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# David In Hell

By

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## Chapter One

"Good morning Los Angeles! It's seven o'clock and already seventy-eight degrees with a forecasted high of ninety-five." David was startled awake from one of his frequent sex

dreams. His clock radio blared out, "The smog and pollen indexes are both low at this hour and the sun is shining. It's the start of a fabulous day in the greater LA area." David growled at the cheerfulness of the announcer's voice. He groused, "What's so fabulous about it? You woke me up as I was about to fuck the living daylights out of John Cena. What a wrestling match that was. Loser gets fucked and he lost ... big time. I caught him in a bearhug and squeezed the life out of him. With tears in his eyes he begged for his life. I forced him to give up!"

He stretched out his mighty arms. He wiped the sleep from his fluorescent blue eyes. He yawned as he stretched some more, as he listened to the traffic report. He scratched his massive hairy chest. He threw off the bed covers revealing a huge erection. All twelve inches of his massive manmeat throbbed upright as he stroked it. He muttered, "This one's for you, Cena." Using one hand to massage his nipples, the other to masturbate his pulsating muscle meat. He closed his eyes and worked himself up into an erotic frenzy. With firm, strong strokes from his powerful hand he began to jack himself off as he relived his erotic wrestling fantasy. He visualized himself in the squared circle with Cena, both wrestlers naked, having torn each other's trunks off during their titanic match. He could virtually hear the ring announcer describing the action.

"McAllister grabs the Champ by his arm and whips him into the ropes. Cena bounces off only to receive a powerhouse gut punch. He doubles over clutching his stomach with both hands as he falls to his knees. McAllister, using his size-17-triple-E foot, contemptuously clubs him in the chest, sending Cena, spread eagle, to the mat. One flying elbow smash after another renders the WWE Champ senseless. Now McAllister grabs him by his hair, hoists Cena high over his head and starts pressing him up and down, taking the Champ's fat 12 inch cock into his mouth as he does. Now a savage slamming backbreaker across the knee and McAllister is totally in charge of this match. He violently begins to suck the Champ's cock. Yes, I can see, he's boning the helpless Champ causing him to scream out at the top of his voice. Cena's huge arms are flailing wildly about, but he's caught helpless, like a rat in a trap. I've never seen the Champ so easily manhandled before.

"Wait a minute folks ... just wait a minute ... yes ... yes, he's shooting off his loads! McAllister is lapping it up with his tongue ... now taking the exploding Champ's 12 inch fat cock into his mouth to suck him dry. Cena's eyes have rolled to the back of his head. He's stopped squirming. He's been sucked dry of all his strength.

"McAllister stands up now, as the Champ's near unconscious body rolls off to crumble to the mat. Standing triumphantly over the fallen Champ, McAllister poses his magnificent body with one foot firmly placed on Cena's heaving chest as the Champ loudly moans. Now he again reaches down to haul the Champ back up to a standing position. He catches him in a bone crushing bearhug, smashing Cena's own cock back up against his own stomach, shoving it deep into his own flesh. The Champ bellows out as he's being pulverized into submission by this mighty wrestler. Cena almost looks like a rag doll in those powerful arms. McAllister is humping the Champ's cock unmercifully. Yes ... I

don't believe it, but he's forcing the Champ to shoot off more loads as Cena screams for his life, as he dangles helplessly in the mightiest arms in all of professional wrestling.

“WOW! See that geyser of hot cum blasting upwards ... and another ... and another ... and still another! Cena is being destroyed before our very eyes folks. He's got absolutely nothing left. He's collapsed in McAllister's arms. He's out cold. Now McAllister lifts him high over his head and viciously power slams the Champ into the mat.”

“Ummm,” David groaned as he thought about busting the WWE Champ's muscle butt with his mighty cock.

“Now back to the non stop action after that brief commercial break. McAllister has spread Cena's legs far apart as he sinks majestically between them. He grabs the Champ by his waist and is sliding him up onto his massive cock. Cena, with no strength left, cries out as he feels that monster sex pole tear past his ass lips to invade his virgin asshole. Using his mighty thighs like jackhammers, McAllister is shredding the Champ's muscle butt to pieces with repeated barbaric thrusts deep up into Cena's butthole. The Champ's head convulses back and forth on the mat with each violent penetration. Now McAllister easily picks up the Champ still impaled on his cock. He has him in another deadly bearhug. He's crushing the life out of him as he keeps up the savage fucking of Cena's bloody asshole.”

"OH YEAH!" yelled David as he started to shoot his loads. Thick ropes of hot, creamy jizm blasted from his fuckpole as his legs and thighs shook from the power of his ejaculation. "OH! OH! OH! OH! YEEEEEAH!!" he yelled as load after load gushed from his cockhead, its mass quantity falling back down on his eight pack abs, smearing him in a blanket of cum. When he stopped erupting, he laid there breathless and exhausted, having-- as usual-- put all his energy and might into jacking himself off. "Ahhh!" he sighed with pleasure. A smile of self satisfaction caressed his lips.

"And now for the news," said the radio announcer.

"And now for the news," mocked David. "John Cena's smashed, crippled body was found in a back ally this morning. His ass ripped to shreds by some unknown Herculean force. Film at eleven."

He reached over to the nightstand next to his bed to retrieve a towel he always kept there to wipe the cum off his body. He called it his fuck rag. When he was through cleaning himself up, he slowly crawled out of bed. As usual he noticed his naked reflection in the full length wall mirror that hung on the back of his closed bedroom door. He smiled. He couldn't resist the temptation to pose his magnificently muscled body. "You'd be so puny next to me Cena," he crowed as he recalled his dream. "No wonder you'd lose to me. I'm too much of a man for you ... for anyone. God, you've got it all McAllister ... the whole package," he cooed. Playfully he kissed each biceps. He chuckled as he winked at his reflection. He blew himself a kiss as he started toward the window to turn off the air conditioner, only half listening to the news in the process.

"Today the President will announce his long awaited peace plan to settle the sectarian violence in the Middle East. Later this afternoon the Secretary of State will travel to the United Nations to discuss the plan with other foreign ministers in the hope of gaining their support. Congressional leaders of both parties are highly critical of its success. The Speaker of the House stated, 'Too many mistakes have already been made. This won't amount to much.' The Majority Leader of the Senate added, 'It's too little and far too late.' The Vice President, on his way to a European conference, replied to the administration's critics. 'Blessed are the peacemakers. The President is trying his level best to bring about an honorable solution for all parties involved and a lasting peace to the region. All good Americans should give him their unqualified support in this time of peril.'"

As David trundled over to the window he heard, "Locally-- fire last night ravaged the Santa Monica Men's Club. Five fire companies fought the blaze for several hours before bringing it under control. The gym, a total loss, was one of the premier health clubs in the LA area. It had a roster of members that included many top Hollywood stars, pro athletes and bodybuilders. This morning a team of fire marshals will be sifting through the charred remains of the building to ascertain the cause of what is being labeled as a suspicious fire."

David stopped cold in his tracks. This was his gym. It had been for many years. It was his second home, where he trained, socialized with friends, even partied. Many a time he'd had sex, hot muscle sex with other beefy members in the notorious "reading room" just off the locker room, all paneled in dark wood with thick over-stuffed leather chairs and couches. He was stunned senseless by the news. "Yeah, some fuckin' fabulous day this has started out to be," he scoffed.

Later that morning, wearing his Daisy Duke cut-off shorts, a muscle shirt deliberately two sizes too small to accentuate his chest and torso, ankle socks and sneaks, he stood among a growing crowd of curious onlookers across the street from the burnt out remains of the gym. The thick stench of charred wood hung heavy in the air. Shortly he was joined by Sam, another member and a close friend. The blond bodybuilder had been one of David's first friends when he moved to the area. They'd been lifeguards together at the beach. For a while they even dated. More than once they had sex, great sex as a matter of fact in the "reading room," but when Sam pushed for an exclusive relationship, David backed off. He felt he was too young to settle down. He needed time to sow his wild oats. Their intimate relationship cooled, but they continued to remain close friends. It was Sam who had introduced him to the club and had been his first workout partner there.

"Can you believe this?" asked the shocked beefy blond hunk dressed in his tank top, shorts, jungle socks and sneaks.

David just shook his head. "Un-fuckin'-believable!" was his only reply. Both musclemen stood silent, unable to speak, as they gazed at the smoldering ruins while firemen were still pouring water on what was left of the building.

Looking up, David spotted Brad Hoffmeyer sauntering toward them in gray sweat pants and matching shirt. The bleach blond crew-cut muscleman was a trainer at the gym and his chief rival for having the best body. Brad had been the king of the gym before David joined. Whenever David wasn't there everyone hung around Brad, admiring his massively muscled physique. But the moment David appeared, everyone crowded around him, abandoning Brad, leaving him all by himself. How he hated David with every breath he took. Yet how he pined for his body. How it turned him on. Many a night Brad would have wet dreams about being the first to devirginize the beefy Texan's muscle butt. David was well aware of Brad's ambivalence. "Don't look now, but here comes that bleached blond bimbo ... Brad," he stated scornfully.

"How ya know he's a bleach blond?" inquired Sam with a grin plastered on his face.

"I've showered with the bastard before. I Know!"

"Hey guys," shouted Brad as he bulled his way through the mass of sightseers. "I'm shocked! I just can't believe it. Can you?" There was no response, just the shaking of their heads. All three bodybuilders just stood there bewildered.

Eventually Sam asked, "So Brad, what are ya going to do now?"

"What ya mean?"

"Well you're a club employee. You're out of a job now. What are ya going to do? Where are ya going to train? Aren't ya getting ready for the Mr. National Bodybuilding Contest?"

"Ya, well I am," he replied defensively.

"So what are ya goin' to do?" Sam asked again.

"I've got that covered. Don't worry your pretty little head about it," responded Brad pompously

"How? Where?" pressed an exasperated Sam.

"I've already talked to Louie Cifer over at The Foundry in Venice Beach. He'll let me train there ... and he's hiring me as a trainer to boot," gloated Brad proudly.

"Good for you," David said sardonically "So did you have to give him a blow job or your ass to get this deal?"

A cold silence prevailed for a long time between the three musclemen. Finally Brad shot back, "No, you smug bastard. Lou, the owner, and I've been friends for a long time. He's wanted me to join his contest winning staff. He's asked me several times. Do ya know he has three Mr. California's, two Mr. USA's, a Mr. America, one Mr. Universe and a

Mr. Olympia and a runner up all working for him? He knows real muscle talent when he sees it!"

"So what the fuck does he want with you? You're none of those!" snarled David.

Fuming, Brad stammered back through clenched teeth, "He thinks I've got great potential. He's personally going to train me for the Mr. National competition. He says that if I train hard, the sky's the limit. I can go all the way and be one of the greats, if not the greatest bodybuilder since Arnold."

"And you believe that line of bullshit?"

"Bullshit?! Bullshit?!" raged Brad. "Just take a look at this!" He tore off his sweat shirt and flexed his arms right in David's face. Then he did a lat spread, a most muscular, a side triceps pose and back to his biceps. The crowd surrounding them broke out in spontaneous applause. Brad gloated.

Not to be out done, David took off his shirt and posed right in his face, immediately outclassing his rival. The audience responded with uproarious cheers and thunderous applause. "Next to me you look like a sick puppy, Brad. You always have ... you always will," David said dismissively.

Knowing he'd lost the impromptu posedown Brad gave his rival the finger. "Just give me a few months of Lou's personal training and I'll eat your ass for breakfast anytime, anywhere."

To relieve some of the intense testosterone temperature between these two musclebound alpha males, Sam inquired, "So Brad, when do you start over at The Foundry?"

"Ah what? I mean today ... this afternoon ... in a couple of hours."

"Well good for you."

"You ought to come over too, Sam" suggested Brad. "Lou is willing to give any Santa Monica Men's Club member a six month free, all inclusive membership if they join."

"Really? Six months free?"

"Yeah ... six months ... free and all inclusive too don't forget."

"What's the catch?" asked David wearily.

"You're always so suspicious McAllister," replied Brad crisply "What makes you think there's a catch?"

"Nobody gives six months all inclusive free memberships away just like that without there being an angle of some kind. What's in it for him?"

"Lou's a great guy," Brad angrily responded. "He's a muscle freak like me ... been one for years. He lives just to pump iron and has the body to prove it. He loves the sport of bodybuilding. He's as big as you McAllister, if not bigger."

"There still has to be a catch," insisted David.

Again Sam intervened to smooth over the tension between these two muscle bulls. "It probably makes good business sense from his point of view."

"How? He'd be losing money. How's that good business?" grumbled David.

"Look at all the stars, famous athletes and pro bodybuilders who trained here. If he could get them to train at his place, it would bring more prestige to his gym wouldn't it? And it would bring in more people who'd want to join. Who wouldn't want to workout next to Tom Cruise, Johnny Depp, Brad Pitt or Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson, Jay Cutler, Ronnie Coleman, or Shaq O'Neal! Why do you think people flocked to the Santa Monica?"

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" answered David harshly with a dismissive wave of his hand. After a few seconds of contemplation he added begrudgingly, "You're probably right, Sam. It does sound like good business sense after all."

Brad butted in, "So what do you say Sam ... going to come over to The Foundry with me?"

"Yeah ... sure ... why not. I've got to train some place and six months free sounds just right."

"Great! I'll tell Lou to look out for you." Reaching down to pick up his shredded sweat shirt he added, "Well I've got to run. Don't want to be late for my first day on a new job." He grabbed Sam and hugged him as he whispered in his ear, "To steal a line from the movie *Casablanca*, I think this is going to be the beginning of a beautiful friendship." He playfully humped his crotch a couple of times before moving on. As he passed by David he deliberately brushed up hard against him, jostling his rival nearly off his feet. David turned to slug him in the back of his thick neck but Sam caught his arm just in time. "No ... don't," he admonished. "It will just cause a whole lot of trouble you don't want. He's not worth the sweat off your balls."

Brad's huge frame slowly disappeared into the mass of spectators.

"You're right as usual," said David as he calmed down. "Did you notice he never once asked me if I wanted to join?"

"Would you want to? You know the way he is about you. He just doesn't want the intense competition you'd bring if you joined. You know the way he was here at the club--jealous, seething with envy whenever you were around and always bad mouthing you behind your back to anyone who'd listen. Do you think he wants that over at The Foundry? Hell no! As long as you're some place else, he'll be the big man over there."

"It would serve him right if I did join. I'd love to see the expression on his face if I did. It would almost be worth it," said David with a broad smile covering his face and an impish glint in his eyes.

"So, why don't ya," goaded Sam coyly. "Ya still need a place to train, don't ya? I could certainly use a workout buddy. And don't forget that six month all inclusive free membership. That's a great deal."

"Naw," replied David. "To begin with, it's way out of my way. Maybe some gym closer will have a similar offer. I can wait a few days to see what shakes out."

"Okay, have it your way. I've got to get going too. I have to buy some new gym clothes now that mine are ashes. See ya around David. Give me a call sometime and we'll go out and do something."

The two bodybuilders hugged and kissed. They parted, leaving David standing alone in a swarming sea of curious onlookers.

## Chapter Two

A couple of months had passed since the destructive fire at the Santa Monica Men's Club. For those past few weeks David had been training at a nearby YMCA but was totally dissatisfied with the over all facility, especially the weight room and its staff that seemed to know very little about his special needs as a bodybuilder. He was told by management, "We're basically a family orientated operation. We're not a pro gym for muscleheads like those at Muscle Beach."

Disgusted with their lack of expertise he was desperately looking for a real bodybuilder's gym like the Santa Monica had been. But so far his attempts had been futile. There was nothing anywhere near to his home in Culver City. Exasperated, he decided to take a day off from searching and go to the beach to relax and work on his tan.

At the seashore, where he and Sam had been lifeguards together, he stroll leisurely across the sandy beach in his form fitting swimming shorts that left little to the imagination. His sky blue Superman tee-shirt with the yellow shield, stretching to the breaking point across the massive chest, was embossed with the large red 'S' logo. As usual he attracted



quite a large crowd of admiring spectators that intently watched his every move, pointing at him, the men sighing with envy, the women twittering amongst themselves with nervous excitement. Once he found a spot he liked, David spread out a huge colorful beach blanket and laid down to catch the sun's rays. Poetically he removed his tee-shirt to the gasps and awes of those watching him. He could plainly hear them muttering, "I've never seen anyone so gigantically muscled." ... "Have you ever seen ..." "He's mammoth!" "He must be the biggest muscleman alive!" "Just muscle upon more muscle." "Unbelievable!" David bathed in their admiration as he applied sun block all over his body, deliberately flexing every muscle to give his admirers a free show. He then laid down to bask in the warm Southern California sunshine.

Three small children, two boys and a girl, between the ages of six and eight, hesitantly approached. David, wearing extremely dark sunglasses, spied them. He pretended to be asleep.

"You ask him!" insisted one of the boys.

"No you!" replied the other. "It was your idea ... you ask him."

"You!"

"No ... you!"

"Well somebody better ask me and soon," demanded David. His words frightened the two boys who ran away leaving the youngest, the girl, all alone. "And what's your name little girl?" inquired the muscleman as he abruptly sat up.

"Donna," she replied hesitantly. "And I know yours!"

"Oh, you do. What is it?"

"You're Superman," she stated emphatically.

David was pleased by her assumption. It played on his ego. "And how do you know I'm Superman?"

"Cause my brothers said so. They saw you and said, 'Hey, that's Superman.'"

The young girl's total naiveté made him smile. He was flattered by it. However, he decided to set her straight. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, Donna, but I'm not Superman, although I do have a Superman costume home in the closet from last Halloween and I did wear this Superman tee-shirt today. My name is actually David."

"Like David and Goliath in the Bible?"

McAllister laughed. "My name is David but I'm built more like Goliath, that's for sure."

The young girl smiled as she sheepishly giggled. Feeling more at ease, Donna slowly approached. "Are those for real?" she asked pointing to his pecs.

Playfully, David began to flex them one at a time, then both together, making them dance up and down, to Donna's delight. They both laughed as the young girl, now totally relaxed, sat down beside him. "My mommy has big breasts too," she innocently blurted out. "But yours are bigger-- much bigger. You got more hair on your chest too." Again they laughed together.

"Well these are not breasts. Only women have breasts, Donna. On a man they're called pecs, short for pectoral muscles." Vainly proud of his physique, he couldn't help bragging even to a child. "My chest is a full eighty inches. There's none bigger." He again bounced them up and down. Donna giggled.

"Can I touch them?" she asked shyly.

"Go ahead."

As she reached for them David's flexed startling her. She jerked her hands away.

Reassuringly David soothed, "Okay, I won't flex them. Go ahead and touch."

Cautiously Donna reached forward to feel the massive pecs of this muscle giant. "Ooooh!" she cooed. "They're so hard. Mommy's are soft and squashy." David couldn't help but laugh out loud. Donna sat back down on her knees.

"So Donna, what did your brothers want to ask me?"

"They think you're Superman. They wanted to feel your Superman arms."

"You mean they wanted to feel my biceps."

"What are biceps?"

"These," he said as he flexed both his mighty thirty-four inch guns.

The young girl's eyes opened wide with astonished wonderment. "Ooooh!" she sighed. "They're so big, bigger than my whole head."

By now a group of people were crowding around watching David posing for the child. Some took pictures with their cameras, cell phones and one had his video camera going. "You want to feel them?" he asked as he again flexed both his mighty arms.

"Yes, please," Donna answered eagerly. She stood back up and felt them one at a time. "They're as hard as rocks," she pronounced much to David's amused delight. The growing

audience chuckled. "But they are," insisted the girl as she looked about at all the gawking faces. They were more chuckles interspersed with spontaneous laughter. "Thank you David," said Donna as she turned to leave. "My brothers will be so jealous of me when I tell them I touched your muscles." For a split second she stopped as if thinking about something. Then abruptly turned to kissed him on the cheek. "I know you're really Superman," she whispered in his ear. "Your secret is safe with me. I won't tell anyone."

"Thank you, Donna. That's the nicest compliment I've had in a long time," he replied with a wide smile. The little girl ran through the crowd and vanished.

"Show's over folks," stated David firmly. Quickly everyone dispersed leaving only a familiar face standing in front of him. "Sam!" he shouted surprisingly. "I haven't seen you since the fire. You look absolutely great! You've packed on some serious muscle, dude. Looking good ... mighty good!" David stood up. Both musclemen hugged and embraced. The front sack of their trunks rubbed against each others', pressing into the other's crotch causing them to pop a hardon. The elastic band on both trunks strained to the breaking point, easily exposing their sex tools for anyone looking.

"Are you really glad to see me or is that just a Magnum forty-five stuffed down in the front of your trunks," Sam laughingly asked.

Embarrassed, David only grinned saying nothing as he quickly readjusted himself. The two beefy hunks stared admiringly at one another. Breaking the silence, David finally said, "It's really great to see you. So tell me, what have you been up to ... and where did you get this new body, that definition and all those muscles. I'm absolutely flabbergasted by it. You take my breath away, but then you always did, Sam."

Both friends sat down on the beach blanket as Sam began to speak. "As you know I joined The Foundry in Venice Beach. That offer was just too good to refuse."

"Six months free - all inclusive."

"Yeah, that's the one."

"Was that offer really that good?"

"Just look at the results," replied Sam as he flexed his great new set of guns and did a lat spread.

"Wow man! That's impressive ... most impressive," crooned David.

"I owe it all to Lou, the gym owner. He's fantastic and what an unbelievable body he has on him. I never thought I'd ever be able to say this ... he's as big as you Dave," he stated without thinking, then added cautiously, "... maybe even bigger. He's mammoth ... sheer mammoth in muscle size and proportion. His striations explode from under his skin," gushed Sam unabashedly.

Somewhat taken aback by his beefy friend's declaration, David began to feel uneasy. His entire reputation in the local bodybuilding community was predicated on the fact that he was the biggest, the strongest, the best of the best musclemen around. Now it appeared he had a very credible challenger who could dethrone him and he didn't like that at all ... not one damn bit! "So what's he like," he asked nervously.

"As I said, he has this super fantastic body. But I have to admit ... his looks leave a lot to be desired ... shaving his head doesn't help either."

David relished asking, "Ugly, huh?"

"No, not ugly exactly, but certainly not handsome ... not even close. There's a strong manly, ruggedness to his chiseled features, almost rough in a menacing way, like a gargoyle carved in stone. You know the Mexican wrestler Gronda?"

"Yeah, I think I do."

"Well he looks exactly like the mask Gronda wears, without those devilish horns of course. And their bodies are quite similar too, although Lou is much larger. He'd make most men look puny next to him, even pro bodybuilders. He also has perpetually blood shot eyes that pierce into your very soul. They're hypnotic, powerful, mesmerizing. He seems to have a permanent reddish glow to his tan that covers his entire body from the top of his shaved head to the bottom of his feet. It all adds up to a certain primal aura ... a dangerous alluring mystique, almost threatening. He has a potent, mighty personality and a raw, animalistic savagery about him, very base and primitive. He's a great personal trainer though, none better anywhere. He's unsurpassed. You know he trained and coached Brad to the Mr. National title? You can't believe the size that Brad is now. And his ego is just as big. Since he won that title, there's no living with him. Even the other pros at the gym can't stand him. His only friend is Lou who keeps telling him this is just the beginning of his greatness ... that he can go all the way. He's now training exceptionally hard for the Universe and after that the Olympia. They have a game plan all worked out."

"He's really that big?"

"Gigantic. But don't worry. You're still bigger than Brad ..." sheepishly adding, "... but not by much I'm afraid."

"I'm not worried about that," dismissed David. "I'll never lose sleep over Brad. But what about this Lou? Tell me more about him."

"He's a phenomenal motivator for one thing. He's even got me convinced that I could be a champion if I wanted to be. He says that if I work really hard, in a few months I could be the next Mr. Northern Hemisphere, competing up there with the big boys from all over the United States and Canada."

"Yeah, well your physique says that all right-- and loudly. I just can't get over how much muscle you've packed on in so short a time."

"That's all due to Lou. He trains you hard ... brutally hard ... barbarically hard and his supplements work wonders. You train by his schedule, you religiously stick to his diet plan, you take his supplements, you get the proper rest and POW ... your muscles explode all over your body in no time."

"They're not ... some kind of steroid are they ... the supplements I mean?"

"No ... they're all natural, nothing artificial. He gives them to you with his own special protein shake after each intense workout. Then you rest for an hour. When you get up you're refreshed, rejuvenated and raring to go back into the gym for another workout session."

"It all sounds too good to be true," David jeered.

"Just take a look at me." Sam, once again, flexed his mighty arms. "See ... It's true! It's real!" answered Sam emphatically as he stood up to pose his body to the cheering appreciation of many onlookers.

"And you swear by this guy and his system?"

"I most certainly do," replied Sam as he sat back down cross-legged on the blanket. "He's the greatest muscle freak you'll ever meet."

"You sound as if you're in love with him," David stated flatly.

Sam looked away. There was a long silence.

"Oh my God! You are in love with him!" David asserted dramatically. "You're in love with the guy!"

"Okay, yes, but it's not the way you think. He loves all of us guys. He takes care of us ... gives us all individual attention ... coaches us ... encourages our dreams and he's always there to help us in any way he can. He's totally selfless. He's nothing short of a miracle worker. He does only good. So what's not to love about him! He has an addictive, overpowering personality that grabs a hold of your heart, soul, mind and doesn't let go."

"It sounds more like worship than love," surmised David.

"Love ... worship, it's all the same emotion," responded Sam defensively. "David, what he's done for me is nothing short of miraculous. Just think what he could do for you! Just look at what he'd have to start with, this absolutely magnificently muscled body of yours. There's no telling how big, how strong, how muscular he could make you. Hell, both of

you working together could create a whole new standard for bodybuilding ... take it to the next level. You could be the yardstick that all future bodybuilders would be measured by. David McAllister ... the ultimate!"

"Whoa!" commanded Dave. "You're beginning to sound like an evangelist, proselytizing for some muscle god and his religious cult."

"Yeah, well, that might not be so far from the truth, but it doesn't alter one iota what I'm saying. David, you have the raw potential to be the greatest bodybuilder of this or any other time. You know that to be true! All it would take is to put you into the hands of a master craftsman who could properly mold and shape you, like Lou. Give him your time and commitment and he'll work miracles with your body. Look at me ... at Brad. In two short months he's transformed us both. He's made Brad a champion and me ... I'm stronger, bigger, have more confidence and self-respect. And we're just two out of many. You should see all the muscleheads at the gym. They're all huge freaks. Every inch of their bodies is packed with muscle. Hell, you walk in and everywhere you look you'll see the mightiest, most muscular guys in the world. You can't help but pop the hardest erection of your life over all that tonnage of beef. Boners abound on everyone. The testosterone index is off the chart. All you want to do is to measure up, to be as big, as strong to the muscle freak working out next to you. It's a great incentive to keep to the routine so you don't fall behind. His system works, Dave. It's works for Brad, for me, for everyone at the gym. Believe me ... it will work for you too!"

"I ... I just don't know. I'd have to know a lot more about this Lou fellow, his system ... the whole nine yards before I could commit myself."

"So come by tomorrow. I've already talked to him about you. He's heard of you before from others. He's very interested in meeting you and talking with you. It could be a match made in heaven."

"I'd have to think about it," said David halfheartedly. He quickly changed the subject. "Just out of curiosity ... and it's really none of my business so you don't have to answer if you don't want to ... I feel silly even asking this ..."

"Go ahead ... ask. We're friends. We have no secrets from one another."

"You said you were in love with him ..."

"Yeah ... so?"

Hesitantly David stammered, "Have you ... been ... with him? You know ... had sex?"

"Sex!" Sam said wistfully. "Yes, we've been to bed several times and he's fantastic ... the best I've ever experienced."

His forthright reply deeply wounded David. Their time together had been the best for David, in fact, his greatest relationship to date. Often, since their parting, he thought about Sam and what he truly meant to him. A twinge of nostalgia always tugged at the strings of his heart. He felt great remorse for his immaturity in causing the breakup. He always thought that somehow, sometime in the future they'd get back together. Now he realized that hope was being dashed to pieces on the rocks of this new situation.

Sam seemed to sense his friend's despair. "David, don't get me wrong. What we had between us was beautiful ... oh so special. It was profound, spiritual. You touched my heart, my soul. I will forever cherish its memory. As a lover you were the absolute greatest bar none. There will never be another like you in my life. That's how unique you are."

"But you said you loved him."

"Yes, I love Lou for all the reasons I've stated ... and the sex with him is phenomenal, out of this world but it was sex ... just pure unadulterated sex ... hot, boffing, unbridled, animalistic, primitive muscle sex, like wild beast tearing apart each other's bodies in the process. And when he'd skewered me on that monstrously huge, thick cock of his, violently ramming it all the way up into me, I felt as though my insides were being shredded to pieces. And when he exploded up in me, it was like all the fires of hell searing my guts to cinders. His musclemeat is like a massive blow torch erupting the hottest, steamiest jizm you can imagine. Like a volcano of scorching lava he filled me up to overflowing ... The pain was out of this world. My screams were blood-curdling shrieks ... but it was oh so erotically fulfilling. I was totally satiated as never before. I was left breathless, gagging, choking on his cum that bloated my whole body. I felt as if I'd explode I was so saturated by it. I was drained of all strength to the point of unconsciousness. I was out cold ... almost drowning in a pool of my own sweat.

"But the best part ..." he hesitated for a moment before continuing, "... you probably won't believe me but I swear it's true, the best part was that within a day, after all of that sexual torment I went through and his cum had seeped throughout my body, I felt stronger. I was stronger! I was able to use heavier weights in my workouts. My muscles exploded. It was a miracle. And every time afterwards, when we'd have sex and he erupted deep inside me, with all that horrific, screaming, gut wrenching pain I endured, the same thing happened again. I became stronger ... I packed on more muscle. I became addicted to this sex and pain."

To emphasize his next point he looked David straight in his eyes. "But I'm not the only one from the gym he's had sex with or who has benefited from it. I'm just the latest, the new kid on the block as it were. He's fucked a lot of the muscleheads, Brad included. That's why he packed on so much muscle so quickly and was able to win the Mr. National title. Rumor had it he got his ass fucked every day. Lou invites a select few to join his own private club in a back room called The Cauldron Club. Like in the reading room at the old Santa Monica gym, there's a whole lot of sex that goes on in that club ... between everyone. A lot of heavy S and M too, which I'm not in to, so I stay away when

they're back there. Everyone knows about Lou and his many sex partners. Every one of his partners, including me, accepts this situation 'cause the sex is so overwhelming, so all encompassing like nothing any of us have ever experienced before. And the benefits are so unbelievable. So when we're chosen we go gladly, willingly, happily, excitedly regardless of the unspeakable pain we endure."

"You've got to be kidding," disparaged David. "You're telling me this super muscle freak has some sort of super cum ... a superhuman natural steroid?"

"I don't know what it is ... super cum or what. All I know is it works," defended Sam. "Look for yourself ... look at my body." Sam gleefully posed his powerful physique once again for his disbelieving friend. "This is solid proof that I'm not lying. I've never been this big or this strong before in my life."

Shaking his head in wonderment David replied, "So what you're saying is its just sex and this so-called benefit you derive from it and nothing else?"

"Basically yes, just sex, sex and more sex. The guy is insatiable. He can easily handle six, eight, ten of us all in one night. The guy is just muscle sex on two legs .. a human steroid factory."

"He wouldn't expect me to put out for him, would he?"

"That's between the two of you. Most of the members don't ... so why should you be any different."

"But would it affect his training of me if I refused?"

"In my opinion, no. His first priority is to fulfill your ambitions as a bodybuilder ... to take you as far as you want to go. That's the business he's in. Sex is just a sideline, a pleasant diversion for him. Your goals are his main concern and he'll train you to achieve them as long as you adhere strictly to his routine."

"I still don't know. I'd have to think hard and long about it."

"As I said, just come over tomorrow, see the gym, talk to Lou and go from there. What ya got to lose?"

"I'll think about it, Sam."

"Promise?"

"I promise."



"Okay, I've got to scram. It's getting late and I have a workout session in an hour. If you're late he makes you do extra sets as punishment and the routine is hellishly hard as is without adding extra sets."

The two muscle hunks hugged and kissed. As Sam walked away he turned back toward David. "Don't forget you promised."

"Don't worry ... I won't."

"Then I'll see you tomorrow ... right?"

"Tomorrow ... right."

Sam walked away. David watched his former lover as he departed. He couldn't help popping another raging hardon. How Sam's body turned him on as did all his tender memories of him.

### Chapter Three

Late the following morning David drove from his home in Culver City to Venice Beach. It was a picture perfect postcard Southern California day - clear blue sky - mid eighties - a warm breeze blowing in off the Pacific. As he cruised down the main drag in his fire engine red convertible he passed Muscle Beach. All the local bodybuilders were out in full force, shirtless, in tight fitting shorts or speedos, working out in the famous outdoor "Pit." Some were putting on a free show for the local spectators and tourists who daily flocked here to admire them.

Just a block away David almost missed spotting The Foundry, housed in a formerly abandoned warehouse. From the outside it didn't look like much. It had a run down appearance, blighted and unobtrusive; all the windows were boarded up or painted over. The building had been painted in a flat gray color. Above the main entrance was a sign illustrated with the head and torso of a bodybuilder rising out of fiery flames, like a phoenix, gave the only clue that this was, in fact, a gym for muscle freaks. "Understated ... very understated," observed David as he swung his car around in a u-turn. He screeched to a halt right in front of the building. He jumped out and swaggered up to the reinforced, somewhat rusty steel front door. Flanking both sides were full length black glass windows. "You can't see in but we can see out," he snickered. He tried the handle. The door was locked. Somewhat perturbed, he looked around for a doorbell. He found it off to the side, embedded in the cinder block facade. He pressed the button. Instantly he heard a gruff voice demanding, "What ya want?"

"I've come to speak to Lou, the owner, about a membership." David heard a slight motorized whining noise. He followed the sound. He looked up to find a security camera bolted high above the entrance. It was pointed in his direction.

"Do ya have an appointment?" inquired the disembodied voice.

"No. No I don't but I think he's expecting me."

"What's your name?"

"David ... David McAllister. I use to belong to the Santa Monica Men's Club before it burnt down."

There was a long pause. "Just a minute."

As he waited David saw his reflection in the black glass windows beside the door. "Looking good Davey-boy," he wagged as he reached down to adjust his Daisy Duke shorts, rearrange his package, and straighten out his tank top.

"Stop playing with yourself and c'mon in," instructed the voice. There was a loud buzzing sound followed by a metallic click, like a bolt being released. The door popped open a crack. David pushed it all the way open. It was inordinately heavy. What he saw when he entered amazed him.

The lobby had a very pronounced gothic design, dark and gloomy with thick gray stone walls. Massive round stone columns reached upwards to the vaulted ceiling. They were capped with carved life size nude figures of musclemen. They appeared to be holding up the ceiling. Hanging from the high vaulted ceiling were medieval torch lamps that dimly lit the chamber. The floor was covered with a deep Persian rug of dark red, green and blue. The furniture was dark, heavy, a lot of overstuffed leather chairs and sofas reminiscent of the medieval period. On the front wall flanking the entrance were two large stain glass windows that were back lit. One depicted a naked musclebound Atlas holding up the world. The other was a very powerfully built nude Hercules wrestling a tormented muscular Antaeus, who was being crushed to death in a bearhug. Opposite was a massive stone wall plastered with framed glossy pictures of famous bodybuilders and gym members, all in various classical Greek poses. David recognized the photos of Brad, Sam and others who had belonged to the Santa Monica Men's Club. In the center of the wall was a double wide solid oak door bolted to an imposing archway and painted a flat black with heavy, thick brass fixtures. The impression projected was one of mystery and foreboding, that whatever lay behind it was something ominous. David figured the gym had to be on the other side. There was a strange awkward silence since no one was around. Yet he had an eerie feeling he wasn't alone. He felt some powerful dark force hovering unseen overhead hidden among the unlit rafters of the vaulted ceiling.

Momentarily the mysterious door opened. Sam came bounding out. He instantly dispelled the murky atmosphere. He was dressed in short sweaty workout togs. His long blond hair was so drenched it clung to the sides of his face and bull neck like a second skin. He greeted David with a hug and a passionate embrace. "You made it ... great!" he said with a broad smile. "I just know you're going to love it here ... and Lou. I just know it," he beamed.

"It's sure a lot different inside than out," replied David. "I almost drove right by the place. I thought it was a derelict building."

"That's to keep the curious away. Unwanted visitors only interfere with our workouts. We're serious in our training. We don't need that ogling crowd down the street at the Pit to come up here and bother us. We're for real. They're for show."

"What's with all this gloom and doom ambiance? It's like being in Dracula's castle."

"Castles project invincibility, great strength, power, dominance and that's what we do here. We're building guys into the most powerful muscle freaks the world has ever seen. Like Gold's Gym has dominated the world of bodybuilding for the past forty years, in time The Foundry will dominate bodybuilding, just you wait and see. We're the next generation," Sam proudly proclaimed..

"The owner ought to hire you as his PR director. Your ardent enthusiasm verges on mania," jested the hunky visitor.

"Mock me all you want," responded Sam gleefully, "but I bet within two weeks you'll be a zealot about this place too like all the rest of us."

"Is everyone here as much a fanatic as you?"

"Why don't we go in and find out. Come. I'll show you around and you can ask them for yourself." Leading the way Sam ushered his beefy friend through the mystery door into the inner sanctum of The Foundry.

David was completely astounded by the cavernous size of the facility. Continuing the theme of a medieval castle the gym had all the appearance of a massive dungeon. Wrought iron bars and gates sectioned off the numerous workout stations. Each area was loaded with all the latest modern chrome plated exercise equipment, machine as well as free weights. One area was just for cardiovascular workouts, another for arms; still others were for shoulders, backs, thighs, etc. As he continued to look about the gym, David realized the large stone blocked walls were lined with wrist and ankle chains, while large wrought iron wall sconces shaped like torches casts a soft honey glow. An iron maiden stood as a silent guardian in one far corner. A torture rack, a bed of nails and other medieval torture devices for breaking a person's body were scattered about. On various tables laid whips, spiked gauntlets, axes and other gruesome instruments of physical pain producing a pervading atmosphere of raw power.

Everywhere David looked the most colossally muscled bodies, in sweat drenched gym shorts, soaked sweat suits, some clad only in leather jocks, a few wearing tank tops, were busily training in pairs or by themselves. In stark contrast, David spied in an adjoining room the faux ruins of a crumbling Greek temple encasing a gigantic jacuzzi accommodating a dozen of the mightiest musclemen that he had ever seen. Their naked bodies a living testament to The Foundry's success. But quickly his attention was brought sharply back to the workout area. The unmistakable sounds of grunting, groaning under the strenuous exertion of lifting, pulling, pushing tons of weights, straining their bodies to the ultimate limit accompanied the noise of clanking, crashing iron plates. The air was super charged with the heavy, almost suffocating atmosphere of testosterone mixed with the pungent sweat of pumped up muscle. It all stirred some uncontrollable primal instinct in David. It spoke to a deep rooted animalistic sense to tear off his cloths and fuck everyone there. Painfully his might sex beast burst into full bloom as it shot straight up against his abs nearly ripping his shorts off. For comfort sake he was forced to adjust his stance to get it to lie sideways. "Welcome to the Torture Chamber," quipped Sam. "I told you it was hardon city.

"Is ... Is ... Is it like ... Is it like this all the time?" stammered David.

"Yep! All the time ... day or night."

"It's like I died and went to muscle heaven." He gulped hard. "These guys are ... behemoths! Like Olympian titans of muscle! I'm speechless."

"Yet right now you're bigger than the biggest one of them."

"But not by much."

"Don't forget they didn't start out with your advantage Dave. Just think what this place, what Lou can do for you. In a few weeks ... a couple of months you'll make any one of them look small, sickly, anorexic standing next to you."

Sam's words reverberated in David's head. For the first time in his life, he clearly saw his destiny. He not only could be the biggest, the best but the ultimate in bodybuilding. "You could be the undisputed king of muscledom," chimed Sam. "The benchmark for all time to come."

It wasn't long before each of the monstrously brawny members spotted the massively beefy stranger. To a man they ceased training, covetously gawking at this mighty interloper among them. One by one they each popped a throbbing erection. Forced by pride, conceit, and ego they began to pose, showing themselves off to their best advantage to psyche out this young leviathan of muscle.

Although totally overwhelmed by these muscle gods in training David wasn't about to be upstaged by them. When it came to pure hubris there was none greater than his and he

had the physique to back it up, and he knew it. "I'll show these muscle newbies who has the better body," he boasted to Sam. He began to pose, flexing his thirty-four inch arms, his eighty inch chest, tensing his twenty-four inch calves and his forty-four inch thighs. So overpowering was his exhibition that his would be competition lost all control. Unintentionally they each shot off massive loads after massive loads soaking their shorts and jocks thoroughly with overflowing cum. Those in the Jacuzzi sat shamed faced among a frothy sea of their own bubbling jizm. Chagrined they all raced from the gym to the near by locker room leaving Sam and David alone. Pleased with the results, McAllister kissed both biceps and gloated, "That will teach them not to mess with me ... punks." He laughed, as did Sam.

"You certainly know how to clear a room, don't ya," boomed a voice over a loud speaker. Sam and David were spooked, nearly jumping out of their skin. Both turned around. They looked upward over their shoulders. At the far end of the gym, just below the ceiling, were three narrow black glass windows. The faint shadow of a mountainously proportioned figure could be seen. Below the central window was a loudspeaker. "Sam, you and your friend stay put. I'll be right down," directed the voice.

"Who's the muscle monster?" asked David.

"That, my friend, is Lou." Turning toward his former lover Sam put his hand on his shoulder. "Dave, your life is about to change forever ... and, may I say, for the better."

McAllister's powerful self-confidence, usually so self-evident, had, for some inexplicable reason, abandoned him at this moment. He felt nervous, even shy at the prospect of meeting this man he'd heard so much about ... this man with the super body, super cock and super cum. Subconsciously he was putting all his future hopes, dreams on his expertise. However, a couple nagging thoughts kept assaulting his mind ... would he have to put out to achieve his most secret ambitions. What if they didn't get along? Most alpha males don't get along with other alpha males. He and Brad were prime examples of that. Would he and Lou be the same way, he wondered. These thoughts only added to his apprehension.

The ominous sound of someone coming down a flight of metal stairs resounded over the stilled gym. From out of the darken recesses a ponderous figure slowly emerged. As he swaggered into the light David got his first clear look at The Foundry's owner. His chin dropped. His mouth fell open as he quietly gasped in astonishment. His eyes were wide with awe struck wonderment at this approaching mass of Herculean muscle.

They stood face to face, practically toe to toe checking each other out, looking one another up and down. David was knocked dumbfounded by what he saw. Before him stood the biggest bodybuilder he'd ever seen ... as big as him, dressed in only a skimpy pair of ratty, torn and patched in the ass shorts and sneakers. His tank top adhered to his monstrously muscled torso like a second skin. Sam had been right about the reddish hue of his tan and his looks. His shaved head rose dramatically from a massively thick neck. His forehead had a pronounced shelf like ridge just above his brow and piercing blood

shot eyes. He had Spock ears, long and pointy. His features were sharply chiseled. A finely trimmed jet black moustache curled its way around his rich, full lips. A wide chin covered in a goatee, ending in a spike, somewhat off set his slightly hooked nose.

At first, his overall facial appearance seemed menacing, almost villainous. But it was his body that took David's breath away. They were both the same height, almost the same built although David guessed Lou outweighed him by a good fifty pounds of solid muscle. His delts were like huge boulders. His traps like solid angle irons. His lats were the size of double barn doors. His pecs were mammoth, like mountains and perfectly round, the crevasse between them was deep like the Grand Canyon, were peaked by large oval nipples. His mighty thighs, exploding from the frayed legs of his shorts, were the size of giant sequoias and the calves were the size of bowling balls. His mighty forearms were bigger than ripe coconuts and his biceps, surmised David, had to be as large as his, if not larger by a few inches.

Plainly outlined in his faded shorts was that humongous super cock that Sam crowed about, the one that he loved being crucified on ... the one that exploded all that muscle building super cum up into him. David's mind turned over and over, again and again as he marveled at Lou's body. Much to his annoyance, it turned him on as never before, almost totally overwhelming him. He easily popped another erection that painfully strained against his shorts, causing a very noticeable bulge. Standing next to him he began to feel insignificant. He did, however, have one great advantage. He was by far better looking which, in David's mind, made his overall physical presentation superior. He was the one with the total package, not Lou. David could live with that. Besides, if Sam was correct, in a few months he'd be bigger than Lou anyways.

"You must be McAllister. I've heard a lot of good things about you. Now I can see what everyone was talking about," praised Lou.

"I'm sorry Lou, I should have introduced you two," apologized Sam. "David this is Lou the owner of The Foundry and trainer of champions. Lou this is my very close friend Dave."

The two musclebound behemoths shook hands. Their grips testing one another's strength until both broke off the contest.

"May I return the compliment, Lou. I've heard a lot of great things about you as well, from Sam and Brad. It's indeed a pleasure and honor to meet you at last."

"It's been a pleasure too long in coming for me," replied Lou. "But now that we've met, we have no time to waste. Too much time has been lost already. So what do you say? Why don't the two of us go up to my office, sit down and start planning for your future? You'll excuse us won't you Sam? Besides you have your routine to get back to. We won't hold you up any longer. Come Dave. Let us away."

Before David could say good bye to his friend, Lou had his hand firmly placed in the small of his back and was forcibly pushing him forward toward the stairs. Over his shoulder he hollered back to Sam, "I'll catch up with you later."

## Chapter Four

"Welcome to my sanctum sanctorum," Lou boasted as he conducted David into his office. The large sumptuous room was done in mahogany paneling with brass fixtures, although one entire wall was covered by a floor to ceiling red velvet curtain. The owner's desk was also mahogany with brass fittings. The plush maroon furniture complimented the ambiance of elegance and good taste as did the deep pile wall-to-wall red carpeting. As David looked around he couldn't help notice the brass framed colored illustrations of historical musclemen that dotted the walls.

"Very impressive," he stated as he perused each one individually. "They're so realistic ... like actual photographs ... so lifelike. These pictures could have been taken yesterday."

Lou motioned for him to take a chair next to his ornate desk. David sat down as Lou took to his chair behind his desk. "So David, let me ask you, what do you want to do with your life? How far do you want to go in bodybuilding?"

Taken aback by the directness of the questions, David fumbled for words. "You ... you ... you don't waste ... any time in ... getting right down ... to business. Right to the point."

"Too much time has already been lost," he rejoined harshly. "If you'd have come here two months ago, you'd be Mr. National right now and not Hoffmeyer. You squandered those two months at the YMCA. As a matter of fact ... you wasted all those years at the Santa Monica."

"Whoa! Squandered my time at the Santa Monica? I don't think so!" shouted David defensively. "Let's get one thing straight right off the bat. I made progress over there as well as many good friends."

"Friends don't win contests for ya. As for what you call progress, you would have made a hundred times more progress here at The Foundry!"

"So you say."

"Yes I do say, and I have the proof to back up my claim. You've seen my guys. Most were skinny runts when they first walked through the door. Just look at 'em now. Each one could go out this very moment and hands down walk off with a prestigious physique title. Brad Hoffmeyer, who trained longer at the Santa Monica than you, never won a

single contest while there ... nothing ... zip ...nada! Just two months with me - he's Mr. National. And your friend Sam, if he wanted, could easily capture the Mr. Venice Beach title next week."

"Sam has put on some incredible muscle mass in a short period of time," confessed David.

"The problem with the Santa Monica, where you're concerned, is they didn't have the proper staff, with the necessary skill and expertise to properly train you or give you the right diet, supplements or the right motivation. You get all that here. I can make you a national champion in just a few short months."

"At what cost?"

"Cost! Cost! What do ya mean by cost?"

"I know your guys are all fanatically dedicated. Sam's proof of that. But do they have any free time for themselves, to lead a normal life? What about all these supplements and protein drinks you seem to force feed them? Are they safe? Have they been tested? What's the health factor risk in taking them? What's the out of pocket expense? What's in it for you? And ..." David paused before getting to his main concern, "... and what about these stories going around about you fucking your guys ... and your super cum that makes them bigger and stronger?"

"Wow! Such a lot of insightful questions," chuckled Lou. "Good! Proves you have a head on your broad shoulders. Okay, let's answer them one at a time. First, yes, the members have a lot of down time. Rest is essential for strong muscle growth. It allows them to reach their maximum size and potential. Too much exercise can cause irreparable injury, even tear muscle, which defeats the whole purpose of why we're here. Ironically, many of the members come back during their down time cause they have friends here who share like interests. They hang around in the lounge talking, enjoying each other's company. They feel safe and protected here. We're family in the truest sense of the word. We're there for each other. We also have after hour activities, like swim parties, volleyball, basketball and once a week ... wrestling matches. As a matter of fact your buddy from the Santa Monica, Brad, is the current gym champ. None of these activities are mandatory. We don't compel anyone to do anything they don't want to do. We're not a religious cult like Jonestown. I'm no guru or Svengali.

"As for the supplements and protein drinks they take ... they're absolutely safe. I developed them after years of personal experience. They're all natural and effective. If you don't believe me, take a sample to any chemist and have them analyzed. I won't object. I welcome the scrutiny. Our reputation is based on results and honesty. Now let's see, what was the next question? Oh yes ... cost. Where you're concerned, that free six month, all inclusive, membership is still good. After the initial six months if you decide to stay on as a member your monthly fee will be the same as it was at the Santa Monica. Fair enough?"



"It sounds fair ... but what of these stories about your super cum, this human steroid that you pack their asses with?"

"I gather this is one of your main concerns. Am I right?"

David nodded his head, adding, "I don't bottom out for anyone. I want that clearly understood."

"Understood. Now tell me... you're a smart guy. Do you believe those stories?"

"They do sound pretty far fetched," answered David.

"And that's exactly what they are ... far fetched. There's no truth in 'em at all. Yes, I have sex with a select few of the guys. It's by mutual consent. But the vast majority... no. And they're just as big and strong as the others. Why? Each member has an individually tailored workout program and the supplements that go with it. That's it. But this is just between you and me. It goes no farther," insisted Lou. "To be honest, that rumor gets me more muscle butt to fuck. Guys think they're getting some extra benefit from having sex with me. It makes them more pliable, eager to jump into bed with me. It works to my advantage. So, mums the word, okay?" he said with a wink.

"Sure, why not," David said. He paused for a second and then asked, "Besides getting some ass, what's in it for you?"

"Besides self-satisfaction in helping the members reach their full potential, their goals you mean? Okay, if they become a champion we have the right to advertise that they train here. This adds to our prestige within the bodybuilding community. This publicity sparks interest. New members join which means increased revenues for the gym to keep our facility and equipment state of the art. It also means more money for me. I admit it's not all altruistic. One hand washes the other. It's capitalism at its best. Everyone wins."

"You're good ... real good. You could sell ice cubes to the Eskimos," David said sharply. "You've got a great sales pitch ... quite the promoter."

"But have I convinced you? Do you still have doubts?"

Taking a long pause, David responded dryly. "Well, let's say, I have less doubts than before."

"Cautious, huh? That's good. That means you'll make fewer mistakes," praised Lou. "I've been forthright with your questions. Now, how about you answering my original questions. What do you want to do with your life? How far do you want to go in bodybuilding?"

David was circumspect in his reply, choosing his words carefully. "Like most people, I want to be successful in whatever I do. That's the American way, I guess."

"Specifics McAllister!" yelled Cifer as he glowered at his new would-be protégé. "Be more specific! Details! I want specific details. You're a psychology grad student at the university, right? After graduation do you want to teach ... go into practice or do something else?"

"How did you know about my psychology major?"

"I know a lot about you, more than you realize. So no more bullshit! Okay? It's truth time. How can I help you to achieve your fullest potential if I don't know what you want? So tell me!" pressed Lou as his intense stare drilled into David's very soul.

McAllister tried to divert his gaze from Cifer's but couldn't. Those eyes were much too strong to resist. He felt all pretenses, all his willpower melting away. He couldn't take his eyes off those bloodshot orbs that seemed to twirl around like pin wheels, hypnotizing him, controlling his every move and thought. Without realizing what he was saying, he blurted out, "I want to be rich and famous. I want to be idolized ... worshipped as a muscle god. I want to be the biggest, strongest man alive. No one will ever be bigger or stronger than me. I want to be the ultimate bodybuilder for all time to come."

As his words reverberated in his ears, he realized what he had said. He felt chagrined. Through a Herculean force of will he finally unplugged his eyes from Lou's. Never before had he ever dared to verbalize his inner most desires. He kept them locked deep within his soul, out of reach and out of sight. Now his guilty secret was out in the open. Yet, surprisingly, once the embarrassment subsided, he felt remarkably free, as if a great weight had been lifted off of him. He even sheepishly smiled at the release. Inner peace washed over him as he sat there with his great arms folded across his mighty chest.

"I bet you feel better for saying that ... right?"

David didn't respond, only nodded his head.

"Am I the first you ever confessed to?"

Again he nodded.

"Good! That proves trust. You trust me. But I could have guessed your answer. Why else would you train so hard, year after year, to build a body like yours if you didn't want to attain the ultimate in bodybuilding and in life. You've always known your body and hellishly good looks were your meal ticket to your goals. To use one of your Freudian terms, your subconscious or id knew. You just needed a push to bring it out. Glad I could be of assistance."

"You sure you're not a Svengali?" Both titans of muscle chuckled. David reluctantly asked, "Can you help me?"

"Why not. I did it for Arnold, Coleman, Cutler, Levrone and scores of others. I can certainly do it for you."

"You trained Schwarzenegger? I thought he was Weider-trained!"

"He was but Ol' Joe personally hired me to oversee all of Arnold's training. He had far less potential than you have in your little finger. You know when he first came to this country he was penniless. Within two years he was the undisputed king of bodybuilding. His name became a household word. In less than a decade he was a movie star, the highest paid actor in Hollywood. Everything he touched turned to gold. He even became the Governor of the state. His dreams all came true and so can yours ... with my help and guidance."

Caught up in the excitement of the moment David eagerly inquired, "What do I have to do?"

"First ... relax," advised Lou. "I'm on your side. Then trust me ... follow my suggestions to the letter and within a few short months time, you'll be Mr. Pacifica International. It's the premier bodybuilding contest for all the Pacific rim nations. Next to the Universe and Olympia there is no title more prestigious. It will be your steppingstone to Mr. America, Mr. World, Mr. Universe and finally the ultimate, Mr. Olympia ... your calling card to the pros. You could be the first man in the history of the sport to win all these titles. If you decide to renew your membership after the introductory six months are up ... we'll train you for all of them. In between, there will be high paying modeling jobs and television appearances to get you into the public eye. I can easily get you on with Leno. He owes me big time. After the Olympia title there'll be movie offers. You'll be the new Hercules. It made Steve Reeves an international movie star-- and rich. It will make you an even bigger star. That role will do for you what Conan did for Schwarzenegger. You'll be rich, famous and the ultimate king of all bodybuilding ... forever. How does that sound?"

Mesmerized by Cifer's intoxicating words David was drunk on ambition. His vanity was running away with his common sense and he couldn't care less. He wanted it. He wanted it all. He'd do anything to make it come true.

Coyly Lou asked, "So, do we have a deal?"

David, not wanting to appear too eager, thought for a few seconds before replying, "When do we start?"

"Right now - this minute."

"What do I have to do?" he asked excitedly.

"I need to see your physique. Strip!"

"What? Why?"

"So I can evaluate your body-- its strength, its weaknesses if you have any. I can't very well determine the best course of training for you with your clothes on."

"Do I strip down to my jock ... or all the way?"

"All the way ... buck naked please."

David nervously stood. Hesitantly he started to undress. First he took his sneakers off, then his ankle socks. Next his tank top came off. He playfully bounced his pecs up and down. He couldn't help notice the erotic licentious glare he was receiving from Lou. He was turning him on big time. He enjoyed the control he was having over his new trainer and decided to have some fun with him. He began to dance about the office turning his undressing into a full-blown strip tease. Artfully he removed his Daisy Dukes, swinging them over his head on one finger.

As his gyrations were bringing Lou to total arousal, David became aware he too was getting sexually excited over his musclebound mentor. Cifer's magnificent body had already played a number on him down in the gym when he first saw him. All through the interview, one thought constantly nagged and festered in the back of his mind ... he coveted Lou's body as he never coveted anyone's before. He wanted to feel all that naked bulk pressed up against his naked flesh. He wanted to have the greatest, hottest, most boffing, unadulterated intense muscle sex of his life. It was driving him insane, and his throbbing cock crazy with unrestrained, wanton lust. As he was stripping, he devised a scheme to get Lou out of his clothes and then let nature take its salacious course. With his thumbs tucked in the elastic waistband of his jock he stopped his impromptu performance.

"What's the matter?" Lou asked impatiently.

"I feel somewhat uneasy about taking all of my clothes off in front of a stranger. I'm uncomfortable with being the only one naked in the room," he said coquettishly, even batting his eyes as he tilted his head down in a demure manner.

"Oh, I get it. You'll show me your body if I'll show you mine. All right. That's fair enough," Cifer said as he rose from his desk, walked around to stand in front of his beefy protégé and stripped. Instantly Lou's monster fuckpole bounded up and down. Its cock head oozed quantities of pre cum as he methodically inspected David's physique. Seeing Lou's mighty rod exposed for the first time, David now understood Sam's fascination with it. He was overcome with a powerful urge to hold it in both hands, to stroke it, squeeze it, to put it in his mouth, to worship it with his tongue and lips. It was monstrous in size, as big as his ... much thicker but beautifully proportioned with a large, perfectly formed, oversized mushroom cap. David salivated uncontrollably, gulping his drool down hard, so it wouldn't dribble out the corners of his open mouth.

Cifer's whole body had the same primal erotic effect on him as his had on Lou. He was astonished to see there wasn't a stitch of hair anywhere on his body other than his dark

black pubes. This only added to the overall extreme effect on him. David's libido was wildly out of control as he ripped his jock off, exposing his own foot long sex beast. Once released from the constrained captivity of the jock, it involuntarily reared up slapping David's abs before settling back down in a straight-as-an-arrow position, jetting out from his crotch like a great sword of flesh.

Seeing Lou's naked body surpassed all of David's wildest expectations. He was indeed mammothly proportioned. Other than himself he had never seen anyone so massively built. Each rippling muscle was clearly defined. His striations were clearly pronounced, covering his whole body like a three-dimensional road map. In these two aspects Cifer outclassed even him. That body took his breath away. Like an addict, he was helplessly overcome by a compulsion to shoot his load, as pre cum flooded freely over his cockhead. As his mighty sex beast pulsated out in front of him, David looked down at it. "It has a mind of its own," he remarked casually.

"So does mine," confessed Lou as his cock throbbed wildly on its own.

In an attempt to calm his overwrought libido and regain some measure of self-control, David closes his eyes.

As if he could read his mind Lou seemed to automatically sense his new recruit's distress. "Thank you for that," he said appreciatively. "What you feel for my body, I also feel for yours. But business first."

Marveling at Lou's self-control, David somehow found the necessary inner strength to regain his composure. "What do you want me to do?" he asked meekly.

"Do a compulsory posing routine for me as I call them out." Cifer took a few steps back to give David room. "One - double biceps," he barked like a drill sergeant. David obeyed, flexing his mighty guns as he grimaced to strain them to their maximum size.

"Two - front lat spread." David readily complied as he popped his pecs and spread his massive lats.

"Three - side chest." Taking a deep breath, he clenched his teeth as he took a quarter turn. He clutched his hands together at the side as he blasted out his great pecs.

"Back double biceps," commanded Lou. Turning his back on his trainer, David strained his mighty arms to their limits.

"Five - back lat spread." Like the wings of a jumbo jet he spread his humongous lats.

"Six - side triceps." Standing sideways David quickly obeyed the order, clasping his fist together to display his most impressive triceps.

"And finally - front abdominal and thigh isolation." Again exerting all his strength, David sucked in his stomach to show off his eight pack abs to their best advantage as he flexed his tree trunk thighs. He raised his arms and placed his hands behind his head, exhaling as his skin shrink-wrapped around his huge muscles.

"Okay, relax," ordered Lou.

"How was it?" David impatiently asked.

"Your body or the posing?"

"Both."

"You know you have a phenomenal body, par excellence, as the French would say. There's very little we'd have to work on in that regard. Some more definition, perhaps. A couple more pounds of muscle. May be an inch or two on the calves. The main thing is to keep and improve the proportions. We increase one area, we'll have to increase all the others to keep everything balanced. It's a challenge but it can and will be done. This I think we can do relatively quickly. A couple of months. No problem."

"And the posing?"

"Posing can be taught. You're not a pro ... yet! Remember, just because you're the biggest doesn't mean you'll automatically win the competition. Presentation is critical. Both Frank Zane and Bob Paris defeated much bigger men 'cause they had a superior posing routine. They knew how to present themselves ... to show off their best assets. You're grimacing far too much as you strain with all your might to flex. Relax your facial muscles as you pose. Ignore the pain of the strain," advised the master trainer. "Always smile. Let the judges and audience see you're enjoying yourself. That projects confidence. That impresses the judges as much as your muscle size. But you'll learn all this. I'll teach you. Before you know it, you'll feel right at home on the stage like this."

Lou went through the exact same seven compulsory poses for David. Effortlessly he flexed, strained, clenched his mammoth bulk without the slightest hint of discomfort or pain ... grinning a wide smile through it all.

As he posed David found himself once again consumed by an erotic licentiousness for Lou's magnificent body. Pre-cum flowed like a clear torrent all over his cockhead. He couldn't help himself. He was rapaciously devouring this musclebound physique with his eyes and mind.

As Lou was going through all seven poses, David became so hot and horny he was beside himself with one all-consuming desire, to fuck or be fucked by him ... to feel that monster cock in his hands, in his mouth ... even, surprisingly, up his virgin muscle butt.

Within the depth of his most sacred thoughts, David had always known that someday he'd meet a man who'd rock his world ... a muscleman as big or even bigger, as strong or stronger, who could or would conquer his mind, heart, soul and body. As his great chest heaved with one lustful sigh after another, as his mighty cock seeped pre cum and pulsated with wanton erotic passion, he uncomfortably knew that Lou could be that man. David was willing-- more than willing. He was yearning to sacrifice the virginity of his ass and give himself up to this living muscle god, super cum or no super cum. Like a lemming to the cliff, he was being devoured by the exact same inescapable compulsion as Sam and countless others. There was magic in that man, irresistible magic that overpowered him as if he were caught in a tsunami of primitive carnal lust. At that moment he was a helpless captive under the erotic spell of this monster of muscle and sex. His intoxicating hold on David made him think he was a modern-day Svengali or sorcerer.

## Chapter Five

"And that's how it's done," purred Lou as he finished his posing for David. His new pupil was near the point of swooning. David felt lightheaded as he tried to catch his breath. He was overcome by the sheer might, the magnetism, the raw power and energy of the master trainer's massive body and his artful skill at posing.

"You're incredible!" he sighed as he clutched the end of the desk for support. His cock kept throbbing as it steadily continued oozing pre cum. "Simply incredible! Besides myself, I've never seen anyone so impressive, all powerful, so mammothly muscular. I'm overwhelmed!"

"Thank you kind sir," replied Lou chivalrously. "And may I return the compliment. For all my years in bodybuilding, I've never seen anyone come close to your perfection ... not even Arnold or Coleman. Your size, bulk, proportion are phenomenal. Your potential ... limitless," he praised. "It will be a distinct pleasure to work with you ... train you ... encourage, motivate and befriend you. I know you'll make us both proud."

He heroically stepped forward, coming face to face with the beefy young hunk. Their massive, pulsating cocks slid alongside each other's as Lou wrapped his mighty arms around David to give him an affectionate hug. McAllister's lustful, wanton desire had come true. Their two magnificent naked bodies were flesh to flesh, cock to cock as he was pressed gently against the master trainer's body. David closed his eyes to better savor the erotic, lust filled moment. "Ah!" he sighed. "You feel so good against me," said David as he laid his head down on his new mentor's massive shoulder.

Lou began to lick the beads of nervous sweat pouring down David's thick neck. Each swipe of his tongue sent waves of exhalation throughout David's body. He lifted his head up as the trainer's tongue followed the beads as they trickled down those mammoth shoulders, wandering aimlessly across those mountainous pecs to hang gingerly at the

end of David's nipples before dropping off to the floor. McAllister's whole body shivered as the tongue stealthily licked the nipple sweat with soft, gentle strokes. His mighty chest heaved with one deep sign after another. His head tilted backwards, his mouth open to take in air as his libido raced out of control. He was being sensually driven insane with sexual anticipation.

Then he felt the spiked end of Lou's goatee brush against his right nipple, while his other was being massaged by the fingers of a mighty hand, tweaking, twisting, flickering, encircling as electrical shock waves discharged throughout his anatomy. And all the while that most beautiful monster cock rubbing up against his, smearing Lou's pre cum all over it. David was on the verge of going berserk when he felt a powerful hand reach behind him, grab his hair and force his head farther back. Lou's tongue began its slow advance up his pecs to his neck ... up his throat to his chin, then swirled to the side of his neck, back down, across the base of his throat to the other side and back up. This circular motion was erotically intoxicating. To add further stimulation Lou kept flexing his pecs, his hard, large oval nipples scrapping across David's causing him to whimper loudly as his whole body shook out of control.

"I can't take much more of this," David moaned. "You're driving me crazy." He looked pleading at Lou as if to say ... fuck me ... take me and relieve this erotic wanton torture. But what he saw sent a momentary bolt of fright down his spine. Those blood shot eyes blazed with cruel sadism, as if he was about to lose his soul and his body consumed in the lustful fires of erotic sex. He quickly looked away. When he looked back the eyes seemed to have changed to one of animal lust and just as quickly to passionate desire.

"There's no doubt you have a superb body," extolled Lou. "But massive muscles are only part of the overall equation. How strong are you?"

"I'm very strong," whimpered David in short, sharp breaths. "I was the strongest member over at the Santa Monica Men's Club," he boasted proudly as he flexed his mighty arms to prove his point. "Nobody could come close to matching the poundage of weights I used regularly. Even on my so-called soft days I out lifted, out pressed, out pulled everyone else. I'm phenomenally strong," he sighed.

"I'm sure that's true. But I need to know how strong you actually are as part of the evaluation ... so I know how much weight you can safely handle. Lock up with me in a test of strength."

"What?" asked a flabbergasted David.

"A test of strength," reiterated Lou as he held his hands high in the air. "Come on! Show me how strong you are."

Shaking his head in disbelief, David raised his hands up. The two Herculean musclemen locked fingers as they applied all their might in a test for dominance. Both grunted from the exertion. Their faces strained from their efforts. Their massive chest collided as they



struggled to overpower the other. Each kept adjusting their leg stance for better leverage. To David's shock and humiliation he was eventually powered down to his knees. Valiantly he tried to power his way back up but all his attempts failed miserably. His hands were forced backwards to the point of being snapped off at the wrists. He cried out in pain. His face contorted in total agony. Lou released him. "Not bad," he smirked. "We'll have to work on building up your strength however. But not bad. Not bad at all."

David resting on his haunches rubbed and shook out his wrists one at a time. When he looked up Lou's monstrous cock was right in front of his face with its proud owner standing practically over him, legs spread far apart, his hands on his hips. It was the most beautiful piece of manmeat he'd ever seen and it was less than an inch from his salivating mouth. Not only the length of it but its massive thickness intrigued him. If he wrapped both his hands around it, most of it would still be uncovered. And that huge mushroom head, so perfectly proportioned ... so inviting. He wondered if he could get it all in his mouth.

Like a moth to a flame he was irresistibly drawn to it. This cock, like all of Lou's magnificently muscled body, cast a spell of wanton lust over him. It put him in a crazed erotic stupor. Before he knew what he was doing he had his lips stretched to the breaking point around the head. He sucked ... licked the cockhead, worshiping it with his tongue ... slurping up all the pre cum that smothered it. Cautiously he began to devour this massive fuckpole, taking it farther into his horny, hungry mouth, licking, sucking all the way until he had consumed the cock to the hilt, his face buried deep into the mass of Lou's dark pubic hair. Slowly he withdrew his mouth as Cifer plaintively moaned in ecstasy. Again and again David swallowed the monstrous cock, licking, sucking it all the way down and back up, covering it in his own thick saliva, which he ravenously licked off on the pull out. Only the sound of Lou's heavy breathing mixed with his groans of pleasure indicated David was having any effect on the big, bald muscleman. His muscled body remained rock solid ... there was no sign of any trembling. Even when he invaded the piss slit with the tip of his tongue only the low grunts of sexual delight rewarded his efforts.

Then Lou reached down. He hauled David up to his feet as he knelt down behind his protégé. He began to knead his mighty glutes, massaging them as a baker would his dough. Slowly he inserted his index finger up into the muscle butt. David jerked forward at the sensation. Lou kept finger fucking his hole with one finger, then two. Each time he reamed his butt David lurched, lifting one leg up slightly as he grunted out loudly. He had never before experienced this sensation. He had had tongues up his muscle ass but never a finger. He wasn't sure if he liked it or not. In time, however, after repeatedly being spiked, he began to fall under its erotic allure. He began to relax and enjoy it.

Lou changed tactics to something David did thoroughly enjoy. He separated his muscle buns, opening them up to invade him with his tongue. David squealed in delight. His massive body shuddered. Each muscle twitched as he loudly sighed in rapturous pleasure as Lou slurped and hissed like a snake. The sensation overpowered him as Lou's tongue went deep, deeper than anyone had ever penetrated up his ass before. He had the distinct perception that Lou's tongue kept growing and growing as he flicked it farther and farther

up into him. At one point he felt if he'd open his mouth the tip would come popping out. David's eroticism was at fever pitch. He sighed uncontrollably. His body convulsed. His breathing was fast, furious with sharp, short gasps. He was being helplessly coerced into a state of total sexual derangement.

When he was through sexually abusing David's muscle butt, Lou stood up. "Come," he said softly as he took David gently by the hand. He led him to the curtain covered wall at the far end of the office. He pressed a button. The curtain parted to reveal a wall completely covered by a huge floor to ceiling mirror. Both muscle behemoths admired their magnificent physiques. "I never met a mirror I didn't like," chuckled Lou. "Let's pose together," he suggested. "We'll have our own posedown. It'll be good practice for you."

Lou started off first with a double bicep. David obediently followed suit. They compared their arms in the mirror, each twisting at the waist a quarter turn to the right, then to the left. There was no doubt Lou had the bigger set of guns, but not by that much, plus they were more defined with striations bursting through the skin. Never one to be easily impressed, David was floored. He was turned on even more than before. Next Lou hit a side chest pose. David did the same. Again the trainer proved to be the larger. Then followed in rapid succession a most muscular, front lat spread, side triceps, front ab and thigh, back lat spread, back double biceps. Lou then went down on one knee with a double biceps ... rose and clasped his hand behind his head, bulging his mighty arms to their maximum size as his gigantic, wildly pulsating cock plowed straight out in front of him.

Like a well trained puppy David did the same. Both colossal musclemen stood only inches apart, face to face, their throbbing cocks virtually head to head. This erotic sensation was almost too overwhelming for David. He wanted to unload then and there on this human mountain of muscle in front of him. Lou took a step forward snuggling his manmeat up alongside of David's. With a swing of his hips he slapped his cock into David's causing him to wince and groaned with erotic pain. Another, more forceful swing and Lou's cock again smashed into David's. Another grunt of erotic pain. Not to be outdone, David slapped his massive sex tool into Lou's, but Lou only smiled as his protégé felt both pain and pleasure from his attack. Still with their hands behind their heads the two titanic bodybuilders kept up their playful cock fight with David getting the worst of it but enjoying every moment. Every time their fuckpoles careened into one another's Lou would lecherously grin while David, flinching from the erotic pain was being systematically driven toward climax.

The young beefy muscleman was so hot and horny from the pose down and ensuing battle of the cocks. He was beside himself with an all-consuming lust for his musclebound tormentor. The coup de grace came when Lou brutally grabbed David by the waist. He drew him in close, stealthily sneaking his sex beast under David's, forcing it up and back against McAllister's own stomach. With the power of his mighty thighs he humped the underside of David's cock, squashing it repeatedly into his flesh. Continuously Lou kept pummeling his cockhead into the base of David's rod, sending

him into fits of erotic moans and groans of carnal delight. The twin sensations of wanton pain and pleasure overtook his body and mind. David's hands fell to his sides as he was caught in the inescapable grip of this overpowering monster of muscle. His eyes rolled about, his head jerked backwards with each forceful pounding his cock took. His face grimaced from the erotic hurt until he couldn't take it anymore. Leaning back in Lou's hands, David let out a loud cry of release, as Lou's cock bludgeoned into the underside of his. He unloaded a tidal wave of cum. With each savage strike his sex pole took, David unloaded, shooting a geyser of cum straight up in the air splattering both muscle titans, their face, chest and stomachs. "I can't stop cumming," wailed David as he vainly tried to escape. His futile struggling only encouraged Lou to sadistically intensify his cock assault. Savagely he kept up the attack until finally, mercifully, David had nothing left to discharge.

Exhausted, depleted, drained beyond belief, David, his entire body soaked in sweat and thick sheets of cum, collapsed against Lou's magnificent physique; his head slumped on his massive shoulder as he gasped desperately for air. Only in his most secretive wet dreams had he ever experienced such a sexually satisfying sensation. Never before had he been so fulfilled. In a low sigh he murmured plaintively, "Oh my god Lou, you're great. I've never known such carnal pleasure like this before. You're great ... absolutely great!"

But the carnal pleasure wasn't over by a long shot. Lou picked up his drained, exhausted protégé in his arms, cradling him like a child. He began sensually licking his muscular body all over, lapping up the cum from his face, chest and abs, systematically working his tormenting tongue towards David's abused cock, causing him to pop another erection. With great skill and technique Lou took all of McAllister's twelve inch long tool into his hungry mouth and down his throat. His hot, steamy breath sent David into fits of compulsory sighs of pure sexual pleasure. He ached to shoot off more loads but he had been totally drained. He had nothing left as he lay, weak and helpless in Cifer's mighty arms. This was deliberate, erotic torture and he loved it. Slowly he was taken into Lou's mouth and ever so slowly his cock was withdrawn but only to the top. Lou clamped his teeth capturing the head as his tongue worked its way into the piss slit, burrowing deep ... swirling around the inside. David nearly jumped out of his skin. Lou's tongue felt like a sneak's, forked with two individual tips, each tickling, scraping opposite side walls of his inner cock at the same time. He shrieked out in pleasure as his body convulsed.

Once again Lou took all of his cock down his throat, this time roughly boning him as he withdrew. More screams of ecstasy and pain. Down again with another boning release. Down again. Boning release. It seemed to go on for an eternity until David submitted to the inevitable. His mighty sex tool began to violently, painfully shoot massive loads of blanks. Each ejaculation was so agonizingly painful it made him even harder, causing him more anguish, hurt and erotic torment that he kept getting harder and harder. It was a cruel vicious cycle until he was driven to the brink of sexual madness. He cried out in excruciating agony as he was finally able to shoot off a few miserable dribbles of jizm.

The room swirled about his head. Like a school girl he swooned in the mighty arms of his musclebound seducer. When he came to, he was partially standing on his own two feet in

a reverse bearhug with Lou standing behind him. Only the immense strength of those arms were propping him upright. He could plainly feel Cifer's massive cock nestled lengthwise between his butt cheeks. He was being ravenously dry surfed. He realized it was only a matter of time before his virgin muscle butt would be conquered. He knew in his heart of hearts that this day would eventually come. Still he wasn't fully prepared to be devirginized. Yet, if it had to happen, he already had resigned himself that it would be this monster of muscle and might who would do it.

Once David had completely regained his senses and was standing upright under his own power, Lou released the reverse bearhug. He moved his hands up to enfold David's pecs, playing with the nipples, massaging them passionately with the tips of his fingers, as he continued to dry surf that most beautiful of muscle butts. David, his whole body shaking uncontrollably, sighed in resignation. He was completely captured by this most erotic sensation and the sensual expectation of what was to come. His cock again was painfully stiff as it pulsed wildly up and down in front of him. Sadistically Lou was working him up to the rapturous climax in which he'd take him and conquer his virgin ass. Sigh after shivering moanful sigh escaped David's lips. He gently laid his head back on Lou's shoulder as he felt the back of his body snuggled tightly against Cifer's massive chest, abs and thighs. He just stood there submissively ... vanquished. He sensed Lou was getting ready to take him.

As his new trainer played with his nipples with one hand he dropped the other to the base of his wildly pulsating sex meat, forcibly grabbing it in his mighty hand and began to powerfully masturbate him with strong strokes that almost felt as if he was trying to rip his cock off his body. David was beside himself, totally caught up in the intoxicating rapture of wanton primal lust. He tensed all his muscles as Cifer moved his powerful thighs back, positioning his killer fuckpole directly at David's hole, pressing his cockhead firmly against his puckering ass lips. With one mighty thrust of those massive thighs he'd easily be up into David's butt, ripping his hole wide open. McAllister closed his eyes. He clenched his teeth in anticipation of that initial first piercing intrusive pain. He could feel the tip of that huge mushroom shaped head begin to insert itself when the sound of someone racing up the metal stairs interrupted the advance.

Bursting through the office door was an irate, humongously beefy Brad, dressed in his gym shorts and muscle shirt both of which were bursting at the seams. His mammoth size not only shocked David, it dumbfounded him completely. His face froze in total disbelief. He murmured to himself about his mammoth proportions. Brad stormed into the room screaming at the top of his voice, "So! It's true then! I couldn't believe it when Sam told me you'd joined ... that you were up here, alone with Lou ..."

"How dare you barge in here like a raging bull!" blasted Lou. "Get out! Get out this instant!"

"I won't get out! I have every right to be here ... more than he does." Brad howled back. "I'm not only your national champion, I'm also your main fuck bitch. We have a deal! Remember? You'd train me for free if you could have my ass every day. I've kept my part

of the bargain." Turning toward David, still encased in Lou's arms, he howled like a raving lunatic, "And you, you fuckin' son of a bitch, you just couldn't wait to come over here and steal my thunder, take over my place as the number one bodybuilder, like you did at the Santa Monica Men's Club. Fuck you McAllister! FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU!"

Grabbing David by the arm he ripped him out of Lou's hands, spun him around and with one powerful right cross, he slugged him square in the jaw, sending David reeling across the office. McAllister landed, face down, on a couch. Greatly dazed, it took him sometime to gather himself together. Brad's might was prodigious which only added to the after effects of David's intense cock fucking. He was still terribly weak and physically drained.

Turning to Lou, Brad continuing ranting. "Don't think you can replace me with him so easily. I know too much. I've been around here long enough to know what's going on. One word from me to the authorities and you'll be out of business and your ultimate scheme turned to ashes, Lou. I KNOW TOO MUCH!"

"You DARE to black mail ME you pathetically miserable insignificant little piece of you father's cum!" stormed Cifer. "You're more than a fool, Brad. You're an absurdity!"

When David tried to recall these events later that day, his memory was still hazy, a great blur of jumbled words, sights and sounds. The bits and pieces just didn't seem to fit together. He remembered Lou bellowing like a demon possessed at Brad, saying something about him being a jealous bastard, an ungrateful wretch, unfit to be a champion, a waste of his time, that he could go to hell. Then there seemed to be an intense flash of light followed by a powerful surge of hot, searing wind. It felt like all the hair on his body was being burnt off, singed to the flesh.

Then followed the oddest sensation of all. It was if someone flipped him over onto his back and raised his legs high up in the air, resting them on a pair of steel plated shoulders, a savagely painful piercing followed as if his ass was being torn to shreds by a baseball size bat, far too big for his asshole to handle, ripping and tearing his guts as it was forcibly bulldozed up into him. The repeatedly barbaric plowing of his ass caused him to scream out in total agony, he felt his head jerk violently from side to side, his whole body convulsing in tremors of indescribable anguish. Next he felt what seemed to be hot molten lava being poured deep into his guts, searing his insides to charred remains as he gasped for breath in between harrowing shrieks of sexual torture. It seemed like the lava just kept flowing into him nonstop, eventually solidifying into a massive block of steaming concrete that made him feel sluggish and inordinately heavy. It was all too confusing and mixed up for him to make any sense of it, leaving him totally bewildered.

When David finally got to his feet his archrival was nowhere to be seen. Groggily he asked, "Where's ... Brad. I've got ... some unfinished ... business with him ... a score to settle ... once and for all." He shook his head to dispel the lingering cobwebs as he massaged his jaw.

"He's gone," replied Lou emphatically. "He won't be back. He won't bother either of us again ... ever."

"Huh? Gone? Where did he go to?"

"To hell for all I care."

"You mean he just left? Just like that?"

"Yeah. Just like that. Put him out of your mind. I've thrown him out of the gym. He won't be back, ever! Besides you've got bigger things to concern you, like your training."

Still a little shaken and delirious, David staggered about. When he caught sight of himself in the wall mirror he stopped short. His reflection shocked him. "Where's all my body hair," he gasped as his hands slid over his physique. "What the fuck happened to me?"

"While you were out I thought I'd take advantage of the situation and shave you clean," answered Lou. "If you want to be a champion bodybuilder you cannot have any body hair. It conceals your definition too much and all your hard work will be for naught."

David could only stare at his reflection shaking his head. Cifer's explanation somehow didn't satisfy him. "But it was my choice," he stated forcefully. He liked all his thick dark body hair. He was used to it. It made him seem even more manly somehow, even more dangerous and threatening. It was part of his overall persona. He was a real man's man. Without his body hair he was as naked as a newborn baby and totally exposed. It made him feel self-conscious.

"Have you ever seen a bodybuilder champion with body hair?" asked Lou rhetorically. "Of course not and you never will. Body hair hides definition. It cast shadows and covers up the true magnificence of your body. No body hair ... ever. If you truly want to be a champion in this sport your body has got to be as bald as a billiard ball. The judges want to see every part of your physique without any obstruction or interference." He concluded by saying, "This new look is for your own good. It will help you in achieving all your most cherished goals and isn't that what we'll be working for, together!"

Still shocked with disbelief David shrugged his mammoth shoulders and began looking about for his clothes. He gathered them up and quickly dressed. Lou did the same, begrudgingly saying, "I think we ought to call it a day, don't you?" David concurred. "Come back tomorrow morning," instructed the gym owner. "Be here by nine and we'll map out your routine, diet and start your program."

Putting his hand on David's shoulder he escorted him to the door. As David glanced down he couldn't help but notice a large scorch mark on the carpet. He didn't recall having seen it before. Slowly he descended the metal stairs. At the bottom he looked back

up. Lou waved to him. He waved back, turned and sauntered, in his usual cocky manner, across the gym, massaging his sore chin. He looked for Sam among the members working out but couldn't find him. He departed for home.

## Chapter Six

That night David didn't sleep well at all. Instead of dreaming about all the bodybuilding glory Lou had promised him, he constantly tossed and turned with two horrific and recurring nightmares.

The first was a real bed soaker, a night terror like he never had before. He was hanging naked and helpless in the cold, damp stone basement of a tower dungeon by the tentacles of some unseen giant monster. It was perched high above in the darken recesses of the conical tower roof. Its tenacious tentacles were tightly wound around his mighty arms while others encircled the nipples of his mammoth pecs. Another slithered down to clutch his ball sack, as one curled itself around his cock. Still another worked its way below his left knee to encompass his upper calf. And one, that he could not see, was behind him playfully poking and prodding his buttock before ramming itself painfully up into his muscle butt. David shrieked out in agony.

In unison these slimy long flexible fingers squeezed his magnificent body crushing the life spirit out of him. Continuously he cried out from the torturous pain as he dangled above a dismembered skeleton lying on the floor below him. It was a most unpleasant reminder of what was in store for him if he could not somehow extricate himself.

With all his might he violently struggled for freedom from the grasp of those deadly tentacles. He violently twisted his great body, fiercely jerking left and right, tugging with all his prodigious strength but to no avail. All his attempts ended in futility and fatigue until he had no more energy left to resist.

Then, menacingly, his exhausted body was slowly hauled upwards into the darkness toward a gapping, hissing mouth with sharp drooping fangs. He was to be food for this hideous, bug eyed, hairy giant insect. The stench of the monster's breath putrefied the very air David was breathing. Its noxious odor made him wretch. The closer he came to the beast the more drool cascaded down on him until it was a waterfall of saliva that coated his face and body. He became suffocated by it. Unable to breath, stark terror overtook David's mind. There was to be no escape, no reprieve from the inevitable. He was to be a meal for this odious beast. With the last of his strength David let blast a terrifying scream ... that shocked him awake.

Instantly he sat up covered in a sea of sweat. His bed sheets were soaked. His heart raced out of control. His blood pressure was near stroke proportion. It took nearly an hour for

him to calm down. During this time he took a refreshing shower and replaced his drenched bed sheets as he constantly repeated to himself, "It was only a nightmare ... only a nightmare ... only a nightmare."

Yet in the back of his mind was the haunting thought ... but it was so real! Even when he crawled back into bed he could still feel the sensation of those powerful tentacles engulfing his body. That thought made him shiver with disgust.

It would take another hour of fidgeting before he would fall back to sleep. Once more in the land of nod the second night terror struck. This time he was a prisoner in some dank, dark, extremely humid subterranean dungeon. He was chained naked, up on a massive stonewall, his legs spread far apart as were his arms, his feet dangling just above the large blocked stone flooring. The only light came from a single wrought iron flaming wall sconce over a thick iron door at the far end of the stone corridor. The hallway was extremely long and exceptionally narrow.

Occasionally the door would open with a menacingly heavy groan. In sauntered two massively muscled men, one black, the other white. They were dressed alike in black leather, chaps, jocks and steel-toed boots. Their beefy chests were bare except for thick, studded belts that crisscrossed their mountainous pecs. Black leather arms bands wrapped around their mammoth biceps and black leather gloves covered their large manly hands up to their huge forearms. Their faces seemed, somehow, familiar to David, but he just couldn't place them. One was bald headed. His body was covered in Swastika tattoos. His buddy, the black bodybuilder, was so monstrous in size his physique gave off an ominous aura of imminent danger.

As they swaggered down the extenuated corridor, they stop right in front of him. Lecherously they glared at his naked body as drool seeped from the corners of their mouths. Then, one by one, they started to punch him senseless, turning him into a human punching bag, causing bloody gashes to erupt all over his handsome face and magnificent body. Each man gleefully took their turn at him, and when they were through, they took turns sucking him off as they roughly massaged his balls until he was thoroughly drained of all his strength.

As he hung limp and lifeless, like a wet dishrag from his chains, these two muscled bruits snuggle up tight against him. Their hot hard bodies smoldered against David's flesh causing steam to rise up. They began to massage his great chest as they harshly gnawed away at his protruding nipples, drawing blood as they ravenously chewed away at his pectoral development. The erotic sensation so overwhelmed David that he began to lactate. The two licked and slurped up every drop, milking him like a prized cow.

After he was milked, they began worshipping his body. They dropped to their knees before him. The black muscleman had his exceedingly long tongue tightly wrapped around the shaft of David's flaccid cock. Expertly he slid his tongue up and down forcing the great beast of flesh to become extraordinarily hard. It throbbed wildly out of control. At the same time the bald-headed beefy assailant had David's cockhead completely



enveloped in his mouth, his razor-sharp teeth biting down hard under its base as if he was about to savagely tear it off. This vicious body attack lasted until David once again burst forth one volcanic load after another as he bellowed out shrieking cries of harsh sexual torture.

As they departed, the brawny attackers licked the cum off their lips as they laughingly discuss how tasty he was. A little while later another group of leather clad musclemen entered. They repeated the same action, punching and sucking him into near unconsciousness as he wailed away in the rapture of erotic torment. Their faces too seemed familiar.

But the most horrifying aspect of these nightmares was when the most massively muscle freak of them all came through the door, alone, his face hidden by a black leather mask. A large hood covered his head. A black cape tried to conceal his entire body. But no covering could hide the fact that he was a walking mountain of pure muscle. He was a giant of a man, standing well over eight feet in height. His appearance sent shock waves of terror throughout David's body. He shuddered in abject fear.

As the muscle monster approached, David frantically struggled to free himself from his imprisoning chains. His usual phenomenal strength had been repeatedly siphoned from his body leaving him utterly weak and totally defenseless. As the chains madly clanked and rattled all about him he hollered at the advancing behemoth to stay away. David clearly recalled that this colossus glided more than walked on a cloud of smoke as he came closer and closer. And another curious thing David remembered was that the nearer he got the temperature increased dramatically. By the time this menacing figure stood in front of him, David was sweating like a fountain in the boiling atmosphere of the hallway as he continued to fight with his chains.

The monster of muscle said nothing, but his sinister chuckling at David's futile attempt to free himself spoke volumes. He reached out with his huge hands to roughly grab David's cock and balls. His burning touch caused David's flesh to simmer in his grasp. He squeezed as McAllister shrieked out in pain. "You belong to me now," he said in a booming voice that could easily shatter anyone's eardrums. "You're my bitch to do with as I please! I own your body, your mind, heart and your soul! You can never escape me. You're mine! ...forever mine!!" Then he let loose a mighty roaring laugh as he released David's privates.

Taking one step back, the cloaked figure shrugged his boulder size shoulders. The hood and cape fell from his naked, mammoth body revealing the full extent of his monumental physique. A searing reddish glow encompassed him. His titanic muscles struck even more dread into David, especially the enormous size of his sex tool that jetted out in front of him, hard and straight. It bobbed up and down with unbridled lust for his body. As he pressed himself against McAllister's, David's flesh began to singe as hot clouds of smoke poured up between them. He felt he would be reduced to a cinder of ash in no time because the blazing heat was so intense. The monster then pressed his large lips over David's mouth. He began to ravenously kiss him as he positioned his monstrous

cockhead between David's spread legs, directly at his exposed butt hole. With one fluid motion he rammed his massive manmeat all the way up into David's muscle butt, tearing his sphincter wide open. Blood gushed out and kept pouring out with every unbearable barbaric penetration. David, his mouth cover by the giant's lips, couldn't even scream. The very breath of his life was being sucked from his body as he was being brutally raped to death on that mighty red-hot poker plowing up his ass. He couldn't even struggle. He was plastered too tight against the wall by this muscle monster's searing body.

The inhuman sadistic fucking went on and on for the longest time. To David it seemed like forever until the muscle demon started to shoot his boiling hot loads up into him. With each bolt of fire that jetted out, his guts were consumed by the flames from that prodigious blowtorch of flesh crammed all the way up his butt hole. In fact his whole body, inside as well as out, was being par-boiled by the scorching flesh of his gigantically muscled attacker.

As the heat increased to the point of combustible immolation, David bellowed out an unearthly cry that woke him up. Again his bed sheets were soaked through and through. Great globs of sweat covered him from head to toe. He felt totally exhausted and thoroughly weak. He was panting for every breath as his mountainous chest heavily undulated in great gasping waves. It took him several minutes to recover. But when he finally did, he got up, took another refreshing shower and, once more, changed his bedding.

Once back in bed he found it difficult to fall back to sleep, but when he did, the same two horrible nightmares reoccurred, each time with the same result. He'd wake up screaming his guts out. His bedding needed to be changed, he needed a shower and more time wasted in trying to fall back to sleep.

It was with some trepidation, if not downright reluctance, that the following morning David was at The Foundry at the appointed hour. Only Lou's words of encouragement, that he could help David fulfill his most cherished dreams, that he was the only one David could be totally honest with and confide in, that Lou seemed to intuitively understand him completely, helped to lure him back to The Foundry. And to no small degree, David's overwhelming lustful fascination for his new trainer's body, his overpowering desire to make love to him and have him take him as no other man had ever done, also persuaded David to keep his rendezvous.

At nine o'clock on the dot David walked through the doors of his new gym. There to greet him in the lobby were Lou and Sam, both dressed in their workout togs. It seemed almost reassuring for David to see them both. After a round of vigorous hand shaking, it was time to get down to the serious business at hand. Lou had worked out a six day training routine for David, taking into account his class schedule at the University. Monday through Friday he would work out from seven in the morning until nine, then again from four in the afternoon until six. On Saturday he'd workout from eight in the morning until ten, again from one to three in the afternoon and then from seven to nine in

the evening. Sunday would be his day of rest. The intensity of the schedule at first stunned David, but when Lou explained that each body part would be worked a minimum of four times a week, he fully realized that such intensity could only provide the maximum results. "We'll start you off easy today," quipped Lou, "but tomorrow the schedule will be in full force." Gingerly he added, "And Sam will be your training partner, since I'll be personally training you both for upcoming competition." This idea greatly pleased David. He smiled broadly as they walked toward the gym.

That first day David's eyes were open up to what real bodybuilding training was all about. He had never been pushed so hard or for so long by anyone. Not only were the reps severely increased, but the poundage of the weights as well. Every sinew, every muscle of his body screamed and ached as never before by the time his workout had been completed. He felt totally drained but so thoroughly invigorated. It had to be the protein supplement drink Lou had him and Sam consume after each set was finished, he said to himself. "I feel G-R-R-R-E-A-T!" he bellowed at the end of that day's session as he thumped his mighty chest like a gorilla in heat. Sam laughed, as did their trainer.

"Hit the showers you two," instructed Lou. "Then I'll give you both a therapeutic massage, after which you sit in the sauna for twenty minutes. Good workout guys. I'm proud of you both."

"Sounds good," chortled David.

"Does to me too," added Sam as they trundled off to the locker room and the showers.

That night David fell into bed exhausted. Every fiber of his body cried out in pain. "But as the saying goes, no pain, no gain," he exclaimed out loud as he threw the covers over his head to snuggle in for the night. Never-the-less, in spite of the agony his body was going through, he was thoroughly pleased with his first day of training. He was astonished at the amount of weight he could really handle. He was stronger than he had even thought. As for Sam, he just blew his mind over his former lover with the extremely heavy poundage he was using. Little wonder he beefed up so fast. Even Lou's massage had been unbelievably relaxing and the sauna really did hit the spot. All in all it had been the most exhilarating, satisfying day of his life. A smile caressed his lips as David laid his head down on the pillow. Within seconds he was fast asleep.

Days quickly passed into weeks and weeks into months. With every passing hour David seemed to be growing bigger and stronger by leaps and bounds. Lou's massages, after each workout session, were the most relaxing David ever had. Each time he'd fall fast asleep as his trainer worked over him, speaking in hushed tones about his future. When he'd wake he felt totally refreshed, rejuvenated like a new man. Only his butt remained sore and sensitive. "Must be all those squats and leg presses Lou makes me do," surmised David to Sam. "He's a real taskmaster but the results are miraculous."

"I told you he was a miracle worker," rejoined his training partner proudly.

At the end of two months David was indisputably the most muscular man at The Foundry, if not in the entire country, may be even in the world. His progress was phenomenal. He began to be noticed. Offers for him to model and to perform as a guest poser at bodybuilding competition poured in from all over the country. There were even a few lucrative offers to appear on television and in a couple of movies. But Lou said he wasn't ready yet to be exposed to the glare of publicity until he had a few titles under his belt. "Then the really big money will start to come in," he advised. "Keep them waiting; keep them guessing and your price will skyrocket. Make them pay through the nose when the time is right." To David's way of thinking, Lou had been right all along, so he took his advice and decided to wait until he had made a name for himself in the world of bodybuilding.

In the meantime his training buddy, Sam, was exploding with muscle and might as well. On the night of the Mr. Northern Hemisphere contest in San Francisco, David was with him. He oiled him up backstage becoming sexually aroused as his hands flowed all over Sam's massive body. He saw him take the stage like a pro. He enviously watched him from the wings of the theater and heard the five thousand plus audience clap their hands raw and shout themselves hoarse over the long blond-haired bodybuilder's posing routine.

And when Sam took first place in the heavyweight division, and then the overall title, David was greatly pleased for his ex-boyfriend. But his pleasure was also tinged with a certain amount of jealousy. He wanted to be the one on stage getting all that applause and cheers. Many who had seen him backstage said he should be entered in the contest, that he would have been unbeatable. Their encouraging words fed his hungry and impatient ego. He secretly did want to be the one to win the title. He wanted to be the one idolized and worshipped by those thousands clapping and shouting themselves silly. Such conflicting emotions played havoc with his mind and heart. But Lou had bigger plans for him ... the Mr. Pacifica International title in just a few weeks. Until then he'd just have to be patient. After all Lou was the boss and he did seem to know better.

During the flight back to Los Angeles David was reticent for fear of saying something he shouldn't, of exposing his jealous envy and spoiling Sam's moment in the spotlight. But Sam never noticed. He was soaring far too high on the adrenalin of emotions to realize David's discomfort. Once they landed at LAX, Sam asked if he could stay with him that night, to celebrate his victory. David was taken aback but finally agreed. At least he'd get some hot, horny sex from his former lover. And who knows, he thought, fucking Mr. Northern Hemisphere, into a state of sweaty sexual satiation, may be just the cure for the emotional funk he was in. Besides, he figured, he wanted to replace Lou and recapture his preeminence in Sam's heart. He wanted to be the greatest lover he ever had, not their trainer.

As the first rays of dawn cracked the night sky, David was still fucking the life out of Sam. The two had been going at it for most of the night. It started out playful enough. They tussled about the bedroom to see who would dominate. David was thoroughly amazed at Sam's strength. He had to use all his formidable might to win, which

somewhat angered him. But once he body slammed Sam on to his sturdy solid oak four poster bed, his former lover quickly became as docile as a lamb and just as compliant. They sucked each other's manmeat in the 69 position, Sam getting the better of the two. David grunted out one loud moan after another as the new Mr. Northern Hemisphere worked his great cock into submission. When he shoved his tongue tip deep into David's piss slit, it was all over. David shot one massive load after another down Sam's hot, hungry throat, the winning bodybuilder's tongue lapping up every thick, juicy drop, sending David's body into shock waves of erotic tremors.

Drained of his great strength, McAllister laid helplessly spread eagle on the bed. But Sam wasn't through, not by a long shot. He hurriedly flipped David's legs up over his head until his toes touched the base of the headboard. David had been folded up almost in half, the head of his flaccid sex tool lay at the base of his pectoral cleavage. Holding those sequoia size legs in place with his hands pressed hard into David's thighs, Sam scrunched down until his face was directly in front of his wide-open butt hole. Again using his tongue he began to rim all around and about the exposed sphincter, driving David into a state of unadulterated lust. McAllister hollered out one mighty groan after another as his eyes rolled to the back of his head. Sam knew from past experience that the one thing his former lover craved more than anything else was to have a worshipful tongue playing with his ass hole and at the moment he was fulfilling David's most wildest sexual fantasy.

Around and around, over and under his tongue danced about the frantically puckering pink hole driving David crazy with wanton lust. More wailing sighs of pleasure came from McAllister's lips as his head tossed back and forth. Rarely, if every, did David lose control of a sexual situation. The only other time he could recall was with Lou at their first meeting. Now his mind, heart and body were reliving that same erotic experience with Sam. He somehow had to regain the initiative and retake control of the moment. But when Sam inserted his hot tongue deep up his butt hole, David was lost once again. His now wildly pulsating, hard as a rock cock, pointing directly up at his face, exploded all over him, damn near smothering his entire chest and face with wave after wave of cum. Peels of erotic cries erupted from David as he let loose one great wad after another while Sam relentlessly kept up his tongue attack on his muscle butt.

When he was through, Sam released David's legs to crawl up onto his great body covering it with his own prize-winning physique. Using his magic tongue he licked the jism off the smeared face of his former boyfriend as McAllister's, his body still shaking uncontrollably, desperately gasped for air. In short order both musclemen were passionately kissing and frenching one another. Caught in the euphoric afterglow of such great sex, David was nevertheless quite cognizant that he had been driven insane with unrequited lust as he felt Sam's powerful cock working its way down over his ball sack toward his butt hole. Mr. Northern Hemisphere's fabulous body pressed down hard on top of him, cementing him to the sweat soaked bed sheets and mattress as the two continued to make out, kissing and hugging. For David it was now or never to regain control or else give up the ultimate price, his muscle butt, to Sam.

Marshalling all of his remaining strength, McAllister forcibly wrapped his mighty arms around Sam's waist in a tight bearhug. With one powerful move he rolled over, pinning him to the same spot that just a few seconds before he had been in. "Playtime is over, Sammy boy," he said threateningly. "Here is where we separate the men from the boys."

As he slid down over Sam's body he kissed and licked his tongue over his pecs, playfully bit, chewed and sucked on his nipples, sending his ex-lover in to hazy stupor of unbridled sex. Across the cobblestone six pack abs David dragged his tongue tickling each ridge and hollow as he went, until he finally reached Sam's frantically bobbing sex tool. Mr. Northern Hemisphere's sex beast dramatically reared up in front of McAllister's face as it throbbed out of control. David licked his lips then attacked the tool with his mouth. Sam easily felt the hot breath of his friend as his mouth enveloped his cockhead. David went all the way down to the base, then slowly, ever so slowly, lifted his head up as his lips washed the pole while he sucked it with all his might. When he eventually reached the top of the eight-inch rod and lifted his mouth off of it, a suction popping sound was heard. Sam let out a loud moan of pleasure. Again David went down on the cock. He repeated the same action with the same result. Sam once again whimpered loudly with erotic delight. Again and again and again McAllister attacked the cock with the same intense determination. Each time the champion bodybuilder groaned out loudly.

Remembering that Sam like a touch of S & M with his sex, David started to bone his manmeat, gently at first, then with each passing oral attack it got rougher and rougher, sending Sam over the edge. His moaning of erotic pleasure turned to howling screams of sexual lust until David clamped his teeth tightly under his cockhead. Harshly he crammed his tongue tip deep into the piss slit as he bit down hard. Sam exploded a tsunami of cum down David's throat, followed by another and another and another as McAllister sucked away like a madman, slurping up every shot. Again and again as Sam continued to blast, David gnawed away at the erupting tool as his friend's wailing shrieks of delight filled the bedroom.

When the newly crowned Mr. Northern Hemisphere finally ceased cumming, his petrified cock continued to explode blanks, increasing the intensity of his erotic torment. Even when David removed his mouth from the abused sex tool, Sam's cock continued to beat off one blank after another with great force causing him to bellow and wail in agonizing distress. His former boyfriend's sexual anguish only pleased David. He swore under his breath that before the night was through, he'd make Sam forget all about Lou and think only of him and he had always been a man of his word.

## **Chapter Seven**

Crazed by lust and petty jealousy David was also a madman possessed with fucking away Lou's hold over Sam's heart. The two had been going at it all night long. Sam's

shoulder length blond hair had become matted from sweat to his head, plastered all over his handsome face and thick bull neck. His plaintive moaning, with every powerful insertion of David's huge cock, only wetted his former lover's sexual appetite. "You're insatiable!" bellowed Sam. "You're an animal ... a fuckin' sex beast. I love it! More! Go deeper! Deeper! Harder! Harder! Harder! You're so deep in me. AHH! Fuck me David! Fuck me harder!"

Sam's pleas only encouraged David to ravage him with even more intensity. With Sam's mighty legs flung over his own massive shoulders, David's hips went into overdrive fucking both their brains out in the missionary position. Like atomic pile drivers he forcibly drove his way up into Mr. Northern Hemisphere's muscle butt as Sam's head violently tossed about the soggy pillow; his fabulous body convulsed and shook with every savage penetration; his shrieks filling the bedroom like a dying banshee's wail.

Sweat pour from David's face like a heavy summer shower. His head kept jerking up and down and from side to side as he manically plowed Sam's ass. His grunts and groans became louder, turning into gasping, heaving breaths through his open mouth. And when he began to explode his pent-up loads deep into Sam's raw and severely swollen rectum, as he continued his brutal fucking, he roared at the top of his voice like a conquering lion.

Again and again he erupted like Vesuvius flooding Sam's abused muscle butt to overflowing with his cum. "I can't stop shooting," he howled as more and more hot jism poured out of his overworked tool. The pain of his mighty ejaculations only made him harder. The harder he became the more the erotic pain increased and the more cum jetted out and the more Sam shrieked out in erotic anguish. This mind-blowing sexual torment was feeding Mr. Northern Hemisphere's deepest craving for an all-consuming need. He loved every body ravaging torturous agony that was inflicted upon him. He was in a paradise of pain and pleasure.

Both men started to feel overcome by the sex. David felt his strength ebbing with each powerful blast of his sex rod and Sam, as well, began to swoon from the intense sex until he passed out cold. Finally, when he had been completely depleted, David dropped like a rock on top of Sam. His eyes were wide open but vacant. He too was out cold. There the two humongous bodybuilders lay, one atop the other, each having given 110 percent of their sexual prowess to the other.

There they laid unconscious until late in the morning when a refreshing breeze from one of the open bedroom windows caused them to stir. Slowly David rolled off Sam as consciousness slowly returned to both of them. Almost at the same time their eyes opened. It took a few more seconds for them to fully realize where they were and what had transpired between them. Sam was the first to react. He rolled onto his side facing David laying flat on his back. His chest, stomach, groin and thighs pressed into his bed partner's side. Longingly he stared into David's eyes. He gently stroked his hair before leaning forward to passionately kiss him full on the lips. David eagerly returned the embrace enfolding Sam in his mighty arms as he pulled him over on top of him. For the next few minutes the two men lost themselves in kissing one another without saying a

word, for no words were necessary. Their night of unadulterated passion had rekindled in both, their undying love for the other.

A thoroughly shocked David felt the awesome power of his suppressed affection for Sam rise full force back up to the surface. It dumbfounded him for a second before he willingly allowed himself to totally surrender to its magically intoxicating spell. "I do so love you Sam," he murmured. "I think I have always loved you ... with all my heart and soul. A day hasn't gone by that I haven't thought of you." His words kept flowing freely from his mouth as his emotional dam burst allowing his pent-up feelings to flood out. "I was a fool to have walked away from you when I did. It was the biggest mistake of my life. You've always been in my heart, Sam and my heart has bled tears of loneliness for you. My arms have ached to hold you. My eyes have hungered to look at you as I do now. My body has passionately longed to feel you next to me like this. Oh Sam, I'm so ashamed of how I treated you ..."

Sam quickly put his hand up to David's mouth to tenderly quiet him. "David, hush ... there's no need to say anything more. I'm here. I'm where I want to be. I'm home, here with you. This is where my heart has always been. With all my body, mind, heart and soul, I love you man. I love you and only you!" The two embraced one another as they rolled about David's mammoth oak bed, lost in the tender haze of love.

Luckily the day was Sunday, their day of rest from the gym. They spent the day together frolicking naked about David's duplex apartment in Culver City. The few things they did were totally domestic, making breakfast, preparing lunch and dinner, making the bed and bathing one another in the shower. And making love. Like newlyweds on their honeymoon they spent the whole day playing with one another. The rough and tumbled sex they had the night before was replaced with passionate love making all over the apartment. David took Sam in the kitchen, bending him over the table. In the living room they made love on the sofa and on the floor in front of the fireplace. On David's screened off patio they did it. David lay in the hammock as Sam rode his sex beast like a cowboy for all it was worth. A little while later they did it again on the stairs between the first and second floor. Then in the shower they became so emotionally aroused with washing one other that David could not resist Sam's rippling, glistening muscles. He forcibly cemented him against the wet tile wall as he plowed his butt and jacked him off at the same time as he erupted up his well muscled ass. It was an unforgettable day for them both as they reconsummated their loving devotion to each another.

The next day at the gym Lou vigorously congratulated Sam on his unprecedented victory at the Mr. Northern Hemisphere. He even held a little ceremony as Sam placed his four foot championship trophy in the overflowing display case in the front lobby along with his picture beside it. All those few early morning bodybuilders in attendance applauded heartedly as they shouted Sam's name over and over again and patted him on his back. David stood by beaming with pride at his lover.

But Lou's overwrought enthusiasm was short lived. He easily sensed something different between Sam and his training partner. He knew better than to ask David, so following



their morning session, after David had left for his classes, he took Sam up to his office. "So, I couldn't help but notice that you and McAllister couldn't keep your eyes or hands off each other," he said coyly. "Is there something you want to tell me or is it a secret?"

Hesitantly Sam responded. "Well ... I guess ... there's ... no harm ... in ... you knowing. After all ... you're one of our best friends ... as well as our coach," he stammered.

"Well get on with it," coaxed Lou impatiently.

"I ..." again he hesitated. He closed his eyes tight before rapidly spouting, "I ... spent Saturday night and all day yesterday at David's place. We made love, real, true love." He opened his eyes wide, surprised at his words. "There, I said it!" Almost pleadingly he added, "Oh Lou, David and I are back together again ... and this time it will last forever. I know it will and so does David. I'm so over the moon with happiness. It's an even greater joy than when I won the Mr. Northern Hemisphere title."

Lou quickly turned his back on the love-struck bodybuilder. He fumed under his breath. His whole body grew red with anger as the veins in his forehead and neck began to noticeably pop up under the skin. As he clenched his fists in rage, blowing his gigantic arms up to the maximum size, a few puffs of smoke and a small spark of fire escaped his nostrils as his face contorted in uncontrolled fury. Internalizing all his rampaging wrath into his muscles, Lou strained every fiber of his body until his ire had safely passed.

Then slowly, ever so slowly, he turned around to face a still chattering Sam who was completely oblivious to his trainer's anger. By now Lou had sufficiently calmed down and was able to wear a forced smile. "Well, it seems you and David were destined to be soul mates after all," he managed to say somewhat convincingly. "My heartiest congratulations to you both." The two shook hands as Lou added, "Now if you'll forgive me, I have a lot of work to do." Sam thanked his trainer for being so understanding and departed none the wiser.

Once Lou was alone in his office he thought about the situation between Sam and David. His first reaction had been a furious opposition. He wanted to strangle Sam on the spot with his bare hands. His game plan from the start had been to use Sam as a ploy to get McAllister away from the Santa Monica Men's Club and join his gym. David was the ultimate prize and he'd do whatever it took to achieve the success of his goal. That's why he fostered a relationship with Brad Hoffmeyer. Once he had him safely under his spell, he saw to it that the Santa Monica Men's Club was taken out of the equation and had it burned down. Using Brad's conceit and massive ego, he hired him as a trainer; promising him fame as a great bodybuilding champion and the riches that went with it. He instructed him to offer any member of the now defunct Santa Monica gym a special introductory offer to come over to The Foundry. Brad made the offer to Sam, which Lou knew he would, and that in turn would bring David over to join. Lou had counted on their past relationship to do the trick and eventually it worked. But he didn't want them to get back together again. He wanted to be McAllister's one true love and have David rely on him exclusively. There was no room in his stratagem for Sam.

Cifer had known about David for a very long time. He had kept a careful eye on his progress at the Santa Monica Men's Club and on his personal life as well. He knew everything about him right down to his shoe size and what foods he liked. More than one night he spent masturbating himself into a frenzy reviewing secretly taped videos of David at the gym, in the shower, at home and at parties. McAllister became an all-consuming obsession. This beefy Texan was the pivotal key to the success of his ultimate scheme, the total subjugation of the world.

For years he had been training the biggest, strongest musclemen. These titans of power and muscle would be his army, his crusaders who he would unleash on all those who did not surrender to his authority. And David would be the new Messiah. Under his coaching he would make McAllister the greatest, strongest bodybuilder the world had ever seen. His physique would dwarf anybody else. And David's all too obvious raw animalistic sex appeal, his charismatic charm, not to mention his gorgeous face, would mesmerize the world and make it fall under Cifer's control. He would use the Texan's personality and fabulous body to lure everyone into a new, all-encompassing religion of physical fitness with himself as the new, all powerful god of Earth. It would be his total retribution against the Host of Heaven.

As he thought about the current situation, Lou realized he could turn Sam and David's relationship to his advantage. A devilish smile slowly crept across his lips as he pondered what he would do. Yes, Sam could still be useful. He would encourage their relationship. He would do everything he could to even strengthen it. Sam could even help train David for the upcoming Mr. Pacifica International contest. Once David had won and became thoroughly enamored by his success, letting his ego fly to new heights, he would come to realize that Lou was the only one to insure his continued success toward bodybuilding fame and riches. Then and only then he would take care of Sam once and for all. He would drive a wedge between the two lovers. David would no longer need him and he would turn to Lou for not only advice but for sexual comfort as well. He'd quickly forget there ever was a Sam in his life. Yes, Lou thought to himself, I can use Sam and still win everything I want.

For the next two months Cifer worked David harder than ever before. With the assistance of Sam, he pushed and prodded his star protégé to do more reps, more sets and use heavier weights. Added to the intense training were the endless hours of posing practice and the development of one routine after another until David was perfection personified.

To keep McAllister's energy level up Lou force fed his special protein drink and supplements down David's throat after each strenuous workout. His ego building talks while massaging him, helped relieve any apprehension that David had.

In short order David's body responded. It grew bigger and stronger. The results were phenomenal. Whenever he looked into a mirror and saw the positive outcome of all his hard work, all his aches and pains seemed well worth it. As big as his body grew his ego also increased proportionally. This was the one thing Sam abhorred and what Lou had

counted on. Whenever Sam tried to make a constructive comment, David took it as either negative criticism or badgering. “Get the fuck off my back,” McAllister would rail. “Every day you sound more and more like a nagging wife. Who the fuck do you think you are?”

“I’m just trying to help you,” pleaded Sam.

“Well at this rate you’d help me better if you just got the fuck away from me.”

“David don’t say that. I love you. I’m just trying to help you realize your goals. Don’t turn me away. It would be a death sentence for me. You’re my whole life. I’ve put my own career on hold to help train you. You’re everything to me. You’re the very air I breathe. You’re the beat of my heart. Please ... don’t freeze me out of your life.”

At this point David usually stormed away shouting over his mammoth shoulder, “You just don’t understand. I’m under an enormous amount of pressure and I don’t need you adding to it. Lou knows what’s best for me.”

More than once David complained to Lou about his collapsing relationship. “I do love him,” he said with some conviction adding, “I know I do. But his constant nagging is getting to me. He objects to my long hours in the gym, that it’s taking time away from us. And when we’re together and alone, I’m just too damn tired to do anything. I need that down time to recuperate. Sam just doesn’t understand how important this competition is to me. It’s the beginning of everything I’ve ever wanted. If I fuck it up big time, I may never have another chance.”

Using his most soothing voice, Lou consoled his protégé. “I know it’s hard, David. Success is a hard taskmaster. You have to devote yourself 24/7 to reach your objectives. Total devotion is the key to achieve your goals. Nothing else matters for the time being. The more you want it, the harder you work for it, the greater the reward. The end justifies the means. Besides, it’s not Sam’s life that’s hanging in the balance. It’s yours and you have to be true to yourself and your dream.”

By the time of the Mr. Pacifica International Bodybuilding contest the two lovers were hardly speaking to one another. For that last month they hadn’t even slept together. David developed a cool indifference toward Sam. His ego was so gigantic that it seemed there was no room in his heart for his former lover.

When pressed by Sam for some explanation as to his emotional retreat, David stated coldly, “I have to devote all my strength and energy into training hard and winning this contest. It’s the foundation for all my future success. Nothing else matters for the moment.” In the back of his mind he thought, after the contest there will be plenty of time to repair any damage to our relationship. Sam will understand.

On the day of the competition David rose early so he could attend the mandatory competitors meeting at the LA Convention Center in downtown Los Angeles. This

meeting explained to the contestants the flow of the show. The organizers told them how they should walk on stage, the mandatory poses they would perform and what their basic stage presence should be like. They also explain the judging. It was an all inclusive run down on exactly what to expect during and from the show.

As soon as David arrived in his shorts, sneakers and muscle shirt he became the talk of the pageant. The organizers and judges, as well as the other contestants, were awe struck by his size and definition. His mere presence left them stupefied with their mouths hanging open. Their audible murmuring fed David's insatiable ego. "Can you believe the size of that man!" "He can't be for real." "Mother of God! He's unbeatable."

Following the competitors meeting the morning prejudging took place. It was here in the locker room that the contestants from all the Pacific Rim nations got their first full look at David's magnificent body. Their jealousy and envy over his physique registered on their faces. When he undressed, their jaws dropped even more as their eyes bugged out of their heads. Before them stood a muscle god in his black V shaped posing trunks with one inch sides that dramatically accentuate his anatomy. His bulging sack was barely contained by the fabric. It made their mouths water. Some shook their heads in total disbelief. Others shot their loads all over themselves. And a few, who didn't want to publicly humiliate themselves, simply packed their bags and left not wanting to compete against this behemoth. No one could speak of anything else but this phenom of muscle in their midst. All the competitors were assigned their class according to their weight. There were six divisions. A bantam weight (under 143 lbs), followed by a light weight (143 – 153 lbs), middle weight 154 – 175 lbs), light heavy weight (176 – 197 lbs), heavy weight (197 – 224 lbs) and finally a super heavy weight (225 lbs and over).

David was naturally placed in the super heavyweight division. The judges then direct them through a series of poses. Several times they had different competitors step back and some step forward and they even rearranged them to be compared better to different competitors. This was when the judges rank them. For his class David immediately became the standard by which all the others in his division were judged. It was not surprising that he was ranked number one.

The final event would be the night show and the final competition. This night show was all for the audience and all 10,000 seats for this competition had been sold out for a month. During the night show each competitor would come out on stage and perform his routine. Once all the contestants had performed medals and placings would be announced. At the very end there would be an overall competition consisting of all the class winners. It was at this event that the over all winner would be judged and announced and he would earn his pro card, plus \$50,000 in cash.

Following the morning meeting and prejudging, David went home. He had been instructed by Lou to rest as much as possible for the night competition, and under no circumstance was he to have any sexual activity. "You'll need all your strength and energy for the night's competition."

It felt odd to walk into his home and not hear Sam's voice calling to him. But his mood swings, his temper and his emotional pull back had driven his lover away. However Sam had promised to be at the LA Convention Center for him and help him get ready back stage. That one hopeful thought helped salved his guilty conscious. Once all the pressure was off of him, David was convinced that they would get back together. It was what both of them wanted.

Backstage on the night of the contest David looked around for Sam to help oil him up. But there was no Sam anywhere. Only Lou was there for him. With David in his black V shaped poser he applied the oil all over McAllister's magnificent body. As he did so he continuously spoke words of encouragement. "You own this contest. It's yours for the taking. Nobody here can touch you. Next to you they all look like anorexic basket cases." As he finished up oiling, Lou gave his final instruction. "Remember all that I taught you about posing. Smile and keep smiling. And let them see you're enjoying yourself."

David looked at himself in a nearby mirror. His glistening physique sparkled. Every nook and cranny, every muscle, striation gleamed in the overhead lights. His eyes grew in total wonderment as he gazed at himself. There was no doubt, he had the total package. There wasn't a weak spot anywhere on his body. All his hard work had paid off, but at what price? The thought of Sam haunted him. He couldn't shake his concern over him.

"Why isn't he here? Where could he be? He knows how much this means to me," whined David. "It's not like Sam not to be here. He gave me his word." His voice was tinged with remorse. Maybe he had been treating Sam callously over these last few months. Was he repeating his past mistake?

Lou harshly grabbed a hold of him and spun him around. "Right now the only thing you should think about is this contest," he stated firmly. His red hypnotic eyes burned deep into David's brain. "Sam is fine. He's probably hung up in traffic. You know yourself LA freeways are jammed bumper to bumper at this time of evening. So don't worry. He'll be here.

"Your job right now is this contest. That's all that matters. Think of nothing else. I told Sam the very same thing right before the Mr. Northern Hemisphere. He listened to me and he won. Now you do the same thing."

"Yeah. You're right Lou," said David with a growing smile on his lips. "You've been right about everything. This is my moment, my moment to shine and blow the other contestants off the stage."

"That's my world champion talking," gushed Cifer as he patted David's back. "Now I'll leave you alone. Use this time to pull yourself together ... psyche yourself up and go out there and show them what a real muscleman looks like and change the course of bodybuilding history forever."

Trainer and protégé hugged. Before separating Lou passionately french kissed David. The embrace momentarily caught him off guard as Lou's tongue seemed to move all the way down his throat to encircle his heart. It was the first sign of affection he had known in weeks and it felt wonderful. Without thinking he returned the kiss. "I won't wish you luck 'cause you don't need it. This is your night and yours alone," sighed Lou as he walked away. "I'll be out front. Make us both proud."

David sat down on a metal folding chair to collect his thoughts. All around him were the other contestants busily getting ready. The noise in the locker room was loud but not deafening. He watched the organized confusion of them undressing and putting on their posers. They all had fantastic bodies but he knew hands down that he had by far the greater physique. He suspected they knew it too for whenever anyone of them looked in his direction they popped a hardon. Some even shot off a load which made him chuckle to himself. All thoughts of Sam instantly evaporated from his mind.

As part of his last-minute preparation David walked over to a modified gym area and started to first lift a barbell, then a pair of dumbbells to pump up his muscles. Soon the others were doing the same thing. As they worked out they ogled at their main competition ... David. How his body turned them all on. How they wanted it. Even the most envious of them wanted him in the worse way. Each poser covered a raging erection.

One of the organizers entered the locker room. He announced, "Gentlemen it's time. As I call out your name, please come forward and get your number. Pin it to your trunks. Then line up in numerical order for the march to the stage. Once on stage stay in order. The contest will then begin and the best of luck to you all." When David's name was called, he was handed number 31. He took his place in line.

## Chapter Eight

All the contestants lined up on stage according to their number. They faced the rear of the closed curtain. They could easily hear the noise the audience was making, impatiently waiting for the contest to begin. Shortly the tuxedo clad Master of Ceremonies came out on stage to greet the overflow crowd. He received a hardy welcome.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the twenty-sixth annual Mr. Pacifica International Bodybuilding Competition. (hardy applause) As you know this competition is one of the three most important bodybuilding events in the world. (applause) Seventeen of our former winners have gone on to win the Mr. Universe title. (more applause) And nine have gone on to win the coveted title of Mr. Olympia. (loud applause)

“The men you will see here tonight are the best in the world. (heavier applause) Greatness will crown a new champion this evening. So without further adieu ... I give you this year’s contestants!”

As the MC walked to the side of the stage the house lights dimmed and the curtain parted as the theme music from Rocky blared over the public address system. The applause grew louder and louder as the curtain parted until it reached a thunderous crescendo. Before these bodybuilding aficionados stood the most impressive men from the Pacific region. Flash bulbs went off in rapid succession blinding the contestants. Video cameras were everywhere filming the proceedings.

Yet only one from among this bevy of solid beef clearly stood out from all the rest. Number 31. Once the audience got a good long look at David they unleashed a tidal wave of cheering applause.

As David stood slightly right of center and looked out at this enthusiastic crowd, he realized their spontaneous ovation was meant for him, as did everyone else on the stage. Some of the contestants took umbrage at this noticeable partisanship. Hard feelings began to boil up as they turned to look at this colossus of muscle in their midst.

It was only the timely direction of the stage manager in the wings that prevented a public display of their anger. He waved for them to march in single file off the stage and prepare for their individual class competition. As they departed more than one contestant was heard muttering his disgust of the spectator’s choice. As the night progressed and the competition continued their wounded pride would not be assuaged.

Back stage the tension and arrogant testosterone level hit the roof. Jack Strong, the Australian super heavyweight contender let it get to him. Under normal circumstances he’d have owned his weight class outright. But next to this mammoth newbie he was an also ran ... a clear second best. He stormed right up to David; the front of their bulging posers nearly touching. “Who the fuck do you think you are?” he snarled. “You’re a fucking nobody. I’ve got five world class titles under my belt. I’ve earned the right to be here. What have you done to deserve that right? How many titles do you hold? Of all the unmitigated gall. You’re a nobody ... a nothing ... a big overblown steroid zero. You’re a freak of nature that belongs in a sideshow behind bars so the crowds can throw popcorn at you, point and laugh.”

Strong worked himself up to a fever pitch. He lost all self-control. He lunged forward wrapping his huge arms around David. Their crotches smashed together as he powered all his strength into his mighty bearhug. He lifted his muscular rival off his feet. Through clenched teeth he bellowed, “I’ll squeeze all the juice out of you, you son of a bitch and shrink you down to size.”

As he threatened he violently shook his grimacing challenger. David’s massive arms flailed about as he was flung left and right. His breathing became constricted as his body

was being pressed tighter and tighter. To tighten his grip Strong slammed David's back into a cinder block wall as he powered himself up between McAllister's massive thighs. David flopped his feet over his attacker's massive legs as his back was being compressed into the wall. He yowled in pain.

The contestants who were witnessing this all had the same fantasy running through their heads. It looked like Strong was bearhug fucking the daylights out of David as their two magnificent bodies were enmeshed together.

Caught in the powerful hug of the Australian and unable to move, David eventually wrapped his legs around his mighty attacker's waist and squeezed with all his might. Instantly Strong released his hold as he shrieked his guts out. His arms flew up to his head as he continued to wail. He stepped back giving David an opportunity to escape. McAllister legs dropped. Strong grabbed his sides and doubled over screaming. David hit him with a knee to the chin that sent him to the floor flat on his back. He then placed his foot on Strong's engorged package and pressed down. The beefy Aussie knew David could easily crush his cock and balls. Fear took hold of him replacing his anger. As he laid there he constantly shook his head as panic enveloped his rugged face.

Looking down at his assailant with piercing eyes full of contempt David scowled, "Stop being a fuckin' idiot. I could squash you like a bug." Looking up at all the other hunky onlookers he added, "And that goes for all the rest of you too."

David removed his foot. He let Strong get to his feet. Humiliated the Australian slinked away as the crowd dispersed to go about their business.

As the night progressed each of the weight classes took to the stage to be judged. First they were put through the compulsory poses. This was followed by four minutes of free style posing where the contestants jostled with one another for the judge's attention. Next came the agonizing wait while the judges conferred to make their decision. Throughout it all cameras and cell phones flashed and camcorders whirled capturing every minute.

The MC would reach down to take the decision from the chief judge. In a clear voice he announced the third-place winner. Then the second-place winner. Finally the weight class winner would be announced. He would automatically go on to the final round of competition for the overall title.

Bantam Weight Class Winner:	Hatachi Moru from Japan
Light Weight Class Winner:	Topu from Samoa
Middle Weight Class Winner:	Ming Xu from China
Light Heavy Weight Winner:	Hector Herbert from New Zealand
Heavy Weight Class Winner:	Roger Schneider from Canada

When it came time to announce the super heavy weight class winner, only Jack Strong and David McAllister were left standing side by side. The decision was made quickly. The MC took the microphone. "And the winner of the super heavy weight class is ...



DAVID MCALLISTER!” A flurry of flashes and camcorder lights flooded the auditorium. The press and individuals were having a field day recording the event.

The enthusiastic audience roundly applauded and cheered each class winner, but when David’s name was announced they exploded. The Australian was livid. He deliberately kicked over his second-place trophy and stormed off the stage railing how the fix was in for that “steroid freak McAllister!” The spectators, to a person, booed him as he left. In turn he flipped them the finger. Once the Aussie was out of sight they returned to heartily cheer and applaud the winner.

A beaming David was presented his trophy by Bob Paris and Frank Zane. It was an impressive gold statue of a muscular male winged victory atop a gold fluted Grecian column that stood on a base of solid malachite.

Standing next to these two famous champions on either side of him boosted his ego even more. His height and mammoth size dwarfed both of them which further increased his vanity.

By nine o’clock all the class winners had been announced. In short order they were called back on stage. As all six stood side by side they again were put through the seven mandatory poses. When they had finished they left the stage. Next on the agenda was their solo posing routine. David would be the last to perform.

Hatachi Moru posed to Debussy’s Clair de Lune.

Topu posed to The William Tell Overture.

The incredible beefy Ming Xu performed to the 1812 Overture.

Hector Herbert used the theme music from Star Wars.

Roger Schneider posed to Ravel’s Bolero.

When it came time for David, the anticipation of the audience was so thick it could be cut with a knife. The curtain opened to a dark stage. The black silhouette of the winner of the super heavy weight class stood on a long, low three step riser against a illumines bright blue background. Before the first note was played a single spotlight flashed down on David. He stood with his arms folded across his massive chest. He was wearing a glorified black leather thong with string supports. It made him look incredibly erotic. He glared menacingly out at the audience.

Then the music of Jack Everett’s Bad Things started to play and David began his sexy, sultry posing routine, leaving little to the imagination. Whenever the lyrics “I wanna do bad things with you” were sung, David lip synced the words, first pointing to himself on the word “I”, then at the audience on the word “you,” as he playfully posed and gyrated his fabulously powerful body all over the stage.

The height of his four-minute performance came with the lyrics:

I don't know who you think you are,

But before the night is through,

I wanna do bad things with you.

At this point David sensually ran his hands over his body as he worked them down to his poser. Putting his thumbs on the string waistband he stretched it out as if he were about to strip. Then snap, he released the waistband as he playfully wagged his finger at the gaping spectators.

Throughout his posing routine there was a noticeable silence coming from the stunned audience. There was no verbal response to anything he did. He flawlessly performed a double biceps pose, followed by a single biceps, licking each one. He did a most muscular and a triceps, a side chest, back and front lat spread, the archery pose, he went down on one knee with a double arm flex and on and on.

With the last cord of the song he stood sideways with his arms again folded over his fabulous chest, staring straight out at the audience. On the last note he winked. The overhead spotlight went dark and he was once more a silhouetted figure.

When the stage and auditorium lights came back on David was still standing with his arms folded. Dead silence reigned throughout the auditorium. There was no movement anywhere. David nervously looked down at the judges. A look of shock disbelief covered their faces. He looked out at the audience and saw the same expression.

A flash of doubt raced throughout his brain. Had he gone too far? Was his routine inappropriate? Was it too artistic, too unique, too erotic? What should he do now? He dropped his arms and hung his head. He muttered disparagingly to himself, "I fuck it up."

As he was about to leave the stage it happened. All of a sudden, like an atomic bomb going off, the auditorium burst into unrestrained applause. The audience rose en masse to their feet as full-throated cheers competed with the deafening clapping of their hands. The auditorium was flooded in flashing lights as well as screams of excitement.

This thunderous ovation caught David off guard. He sheepishly grinned but quickly the grin blossomed into a full-blown smile. Even the judges were on their feet beating their hands raw.

Crowded in both wings, the other contestants were likewise yelling, screaming and applauding. David noticed that all their posers were full to the brim with their cum. A steady stream of white frothy jizm flowed down their meaty thighs, calves and ankles. Everyone was standing in a pool of their own making. In fact there wasn't a dry pair of undies anywhere in the convention center.

The outcome of the overall title competition was a foregone conclusion. There was no doubt in anyone's mind. When it came time for the MC to make the final announcements of the night everyone held their collective breath.

“The number three place goes to ... Ming Xu of China.” A great round of applause and flashing lights followed the announcement as Xu received his trophy from the hand of Lou Ferrigno.

“The second-place winner is ... Hector Herbert of New Zealand.” Another round of warm applause and flashes filled the auditorium. Sergio Oliva presented him with his trophy.

David’s heart was beating in his throat as he stood next to the bulked up Canadian contender. The two nervously glanced at one other. A forced smile appeared on their faces. Under his breath McAllister kept repeating, “It has to be me! It has to be me! It has to be me! ...”

“And the first runner up is ... Roger Schneider of Canada.” The spectators went ballistic with cheers and applause as camera flashed away. That decision meant only one thing. David had won! Lee Haney came on stage to hand the Canadian his trophy.

Showing good sportsmanship Schneider shook David’s hand as he congratulated him. Both men hugged. “You deserve it man,” he whispered in McAllister’s ear. “You out classed all of us. My best wishes on your victory.”

The announcement brought the house down. The audience went berserk. Deafening cheers and shouts were equaled only by the ear-splitting applause. There was great jubilation everywhere. People danced in the aisles or were jumping up and down in front of their seats.

Shouting over the den the MC made it official, “AND THE NEW OVERALL MR. PACIFICA INTERNATIONAL BODYBUILDING CHAMPION IS DAVID MCALLISTER FROM THE UNITED STATES!” The announcement only heightened the triumphant exhalation.

As David stood alone basking in his victory, Ron Coleman and Jay Cutler lugged the magnificent victor’s trophy out on stage. It weighed two hundred and ninety-seven pounds of pure gold and stood five feet tall. From a square base of solid lapis lazuli four fluted gold columns rose up to hold a golden globe of the world. After hearty handshakes were exchanged they presented the prized trophy to the winner. Blinding camera flashes flooded the auditorium. David was speechless. And the overwhelming ovation continued as the two Mr. Olympia’s raised McAllister’s hands in victory. For David it would be a night never to be forgotten. He jealously savored every single second of it.

The unprecedented ovation went on with no letup in sight. David waved appreciatively to the audience which only ratcheted up their acclamation. When he tried to leave the stage they wouldn’t let him go. Time and time again he tried to leave but they wouldn’t hear of it and demanded an encore. He readily obliged by performing a short routine without music. When he finished and started to walk away, the audience would have none of it. “WE WANT DAVID!” they chanted in unison over and over again.

For a full twenty-two minutes and forty-nine seconds the ovation continued unabated. Everyone that night knew they had experienced something innovated in the bodybuilding world. It was on this night, and in particular David's posing routine, that was the birth of his legend.

Throughout that evening's competition David never once thought of Sam or where he was. But Lou knew only too well. Cifer had left his protégé alone at the civic center to return to The Foundry. He had unfinished business there. He climbed the stairs to his office. He entered. There shackled by heavy chains to a chair was a beaten, bloody, physically ravaged Sam. He had been stripped of all his clothes, flogged and barbarically fucked to an inch of his life by two of Lou's most devoted musclebound disciples. The bald-headed Bruno Schmidt, a devout neo-Nazi from Germany, had swastikas tattooed all over his body, even on the very tip of his cockhead. Aiding him in his gruesome deed was Jim Hercules whose massively power physique caused fear in most everyone. This black monster of muscle was indeed threatening to behold.

Sam's bruised and battered body slumped in a chair. His smashed and bloody face hung forward covered over by his blood soaked and dripping hair hanging straight down.

"Is he softened up?" asked Lou.

"As soft as we could make him," answered Schmidt gleefully.

"We even took turns fuckin' the shit out of him," chuckled Hercules. "He's a great piece of ass."

"Yea! He's softened up plenty," repeated Schmidt.

"Okay, leave us alone," instructed Cifer.

Once the room was clear Lou tenderly tended to the wounds on Sam's face. He washed the blood away with warm water, then applied a healing ointment to the numerous cuts. Slowly Sam regained consciousness during Cifer's medical ministrations. He tried to pull away. "Now don't do that," soothed Lou. "I'm just trying to help."

Sam attempted to get up but the chains held him firmly in place. "What the fuck is this for?" an incensed Sam shouted as he tried to raise his hands. "What the fuck am I doing here? Why did your goons do this to me? WHY?"

"I'll tell you Sam. I need your help," cooed a honey toned Cifer as he walked over to his desk and sat down. "You hold a most valuable key for me."

"Key! What key?" snapped Sam.

“The key is David and you hold that key,” responded his trainer softly.

“David! What about David? What’s he got to do with this?”

Lou opened a desk drawer. He withdrew two sheets of paper. “I have here a letter I want you to sign.”

“Letter! What letter? Why?”

“This letter is to David, from you, explaining why you’ve left him.”

Lou’s words didn’t make any sense to Sam. He shook his head. “Are you out of your fucking mind. I’m not leaving David. I love him!”

“That’s what I’m counting on, Sam ... that you love him and will do anything you can to help him,” Lou stated coolly.

“Like I said, you’re out of your fuckin’ mind!” rebuked Mr. Northern Hemisphere.

Keeping his cool, Lou stood up. He walked over to Sam. He sat down on the edge of his desk. “You have no idea the powers you’re up against, son,” he said dryly. “I can inflict unimaginable pain on you without lifting a finger. I can fry your brain just by looking at you. Did you ever hear of Job from the Bible? What happened to him would be child’s play compared to what I can do to you.”

Cifer’s words sent fear running throughout Sam’s mind. What did all this mean, he wondered? What did David have to do with this?

“I bet you’re wondering what this is all about right now, aren’t you?”

“It’s crossed my mind,” Sam shot back as he struggled with his chains.

“Too tight?” inquired Lou mockingly.

“Let me loose!” demanded his muscular prisoner.

With a wave of his hands the chains fell away. Sam was aghast by what happened. “How ... how did you do that?”

“I told you. I have powers beyond your wildest comprehension.”

Sam stood up but his legs were far too weak from the beating and fucking he’d sustained. He collapsed to the floor. When he looked up he saw Lou standing directly over him.

There was an ominous glow surrounding him. Pure evil radiated from his expression. Sam froze in horror. “What are you going to do with me?” he asked, his voice riddled with apprehension.

“As long as you do what I ask, you’ll be fine,” stated Lou.

“What ... what do you want me to do?” Sam asked nervously.

“I’ve already told you Sam,” purred his mentor. “Simply sign this letter and everything will be taken care of.”

“But I don’t want to leave David. You can’t make me sign that lie. No matter what you do to me, I’ll never sign,” answered Sam defiantly.

“I wouldn’t be too sure about that,” Lou said flatly. He waved his hand. Sam’s body took off flying upside down right into a wall. He hit hard and dropped to the floor like a lead duck. He cried out in pain. Again Cifer made a slight jester with his hand and once more Sam went flying through the air to the far side of the room. Smack! He hit another wall and crumbled to the floor. Once more he cried out. Another wave and another wall and another and another and another until Sam had been bashed against every wall in Lou’s office at least twice.

Breathless and battered Sam’s body lay mangled on Lou’s Persian carpet. Blood trickled from his mouth. “The reason I like red rugs is because it hides blood stains so well,” chortled Cifer menacingly. With another hand motion he lifted Sam off the floor and gently seated him back on his chair. “Now let’s get down to business,” he growled.

He took the two pieces of paper from his desk. He shoved one into Sam’s face. “Sign it or spend eternity in gut wrenching torture. The choice is yours,” threatened the gym owner.

A confused and distraught Sam asked if he could read it first. “I’m not unreasonable. Go ahead,” said Lou.

What David’s lover read made him heartsick.

The letter read:

Dear David,

I’m leaving you for good. This past month has proven that the twin idols of ambition and ego have replaced me in your heart. There is no room for me there anymore.

I have asked Lou to deliver this letter to you tonight after the competition, which I know in my heart you’ll win.

I hope with all my being that you achieve all the success you crave for and that it brings you everything you seek.

Good bye.

“I can’t sign this pack of lies,” railed Sam. “It’s not true. I know David loves me, truly loves me. Yes, we’ve had some problems recently but what relationship doesn’t. We’ll work them out. We can work them out. No ... no I’ll never sign this piece of crap.”

“Oh I think you will Sammy boy,” replied Lou contemptuously. “You see, David’s life is also at stake if you don’t. And as a result he’ll never achieve his most cherish dreams and goals. By signing this letter you’ll prevented that from happening. If you don’t sign it will happen and it will all be your fault. Just think about that for a second. It will all be your fault!”

After a brief pause to let his words sink into Sam’s brain he continued. “You claim you love him. What kind of love is it that denies the one you love from all that he craves, desires, needs? What kind of love is it that stands in the way of the one you love from achieving success and with it true happiness and the blessing and comfort of self-fulfillment?

“Your love sounds rather selfish if you ask me. It stands in the way of everything David wants and needs in life. Is your love so great that it can fill that void? Honestly ask yourself that Sam. Can you fill that void! Can you look yourself in the mirror everyday knowing that you and you alone have cost the man you claim to love everything he wants to achieve with his life ... to deny him his life’s meaning? Aren’t you putting your needs and wants before those of David’s? Isn’t the greater love that you bow out of his life and by doing so let him have his life? What greater love is there than to sacrifice oneself for the greater good of the other.”

“Stop it! Stop it!” wailed a tearful Sam. “I can’t think. You’re confusing me all to hell. I need time to think things out.”

“Unfortunately you don’t have time,” stated Lou demonstrably. “I’ve got to get back to the civic center before I’m missed and I need this letter signed and signed right now.”

Looking up at Lou, Sam’s fears only increased. Gathering up all his courage he asked, “What if I don’t sign, what happens to David?”

“You want to see what will happen?”

“Yes, I want to know.”

Lou waved his hand through the air. Magically a raft of horrible, blood curdling images appeared and swirled about the room. Each one showed David in a gut-wrenching torture. One out of the many floated up to Sam's face. It was of David chained naked to a huge rock on the side of a mountain. A pack of starving wolves came up. They started to viciously attack his groin, pulling, tugging at his cock and balls until they torn them from his flesh. The wolves fought among themselves for the rend manmeat and ball sack, devouring the tattered pieces they had ripped off. After they finished feasting they run off. Sam's lover cried out in torturous agony as blood gushed from his devastated groin. His face became frozen in abject pain as tears flowed from his eyes. "Don't worry," injected Lou. "They'll grow back and the wolves will come again. This will be David's fate for all eternity. This is what you condemn him to."

"NO!" screamed Sam as he sob bitter tears. "You win. I'll sign. I'll sigh."

Lou rushed the letter to Sam. He watched with self-contented joy as Mr. Northern Hemisphere reluctantly signed his name to the paper. The instant it was signed he grabbed it out of Sam's hand. "Thank you, Sam. You've done me a great service."

Shaken and distraught, it took all of Sam's strength to ask, "What's that other paper for?"

"Oh that," coyly replied his trainer. "It's a mere formality that you need to sign as well."

"Can I read it?"

"It's filled with a lot of legal double talk. You wouldn't understand it," he answered dismissively.

"I want to know what it says!" demanded Sam angrily.

"All right. In the simplest terms it says you agree to give me your soul when I call for it."

"MY WHAT?" shouted Sam.

"Your soul, Sam, your soul. All you mortals have one. It's a mere formality. Nothing to worry your pretty little head about."

"You want my soul," contemplated Sam.

"Yes. It's part of the deal for David. You already agreed to give him up. If you don't agree to give me your soul, it makes the deal for David null and void. In the end I still get him and his soul."

Flabbergasted at what he was hearing Sam could only shake his head in disbelief.



“By giving me your soul, you forever spare David the anguish of hell. It’s not rocket science, Sam. You say you love him. Okay, I believe you do. And if you love him than you’d be more than willing to save him from an eternity of suffering in hell, right? So what’s the problem? Your love for David’s eternal soul.”

Lou placed the contract right in front of Sam. “Seal the deal by signing Sam and save David, the man you love.”

With no foreseeable way out Sam had no choice. He signed and hesitantly handed the document to his trainer. Lou walked over to his desk and opened a drawer. He placed it inside, closed the drawer and locked it with a key from his pocket. He then turned to go.

“But what about me?” pleaded Sam. “What happens to me? What do I do now?”

As Lou walked toward the door, his great body began a startling metamorphosis. Great horns shot up out of his forehead. He developed cloven hooves and a tail projected out of his backside. His flesh glowed with a red searing heat. He turned back to Sam. His face was not only bright red but projected pure heartless demonic evil. The scent of sulfur filled the room to the point of suffocation. So frightening was Cifer’s appearance that Sam pissed all over himself.

“What happens to you? This is what happens to you!” blasted a maniacal voice as Lou pointed his finger at Sam. “This is what happens to you. You sacrificed yourself for David. Now you must take his place in hell for all eternity! I hope you’ll find that your sacrifice was worth it.”

In an instant David’s lover was consumed in a swirling vortex of flames. His shrieking screams filled the room until his magnificent body ceased to exist. Lou turned back to the door. Laughing heartily he opened and departed with Sam’s letter clutched tightly in his hand.

## **Chapter Nine**

The activity backstage at the Mr. Pacifica International Contest was confused chaos as the class winners and losers were hurriedly trying to squeeze into the cramped showers as they pushed and shoved one another. They needed to clean their bodies of the sweat from their performances and the cum that laden their posers from David’s innovative performance. The talk was all about McAllister and nothing else. Their universal envy and admiration over his body and fabulous good looks was apparent. Not one of them was without a throbbing erection. In fact many were still jacking themselves off. They found isolated niches for some privacy that allowed them to fantasize about David as they

vigorously work their sex tool into a frenzy. Their grunts and groans melted into the den of talk that filled the locker room.

As for McAllister, he was still held captive onstage. All his attempts to leave were frustrated by the wildly out of control audience that continuously chanted his name as they clamped their hands bloody raw. Finally after one impromptu routine after another he simply waved both his hands in grateful appreciation as he walked off. His mentor, Lou, was standing in the wings waiting for him. He caught David who collapsed in his arms when both his legs cramped up on him. His trainer helped him to his locker and a chair. Breathlessly the newly crowned champion complained tearfully, "My legs! My legs! They're killing me."

He tried to reach down to rub them but the excruciating pain was too much to bear. The locker room began to grow dark as it twirled around and around. An overpowering light headedness took hold of him. He swooned, nearly passing out.

Lou reached into his pants pocket. He withdrew a packet of pills. "Here, take these," he instructed as he handed David a glass of water.

Ever obedient Mr. Pacifica International obeyed. Within a very few seconds the leg cramps subsided. "Whew! What the fuck was all that about," he sighed with relief.

"Your body was dehydrated," stated his trained. "And for good reason. It was all those encores you performed. It drained you."

"Well it not only drained me, it sapped all my energy. I've never been so tried in all my life."

"As you should be," replied a deliriously happy Lou. "Your posing was fantastic. More than that, you've raised the bar to a new level. Everyone is talking about it." He went on to rapturously say, "And that's nothing to what they're saying about your physique. Your body has set a new standard of excellence for the entire sport. You're now the yardstick by which every bodybuilder will forever be measured. In this one night you've changed everything! I'm so proud of you David ... so very proud. You've earned all their adulation. Those endless hours in the gym, all that sweat and pain has really paid off." He ended by gushing, "You're the champion of champions. No one will ever be able to touch you. You're in a class by yourself."

Cifer was so overcome by his protégé's unparalleled success that he grabbed him up in his great arms to hug him, taking him off his feet. As he held him he swung David around and around as the other contestants look on with delightful amazement. Mr. Pacifica International laughed his head off as Lou whirled him around. When he was placed back on his feet, David plopped back down in his chair. Giggling out loud he thanked his coach. "I appreciate it, Lou. Thanks a lot."

“We have to celebrate your great victory,” stated Cifer. “It would be a crime not to. It’s so unprecedented. You want to come back to The Foundry with me and we’ll party. I’m sure some of the guys are there. There usually is.”

After thinking about it for a second, David shook his head. “No, sorry Lou. I just want to go home. I’m tired out. I just want to crawl in bed and sleep for a week.”

“Okay. How about this? I’ll follow you home and give you a real good massage. After which you take a hot soaking shower and then go to bed. You’ll be thoroughly relaxed and I bet you’ll sleep for days afterwards.”

“That massage sounds good. My muscles are still so tense right now. I could use a really good massage. You wouldn’t mind coming over? It’s so far out of your way.”

“Mind! Anything for my star athlete. After all, you’ve put The Foundry on the map tonight ... and my training methods. Whatever you want David, it’s yours,” rhapsodized an exuberant Lou.

Following a quick shower David drove home with Cifer trailing him. It really had been an extraordinary night, thought McAllister as he listened to a tape of Jack Everett’s Bad Things on the car sound system. All his most sacred dreams were now within reach, and Lou had made all that possible. “What a man,” he said out loud with a broad, self-satisfied smile plastered on his gorgeously handsome face. “With Lou by my side, I can achieve everything. He’s not only my trainer, he’s my best friend. What a guy.

“And what a super fantastic body he’s got. Christ how it turns me on. I wouldn’t mind doing bad things with him.”

Just then he felt a twinge in his heart. Sam! “Oh god,” he moaned. “I shouldn’t be thinking about Lou like that tonight of all nights. I want Sam with me tonight. I need him in the worse way. Why wasn’t he at the center? Why wasn’t he with me to share my triumph? Where’s Sam?”

By the time David pulled into his parking spot in front of his home, he was almost in tears worrying about his beloved Sam. Slowly he got out of his car just as Lou pull in beside him.

“So this is Casa McAllister,” boomed Cifer as he closed his car door. “Spanish motif? I like it. You got great taste David.” As he approached his protégé he couldn’t help but notice a solemn mood had replaced his jubilant emotion. “I gather something is wrong.” Putting his meaty hand on David’s broad shoulder he asked, “So what is it? Tell me.”

Fighting back his tears Mr. Pacifica International blurted out, “Sam! I completely forgot about Sam in all the excitement. I feel so ashamed of myself.”

Turning to Cifer with pleading eyes he pined, “Why didn’t he come tonight? He never showed up. Nothing. It’s like he’s abandoned me.”

In his most soothing tone Lou said, “Perhaps we should go in.”

“You know something don’t you?” cried David as he clutched his mentor’s shirt sleeve. “Is he safe? Is he all right? He’s not hurt is he? Tell me!”

“Let’s go in and we’ll discuss it,” Lou said calmly.

Once inside the two mammoth bodybuilders headed for the living room. “Sit down David, please,” advised Cifer as he pointed to the sofa. Unthinking he obeyed. Lou stood right in front of him, his massive legs taking a firm stance. He reached in his pant’s pocket. He withdrew Sam’s letter and feigned reluctance in handing it to McAllister. “He gave this to me late this afternoon and instructed me not to give it to you until after the contest.”

David opened the letter. Hesitantly he started to read. With every word tears began to flow freely from his eyes.

Dear David,

I’m leaving you for good. This past month has proven that the twin idols of ambition and ego have replaced me in your heart. There is no room for me there anymore.

I have asked Lou to deliver this letter to you tonight after the competition, which I know in my heart you’ll win.

I hope with all my being that you achieve all the success you crave for and that it brings you everything you seek.

Good bye.

Sam

Every sentence struck David’s heart like a plunging knife. Tears welled up in his eyes. When he finished reading he looked up at Lou. His face was stricken; his eyes were vacant. He appeared loss and disoriented. It took a few awkward seconds of silence before he could muster the courage to speak. “I ... don’t ... understand,” he lamented.

“He’s gone. Sam’s gone,” stated Lou firmly. “He’s packed up his belongings and left town.”

“Where ... did he ... go? Do you know,” David asked haltingly?

Sympathetically Cifer replied, “Sorry. He wouldn’t tell me. I just don’t know.”

David buried his face in his hands. He wept like a child. Lou sat down beside him on the sofa. He put his arms about him. David laid his head on his broad shoulder as his trainer rocked gently back and forth comforting his protégé. “Let it out,” he soothed comfortingly. “Let it all out. Let it go.”

Many minutes passed before David could regain control of himself. When he did manage to speak it was in a halting, hushed tone. “I just ... don’t ... understand. He knew ... what ... this championship ... meant ... to me. ... I supported him ... when he ... trained ... for his ... contest. We celebrated ... his victory ... together. I was ... there ... for ... him. Why, why ... isn’t he ... here ... for me ... now?”

Playing the innocent, Lou inquired, “Didn’t he give you a reason in his letter?”

“He said I didn’t love him anymore,” moaned David as his bottom lip quivered. “That my ambition had replaced him in my heart. That I’ve pushed him away ...” Tears easily fell from his eyes.

A few more minutes of silence followed as Lou continued to comfort his newly crowned champion by holding him close. He could feel the tension in his champion’s body. Once he figured the worse was over Cifer tenderly kissed McAllister’s forehead. “Why don’t you go upstairs, get undressed and come back down,” he softly advised. “I’ll give you that massage as promised. It will help ease the strain you’re under. Then a nice warm shower and off to bed.” He ended on a hopeful note. “I’m sure things will look better tomorrow after a good, restful night’s sleep.” As usual David followed his mentor’s advice.

By the time he came back downstairs wearing only a towel, Lou had transformed his living room into an elegant spa. All the lights were off, yet the room was aglow with scented candles that cast an aura of warmth. The smooth, melodic tones of jazz saxophonist Kenny G soothingly filled the room from a CD player. And right in the middle of the floor was a professional massage table. David was aghast with wonderment. “How?” he gasped. “Where did all this come from?”

A pleased and smiling Lou answer,” Believe it or not, I had all this in the trunk of my car. The CD, the player, the candles and table.”

“But why?”

“I figured you’d need a good, therapeutic massage after the contest. Your muscles are under great tension from posing. And all those encores only added more tension to them.

A good deep massage will help prevent them from cramping back up, so hop up on the table and let's get started."

As usual David obeyed lying face down on the table. His trainer's fingers instantly began to work their magic. All the tension, stress and strain of the day began to melt away from his magnificent body as Lou's hands went deep into every muscle and sinew of his being. The music and candles also worked their spell on him. By the time Lou told him to roll over onto his back, David was thoroughly relaxed and in a golden haze of serenity. The sensation of physical and inner peace flooded over him.

As Cifer massaged his arms, pecs and legs, McAllister moaned in rapturous delight. Even when Lou removed the towel from around his waist, David made no objection. He was too deliriously contented and relaxed. "Oh that feels soooo good," he crooned.

With the skill of a great masseur Lou methodically worked his hands down David's body from his anvil size traps to his mammoth chest, across his eight pack abs to his groin where he gently took Mr. Pacifica Internationals foot long tool in his hand. Slowly, at first, then faster he began to jack his protégé off. A lecherous sneer curled itself over his lips. Thoroughly at ease and in the intoxicating grip of erotic pleasure, David, with his eyes closed, groaned out in pure ecstasy. He was unaware that Lou had shed all his clothing even down to his shoes.

With great delight Cifer worked that great sex beast bringing McAllister closer and closer to climax but at the very second of ejaculation, he'd sadistically backed off deliberately letting the moment pass. Repeatedly, over and over, time and time again he brought David to the brink, only to slow the action down. His protégé's breathing went from heavy, deep sighs to low moans of despair, and back again to heart pounding, chest heaving undulations where he could hardly catch his breath. Lou was driving him into sexual insanity and David thoroughly loved every second of it.

When he felt the hot breath of his trainer envelop his throbbing rod, his breathing became even more intense. His whole body went into joyful spasms. When Lou's wet lips encircled his cock and his saliva coated tongue commenced to lick it all over, David let out a tremendous yell of pleasure.

Next came a never before experienced sensation. It was as if Lou's tongue was coiling itself all the way up the great shaft to just below the head. Its tip, like a cobra, sprang up above the head before diving straight down into the slit. It bore its way deep into the interior sending David into compulsory screams of pleasure. As the exterior of McAllister's cock was being squeezed with a pulsating rhythm, the tip of Cifer's tongue gently scrapped along its inside walls causing Mr. Pacifica International to howling cries until he had no resistance left.

The first blast damn near took Lou's head off. It was so powerful the trainer's head jerk backwards but his lips and tongue were never dislodged. The succeeding eruptions continued to be intense. With each ejaculation David wailed his guts out as his entire

body convulsed to such a degree that Lou had to hold him down on the table with his powerful hands.

In a weakening voice that vibrated with each bodily shudder David yowled, “I can’t stop cumming. Oh God! My guts are being sucked out of me. It hurts so good.”

By the time Lou had fiendishly concluded his oral attack, David, whose eyes had rolled to the back of his head, had passed out from total fatigue. It was easy for Lou to turn his champion’s pliable body over onto its stomach. With a sadistic gleam in his eyes he stealthily mounted the table aiming his massive, hard member directly at David’s muscle butt. His hips lunged forward driving it deep in between those two round meaty globes. McAllister let out a loud unconscious grunt as his face winced in pain.

The owner of The Foundry laid his mammoth physique across David’s massive back, enfolding his protégé’s head in his mighty arms. For the next several minutes Cifer rode McAllister’s ass like a man possessed. With one vicious plunge after another he sank his beast deep into David who grunted with pain on every ravaging insertion.

The horny as hell Lou kept up his butt fucking until he dismounted the table. He flopped the still unconscious David over onto his back. Standing at the far end of the massage table Cifer lifted the newly crown bodybuilding champion’s massive legs up, resting them on his powerful shoulders. He pulled David’s magnificent body toward him. “I want to see that beautiful face of yours in torment,” seethed Lou as he rammed his tool back up into him, and he wasn’t disappointed. McAllister cried out as his handsome face contorted in hideous anguish.

For more than an hour the trainer of champions savagely raped his newly minted champion. David moaned out in agony with every savage penetration, as lightning flashes of pain sparked across his face. Lou’s need to fuck the hell out of his protégé was insatiable. The unmitigated fucking was so intense that he bled David’s butt hole.

Toward the end of the horrific sexual torture Lou dropped David’s legs across his own mighty thighs. He grabbed Mr. Pacifica International’s bobbing cock. As he squeezed it hard he jacked it with forceful intensity until David gave up his juicy seed. This time McAllister came too. Even through a thick foggy cloud of erotic dementia he distinctly felt a huge cock stuffed up into his muscle butt as his own tool was being jacked and crushed in a mighty hand. He let out a chorus of bellowing screams as he exploded his sexual might. His body flailed about the table like a great fish out of water. He could feel the unmistakable sensation of hot torrents of lava searing throughout his great body. This was followed by more screaming cries and then the merciful silent refuge of unconsciousness.

Late the following morning David woke up. He sat up sharply in bed. He vigorously rubbed the sleep from his eyes after which he itched his scalp. Stretching out his massive arms he yawned. He looked around and wondered, “How did I get to bed? The last thing I remember was Lou massaging me downstairs.” He shrugged his massive shoulders and

surmised, "I must have been so relaxed I don't recall coming back upstairs." Shortly he added as he again stretched out his arms, "What a great night's sleep."

He threw the bed sheet off. He sat on the edge of the bed still half asleep. He didn't budge. All the events of yesterday swirled about his head. The Mr. Pacifica International contest, his tremendous victory, the overwhelming acclaim all flooded back. A broad smile of self-satisfaction caressed his lips. "What a fantastic day," he sighed. He started to stand when the thought of Sam came crashing down on him. "Sam," he moaned as his smile and euphoria quickly faded. "Oh Sam," he mourned. "Why? Why? Why?"

Suddenly another vague image from the night before entered his thoughts. It was murky and not totally in focus. There was a shower. He was bathing when Sam came in to join him. Only Sam's muscles had grown substantially larger. He was bigger than him. His strength too had increased and he was far more powerful than him. Even his cock was larger.

Sam said nothing. There was a smoldering stare in his eyes. He pushed David's great wide back hard against the wet tiles pressing him tight against the shower wall. He forcefully grabbed him by the hips and began to cockfuck him mercilessly. David cried out. He struggled to free himself but he was solidly pinned against the wall as the water from the shower poured over both of them.

He distinctly remembered his sex tool was being smashed and mangled by Sam's huge rod. David pleaded with his lover but got no response or mercy. Sam just kept pounding away with a raging viciousness he'd never seen before. David couldn't take the constant hammering. His magnificent body squirmed as his head twisted from side to side against the shower wall. His cries of torment filled the bathroom.

There was no let up as Sam continuously kept slamming his hard, strong cock directly into the underside of David's. Then, the inevitable. David erupted a massive fountain of jizm that flew straight up between the two lovers. So terrific was his mighty eruption that his legs buckled. It was only Sam's powerful body compressed against his that kept him standing.

When Sam had pounded all of David's cum from his body, his lover collapsed against him. Sam lifted him up under his shoulders. He held him up only to violently slam him down on his cock plowing it deep into David's butt hole. He began to manically rape him with such anger and intensity that the new bodybuilding champion cried out in pain. To help relieve some of the torment David threw his legs up. They came to rest on top of Sam's mighty thighs. Crammed in between David's legs, Mr. Northern Hemisphere continued his criminally barbaric fucking of his lover as David shrieked out in agony. With every savage thrust up into him David's body jerked upwards. The back of his head and his double barn door lats squeaked as they slid up the wet wall.

It seemed as if the sexual abuse continued all night long. The more David pleaded, the more determined Sam was in fucking him into oblivion. Eventually the new champion



grew weary. His once prodigious strength was waning. He had nothing left to resist. The fight had been brutally fucked out of him. And all the while the shower continued to spray down on both bodybuilding champions.

When at last Sam pulled out and took a few steps back, releasing his lover, David dropped to the shower floor like a ton of bricks. He laid there curled up in the fetal position whimpering like a beaten dog. When he looked up through the falling water of the shower Sam had gone. He was all alone and fucked to within an inch of his life.

The brutality of the memory made David shudder as he sat on the edge of the bed. He couldn't decide between whether it really happened or was it a bad nightmare. All he could do was shake his head and wonder.