribbling out, eventually soaking his boxers, and their wetness threatening to drench the opened-zipper of his denim shorts.

"Dude, you can't enjoy yourself like that," the guy smiled, looking at the fabric constricting Ben's genitals. He stepped forward and with one motion, ripped both the boxers and the shorts right off Ben. Now both men were naked.

The guy watched, smiling, as Ben's now free cock rose into the air. It actually hurt the young man, it throbbed so much.

"Yeah, you know I think you're actually going to *like* being raped, dude," the perp said. He grinned and added, "At least right *now* you *think* you're going to like it." He looked down at his own elephant-sized cock and said, "But when this thing snakes up your muscle ass, I think you're going to have a slightly less pleasant reaction." His lecherous grin once again turned Ben's lust into nausea as the kid seemed to come to realize what was about to happen.

The perp stepped close to Ben, and moved his hands all over the young man's hard body. He embraced him. He nuzzled his face into Ben's neck.

Ben nearly orgasmed right there, at the feeling of the guy's huge body pressing against his own, full-on. *God, this muscle-freak could take you from sick to lust in five seconds!* Now, for the first time since he had been strung up with the chains, Ben SO wished for freedom-- not to get away, but so he could wrap his arms around the muscle that now nuzzled the front of his body.

The man slowly, slightly bucked his hips, tilting himself against Ben's dripping boner, and Ben moaned breathily. The young dude whimpered as his lungs failed to maintain control. The perp held himself against Ben for quite a few minutes, allowing his hands to feel out the young man's muscles-- his arms, back, chest, and especially his taut, hard ass. He fingered the hole, in preparation for the impending deed.

As the crickets and frogs crescendoed into their nighttime chorus outside, the perp moved to Ben's back side. Now fully stimulated by the kid's body, the man's cock dribbled its own special sauce onto the small of the kid's back. He rotated his hips so he could force his cock down to an angle that allowed the head to nestle against Ben's sphincter. Someone viewing this sight from the perp's rear would surely have cum right then and there.

Ben awakened a bit, from his lust-induced trance, now that the the guy was out of sight. He seemed to understand anew what was happening, and he tightened his ass muscles in fear.

The perp took his fingertips and kneaded Ben's flexing-hard glutes until the kid's ass turned to putty. Unable to maintain resistance against this animal's powerful gripping, Ben was forced to relax-- and the man lost no time in taking this opportunity.

His glossy, slick plumb of a head slobbered against Ben's sphincter, and with a firm, yet gentle thrust, Ben found his ass hole being separated-- invaded-- for the first time in his life. (Well, okay, that time with Johnny Nelson didn't really count because he was only nine at the time.) Ben's tender rectal muscles closed around the lip of the guy's cock head with a whimper from his throat. The guy put his hands on Ben's wide lats, steadying himself for the next bit of the journey. He was slow-- painfully slow. Ben cringed; his body tightened-- god it hurt. It hurt *bad*.

"Ammmmffhggghh," Ben whimpered again as the guy moved in more. His butt quivered.

But still the guy pushed in. Slowly.

"God, kid. You have a really nice ass," the guy whispered into Ben's ear.

Humiliation and weakness-- that's all that Ben could comprehend. He wanted to die. Except for the fact that his young, strong body was somehow nearing an irreversible, unstoppable course. As the perp slithered in those last few millimeters, Ben's iron-hard cock began to spray the dark room with glue-like globs of semen. As the ropes plopped onto the dirt, dust raised into the air in their wake.

Ben's ass tightened with a force that surprised the perp, squishing and wrapping itself around the guy's tree-branch sized pole. The guy tightened it-- steeling it against the onslaught of Ben's flexing butt.

Ben called out, throwing his head back onto the perp's shoulder, and his jizm continued to splatter on the dusty, dirty floor of the dimly-lit barn. One burst of the kid's semen squirt so far as to land on an open box of his mom's antique table cloths. *That* was going to leave a stain.

The perp hugged Ben now, his cock quivering inside the kid's throbbing rectum. The guy moved his hands up and down Ben's lean body, seeming to coax as much cum out of him as possible. He pinched Ben's large nipples-- something no girl knew quite how to do-- something that only Ben himself had mastered during his many self-pleasure sessions (some of which had taken place in this very barn), but that this muscle-freak somehow knew exactly how to do. Renewed by this tit-twisting, Ben threw out some more intense blasts of his man-milk. Then the freak moved his hands downward. He placed his left hand at the base of Ben's ejaculating penis, moving his fingers into the crack between Ben's leg and his cock. The perp's thumb slid into Ben's trimmed pubes then onto the top of the base of the cock. Almost imperceptibly, the freak changed the trajectory of Ben's blasts, just by minutely moving his thumb. His right hand moved onto Ben's cock. He didn't squeeze it; he just kept his fingers open, feeling the urethra expand and contract as the shots moved through the shaft. Then he gave Ben a long, sensual stroke, and the lad's eyes rolled back into his head as he blasted out a gigantic wad of jizz. The freak just kept holding, tickling, kissing and caressing until Ben was dry.

The conversion from Ben's orgasm to the muscle-freak's didn't take long. While Ben's dick still flinched with an occasional flex, the perp, with only a few brief,

tender rocks of his hips, began to unload a hell-fire barrage of acid-hot semen into Ben's ass.

All Ben could think, as his ass was force-filled with this hot mixture, was that the muscle-freak might indeed lose total control of his orgasm! The guy went nuts! He yelled and jerked more violently than Ben imagined a man could do while cumming. Ben screamed out in pain-- the guy's powerful body writhed in pleasure; it flexed and tightened, jerking hard with each volley, sending shock waves of pain through Ben's muscular body. The last thing Ben remembered was the feeling of the perp's rhythmic ejaculations filling his body... and the feeling of strong, powerful fingers as they wrapped around his thick, linebacker neck.

The cops would be presented with their most troubling incident thus far, in the case of the strangler. This would be the first time they found a victim strung up in chains like this. But they knew it was the same perpetrator: the indentations in the victim's neck matched perfectly with those of his previous jobs.



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