



ELEVEN-AND-A-HALF



*A Magical Mystical Journey
of Great Length*

by
Ray Wilder

2nd Edition

This page left intentionally blank because I felt like it.

“Nyah-nyah-nee-nyah-nyah.”

(That will make a whole lot more sense later on)

ELEVEN-AND-A-HALF



A Magical Mystical Journey of Great Length

HYPER NIMIS EXCITATUS EST ATQUE AMPLITUDO
POTERENTUREA SPIRITUS ET SEXUS COEGI

- a recently defined genetic condition

NOTE: 11 1/2 INCHES = 29.21 CENTIMETERS

This story, under the title “Eleven-and-a-half: A Fantasy of Great Length”, originally appeared, and still exists, under that title at www.nifty.org. The author is very grateful to The Nifty Archive for providing a home to its megabytes for all these years.

This is a work of fiction. All the characters, events and locations portrayed in this book are fictitious, and any resemblance to real persons, events or locations is purely coincidental

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NSFW

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PREFACE TO THE 1996 EDITION

AIDS and pornography.

I promised myself I wasn't going to justify the writing of this fantasy, but something does need to be said on these two subjects, if only so you will know what direction this book is coming from.

The actions of the characters in this book do not take into account the realities of life in this day and age. I do not condemn these characters. However, those who would emulate their sexual lifestyle by having no consideration for the spread of AIDS or any of the other terrible communicable diseases which plague us today, not to mention total disregard for birth control, should be considered foolish, selfish and, most of all, dangerous.

It is very possible, probable even, that some will view this book as pornography. To me, pornography is the degradation of any group of humans by another group in pursuit of their own sexual gratification. I have tried, in the course of this fantasy, to portray each character, regardless of the group to which they belong, as equal participants. My intention — my goal — was to never, ever hurt anyone.

There. I've said it. The bottom line is fun. This isn't brain surgery or the new Magna Carta. Should you find this book to your liking please consider making a donation to a national or local organization in your country which supports AIDS research or the treatment and care of persons with AIDS. Every one should live long enough to read a fantasy of this great length.

Enjoy!

And don't forget to breathe.

R.W.

PREFACE TO THE 2020 VERSION

[in which the author discovers just how truly lazy he is]

It's been a couple of decades since I wrote 11.5 and posted it to the Nifty Archive. There are no regrets for having done that. I didn't need to make money from the adventures of Arnold and Company. I just had a fantasy/dream of a utopian sex-for-all that amused me and hoped it would do the same for others.

I recently decided to revisit this fantasy world to see how the whole crazy idea held up. It still amused me. But when I got around to titivating various aspects of this epic that have always annoyed me — little things like dotted red lines under words that I knew were misspelled but never really cared until an improved spell checker started tattling on me. You know. Stuff like that — I had to consider just how much I wanted 11.5 to change. How hard did I want to work on improving the odyssey of our protagonists? I think the answer is in the fact that I am referring to the story as “11.5”. I mean, I can't even be bothered to type out the whole title. “Eleven-and-a...”

In the end, I made a lot of small changes. Let's not call them “corrections”...maybe “adjustments”. Things I wish my characters had said. Things I thought they should have said instead. A couple of characters suffered name changes.

Technology has made a huge difference in our lives. Just the advancement of the mobile phone in the past two-and-a-half decades brings us to a level of communication Arnold and Ed could not have dreamed of. The internet itself has drastically altered the way we do life. I think all these would drastically change the story arc of 11.5.

Oh. And 's. I mean...who knew?

So...Do I tackle these modern advances? Do I give Arnold and Sam cell phones? Does the internet become faster than dial-up? And what about social media which was just in its infancy when I first met these characters in my dreams? I mean...remember AOL at \$6.00 an hour?

To all of these earth-shattering, society-rattling transformations, I decided to say: Fuck it. Arnold, Sam, Ed and the whole crew will just have to remain stuck in the late 20th century.

The one thing that really bothered me was the epilogue. I admit it. It was a cop out, pure and simple. I ran out of story. And I was just lazy enough to not want to do anything about it this time around, either. But I think Cory's story, [Cory & The Machine](#), might have been intended to be the solution to that, though I didn't realize it when I wrote it. I've added some stuff to the epilogue in an attempt to tie things up, but I might have made it worse, instead. I don't know. No peeking!

The question is then begged: Why bother at all? Wouldn't it have been easier to leave well-enough alone?

Simple answer: I thought it would be so cool if 11.5 actually *looked* like a book. Enter the modern word processing program and PDF's.

So what's the biggest change to 11.5? How about a snappy new subtitle: A Magical Mystical Journey of Great Length.

(ta-dah)

And, yes. I know there should be a comma between Magical and Mystical but it just didn't look right in bold typeface.

Aside from dating myself (Roll up, Roll up for the...), I hope it will prepare the new reader a little better for the magical and mystical aspects [see what I did there?] of having sex with Arnold.

Another thing: I actually considered jettisoning “of Great Length” from the title, but when you’ve got a rockin’ play on words, ya stick with it.

Another thing: While going through this manuscript I was really embarrassed by the “sounds” everyone makes during sex. In reality, no one I know ever says or sounds anything like what I have these characters say or sound like. The sex scenes read like a transcript of a really bad porno flick. I realized that my purpose was to indicate a passion that would normally be expressed with visual action. I just want to say that when they make the movie version of 11.5 I would expect more acting and less noise making.

‘Nuf said.

Enjoy!

And don’t forget to breathe.

P.S.: Oh, and BTW...sixty-three chapters and a word count of over 365,000! That’s right, baby. I hope you aren’t afraid of long-term commitments. All that should be worth tossing the Nifty Archive a few bucks this month to pay for the extra storage, ya think?

P.P.S.: Let me resubmit my plea from the original preface. Should you find this book to your liking, please consider making a donation to a national or local organization in your country which supports AIDS research or the treatment and care of persons with AIDS. Every one should live long enough to read a fantasy of this great length.

Okay...*Now*...don’t forget to breathe.

R.W.

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CHAPTER 1: CHRIS

Big.

Beautiful.

Bulging.

Chris was doing the dishes in her kitchen when he pulled up to the back of the building in an orange rental truck, got out and started moving his stuff into the empty apartment next door to hers. She stared out the window at him, six stories down in the parking lot, for what became an indeterminate amount of time. He wore a pair of cut-offs and T-shirt, both of which seemed far too small to contain the various parts of his body they were enclosing. As he reached into the rear of the truck she could see his muscles swell under the strain of whatever he was lifting out of the vehicle. Most of what he moved seemed to be furniture, but there was some that appeared to be weight-lifting equipment. No surprises there.

At one point he took a break, resting in the open door of the truck. As he lay back on the inner deck, his cut-offs rode up and proved their inability to contain whatever it was he had stuffed in behind that zipper. She was pretty sure he wasn't wearing underwear because what peeked out through the leg hole was very flesh colored and very thick. Only the fact that the shorts were so tight kept his apparently enormous cock from falling out into full view.

His legs were thick with muscles that rippled with each step that he took. His upper arms were like loaves of bread topped off by shoulders like cantaloupes that tested the strength of his T-shirt. She imagined him reaching into the truck and pulling out some especially heavy item, a set of weights perhaps, and lifting it, only to

have the muscles of his arms bulge so much the frequently tested fabric would eventually give way and those massive deltoids would rip through the fabric.

After several trips into the building with his belongings he began to sweat and the T-shirt became translucent. His pecs were outlined in detail and, on those few occasions when he turned towards the building before picking up another arm-load, she could make out his abdominals, plastered against the moist fabric, looking like he had swallowed a washboard. Each time he carried a load his pecs would expand and rise proudly on his chest. She reached for her nipples, which were quite erect and beginning to ache deliciously, and ran her thumb across them. She delighted in the feeling of the fabric of her shirt rubbing against the sensitive flesh of her rock hard nipples and the firm, full breasts on which they perched. The sight of his bulging, swelling muscles and huge cock outlined against his clothing was making her very horny. It seemed a shame to waste such a beautiful fantasy, so she ran her hand down over her crotch and rubbed the mound, not the least bit surprised to feel moisture already flooding out of her.

Chris looked back out the window just in time to see him enter the building with another load. He didn't return immediately so she figured it would take him a few minutes to make the round trip up the elevator to the sixth floor, dump the stuff and return. She sat down at the kitchen table, spread her legs, threw her head back and thrust her finger up into her vagina, enjoying the warmth that immediately spread out through her body. A few seconds of this, wishing for something much more substantial to take her fingers' place, then she went to work on her clitoris. She was very close

already and so took herself by surprise with the rapidity and intensity of the orgasm.

A brief flash of the image of this powerful man inside her, his huge chest bulging as he thrust into her, his cock stretching her to limits she could not quite fathom, powerful jets of cum hurtling from the head of his dark, hard, blood-engorged cock, flinging her to that almost mythical level of sexual attainment, a full-blown, earth-shattering, crotch-flooding, vaginal orgasm.

She screamed.

Not moaned.

Screamed.

She had put her feet up against the edge of the table and, during the course of her pleasures, had begun to lean back in the chair. As she climaxed her legs tensed and inadvertently pushed her over backwards, hitting her head on the refrigerator as she fell to the floor.

She lay there for a few moments, trying to regain her grasp of reality but not wanting to let go of the fantasy she had just enjoyed. At first she thought maybe her head was pounding, but nothing seemed to hurt, so she figured what was pounding was the door.

Someone at the door.

She had a pretty good idea/hope who.

CHAPTER 2: ARNOLD

Mmmmm. Ooooh, such a big cock. Ooooh, baby, fuck me. Ooooh. Fuck me with that big fucking cock. Ooooooh, yeah! Oh... oh...oh, slow. Oh, you're so big. So big! Oh, shit. Oh! Fuck me! Yeah. Yeah. Oh, don't stop. Don't stop. Oh yeah! Yeah! Oh! Oh! Aaaah! Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, baby! Oh, fuck me. Oh, sooooo big. That's it. There. Oh, fuck me harder! Harder! Fuck me! Fuck me me me... me me me...meep meep meep...

beep beep beep...

beep beep beep...

The first thing wrong was that the bedside table, where his alarm clock usually sat, was gone. The second thing wrong was his alarm clock. It was gone as well. When he figured out that it was his wristwatch beeping instead, he couldn't remember where he had left it. He fumbled around on the floor, which seemed unusually close this morning, until he found the offending thing lying on the floor under the covers.

Yes, the floor was definitely too close.

The third thing wrong was the unbelievably bad timing of this rude awakening. His cock was hard as a rock, jutting up under his bed sheet. He knew that in another ten or fifteen seconds his exquisitely painful erection would have been shooting joyous, hot streams of cum all over himself and the sheet. Instead he had a raging hard-on, he had to piss like a race horse and he still couldn't quite remember if he should know why the floor was so close.

He opened his eyes and took in the strange sight. Not only was the floor too close but the ceiling seemed to be a long way off by

almost the exact same amount. Well, at least that seemed to make sense, one following the other in a strange sort of way. This confirmed that the room had not somehow changed its dimensions along with its other apparent alterations. A quick glance around revealed other strangenesses. There didn't seem to be anything in the room, save for a pair of cut-offs, T-shirt and towel, each hanging over the end of the (empty closet?) door, a pair of gym shoes lounging over in the corner, the mattress on which he was lying (although the box spring and frame on which he had been accustomed to finding this mattress seemed to have absented themselves) and the intrusive wrist watch which had given up beeping, showing absolutely no concern as to whether it had accomplished its task or not.

Oh, yes, and his enormous, painful erection.

There were many things about being in bed which he was extremely good at. Waking-up was not one of them. In fact, of the many activities in which he participated during the course of a normal day, he figured that waking-up was the thing he probably did the worst. Especially when he was about to have some brown-haired, blue-eyed, muscular nymphomaniac with the world's most talented, bionic vagina ride his gigantic cock to orgasm.

But it seemed that reality had reared its ugly head; it was time for him to, once again, attempt to slip into the routine of life. This morning's routine, however, was going to prove more difficult than usual unless he could figure out why all those wonderful things he took for granted (box spring, bed table, dresser, a larger selection of clothing) seemed to be not where he normally expected to find them, but somewhere totally different and, at this moment,

completely unknown. He took a peek under the sheets to make sure that his personal inventory hadn't changed as well.

The first things into view were his enormous pectorals. He squeezed his arms to his sides and his pecs responded by ballooning several times in size, creating a sheer-faced ravine between them. The skin on either side of this grand canyon was rippled and striated with fibers of highly developed muscles anchored to his breast bone. Further outboard he sensed the thickness of his arms against the sides of his chest. Bending them at the elbows, the biceps eagerly tightened into huge knots on the fronts of his upper arms. Along the backs, his triceps pressed down hard, raising his arms several inches off the surface of the mattress. At the tops of those upper arms grew two massive deltoids, forming steel-like football stadium domes over his shoulders. His forearms, reacting to the flexing of his wrists, turned into highway maps of New Jersey and Connecticut (those portions which flanked either side of New York City and were, therefore, covered with major and minor traffic arteries) as the confluence of veins running just under the surface of his deeply tanned skin were forced into stark relief due to their being thrust up by the massive musculature beneath.

Further down, just beyond his mountainous pecs, lay the great flatlands of his abdominals; low rolling hills of muscles stretching off into the distance, ending in a small forest of light brown pubic hair, shaved to a minimum to avoid being seen when hiding beneath the minuscule bathing suits which were favored by those who had the right equipment. The short, wiry vegetation grew at the base of what many considered to be his finest quality. Shooting straight up out of the area just below the vast expanses of his abdominal plain was a towering eleven-and-a-half inch shaft of dark-red-verging-on-

regal-purple flesh, capped by a mushroom-shaped head that would have put Hiroshima to shame (and such a shame Hiroshima was).

Aching.

Tense.

Rigid.

Throbbing.

[A thesaurus could be filled with the adjectives used to describe his cock.] He longed for a nail he could drive. *[A phrase book of euphemisms could probably have been written as well, had someone taken the time to stop staring and write them down.]* He flipped back the sheet and grabbed his massive prick *[yet another for the adjectival list]*, and squeezed it very hard with both hands. There were few things his huge cock liked more than being squeezed very hard with both hands. He liked the way a good portion of his enormous tool extended out from the top of his hands, even though he was a member of the ‘one hand above the other’ school of squeeze. In fact, what stuck out above his two hands would have been considered quite adequate in most circles. As his hands constricted around the shaft, turning the exposed part of it a darker, richer vermilion, a rather pleasing amount of pre-fluid seeped from the slit in the crown and drooled down the blood-engorged shaft. He was very close to cumming.

Deciding to finish the inventory, he tensed his upper leg muscles. Shaking them a bit, they responded by taking on the appearance of an air mattress. He raised his legs and bent his knees to watch as his calf muscles did their impression of stalks of broccoli. Not that they turned green; rather, there was a resemblance to the way the narrow lower calve spread out and up to become a

rippled, textured knot of muscles about the size of a good head of broccoli.

All seemed to be well on the personal front. And the increase in blood flow caused by the various flexes and stretches seemed to be doing wonders for his mental activity as well:

- There was a truck parked out in front of the house.
- He remembered putting things in the back of the truck.
- All of his things, come to think about it.
- The alarm clock.
- The clothing.
- The bed side table.
- The box spring (which answered the question regarding his unusual proximity to floor and ceiling).
- All his things, save those meager few possessions he saw around him.
- The truck.
- The packing.
- The search for a new apartment (It was all coming back to him now).
- Wait a minute...
- Yes!
- He had it!
- He was moving!
- Ta-dah!

He thought he must be awake now. No, there seemed to be something missing.

Why was he moving?

The blood flow had now established itself and answers seemed to be coming quicker. It had just become too difficult, living outside of the city. Everything he wanted was somewhere else. If he wanted to do anything, get anything, go to the gym, a club, the movies, he had to get in the car and drive a very long way. Finally he had broken down and looked for a place which was closer to the center of his activities. He had found a place on the beach. Bike paths, sun, sand, more gyms per capita than any other city in the country. And bodies. Bodies that inspired awe. Bodies that made you want to pump lots of iron. Bodies that made you want to cum.

The final answer having been revealed to him, he got out of bed and stretched once again, causing a show of muscular development and carnality that should not have gone unobserved. Actually it wasn't. He knew that for the last year-and-a-half the woman next door had stationed herself at her sewing room window with a pair of binoculars. In fact, she had taken up position from seven until nine-thirty every morning. She was aware that he would be moving out today and had been sitting on her sewing machine bench since four forty-five to make sure she caught the last show. Her diligence was justly rewarded. His muscles swelled, his enormous member jutted out from his lower abdomen at a respectable angle upwards, his huge balls hung heavily beneath in their scrotum and he even had the decency to perform these exertions standing a tasteful forty-five degrees to the window.

He, satisfied that he had provided her with a memorable going away present, grabbed his bath towel from the closet door, wrapped it around his waist (a futile gesture as his huge cock was still performing its imitation of a tent pole), and ambled off to the shower. It was only seven on a Sunday morning and he knew

everyone else would still be asleep after having been out late last night.

The normally anti-social bunch of clods with whom he shared this house had suddenly blossomed into social butterflies when asked if anyone would be around to help him load up the truck. There was nothing personal about this. The same thing happened when any activity more strenuous or responsible than beer-tab-pulling was mentioned. One of the many endearing qualities of this place he was looking forward to putting behind him.

When he got to the bathroom he felt that odd sense of displacement again. Most of the familiar articles that, morning after morning, had been where his sleep-fogged mind could easily locate them, were packed away in the truck. A toothbrush, comb and a sliver of soap were all that were his. Everything else belonged to the other occupants of the house. A few things he didn't recognize. There were far too many comings and goings here to be able to keep track of the current residents. It made collecting for the rent and bills a monthly challenge; something else he was not going to miss.

His hard-on persisted, which was a bit of a nuisance, especially as he had to take a shit, as well. Everyone always envied him his huge cock. People had a hard time figuring out what to look at first; his impressive physique or the equally impressive bulge in the front of his pants. Most of the time he enjoyed the benefits of it all. But there were times, like now, when having an eleven-and-a-half inch erection was a pain in the ass. Trying to piss standing up while not taking a shit on the bathroom floor was always a challenge, but it beat the hell out of sitting down and attempting to get the end of his cock inside the bowl so that everything ended up in the right place.

Christ, it was bad enough when it was soft and would hang down on the cold porcelain or, worse yet, down into the water.

He grabbed his cock with both hands and aimed it at the bowl, slowly releasing his bladder muscles so as to not encourage a complete evacuation. Because of the aborted orgasm his tubes were clogged up with unspent cum, so his piss sprayed out like a firehose. He bent his knees to get the head of his cock closer to the bowl so the piss wouldn't go everywhere.

As he looked down at his hands wrapped around his engorged cock he thought how much he liked the view. His huge pecs, bulging with the effort of pulling his arms to his cock, stretched the surface of his chest. He enjoyed the pressure of the tight muscles tensing just under the layer of smooth, tanned skin. He let go with his left hand and allowed it to run up across his well-defined abdomen, lingering on the surface of its highly developed ridges. As his hand reached the underside of his right pec he lightly traced the belly of the muscle, stopping at the nipple, teasing it to erection where it nestled up against the massive biceps of his right arm.

His bladder empty, he turned around and faced the mirror which covered the wall above the sink. With his right hand still grasping his cock he slowly flexed his muscles. Stretching his left arm out, he bent it at the elbow, causing the biceps to thicken and tighten until, as his forearm reached the vertical, it formed a peak of massive flesh; solid, throbbing and covered with veins. He reluctantly released his cock with his right hand and brought his other arm up to match its mate.

Flex.

Stretch.

Crunch.

His pecs filled with blood and swelled along with his lats, those massive developments running from his deep arm pits down to just above his waist. The traps, muscles that run from shoulder to neck, rose up, giving the appearance of having inserted football pads just under his skin. He flexed the muscles in his legs and they jumped out in full relief, swelling up like quickly inflating balloons. His cock, momentarily semi-flaccid, hung down in the cradle created by the bulging muscles of his legs on either side and nestled between his egg-sized testicles hanging down in his scrotum behind. That's the way he liked it. Loose and dangling.

Just thinking of how his body felt started to turn him on. What the hell. What good was spending all that time developing a fantastic physique if you can't take a little time to enjoy it? Almost immediately his cock was hardening again, jutting out from its anchorage as it filled with blood. He turned sideways and flexed his arms in front of his torso, the pecs jutting up above the piles of biceps that topped his upper arm. As his cock hardened his scrotum pulled his balls up under the base and held them firm. The cock, itself, grew darker and darker, turning a lush red, the head feeling like it was on fire.

He struck several more poses, to the back, side and front and ended up against the sink, the massive tool laying on the counter. He picked it up and hefted it. Several pounds of prime choice cock meat there. He let it drop back to the countertop and it landed with a solid, satisfying thud. Stroking the top of it with his hand, a small drop of juice oozed out of the tip. He dug through the cabinet to the side of the mirror and found some skin moisturizer. He was so hot that he didn't think, popping open the cap and squirting it right onto his cock. Fuck! It was cold. Slathering some on his hand he began to

work the lotion into the skin of his meat, being careful not to get it on the head. There might be some disadvantages to having an eleven-and-a-half inch hard-on, but there were some pluses, too. And being as physically active as he was, it meant that he was very flexible.

Sitting back onto the toilet he began to run his hands up and down the long shaft, the tips of his fingernails gently tracing the tube that ran up the back of his member. As the cock got harder he bent his head down and touched the tip of the monster with his tongue. A shot of electricity bolted down the shaft and up his spine. Again and again he flicked out his tongue, each time receiving another jolt of lightning. His hands started to pump in earnest. He parted his lips and took the tip of his own cock into his mouth. Almost immediately he felt the reaction in his balls.

One hand left the shaft and moved down to his scrotum where it began to massage and gently squeeze the contents. He felt a fire begin to burn there and made his other hand work the shaft more quickly. His cock responded by becoming even more blood-engorged and aching.

He knew he wouldn't have long to wait. He reached up with the hand that he had been massaging his balls with and ran it over the tip. The juice was really starting to flow there and he knew that this was going to be a massive orgasm. He was getting hotter and hotter, his muscles tensing until they felt like they would rip through the skin. His whole body buzzed with sensation, each part of his anatomy screaming out for attention. He ran his free hand over his pecs and the biceps of his pumping arm, feeling the muscle expand and contract like a powerful machine with each stroke it took.

Then, without warning, he was cumming. He sat upright, grabbed the shaft with both hands and pumped away, aiming it at his pecs. He loved the feeling of his cum splattering against his massive chest muscles, the noise it made as it hit made him cum even harder. He came. And came. And came. Three days was far too long. The tank got too full and it made his balls ache after it was over. He made a mental note not to go so long without sex. He thought he had learned that lesson so many years ago.

Cum was all over him, mostly dripping down the front of his pecs, although some clung to his left nipple and the belly of that muscle. It was also all over his hand, thighs, and abdomen, and dripping down his still hard cock. He took some toilet paper and mopped up, took a dump and climbed into the shower.

He always enjoyed the feeling of soapy hands running over his body and took extra time in lathering up, wishing for someone to do the job for him. Especially his back. It was impossible to reach anything but the outer perimeter of the massive expanses of his back. Each time he tried to wash there his muscles would expand and prevent his arm from bending any further. So, you took the good with the bad. Usually there was no problem getting someone to do the job for him, but he had been so preoccupied with finding a new place, packing, and moving that he hadn't had the time in the last few days, or the inclination if the truth be told, to round up a volunteer.

The spray was hard and biting as it dug into his huge muscles. He held his cock up to the spray and let it hit right on the end. Sometimes there was a little bit left in the orgasm department. He held it there and the sensation got more intense as the needles of water beat rapidly on the head of his cock. Just when he thought he

couldn't stand it a second longer, and it always happened just then, a rush of concentrated sensation ran up his cock and a narrow spray of seminal fluid squirted out the slit. A feeling of warmth and relief settled over his body and he lazily finished rinsing. Toweling off, he noticed that his cock was still semi-hard. He hoped that it would subside a bit, otherwise it would make getting dressed difficult. Another one of those eleven-and-a-half-inch nuisances to deal with.

He had apparently decided to forgo shaving this morning; his razor and shaving cream seemed to be packed. He brushed his teeth to get rid of the morning mouth, stealing some toothpaste from a tube that looked like it had survived several transient housemates, ran the comb through his long, brown hair, abandoned the sliver of soap to the fate of some unknown body, and wrapped the towel around his waist. The thick rope of his cock forced itself into relief underneath the towel. He reached down and squeezed it one more time through the terry cloth and then headed back to his room to get dressed.

The feeling of tight cotton clothing stretched across his muscles and cock...really stretched. He didn't usually go out in public dressed as he was today, but knowing he was going to be getting very hot and sweaty, he wanted to be as comfortable as possible. His T-shirt was a French-cut with certain modifications made to accommodate his broader-than-average torso. The arm holes had been made larger than was normal for this type of shirt. Although the purpose of a French-cut was to show off the upper arms, a regular one had the tendency to either cut off the circulation or rip open the first time it was tested by a hyper-developed biceps, of which he had two. He liked the way the fabric clung to his pecs, cupping them like a smooth, ever-present hand.

His cut-offs were the remains of a regular pair of denim jeans that had become too worn on the front of the right leg from his massive cock rubbing against it from the inside. Because of the incredible size of his organ it was difficult to find underwear which could contain it. Most of them were too confining or held his cock in such a position as to be a bit too sexually overt for casual social occasions. He had taken to wearing boxer shorts and just letting the thing hang down his right pant-leg. Over the months of wear the blue had begun to fade away leaving a white strip, the width of his huge donkey-dick, down the front.

He had decided to forgo underwear today. He liked the idea of being able to get at his cock, without obstructions, to feel it, squeeze it, hold it, look at it. And one never knew when the opportunity to involve a second party might present itself. He pulled the shorts up, took the shaft of his cock and laid it in along his right hip. His huge balls went to the left. As he pulled the zipper up the denim enclosed itself around his genitals, clasping them firmly yet gently. He ran his hand over the outline of his tool as it wrapped around under the right pocket. It responded by giving a little jump. His cock was in its denim and all was right with the world.

He sat on the floor and put on his gym shoes and then pushed himself up off the floor. It felt good so he did it again. And again. One hundred push-ups later and his breathing was deep, his triceps throbbing and his pecs pumped up, proudly thrusting themselves into prominence under the tight, form-fitting shirt. He took the mattress downstairs and threw it into the back of the truck, quickly closing the doors before it fell back out again, then went in and made some breakfast.

Halfway through scrambling some eggs he heard footsteps on the stair. A few seconds later a woman came into the kitchen dressed in one of his soon-to-be-ex-housemates' shirts. He had hoped he could avoid running into someone this morning, especially a woman, because it always meant some sort of encounter. The likelihood of this was guaranteed by the way he was dressed.

As she came into the kitchen and saw this massive man standing at the stove, his biceps stretching the arms of his T-shirt to the ripping point, her eyes lit up in that way which he had come to expect. There was nothing vain about it, he just knew the affect he had on women, and most men. He tried to appear very busy and in a hell of a rush, giving the excuse that he had to get the truck back or pay for another day. The truth was that she was a very attractive woman and, had she not just spent the night with someone else upstairs, he would have leapt at the chance to pump her with his massive cock. By the expression on her face it was a pretty safe bet she was thinking the same thing. Her halted conversation revealed her inability to concentrate on the mundane surface comments with which she was attempting to lure him into some sort of interaction. Her eyes continually strayed to other parts of his body, coming to rest, finally and unselfconsciously on his quite prominent crotch.

He had once talked with a woman who had been endowed with an incredible figure. About two or three minutes into the conversation he realized that, a) he wasn't listening to a damn thing she was saying, and b) he found his eyes locked firmly on the region of her breasts. She pointed out that women found it perturbing, at best, to have a conversation with someone who forgot that anything existed above a woman's neck. But she also said she enjoyed

watching men get so disoriented when trying to maintain some semblance of decorum and leer at her breasts at the same time.

He knew how she felt. After all, you don't go to the trouble of building a body like this and then get offended when people admire it. He loved being stared at, desired, lusted after. And this lady was doing a lot of staring, desiring and lusting. He liked it. Sort of like a cat who doesn't want to be touched but can't help purring anyway. He sat at the kitchen table to wolf down his food. She joined him at the corner seat, thus permitting her to continue the perusal of his body while trying to make small talk. He leaned back in the chair and spread his legs, knowing that, without any underwear on, his huge cock would be quite unrestrained. Her widened eyes and short intake of breath confirmed this without any need to look down for corroboration.

He finished his breakfast and carried his dishes to the sink. As he started to wash them she came up to the sink and stepped into his side.

"You're in a hurry," she said. "I'll do these."

She took the sponge and dish from his hands and moved in between him and the sink, making sure he didn't have enough time to back away before she pressed herself up against him.

On the other hand, he thought, he probably wasn't going to even see any of these people again. A quick one on the kitchen counter would hardly make a difference, now would it?

She noticed he wasn't moving away and took that as encouragement. Laying the sponge and dish down in the sink, she shut off the water, turned around and stared at the massive pecs which confronted her. Her hands traced over their surface, her eyes

widening with the excitement of having such an incredible body under her hands.

“Flex.” She had tried to make it sound like a command, but the desire that dripped from the word could only best be described as lust.

He flexed. The pecs swelled and bulged. Her hands grabbed them and pressed, fingernails digging in ever so slightly, lingered there for a moment. He moaned as she traced the lower edges of the muscles with the points of her index fingers and then headed outwards to his shoulders.

“Flex.”

He flexed. The deltoids swelled and bulged. She ran her hands up over them and then down the back of his arms.

“Flex.”

He flexed. The triceps, those massive, yet quite under-appreciated slabs of muscle along the back of the upper arm, swelled and bulged. His biceps, at the disadvantage for being fully extended, still put in quite a showing as her hands roamed around the immensity of his upper arm. Her fingers traced the throbbing veins that ran under the surface of his skin down to his hands. Taking each hand in her own she placed them on her unrestrained breasts, full and firm. He pressed his palms into her nipples, which were already hard and jutting. She sighed. He pressed harder. She moaned. He wrapped his hands around them and slowly closed them, causing the breasts to squeeze gently through, ending with a quick tweak of the nipples. She gasped and started to work her legs back and forth, creating motion in her genitals. The perfume of her cunt permeated the air, competing with the smell of the recently

completed meal. She spread her legs and straddled his left thigh, pressing her cunt against it.

“Flex.”

He flexed. The thigh expanded, bringing pressure to bear on her already inflamed clitoris. She worked her cunt up and down his leg, moaning and sighing as she enjoyed the feel of the huge muscle filling her spreading thighs. Her hands ran down his side, past his waist, around his back and came to rest on his ass.

“Flex.”

He flexed. The gluts tightened and stretched his cut-offs. She squeezed hard, pulling herself into his crotch.

“Flex.”

He flexed. The cock surged. She began to rub herself against his hardening member.

“Things got a bit rambunctious last night and I’m a little sore. Besides I don’t think I could take you there...”

So. There it was, the other disadvantage to a big cock. They loved to fantasize about having it pummel them into orgasm. But when the moment of truth came, many had the tendency to back out. Looked great in the window, but when I got it home...

“...but can I suck you?” Oh, there is a God.

He took his hands off her breasts and started to undo his fly.

“Let me.”

She pulled his hands away from his zipper and took it herself, slowly pulling it down about half way. She kneeled in front of him and moved her mouth closer to his cock. Pressing her lips against the denim, she exhaled, expelling her hot breath and sending a melting sensation up his spine and down to his toes. She did it again

and his cock did a quick grow, becoming very uncomfortable, pent up in his cut-offs. He told her so. She undid the rest of the zipper and slowly peeled away the fabric, revealing the thick shaft at its base.

“How big?”

“Eleven-and-a-half.”

“Hmmmmm.”

“Are you hungry?”

To answer she pulled the cut-offs down to the floor, took his quickly hardening cock in her hands, opened her mouth and deep-throated him. He almost fell backwards onto the floor. Truly a woman of hidden talents, this. He wondered who the lucky stiff was upstairs. He also wondered if the lucky stiff was just waking up only to find that the one who was going to take care of his stiff was down in the kitchen sucking on another one. She seemed to derive the greatest of pleasure from his reaction and did it again and again, each time taking deep gulps of air before heading on in. Owing to this lady’s remarkable talents he found himself swiftly approaching another orgasm. He looked down and watched his huge cock sliding in and out of her mouth. It seemed almost magical. Like the seventeen clowns at the circus who all get out of the same little car. Where did they put them all? Where was his cock going? He began to thrust and counter-act the movement of her head.

“Hmmmm. Aw. Yeah. Oh, shit, yeah. Oh, suck my cock. Suck it. Oh, God that feels good. Aw, that’s incredible. Ooo, yeah. Yeah! Yeah! Oh, God. So deep. So fucking deep. Aw, never before. Oh, holy shit! Oh, God! Oh, God! Yes! Yes! Yes! I’m going to cum. I’m going to cum right now. I want to cum in your throat, okay?”

To answer, she renewed her efforts, assuring him that was exactly what she wanted. This was SOOOO much better than the wet dream his wrist watch had rudely awakened him from.

His cock swelled. She grabbed his balls and pressed her face against his groin, holding all of him inside her. Then she started to swallow. The muscles of her throat began stroking and milking his cock and within seconds he had released a flood of cum down her throat which the swallowing action promptly carried away.

Weak-kneed, he slowly pulled his softening cock from her throat, hobbled over to the kitchen table and sat heavily in one of the chairs. He pulled his cut-offs up but stopped short of putting them on all the way. His huge cock, covered with saliva and dripping a few last drops of cum, throbbed and bounced as it hung between his legs, as if going through its own set of orgasmic spasms. She came over and knelt in front of him, taking his cock in her hands and licking it clean, making it semi-hard again in the process.

“I’ll never get these damn shorts on if you keep that up.”

“Let me.”

She pulled his shorts up to his waist as he lifted his ass off the chair. Then she took his balls and raised them up over the zipper, placing them on the left. The cock was tucked neatly in the right. The lady had a good memory as well. She pulled the zipper up and gave the still throbbing cock one last hot-breathed kiss.

“Thank you,” he sighed. “Where did you learn that?”

“First time.” Wink. “I really like doing that but rarely find anyone big enough to make it worth while.”

“You’ve spoiled me. Are you available for parties? Of one, that is.”

“Sure. Here’s my phone number. Give me a call.”

She wrote it down on a scrap of paper by the phone and stuffed it seductively into the waist of his pants. Her hands then wandered up his chest to his pecs and squeezed them again.

“Are these available for parties?”

“I’ll call you when I get my phone installed. I’ve gotta run. Thanks.” He tried to think of something else to say but the look on her face was satisfied.

“Thanks.”

“I’ll finish up the dishes. I know you’re in a hurry.” She winked again.

The drive was uneventful and the day held the promise of heat and sun. The fact that he was towing his car behind made things a bit interesting, but it was a small sports coupe and didn’t seem to bother the truck much once he got on the freeway. Already the warmth of the sun was putting a sheen on his skin that, he knew, made his arms and legs glisten with a seductive, glowing quality.

The woman in the kitchen. The woman. Shit! He didn’t even know her name. Well, that was pretty crass. Then he realized she didn’t know his, either, and chuckled. A couple of crass sex fiends having a morning, nameless suck. He hoped the phone number, still jammed into his pants, was legit. His thoughts drifted down towards his bulging crotch as the memory of his huge cock sliding completely into her throat caused a pleasant discomfort. It amazed him, considering the battalion of mouths that had been around his cock, that no one had ever done what this woman had. What a wonderful way to start off a day that promised new beginnings, new encounters, new life.

Ten years ago he had decided to return to the desert town after a wondrous summer following his high school graduation. He had leapt into life, making up for so much lost time, lunging after every experience he could. So much joy. So much sorrow. And in the end, he found he was not ready for it all. Those who had been with him during those several months would have been quite surprised to find him thinking this. He had been an amazing presence in their lives, taking them, as well as himself, further into the realm of human interplay than any of them had imagined possible. But when it was all over, or when he had ended it, he found so much that he did not understand, so much beyond his control, that he felt he had to withdraw. Perhaps it had been the people he had been with; they certainly were an unusually gifted group of humans. Or was it he, himself, who had been the secret ingredient? He had needed to pull back, to take stock of what was in himself and what he had done, seen, experienced.

And then, within the last few months, he had felt things moving in his life again. The events that passed through him pointed towards the step he was taking today. He felt developments engineering his future, the most unusual of which was his meeting with the people at the modeling agency he was now signed with. And here he was, moving to the beach, to the Mecca of body building, the center of the media universe, and he could feel many eyes on him, both figuratively and literally. For the first time in a decade he felt comfortable about that. He was ready to face the ghosts from that time. The only thing he had to do was track those ghosts down. And find out if they were, again, ready to face him.

The buildings of the city began to close in around the highway until little that was not man-made was left to be seen. The sun rose

higher in the sky and started to warm his crotch, giving it a lazy, comfortable feeling. He pulled the half-opened road map across his lap to block some of the heat. Every now and then he would risk a glance at the unruly sheet of paper, trying its hardest to escape on the wind coming through the open window, to double check his progress. He had only been to his new place twice and hoped that his recollections of how to get there were accurate.

A white convertible drew up beside him and two women waved to him in an unmistakably suggestive way. He pumped his left arm and waved back. They hooted like a couple of school girls and accelerated. Some got off easier than others.

Mr. Howard, the old man who was the super for the building, had gone to great lengths to explain that, although he understood that a ‘fine, strapping youth’ like himself needed his outlets, he expected all his tenants to maintain a “respectable existence.” He hadn’t gone into any detail of what that was, but it was assumed to mean no wild parties or blow-jobs in the elevator. He then went on to detail the private, and probably fantasized, lives of many of the tenants in the building.

Especially intriguing was his next door neighbor. They had, it seemed, body building in common.

“Of course, she’s not as big as you, but she’s got a fine ass and the two nicest hooters in the building.”

Discretion being the better part of getting the lease signed, he decided not to point out just how offensive that statement was. He did, however, look forward to meeting a fellow pumper. Moving into a new neighborhood screwed up the work-out schedule for a while and a little help in re-establishing the regimen was always

appreciated. He hoped she might even be able to recommend one of the local gyms.

He was also excited about his new job. He had been cultivating a relationship with the agency for a long time and recently they had begun using him. One of the agents explained there would be a lot more work for him if he lived closer. When he let them know he was finally willing to move to the beach they rewarded him with three jobs in the coming week. Two of them, he was told, were “trunks only” and did he mind? Hah! He would make enough on those three jobs to pay first and last months rent, the deposit, all the rest of the miscellaneous expenses of setting up new digs and still be able to sock a sizable chunk away into the bank. No, he certainly did not mind.

A wrong exit and three lefts to make a right later, he pulled in behind the building which was to be his new home. He unhitched his car over by his parking spot, set the emergency brake and then backed the truck up to the sidewalk that lead to the back door. A series of open walkways covered this side of the building from the second floor up, making access from the elevator to the apartments an outdoor experience. The walkways ran almost the entire length, with only the two outer apartments being the full depth of the building. His new place was just inside the end one on the right. On the other side of the building was the beach and ocean. Each apartment had access to a balcony that ran the entire length of the building with dividers of green corrugated fiberglass in metal frames supplying only slightly inadequate privacy.

He looked up the building and counted floors. ...5...6. That was his.

Home.

Sort of.

He knew the apartment next to his on the left was the body builder. He couldn't remember if the super had told him who lived in the end apartment, to the right of his. He guessed he would find out sooner or later. Time to get unpacked.

He cracked open the back of the truck and grabbed the mattress as it fell out towards him. Setting it aside, he checked the contents of the truck for any apparent damage. All seemed to have traveled well. Fortunately, most of what he owned was either big, old hunks of sturdy furniture, boxes of books, or weights. Nothing much to go wrong there. The mattress first.

After the first few trips he was wishing he had spent the extra bucks for the hand cart. But the effort on his muscles felt good and he figured that there had to be some practical use for all these bulges. Otherwise it was like too much chrome on a car. His T-shirt was soaked through, adhering to his rippling flesh like a second skin.

Occasionally a breeze would run around the building from the ocean and cool him off, sending a shiver up his spine and causing his nipples to stiffen to rock hard points of flesh. A steady stream of perspiration flowed down his head and neck, funneling into a thin river that ran between his pecs. As it reached his abdomen it spread out and soaked the area like a flood plain.

A few trips later, he took a break. Laying down in the back of the truck, the shade feeling good after all those trips back and forth in the hot sun, he looked up and noticed someone in the apartment next to his looking down at him. It was too far to make out who it was, but they seemed intensely interested in what was going on. He figured he'd get everything into the apartment, get cleaned up and

then maybe introduce himself. But that meant getting everything into the apartment, right? He grabbed the first part of his weight machine and started inside with it.

As he approached the elevator he noticed someone else waiting as well. He had been making several trips from the truck before taking stuff up, but the person waiting was a powerfully built, high energy lady. Her skin glowed with a layer of perspiration and her breathing was deep from exertion, possibly a morning run. This was, no doubt, his neighbor. He decided to take the ride with her to get acquainted. She turned as he came down the inner hallway carrying his box of parts. Her reaction was immediate. She took him in with one sweep of her eyes, top to bottom. He sensed she was cataloging every measurement of his body. Her practiced eye then made a second run up his body, stopping at his crotch. Just then the elevator doors opened. She stepped inside and beckoned him in with a look that had the physical force to undress him. She continued to hold the door until he was inside and then, with her eyes still riveted to his cock, said “Six?”

He saw she had already selected the sixth floor, but decided her penetrating stare required some response.

“Eleven-and-a-half.”

“We’ve only got whole numbers around here, Shape. Pick one between two and twelve and skip the decimal points.”

“Six sounds good.”

“Sure does, honey. So does eleven-and-a-half, but we’ll have to stop there some other time. I have to get to the gym and open up.”

The elevator lurched into action. They spent the ride looking at each other. His cock stirred slightly under her attentions. Another minor draw back about having such a gigantic organ. It was hard to

conceal reactions. When his cock stirred, it was as obvious as raising an eyebrow. But he figured if he was going to be scrutinized so intensely, it wasn't his fault if she noticed his reactions.

"You are, obviously, the new kid on the block. Ol' man Howard's been blabbing about you for a week now. Says that with two of us in the building, I won't feel like such a freak. Shit. The only person that makes me feel like a freak is him. Can't get him to look me in the eye for a second when I talk to him."

He really hated the fact that, try as he might, the word 'hooters' kept coming to mind. Her breasts were, indeed, remarkable and the top she had on, a runner's halter, was not doing anything to subdue the effect.

"My name's Arnold."

"How unfortunate."

"Named after a grandfather. I've thought of changing it."

"Don't worry. I won't hold it against you."

"If I told you you had a lovely body..." He paused, hoping she would catch the allusion.

"Marx Brothers fan, eh?"

"My favorite brand of lunacy."

"I'm Patty."

"Nice to meet you, Patty. Forgive me if I don't shake hands just now."

"Gear?"

"Yeah. I don't mind the work, but I'm glad there's an elevator."

"Well, you're working up a fine sweat there, Shape. Clothes sticking to you in all the right spots."

The elevator bounced to a stop and the door shuddered in its tracks as it slid open. They both got out and headed down the walkway. Patty stopped at her door and called after him. “Hey, Shape. Whatcha doing for dinner tomorrow night?”

“I suspect I’m having it with you. What time?”

“Seven sound good?”

“Sure. I have a shoot tomorrow afternoon, but I should be finished by then. Can I bring anything?”

“Just pack that salami you got there and I’ll take care of the rest. High protein, high carb?”

“Whatever. I’m only maintenance training right now. See you then.”

He started to head towards his apartment when Patty called after him.

“Hey, Shape!”

Arnold stopped and turned back to her again.

“I’ll be very disappointed if you were lying about that eleven-and-a-half.”

He set the box down on the walkway. “You got a ruler handy?”

“Honey, I don’t need a ruler. I’d know eleven-and-a-half if I saw it.”

He walked back to her.

“Hold out your hand, please.”

She did and he pulled up the leg of his cut-offs. His cock fell out and landed right in her palm. She gasped and grabbed the massive tool. He felt her heft it, testing the weight of it. She wrapped her thumb and forefinger around its girth. They didn’t touch.

Apparently satisfied, she slowly lowered it to his legs and just stood there, staring at it.

“I must say, I find your lack of trust in me very disappointing,” he said, laying on a heavy sarcastic tone. “In the future I should hope you would take a gentleman at his word.”

It seemed Patty was either lost in thought or at a loss for words. Arnold grabbed his cock and stuffed it back up into his shorts, walked back to the box he had brought up in the elevator, picked it up with an ease which was totally at odds with how much the box actually weighed, and marched off to his own apartment without looking back, feigning an attitude of total contempt for her mistrust.

He put the box of equipment in the second bedroom and headed back to the truck for another load. When he stepped out onto the walkway Patty was gone. Walking back to the elevator, he heard a crash and a scream come from behind him. Something had happened in his other neighbor’s apartment. He listened for a moment to see if it was serious. There was no more noise and no one seemed to be moving. Someone had apparently fallen or hurt themselves and they didn’t seem to be recovering. He waited for another moment and then knocked on the door.

Nothing.

He knocked again.

Nothing.

CHAPTER 3: FLASHBACK

“Dad, I’ve got to go to the bathroom.”

“I didn’t bring you boys to the movies so you could pee.”

“But, Dad...”

“Okay. But make it quick.”

“Sure, Dad. Come on, Jimmy.”

“Jimmy, you stay here. I’m not going to have the two of you running around the theatre.”

“I gotta go, too, sir.”

“Christ! All right. Get outta here. But keep your noses clean.”

“Sure, Dad. Come on, Jimmy. ‘Scuse me. ‘Scuse me, please.”

“Come on, kid, I’m trying to watch the movie.”

“Sorry. ‘Scuse me.”

“Ow. Watch it, you little bastard.”

“Fuck you, asshole.”

“Jimmy!”

“He’s an asshole. He coulda moved his feet. Come on, Arnie. This way.”

“The bathroom’s this way.”

“Come on this way. It’s better.”

“I want to stop and get some popcorn.”

“You got money?”

“Yeah. I brought some from my piggy bank. My dad sure wouldn’t give it to me. He’s too cheap.”

“Arnie, your Dad’s a dickhead.”

“That’s not nice.”

“Being a dickhead never is, Arnie. In here. Come on. You gotta pee?”

“Yeah. Bad. My dick gets real hard when I gotta go bad. Look.”

“Man, Arnie. You got a big boner. I never seen one that big.”

“It hurts when it gets this big.”

“It sure is big. Come here into the stall. Let me see it.”

“I gotta pee, first.”

“Go ahead, Arnie. Pee in the toilet. How come yours is so big?”

“I don’t know. Isn’t yours like this?”

“Nope. Look. It’s only half as big as yours. I guess you’re a big dickhead, too, like your Dad.”

“You take that back.”

“Dickhead. Dickhead. Arnie’s got a big dick. Arnie’s got a big dick.”

“Shut up, Jimmy, or I’ll tell Marie you wanna kiss her.”

“Oh, yuck! Hey! Maybe she wants to kiss your big dick.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You never have someone kiss your dick?”

“That’s gross.”

“No it ain’t.”

“Where’d you ever hear about something like that?”

“I saw my sister do it to her boyfriend once.”

“Liar.”

“I did, too. I was hiding on the porch roof outside her bedroom window and they went to her room and he pulled down his pants and she kissed him on his dick.”

“You are such a liar, Jimmy.”

“Toad’s truth, Arnie. She kept kissing it and then she stuck it in her mouth and started to suck on it like a straw. Then the jerk looked out the window and saw me and came crawling out after me, yellin’ he was gonna kill me. He forgot he had his pants down, though, and tripped coming out of the window. Rolled off and fell on the front lawn and my old man found him with his dick hanging out. It wasn’t nearly as big as yours, though.”

“Jimmy, you are so full of shit your eyes are brown. Did he look like he was having fun?”

“Yeah. So did my sister. You want me to do it to you?”

“What’s it like?”

“I don’t know. I never done it before.”

“How do you know what to do?”

“I told you, Arnie. I saw my sister do it. Look. I’m starting to get a boner, too. Lemme try it and we’ll see, okay?”

“Okay. If you want to. Whoa! Oh, God, Jimmy. Oh, Jimmy!”

“Is that good?”

“I’m...I’m...I don’t know. Are you sure about this?”

“Yeah. I know something’s supposed to happen. My sister said she was going to make him come. I don’t know where, though. You want me to stop?”

“No! No. Don’t stop. Look. I’m getting even harder. Keep doing that. Can you take more of it in your mouth? Yeah. That really feels good. Go faster. Faster. Oh, God! Faster. Oh, don’t stop, Jimmy. Oh! Oh! Oh! Something’s happening. I think...I think... Don’t stop. Don’t!...”

“Quiet, Arnie. You’re yelling too loud.”

“Sorry. Keep sucking on me, Jimmy. You gotta keep sucking. I think I’m gonna...I’m gonna...Oh, God! Ooh! Ooh! It’s...It’s like... something...suh...suh...uh...uh...uuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

“Arnie? Are you all right? Arnie! Wake up. Get up, Arnie. Come on, Arnie, this isn’t funny. Get up.”

“Huh? What happened?”

“I think you passed-out, Arnie. Are you all right?”

“I’m...I’m fine. I think I just forgot to breathe. Wow!”

“What happened?”

“I don’t know. It felt like something squeezed my nuts and then my dick felt real funny.”

“Funny?”

“Good. Real good. You want to try it?”

“I don’t know, Arnie. You scared me. Maybe I’d better not.”

“Okay. But maybe it was just because mine is so big.”

“Nah, I don’t think I’d better.”

“Did you like sucking on me?”

“Yeah. It was weird having you get so excited. I wonder what happened?”

“Who knows. Come on. I want to get some popcorn and get back before my old man kills me.”

“Don’t forget to zip. Made ya look.”

“Dork.”

“Asshole.”

CHAPTER 4: CHRIS

She looked out the spy hole and caught herself as a loud moan tried to escape her throat. Even with the diminution caused by the lens, the sight that greeted her was overwhelming. He was standing too close to the door for her to see his entire body, but what she could see made her throb powerfully between her legs. She began to reach for the key in the lock, then hesitated, realizing she wasn't dressed for company. She wasn't exactly a fashion slave, and although the disheveled-just-rolled-out-of-bed-and-whipped-myself-into-an-orgasm-over-you look could be appealing, she wasn't sure she wanted this stud to meet her under such conditions. And her head still hurt a bit from the bump on the fridge.

And the phone was ringing. Now what? She knew he could hear it outside. She let the machine get it.

"Hi, this is Chris. I can't come to the phone right now..." Chris chuckled at that. "Leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as possible...Beep."

"Hi, Chris. This is Nicholas. We really need to talk..."

Oh shit. This was about the shoot on Friday. She really needed to talk to him as well. The jerk had some numskull idea about the layout for his ad and she had to talk him out of it. She really wanted the account; knew the product he was introducing was going to be a big hit. She knew equally as well that if he was to go forward with his idea, she wanted to be as far away from it as possible.

"...about the idea I have for the print ad. I got the feeling from our talk the other day that you weren't a hundred per cent on board with me."

Oh-oh. This sounded like he was having second thoughts. She really needed to straighten things out with him. One more quick peek through the spy hole. The sight of his gargantuan shoulders, his Herculean arms, his titanic chest...

She sounded like she was writing ad copy. Superlatives were not her norm, but the body she was looking at demanded description in the most flowery language.

Nicholas was still babbling into her machine. She tore herself from the view and ran to her phone just as he was saying good-bye.

CHAPTER 5: ARNOLD

All movement had stopped. He thought about breaking down the door. It looked fairly sturdy, but he was sure he could put a dent in it. Maybe he should call the police. The phone in the apartment rang. Four rings and then a machine answered. He heard the muffled sound of a woman's voice. His neighbor was female. After a beep, a man's voice began to talk. He couldn't make out what was being said, but it was none of his business anyway. He waited a few seconds and then the woman could be heard again. He decided everything was back to normal.

Back down the elevator and about fifteen more trips.

CHAPTER 6: PATTY

Stripping off her clothes in front of the mirror in the bathroom, she flexed her upper torso and admired the view. Just as she was sure her new neighbor had. He had made no bones about his intentions. No one, much less a complete stranger, had ever dropped their cock into the palm of her hand before. Climbing into the shower, the stream of water from the shower head beat deliciously on her taut, hard body, especially on the exceptionally hard, lengthy nipples which crowned her ample breasts. In the world of body building they were in the women's arena what her neighbor's gigantic cock was in the men's. Amazing but distracting. She knew, without having to ask, that he would probably have run into the same prejudices she had.

As she lathered up she thought about the tool she had just met. Not quite the biggest on the beach, muscle-wise that is, but then most of the really big ones had too much iron between their ears to be very interesting outside of the locker room. Or bedroom. This one, at least, had a sense of humor. And he was beautiful. Not many of the tools she hung out with would be worth a second look if it weren't for their bulges. And he had a cock. A big, fat one. Definitely a mouthful. Not to mention a cuntfull. And an assfull, if she had her wish. She wasn't a butt freak, but every once in a while she longed for a nice, thick, hard one up her ass, and this one was nice and thick enough to make it really worthwhile.

Patty realized she had absentmindedly begun to massage her soapy breasts, working her amazingly long nipples into a rigid state. Her breasts were very full and round, supported from within by well-developed muscles that held them up high on her chest, giving

the appearance of an invisible bra. As she moved they shook solidly. She enjoyed the feeling of them swinging free, the force of each turn bringing to her attention the wonderful, heavy mass that hung there.

The steam from the shower filled the bathroom and eased her into a pensive mood. She could tell it was going to be one of those kinds of a days when every body that walked into the gym was going to make her more and more horny. If she didn't pop off a quick one now she'd be wet for the rest of the day, her smell following her around like a heady perfume. She took the shower head off its bracket and ran it over her torso, rinsing the soap to the tub and down the drain. When she was clean she sat down, leaned back, spread her legs wide, and held the spray up to her vaginal lips. Maneuvering the shower head around she selected an especially hard needle of water and aimed it squarely at her clitoris. The response was immediate and intense. The narrow finger of water hammered relentlessly, causing the small nub of flesh to rapidly swell and become even more sensitized. Her breath shortened, her head fell back against the tub and her whole body warmed to an energized hum. Several times she thought it was too much and almost moved the attacking stream away. But she knew that the longer she held it there, the more explosive her orgasm would be. She forced her hand to maintain its position, a feat that was becoming increasingly difficult as her hips began thrusting involuntarily.

Her free hand was busy roaming over her body, stimulating whatever part it found itself on. She loved to feel the strength of her muscles as they tensed under the exertion of pleasure. Her long nipples were erect, hard as rocks. Her breasts quivered with each sudden intake of breath as she came closer to climax. Moans of

pleasure escaped her mouth and rang against the tiles of the shower, echoing back to her and sustaining the atmosphere of pure, uninhibited sexual power which permeated the air around her.

Visions of sexual tools float behind her closed eyelids, each one with a cock more erect and powerful than the last, until, finally, what looms in front of her is the new tool next door. His cock: Thick, circumcised, dark pink, turning to blood-engorged red as it grows and becomes more and more erect, becoming impossibly large. Two hands are needed to control it, wrapping around its thickness as she draws it to her. The smell, not fresh and clean, straight from the shower, but heady and full of aroma following two or three hours of serious work-out. It feels smooth, polished, hot. Very, very hot. And thick. Oh, so thick. Stretching her cunt to a limit she has too infrequently experienced. Pumping into her with steady, powerful thrusts, his beautiful, sweaty body swaying over her as she runs her hands up the backs of his arms, across his chest; his triceps and pecs swollen with the exertion of holding himself in the push-up position as he rams his member into her time and again and again and again and oh, oh,...

Oh, shit, she was cumming...cumming...cumming...and the tub seemed to sway as she let herself go to the feeling of her clitoris' exploding sensation, sending brilliant sparks of sexual energy shooting throughout her entire body. Her muscles tensed deliciously, her body vibrated. She held the blessed shower head in position as long as possible, until just before the intensity of it turned to a nuisance. Dropping it, she collapsed back against the tub, allowing the now independent stream of water to shoot up into the air and down onto her sensitized body, setting off tiny explosions wherever a drop landed.

Patty savored a few moments of contemplation. The surges of energy gradually subsided as she settled back down to earth. That should hold her through the day. At least she wouldn't be quite so inclined to wander back to the employees washroom with the first convenient tool that flexed itself in front of her.

As she was dressing for work she wondered if her neighbor had picked a gym yet. The one she was partners in wasn't the biggest in town; certainly not the most generously equipped. But the members appreciated the atmosphere of friendliness and support which the owners had committed themselves to. This went beyond the usual line of products behind a glass case at the entrance. Dietary, nutritional, psychological and emotional support were readily available to those clients who proved themselves worthy of such. They weren't into baby-sitting, as she called it, but those who needed a shoulder to cry on or seemed to be down on their luck could always find a source of comfort and support from the staff.

Family.

She chuckled to herself. A very incestuous family, if all the sucking and fucking that went on was any indication. But it was nice to know that when the juices started flowing, as was the case with people whose whole life revolved around stimulating their anatomy into hyper-growth, you could find a release that didn't carry a lot of emotional commitment along with it. Not that there wasn't that, too, if you wanted it. She had lost count of how many couples had met at the gym and either sustained a long-lasting relationship or flat out got married, several of them having the ceremony right there in the gym. She would bring up the topic the next time she encountered him. And that, she hoped, would be quite an encounter.

She caught herself. She had to get to work and thoughts like that only encouraged her to lay back in the tub with her friendly shower head. Of course, if she was going to dawdle, the real thing was just on the other side of her living room wall. His sweat-coated body glistening as his well-developed muscles throbbed and pumped under the exertion of moving and setting up furniture and equipment. She wondered what he had in the way of gear. Certainly nothing sufficient enough to maintain that body. Probably just enough to get the quick pump before heading out. She knew that, like putting on clothes, the body needed to be prepped for the outside world as well. Some quick reps on the bench press, arm curls, leg lifts and side lifts for the delts and the clothes would hug the contours just right. Again, images of his sweat soaked T-shirt clinging to his full, round pectorals came to mind. Nope. This was not going to be an easy day.

Or night. The trip down the coast to her sister, Betty's, house for dinner with the four snot-nosed, no-neck monsters (as Elizabeth Taylor said in that movie), was really low on her list of life goals. If it weren't for her brother-in-law she wouldn't even consider the effort. But Bob was great. She loved hanging out with him. He didn't prejudge her because she worked out. Most people did. They couldn't help it. They saw those muscles and something made them talk slower to her, using monosyllabic sentences and hand gestures. Bob loved her body. He never touched her, never gave the slightest indication that he had any desire to screw around. He just loved looking at it. She even got him interested in weight training. He'd joined a gym and enjoyed showing her his progress each time she visited. She'd evaluate him, give pointers on what to work and how. He talked to her about her sport, about life, about his dreams, his

family. He loved his wife and kids very much. Patty enjoyed watching him play with the little shits, teaching them, by example, how to deal with life. And anyone who could seriously love her sister deserved canonization.

Actually, Betty wasn't all that bad. She was just bitter. She felt tied down to a life that, she claimed at least, was not her desire. Of course, there had been little concern about that when, during high school, she had slept with at least one rather potent member of the football team. She had that baby before she graduated, and another by some nameless fuck the following year.

Bob happened along at just the right time. He was eager to have a family, found Betty to have good qualities worth marrying, and settled down to the life of fatherhood, having two cretins of their own along the way. He said the last two were to cement the family. Betty said they were to make sure she didn't run around anymore, as they made her too busy to think about anything else.

Betty could be a real shithead sometimes.

Patty went to her bedroom and pulled her clothes out of the closet. As she dressed she stopped to check out what she saw in the mirror; professional scrutiny mixed with an aesthetic pleasure. She decided to throw a change of clothes into a bag to take to the gym so she could leave straight for her sister's from there. She pulled on her panties, black and brief, just barely covering the mound of her vagina. She flexed her muscles and got pleasure at the image this effort called up. Hot. Very hot. Her breasts round and firm, nipples, at least momentarily, smooth and dark. The areola were slightly swollen. She swung the closet door open so she could stand between its mirror and the one over her dresser, and flexed her back. The muscles popped out in sharp relief, like a display of knot-tying. Her

ass was firm and defined, her chest, above those two lovely melon-like breasts, was striated with tough, sinewy fibers just under a thin, fatless layer of skin. Yes. Hot.

Spandex pants and top, an over-sized T, sweats, socks, sneaks. One more check in the mirror. Hair, a little make-up around the eyes just so she didn't feel naked, she grabbed her bag and was out the door. She looked over the railing to see if Arnold was down at his truck. One more gander at the tool wouldn't hurt. At the thought of it she felt a little rush between her legs. Just what she needed, she thought sarcastically: a good fixation to get her through the day. He wasn't there. Probably was on his way down or up. She'd run into him on the way.

The elevator arrived and it was empty. She rode down alone and wandered out the back door to the parking lot. He was just pulling a new load of boxes out of the back and had finally succumbed to the heat by taking off his now-completely-soaked shirt which hung on a hook on the back door of the truck. His skin was smooth and glistening. As was customary in body building, it was completely hair-free. blemish-less, clean, it looked like a piece of pliant marble which the hand of some great sculptor had just finished bringing to life. His nipples, which rested on the outer, lower edges of their respective pectoral, were dark and firm. The sides of his pecs flared up to his deltoids forming a deep, clear pit. As he pulled what appeared to be a box of books out of the truck to carry to the elevator his arms bulged and his neck muscles expanded with the exertion. He turned, saw her and set the box back down again. She wandered over to him.

“Just about done, I see.”

“A few more loads. Then I’ll have to figure out where to put everything. I don’t think there’ll be any time for a work-out.”

“I don’t think you have much to worry about, there. You seem to be getting a fine one now.”

“Off to work?”

“Yeah. I’ve gotta get the gym open. A few diehards like to get in a quick pump on a Sunday. By the way, have you looked into a gym around here?”

“I sort of wandered around the area the other day when I came to sign the lease. Which one do you work at?”

“It’s a little one a few blocks from here called ‘The Pump House’.”

“I don’t remember seeing it. I must have missed it.”

“Easy to do. The place was a service station at one time. Hence the name. You have to get up and really look into the window to see what’s inside. We’re not the most well-equipped on the beach, but most of our members, whether they’re pro or not, like the atmosphere, and a nicer bunch of nuts you never want to meet. Let me know when you want to take a look and I’ll give you the grand tour.”

“Thanks. I’m not in competition so I don’t need a whole lot of equipment time. I model so I have to keep the body up, but that’s it.”

“Did you ever consider entering contests?”

“Yeah, I entered a couple, but everyone kept staring at my cock and I couldn’t get the judges to take me seriously. After one contest out in the desert I overheard a couple of the judges talking about me. One of them, a man, said he thought it was pretty sick for someone to get up on a stage in front of a serious body-building crowd and

turn it into a porno show. I don't know what he expected me to do. Cut it off?"

"Penis envy, no doubt. That's the same problem I have."

"Penis envy?"

She decided to let it slide but noted the penchant for quick repartee. Nice.

"Because my breasts aren't whittled down to a flat slab of muscle I can't get taken seriously, either. I could have arms as big as yours but the judges wouldn't see past my tits. It sounds like you'd fit right into our bunch of misfits. We're considered the rogues of the business. If you want to be considered in competition in this town you have to hitch your wagon to one of the more 'legitimate' gyms."

It was nice that she had this in common with him. She thought he would be perfect for the gym but wouldn't push it. He'd come around on his own.

"I'm driving down the coast to my sister's for dinner tonight. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Are you sure I can't bring something? For dinner, that is. How about some wine?"

"Never touch the stuff. Don't worry. Patty's got everything that's needed. You just get yourself settled in and we'll worry about food co-oping later."

She turned to go to her car and saw that some asshole had parked right in front of her.

"Aw, shit! Who's the jerk..."

Arnold looked where she was indicating and said, "Guilty. Hold on a second. I'll get it moved."

He walked over to the car, opened the door, released the emergency brake, made sure it was out of gear then closed the door again. Patty realized what he was going to do and asked if he needed any help. He said he could probably handle it and grabbed the tow bar. It was a bit of a strain to break the inertia, but once the car started to move there didn't seem to be any trouble. Patty just stood back and enjoyed the view. Every muscle in his body inflated to maximum size as he leaned back to pull the car. His legs looked like tree trunks and as they swelled they lifted his cock and balls higher into the cloth of his shorts. She had this uncontrollable desire to go over there and rub that huge bulge.

She also had a plan that would get him over to see the gym.

CHAPTER 7: FLASHBACK

When he was ten years old, Arnold's parents got a membership at a local pool so they could get him out of their hair. His presence was a constant, painful reminder of their obligation to each other, so they made several efforts to find a way to get the reclusive boy to occupy himself away from the home. This gave his parents additional time to abuse each other without having to put up with those nasty feelings of guilt they experienced when doing it in front of, or with, the child.

He was big for his age and could sometimes hang around with kids several years older than him. He was also a beautiful child and attracted the attention of many of the older teen-age girls at the pool, at least until they found out how old he really was. He also attracted the attentions of those many years his senior.

Arnold didn't realize what was making people pay attention to him. His soon to be monumental dick was still in the developmental stage but was beginning to give outward signs of its future proportions. He knew that it was larger than that of his friends from comparing during gym class showers. Several of his friends had brought the size of his dick to his attention and ever since then he had made a point of casually looking at other men's crotches to try and determine if his was out of the ordinary.

As he progressed in age...his twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth year...his dick began to have an embarrassing tendency to become hard for no reason he could discern. Sometimes just riding his bike to the pool would trigger a boner and he would have to spend long periods of time in the locker room before it would subside enough to be able to appear in public with his bathing suit on. He found he

could make his boner go away quicker if he did something. He would go to the bathroom and into one of the stalls. After closing the door he would grab hold of the tops of each divider with his hands and hang from them. He would then lift his legs off the ground and begin to ‘climb his dick’ as he called it. He would allow his legs to lower while clasping them together around his dick. Then he would spread them, raise them up to his chest and clasp them together again, repeating the process. After a few minutes of this he would get the funny feeling in his balls and the strange sensation would shoot up his shaft as though something should shoot out of it, but it wasn’t there. Soon after this his boner would subside and he would feel comfortable about going out to the pool.

One day about half way through the summer of his fourteenth year, he arrived at the pool with an especially demanding boner. He went into the locker room and started to change but realized, when he attempted to put on his swim suit, there was no way he was going to fit it over his boner. In fact, it looked larger than usual. It certainly hurt more than usual. He resigned himself to ‘climbing’ and went to the bathroom. After he hung his trunks on the hook on the door he sat down on the toilet. Something was different this time. He grabbed his boner and felt it. It was warmer than usual. It also felt real good to just grab it like that. As he slid his hand up to the head, a tremendous sensation shot through his body and made him shudder in excitement. He slid his hand up and down the shaft a few more times and thrilled as the wonderful feeling rushed through his body. He grabbed his balls with his other hand and began massaging and rolling them around. They were tender and had a feeling of pressure inside them he had never experienced before. They felt heavy, too.

He reached up, grabbed the tops of the dividers and lifted himself off the toilet by bending his arms. A strange warmth immediately spread through his upper arms and down through the muscles along the sides of his chest. He raised himself up until his upper arms were parallel to the floor. It was then that he noticed that the muscles on the tops of his arms were bulging nicely. He held that position as long as he could and found that the wonderful feeling in his dick was getting even more intense. He began to slide his dick through his legs as he usually did, but this time he paid close attention to how the rest of his body felt.

The muscles along his sides seemed to be doing a lot of the work of holding his body up and he began tensing them. Indeed, his body raised and lowered with the effort. He also noticed a wonderful tightening in his abdomen each time he raised his legs to slide them down the length of his now tingling dick. His arms began to hurt, but as the pain increased so did the feeling in his dick. He became light-headed and found himself losing track of the world around himself. His whole body began to shake as muscle fatigue set in.

Just when he thought he couldn't hold himself up a second longer his balls seemed to contract and a rushing sensation, as though someone were pulling his soul up through the end of his dick, rolled up the inside of his shaft and a thick, gooey liquid erupted from the end of it, shooting out and up, splattering on the door and walls of the stall. He couldn't help himself. He let out a loud scream that came as much from surprise at what had happened as from the incredible sensual release he had experienced. He continued to try to hold himself up towards the top of the stall because the feeling in his arms and sides and chest and stomach was

so wonderful. Even the feeling that he couldn't do it any more had a delicious quality to it.

He dropped down onto the seat of the toilet, his chest heaving, he leaned back against the tank and stared at the ceiling, trying to gather his thoughts. Something like this had never happened before.

Well, almost. He remembered what had happened the previous year with his friend, Jimmy. The sensation he had experienced when Jimmy had sucked on his dick had led him to experimenting with what he finally came to know as "climbing his dick". None of his schoolmates ever mentioned gooey liquid flying out from their dicks, though. But maybe this was just the next "thing" that was supposed to happen. No one ever told him how good it would feel. He wasn't too worried. Anything that felt that good had to be right.

He looked around the stall and saw his emissions stuck to various surfaces. He rolled off a bunch of toilet paper and wiped off all that he could find and flushed it down the toilet.

Arnold took his still-hard dick in his hands and examined himself, trying to see if any damage had been done. Visually it looked pretty much the same, but everything felt different. Everything. The whole world. He didn't know if this had to do with the fact that his dick was so much bigger than those of the rest of his friends or if the feeling in his arms and the rest of his body had caused this wonderful thing to happen or what. As he contemplated this his dick began to grow again. This was another new development. Before, once had been enough to get rid of his boner. It seemed that whatever had happened had also increased his body's appetite for this wonderful feeling.

He tried to hold himself up off the seat again for another 'climb', but his arms were too tired. He knew, however, he wouldn't

be able to leave the bathroom until his condition changed. Then he remembered how good it felt just to rub his hands up and down the shaft. He began doing this and the incredible feeling in his balls started again. He cupped his balls in his other hand and rolled the wonderful orbs around in his palm, between thumb and forefinger, squeezing ever so gently, lightly rolling his fingers back and forth across them.

His dick began to tingle again. There was little doubt that whatever he was doing to his dick was making it feel better, so he continued. Something took over his actions and told him to pump the shaft faster. His hand moved up and down with increased speed, but soon the skin of his shaft started to get irritated. He thought that a little lubrication would solve the problem, so he spit into the palm of his hand and spread the wetness along the shaft. This seemed to do the trick, but he needed more. He spit again, but there was precious little there. What else was slippery? Soap. There was a shower stall directly across from the toilet. Maybe there would be a bar of soap there.

He stopped pumping for a moment, held his breath and listened to see if anyone else was in the locker room. He heard the sound of people swimming, diving, a couple of obnoxious children taunting each other and splashing around, but no one seemed to be in the room. He stood up, grabbed his swim suit and opened the stall door. A quick peek around assured him of his privacy. He dashed across the room and into the nearest shower, pulling the curtain closed behind him.

There, in the dish, was a small sliver of soap. He turned on the water and allowed it to get hot. While he was waiting for the temperature to stabilize he got his hand and dick wet and then began

sudsing up his penis. His hand slipped up and down the shaft smoothly and he increased his speed, as that seemed the only thing that made his boner feel better. He stood under the spray of water, allowing it to run down his back, and pumped his dick harder and harder. Within a few moments that incredible feeling of pressure began to build up again and then he felt the start of another wonderful release. His body took over and his hand flew up and down the shaft which was getting bigger and darker and the head of it was starting to swell up as though it would explode. If this whole thing didn't feel so good he would have sworn there was something wrong.

He noticed that if he tensed the muscles of his body really hard while he was doing this the level of sensation would increase dramatically. He also noticed that when he did this, other parts of his body began to feel as his arms and stomach had in the stall a few moments ago. He pressed his arms against his side and his chest muscles began to burn, especially along the bottoms of them. They also bulged a bit, making it look like he had boobs, like a girl. He had never touched a girl on the breasts before, but he had seen many examples of what breasts were around the pool every day. He wasn't sure if this was how girls got boobs, but he knew that boys didn't have them, so it scared him a bit. Still, it felt very, very good.

Something else began to happen. As the pressure increased, his hips began to pump back and forth, counter-acting the movement of his hand. The faster his hand moved, the faster his hips contracted, until his whole body was a flurry of movement. He began to grunt and moan and tried to control his voice, but things seemed to be quickly getting out of control. Again his balls contracted and that same rushing sensation flew up his dick. Within seconds he was

shooting another incredibly luscious load of pearly white substance against the wall of the shower stall. His hips continued to pump and he had the greatest urge to squeeze his dick hard as though he were milking it with each movement of his hand. He forced several more drops of the stuff out of the end of his dick, each time sending a shiver up his spine. The stuff dripped to the deck and was washed down the drain by the falling water. He leaned back into the stream and let it run over his body. Every nerve ending was sensitized, reacting to each drop of water as though it were a needle being shot into his skin. The light in the room seemed to be exceptionally sharp and bright. He could hear sounds of activity in the pool that he had not noticed before. The smell of the chlorine and his own body filled his nostrils. His taste buds clamored for stimulation, as well.

He noticed the stuff he had just shot out of his dick clinging to the wall of the shower stall. He reached out and took some of it on his finger. It was stringy and sticky, almost like rubber cement. He rolled it around between his fingers and the stuff clung to his skin. His mind said that this had come from his dick, where piss came from. His tongue said it wanted to know what it was. He raised his finger to his mouth and was about to place it on his tongue when one of the children he had heard out by the pool came bursting into the locker room and made a beeline for the toilets.

Arnold, momentarily distracted, decided against being this adventurous and washed his hands and the wall of the shower off, instead. He rinsed the soap off his dick, being very careful not to stimulate it too much for fear of generating another boner. He could spend the next thirty years in this shower if things kept up as they had. Fortunately his dick seemed to be assuaged for the moment and, although seeming to be a bit thicker and longer than it had

previously been (semi-tumescent would have been a more accurate description, had he known the word), at least it would now go into the front of his bathing suit without much difficulty.

He turned the water off and slipped his feet through his suit, pulling it up to his waist. He carefully lifted his rather tender balls into the netting inside the suit and then laid his shaft down on top of them. For the first time he noticed how nice his dick felt as it nestled between his two balls. He enjoyed moving things around and trying different ways of having them occupy the front of his suit. There seemed to be a certain aesthetic to having the dick drooping over the balls down the front. He even enjoyed the way it all looked from the outside. He had noticed that most of the older men at the pool wore their dicks this way and, although they had dicks that seemed to be as big as Arnold's, he chalked that up to them being older.

Arnold tied the drawstring of his suit, checked to make sure he had cleaned up everything and then stepped out through the shower curtain. The little boy was just getting done going to the bathroom in the stall that Arnold had previously occupied. Arnold wondered if the irritating child would find any interesting substances clinging to the wall and decide to stick his finger in it.

He headed out to the pool and started to stroll towards the water. He suddenly realized that everything there was different as well. First of all he got the immediate impression that everyone was staring at his dick. That precipitated the thought that everyone knew what had just transpired in the locker room. Had they heard him shout when he released? Was someone in there spying on him and then running out and whispering to everyone what had happened? Was this something that adults just knew about and could tell by

some change in him that he was not aware of? Perhaps it was the way he had his dick in his suit.

The next thing he noticed that all the women were...well, women. They all had breasts. There was something else that was different, something to do with the lack of a bulge in the crotch of their suits, but he wasn't sure how that all fit together. He started to get that weird, tingling feeling in his dick again, but he was already too far from the main building where the locker rooms were. His only recourse was to dive into the pool. He moved quickly to the water's edge, trying to avoid attracting the attention of the life guard who would chew him out for running, causing him to stand at the edge of the pool to accept the power-hungry jerk's scolding, Arnold's dick growing larger and more obvious by the second. He made it to the pool and dove in. Just as he passed over the lip, he saw the letters in the tile that would seal his fate. He had forgotten where he was in relation to the deep end. A series of one inch square black tiles imbedded in the aquamarine colored cement along the edge of the pool proclaimed his guilt in six inch high letters:

Depth 4 ft NO DIVING

Before his hands even pierced the surface of the water he heard the whistle blow. The appropriate response to this would be to immediately exit the water and walk around to stand below the omnipotent life guard's perch and receive a tongue-lashing delivered in a voice which could be heard from one end of the pool area to the other. This was meant to not only degrade and humiliate the offender but also to warn other would-be miscreants of their fate should they decide to flaunt the rules as the poor, unfortunate soul before him had.

Arnold was not in the mood to walk all the way around the pool at the moment, so he swam over to the guard's position. This break with tradition was enough to incur the wrath of the perched megalomaniac. All the way across he could hear the jerk shout.

"Get out and walk around. Walk around."

Arnold continued to swim as though he was deafened by water in his ears and ignorant of the proper way to pay obeisance to the lord and master of the pool. When he arrived at the edge he rested his arms on the lip of the pool and looked up at the older boy.

"I told you to get out of the pool and walk around."

"Sorry. I guess I didn't hear you. I must have had water in my ears."

"Get out of the water and stand up here."

"I can hear you just fine down here. I think everyone can hear you just fine."

"That's not the point. You're supposed to get out of the water when I tell you to get out of the water."

Arnold sensed this was a definite no-win situation. He knew how much the older boy enjoyed bossing everyone around. Even the adults at the pool dreaded his retributions. But he also was very aware of the huge bulge pressing deliciously against the fabric of his suit. He tried very hard not to give into the incredible urge to grind his hips into the side of the pool. He also became aware of how good holding himself up with his arms pressing down on the drain lip of the pool felt.

This was crazy. He was about to be humiliated by this asshole with a megaphone voice and whistle and all he could think about was satisfying the needs of his obviously depraved dick. But there

was going to be no way around it. If he didn't get out of the pool and take his punishment like he should voluntarily then the goon would have every right, or so he thought, to throw Arnold out. One way or another he would have to get out of the pool. He hoped that if he cooperated, this whole thing would quickly blow over. But already people were beginning to notice that things were not going according to the rules. Silently a lot of them were on the brave, young man's side who seemed to have the nerve to stand up to the jerk.

Arnold kicked his feet, pushed up with his arms. As his crotch came up out of the water it scraped against the edge of the pool, sending shots of energy throughout his body. His skin buzzed, his head swam and his dick leapt in his suit. Although it wasn't completely hard, it did make itself quite obvious to all who cared to look. And they all looked. Including the life guard.

"Christ, kid. What're you doing in there? Playing with yourself?"

Arnold sensed that the lifeguard was uncomfortable and so enjoyed having the advantage.

"What do you mean?"

"You got a towel or something you can wrap around your waist?"

"Why?" he asked innocently.

"Man, look at you. Your suit."

Arnold looked down at the front of his suit and then back up at the guard.

"Don't you have one of those?"

Several adults near them laughed under their breath. Some suspected that the lifeguard had resorted to stuffing a sock in the front of his suit to impress the girls. Here was a boy at least seven years his junior who didn't seem to need any cosmetics to gain the same effect.

"Never mind, punk. Just don't go diving in the shallow end again, okay?"

"Gee. I'm real sorry about that. No. I won't do it again."

"Get outta here, kid."

Arnold jumped feet first back into the pool and pushed off from the edge, sending him shooting across to the far side. When he got there he looked back at the guard. He was reaching around behind him and getting his towel which he then laid casually across his lap. Several people were watching him, but most of the women were studying the young boy who had just climbed out of the water with a bulge in his suit that didn't seem to match his age.

Arnold continued to notice all the women. Their bathing suits revealed, to different degrees, bodies which, until this time, had not meant much to Arnold. Suddenly the view of breasts and curves and backs and crotches and hair and arms and legs and rear ends seemed to affect him in a way he did not comprehend. He also looked around at the men at the pool. There were far fewer of them, as this was the middle of the week and most were at work. But the ones that were there all seemed to have a certain attraction to the women as well.

He turned around and studied the people on his side of the pool and his jaw fell open as he saw something which immediately and irrevocably changed his life. On the far side of the stretch of cement where several people were sun bathing was a playground area with

monkey bars and swings and such. Standing at the exercise area, by the chin-up bar, was a man whose muscles were blown up real big. He looked like Arnold had felt when he had tensed himself in the shower. With the man were two women who had real tiny bathing suits on that seemed to make them look more naked than if they had nothing on at all.

As Arnold watched, the man reached up and grabbed the chin-up bar and very slowly pulled himself up to it. His arms grew larger. The muscles on the sides of his chest flared out, giving him a massive look.

Most interesting of all was his chest. Although he seemed to have rather large muscles there, they didn't look at all like the breasts of the women with him. Instead, they were like massive sheets. As he completed each pull-up his muscles would contract and grow. The women with him seemed very, very interested in his body. One of them even reached up and ran her hand over his upper arm. Arnold could almost feel her hand on himself, as well.

The man's big legs must have made wearing a regular suit uncomfortable because the one he wore had big leg holes which allowed the sides of the suit to be pulled up high. This caused the bulge of his dick to be held up in front, making it look very big. Arnold could tell that these women were very interested in the man's body, and especially the bulge in his suit, though he wasn't able to tell just what the interest might be. They certainly liked touching him.

This was something that Arnold very rarely experienced. No one at home ever touched anyone else, unless it was to hurt. Later, when Arnold began to learn about sex at home, he would come to realize that even in this the touching was meant to hurt or control.

For many years he would equate this form of contact with emotional pain and suffering. However, the thought of someone running their hands over his skin in such an affectionate way as these women were made him all warm inside. If he could make his body look like that, combined with the bulge that he had in the front of his suit, he was sure he could get people to touch him, feel warm towards him, like him.

Love him.

He studied the man's movements. They seemed to be similar to Arnold's exertions in the locker room. He noticed that the same muscles he had felt working while he was holding himself up were the ones that were bulging on the man before him. Arnold had been aware of exercises from gym classes for a long time. He had just never connected them with a developed physique. He remembered all the different calisthenics that the gym teacher made them do. Suddenly all the stupid exercises and all the aching and groanings came together. Push-ups, sit-ups, leg lifts, pull-ups, running, jumping, climbing ropes, hand-over-hand ladders. Each of these had affected a certain part of his body and had caused it to 'hurt'. He now recognized that hurt as what he had felt in the locker room. It 'hurt' real good.

He especially liked the way the man's chest looked. He tried different movements that made that muscle move and found that pulling his arm across his chest was the main way. He did it several more times and realized that it was the push-up that made it feel the best. He wanted very much to go and ask the man how he could make his body look like that, but he seemed to be occupied with the two women with him. Arnold knew enough about adults to realize

this was not a time to insinuate himself. Instead he decided to go home and try some of these exercises to see what would happen.

He also wanted to know what those muscles felt like. He pressed his crotch against the side of the pool. What would it feel like to press his crotch against the bulge in that man's swim suit. He wanted to feel the arms of the man. He wanted to know the power of them as they crushed him in a huge embrace, the peaks of his muscles on his chest and upper arms pressing into him. He ground himself into the side of the pool and imagined the man returning the motion. Strong, hard arms. Strong hard dicks. Women with breasts and...what? If they didn't have a bulge between their legs, what was there. Why were they so interested in the man's bulge?

Too many questions.

Too few answers.

He had no one he felt he could ask about this. And how did you find this stuff out, anyway? He doubted his friend Jimmy knew. He could never ask his father. Every time he tried to get some information out of him the man would grumble and gripe and tell him to go ask his mother. This didn't seem like the type of stuff he could talk to his mother about, not that she was any more cooperative in the information department. He was on his own.

He pushed off the edge of the pool and started to breast stroke across. As he did he sensed the strains and tension of each muscle as it pulled or pushed him through the water. Again the chest muscles seemed to work hard and he found that pulling his arms down as well as across seemed to work that great chest muscle. As he pulled himself up out of the pool he studied the effect this movement had on his body. The muscles in the backs of his arms seemed to like that one, especially

By now his mind was so preoccupied with these new discoveries that he had forgotten about the bulge in the front of his suit. He walked across the pavement to the locker room and several pairs of eyes followed him over the tops of their sun glasses. Most of them knew the boy and his age, immediately dismissing the sensual thoughts they were enjoying as illegal and anti-social behavior. Several, though, couldn't avoid vivid thoughts of that beautiful boy with his beautiful bulge and what they would like to do with them both. Arnold was completely unaware of both their attentions and the reasons for them.

He quickly threw on his clothes, wrapped the suit up in his towel and stuffed the whole thing in the basket on his bike. He hopped on and pedaled off down the road, noticing how the muscles in his legs really liked to pedal the bike. How the muscles of his butt enjoyed pushing the pedals down. How he could hold on to the handle bars and squeeze his arms together and make his chest muscles hurt real good.

Arnold renewed his pedaling efforts, his leg muscles quickly getting that feeling in them that his arms and stomach had experienced in the locker room. He was eager to begin this new exploration.

The road he was headed down led to a greater destination than home.

CHAPTER 8: CHRIS

Chris was very happy she had taken the call. She spent the next forty-five minutes ironing out details. Nicholas, a salon operator who was trying to launch his own line of women's cosmetics, was very difficult to deal with. He had lots of money to spend (someone else's) and a bunch of really bad ideas (his own). The sad thing was that the make-up was very good. Natural ingredients, no animal testing, it held up under lights (making it ideal for modeling), and the colors were outrageous. If he would just let her do the creative work, she was sure she could make the public sit up and take notice. But he wanted photos of women sitting around a living room holding dogs and drinking tea. She could hear yapping in the background all during the phone call and had a pretty good idea where he was going to get the dogs for the shoot. Long shots did not sell make-up. Neither did animals, unless they were wearing the make-up. Hmmm. Nah. You needed to get right in and show what the stuff looked like when your man held you close. That's why the ladies bought the stuff.

She occasionally glanced out the kitchen window to watch the progress of the moving event. Several times she lost track of what Nicholas was saying and had to have him repeat it. Especially when the hunk (she really had to find out his name) removed his shirt and hung it on the back of the truck. She had seen a lot of naked or near naked flesh in her career, but this stuff was primo. His skin was hairless and unblemished; smooth and free from fault - at least what she could make out from six floors up. His skin glistened with sweat and each Chris movement triggered earthquakes of shifting tectonic plates under the surface.

She decided to get another up-close look and dragged the phone over to the front door. She waited for him to bring a load up in the elevator. While trying to maintain a hold on her conversation with Nicholas she put her eye up to the spy hole. The elevator arrived and he spent the next minute hauling boxes out onto the walkway. Then he picked up two of them and walked towards her, his biceps and pecs at the point of bursting; veins, large and throbbing, ran down the crests of his upper arms. He disappeared from view for a moment as he dropped the stuff off in his apartment and then returned to get the second load.

As he walked away she enjoyed the view of his wide, sculpted back, knots of muscles leaping out as his arms swung back and forth at his side. His shoulders were broad enough that he looked like he would have to turn sideways to walk through all but the widest of doors. There was that wonderful indentation between the deltoid and biceps, accenting the massiveness of each muscle, where your fingers ultimately ended up when he was on top of you, his huge dick filling your cunt and you tensed for the final explosive orgasm and you just had to hold onto something and his back was too wide to get your arms around so you grabbed the deltoids and your little finger found itself slipping down into it. His torso tapered down from Herculean shoulders to what seemed like an impossibly narrow waist. She knew it was actually not so small, but compared to the width of everything else on him it was perceived as such. The waist sat just atop his glorious ass which stood out and flexed and swayed with each step he took. The lower contour of each cheek peeked seductively out from under his cut-off shorts. The backs of his thighs looked like he was carrying a load of logs inside each one. The massive bundles of muscles bounced and flexed with each

movement of his legs. His calves looked like someone had stuck a couple of half melons under the skin, just below the back of the knee. The fish-eye quality of the spy hole gave his body a strange diminished effect which was at total odds with what she knew to be the actual size of his physique.

The next trip down the walkway involved a couple of overstuffed seabags filled with clothing. These he carried, one hanging from each hand, leaving the front of his body exposed to her view. Everything was huge, even in the spy hole. She took in his chest, arms, legs, abdomen, shoulders, neck. As he came closer she could plainly see the outline of his huge cock and balls. And then, as luck would have it, the fabric of his shorts was becoming a bit stretched out from all the exertion and the leg hole above which his cock was held became too loose to hold back his member. Halfway down the walkway his cock fell out and dangled down his leg...way down his leg. He bent over to look at it and, for some reason, decided not to remedy the situation immediately. His dick swung back and forth, wrapping itself around either enormous thigh with each step, before it became too much of a nuisance. He set the seabags down, grabbed his cock and unpretentiously stuffed it back up inside the leg hole of the shorts, as though it happened every day.

Chris had completely lost track of what Nicholas was saying and found that she had agreed to the dog and tea idea. Quickly backtracking, she deftly maneuvered him to a more neutral position on the actual content of the layout. All this while she had her eye plastered to the hole in her door. She hurried the end of the conversation, saying that she would meet with him in the morning at his salon to discuss the final details. He had a thousand other ideas that he wanted to run by her, all of them having something to do

with dogs and women drinking tea, but she said it would be easier for them to cover this in person. She didn't like giving clients the bum's rush but, a) she felt that, for this once, the customer was not in the least bit right, and b) she wanted to get her camera before this photo op completely slipped away.

She hung up the phone, ran to her darkroom, grabbed her trusty SLR, and ran back to the front door in time to catch him bringing another armload down the walkway. She held the camera up to the spy hole, focused and clicked off several shots. *Ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick*. He went into the apartment, reemerged and started back to the elevator. Something seemed to catch his attention and he stopped about four or five steps away from her. He looked out over the railing at the view. Staring intently at something far off in the distance, he leaned forward against the railing to contemplate who-knew-what. *Ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick*. He took a deep breath and filled his huge chest with air, causing his back to expand and grow. *Ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick*. Then his cock fell out of his cut-offs again. *Ca-chick, ca-chick*. He turned around, leaned against the railing and took his cock in his hand. *Ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick*. But instead of immediately restoring it to its hiding place, he held it in his left hand and studied it. She hoped there was enough film, not daring to take her eye away for even a second to see how many shots she had left. After a few moments of examination he re-stashed his massive member, rubbed it a couple of times and turned towards the elevator. *Ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick*.

Several more loads of boxes were brought down the walkway, but his huge cock seemed to behave itself. She continued to shoot

away until he headed down the elevator for another load. Whew. That had been too much. She turned around and leaned back against the door, her head swimming, her knees just a bit weak. There was no doubt about it. This stud was hot. She felt a slight tingling of suspicion. It was all just a bit too-good-to-be-truish. But no one would do something like that knowing there was someone watching, would they?

She went to the kitchen window and looked down just as he came out of the door below. She heard a door close outside. It was either his apartment door swinging shut or Patty going to work. She wondered if the two of them had met yet. That would be a hot couple. Sure enough, a few moments later Patty emerged and walked over to him at the truck. He set down the box he was just lifting and talked with her. They seemed to be on quite intimate terms by the way they kept referring to each other and their bodies. Possibly she was talking to him about her gym. Then Patty noticed that his car was blocking hers. He walked over to the car, did something inside, grabbed hold of the tow bar which was still attached to the front bumper, and pulled. The effect this had on his muscles was almost enough to make her cum. Then Patty went over and, although it didn't seem he needed help, grabbed hold with one hand and pulled, too. Chris could tell something was up. As if to prove the point immediately, Patty put her other hand squarely on his crotch and, from what she could make out from this distance, gave it a big squeeze. She started to aim her camera but felt the disappointing tightness of the film advance lever as she set herself to take the shot. She thought of running to the dark room for more film but by then the car was moved, the hand was moved, Patty was driving away, grabbing her own breast in a gesture of...(farewell?),

and the hunk (name?, what's your name?) was heading back to his truck.

CHAPTER 9: ARNOLD

For the rest of the morning he kept wondering what had happened in the apartment next door. Occasionally, as he came by with a load, he would pause for a moment to see if he could detect anything. He continued to hear a muffled voice having a conversation with someone on the phone, so after a while he gave up. Later he was walking past Patty's door and heard a series of moans. They must have been quite loud to be heard all the way out on the walkway. He recognized the source of these and knew what was occupying his new friend. The thought of her lying naked (where? On the bed, the couch, the kitchen table?), her hand working over her clitoris, bringing herself expertly to orgasm made his cock stir. He pictured her breasts free of their barely restraining halter top. Firm and round, jutting out from her chest, suspended on a lovely architecture of highly developed pectoral muscles, they wouldn't need any support. He imagined running his hands up the sides of her body to her arms, hard and muscular. Her beautiful chest tapering down to a narrow, rippling abdomen hiding in the shadow of those luscious breasts. The nipples he saw jutting out beneath the fabric of her halter would be erect and stiff. He wanted to lick those nipples to orgasm.

He knew Patty's abdominals would be pretty developed, meaning a lot of muscle control within, his cock, raging hard, up inside her as she flexed and contracted the muscles of her vagina. Like the blow-job he had gotten that morning.

Suddenly he remembered that the woman had given him her phone number. He reached into the waist of his shorts and pulled out a very soggy piece of paper. Carefully opening it, he discovered a

series of smudged ink marks that, at one time, might have resembled a numbering system of some sort. Not one of the numbers was decipherable. He wouldn't have even been willing to bet that there were seven numbers they were so run together. He thought of calling his old house to see if she was still there, but balked at the thought of asking which one of his housemates had a girlfriend who could take eleven-and-a-half inches down her throat without thinking twice. Not cool.

As he walked by the door of the end apartment on the next trip, he could clearly hear a woman's voice, as though she were standing right at the door. All morning he had noticed someone watching him out the window of that apartment and he thought she might be watching him now through the peep hole.

CHAPTER 10: FLASHBACK

Arnold continued to enjoy his explorations into developing his muscles and using them to increase the intensity of his sexual experiences. Masturbation became as much a part of the process as the exercises themselves. Even though he lacked any guidance as to the proper way to go about this, by the time Arnold was sixteen he had managed to develop a body that stopped crowds at the swimming pool. What he really needed was someone to take this groundwork and build on it.

When he got to high school he teamed up with a gym teacher, Mr. Ridell, who was a great admirer of Arnold's developing physique and blossoming cock. During junior and senior year he took Arnold under his wing, guiding him through a tough physical regimen that helped complete the ground work for his body's current condition and sexual appetite.

Mr. Ridell would work with him after school, encouraging Arnold to exercise on the available gym equipment. There were some free-weights, a rowing machine, ropes to climb, a peg board to surmount, and Mr. Ridell's pride and joy: a Universal weight machine. These, and a rigorous cycle of calisthenics, soon gave Arnold's muscles size and definition and his body the power to sustain longer and longer training periods.

Mr. Ridell would always stand around holding a basketball in front of his crotch, thinking that Arnold didn't notice the erection he sported throughout most of the work-out session. He would only put it down when it was necessary to assist Arnold in his exercises, such as sit-ups, or holding the bottom of the rope as he climbed. The most uncomfortable for him was when he had to stand over the bench and

spot Arnold as he pressed increasingly larger amounts of weight, his pectorals and triceps exploding in size with each thrust up of the barbell. Arnold actually enjoyed Mr. Ridell's attentions and tried to find ways to increase the man's interests.

At the end of each work-out Mr. Ridell would insist on Arnold taking a long hot shower. He didn't want him going home all hot and sweaty; Arnold's parents might think that he wasn't taking care of their boy. If the truth had been known, and it generally wasn't, Arnold's parents couldn't give half a shit about their boy. Arnold's parents were far too involved in making each others lives as miserable as possible to worry about whether their son came home from school hot, sweaty, or at all. The attentions of this man and his guidance in helping Arnold become something more than a burden to an already dying marriage were quite welcomed.

So when it came time to take that long, hot shower, Arnold didn't mind that Mr. Ridell would take up position just outside the showers, basketball firmly in place, and talk to Arnold about things: About the work-out session, about girls, about his big cock, about life, about what Arnold was going to do after high school, about his body and how this muscle group was improving or that one required a bit more attention. He would have Arnold flex the corresponding muscle, pointing out the progress or deficiency observed.

Mr. Ridell had shown Arnold some muscle magazines that included numerous photos of the other Arnold. In it there were shots of men posing, showing off their muscles to their best advantage. There were discussions about diet and contests and tanning and how a great body made you great in bed and lots of pictures of chesty young ladies hanging around the neck, or sitting on the flexed biceps, of some well-developed young man. The one thing that

Arnold noticed was that, although these guys all had arms and pecs and delts and traps and lats and gluts and everything else bigger than Arnold, he had them all beat when it came to filling up the front of a bathing suit. In fact, through his experiences in the showers of all the gym classes he had ever taken, he never once saw anyone as hung as he was. He knew that, with a great set of muscles and a really tight fitting set of posing trunks he would be the hottest thing on the beach, or even at one of these contests that the magazine referred to.

Mr. Ridell constantly made reference to his ‘swinging dick’. Every time he did Arnold would swing it around in a circle.

“Yep, you’re going to make a lot of women very happy and a lot of men very jealous with that thing.”

That’s what Mr. Ridell said.

“Go ahead, son, pull that thing out and let me see it swing.”

And Arnold would grab hold of the end of it, pull it out to its full length and then make it twirl around in a circle.

“Christ, son, I bet that thing weighs a good three or four pounds. I bet it gets real heavy when it gets hard, don’t it?” So Arnold would stroke it a bit and it would start to get nice and hard.

Mr. Ridell would start rolling the basketball around the front of his crotch.

“You shoot that thing off much?”

“Every day,” was the expected response. If he hadn’t cum yet that day Mr. Ridell would encourage him to “wank off” right there in the shower.

“It’s not natural for a cock like that not to cum at least once a day. Them huge balls o’ yours are gonna get all plugged up unless you exercise ‘em, just like them pecs of yours.”

Arnold would turn to the soap dispenser, thoughtfully mounted there by Mr. Ridell and stocked with a soap that didn’t irritate the skin of his cock, and squeeze out a handful of the slippery liquid. He’d get his cock nice and hard and then start to pump it with both hands, one behind the other, the slick soap allowing his hands to slide easily up and down the shaft of his prodigious member. Occasionally Mr. Ridell would offer suggestions that would improve the feel, such as a different grip or tickling the head. But after a few minutes he’d just lean back against the shower entrance and watch as his protégé pumped his hands up and down his massive tool. Arnold would soon forget that Mr. Ridell was there and would slip into a reverie, all alone. Finally he would ejaculate, shooting cum all over himself or the wall of the shower.

“Boy, you’re gonna blow a hole clean through that ceiling one day.”

One of Arnold’s favorite exercises was the pull-up bar because it was right in front of the window to the gym office. With the lights out on the other side of the glass, it acted as a mirror and Arnold could watch as he pulled himself up to the bar, his biceps and lats swelling as he went through the series of exercises that included different hand placements. He could also watch Mr. Ridell watch him. Mr. Ridell would stand close to Arnold with the excuse that he was spotting him. His eyes would lock onto Arnold’s cock bulging within his gym shorts and his own cock, now unhidden by the ever-present basketball, would push its way down his pant-leg.

Sometimes Arnold would decide to give Mr. Ridell a thrill. He had learned how to flex his semi-hard cock and give his leg a quick shake, releasing it from his jockstrap, an article of clothing that never seemed to be sufficient enough to completely hold his huge dick; the head of his cock or one of his gigantic balls was constantly threatening to fall out. He'd start to get a hard on and then: Flex. Shake. His thick tool would come tumbling out of the leg of his shorts. Mr. Ridell would pretend that nothing was out of the ordinary, except to tell Arnold not to stop so that he didn't ruin the effect of the exercise. Arnold wouldn't stop and his cock would swing back and forth for the rest of the reps.

CHAPTER 11: ARNOLD

When he realized he was being watched through the peep hole of the door next to him he decided to put on a little show. He put the boxes he was carrying in the living room and then did a quick set of fifty push-ups. He didn't want to make it look like he was posing, he just wanted everything to pump up right. As he walked out the door, back to the elevator, he could definitely hear her voice coming from right on the other side of the door. He flared his back and pumped his calves as he walked. He knew the effect this would have on his ass and he exaggerated the movement slightly. Of the several things he could carry next, he chose the two seabags. This would give him a chance to show full front and he could pretend the bags were extremely heavy, flexing his biceps and delts. But the best trick was yet to come. As he reached down to lift the two seabags he adjusted his cock a bit so that it was just barely hanging on to the fabric of his cut-offs. At the right moment he would flex his cock and shake his right leg. The cock would do the rest.

He waited until he was about halfway down the walkway. Flex. Shake. Out dropped his rope-like cock. He leaned down to look at it with a "Gee, how did that happen" look on his face. He shrugged as though it weren't something worth bothering with at the moment and continued towards his, and his neighbor's, door. A few steps later he 'realized' that the damn thing was just too much in the way and set the seabags down. He grabbed his cock and stuffed it back up in his shorts as though he were picking up some coins that had fallen through a hole in his pocket. He almost smiled smugly, thinking about what kind of an eleven-and-a-half rise he was getting out of the person on the other side of the door. Hefting the seabags

back up and making sure that he flexed his muscles to full effect, he carried them into his bedroom. He thought he'd tease the person a bit and waited a couple of minutes before making the next trip.

He returned to the elevator and grabbed a couple of boxes filled with books. As he approached the door to his neighbors apartment a familiar sound caught his ear. *Ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick*. A camera shutter. He had been modeling enough to recognize the sound of an SLR when he heard one. Someone was taking photos of him through the peep hole. This was getting interesting. Yup, that was the sound of a camera shutter, all right. Okay, folks, it's show time. He set the boxes down in the living room and adjusted his cock for escape mode again.

This time, as he walked out the door, he looked out into the distance and pretended that something had caught his eye. He paused. *Ca-chick*. He leaned against the railing. *Ca-chick*. He took a very deep breath, knowing this would expand his chest to a formidable circumference. *Ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick*. And then he flexed his cock, shook his leg and out it came. *Ca-chick, ca-chick*. He casually looked down at it, shook his head as though showing despair at the behavior of a small child, turned and took it in his left hand so the view of the camera wasn't obstructed. *Ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick*. He studied it as though trying to figure out what could be causing this errant hunk of flesh to behave so. Maybe if he pet it, it would behave. He did so. Then, gently, as if putting a sleeping child back to rights in his bed without waking him, he placed his cock back up in his cut-offs, tucked it in and then pet it again. There. That's better. As he walked back to the elevator for another armload he almost broke out laughing. He had to hesitate for a moment before turning around to

make sure he had everything under control. He would ask for copies later.

He heard the shutter go off a few more times, but it was hard to look sexy with two-hundred-fifty pound boxes of books in his arms. Or maybe that was the appeal. When he had finished with that elevator load he grabbed a drink of water and headed down stairs for the last of his labors.

He was just pulling another box out of the back of the truck when he noticed Patty coming towards him from the back of the building. She had showered, carried a gym bag and had a glow on that could only have come from a rip-roaring orgasm. He suspected he had been the subject of her fantasy. The look she gave him certainly seemed to support that thought.

He asked her about this gym she worked at. He thought he had visited them all when he was here earlier, but the name and description didn't sound familiar. She promised him a tour of the place and then said she was off to her sister's that night. Dinner plans were confirmed for the following evening and there was a brief discussion about the tastes and convictions of contest judges. They both had fallen victim to the same problem: Their bodies were too different to fit the mold of a contest winner. It was possible that kind of narrow-mindedness wouldn't exist at the upper echelons of the contest world, but how could you find out if you couldn't get out of the starting gate?

Patty started to leave, but noticed that some jerk, this jerk, had left his car parked in front of hers. It figured his spot was next to hers, seeing as his apartment was. He would either have to remove the towing mechanism or have someone hold it up while the car was moved. He didn't relish the thought of standing in front of a running

vehicle trying to support it while Patty drove the car, and he needed the tow bar on to take it to the truck rental place so that he could get home. He opted for the physical labor.

After releasing the parking brake and confirming the shift was in neutral he grabbed the tow bar and pulled the car forward. Patty offered to help but he just wanted her to stand back and watch. He knew what effect this effort was having on his muscles. It wasn't often that you got a chance to really flex them for a reason. He leaned back and thrust his crotch forward so his cock and balls stuck way out. Patty apparently couldn't stand it. She dropped her gym bag and jogged over to 'help'. He saw it coming. She put one hand on the tow bar to pull and the other went straight to the enormous bulge in the front of his cut-offs. She squeezed, sending a tremendous wave of pleasure bolting through his body.

Arnold, however, had good reason to suspect her actions were not going unnoticed by the local paparazzi. Not that he cared about it himself, obviously, but he wasn't sure how differently Patty would act, had she known they were possibly being viewed.

"I suppose you think that's helping getting the job done. What will the neighbors think?"

He hoped she would realize that he wasn't taking offense at her actions. She looked momentarily puzzled. Then she caught his drift.

"You think we're being observed?"

"I have my suspicions. It doesn't bother me. I just thought you should know in case you had any qualms about it."

"Listen, Shape, if it weren't against the law I'd make you fuck me right here on the hood of this car, hoping every wonderful moment was being broadcast on CNN. No, honey. If it doesn't bother you it doesn't bother me."

All this was said as her hand continued to knead the huge mound of flesh that threatened to burst through the fly of his shorts.

“I’ve got to get to work, and this isn’t helping one bit. I’ll see you tomorrow night, darlin’. You keep that sweet thing humming and I’ll take care of you real good.”

“Don’t worry, Patty. I don’t think it’ll fall off between now and then.”

Patty gave his cock one last pat and headed off for her car. As she drove past him out of the parking lot he saw her grab her own breast and give it a squeeze. It was going to be a long time between now and tomorrow.

Arnold headed back to the truck and noticed that she had left her gym bag sitting on the ground. He smiled at the thought of having distracted her enough that she would have driven off without it. He picked it up and contemplated going after her with it, but he wasn’t sure where this Pump House was so he set it in the truck, thinking she’d realize what had happened and return for it.

He looked at what remained in the back of the truck and was pleased that he had made such great progress in just a couple of hours. He was getting hungry, but figured he only had two or three elevator loads to go. The hardest part would be the large, flat cardboard box tied to the wall of the truck. Everything else went up in two trips with lots of short shuttle runs from truck to hallway and elevator to apartment.

Finally all that was left was the large box. He had stopped at the store and made this purchase just after picking up the truck yesterday. His housewarming present to himself. It was six inches thick, about the size of a three-quarter inch sheet of plywood and about twice as heavy. As he picked it up he looked down to enjoy

the sight of his pecs as they swelled. He had done this many times today. He had done this many times for many days. Everyone, including himself, loved to run their hands over the surface of these twin mounds of flesh, feeling their firmness, sensing the power they contained. He held the heavy box against his chest and enjoyed the feeling of his pecs as they crushed against the cardboard. Each step caused the rough surface of the box to rub against his nipples, stimulating them to erection.

All in all, the day had gone very smoothly. He had successfully moved into a new apartment right on the beach, received what was probably the best blow-job of his life, lined up what promised to be a truly wild session of sex with the indomitable Patty, gotten off on a little exhibitionism up on the sixth floor walkway with (hopefully) eight by ten glossies to prove it, his pecs were hard and firm, his nipples were hard and firm, his dick could, at a moment's notice become hard and firm. What a day. And it was only half past noon. He figured if all that happened for the rest of the day was that he got the mess up on the sixth floor into some sort of order he'd could go to sleep a most contented, if somewhat exhausted, fellow.

The box didn't fit in the elevator. No matter how hard he tried, turning it this way and that, backing out and turning it over, it wouldn't go in.

"That's okay," he muttered to himself. "It's only six floors."

There was a point, somewhere between the forth and fifth floor, when he really started to feel the effects of that morning's work-out. He set the box down on the landing, laid it against the wall and looked down at his body. Everything seemed to be as big and powerful as ever.

Some of it, like his thighs, pecs and biceps, seemed to be slightly larger than when he had started. But he was running out of energy. He had to get some food pretty soon or the ol' bod was going to run out of gas. With one final Herculean effort, he moved the box to the next floor, out onto the walkway and down to his apartment.

He was absolutely covered with sweat; his cut-offs were soaked through. He had that same satisfied buzz he got at the end of a good work-out session, added to the sense of satisfaction at having gotten the job done. He decided to take a quick shower before heading out to get something to eat. It took ten minutes to dig around and find his shaving kit, another five to find a towel and two seconds to realize that the last occupants of the apartment had taken the shower curtain with them. He found the top sheet that had been on his mattress that morning and threw it over the curtain rod. It was minimally effective in preventing the bathroom from flooding, so he showered quickly.

As he came out of the bathroom, he was drawn to the floor-to-ceiling sliding glass doors that formed the wall at the far end of the living room. Through them could be seen the (semi-ugly) railing and the beach and ocean beyond. He walked over, slid the glass door aside and stepped out onto the balcony. A fresh breeze caressed his naked body, sending a slight chill up his spine. His nipples reacted by tightening. His huge cock reacted by recoiling slightly. His balls beat a hasty retreat to the safety of his abdomen.

One of the things he liked about this place was the absence of vantage points, such as sewing room windows, from which people could peek into his room. He loved being looked at, but he generally liked to choose his own time and conditions. He enjoyed the thought

that he could stand here on his balcony, totally naked, and be completely unobserved.

CHAPTER 12: FLASHBACK

One day in the middle of June, at the end of Arnold's senior year, Mr. Ridell was standing at the entrance to the shower room with his basketball held firmly in front of his crotch while Arnold finished showering. Unlike every other day since the two of them had been teamed up, Mr. Ridell did not insist on Arnold's 'clearing the pipes'. In fact, he told Arnold that he wanted him to keep from masturbating until after their final work-out of the school year the following day. Arnold looked at him curiously, wondering what the man had planned. It had become an important part of their daily ritual and to skip it even once seemed inconceivable. The look on Mr. Ridell's face, though, reassured Arnold that it was in his own best interests, so Arnold agreed to comply, though not without certain misgivings. He couldn't remember the last time he had gone over twenty-four, much less forty-eight, hours without shooting his wad. Just the thought of it caused his cock to begin to rise. Mr. Ridell shook his head and told him he'd have to learn to control that monster sooner or later. Life outside this shower room was notoriously unsympathetic to a pair of swollen balls.

He wasn't sure which was worse: the night time in bed, when all he had to do was run his hands up and down the massive shaft and a flood of cum juice would have poured out of the slit, or the following day when he had to be in class and every girl that walked by him, every guy who eyed him with envy, caused his cock to leap and struggle inside his pant-leg.

Waking that morning he found there was no way he was going to get into a pair of jockey shorts, his cock wouldn't tolerate being cooped up like that. He opted for a pair of boxer shorts and took an

ace bandage and wrapped it around his mammoth penis to hold it against his leg. This lasted for a little while but the pressure of the bandage started to stimulate the cock and it grew thick and firm. Walking between first and second period classes proved to be an almost orgasmic experience so he ducked into the boys room and removed the ace. He took his cock and bent it around to the right, hoping that his boxer shorts would hold it in place.

By fourth period it seemed half the school knew about his raging hard-on. Girls giggled or blushed, several actually got dizzy as he walked by. Boys who were familiar with his anatomy from gym class showers smiled smugly. He tried to carry his books in a way that would cover it up, but he didn't have that many books. None of this was really upsetting him, except for the fact that he couldn't cum, but he was afraid he might get in trouble if the vice-principal thought he was trying to cause confusion in the school or something.

By the end of sixth period his over-active balls were starting to work overtime. Drops of seminal fluid leaked out of the end of his dick. A spot of wetness appeared on the side of his hip, just past the front pocket.

By the end of eighth period, the final class of the day, he couldn't stand it anymore and excused himself from class, explaining to the teacher that he wasn't feeling well. All the students who knew what was going on tried very hard to stifle a laugh as he walked out of the room, the outline of his cock quite obvious along his right hip. The teacher expressed his hope that Arnold would be feeling better real soon.

Arnold made a bee-line for the boys room on the second floor and dumped his books on the sink on his way to one of the stalls. He

struggled with his zipper and belt as he worked frantically to free his raging cock. His boxer shorts, where the head of his dick had spent a good portion of the day, were wet with his emissions. He pulled them down and his cock sprang forward in a joyous leap to freedom. He stood there with his jaw hanging down. He had spent a lot of time looking at and feeling this part of his body. He knew it very well. So when he saw the massive tool that extended from his lower abdomen after having been so cruelly neglected for the past two days, he almost didn't recognize it.

The thing was larger than it had ever been before. The color was a much darker purple than he had ever seen it. It ached and throbbed. As he stood there looking, it bobbed up and down, reacting to the beating of his heart as more and more blood was pumped into the already swollen shaft. He gently grabbed and pulled it towards him to look at the head. It was so dark it was almost purple. A trickle of pre-cum juice seeped out of the slit and the simple act of touching it seemed to increase the flow. He was afraid that something was wrong and didn't know what to do. He needed to cum very badly but wasn't sure if that was the cure or if it would just aggravate the situation. He decided that Mr. Ridell was the one to ask and, with great difficulty, stuffed his cock back into his shorts and pants, leaving his shirt untucked to cover the stain from the juices leaking from the end of his suffering organ. He grabbed his books off of the sink and started for the door. As he was about to step out into the hallway the door opened and the vice-principal of the school stepped in.

This man's mission in life was to try to get as many of the students as possible to dislike him at the same time. Usually he did this by lurking around the corridors during classes, attempting to

catch the juvenile delinquents who dared to venture away from their assigned prisons without the appropriate documentation. His favorite busts were made in the boys and girls rooms, either of which he had no qualms about entering completely unannounced. His keen sixth sense had told him that something was afoot on the second floor and so he had struck out to investigate. His heart leapt with joy when he discovered his arch-enemy, the moron with the big muscles, hiding out in the second floor den of iniquity.

The thing that made this big jerk so abhorrent to him was not that he did anything wrong, on the contrary, he could never catch the son-of-a-bitch in the act of miscreancy, but that he seemed to be so squeaky clean there was no doubt in his mind that the big jerk was up to something. His grades were a solid A-, proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that he cheated on tests; no one with a body like that could possibly maintain such a high average without cheating. His attendance record appeared to be near perfect, telling him that he was indeed a difficult truant to catch in the act. His personal marks were pretty much exemplary, indicating that he obviously intimidated his teachers (probably with threats of physical violence) into squelching reports of his misconduct. He couldn't find a single student who would speak ill of him so he obviously was the ringleader of all the other troublemakers in the school.

All these things added up, in his mind, to a criminal of major proportions who, sooner or later, would make the fatal slip. And when that slip came, he would be there to nab him. Well, today was his lucky day. It took until the last day of the school year, but he had done it. He had caught the bastard and now he was going to make him pay for whatever wrong-doings he was presently involved with.

The one item on the list of Arnold's faults which he didn't think about; the one thing which he couldn't bring himself to admit; the real reason this man held such a grudge against a student who had never involved himself in any type of mischief or misbehavior, was the fact that this lad possessed a cock which this poor, unloved, unappreciated, unrespected, under-endowed wart of a man coveted for his own with such a passion that all other reason and logic faded from the horizon.

When he had attended this very same high school a decade and a half ago his minuscule penis had been the laughing stock of the shower room; that same shower room which Arnold daily baptized with a flood of cum issuing from his huge, rigid, ejaculating dick. The size of his genitals was, needless to say, nothing which he had control over; anymore than Arnold could have controlled the raging hard-on that currently wrapped its way around his waist. But boys could be cruel at that age and they had sensed his own feelings of inadequacy, stemming from a really fucked-up home life. They had fed on it, teasing him mercilessly until the boy turned inward and swore revenge upon all teenage boys who dared to possess genitals bigger than his own (meaning all teenage boys).

It was unfortunate that this ruined, bitter man was so blinded by his envy of Arnold's genitals because they actually had a great deal in common, aside from their obvious physical differences. Arnold's advantage was that he had been able, through the efforts of Mr. Ridell, to turn an extremely negative home life experience into a positive one of growth and self-improvement. Had this man had the same advantages, he might now be a successful businessman in the community, a role he had dreamed of playing. His feelings of inadequacy, about his cock and himself, had bled over into the rest

of his life. As a result he had convinced himself not to aspire to anything which would put him in direct competition with the well-hung world.

Acting on instincts which had been honed over the past decade of bathroom patrol, he pushed Arnold back into the bathroom and did a quick search of all the stalls, sniffing and snooping. There didn't seem to be any lingering smell of cigarette or pot smoke. He then turned to Arnold and told him to put his books on the sink. Arnold complied, knowing that to resist now would only cause the man to become more adamant and vicious. Arnold was curious as to what the man thought was the matter as he picked up his notebook and started paging through it, becoming more aggravated as he turned page after page of notes and homework. There had to be something in here that warranted the death sentence, it was just a matter of finding it.

After several minutes of futile rummaging he slammed the notebook shut and turned his gaze upon Arnold. He noticed that the boy's shirt was uncharacteristically untucked. Perhaps he was hiding something in his pocket that was not meant to be seen. That thought, along with the fact that he had smelled no smoke of any kind, lead his brilliant, finely honed instincts to conclude the lad was obviously snorting coke. He reached for the boy's shirt tail and started to raise it. Arnold cringed in horror. The last thing he wanted was to have this man looking at his erection. He knew nothing of the jealousy this man held for his cock, he just didn't want to have to explain its present state.

The vice-principal sensed the boy's reaction to his curiosity and knew that he was, indeed, on the right path. He raised the shirt tail and saw the bulge running under the fabric of the boy's pants. Under

other circumstances he probably would not have mistaken that bulge for anything else than what it really was. But in the past fifteen seconds he had so convinced himself that the boy was a major cocaine dealer the more obvious answer completely alluded him. That was obviously a kilo-and-a-half of cocaine stuffed in the boy's pants and he was about to make the biggest bust of his career.

Not having the slightest idea what was on the little man's mind, Arnold was completely befuddled by the man's reaction to the sight of his erection. The Vice-principal was downright ecstatic. In fact, Arnold had never known anyone to be so overjoyed (in a cruel, glorious way) to see his cock in such a state. He became even more confused when he was told to 'take that out of' his pants. He looked in disbelief as the man told him to 'hand it over'. In fact, it made so little sense that he didn't immediately comply. The older man took this to be the ultimate admission of guilt and, in a rare show of physical bravado, spun the boy around and pushed him into the adjacent stall.

Arnold put his hands out to catch himself before tripping into the toilet. He was still confused as to the man's intentions when he suddenly felt a hand reach around in front and start to undo his belt. Still being relatively naive about the ways of the world, it never occurred to Arnold that he was being raped. It never occurred to Arnold that he was being busted. The only thing he knew was that this man wanted to see his cock and wanted to do it himself. Arnold passively complied.

With Arnold's belt unfastened and the top snap of his jeans undone, the man pulled down the zipper and reached into the waistband of the boy's boxer shorts. He truly was expecting to come up with a large stash of cocaine and so completely disregarded the

evidence his sense of touch was sending to his brain. He had the kilo-and-a-half in his hands and he yanked it out into the open.

Arnold screamed loudly as the man jerked his over-sensitive cock out of his pants and forced him to turn around. The man thought this move was one of aggression and prepared to defend himself. He bent down, maintaining a low profile just as he had seen on that cop show on television, and prepared to strike out with his foot. As he focused on his intended target the reality of what he had pulled out of the boy's pants slowly became apparent to him.

Dangling from the open fly of his adversary's pants was the one thing in the world he coveted most: A cock big enough to make him President of the Chamber of Commerce. He crumpled to the floor, sobbing uncontrollably.

Arnold jammed his cock back into his pants, zipped up his fly and grabbed his books. He started out the door, but then turned back to the puddle of inferiority lying on the tiles of the second floor bathroom.

"Is there anything I can get you, sir?"

The response was a long, mournful wail that sent a shiver up his spine. Arnold walked out into the hall, happy that no one saw him, and headed for the gym office. He hoped Mr. Ridell would be the veritable fount of wisdom he usually was. He certainly had an awful lot of questions that needed answering. The most immediate one, of course, was what to do about the condition of his aching dick. Amazingly enough, through all that had transpired up on the second floor, his cock had not been the least distracted from its preoccupation with being stiff as an iron rod.

CHAPTER 13: CHRIS

After she had watched Patty's departure from the parking lot she headed for her dark room to develop her most recent photographic study which she was already referring to as her 'spy hole series'.

She shut the door to the dark room and turned the lights over to red. Hanging all over the space were strips of negatives, eight by tens, various art shots and other leftovers from current and past projects. They were all quickly pulled down and piled unceremoniously on a stool in the corner. She removed the exposed film from the camera, developed the negative and scanned it with her expert eye. The image in the spy hole was tiny, so it was difficult to make out the quality, even with a loop. She stuck the negative in the enlarging camera and laid a sheet of blank photographic paper on the table beneath. This she covered with a thick piece of white foam-core. She turned on the light in the camera and the image of the first frame appeared before her. She adjusted the camera to enlarge the image. As it grew and focused she was able to discern her new neighbor's massive physique, distorted by the fisheye lens of the spy hole. The light was a bit dim, but she knew she had compensated for that in the later shots by opening up the lens to a higher f-stop. She closed the lens of the camera, removed the board and then briefly exposed the large sheet of paper to the image being projected by the camera above.

The process was repeated over and over; each frame on the roll of negatives being enlarged, enhanced when possible, cropped and, most of all, studied. As the set of images were developed the sense of witnessing a performance reoccurred to her. There was a definite

theatrical quality to his presence. She had seen it many times while shooting the more professional, and therefore easy to work with, models. Each shot had the feeling that a photographer always looked for: posed candidness. By the time she got to the series of him contemplating his phenomenal cock she was sure she'd been duped.

But what did this mean?

He obviously hadn't minded or he wouldn't have posed for her. He also probably wouldn't have tolerated her taking her first shots. The thought of him punching his fist through the door and ripping the camera out of her hands, crumbling it up like a used cigarette pack, had an intriguing, if dangerous, quality to it. But most interesting of all was the fact that he could apparently make that remarkable dick of his jump out of his shorts on command. She was impressed. She wondered what other forms of control he had.

When she had finished developing all the enlargements and hung them up to dry, she sat down on the stool (crushing several client's work in the process) to absorb the effect of the display before her. With each developing photo she had grown more and more horny until she was constantly rubbing her thighs together, stimulating her clitoris and causing her juices to flow.

She generally didn't like to masturbate more than once a day. She had always figured if she needed it that bad she should go out and really do something about it. There certainly were no lack of willing prospects for the job. She was, by any standards, a beautiful woman. She had spent a good deal of time on the open side of the camera lens and had used the experience to good advantage when she moved around to the side where you squinted a lot. This was what made her so good with the models she worked with. She knew how to get the best out of them, knowing their attitudes and

insecurities, having fed on them herself. She also knew when they were giving her shit for poses and what she had to say to get them to cut the crap. So when she needed something stimulating between her legs, and it didn't always have to be a dick, she had plenty of names in her book she could call. And she didn't just take, either. Many men and women could count themselves lucky to have shared a sexual experience with her. She hoped she would soon be able to say the same thing about her new neighbor.

The problem was that she had these photographs in front of her and they were making her extremely hot. She covered up the chemical tubs, put away all the unexposed paper and grabbed the whole collection. She went into the living room and spread them out on the coffee table. Sorting through them, she finally narrowed them down to her favorite two.

One was an ultra-enlargement of one of the contemplative shots. She had blown it up so that the entire eight by ten was filled with the image of his huge cock resting in the palm of his hand. It was grainy and distorted because of the poor quality of the lens in the door, but details such as the head and the two impressive balls, along with a general idea of the shape of the thing, could easily be discerned.

The other photo was actually from the same shot. This one was a detail of his upper torso. In it could be seen three mounds of muscle glowing with a sheen of sweat. His two pecs were like bowls mounted to his chest, the cleavage between them deep and striated. Even in this fairly relaxed position (she suspected he had been flexing a bit for her) they were an impressive sight. The third formation was the biceps of his left arm which had been holding his member in contemplation. The vein that ran lengthwise across the

crest of it could clearly be seen; its presence, in fact, helped to accentuate the bulge of that magnificent muscle. Chris had always had a fantasy which involved just such a biceps and she hoped she would get a chance to act it out.

She picked up these two photos, went to her bedroom and sat down on the edge of her futon. She laid the photos on the floor before her and spread her legs. The smell of her already needing cunt wafted up to her nostrils, making her slightly dizzy with its potent aroma. Her finger gently parted the lips of her vagina and made some tentative explorations to the interior, bringing back a supply of delicious juices with each return. These she spread on the area around her clitoris, being careful not to actually touch the nub until she was ready. Every time her finger entered, it caused her to swoon, the photos and room doing a bit of a spin. Each foray into the inner reaches of her soft passage ventured a little further until her finger was buried to the hilt. She stared at the photo of the cock, longing to have that huge shaft slowly entering her, its girth stretching her vaginal lips, the pressure enough to cause the inner walls of her vagina to hum.

Once she had produced enough lubricant she allowed her finger to travel up to the area of her clitoris. She parted the fiery red pubic hairs (yes, that was her natural color) and sought out her own center of pleasure. Her clitoris was unusually large and actually became engorged enough with blood when aroused to become erect and visible. She always felt sorry for a woman who couldn't know the pleasure of having her clit sucked fully into a man's mouth. Because it was so long it also received a great deal of stimulation during regular sex. As the man thrust forward her clit would bear the brunt

of the attack, becoming more and more stimulated with each thrust. This almost always guaranteed her an orgasm.

Another side effect of its size was its susceptibility to everyday pressures brought on by sitting, bike riding, walking, running, straddling a large biceps and having it flex between her legs, its hot, blood-engorged bulk constantly putting pressure on the extended nub. She stared at the other photo and imagined the arm...

...bending and flexing as it curled a weight, causing the biceps to pump up to an incredible size, its peak pressing up on her cunt. The muscle would rise and fall with each repetition of the exercise, each time becoming more engorged and burning hotter and hotter. Her cunt would begin to heat up and she would ride the muscle and sway back and forth on it, like a child on a rocking horse. She imagined him standing while he did this to her, his upper arm parallel to the floor, his gigantic deltoid quivering and swelling with the effort of supporting her weight. She would look down over the top of his head, for she would be sitting astride his arm facing him, and see those mountains of flesh, his spectacular pectorals. She would run her hand down over them and find the nipple at the belly of the muscle where it curves under, forming a ledge as it protrudes out over the abdomen. The nipple is hard and tender as she tweaks and twists it. Below is the sight of his massive cock, growing longer and painfully rigid as he becomes turned on by the smell of her juices flowing down around his upper arm, by his nipple being stimulated, by the burning of his biceps as it works through rep after rep of the exercise, bringing her closer and closer to an orgasm. She starts to moan and the moaning turns him on even more. His cock grows bigger until it sticks straight out from his lower abdomen. It becomes huge, dark and thick. As she nears her climax he uses his

other hand to slide up and down his huge tool, encouraging it to join her in a joint cum. His biceps now so pumped up that its peak is actually entering her vagina and stimulating the inner passage. He flexes the muscle one more time and leaves it so that she can rock back and forth on it. Her clitoris begins to hum and her juices start to flow as though someone has turned on a faucet. She looks down and sees that his other hand is pumping his cock faster and faster. The cock has turned a deep scarlet and the head has expanded to twice its tumescent state. She is crying out now, willing the climax to come. Her cries stimulate him and he starts to moan. As they both reach their moment their shouts of ecstasy mingle and become a soaring sound of joy and release. Suddenly her clitoris shoots a flash of quicksilver through her cunt. She explodes with the force of the orgasm. Bolt after bolt of energy rocks her body, shaking her to the very center of her being. His own climax is achieved and he ejaculates, shooting huge, thick streams of cum across the room. Shot after shot of sperm rockets out of the end of his cock; his orgasm seems to go on for minutes. When they are both done he gently sets her down and she kneels in front of him, taking his huge shaft into her mouth, sucking the last drops of cum from the depths of his balls. His cock responds by growing thicker again and he fucks her for the rest of the night.

Chris fell back onto the bed as the last vibrations of her orgasm washed over her. “Yep,” she thought, “that’s just the way it ought to go.”

She went into the bathroom and grabbed a small hand towel to mop up with. She couldn’t remember being this wet from masturbating in a long time. Especially as this was the second time in such a short while. The photos and the man, himself, really turned

her on. The amazing thing was, of all the fantasy lovers she ever had, none could compare with the reality of the hunk (Name, damn it. What's your name, stud?) next door.

After she finished cleaning up she decided to go out onto the balcony to grab a little fresh air. The sliding door had been left open to allow the sea breeze to ventilate the apartment. As she stepped through to the outside she caught a glimpse of something on the other side of the divider which separated her balcony area from his. She cautiously moved so she could see through the gap between the metal frame and the wall. Flesh. Lots of flesh. Completely naked, he stood there looking out to sea. She was certain now that he had indeed been posing for her because his demeanor here on the balcony was completely different. She could tell he was utterly confident about his privacy. Not wanting to ruin that confidence she stood very still, taking in the gorgeous sight of his completely naked body. His muscles were now relaxed, but even then they projected an incredible aura of strength. His light brown hair stirred in the breeze and his body tensed a bit as a chill ran through him. She could see the profile of his beautiful pectoral, its nipple hardening as it caught the breeze. He stretched and threw his arms up and open, his back momentarily convulsing into a mass of knotted muscles. As soon as he dropped his arms its vast surface again became relaxed and calm, giving no clue, other than its hugeness, to the power that lay beneath. She hoped he wouldn't turn towards her as he left, on the chance that he might see her, although she would have loved to see that magnificent cock of his in its natural state.

After several minutes of quiet contemplation he turned away from her and headed back inside. She knew that of all the things in life she had ever wanted, nothing surpassed her desire to have that

huge prick between her legs, pumping cum into her cunt, before the end of the day.

CHAPTER 14: FLASHBACK

Arnold found Mr. Ridell in his office in the company of a staggeringly beautiful woman. She actually was not much older than Arnold, only twenty or twenty-one at the most, but at his age those two or three years made a great deal of difference. She was dressed in a tight fitting blouse and skirt which hugged the contours of her torso, leaving little to imagine regarding the dimensions of the body beneath. Her hair was the color of straw; long and silken. It was gathered behind her head by a band and then cascaded down her back and shoulders. Her face was diamond shaped, with broad cheekbones and a strong chin. Her nose had that line which many an ancient Greek sculptor had captured and set as the standard for plastic surgeons for centuries to come. All these things, and other more subtle effects, such as the long, beaded earrings which hung seductively at her neck, served as a pleasant introduction to the rest of her body. Arnold could tell right away the woman was involved with body building. The way her neck sloped out to finely developed trapezius muscles, gracefully flowing down to her nicely defined deltoids was a sure sign that this woman had more than a casual interest in the sport. He stood in the doorway and tried very hard to remember what he had come down here for.

She, on the other hand, guessed in a moment what the young man's predicament was; at least the one he had so recently been concerned about dealing with. She and Mr. Ridell had been discussing Arnold's plight, a subject which everyone in the school who had an ear for it knew about. Mr. Ridell had figured something like this would happen. He just didn't think it would be so severe.

He was surprised to see Arnold so soon; there were still fifteen minutes of class time remaining. The fact that he was here while there was still class time also indicated the severity of his predicament. He introduced him to the young lady, whose name was Samantha.

“Sam for short,” the woman added.

Arnold was again distracted by her presence. Her voice cut through his brain like a ribbon of gold heat and went straight to the tip of his profusely leaking cock.

Mr. Ridell inquired with a touch of irony how the young man was doing. Arnold didn't feel comfortable talking about it in front of the young lady but Mr. Ridell, thinking it had something to do with the raging hard-on which Arnold was not even bothering to disguise, informed him that Sam could be trusted completely in any matter Arnold wished to discuss with him.

Arnold then related to them a quick rundown of the day's events, trying very hard to find a way of referring to the condition of his cock without being too offensive. As he reached the point in his story where he had excused himself from his eighth hour class and taken refuge in the second floor bathroom Sam's eyes started to widen along with the distance between her legs.

Arnold tried to convey his sense of urgency regarding the condition of his cock but Mr. Ridell seemed distressingly unconcerned. He informed Mr. Ridell that going so long without cumming had been a bad idea. Mr. Ridell winked confidentially at Sam and told Arnold to go get dressed for his work-out. Arnold was puzzled by Mr. Ridell's cavalier attitude regarding his difficulties, but complied.

He went to the locker room and opened his locker to get out his gym clothes but instead of his regular gym shorts with the name of the high school printed on one leg he found a pair of deep red posing trunks like the ones he had seen the men in the muscle magazines wearing. His jock strap and old T-shirt were missing as well. There were, in their place, a device that looked like a jock strap but which had a much smaller cup to it and a T-shirt with a very different kind of cut. He could only figure that Mr. Ridell had somehow slipped these items in and he was meant to wear them. He took off his shirt and undershirt and put on the new one. It clung to his body and, although it was skin tight and gave the appearance of being too small, was wonderfully flexible and expandable. He especially liked the way the sleeves hugged the tops of his shoulders, accenting his deltoids. The large mirror at the end of the row of lockers revealed a physique which, while he knew it was his, seemed as foreign and impressive as his swollen, sex-starved cock.

Which brought up a problem: How was he going to get his enormous erection into the trunks and jockstrap-like device provided him? He put on the thong (it called itself that on a little tag on the inside, 100% cotton, made in Thailand), and pulled it up around his thighs. He tried bending his cock down but it was too hard. It only made it hurt more. Then he noticed the strap that went around the waist seemed to have an expandable pocket built in. He laid his cock into it and it fit perfectly. He then realized that the cup was only for his balls. He slipped on the posing trunks and found they were constructed along the same lines, though the pocket was not as pronounced. He wondered if everyone in Thailand was as hung as he was.

After donning his white socks and gym shoes he checked himself over in the mirror. Something was wrong. The shoes and socks looked completely out of place. Then he remembered that all the men he had seen in Mr. Ridell's magazines had been barefoot. He removed the shoes and socks and re-examined himself in the mirror. The effect was devastating. He tried several poses like the ones he had seen the other Arnold do and several that Mr. Ridell had worked with him on. The shirt flowed and stretched with his every move, caressing his body and allowing every detail of his musculature to be seen. As he turned sideways to check out what it looked like from behind the thick tube of his cock stood out, pointing the way to his well-defined ass. The new shorts rode high up his cheeks, leaving the view of his gluts almost completely uninhibited. As he flexed his biceps the arms of the shirt stretched to accommodate the increased girth of his arm and accented the break between biceps and deltoid, a look that could only be described as raw sex. The front of the shirt plastered itself to his abdomen and the developing striations of muscle clearly showed through. His pecs were cradled by the material which formed itself around the entire belly of the muscle, pointing out, in sharper relief than if he had been unclothed, that wonderful break where flat stomach and mountainous pectoral joined like The Rockies and the great plains at Denver. To say this new outfit made Arnold feel good would be an understatement. The only thing that worried him was how was he going to walk out into the gym looking like this with Sam there.

Arnold was still a virgin. He had had a couple of blow jobs and lots of older women had come on to him and he knew an awful lot about sex from talking to Mr. Ridell and some of his classmates, but the bottom line was that the boy had never actually had his cock

inside a woman's vagina. He was about to turn eighteen years old, and while that may have been long past the age of awakening for some of his friends, he had maintained a certain distance from members of the opposite sex. All his experiences with two people having sex involved his parents. And his parents didn't make love, they used sex to control each other and himself. So when, on numerous occasions, the opportunity had presented itself, Arnold had found his instinct had been to stay clear.

Mr. Ridell was aware of this fact and had treated Arnold's virginity with respect and dignity. He knew the moment would have to be right to initiate the boy into the pleasures of joining with another person and he wanted to help Arnold enjoy and grow with the experience.

Several years before Arnold began attending classes at the high school there had been a young girl whose family life was as messed-up as Arnold's. Worse, actually. She had been raped by an uncle at the ripe old age of twelve and in her sophomore year in high school, had been forced to have oral sex with her older brother while her drunken father looked on. Her mother, upon learning of the father's involvement with this episode had gone out, purchased a small hand gun, come home and shot the father in the head whilst he lay in a drunken stupor on the living room couch. She tried to shoot the son as well but the son wrestled the gun away from her, shooting himself in the crotch in the process. The mother, sensing the justice in this, left the boy to bleed, got in the car, drove off for parts unknown and was never heard from again.

The brother recovered, except for the fact that he now pissed through a surgically implanted plastic tube that never, never gets hard, even in the coldest weather. The girl graduated from high

school with a A- average and was now attending a prominent university in the midwest. Actually at that very moment she was sitting in Mr. Ridell's office awaiting the return of the beautiful young man she had just seen go off to the locker room.

Mr. Ridell had taken her under his wing during her years at high school, guiding her through the same course of physical awakening and self-growth he was presently exposing Arnold to. In return he had only asked for the pleasure of enjoying her developing physique in its unclothed state in a shower that had been thoughtfully provided with a soap dispenser. She had given this boon unconditionally, as she had given him her trust. The two of them maintained contact and when he learned she would be returning at the end of the semester for the summer, he had asked if she would be interested in meeting a most unusual young man. Trusting him completely, she agreed and he arranged for her to come to visit the school on Arnold's last day of class.

Mr. Ridell knew the two of them would hit it off immediately. He had no doubt that Sam was the best person he could think of to initiate Arnold. Sam knew this was why she had been asked here. She had been a little apprehensive, but trusted that Mr. Ridell would know the right thing to do. When she first saw Arnold walk into the room, confused and somewhat agitated, she knew her faith in Mr. Ridell had not been misplaced. This hunk. This stud. This beautiful boy with a body developed far beyond its eighteen years and a cock that was nothing short of awe-inspiring, made her cunt juices start to flow. Mr. Ridell sensed her interest immediately. His instincts had been right.

He and Sam talked for a few more minutes after Arnold went to the locker room. Sam then said she was going to the girls' locker

room to change into her work-out clothes. She picked up her gym bag and trotted out the door. Mr. Ridell watched after her, recalling her sumptuous, well shaped body covered with soapy lather after an intense exercise session. In the intervening years her figure had filled out as she maintained her interest in body building. Under that tight fitting outfit was a body able to make his young friend, Arnold, cum in his new posing trunks. He wondered how the boy was faring; whether he had figured out how to get his big cock into that thong he had supplied. If he went into the locker room right now he was certain he would see the boy posing in front of the big mirror at the end of his row of lockers.

Several minutes after Sam departed Arnold returned from the locker room wearing his new outfit. He had indeed been able to figure out where to put everything. Mr. Ridell's eyebrows leapt on his forehead at the sight before him. The boy had a sheepish grin on his face as he tried to nonchalantly cover up the massive cock which wrapped around his right hip.

"Thanks very much for the great present."

"Seeing you in it is all the thanks I need."

"Where's...uh...Sam?"

"She's in the other locker room getting changed. She'll be taking you through your routine this afternoon."

Arnold's head was suddenly filled with a tsunami of conflicting thoughts:

- A. He was going to workout?
- B. He was going to workout with Sam?
- C. He was going to workout with Sam in the clothes he was wearing?
- D. And what about the painful and painfully obvious erection he was sporting on his right hip?

Mr. Ridell noted the distress on the young man's face.

"It's okay. You can see she's familiar with the art of bodybuilding. I thought it would be interesting to have her offer her own advice as to what you can do to improve your physique and exercise habits."

"But...I mean...she's so...I...errr..."

"Don't worry, son. Everything is gonna be just fine. Just fine."

At that moment Sam appeared at the door to the office dressed in her own version of the outfit Arnold had on. Mr. Ridell recognized it as the set he had given her when she graduated from high school. He remembered sitting in the girl's locker room as he always did, watching her as she undressed, then opening her locker to find this outfit. The first time she had it on it fit like a glove. Several years had passed and many tons of iron had been lifted. The effect of the outfit now was staggering. Her body had been toned and shaped, sculpted and tanned until every muscle and bone fit together in a unified picture that inspired thoughts of unbridled sex. Sam understood what was to happen here and knew that she had a debt to repay Mr. Ridell. She was most willing to participate. This wonderful man had saved her life. If it hadn't been for him she would surely have resorted to drugs, alcohol, suicide or perhaps all three.

She turned to Arnold who was immobile. Thunderstruck. The sound of a deep moan began to fill the room. A great, deep rumbling that seemed to start down in the depths of his groin, traveled up through his massive chest and flooded out of his throat. His right hand involuntarily reached for his huge cock, already aching from being hard for the last twenty-four hours. Sam knew what was going to happen and didn't want to be left out. She pushed Arnold back

into the chair she had been sitting in. He was totally under her control. She knew the effect this outfit on this body would have on the boy, and Mr. Ridell had warned her that he would probably be pretty horny.

“Give me that cock, Stud. For the rest of this afternoon, your mine. And that means every bit of you.”

Sam reached down into the side of his posing trunks and expertly extracted his massive tool. As she touched it he convulsed and moaned; she feared he might pass out. Her hands wrapped around the magnificent shaft and she pulled it to her. Cum-juice was already leaking out of the slit and she gently lapped it up with her tongue. This drove the boy completely over the edge and his hips thrust up off the chair. She parted her lips and slipped the head and as many inches of the shaft as she could manage into her mouth.

He grabbed the top of her head with both hands.

“Oh God! Don’t stop!”

The taste of his juice thrilled her and she began sucking the huge organ. She knew she wouldn’t have to wait long, this young boy was so horny the only thing she was afraid of was drowning in the torrent of cum she knew was about to come rocketing up that shaft, blasting itself against the back of her throat. She hoped she could swallow fast enough.

A quick glance over at Mr. Ridell assured her that all was going as he had planned. If he was able to orchestrate this event as well as he had her return from the edge of insanity, then this afternoon’s activities held the promise of an event the proportions of which were represented by the enormous cock she held between her hands.

She started to stroke the long shaft. His response was in the form of a vibration that began somewhere at the base of his spine

and ended up consuming his entire being. Within moments his hips were bucking, ramming the head of his cock against the back of Sam's throat. The moan became more persistent, louder, savage. Suddenly he stopped. He reached down and gripped the arms of the chair as his back arched up into the air almost dislodging Sam from her perch atop his glistening tool. He froze for a moment and then a loud scream, coming from his powerful chest, rang out through the room. Sam's mouth was suddenly filled with a cock that seemed to have doubled in diameter. It was all she could do just to hang on. Then the flood gates opened and load after load of cum shot up the shaft. She could actually feel it travel past her clasping hands.

He came and came and came and came and she thought for a moment that she wouldn't be able to swallow fast enough and still he came. The shout diminished into a loud grunt that accompanied each spurt. Then he slowly lowered his hips to the chair, pausing occasionally to shoot another load of cum up the shaft into Sam's waiting, eager mouth. Sam continued to suck on the giant cock, milking each precious drop. She ran one of her hands down the shaft and began to gently massage his bloated balls. This brought one or two more hurtles of semen to the top of his organ and then the mighty erection began, thankfully and finally, to subside.

Sam continued to hold his cock until it reached a state where it could be easily placed in the side of the thong. This she did with loving care, making sure that it was straight. If she was going to do a work-out session with this stud she didn't want to be distracted while he constantly had to readjust his massive schlong. She looked over at Mr. Ridell. He was very happy. He hadn't actually planned on the afternoon starting out this way. He had hoped to save the

more intimate aspects of the day for the end. This was going to put a completely different cast on their relationship as work-out partners.

Arnold was not completely sure of what had just happened. He knew his cock felt much better, his balls hurt, he was sitting instead of standing, having no idea when that state had changed, and there was this incredible woman kneeling between his legs looking like the cat that had just eaten the canary. On a scale of one to ten he thought of a number with a whole lot of zeros behind it. Slowly he returned to reality and it finally occurred to him that he had just shot an amazing amount of cum into this woman's mouth.

"Thank...thank you, Sam. Thanks."

Tears started to well up in her eyes. The dear, sweet boy.

Arnold thought that something was desperately wrong and was on the verge of tears himself. Sam noticed his distress and reached up with both hands, placed them on his cheek and pulled his face to her. The feeling of her hands on his face was startlingly pleasant. He allowed his face to be drawn forward. When their faces were finally a few inches away Sam raised up on her knees and kissed him gently on the forehead. She pulled back, still cradling his face in her hands and smiled a smile that sent a wave of warmth coursing through his body.

"You feel like a little exercise, wimp?"

"What do you mean?"

She pulled him up out of the chair with both hands and dragged him out of the office into the gym.

"Come on, Stud. No pain, no gain, as they say."

Arnold willingly followed. Of course, he would have willingly followed even if she had been dragging him into a vat of boiling oil.

For the next two-and-a-half hours Sam put him through the most grueling, tortuous, demanding, excruciating, wonderful work-out he had ever had. She worked with him on technique, showing him how to get the most out of each exercise, how to make that one last rep really count. She would do a particular set and then Arnold would do it, attempting to incorporate what he learned from her. Sometimes he was successful, sometimes not. But there was never a sense of one being better than the other. They both moved through the experience with a joy that surpassed anything either of them had ever participated in.

Several times during the course of the afternoon they took short breaks, heading over to the drinking fountain or just laying back on one of the floor mats. During one of those moments Sam turned to look at the young man (he was no longer a boy in her eyes) lying next to her on the mat, resting, his eyes closed, unaware of her studying gaze.

He was beautiful, that was certain. His body, his face, his cock. But as he lay there, all the stress and problems of the world outside the gym far from his mind, she saw the beauty of the person within. It was almost unbearable. She wanted desperately to reach over and pull him to her, to rock him in her arms and let him know that, if he was able to take what Mr. Ridell had given him and use it to build a life with, everything would end up, on the average, a positive experience.

The aching, the longing that she was feeling was made even more poignant by the knowledge that she would never see this darling young man again after today. She knew, as did Mr. Ridell, that if she remained in his life, him bonded to her through the experience of today, he would never have the desire to reach out to

life and drink it all in. It would be very easy for him to fall into a kind of lust/love with her and never grow up. This would be a fatal mistake and would deprive the world of his possibilities.

All these things she had learned from the wonderful man sitting over by the door to his office, himself watching their activities, basketball firmly in place. She knew Arnold would grow to understand what would happen today and end up, with the right guidance and a whole lot of luck, as sure of his place in the world as she was.

She raised herself up on one elbow and studied his muscular frame. He was well on his way to developing a physique that women, and probably men, would lust after. Her eyes traveled down to his mid-section and then traced the outline of his cock as it curved away from her down his right side.

“Hey, Stud? You pass out on me?”

“I’m still here. Just thinking about stuff.”

“You know what’s going to happen after we get done working out, don’t you?”

“Yeah.”

Arnold suspected that Mr. Ridell had probably set up this meeting between himself and Sam for other than purely altruistic reasons. He had been thinking about it and had come to the conclusion that this would be a great way to pop his cherry and pay Mr. Ridell back at the same time.

“So what do you think?”

Arnold paused for a second to form the words just right.

“I think I want to get this body really pumped up and give our friend over there a show he’ll never forget.” He paused again. Then:

“You know I’m a virgin?”

“I suspected as much from your reaction earlier.” She looked at his face, smooth, innocent. “You scared?”

“A little, I think. I’m afraid I won’t know what to do.”

“You just listen to your heart and pay attention to my reactions and I have a feeling both of us will have an experience we’ll never forget.”

“I’m a little afraid that I’ll hurt you.”

Again the sweetness of this man made her almost weep.

“Like I said. Pay attention to my reactions and you’ll do okay.”

He lay there for a few more seconds, processing that information. His brow wrinkled in heavy thought for a moment and then it relaxed. He had obviously come to some conclusion. What it meant to him, to her...she’d find out in a little while. She punched him in the upper arm.

“Get your ass up, Stud. Time for chewing the fat, and other things, later. We’ve got some serious sweatin’ to do.”

He jumped to his feet with amazing quickness and grabbed her under her arms. Before she knew what was happening he had lifted her over his head, transferred one hand to the middle of her back and was one-arm pressing her into the air. Sam knew that if she struggled she could fall and hurt them both so she just relaxed and enjoyed the feeling. She wished she could see him doing this. She wanted to watch as his arm pumped up and down, the triceps and deltoid swelling with each rep. He did this ten times and then transferred her to his other arm, repeating the process.

On his final rep he thrust her high in the air. She spun around quickly, her arms tight at her sides, and landed in his outstretched

arms. He held her for a moment and then pulled her to him. Their lips met in a kiss that was deep and penetrating. It lasted several moments and then he slowly set her down on her feet. She stared at him, dumbfounded, her head and heart reeling.

Finally she got her breath back and asked, “Where the hell did you learn how to kiss like that?”

“From you.” Her eyebrows raised. “I just paid attention to your reactions.” He smiled at her with a boyish charm. “Race you up the ropes, no legs.”

He turned and sprinted across the gym floor to the thick ropes that hung from the ceiling of the gymnasium. She ran over and grabbed the other one. He counted three and up they went. Sam knew it would be a close one. He had much more strength than her, but she had the advantage of less weight. She closed her eyes and started to pull herself up the rope, hand-over-hand, her legs at right angles to her torso. Her biceps began to burn about halfway up and she relished the feeling. She dared to open her eyes to check on Arnold’s progress. Looking over to the other rope, he was nowhere to be seen. Had she left him completely in her dust? It seemed she had him beat. She reached the top of her rope and opened her eyes. He was hanging from the girder that the ropes were attached to, mere inches from her face. He gave her lips another long, lingering kiss and hand-over-handed back along the girder to his own rope. She was stunned.

He grinned disarmingly at her.

“The finish line is down there. See you at the club house.”

And with that he dropped down out of sight. She watched him until he reached the ground and was never certain that his hands had really touched the rope.

“You look like a treed cat up there. You need someone to come rescue you?”

She started down, her legs parallel to the floor, her abdominal muscles standing out in full relief. She took several seconds for each hand-over-hand, savoring the luscious feel of her biceps as they became more and more pumped. When she reached the bottom of the rope she slowed even more, the strain showing on her brow, the sweat pouring down her neck, running between her breasts. She took a great deal of time straightening out her legs, slowly lowering them to the ground, her abdominals shaking with the effort. He stared at her, marveling in her muscular control. When her feet finally touched the ground she released the rope. Her breathing was deep.

“If you fuck like you climb a rope, it’s going to be a short afternoon.”

She watched the expression on his face as he puzzled out what she was really saying to him.

“The experience, whether it’s an exercise or roll in the hay, demands attention to detail. Bench pressing four-hundred-fifty pounds ten times in thirty seconds isn’t going to do you nearly as much good as pressing one hundred pounds ten times in two minutes. You have to give yourself a chance to enjoy the details. If not, you can’t make sure you’re doing everything as well as you could.”

She could see by the look in his eyes he understood. He turned around, walked off for a second, assimilating the new information, and then returned. He walked up to her, looked her straight in the eye and whispered...slowly...“I want you.”

She returned his intense gaze. “I want you.”

The tension between them grew until Mr. Ridell, sitting on the other side of the gym, could feel it. He knew they were both hot as hell and wondered what they were going to do about it. They took each other's hand and walked over to him. Without a word they each took one of his hands, pulled him up out of the chair, his basketball rolling down his lap and bouncing off across the floor, and led him to the boy's locker room.

CHAPTER 15: ARNOLD

...Or should he have thought: “Completely unobserved except by his next door neighbor,” who, at that very moment, was standing on her own balcony, peering through the divider at him. It was a shame he couldn’t see her in return. Something told him that it was, indeed, a female. He could hear her shortness of breath as he stretched and flexed his muscles, making sure that his massive back put on a good show for her. He thought of quickly popping his head up over the partition and catching her in the act but the fact of the matter was that she was standing on her own balcony and had every right to be there. It was not her fault that there just happened to be a naked man standing on the other side of that divider. He was, of course, flattered by her interest. But in light of his contemplation of privacy just a moment before, he was a bit bothered by the intrusion. After all, they hadn’t even been formally introduced.

He felt that now was not the proper time for a confrontation. What would happen if, after placing her in the embarrassing situation of having to own up to spying, it turned out that she was someone with whom he would want to develop a neighborly relationship with. Besides, his blood sugar was getting critically low, due to lack of nourishment; he knew sustenance was high on the priority list. One last flex of his naked gluts and he turned back to the apartment, making sure not to establish any contact with the person on the other side of the corrugated green divider.

He stopped for a moment and surveyed the room before him. Boxes and crates were strewn about the living room in no particular order, giving no aid in the identification of their contents. Moving to his bedroom, he dug through one of the seabags and pulled out a

shirt and a pair of pants. Jockstrap and a pair of socks were located at the bottom (of course) of the second sea bag. He was going to have to fire whoever packed for him.

The jock was put on with the (for him) normal amount of difficulty as he stuffed his huge cock into the support cup which was almost filled to capacity already with his two balls. He thought there must be someplace that made a regular bikini brief that catered to the owners of larger than average cocks like himself (well, all right, he admitted, 'larger than average' didn't accurately describe his situation, but the point was the same).

He had, earlier in the day, installed his chin-up bar in the second bedroom door jamb as a kind of moving-in ritual. He walked over to it and did a few dozen quick pull-ups of different varieties and then dropped to the floor and accomplished fifty close hand push-ups. He savored the feeling of his genitals brushing the floor with each rep and the pump in his pecs and triceps. The closet door had a narrow full length mirror on the inside that the former occupants had obviously left to atone for having taken the shower curtain, and he stood back and did a quick check-pose. Already everything had been pretty well pumped up from the morning's move-in-work-out. The additional effort of the just completed exercises put a nice shape on everything. He noticed that the peaks on his pecs were noticeably higher than the last time he had checked. When heavily contracted the inner slopes of his chest muscles defined themselves with an extra level of swelling that hadn't been there before. Even after he relaxed, the definition in those mountains of muscles was considerably more than it had been. His biceps felt full, the skin around them tightly stretched and

covered with the pattern of veins and that one large artery which ran down the crest, throbbing as the blood coursed powerfully through.

He put his shirt on and left the top two buttons loose. Not only did he like the way it revealed the inside edges of his pectorals (some referred to it as a cleavage. Once.), but it was just too damned uncomfortable when they were fastened. The pants were pleated and flared, giving the appearance of baggy while hugging his ass and massive thighs to maddening effect. The underwear he had on was not as high riding as some, so the bulge in the front of his pants was of a more conservative nature than had been the case with the cut-offs he had been wearing all morning. He pulled on his socks and shoes, grabbed his wallet, change and keys and headed out to find a decent place to eat.

He figured with all the gyms around there had to be plenty of places that catered to those who required carbohydrate and caloric intakes that were above the norm. Nothing of that type seemed to be in eye shot of his position on the walkway, so he decided to hook the car up to the truck and check out the neighborhood. He figured he would also stop by The Pump House and deliver Patty's gym bag for her, as she had apparently not discovered its absence yet. Backing the truck up to the car without taking off a bumper proved to be interesting. He hooked up the tow bar and brake lights and headed out.

His first stop was a gas station to fuel the truck, as per his agreement with the rental company, and get directions to The Pump House. As luck would have it the attendant was a rather well dimensioned young lad who knew Patty's gym well, speaking very highly of it, and could also offer several suggestions as to where to pick up a great bite to eat. Arnold thought that his appearance at the

gym might precipitate the tour that Patty had mentioned so he figured that he had better eat first. He took the young man's advice as to the best place and headed down the road that paralleled the beach about a mile to Norma's Diner.

Norma, and her diner, were both local institutions renowned for its clientele as well as its menu and serving portions. Norma had, at various times, been married to two Mr. America's, a Mr. Universe and a Mr. Olympia. Her taste in physiques ran to the extreme. She displayed posing shots of all her husbands above the window where the food was passed through from the kitchen. The picture displayed in the center of this impressive line-up of physiques changed constantly. She had sworn off marriage to the physically developed, (she had, in fact, married a moderately physically fit lawyer) as it seemed she could never maintain an interest in them if they lost the following year's contest. But she just couldn't keep completely out of the scene. Rumor had it that her latest conquest always filled the center position.

The parking lot was full enough that maneuvering the truck and car through it would have been difficult so Arnold parked on the street a half block away. As he walked up to the building several young ladies sitting at a booth by the window focused their attention on him and expressed obvious hope that he would be coming to try some of Norma's fine cuisine. When he did, indeed, turn up the front sidewalk and enter the restaurant, the commotion he caused brought the indomitable Norma herself out to see who the cause of it was.

Apparently the appearance of a new face was always cause for celebration. Norma knew that the nubile young ladies seated at booth four would always be on the look out for new candidates. She

knew this because, back in the days before the place was known as Norma's she had been one of the girls in booth four. So when the familiar cat calls and entreaties began she threw down her grill scraper, wiped her hands on her apron, pushed the stray lock of chestnut brown hair back up into the chef's hat she wore and headed for the dining room. Her expressed intent was to rescue the poor, unsuspecting soul from the abuse. She didn't want a new customer to get turned off about the place seconds after having walked in. Second on her list of reasons was that the picture frame over the center of the pass-through was currently empty. This did not go unnoticed by the regular crowd. So when Norma made her swooping entrance the way had already been cleared in anticipation of this very moment. Smug smiles and just a few knowing glances from those customers who were past occupants of the center frame, greeted her arrival.

It would be safe to say, considering Norma's history of marriages, that she had encountered every manner of extra-developed physique. It would also be safe to say that she had developed a rather jaded view of what a body should look like. Likewise, it would be accurate to surmise that her attitude towards bulging biceps and thrusting pectorals, sweeping lats and firmly rounded gluts would be a bit on the jaded side. Therefore it should be taken as the most telling of descriptions of Arnold's physical attributes to say that, upon passing through the swinging kitchen door and coming face to face with him, as was the way it was planned from years of making this same rescue mission, she stopped cold-dead in her tracks, forgetting the rules about standing in front of swinging kitchen doors, and, on the following return of the door, was knocked straight forward into Arnold's arms. The waitress who

had been the next person through the door was now wearing the entire order for booth number four. Fortunately all of them were so consumed with looking at Arnold that none of them realized that their meals had just become a fashion statement and the waitress quickly withdrew to place another order for two Norma-burgers with cheese, two blt's, three orders of fries, one order of rings, and a slice of strawberry-rhubarb pie.

Norma was busy not disengaging herself from her rescuer. Once she realized she was on her way to a collision course with this beauty she let it, nay encouraged it, to happen with as much awkwardness as she could muster. Arnold was not the least bit deceived by her almost clownish attempt to appear out of control as he helped her recover her balance and dignity. He allowed her to catch and stabilize herself on his upper arms. But there was no doubt as to the expertise with which those hands quickly ran up and down his arms and torso, assessing the dimensions of every muscle and tendon. He also knew that her attention was drawn to the area just below his belt and that, had there been a way to even remotely justify the action, she would have made sure that her hands-on evaluation would have taken in that part of his body as well.

To be sure, Arnold was not the most muscle-bound man to ever walk into Norma's. In actuality there were several men and one woman in the place at that moment who's physiques were developed to a level much more advanced than Arnold would ever want to attain. But the total effect he and his crotch projected was one far beyond that of the physically observable. Even with the baggiest of pants, it was obvious to the most casual of observers (and observers of Arnold were very rarely casual) that there hung between the man's legs a cock the proportions of which very few had ever laid

eyes (or lips) on. This, then, was the attitude and impression which first greeted him as he walked through the front door of Norma's Diner, feeding trough to the physically over-achieved.

"What's your pleasure, my beauty?" asked Norma.

"It depends on what your capacity here is." Arnold eyed her with a touch of suspicion, thinking that there was sure to be a hook here. "I'd hate to make a request that would cause you to overstep your authority."

Norma chortled with glee. Very few men, and almost no new comers, would ever dare to bandy words with her. She saw a challenge and rose to the occasion. "Well, give us a try. If I find I can't handle it," a quick flash of the eyes to his cock relayed her real meaning, "I'll pass your request on to higher authority."

Arnold realized he was probably dealing with the person in charge. He even supposed that, were there such a person as Norma, this might be her. He took that chance and replied, "I have it on good authority the owner of this establishment knows how to feed those who pump."

Norma figured he knew who she was and decided not to play the fool anymore. Instead she grabbed Arnold by the right biceps and ushered him down the aisle to a seat at the end of the counter.

"Sit here, me bucko, and Auntie Norma will fill your gullet with the most highly charged, nutritionally balanced, muscle feeding meal you've ever wrapped your lips around."

The last part of her comment was directed straight to his crotch and no one, not the people at the other tables and booths, not the three men whose picture had once caught the fumes rising off the plates of hundreds of Norma-burgers, not the extremely disappointed young nubilees at booth four, not any of the staff and

not even Geraldo, the bus boy, whose command of the English language, while improving daily, still consisted of calls for more glasses and whatever he had learned by listening to American Baseball games on the radio, none of them mistook Norma's meaning and her implied intent.

Norma headed back to the kitchen after having personally delivered a copy of the menu, fussed over the placement of the salt and pepper shakers, made sure there were plenty of napkins in every napkin holder within five seats of Arnold and commanded that the waitress whose station it was take care of getting him a glass of water. It seemed not to matter to her at all that the very waitress she was referring to was, at that very moment, standing directly behind Arnold with the largest, coldest glass of water the place had, the thought running through her mind that she could accidentally spill the water in his lap and then help him mop it up, getting a chance to gage the size of his obviously formidable cock herself. A sharp, meaningful look from Norma on her way back to the kitchen left little doubt in her mind as to what her fate would be, were she to pull such an immature, uncouth, inhospitable and totally tasteless stunt without letting Norma take care of the clean-up.

Arnold liked the way the place felt. All the benches and stools seemed to have extra room around them. There was a sign on the wall that read:

**Four to a Booth
Unless Your Shoulders are as
Wide as Mine**

...with a picture of a man with impossibly wide shoulders. Arnold looked around at the rest of the people to see what their

reaction to his entrance had been. Aside from the still agitated ladies over at booth four, everyone seemed to have settled back to their meals without much more thought as to his presence.

Although he was very well-built, it was apparent he was not aiming for competition. The accent was on definition rather than on mind-boggling size. This usually put other body-builders minds to rest, regarding any professional jealousy. As for his superiority in the genitals department, there was nothing he or any of them could do about it. If there were any hard feelings harbored against him on that count they were beyond his control. He considered it the other person's problem, not worth getting upset about it.

There was a time when he took such hostilities personally. For several years he was acutely aware of the occasional male's jealous thoughts regarding the size of his dick. He even found himself avoiding beaches and any place else where the usual clothing would put his cock in too much prominence (a situation difficult to avoid in even the most clothed of circumstances). One day he realized his life was being controlled by the need to hide. This, he decided, was foolish. He was what he was and nothing was going to change that. The world could get over it or not.

The waitress had set down the water glass and was waiting for his order. It appeared she was under instructions not to leave his side until she had fulfilled his every desire. She also looked like she was willing to do just that. He scanned the menu and found several things that immediately hit the spot. He asked for the details about them and ordered up what seemed to be a dish with a certain amount of pride attached to it. It was listed as having the standard breakfast ingredients but promised to be more than one normally found in a restaurant meal. Norma's reaction to his order was heard throughout

the restaurant and the good-natured teasing he was getting seemed to indicate his initial acceptance into the ranks of a ‘Norma-ite’.

The waitress brought him the beverage he ordered, a high-carbohydrate shake affair with more calories and burnable energy than most third-world nations consumed in a week; standard fare for someone in training. And although he wasn’t training, per se, he felt a need to replenish what he had worked off that morning. While he was waiting for the meal to show up one of the young ladies from booth four made her way over to his stool.

“Hi there. I’m Brenda.”

“Hi. I’m Arnie. Glad to meet you.”

He generally used the shortened version of his name when in the company of body builders. The name Arnold held such a religious connotation for the devout that anyone using the same name was viewed as a heretic. The girl was either not quick enough to pick up on it or did and understood the convention. She seemed to be an aficionado of body building by the way she was appraising his body. She also seemed to dabble a bit in it herself. Her figure was full but firm, nothing seemed to jiggle when she walked. It was like looking at one of those vacuum packed bricks of coffee, not an ounce of unwasted space; what they called, in the local vernacular, a hard body. She casually laid her hand on Arnold’s shoulder, slowly tracing the definition of the muscle beneath his shirt.

“We figured you’re new here,” she said, nodding in the direction of her compatriots in booth four. “Especially with the way Norma reacted to you. Where’re you from?”

“I just moved in from the desert. I’ve got a place on the beach about a mile from here.”

“Are you training or just maintaining?”

“I try to keep a little ahead of the game but I’m not aiming towards competition, if that’s what you’re asking. What’s your involvement in the sport?”

“I just like muscle. The more there is to grab onto, the happier I am.” At this last comment her fingernails dug perceptively into his shirt, leaving little doubt as to what ‘more’ she had in mind.

Arnold glanced meaningfully at her hand. He wondered why she thought she had license to become so intimate with him. Patty had been one thing. He had set the tone for their interaction and encouraged it, but this girl was making assumptions that had no grounding in reality.

She shifted her position a bit, making it difficult for anyone else in the place to get a clear view of what she was doing, and then traced her inquisitive fingernail down the outside of his biceps, across the surface of his fore arm and ending on the top of his right thigh. The palm of her hand flattened against the top of his thigh and then slid towards his hip joint. When it reached the point where leg became abdomen and turned north she headed decidedly southeast. The bulge of his cock was thrust into prominence by the jockstrap he had on and she began to run her hand over the extent of it. Before she could go any further, though, he cleared his throat and looked directly into her eyes with an expression of distaste for her uninvited actions. She abandoned her research but her eyebrows raised, asking the question that was first on anyone’s mind who had gotten that far. Arnold put one hand on the countertop and the other about two and a half feet away, palms facing each other. She rolled eyes and laughed.

“You men are never satisfied, are you? Can’t be happy with what was given to you. You always have to want more.”

“I just didn’t want to be accused of any false modesty.”

He hoped Brenda would be astute enough to recognize the humor at her expense. She made a few more comments meant to draw out personal information. Arnold fended them off tactfully and by the time Brenda returned to her friends and a now lukewarm Norma-burger she felt as though some incredible conquest had been made when, in actuality, nothing of value, aside from the quick feel she’d copped, had been exchanged.

Arnold’s breakfast arrived on four plates. Each of the four major food groups was represented: A huge plate of sliced fruit, an omelet (yolks, no whites) with something just shy of a bushel of vegetables mixed in, a tall stack of buckwheat pancakes, and an eight ounce T-bone steak, medium rare. To this was added a twenty ounce glass of fresh-squeezed orange juice and an equally tall glass of cold milk.

“Is there anything else I can do for you?”

The look in her eyes relayed the limitless nature of that question. Arnold felt like saying ‘a blow-job’ just to see what her reaction would be, her attitude being so blatant, but decided against it. Either she would have taken offense, not realizing how equally intrusive her attitude was, or she would comply and his eggs would get cold. He, instead, replied that everything seemed fine.

She didn’t even attempt to cover up her disappointment at not being requested to climb under the counter and suck his balls dry while he consumed his brunch. As she walked away in a huff Arnold shrugged, a bit bothered by her disappointment and a little annoyed at the cavalier attitude the women he had encountered so far seemed to have regarding the availability of his cock. He felt if he had slapped it down on the cash register counter when he first came in

then the whole matter would have been settled and he could have eaten breakfast in peace.

Norma, at least, had the decency to wait until he was just mopping up the last of his pancakes before venturing over to accost him. She was busy in the kitchen but took a break and came out to see how he liked his meal.

“You’ve obviously had a lot of practice feeding body builders.” Arnold noted.

Norma told him the identity of the four photos over the pass-through. “I made them breakfast every morning. I know what the big guys like. I hear you’re not into competition. What are you doing, modeling?”

The grapevine had been active. He wondered what other details of his encounter with Brenda were now general knowledge.

“Good guess. I’m just getting started but the agency I’m with has a few jobs for me this week.”

“Skin shots?”

“Oh, I suppose they’ll probably want me to take a few pieces of clothing off. I’m not too concerned with the details of the job. It’s the agency’s job to make sure everything is on the up and up. And if I have any reservations about it I have it in my contract to walk out.”

“Well, Arnie, you’re a pleasure to look at. I’m sure you’ll be quite successful.”

“Thanks for your confidence.”

“I’ve been around the block a couple of times, kid. I have an eye for what flies and what sinks in this town and I don’t mind telling you I see a big set of wings on you. Now I gotta get back to the kitchen. The orders are piling up.”

“Thanks for the great meal. And if you’re only halfway right about my professional future I’ll be a very happy man.”

“By the way, kid, where’re you gonna be working out?”

“I haven’t found a place yet. I’m going to look at one this afternoon.”

“Which one?”

“A place called The Pump House. You know about it?”

A thunder cloud formed over Norma’s head, her nostrils flared and the gnashing sound of her teeth sent a shiver up his spine like fingernails on the blackboard. Arnold thought she was going throw something but at the last minute she seemed to re-establish control. It was a good thing, too. All of the items near at hand had that industrial, heavy-duty look to them, meant to take and deliver lots of abuse.

“Who told you about that scum hole?”

“My next door neighbor.”

“Well, I don’t know who your neighbor is but their taste in people obviously has reached an uncustomary high point in their dealings with you. If I were you, I’d take a real close look at other options before making any decisions which might be regretted later...if I were you.”

With that she turned back to the kitchen, shouting at several very non-deserving-of-abuse employees on the way. There was little doubt in Arnold’s mind that whatever she perceived as being wrong with Patty’s gym had little to do with the reality of the place itself. Something deeply personal was involved here; something that, aside from piquing his curiosity, he was sure had little to do directly with him.

He left a tip on the counter and proceeded to the cash register to pay his bill. His waitress met him there and informed him that the girls at booth four had already taken care of his tab. Arnold did not like leaving these women with the impression he was in their debt. The proprietary nature of this act reflected the view that he was beholding to them for having allowed one of them to run her hand across his crotch. He went over to explain that he felt uncomfortable in accepting their ‘generosity’ but by the time he got to the booth all of their eyes were glued to the front of his pants and he figured there wasn’t much use in it all. He thanked them kindly for the welcoming gesture and hoped that he would some day be able to return the favor. “By buying you a breakfast,” he said specifically. They asked him to sit down and join them for a cup of coffee but he begged off, sighting the return of the truck as his excuse. He said his good-by’s and departed before any additional information was allowed to exchange hands.

On his way out, he passed the cash register and his waitress stopped him.

“She has it in for someone on the staff over at The Pump House.”

“That was made quite obvious.”

“If you were to listen to her she would tell you to watch out for a gal by the name of Patty. It seems they disagreed about the marital status of her last husband.”

She indicated the picture furthest to the right over the pass-through. The man looked familiar and Arnold thought he had even seen him as a guest poser in a competition he had entered a few years back. Patty’s taste in men obviously moved toward the large as well. He noticed that of the four pictures presently occupying the

position of honor the man on the right was the largest in all respects. All respects. He wondered if this was a prerequisite for entry into The Pump House. Well, he was on his way there now, so he'd soon know.

"Thanks for the information. I thought it might be a personal matter. I didn't think it had anything to do with me."

"Oh, but it has everything to do with you."

"How so?"

"You see that empty frame in the middle of the other four?"

Arnold nodded.

"That one's reserved for her current fling."

"I thought she was married."

"Yeah. So?"

Arnold was starting to feel like a possession. He thanked her, again, for her assistance in understanding the prevailing situation and made a hasty departure. He knew little of Patty beyond her forthright manner and apparent leanings towards men with large cocks, but in a comparison of the two women's behavior he was willing to bet that the fault in perception was sure to fall to Norma's side of the net. He hoped he would have a chance to get Patty's side of the story without endangering their friendship or instigating a scene.

He waved once again to his benefactors as he past in front of the building and headed back to the truck and got it headed in the other direction through a series of turns through the neighborhood. As he drove past the diner once more he felt sad that the place should make him so uncomfortable. The food had been outstanding, both in its quantity and quality. But he was not able to justify going

there for the food if he was going to feel this inhuman afterwards. There must be a certain sector of the population that thrived on that kind of attention, he certainly dished out and took in his fair share of sexual bantering, but this was a step beyond what he thought of as respectful of himself as a person.

He retraced his route, driving past his building, made a left a few blocks further down the road and traveled up that street about a quarter of a mile. On the corner of two nondescript streets lined with single story bungalows sat what surely was a store front. A second appraisal indeed led him to think of a neighborhood service station. Over the parking lot in front was the traditional canopy and in the middle of several cars he saw the islands where the pumps would have been. The three garage doors had been covered and the only windows appeared to be those where the attendants station would have been. He thought this a bit odd. All the gyms he had ever been to prided themselves on lots of natural light and big open spaces designed to accommodate large bodies moving huge amounts of weight around. This place, besides being apparently devoid of light, seemed far too small to get much serious work done.

He parked the truck and car on the street, grabbed Patty's gym bag and crossed to the other side. Even up close he would never have guessed the actual use of the building. He walked to the front door and peered through the window. The glass seemed to be tinted and what he saw inside didn't seem to make sense. Inside the door was a reception area with a desk, presently unattended, and a lounging area with refrigerator, microwave, a vending machine and a bunch of over-stuffed arm chairs. A bit cozier than he was used to in the high-tech, steel and mirror atmosphere of most other gyms, but nothing as unusual as what lay beyond this area.

A railing ran behind the reception area. Beyond that could be seen a huge open space that was completely sun-lit. He couldn't see the ceiling, so he could only imagine that the entire roof over the room was sky lights. The room was sunken about six or eight feet, accessed by a set of stairs from the reception area, and was considerably larger than the exterior of the building would have led one to believe. Plants were everywhere. Each station seemed to be surrounded by them. Some seemed to have found a home atop the framework and mechanisms of the larger pieces of gear. He could see several men and women utilizing what Patty had modestly referred to as the 'not as well-equipped' equipment. Compared to some of the places he had trained at out in the desert this was the promised land. True, he had checked out some of the more well known places closer to the beach, and their assortment of gear seemed to be more vast, but in one glance he was able to see every station he would use in the course of a normal workout cycle.

Just then a head appeared at the bottom of the stairs. All he could see was the back of it but he recognized it at once as being Patty's. He opened the door, went to the reception desk and waited for her to finish talking to another person at the bottom of the stairs. That person, a young man, could see Arnold as he approached the desk. His jaw stopped moving in mid-sentence and he just stared up at him. Patty turned around to see what had attracted her friends attention. As Arnold waved, Patty came up the stairs followed closely and eagerly by the boy he had distracted.

CHAPTER 16: FLASHBACK

Arnold and Sam sat Mr. Ridell on the bench just outside the shower room then Arnold began to undress Samantha, taking the bottom of her T-shirt and lifting it slowly over her head. Underneath this was a work-out bra that held her breasts tightly in place. This he raised over her head as well, revealing her beautiful breasts; cone shaped and standing out proudly from her chest, the tips of them covered with large nipples that immediately rose to erection as they came in contact with the cooler air. Arnold stared at them, drinking them in. He had never had breasts this mature within his grasp before. His eyes flicked momentarily up to Sam's face. She nodded in encouragement, the look in her eyes reminding him of the lesson just learned out on the gym floor.

Arnold reached up with one hand and tentatively ran his finger tip down the slope of her right breast, tracing the inner edge down into the cleavage. As his hand moved under the breast he cupped it in his palm and raised it up to his waiting mouth. His tongue snaked out from between his lips and touched the very tip of her erect nipple. Her short intake of breath momentarily startled him, but a quick glance up, their eyes meeting and locking, told him that he was doing fine.

He slowly circled the nipple with his tongue, growing a bit more insistent, a bit more bold each time around. Finally his tongue spiraled in again, but this time he withdrew his tongue, parted his lips and took the nipple into his mouth. Sam purred with pleasure as the sensation spread throughout her body. His kiss became more persistent until he had worried the nipple into an aching state of erection. He sensed she had reached some sort of plateau and so

moved over to the other breast, repeating the process. His tongue traced the inner and outer reaches of both breasts, sending thrills of passion ringing through her body. She raised her hands to his head and ran her fingers through his long brown hair. As she became more captivated by his ministrations her hands roamed down to his neck and out to his broad shoulders. She caressed his deltoids and upper arms, dragging her fingernails slowly, gently, across the taut second skin of his shirt. Her fingertips worked their way up under the shirt sleeves and she began to knead the firm muscles beneath.

He sensed she was eager to touch his bare skin and stood back up. She ran her hands down his sides and pulled the bottom of his shirt up over his head with the same slow movements with which he had removed hers. As he raised his arms over his head she stopped for a moment, taking in the massive physique before her. His skin was fresh and clear. His arm pits sprouted small tufts of hair that seemed almost lost in the vast expanse of muscle that faced her. She brought her lips to him and slowly kissed each armpit, reveling in the heady odor of his body. She knew they were going to shower together so she wanted to take the opportunity to gather as many smells of him as possible. She made a point of smelling several areas of his chest and arms, hoping that when it came his turn he would not overlook this important sense.

Sam drew the shirt the rest of the way over Arnie's head and he dropped his arms to his side. His pecs were round and pronounced, pumped up from the afternoon's work-out. She traced his nipples with her fingernails, occasionally pinching them just a bit, enjoying the small mewls of pleasure which escaped his lips. She placed her own lips on each nipple, sucking them into her mouth, her tongue teasing them, quickly flipping back and forth across them. He tensed

with each lash of her tongue and his pectorals became larger and larger as he flexed them in reaction to her attentions. He had never experienced anything like this, had never realized that his own nipples could be such a center of pleasure.

She thrilled at the feeling of the huge, smooth muscle beneath the skin. She ran her hands over his pecs and then traced her tongue along the line where they curved under to meet his abdomen. As she did this he released a sigh that vibrated with sexual energy. She could tell they were both reaching a state where neither of them were going to have much control. She decided she had better steer their actions towards getting the rest of their clothes off before they got too involved and forgot about the rest of their bodies. In the back of her mind she remembered this was supposed to be a learning experience for their young friend.

Sam stepped back and studied the beautiful body in front of her. She also allowed him to do the same. She hoped he was able to absorb what was happening on several different levels so he might be able to use this experience to his advantage later on. She could see he was watching her every move, tuning into the smallest nuance of her actions. If he were able to continue that for the rest of this afternoon she was sure that this would, indeed, be one that none of them would forget. She waited.

It was his turn.

He ran his eyes over her body, drinking in the mind-boggling sight. His brain was flooded with a torrent of sensations, and he tried to assimilate all the information it was taking in, but after a while, gave up and decided to sort it all out later. He leaned forward and placed his face on the top of her head and breathed in deep, taking in the smell of her hair.

She smiled to herself.

“You learns fast.”

His hands ran through her long bundle of hair then removed the band which held it in place. She reached behind her neck and raised up her arms, spreading her hair out in a golden fan as it slipped over them. When she had extended her arms straight up he leaned down and took in the thick aroma of her armpits. He realized how important smell was to sex and vowed to take in as many of her smells as possible.

There was one smell which kept attracting his attention. He wasn't sure where it was coming from but thought that if he moved around enough he would be able to zero in on it. He started to breathe in deeply through his nose, moving his head from side to side, up and down, coming closer and closer to her mid-section. He discovered it was coming from her crotch. He slowly peeled her shorts away, revealing the tuft of blonde pubic hair just below her flat, muscular stomach. He took a moment to study her belly button, worrying it just a bit with his tongue. The reaction he got was pleasantly surprising and so he renewed his efforts which were rewarded by a wonderful purring sound emanating from her throat.

She had hoped he would take the initiative to remove the rest of her clothing. Sometimes young men reached this stage and became nervous, a kind of performance anxiety. If they went any further than this they were committing themselves. What if they weren't able to perform? Or they might end up looking foolish. The fact that he had set off on his own here was encouraging. He didn't have any expectations of himself or her. He seemed to be going from moment to moment, gathering the experience as he went. His brief foray into her belly button told her he was not aiming for a particular goal, but

was taking time to be open to as much as possible. She loved having her bellybutton kissed.

Having pulled her shorts down this far the thick, deep odor he had been seeking came pouring out. This was the most intense thing he had ever smelled. It rang in his head, triggering thoughts too complicated to make sense of. Images and feelings flashed through his mind. He suddenly felt like some animal, chasing through the brush on the trail of an odor so strong he could actually see it. Its power driving him beyond his control. The basic mating instinct that had driven all his ancestors before him, down through the millennium, and was moving his actions in the same, if subtler, ways. He pulled her shorts the rest of the way down her muscular legs and she stepped out of them.

The smell made him collapse to his knees in front of her. She spread her legs a bit and he knew he has being invited in. This was the place he had heard of so many times. That mythical spot where a man's dreams and desires were fulfilled or destroyed. He was at the gateway to a great mystical palace, its secrets about to be revealed to him. Would he be up to the challenge of the sphinx?

Sam sensed his hesitation and hoped that he wasn't going to choke up on her now. She was so turned on that the inner surfaces of her thighs were damp with her flowing juices. Thoughts of his massive cock, so recently ensconced in her mouth, made her wet with desire. She spread her legs a bit more, inviting him to explore. She had thought that, perhaps, he had gotten this far with a woman before, but it appeared that he was not at all familiar with the lay of the land. If his inquisitiveness continued to thrive however, she had no doubt he would be able to work through this puzzle as well.

Arnold raised his hand toward her vaginal area, listening very carefully to her breathing pattern. Her golden pubic hair was trimmed almost to oblivion so as to facilitate her tight-fitting posing outfit. He ran his hand up her leg, the muscles tensing seductively in response to his touch. The closer he got to that golden mound the more rapid her breathing became. He sensed he was doing this right and was rewarded with a deep sigh as his hand reached its destination. He traced the outer boundaries of it, ending where it disappeared between her legs. This was the moment he had been waiting for. The feeling of a woman's vagina had been explained to him by his friends many times. He longed to experience the soft lushness he had been told about. He also longed to see this 'clit' that was talked about so reverently. He wasn't quite sure what he would be looking for; reports from the front had brought back conflicting information. In fact, he was starting to doubt the veracity of the messengers. It was quite possible some of them had never really gotten this far.

She now sensed his resolve, thrust her hips forward to once again invite further explorations and hoped he would be patient enough to discover all her secrets. Her own first sexual partners had never bothered to look for, much less touch or directly stimulate, her clitoris. They had equated sex purely with the idea of ramming the shit out of her privates, squirting a teaspoon of cum inside her and asking her if it was as good for her as it had been for them. She had hoped, on those occasions, that it had been as bad for them as it had been for her. She was sure, though, that Arnold was going to be very different. His sense of exploration and attention to her own reactions was an encouraging sign. She just wished he would figure out where to put his finger.

The gap between her legs seemed the place to go. He ran his finger down into the crevasse, coming suddenly into a moist hot area that sent tingles through his mind. It was so soft, so pliant. The folds of flesh enveloped his finger as he slowly explored the area. Every time he moved it sent another shudder of pleasure through Sam's body. Her legs parted more and he reached further in.

She thought he might not go back far enough and would miss her opening. He was so tentative, so shy with his search. She knew this was out of respect for her anatomy, but her patience, that thing she had lectured him about out on the gym floor not fifteen minutes ago, was wearing quite thin. Suddenly his finger was lodged inside her and a joyful explosion of emotional release ripped through her body. She ran her hands over her breasts and abdomen, sustaining the thrill of his actions.

He suddenly found a place where the whole world seemed to sink into oblivion. He moved his finger toward it and found it buried up to the first knuckle. She moaned. He moved in a bit deeper and she moaned again. He looked up to her for confirmation that this was the right thing to do, but her head was thrown back, her eyes shut, her hands roaming over her abdomen and breasts, stimulating them.

The thought suddenly occurred to him, "What if this wasn't what I thought it was." He could be on his way up her ass, instead. Then he thought about his own asshole and realized if this was hers, she would have a hard time keeping everything from just flowing out whenever it wanted to. He was relieved and renewed his explorations, taking his cues from the deep moans she made each time he moved his finger. He pulled out and started to explore the area in front of her vagina. He spread the wonderful loose flesh with

two fingers and peered up inside until he saw what he thought looked like a small nugget of skin. Slowly, careful to make sure that his finger always remained moist, he moved towards this tiny nodule. If he was right, and if the reports were accurate, one touch of this small button would send her swooning into orgasm.

His finger brushed nearer and nearer.

Her breathing became shorter and shorter in expectation.

He touched it.

She let out a small cry.

*Hmmm...*Not quite the reaction he had expected.

He touched it again, lingering a moment, rubbing it. This time the small cry was accompanied by a shudder. The small bud began to harden and grow. He realized it was actually hidden beneath a hood of skin which he pulled up to reveal the entire thing. He then had a thought. If sticking his tongue into her bellybutton had such an affect on her, imagine what sticking his tongue in here would do. He moved his mouth closer. Just before he stuck his tongue out he breathed in deeply. The smell made him swoon, exhaling hot breath directly on the surface of her mons. She moaned and her knees weakened. He breathed out again and she said “Oh, my God!” He stuck out his tongue and touched the small nub. She grabbed the sides of his head, hissed a long, sibilant “yesssssssss” and sank to the tiled floor.

Sam spread her legs wide, knees bent, and entreated him with her gaze to continue his oral discoveries. Arnold darted his tongue again and again at the small nodule, each time eliciting a moan or sigh or some comment which emboldened him. He tried to keep her verbal responses coming but couldn’t seem to find a corollary between what he did and how Sam reacted. After a while he gave up

and just enjoyed the overall pleasure which he knew he was giving her.

One thing was obvious. There was a direct connection between her level of pleasure and the amount of wetness. Every once in a while he would send his finger back into the deep cavern and would be surprised at the amount of juices flowing in there. Her reactions kept increasing and he found that a kind of cycle was being formed. The more he licked, the more she moaned. The more she moaned, the more he was driven to lick. He knew, from his own experiences with orgasms, where this was all leading, but try as he might, he couldn't quite figure out where this huge erection he was sporting came into the picture.

Time and again Mr. Ridell had told him how happy this huge cock of his was going to make the women of the world, and he knew there were an awful lot of women who had expressed a desire to experience his erection, and he had a fair idea that, when it finally got around to being the right time he was going to put his raging hard-on up that wonderful hole he had been sending his finger into. All these things he knew. What he couldn't figure out was when it was supposed to happen. Would she tell him? Would some secret compartment in his brain open up and announce to him, "Now, dummy!"? He was afraid he was going to miss his opportunity completely. Or worse yet, get it wrong and this whole wonderful experience would disintegrate into a huge moment of embarrassment.

He wasn't going to worry about it at the moment, though, because something important seemed to be happening. Sam's thighs were spreading wider, her hips pressed against the attack of his mouth, her cries and encouragements became more intense and his

need to lick and tweak and worry and agitate and stimulate her tiny nub of flesh seemed to be reaching some sort of pinnacle. He doubled his efforts and soon found himself buried nose deep in her cunt just trying to hang on. Her cries became more intense. In fact, if he hadn't known this was such a pleasant experience for her he would have sworn he was hurting her. She kept telling him not to stop, though, and he didn't think he could, even if she had wanted him to.

A thought occurred to him. If Sam was getting this much pleasure from the onslaught of his tongue, how much more would he be able to give her if he reinserted his digits into her secret spot? Carefully, while trying not to interrupt the rhythm he had established with his tongue, he began reintroducing his finger. At first, his motion was gentle and inquisitive. When Sam's cries became even more powerful, he knew he had discovered a new thing. He then turned his hand over and began a gentle tickling motion on the underside of her clitoris. This seemed to light a fire inside Sam that was overpowering.

Higher and higher they both went, each feeding off the other's pleasures until suddenly Sam's whole body contracted. Every muscle stood out in detail as the first waves of orgasm ran through her body. Again and again. Shot after shot of staggering convulsions wracked her frame until he thought she wouldn't stop. He kept up his attack of her clitoris both from within and without and at one point the shuddering started to subside for a second but then a second wave hit, bigger than the first. She was practically screaming and the pleasure this brought him drove him on, too. His hand within her actually had to grab her to hold on as he was afraid of losing his grip on her.

Finally, following one last vibration of her body, she collapsed against the tiles. Her breathing was very labored and she seemed to be not quite sure of where she was. She looked down between her legs and saw him staring back up at her.

“Did I do that right?”

“Oh my God, yes, did you do that right.”

She longed to hold him. She stretched out her arms to him and he crawled up and straddled her torso, his knees on the floor between her legs.

“What was that?”

She couldn’t help herself. She laughed. The puzzled look on his face sobered her slightly and she answered his question.

“That, my dear Stud, was two orgasms back to back. At least I think there were two. A third one might have sneaked in there somewhere.”

She reached up and put her arms around his neck, pulling him down to her. Their lips met and they kissed a long, deep kiss that went on forever. Her hands were all over him. She ran them up the backs of his arms, feeling the power of his triceps as they held him above her. She ran them over his back and felt the huge knotted sheets of muscle there, then down around the front to his massive pecs, firm and hard.

He lowered himself down into her and began to grind his groin against her cunt. Slowly, at first, and then picking up speed. Where no direction had been given, nature had taken over. There was just one problem. She was lying on a cold tile floor and a small piece of grit had been digging into her back for the past few minutes. Besides, she had just experienced not one, but two, seismic orgasms

and didn't think her body could take another one just yet. It was certain that once that massive erection of his was inside her she would be shooting off through orgasms like she never had before. She placed her hands on the fronts of his shoulder and pressed him up off her. The look on his face was devastating. It was a mixture of sexual frustration coupled with fear that he had been doing something wrong.

"I'm sorry, my dear Stud, but we're going to have to find a more hospitable location before we continue our explorations."

They both looked over at Mr. Ridell, who had been observing the proceedings, to see if he could suggest a better spot. He told them to take a shower and he'd be back in a minute. He left with a feeling of purpose, so the two lovers trusted he had something definite in mind.

They took him up on his suggestion and jumped in the shower. Sam was already naked, but Arnold still had his briefs and thong on. Sam removed them for him and then stood back to admire the view. She had never, ever seen such a wonderful collection of body parts. Sure, there were many guys at the gyms where she worked-out whose muscles were far bigger than Arnold's, but that was only one part of the picture. The attention paid to symmetry in his development helped balance the total image. His gorgeous features were textbook classic without being trite or cliché. Then there was, of course, his magnificent genitals. The shaft was still thick and rigid, the head inflamed and dangerous looking. His balls were proportional to the rest of him and she suddenly had the thought of this huge cock hanging from the groin of some ninety-eight pound weakling. What if he hadn't started body building? What would this all look like now?

The final part of the picture was the person she had come to know over the past few hours. There certainly was a physical attraction, and their common pasts seemed to do a lot for helping them understand each other's personal needs. The bond they shared through their friend, Mr. Ridell, was enough to forge a life long relationship, had a wiser way not been seen. But all of these things did not take into account the wonderful, sweet, sensitive person she had found him to be. This, more than anything physical, was what now drew her to him, in direct conflict with her own plans for this relationship. She feared she might not be able to let go of this gentle soul when the time came. She hoped she would be strong enough.

CHAPTER 17: PATTY

As Patty drove up to the gym she saw there were already three people squatting on the pump island waiting for her arrival. They were in heavy conversation and made quite a tableau. Three pairs of thick, muscular thighs being hunched over by three pairs of very wide shoulders and being wrapped around by three pair of large, highly developed arms. Their heads wagged back and forth, shaking or nodding with great animation in response to one of the other's comments. It was Sunday. The politically radical wing of the muscle set was in attendance. These three always showed up and argued political issues back and forth as they heaved weights up and down all afternoon. Sometimes their arguments become so heated she was amazed that they didn't sometimes heave the weights at each other. There would always come a time, about two hours after their arrival, when she would have to call a cease fire and demand that if they were going to discuss anything at all it had to be in the category of polite dinner conversation. They would always shift gears. One time they picked up the topic of plants and got into one of the loudest and most heated arguments they had ever been involved in.

The only good thing about these three and their Sunday afternoon verbal bashings was that it kept the crowds down; most people found the atmosphere too distracting. She was the only one working Sunday's and too many people made things hectic. Not that she wanted to drive customers away, but she appreciated having one slow day a week. Today was going to be a short day for her, anyway, as she was leaving at four o'clock for her sister's and the kid was going to lock up for her. She thought he would be here already, but his bike wasn't parked in front as it usually was.

She parked her car and opened the front door of the building, walked to the back of the office, disarmed the alarm system and walked back out to the reception area. The three were still sitting on the curb arguing some minute geo-theo-eco-bio-political point. She had long since given up trying to follow the gist of their weekly diatribes. The topics were generally so esoteric she hadn't the slightest idea which side who was on. She suspected none of them did most of the time, either. Arguing for argument's sake.

The sun poured into the gym through the many sky lights, heating up the place, so Patty turned on the ceiling fans to get some air moving. Her next task of the day, and the reason she enjoyed working on Sundays, was to water the literally hundreds of plants that occupied every nook and cranny of the gym. The plants had been her contribution to the identity of the place so they were her responsibility.

She had started a few years ago with a couple of potted ferns in the front area. Soon she was bringing in several new plants each week. They started to be hung from the sky lights, stuck on top of exercise stations, shoved into every corner available until they became the most identifiable characteristic of the gym. The oxygen they created was a great asset. People who worked out there swore they could get in an extra two to three reps on every exercise they did compared to any other gym in the area. Cynics claimed they were shorting on the weights to give this impression. This was not the case. More oxygen in the air meant more oxygen in the bloodstream. More oxygen in the blood stream meant a quicker exchange of waste products created during heavy activity. Quicker exchange meant the muscle worked longer and harder. Muscles that

worked longer and harder got bigger, faster. C'est évident. The plants stayed.

She had gone out and bought a water sprayer that rode on her back like a knapsack. It was pumped up by hand and then a long nozzle delivered the water to even the hardest to reach of the plants. She still took a step ladder around with her to tend to the individual plants, plucking and preening her babies, getting rid of shed leaves, checking for infestations, generally letting them know they were loved. The plants thrived on the atmosphere of the gym. The harder the people worked out the more carbon dioxide was released into the air. The plants were all very big. The people were all very big. Everyone was happy.

She had the routine down. The whole place could be watered and a moderate amount of maintenance could be done in about forty-five minutes. Just as she was putting the step ladder back into the closet the political party finally realized the place was opened and came in, dragging behind them the remains of some philosophical argument that had been beaten to a pulp out in the parking lot. Something told Patty they were going to run out of steam pretty soon. This might just be a peaceful afternoon after all. The three of them headed for their respective locker rooms to get changed and she headed for the front desk to call the kid to see if he really intended to come in. It would be a shame if he didn't, she thought sarcastically, as it would provide her with the perfect excuse for not making the drive south. Then she would just go home after closing up and see if her new neighbor was pre-occupied.

If she closed her eyes she could imagine that huge cock of his laying in the palm of her hand. She had tried to seem blazé when he had dropped his massive dick in her hand, but the fact was she had

never seen, much less had her hands on, anything that big before. Her asshole tingled at the thought of that bulbous head pushing its way past her sphincter muscles and traveling up her colon. She became wet between her legs and welcomed the chance to withdraw to the office for a few minutes to enjoy, and even encourage, the flow.

Just as she had sat down at the desk and propped her feet up on the edge to get a better angle with her finger on the lips of her cunt the front door swung open and the kid, that irrepressible bundle of unrestrained energy, flew into the gym. A whole series of emotions, not a majority of which were pleasant, ran through Patty's being. It was, however, inevitable that the kid would, indeed, walk in at that very moment. That's what made the kid the kid.

The kid, always spelled and said in the lower case, was the gym mascot. He had wandered into the place about a year-and-a-half ago. He was immediately hooked on the place. They couldn't get rid of him so they gave him a job. He took care of the place, keeping it clean, and made himself available to the customers in case they needed a hand and, on rare occasions like today, actually sitting in the command seat, handling any emergency that might come up. They generally only allowed him to do this on Sundays, the slowest day of the week. It wasn't that he was incompetent. To the contrary, he was the most conscientious employee they had. But he was young and still had a lot to learn about the big responsibilities.

Several times now they had let him close on Sundays and everything had gone off like clockwork. Patty's confidence in the kid was very high. She also liked the fact that the more responsibility they gave him the more responsible he became. In return for his efforts he was allowed to work-out for free. This he

had been doing with a dedication that shamed all but the most serious of their clientele. In the past eighteen months the kid's body had gone from that of a gangling, out-of-proportion teenager to one of depth and definition.

The other thing Patty was happy about was the kid's own level of self-esteem. When he had first walked into the gym he'd had a terrible self-deprecating manner that was quite uncomfortable to witness; he had literally hated himself. During his time at The Pump House, he had been befriended by most of the folks and had learned to see the improvements in his mind as well as his body. He had also found his center. He discovered the reason he had been so miserable was that he had spent the last few years trying to convince himself and everyone else around him that he was straight. He wasn't. It had been quite obvious to Patty and several of the other folks that the kid was playing a role he wasn't suited for. They got two of the more openly gay customers to have a little talk with him. When he finally figured out his proper sexual orientation it was as though someone had thrown away the old kid and this new, improved version walked into the gym in his place. Patty was sure that he was still a virgin, but if he kept up his current rate of development he was going to have to beat them off with a stick before the year was out.

Patty greeted the kid with her usual feigned lack of concern. The kid feigned right back, pretending that his presence and the fact that he was closing that night were matters of course. Nothing out of the ordinary here, no sir. She could tell he was so hyped up about it that he was about to blast right out of the top of his head. She enjoyed seeing him enthusiastic. Sometimes it got on her nerves. Most of the time, though, it was contagious. He'd go down to the

gym floor and cajole and razz and encourage and pump up anyone who looked like they weren't putting in a hundred-and-ten per cent.

His enthusiasm for the world of body building was another of those aspects of the place that gave it its own identity. If you couldn't face going into another gym and moving forty or fifty tons of iron around, you just headed over to The Pump House and the kid would get you so hyped up you finished your routine and wanted to start over again. Many people would request him as their workout partner. He would sometimes do two or even three people a day, exercising right along with them. At the end of the day exhaustion would overcome him and he would fall dead asleep on the couch in the office. They'd kick him out at closing time only to find him sitting on the curb when the doors were opened the next day.

Patty suspected there wasn't any kind of a home life for the kid. She also knew he had no other income and probably wasn't getting the proper nourishment. This was especially important in light of the amount of energy he expended in the course of a day. She always made sure that whoever he worked with tipped him generously at the completion of the session. But there was no guarantee the money was going to food. She tried to suss him out on this but he was uncharacteristically closed mouth about the subject of where his money was going. So when Patty sensed that things were out of balance in his system she'd haul him out to a restaurant and jam a bunch of good food down him.

"You're late." Patty hoped he wouldn't have one of his good excuses.

"*You're* late," the kid retorted. "I was here fifteen minutes early. Those politicos started in with their arguing and I thought if I had to sit around inside all day and listen to their bullshit then I didn't think

I needed to do it in the big outdoors as well. I split on my bike and went down to the beach for a swim. I figured there wasn't anything to do until you left at four, anyway."

Patty was properly chastened. She had forgotten she had specified the time to be there and then had blown it herself with her little self-indulgence in the shower. She didn't let the kid know this, though. She just barreled on through as though it was still his fault and never looked back. The kid tactfully allowed this. There were no recriminations here, this was just the way their relationship worked.

"Seeing as I got stuck doing all the plants (she never, ever, let anyone do the plants) you get to go down on the floor and baby-sit the babbling threesome." The kid rolled his eyes in mock exasperation. "It shouldn't be too bad. I think they were running out of steam when they came in."

"I hope so. Barbara got so upset at something one of the guys said last week she stopped spotting him in the middle of a bench press. Just walked away leaving the guy there holding about four hundred fifty pounds over his head."

Patty thought it couldn't happen to a nicer person but kept that to herself. Abandoning someone in the middle of a rep was dangerous and not to be condoned. She needed a serious injury in the gym like a hole in the head. Hopefully their differences had been patched up during the week and she wouldn't have to have words with them. The one thing that made this place was the feeling of support and camaraderie among all the staff and clientele. If something like that was allowed to spread it could be the downfall of them all.

“That’s pretty serious stuff. If you see it happen again, with that bunch or anyone else, let one of us know. Immediately. Got it?”

“Sure. I’m sorry I didn’t bring it up when it happened. It seemed sort of harmless at the time. I’ll keep my eye out for it.”

“I know you will. If I didn’t think you could handle it I wouldn’t be leaving you with the keys tonight.” He beamed. “Now get out there and make sure those boneheads don’t kill each other. And if I catch you joining in with them, you’re fired. Now git.”

The kid jumped up and made for the gym floor.

The window along the side wall of the office overlooked the gym itself. She sometimes would sit at the window, her legs spread and finger busy while she drank in the sight of all that beautiful flesh bulging and swelling. She especially liked the view afforded her by the benchpress stations. They all faced the window so that when the tools laid down on them to go through their reps she’d get a great look up their gym shorts at their jockstraps. There was nothing she loved more than cock. She loved it hard, soft, thick, thin, short, long, cut, uncut, white, black, purple. Especially purple. When it was so hard and hot and the blood swelling it to incredible size just before it shoots its load of cum into her cunt or mouth or ass. She really loved it purple.

She thought again of the huge cock she’d handled today and began to fantasize in earnest about it entering various openings in her body. The nice thing about this particular cock, aside from its obvious physical charms and great location right next-door, was that it was attached to a beautiful body with a beautiful face and a beautiful sense of humor and a beautifully unassuming ego. That was the one thing she usually didn’t like about tools. They had this ego thing. They all needed to feel there was no one better than them,

there was no one more important than them, that the center of the universe had nothing on their cock as far as importance was concerned. The fact of the matter was that every tool she ever dealt with was the most important thing in the universe at that moment. If the tool would just realize this and return the favor then the sex would be great. Great? It would generally be earth-shattering. But most of the time they carried the whole sexual history of the world into bed with them and expected to be judged on how they compared with every dick that ever entered a cunt since the beginning of time.

Patty got the feeling that Arnold's problem was not that he had an ego to match his dick, but that he equated people's desire to own him physically with love. She had been forward with him, for sure, but that was just her way. The fact that he so freely referred to his cock and, just as freely exposed it to a complete stranger like herself, told Patty he didn't have much of a sense of privacy. She thought there was probably a home-life situation that had prevented those personal barriers from being formed in a normal, growth oriented way. This usually involved incest or other forms of sexual abuse. Though this was all none of her business, she felt that if she was going to be involved with the guy, even on a casual sex basis, she'd probably end up dealing with it on some level. It wouldn't be the first time she'd gotten wrapped up in some tools past.

The most notable example of that had been that cunt, Norma Benton's, last ex: Mark. He had practically run away from home when he couldn't stand her proprietary attitude towards his body any more. He had been an abused child and spent his late teens and early twenties searching for some fucked-up version of real love. Norma was the perfect source for fucked-up love. He fell right into

her trap, accepting her body worship as a replacement for a real emotional commitment. When he won the Mr. Universe contest she conned him into marrying her and then the fun really began. He became her sexual toy, cumming when she called, as it were. She had no sense of marital fidelity and continued to take other men to bed with her, sometimes literally kicking him out of their bedroom so she could spend the night with some other muscle-bound stud.

Patty suspected the only reason Mark lasted so long was because he, too, had a very large cock. In fact, until Arnold showed up, it had probably been the biggest on the beach. But with the marriage being so fucked-up it wasn't long before Mark was slacking off on his training, diet, nutrition, and lifestyle. He started to replace real exercise with steroids and other chemicals. Needless to say the following year's Mr. Universe went to a much more deserving physique. That same deserving physique celebrated his victory in bed with Mark's wife, Norma. Patty had found him, drunk and very high, sitting on the beach at three o'clock in the morning in front of her apartment. He had been making quite a racket.

Instead of leaving him to the cops and bad press, Patty took him in, gave him a cup of coffee, a hot shower and a warm bed. He cried all night. He kept saying over and over that he had only wanted someone to love him. The years of work, the hundreds of thousands of pounds of iron, the starving, the pain, the pushing himself every day to surpass the efforts of the day before when all he really wanted to do was go lie down somewhere and sleep for a week, all of it was just so that someone would love him. Several relatives and close family members had loved him for his big, physical cock. He felt if he could improve the rest of himself physically then more

people would love him. He ended up having no one inside himself to be loved for real.

Mark ended up staying at Patty's for a week. No one else knew he was there. The only demand she had put on him was that he make no attempt to contact Norma. It worked for a week but you can't change the stripes on a zebra over night. Or even in a week. He called her one day while Patty was out. When Norma demanded to know where he was he told her. She immediately called the cops and had them come and get him on some trumped up charge. Apparently he had a credit card in his wallet that was in Norma's name and she accused him of stealing it. She came down and bailed him out of jail after letting him be humiliated for a couple of hours, took him home, fucked him and then made him watch as she screwed the successor to the crown. That night, while Norma and the new kid slept in his marital bed, Mark left with nothing in his pockets but a comb, the keys to his car, which he had bought long before meeting Norma, and a piece of paper with Patty's phone number on it.

Patty agreed to take him back but with several conditions. He would work at the gym to earn his keep, he had to seek out professional help to get to the bottom of this self-destructive behavior, and he had to sleep on the living room couch. No sex until the divorce was final. And that was the other thing. He had to file for a divorce and see it through. All these things Mark did. When the divorce hearings came up Norma had counter-filed claiming that because he hadn't won the Mr. Universe contest the following year he had failed to live up to her expectations as a husband and suitable bed partner. The court threw her case out and awarded him a tidy little alimony which he declined. He just wanted to be shut of her. If

he had a check coming from her every month it would be as though the bond would still be there. Nothing. He wanted nothing.

He stayed with Patty for eight more months and then moved out on his own. He appreciated her support, her generosity, her love, her understanding, but it was time he got a little personal space and figured things out for himself. The therapy helped immensely in dredging up and allowing him to deal with past wrongs. Once he realized where all his problems stemmed from he was able to wipe the slate clean and begin again. Norma, on the other hand, still blamed Patty for “screwing up the best piece of meat I ever bedded.”

And now there was Arnold. If she was correct in her assumptions about him this could be the beginning of a pattern. She didn't want to baby-sit any more tools. She'd love them, she'd fuck them, she'd suck them, she'd even make the occasional breakfast for them, but she wasn't going to take any more to raise. She'd have to be on her guard from the very start. It was then, when there was still a novelty about the new tool in her life, that she tended to become attached to them. And she figured it would be very easy, and very nice, to become extremely attached to that eleven-and-a-half inch cock she'd handled that very morning outside her apartment door.

All this time her finger had slowly been massaging the lips of her vagina through her sweats. She had succeeded in worrying herself into a state of agitation that required a bit more direct attention. She figured if just the thought of that huge dick could inspire at least two orgasms in one day then the real thing was going to plain tucker her out. She headed down the stairs to the gym and back towards the employees bathroom with a quick glance over the

room to see if everything was still in the correct number of pieces and also to check to see if there was anyone worth taking with her.

Two other people had come in during her reveries and were presently going through pre-workout stretches. The politico contingency was uncharacteristically non-verbal. She wondered if they had quit speaking to each other until she noticed the kid riding herd on them. He was issuing encouragements and good-naturedly chiding them for skimping on this push or that pull. He was indomitable. He was also cute. You couldn't possibly get pissed at him. He just cute-ed his way into your good graces and you let him push you through your reps, coming out with a greater sense of accomplishment and a larger muscle.

Patty thought about the kid for a second. She wondered what he would be like. She wondered if, since his episode of self-awakening, he would be the least bit interested in having a quick one with the boss-lady. He was shaping up very nicely, his arms were starting to take on that wonderful definition when the individual muscles began assuming their own identity. His chest was becoming broad and deep, the pecs more prominent under his baggy sweat shirts. When he bothered to take his top off, which was rarely, he displayed a fine abdomen, tapering from increasingly wider shoulders down to a tight waist and firm ass which she suspected was one of his favorite muscle groups to work on. She also noticed he had taken to wearing a different style of jockstrap. It seemed to offer a bit more support, thrusting his genitals forward more than when he had first started coming to the gym.

At this moment Patty was eyeing that thrusting forward and wondering what the dear thing looked like unfettered. She could put pressure on him to reveal himself, to even have sex with her; she

was certain he would acquiesce, but there wouldn't be anything else to it. Nothing much different than what Norma was guilty of. She decided the best thing she could do for both herself and the kid would be to honor him with a little fantasy action while she took care of matters herself.

She gave the kid the high sign, showing him that she was going to the bathroom. The kid rolled his eyes dramatically, showing that he knew what the purpose of her trip was. She flipped him the finger and headed back through the equipment and plants to the door marked private. The sound of iron hitting iron and the song of the men and women grunting and moaning in their efforts was, quite literally, music to her ears. This was the tune she loved to masturbate to. She closed the door, turned the lock, pulled down her gym clothes and sat down on the toilet. Her nose was immediately assaulted by the smell of her own cunt juices which were flowing with the expectation of orgasm. She ran her finger up her cunt to get it good and wet, bringing lubrication back to her clitoris which was already becoming quite agitated. Slowly she pressed her finger into it, her other hand spreading the lips of her vagina to allow the most contact possible.

She pictured what she thought the kid's cock looked like, with nothing to base the mental image on besides her own active imagination. She built an idealized kid in her mind...

...shy, reticent, his cock hanging heavily between his legs, the balls swollen, the tip leaking tiny drops of pre-cum. As she reaches out for the cock before her it twitches in anticipation of being touched. Her finger nails run along its length causing it to thicken, the head becoming bigger, stimulating pleasant thoughts of it pressing against the inside of her cunt.

The sound of iron plates' clank and the sound of the grunts and moans blended with her own as she took on their beat. Her finger drove her clitoris into a vibration that began to ring through her entire body.

In her mind the kid growls and moans as the animal she senses within him is released by her ministrations. His cock is now hard and long, her cunt is hungry and empty. She spreads her legs wider and entreats him to enter her. He hesitates, the distended member bobbing and weaving between them. She leans forward and takes it into her mouth, the head pushing its way to the back of her throat. He becomes more agitated and she tastes his seminal fluid leaking profusely from the tip. As she sucks on his cock she reaches around behind him and begins toying with his asshole. Her fingernail traces the sphincter muscle, flicking across it. Then, with a quickness that startles the boy, she drives her forefinger in, worming it back and forth until it is buried up to the last knuckle. He cries out in pleasure/pain and his cock leaps in her mouth. She fastens her lips tightly around its ever expanding girth, preventing its escape. He wriggles his ass back onto her finger, attempting to get every last millimeter inside him. His hips begin to work as his animal drive takes over. He wants to cum. She takes him up to the split second before he's about to shoot in her mouth, then pulls away, her finger vacating his clasping rectum. He growls. He tries to force his way back into her mouth but she leans back with legs spread. If he wants to shoot, it has to be inside her. The look on his face says novels. She's a cunt, a tease, a hot bitch. He grabs the massive organ that juts out from between his legs and viciously rams it into her, splitting her and sending her immediately over the edge. It's so big, so hot, so smooth, so virgin. She starts to cum the moment he's

inside her. He pounds away at her cunt and is soon splattering her insides with a thick covering of cum. Again and again he rams his hot cock into her, each thrust accompanied by another volley of jism. Her cunt throbs and jolts, her abdomen contracting over and over with the force of her orgasm. She thinks he is done but he keeps thrusting, his cock still hard as a rock. Again the waves of orgasm overtake her and send her spinning through a universe of electric impulses, the stuff stars are made of. He immediately cums again, filling her to overflow, his sperm running out of her cunt and down the insides of her thighs. One final thrust, one final shudder and he pulls his cock out of her cunt with a popping noise. He glares down at her, challenging her to ever think of doing that again. The animal will not be toyed with. She lies breathless, ravaged, satisfied.

There was a banging at the door. It took her a moment to realize where she was. She focused on her image in the mirror in front of her, over the sink. Her eyes were glazed, her hair tousled. She then realized that the finger of her other hand, the one that had been spreading the lips of her vagina, had found its way down to her ass and the forefinger was imbedded up to the last knuckle. Someone was banging on the door still.

“Who is it?” she said, none to politely.

“It’s me, Patty.”

The kid.

“Things getting a little wild in there?”

“I’m fine. I’ll be out in a second.”

She washed her hands, opened the door and walked across the room to the stairs. The kid fell in behind her.

“Was I making too much noise?”

“I just turned up the music out here, but you raised a few eyebrows.”

“You’re a sweetheart.” Patty decided to tell him about his presence in her sex dream. “I just had a fantasy about you.”

“Me? Why?”

“Beats me. Unknown quantity? Seemed like the fun thing to do.”

“Was I any good?” She’d reached the stairs and stopped on the first one, turning to him. His interest in how she perceived him sexually took her a bit by surprise.

“The best, darlin’. The best.”

She patted his cheek and turned to go up the stairs but he grabbed her wrist as it touched the railing. Patty felt an electric shock run through her body. She turned towards him, eyebrow raised in reaction. He was about to say something else but stopped in mid-word and just stared over her shoulder at something up in the reception area. By the look on his face she knew she would see one of two things when she turned around: Either a gunman pointing a forty-four magnum at the back of her head or her new neighbor delivering her ‘forgotten’ gym bag. She turned around and Arnold waved to her.

Patty trotted up the stairs, sensing the kid close on her heels. Arnold looked as gorgeous clothed as he did naked, or semi-naked. His shirt spread nicely over his pecs, clung seductively to his biceps. His pants were pleated and baggy but revealing at the same time. She also knew it would have been possible to draw a straight line between the kid’s eyes and Arnold’s cock and not be a degree off from their aim. In Arnold’s left hand was the errant gym bag. As she came up the stairs he held it out to her, shaking his head in mock

disappointment. She wondered if he knew she had left it behind on purpose. She'd play the innocent until he called her on it.

"Thanks," she said, taking it from him. "I realized as I was getting out of the car here that I had forgotten it, but there were already people here so I figured if you weren't able to drop it by I could stop by your place on my way out of town this afternoon."

"I know. Things got a little distracting just as you were leaving. I would have done the same, under those circumstances." The look in his eye told her he was innocent of her manipulations. He nodded his head over her shoulder.

"Who's the gawker?"

Patty turned around to introduce the kid but she stopped in mid-breath. The look on his face could only be described as 'stupid'. The kid was dumbfounded. She turned back to Arnold, bravely trying to keep a straight face.

"This is the kid. He's going to be closing the gym for me tonight. That is, unless he doesn't report in from outer space before then."

She snapped her fingers in front of his eyes. Slowly the kid shifted his glance to her and his expression changed to one eerily reminiscent of the one she had fantasized on his face when she had stopped sucking his cock to keep him from cumming in her mouth. The similarity was scary. She had never seen him look that way in reality and had never thought such thoughts could cross his mind, but he obviously resented being made fun of when his emotions were running so high. Patty decided she had done enough damage and let the kid handle it himself. She knew that, sooner or later, he would have to deal with such a situation and she was glad that it was with someone as seemingly together as Arnold.

She looked back at Arnold and saw he was watching the interplay between them carefully. She didn't know if he could figure out where things stood between herself and the kid. Arnold stuck out his right hand to the kid and introduced himself.

"My name's Arnie. Shape, to my friends." This last was delivered with a nod to Patty.

The kid took his hand and shook it firmly. Patty wondered what would be made of Arnold's reference to her as friend.

"Glad to meet you. My name's Peter."

Patty turned quickly to him, surprise written across her face.

"Peter? That's your name? After all this time you've finally let the secret out."

Realizing she was doing it again, she shut-up, wondering why she was making a mess of this. She feared the kid, Peter, was horning in on her territory. This was inane. She had just met this man this morning. Okay, so she had held his eleven-and-a-half inch cock in her hand on the walkway of their building. Okay, so she had a great fantasy about him while showering, the orgasm from it melting her to a puddle in her tub. So what? So why was she feeling so...so...so left out? That was it. There seemed to be this electricity passing back and forth between the two men and she wasn't being included.

Arnold's smile was one of amusement. He probably was used to being stared at by men and women alike, so the attentions of this young man were probably nothing he couldn't handle, both physically and emotionally. He was completely nonplused by the scrutiny his cock was coming under. He seemed to enjoy it, in fact. He appeared to become a bit annoyed, however, when Peter kept pumping his hand.

Finally Arnold looked at his arm going up and down.

“I don’t think I’ve gotten this much of a workout since I left the gym two days ago.”

Peter realized he was still shaking Arnold’s hand and sheepishly let go of it. He struggled for a moment to find his voice.

“Are you new around here? I don’t remember seeing you on the beach. I’m sure of that.”

“Yes, I just moved into town today as a matter of fact.”

Peter shot an inquisitive look to Patty.

“I took the apartment next to Patty’s. We met this morning when I was moving in.”

“Oh, you’re neighbors,” Peter said with a bit too much relief in his voice. “So you just met. This morning.”

“Yeah. This morning.” Arnold was becoming quite amused at Peter’s reaction. “Just friends. This morning.”

Peter realized he was being ribbed and blushed. There was love in his eyes. Patty wondered how long Arnold was going to let this go on. Surely he could see the boy’s reaction to him. Was he playing with him? Was he innocent of the boy’s attentions? Was he enjoying them? Could she have been so wrong about this hunk with the magnificent cock? The truth was that she had nothing to judge her assessment of his sexual preferences on. Now that she thought about it his outrageous behavior and apparent sexual openness seemed to match more that of some of her gay friends. Maybe the reason he had been so easy about her handling his cock was because it hadn’t meant anything to him. There had been no pressure of a relationship there so dropping his dick into her hand had been just his way of introducing himself. Her heart went cold. Was that magnificent cock

to be nothing but a source of fantasy for her? She thought truly envious thoughts towards Peter. Images of him bent over the arm of a couch or over-stuffed chair with this beautiful stud ramming his huge hard-on up his ass, a look of painful glee plastered on the young boy's face, caused her blood to temporarily run cold. She looked at Arnold and saw he was staring at her as though she had just thrown up on his favorite tie. She turned to Peter and his expression was similar. What the hell were they looking at? She then realized that she was pounding loudly on the top of the reception desk. It was as though her body was throwing a temper tantrum and it hadn't invited her. She stopped and took a deep breath.

Arnold waited for a moment.

"I figured as long as I was down here I might as well take you up on that tour you promised me. Can you spare a few minutes?"

Peter, realizing something was wrong, but obviously not guessing what it was, spoke up. "I wouldn't mind showing him around if you're busy, Patty."

Patty tried very hard to keep both her countenance and her voice as even as possible.

"I suppose that would be entirely up to Arnold. Uh...Shape?"

"It might be nice if Peter could come along. He could run me through some of the gear I don't recognize."

Patty hoped this was an effort not to hurt the boy's feelings.

They walked down the stairs and began winding their way through the different stations, Arnold occasionally stopping to ask a question about this piece of gear or that. Several times he did indeed request that Peter demonstrate a certain machine, seemingly

unaware of its use. Peter would eagerly jump to the task, putting on more weight than he would normally use. He'd then whip off his sweat shirt, revealing his developing physique, and begin to do full reps, his breathing deep and concentrated. Arnold would watch each rep as though there were some secret locked inside its performance, the answer to which would grant him untold powers and abilities. When Peter finished he would answer any questions Arnold had, and he always had at least one, but would then withdraw and defer to Patty as to the course of the tour or the next point that would be made.

Patty had no idea what was going on here. Arnold seemed to be intensely interested in Peter. But then he seemed to be intensely interested in herself when she was talking. Occasionally they would get to a station where someone else was exercising and he would wait until that person had finished using the apparatus completely and then query them about this or that point. His interest in what these people said seemed to be no less or more. Slowly it dawned on Patty. He was just interested. He was fascinated. Every moment was new to him and he didn't waste it by prejudging or evaluating before all the data was in. He was completely open to what was going on around him, allowing the experience to wash over and around him like a rock in the middle of the stream. The water would run up and past, changing its course, making little eddies, the rock seemingly unaffected. But time and water would eventually mold the rock, smoothing it, changing it. Arnold would take a long time to absorb the information and experiences and then the change would be noticed later.

Patty stood back and watched the process, amazed at the man's complexity. She thought it would be interesting to know how he was

processing the information about Peter. It would take her a long time to straighten out her new image of the boy. At least Arnold had the advantage (or was it an advantage) of not knowing what a change had come over the lad since Arnold had walked through the front door. Suddenly her heart went soft. Both of these men were far more complex than she had given either of them credit for. She found the thought of them being ‘tools’ suddenly very foreign. She knew she had made some quick assumptions about Arnold, his most interesting aspect being his huge cock. The kid...Peter...(she would have to get used to calling him that real quick) had been, up until that moment, a pet, a mascot, a gadfly. She thought of how he worked with the other people in the gym, of how his efforts to improve himself and his dealings with others had been such a success. Even how his ability to come to terms with his own sexuality without being traumatized impressed her now as she knew it should have impressed her upon first perceiving it.

By the end of the tour it was obvious that Arnold had deflected the boy’s infatuation. Instead, he had forged a friendship with the young man based on a respect for his vast knowledge of the equipment in the gym and his obvious devotion to his own and others use of it to its best advantage. Had there been any question about Arnold becoming a member of the club before, those doubts were laid to rest.

“You should be quite proud to have Peter on your staff, Patty. He knows more about what’s going on around here than people I’ve talked to at other gyms who are twice his age.”

Peter beamed. Patty hadn’t realized it, but she had never considered Peter on the staff of the gym. It now seemed so obvious. They would be fools to let him get away. She made a note to talk to

him about this the first chance she got. She gave him a knowing look and said, ‘We’ll talk.’

“So, do you think you might be joining us here?” Patty noticed Peter’s stress on the word ‘us’. She smiled. You had to love him.

Arnold seemed very impressed. With Peter, with the gym, with the plants, with the atmosphere. He looked around and nodded his head.

“I’ll bring in my checkbook tomorrow. Do you have an annual fee?”

“Plan on sticking around a while, eh?”

“Patty, with this kind of atmosphere and this kind of staff, I’d be hard pressed to find anything else this good. Yeah. I think I’ll be around for a while.”

Patty’s heart did a flip-flop. Peter thrust his hand out and shook Arnold’s, his face covered by the biggest shit-eating grin Patty had ever seen. Okay, a great friendship had been forged here, but she could tell that Peter had his own agenda regarding that eleven-and-a-half inch cock.

CHAPTER 18: FLASHBACK

As Sam came out of her reverie she realized Arnold was staring at the soap dispenser that was mounted on the wall next to the shower he was standing under. She knew the purpose of the unit and also knew what he was contemplating. There was little doubt as to the agony Arnold was in, not to mention the frustration he was experiencing. Something would have to be done soon, otherwise her hopes of having him cum inside her would be dashed against the ceiling of the shower room.

She moved to him and embraced him from behind, her arms encircling his abdomen. She pressed her firm, jutting breasts into his back and he flexed and shifted the muscles there, sending thrills through her nipples. Her hands moved up and enclosed his pecs which he also flexed. The smooth mountains of muscle shifted and grew under her hands, causing her to become even more moist between her legs. Slowly she encircled his nipples with her fingernails and finally pinched them both very hard.

“Unnnnnhhhhhhh,” he moaned. He ground his ass against her. “Oh, do that again. Harder.”

She obliged him and pinched harder, pulling them out away from his body. His breathing increased in speed and the moan grew louder. She stopped and turned him around before her. His cock was a dark red, verging on purple. His eyes were glassy and unfocused. She knew he had been close to an orgasm.

“Oh, no you don’t. I’m not letting you off so easily. You’re going to cum inside me next time and I’m going to enjoy it proper. You don’t think I went through this whole work-out just for the

pleasure of watching you splatter your cum against the wall, did you?”

“Oh, Sam. I gotta cum right now. My balls are killing me. They really hurt. You gotta help me.”

“Can’t you wait until Mr. Ridell gets back?”

The desperation in his voice told her he thought not. A glance at the substantial flow emitting from the end of his painful cock spoke even louder to the situation. There had to be a way.

“Isn’t there a way to do it standing up?”

“Yeah. But are you sure you want your first time to be like that?”

“I don’t know. What’s the difference?”

“Well, not much, really. It’s just that we won’t be facing each other. That’s all.”

“What do you mean?”

“I have to turn around and bend over. Then you enter me from behind. Like this.”

She turned away from him and bent at the waist, bracing her arms against the wall of the shower. Her gorgeous, muscular ass aimed itself right at his cock.

He could feel something like a magnet pulling him to her. His cock knew exactly what was supposed to happen.

“Sam?”

“Go ahead, Arnold. Just hold on to me so I don’t fall, okay?”

Arnold moved up behind her and grabbed the end of his cock. He squatted and tried to see exactly where he was supposed to put it. Things looked incredibly different from this angle. He recognized her rectum now and saw how there was little chance of him having

mistaken it for his ultimate goal. He also saw, just below it, the opening to her vagina, the lips swollen and dripping with the creamy white juice of her excitement. He stood back up and tentatively touched her there.

“Is this it, Sam?”

Sam moaned and her ass wriggled in pleasure.

“Yes, Arnold. Just go slow and easy. You won’t be able to go all the way inside me, but I’ll show you what to do about that. Go ahead.”

Very slowly, Arnold moved forward and placed the head of his cock against her vaginal opening. He wasn’t sure how far ‘not all the way’ was so he decided to err on the side of caution. The moment his dick came in contact with Sam and the warmth of her cunt was felt on the head of his cock, the whole world took on a different meaning. His life up until that moment became inconsequential. All the shit he had put up with at home, all the fights, all the crying, all the abuse (physical and mental), all the battles for control, all the heartaches and headaches and feelings of uselessness and futility and hatred and distrust melted away and were replaced with a sense of center. The center of himself. The center of life. The center of the universe. A beginning. A rebirth. A coming of age. A cumming. His balls began to churn and that familiar heaving sensation he always got just before shooting his wad began to work on his loins.

He quickly grabbed Sam’s ass and pulled it to him, his huge cock sinking in to half its length. Sam let out a high pitched scream which Arnold interpreted as pain. This distracted him enough that he didn’t cum immediately.

“Oh, God. Sam? Are you all right?”

“Fuck me, stud. Fuck me!”

As he pulled himself out, she squeezed the muscles of her vagina and clamped down around his huge, throbbing shaft. Again he entered her, this time with a sense of caution, her tight cunt causing the most incredible sensations to build up in his cock. They traveled down the length of it and then consumed him; spreading out from his groin until they took over his entire body. He lost control of his actions and gave into the need to pump his giant cock into her cunt. With each push of his member she cried out in pleasure/pain. Wetness was pouring out of her and her muscles strained and tensed. Arnold’s body began to tense as well until each fiber of muscle stood out in detail.

“Oh, yeah! Oh, oh, oh, you’re so big. So big! Fuck me, stud. Fuck me. Harder. Harder. Oooh. That’s it. That’s it! Don’t stop. Don’t...Stop...Don’t...Stop...”

An incredible feeling of warmth immediately consumed her cunt. His huge cock pressed against the walls of her vagina each time she bore down on it. She concentrated on not passing out; her knees were quickly turning to mush.

Arnold quickly approached orgasm.

“I’m cumming, Sam. I gotta cum. Oh...Oh...Oh. You’re so tight. I’m...I’m...Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!”

He began pumping with increased speed, his gigantic cock driving into her with tender but unstoppable force. His cum shot up his shaft and blasted out of the slit. Each volley brought a huge, growling scream from him, as though he were physically willing each one to shoot out. He had no idea how long this went on. His mind was blank. There were no thoughts in his head that he was aware of. The only thing that existed was his cock, Sam’s cunt, and

the incredible feeling of warmth. Every sense was supercharged. They all fed him huge amounts of data which he had no way of comprehending. The smells, the touches, the sights, even the taste of the air all combined to overwhelm him. Sam stopped trying to do anything but stay up. She had never been so filled, so consumed with the feelings of a cock in her. Arnold's cum fired with such force. Way back in the corner of her mind she was able to appreciate the fact that, though he was beyond control in most ways, he had not failed to care for the depth to which he penetrated her. Had things gotten out of control, and there was no reason to suspect they shouldn't have, his cock would have been pulverizing her cervix at this moment. He had sensed how far he could go without hurting her and had held to that.

After a while the intensity of his orgasm slacked. The huge wads of cum stopped shooting out of his cock. But the size of the cock did not diminish. He was as hard as before he had entered her. He kept pumping her cunt with his massive member as though nothing had happened. In fact, it appeared he was on his way to a second orgasm. His increased moaning and the force with which he entered her indicated that he had not been satisfied by the last earth-shattering orgasm. He needed to cum again.

Sam didn't know whether to stop him now or just let things take their natural course. She was fascinated by the fact that he could achieve sequential orgasms. This was definitely a first for her. The incredible sensation of his cock, deep inside, continued to melt her. She felt herself quickly approaching what felt like an orgasm although the only stimulation her clitoris had received was from his huge balls swinging forward and barely brushing it. She thought if she could get some pressure on it she would cum with him.

“Arnold, hold it a minute. I want to try something.”

Arnold didn't hear her so she stood up and pulled herself away from him. It wasn't until she was completely off his cock that he realized he was pumping the air. He opened his eyes and looked at her curiously.

“I'm sorry to interrupt this marvelous activity, but I'm very close to cumming, too. I want to try another position. How are those beautiful biceps of yours feeling?”

He flexed them and they swelled up. She moved to him and grabbed the end of his cock, lifting it to his abdomen. She then pressed her body against him, his cock now between her breasts. His hips were still making small thrusting motions and his cock rode up and down between the two glorious mounds. He pressed his hands to the outside of them and they squeezed his cock. Sam swooned at the feeling of the hot shaft against her and pressed herself to him even harder. His pumping actions increased and Sam knew he was close to cumming again.

“Grab my ass and lift me up over the top of your cock.”

With one incredulous eyebrow raised, he cupped her two glorious ass cheeks and lifted her, his huge biceps bulging with the effort. Sam grabbed the head of his cock and, as soon as her ass cleared the top of it, directed it between her legs to the entrance to her cunt. Arnold then slowly lowered her onto it and she wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck. Arnold's face was between her breasts and he turned his head from side to side and sucked on her erect nipples, causing her to moan loudly. He lowered her onto his cock and that incredible feeling of rightness consumed them both again.

“Okay, stud. Pump me! I want to see those biceps of yours pump up real big. Let me see those veins. Fuck me.”

She took one hand and ran it down between her legs to feel the huge shaft entering her. Her index finger found her clitoris and began massaging it, loud moans emanating from her throat. She threw her head back and closed her eyes, surrendering herself to the sense of consuming passion that flooded through her entire being.

Arnold turned around and placed his back to the wall to keep his balance. This was what he liked best of all: working out and cumming. The combination of the incredible feeling in his cock as Sam’s cunt slid up and down the thick, hard shaft, along with the feeling of the pump in his upper arms was the ultimate sensual experience. With each lift of Sam’s body his biceps heated up more and more, generating that feeling of ‘the pump’. It could only be described as a muscle cumming. As the fatigue set in the warmth spread throughout the entire muscle and the blood rushed in to remove the resulting waste products. His huge pecs were bulging, too, with the effort of supporting her ass. They also began to hum and throb. Sam’s breasts were constantly rubbing up and down across them, causing both lovers’ nipples to be stimulated into hard, sensitive, miniature erections. Their moans increased and they pressed themselves together to augment the sensation.

Meanwhile, his huge cock was beginning to ache. The only cure he could find for it was to push harder into Sam’s hot, moist, cock-squeezing cunt. He honestly had no concept of just how far he was penetrating. But there didn’t seem to be any pain, any “Oh, too far,” or “Careful with that, Buddy.” Each time he lowered her onto him it relieved him and created a need to do it again.

Sam's finger worked her clitoris and in just a moment had stimulated her to the edge of orgasm. It took all her effort not to send herself over the edge. She wanted to cum with Arnold, but didn't know how close he was. She tried to sense his progress but he was unreadable. It was as though he were in the middle of a set. She took her hand off her clit and placed it on his biceps, feeling the power of the muscle as it pumped her body up and down. She squeezed its bulk.

"Oh, yeah. Do that again. Squeeze my biceps. Squeeze it hard. I want to feel your hands on my biceps. Both of them. You see how big I'm getting? Look how big you're making my biceps, Sam. Oh, yeah! Squeeze my pecs. That feels good. Touch me."

Sam's hands roamed over his torso, kneading and feeling his huge muscles as they flexed and swelled. As she did, she could sense his strength renew and a different energy flow through his body. His cock began to expand and his hips forced themselves upward towards her ass each time he lowered her onto it.

Why wasn't this hurting? A lot? She'd had lovers whose dimensions were considerably less than the cock she was riding now and there had been a great deal of discomfort. With Arnold, it was like riding a brand new steel-tracked roller coaster. Smooth as glass but helluva ride.

She wrapped her legs around his hips tighter, placed her hands on his shoulder and began to help him lift herself up. His moans increased and his breathing became more labored. She sensed fatigue setting in and tried to help him to the completion of his efforts.

"Oh, God. Oh, I'm cumming again, Sam. I'm..."

Sam's hand dove down between her legs again and renewed its efforts on her clit. Within seconds her clit exploded in orgasm and her body contracted and shook with each wave. Arnold arched his back and his eyes clamped shut. His biceps were at the point of failure but he couldn't stop. His need to achieve orgasm far surpassed his muscles' limit of endurance. He pushed himself into the realms of pain and the increased sensation drove him over the edge. With loud grunts he began to shoot another load of cum into Sam's cunt. It immediately ran back down his shaft and balls. As soon as the last violent load had rocketed out of his cock his arms collapsed and fell to his side. Sam held on and kept herself from sliding further onto his shaft. She pumped herself up and down until he began to soften within her. She tried to hold him in her as long as she could, but eventually he slipped out of her, the huge rope of flesh swinging back and forth between his legs.

Slowly Sam lowered her feet to the floor, her breasts pressed tightly against Arnold's still heaving chest. She ran her hands over his shoulders and down to his completely wasted biceps. They were deep red, blood-filled and huge. As she massaged them he moaned with pleasure. Slowly his eyes opened and he looked at her. It took a moment to focus but when he did he drank in her beauty. Her golden hair was like a halo that fell on her shoulders. Her deep blue eyes studied his face, looking for signs of what he was feeling. Very slowly he raised his arms up, a supreme effort after what they had just been through, placed his hands on her cheeks and pulled her to him. Their lips met in a kiss that started gentle and small but grew in passion until they were grasping at each other's body, running their hands up and down, feeling the huge muscles that lay just beneath each other's skin. Passion flared up and soon their hips were

pumping against each other again, Arnold's cock thickening and rising, pressing against Sam's still wanting clit.

Arnold looked over Sam's shoulder and saw Mr. Ridell standing at the entrance to the shower room. He was without his basketball and the front of his trousers displayed the outline of his erect cock. Arnold wasn't sure when he had returned, but it had obviously been in time to enjoy their union. Sam turned to see what had attracted Arnold's attention and her eyes opened wide upon seeing her former mentor. The huge grin on his face spoke volumes.

Together the two of them went over to him and embraced him between them, pressing their naked bodies to him. He had never touched either of them in a sexual way in all the years he had known them, but now he ran his hands over their backs and up to their shoulders, down their arms and back to their asses, giving each area a healthy squeeze as he did.

Sam backed away a step and took Mr. Ridell's hands in hers. She placed them on her breasts. Mr. Ridell moved his hands over the surface of her firm mounds and tested the texture and resiliency of them. His attitude was a cross between the teacher evaluating a student's progress and a small child discovering a new world. The nipples responded immediately to his touch and she purred as he rubbed and encircled them with his hands. She stepped away from him and began a long, slow posing routine she had been working on. Each muscle group jumped out in full detail as she turned and twisted her body into amazing contortions designed to show her attributes to their best advantage. She had never done this routine for anyone naked before and the thought of displaying her beautifully developed body for these two men now really turned her

on. Each chance she got she would run her hands over her breasts or down to her clit, flicking and teasing it in passing.

Arnold moved to Mr. Ridell and put his huge arm around the man's shoulder, hugging him to him. They both watched in total fascination as the woman performed her routine for them, her body seductively flexing and posing for them. Both of their cocks grew larger and Arnold's began to bob and weave in front of him. Mr. Ridell looked down at it and saw the massive tool growing before his eyes. Arnold saw where the man's attentions were directed. He had always wondered why, in all the years of his working out with him, all the hundreds of showers and all the many orgasms in this very room, Mr. Ridell had never touched the huge cock that they constantly talked about. Arnold took Mr. Ridell's hand and placed it on the shaft of his growing cock. The man squeezed it hard and returned his attentions to the incredible display of muscular development before them. Sam saw what was happening and began to get hotter. Mr. Ridell's hand was pumping up and down Arnold's phenomenal cock which was unbelievably hard again. Her hand strayed down to her crotch and began to rub her clit in earnest. She continued to pose and flex but the routine took on a more seductive tone, the poses becoming more and more explicit. Mr. Ridell's hand began to work Arnold's cock harder and faster as Arnold stood there in wonder of the sight before him. Sam was making him so hot he felt he could cum again. But he didn't want to without her.

He let Mr. Ridell enjoy his cock for a few more moments and then pulled away from him. He began his own posing routine that he and Mr. Ridell had worked on, but he also incorporated overtly sexual moves meant to stimulate the other two observers. His huge cock was thick and red, angling down between his legs. His scrotum

was pulled up tight and his balls were swollen. He turned away from them and squatted to the floor, extending one leg out to the side. This allowed a clear view between his legs and Sam and Mr. Ridell saw that his cock was reaching to the floor. He slowly pumped his hips and his cock brushed back and forth across the tiles. He flexed his arms and back and his huge biceps popped up. The feeling of the recently exhausted muscles as they pumped up and filled with blood was a turn-on for him and his cock instantly stiffened, rising from their view.

He turned back around and continued to display his physique for them, but now his huge cock was sticking straight out from his abdomen. He grabbed it with both hands, working them up and down along the thick, hot shaft. Both Sam and Mr. Ridell's hands moved unconsciously to their own crotches and began to stimulate themselves. Arnold became hotter, seeing his two friends react to his display and it drove him on to more outrageous behavior until his back was arched and his hands were rapidly but lightly flying up and down his own cock. Every muscle was bulging to its maximum size as he thrust his hips forward to give them the best effect. His huge balls swung back and forth with each thrust of his hips and the head of his cock grew and turned a dark purple. Just before he would have cum he stopped and quickly changed to a full front pose which he knew was his most devastating, from practicing for hours in front of the mirror.

Sam's hand dove deep into her crotch and released yet another orgasm that was totally beyond her control. Mr. Ridell's hand had been rapidly moving across his cock within his pants and his hips promptly began to buck. Arnold held the pose and dared his two friends not to cum. The sight of this young man with his bulging

muscles and unbelievably huge cock was too much. Neither of them were up to the challenge and they both achieved orgasms within seconds of each other.

When they had completed themselves, they looked at each other. Something amazing was in the air. It was charged with an energy they had never experienced before. And there was this beautiful body with its beautiful cock throbbing before them. Sam and Mr. Ridell got the same idea at the same time. They both went to the soap dispenser, got generous amounts of the slippery liquid on their hands and then moved to Arnold who was still holding his pose, his muscles shaking with the effort. Each of them grabbed his cock with both hands and spread the soap along the blood-engorged shaft, down to his balls and up around the huge, enflamed head. They then started to pump and squeeze him. Arnold had never had his cock so completely enclosed before. Within seconds his hips were bucking and a low deep growl was issuing from his throat. He had worked himself to quite a frenzy and was very close to cumming. His balls began to ache and he grabbed the tops of his friends' heads to keep from falling over. They worked their hands furiously up and down the long, hot shaft. Sam moved one hand around to Arnold's asshole. When she sensed he was just about to cum she jabbed her index finger up his ass and wormed it around. He let out a loud shout and within seconds the cum flew from the head of his cock. It shot across the shower room and landed with a splat. Several more loads of cum followed, each as large and powerful. Arnold's knees weakened and he slipped to the floor unconscious. The last few shots of cum drooled out of the head and ran down the length of his now softening cock.

Several moments passed as the young man's breathing slowed to a regular pace. Finally his eyes fluttered open and he gazed up at his two friends who were hovering over him. He smiled weakly at them and mumbled something incoherent. Neither Sam or Mr. Ridell could figure out what he was trying to say. After a little while longer he repeated himself.

"I want to cum like that every time. I want a finger up my ass every time I shoot." He turned his gaze to Sam. "*Your* finger."

Sam and Mr. Ridell exchanged knowing glances. Neither of them had told the boy that he and Sam would not be seeing each other again. Both of them also realized just how hard this was going to be on all three of them. Sam turned her head away as tears began streaming down her cheeks. She used the excuse of having to go to the bathroom so Arnold wouldn't see her crying. No, this was not going to be easy.

When he had finally regained control of himself he stood, walked over to the wall and leaned back against it, his beautiful physique at last relaxed, his cock returning to its flaccid condition, but still awe-inspiring even in that state. Mr. Ridell sat down on one of the benches just outside the shower room. Sam returned from the bathroom and moved to Arnold, leaning forward, pressing her body and lips against him. Her hands wandered over his huge muscles.

Arnold looked over at Mr. Ridell who was sitting there shaking his head. He pushed himself off the wall and went out to his friend. Mr. Ridell looked up at Arnold, the huge cock mere inches from his face. He reached up and stroked the soapy tool and sighed heavily.

"I guess you won't be needing that more comfortable spot you were asking for earlier, will you?"

Arnold turned to look at Sam who raised her eyebrows in question.

“It’s up to you, Stud. You’re the one who’s all soft and mushy.”

Arnold studied the beautiful woman before him and the thought of joining with her one more time caused a stirring in his loins. He flexed his sphincter muscles and his huge cock jumped. Sam moaned with desire. She wanted one last go around with this sex machine and she wanted it with a bit more control. She also wanted him on top of her where she could watch his magnificent body as it fucked her.

“Come on, Stud. Let’s get you rinsed off and we’ll do this thing right.”

Arnold returned to the shower and Sam turned on the nozzle next to the soap dispenser. The sharp needles of water hit his body and rinsed the soap off. Sam joined him under the stimulating stream, allowing the water to jab and tickle her body. She moved her hands over Arnold’s body, wiping the soap off and enjoying the feeling of his powerful muscles. When he was clean Arnold returned the favor, letting his hands seek out every part of her anatomy, studying her curves and contours, her hard, firm spots and soft, delicate secrets.

By the time they were completely washed and rinsed they had stimulated each other to a level of almost uncontrollable passion. Arnold’s cock was unbelievably hard again, Sam’s nipples were so erect they ached, her cunt was flowing with juices. They were constantly rubbing and caressing each other, their lips meeting in deep, wet kisses. Arnold turned the water off and lifted Sam into his arms. He gave her one last, deep, penetrating, soul shattering kiss and then turned to Mr. Ridell.

“I need a bed to lay this beautiful woman on.”

Mr. Ridell looked at the magnificent sight before him. He had never suspected that his two protégés would end up this developed, either in body or spirit. There was no doubting that something unusual was happening. The energy that surrounded this sexual union was dynamic, palpable, a powerful force. He had never seen such an incredible bond between two people. He thought it almost might be worth going against his better judgment, encouraging these two to stay together, just to see what would happen. But he knew better things would be in store for each of them if they went their separate ways. He said nothing, but headed for the locker room door. Arnold followed, his arms filled with Sam’s muscular, sexually-charged body.

Mr. Ridell peeked out into the gym to make sure the coast was clear and then signaled for the two lovers to follow him. About ten feet further down the wall was another door which was used to store gym equipment. One end of the room was stacked with mats. Mr. Ridell had pulled several of them down and made a low bed out of them. He had also gone to the dispensary and gotten the bedding off of the nurse’s cot. Though the room was industrial, poorly lit, stuffy and hot, the two muscular youths couldn’t have cared less.

Arnold carried Sam over to the stack of mats and laid her gently down, his muscles bulging as he handled her body as though it weighed mere pounds. Sam’s hands stroked his huge arms, feeling the power of his swelling muscles. She ran her hands across his face, pulling his lips to hers and joining, once again, in a long passionate kiss. Mr. Ridell closed the door and locked it from the inside.

With Sam on her back on the mats, Arnold moved around between her legs which were spread wide, ready to accept him into her. His hands idly stroked his huge cock as he studied the image before him. Her hands moved to her own breasts and began to knead them in time with his movements. Very quickly the pace of their actions and the energy level in the room picked up.

Sam brought her hands down to her cunt and inserted two fingers into the steamy slit, making sure she was as lubricated as possible.

“Be careful with that big cock of yours, Stud. It’s a lot longer than I am deep, and you could do some serious hurting if you get too carried away. You’ve been doing great so far, but this position is more...direct than the others we’ve tried.”

Arnold looked down at his huge member and, for the first time in his life, wished he were half the length he was. He wanted to let himself go without having to worry about the possibility of harming this remarkable woman. He knew that, were he able to just drop all his cares, this would be a fuck like there had never been before. He wanted to make the earth shake. He wanted to make the stars spin in the sky. He wanted to create a new thing, a new energy, a new kind of union between two people. There had to be a way. He could feel an incredible urgency and a certain destiny welling up in him. In a small but complicated way, the world would not be the same after he and Sam were through this afternoon.

The first drops of pre-cum began to drip from the head of his dark, throbbing cock as he anticipated this final union with his lover. Already Sam’s hips were beginning to rock with the expectation of his shaft once again stretching her cunt to the limits of pleasure. She

pulled her fingers from inside herself and stretched her arms out, entreating him to enter her.

Arnold dropped to his knees and grabbed the end of his cock. He shuffled forward but did not lower himself to her. Instead he waved his huge tool back and forth between her legs, teasing her. Her hips began to rise and she arched her back, her muscles tightening to wonderful knots of power. She raised her back off the mat by sheer strength and matched the level of his cock. Her magnificent breasts rode atop her chest, two firm, delicious mounds of flesh jutting up proudly into the air. The smell of her cunt filled the space around them and Arnold took several deep breaths, savoring the mind-wracking odor.

He could stand it no longer. He moved forward and guided his cock into her upraised cunt. He made several small thrusts to make sure he was wet enough not to hurt her and then surged forward keeping his hand around the base of his cock to make sure he didn't go in too far. As he entered her he squeezed his cock and the sensation almost made him pass out again. His head swam and his balls began to churn.

Sam received his cock with a passion and joy that completely overcame her. Her muscles tightened, her body arched, her mind flooded with sensations that swept over her and carried her off. From the instant his cock came in contact with her, waves of pleasure began shooting out from her cunt to the far reaches of her body. She luxuriated in the heat of his cock as it filled her again and again.

“Oh, fuck me, Stud. Oh, fuck me with that big cock. Ooooooh! Big cock. Fuck me hard. Oh, that's it. That's it. Oh, God! Oh my God! Don't stop. Oh, shit. Oh, yeah. Deeper. I want more. Gimme

more! Fuck me more! Oh, you're so big. So big! Oooooo! Oooooo! Oh, touch my clit. Touch me! Aaaaagggggghhhh. Harder. Rub me harder. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Oh God! Oh God! Harder! Harder! Oh, big cock! Big Fucking Cock!!!! Oh God, I'm cumming. Don't Stop! I'm...I'm...I'm...Ah!...Ah!... Unh!...Unh!...Unh!...Unh!...Unh!...Unh!...Unh!...Unh!...Unh!... Unh!"

A quick, violent orgasm shot through her body, her cunt exploding in a shattering climax. Arnold's cock continued to drive away and she rejoiced in the knowledge that it would be some time before he achieved his own orgasm. She wanted him to continue to fill her with his huge cock forever, and was sure he could, too.

Sam looked up at him through the gap between her two breasts as they shook and heaved with each thrust of his cock, the nipples growing still harder and bigger. Every square inch of her skin was beginning to tingle and the air she breathed seemed charged with an energy that drove her on past this orgasm to one she felt would be even more incredible. She began to lower her hips, knowing that in the state Arnold was in he would have to follow her. She wanted him on top of her, his bulging muscles where she could grasp and claw and knead and rub them.

Arnold sensed she wanted him nearer and took his finger off of her clit, bending forward to place his hands on the mats on either side of her. It was like the last piece of the puzzle falling into place. After all the different combinations and positions they had tried, suddenly the whole idea of two bodies joining together, in an incredible, orchestrated movement, became clear. He sensed her fascination with his muscles and lifted himself off of her just enough so that only his chest and arms would be supporting his upper body.

His pecs and triceps swelled and her hands immediately moved to them, her fingernails digging into his skin, sending incredible shocks through him. The closer the feeling got to pain the more his entire body felt. She knew just where that line was between pain and incredible sensation and she kept him there with each move of her hand, each dig of her nails.

Sweat began to run down over his body and coat his skin with a shimmering layer of wetness. Sam's body, too, was covered and their gleaming skin only raised the sense of excitement in them both. Arnold occasionally lowered himself down so that his pumping body could slide across Sam's sweat coated breasts, her nipples erect and incredibly sensitive. As they rubbed against his pectorals she shuddered and moaned, pressing her chest up into his pecs to further increase the sensation.

Soon his muscles began fatiguing and his body took over as it pressed towards the final rep. His breathing became regular, his concentration turned inward, he focused the effort on the muscles being used and isolated their movement. Just as the fatigue in his biceps had done previously in the shower room, the sensation in his pecs and triceps now drove him to heights of concentration and exertion which would send him catapulting towards a massive, uncontrollable orgasm.

Sam could feel the power of his chest and arms. She felt his cock within her begin to expand. As his rhythm became steadier and his breathing more deep she knew he was about to cum. She turned her head and made eye contact with Mr. Ridell. She wasn't able to express herself but hoped he would know what it was she wanted. He nodded to her and moved around behind the completely oblivious Arnold.

Slowly the energy within her cunt began to gather again, but this time there was no direct stimulation of the clitoris. The incredible girth of his cock and his powerful thrusts combined with the unbelievable sensation of his huge, sweat-covered muscles writhing and bulging under her hands was driving her to her final, staggering climax. Her hands couldn't get enough of his powerful mounds of muscle. They shot here and there, sliding over the slippery surface, not knowing where to go or how long to stay on each bundle of hyper-developed fiber. And with each movement of her hands she triggered new sensations within him that drove him higher and higher. This was the combination that always sent him over the top: intense physical exertion combined with an uncontrollable drive towards orgasm. He became a pistoning, heated machine, thrashing and thrusting toward his ultimate explosion.

His grunts of exertion grew louder and raised in pitch with each thrust forward of his hips. Finally he was bellowing and howling as the sensations within him and Sam became too much. He thrust his hips forward once more and his head flew back, his eyes bulged open, his gigantic muscles swelled, his hips ground into Sam's pelvis and he froze for a brief moment. Sam arched her back and lifted Arnold up off the mats, every muscle in her own incredible body reaching towards that final effort. The moment hung in time, as though they had suddenly become a photograph...and then their bodies burst into a renewed effort that made all before pale in comparison.

Sam's hips heaved and thrashed, driving her cunt onto his cock further than she should have been able to go. She was uncontrolled. Her movements were furious. Arnold became a blur of effort, his

cock moving in and out of her so fast that, despite the depths to which he was entering her, she had no time to react to it.

Mr. Ridell stood behind Arnold and watched as his beautiful, muscular ass flexed and pumped against Sam. When he judged the moment was right he moved his hand up to that pumping, flexing mound of flesh and rammed his index and middle fingers up Arnold's asshole. The boy let out a blood-curdling scream and a final torrent of cum thundered up his shaft and splattered against the inside of Sam's cunt.

Sam rocketed to an orgasm the likes of which she had never even dreamed of experiencing. Wave after wave of delicious passion flowed through her body and her juices mixed with Arnold's cum and flowed out of her onto the mats. Her cunt grasped and sucked at his cock, driving him far above and beyond any reality which he had ever experienced before. The pain in his muscles turned to something else, an energy that took on an existence of its own. It picked him up and carried him through the orgasm, holding his body above Sam far longer than the muscles, themselves, could have possibly endured. It was as though, having finally found an identity of its own, the energy of their sex refused to be put to rest.

Eventually the feelings of pleasure subsided and their movements did as well. Arnold gave his cock one final thrust and he collapsed on top of Sam. Mr. Ridell slowly pulled his fingers out of the boy's tight asshole and sat back down on the end of the pile of mats. Sam wrapped her arms around the boy's neck, clasping and grabbing in a desperate attempt to sustain the incredible sensations which continued to wrack her body. She had no control of herself and began to cry. Too many sensations, piled one on top of the other,

made it impossible to hold back the sadness which swept through her in contemplation of separating from this incredible lover.

Arnold's chest began to shudder in silent sobbing as well. He had not been prepared for what had happened to him today. The tensions of the previous twenty-four hours combined with the incredible experience of his sexual encounters with Sam were more than his mind had been taught to handle. They embraced and cried into each others shoulders for many minutes. Eventually their lips found each other and they kissed urgently, hungrily.

Sam suddenly stopped and held his face away so that she could see him.

"You know." It was a statement. He nodded. "How?"

"It's just the way it has to be, right?"

"But how did you know?" she demanded again.

"Why else would you be so sad at a time like this?"

They embraced again and cried all the more. Both of them had hoped they might be wrong, that it didn't have to be this way. But the fact they both knew made it a certainty.

Arnold lifted himself from atop her body in one final, Herculean effort, his huge pecs swelling. Sam melted at the view. He rolled off her and looked back at Mr. Ridell.

"I don't think there is anything I could do to repay you. Thank you. Thank you."

He reached out and pulled the old man down onto the mats between himself and Sam. They both turned him around onto his back and then drew their bodies up against his, pressing themselves to him in an intense hug.

Slowly, tentatively, his hands began to roam over the surfaces of his two former students' bodies. In all the years he had spent with these two he had never enjoyed feeling the fruits of his and their labors. Now he explored their muscles, feeling the strength within. Sam and Arnold sat up and presented their bodies to him proudly, openly, relishing in the feeling of his explorations. As his hands touched each body part they flexed and pumped for him. His explorations became more intense, more bold. His cock got harder and thicker and his hips began to pump. Both Sam and Arnold reached down and squeezed him through his pants and he immediately let loose with a body-wracking orgasm.

Sam leaned forward and kissed him gently on the cheek. Arnold, after seeing what she was about to do, joined her. They both kissed their dear friend and then their lips met above him for a final, deep kiss. When they parted they heard the first sounds of deep, heavy breathing. They looked down and smiled. Mr. Ridell had fallen fast asleep. They slowly got up so as to not disturb the slumbering man, unlocked the door, peeked out to make sure no one else was in the gym, and scooted around into the boy's locker room for one last trip to the showers.

CHAPTER 19: ARNOLD

Arnold immediately saw the effect he was having on the young man with Patty. He had seen it many times before. There was the initial reaction to his physique followed by the uncontrollable urge to stare at his crotch. The boy was probably gay, though he didn't seem to have that self-assured sexual presence which most of Arnold's gay friends had. He probably wasn't sexually active yet. He was a handsome youth, obviously beginning to do some serious body building. Arnold knew there would come a time very soon, if it hadn't happened already, when the young man was going to have to deal with other people's advances as Arnold had several times today. Including this young man's. Arnold knew lust when he saw it. This kid lusted.

Patty thanked him for dropping off the gym bag that she'd forgotten in the parking lot. He got the feeling she was uneasy about him having to bring it over. He thought she might be the type who didn't like to be in other people's debt so he assured her he would probably have done the same thing, forgotten his bag, considering the conditions under which she had departed. He certainly hoped she wasn't having second thoughts about having shown her appreciation for his cock. The last thing he wanted was this beautiful, muscular woman to go shy on him. He had begun to develop high hopes about what would take place in her apartment the following night.

The young man with Patty was still staring at him, and although he knew the lad meant no offense it was becoming a bit uncomfortable. Arnold asked Patty who he was. Patty introduced him as the kid and seemed to be a little insensitive about the boy's reaction to Arnold. There appeared to be a bond of some sort

between them, though, so he figured everything was fine. However, when she made a point of his staring, the kid's reaction was one of almost hatred. He obviously did not like the fact that Patty was taking him so lightly. There was definitely something going on here.

Patty backed off and let the young man deal with Arnold in his own way. It was obvious that Patty had a rather maternal attitude towards him and this seemed to be the first time she had encountered any resentment from him on the subject. Arnold wondered if there might be any question in the kid's mind as to his relationship with Patty. He made sure he indicated that they were friends. What was perplexing, though, was that when the boy introduced himself as Peter, Patty seemed completely taken by surprise. Hadn't she just told him that Peter was going to be closing the gym for her tonight? He obviously worked here. How was it she didn't know his name? Patty mentioned that 'the secret was out.' Was it that Peter had just allowed everyone to call him the kid. It seemed rather self-deprecating. Perhaps he had a rather low self-image. Arnold decided to test those waters to see if there was anything he could do to help Peter see himself in a better light.

As they shook hands Arnold felt a flood of warmth emanate from the young man in a mish-mash of emotions. It would have been easy to refer to it as puppy-love, lust, infatuation. But Arnold sensed something deeper. He thought back to his life before Mr. Ridell, before the world had been shown to him in a new light. This was the feeling he got from Peter. The boy was on the edge of something. It was possible that today was, for any number of reasons, a cusp for him. If handled poorly, the whole thing could go sour, and he would look forward to a life like Arnold had before meeting Mr. Ridell and Sam; without a prayer for making anything

of himself, just for lack of the self-confidence that someone had in their power to give him.

Arnold knew about that cusp. He knew about the moment when all of it became clear, when the whole world fell into place and he saw how he might fit into it, making both himself and his world a better place to live. Should this boy not come to that moment properly prepared then his future, and the future of the world, would be greatly diminished. The whole is indeed equal to the sum of every part. Every single part, no matter how seemingly insignificant.

Peter was quite concerned about Arnold's connection with Patty. Looking at Patty he sensed that she was also a bit concerned about her connection with her new neighbor. He wasn't sure what either expected, so kept the description as simple as possible. He had just moved in. They were neighbors. Just friends. Since this morning. This seemed to delight Peter but Patty became unusually upset. Both Arnold and Peter stared at her as she began pounding her fist on the reception desk. Perhaps she was jealous of Peter's attentions towards him. Or she was jealous of his attentions towards Peter. Or she was just plain angry about being left out of the interaction between the two men.

Arnold really had intended to simply drop off the bag and head on back to his apartment, begging off on the tour until he had a chance to get settled in. But it was obvious that Patty had set her heart on showing him around the place. Disappointing her now might mean complicating things for tomorrow night.

There was also Peter to consider. If Arnold were to walk out of here right now, the boy would not be able to get what he perceived he needed from him. Arnold would do well to direct Peter's

attentions away from the purely sexual need that he was sure the kid felt would fill his gap.

He asked if Patty could take the time to show him around but Peter immediately jumped in and asked if he could do the honors. He was caught between a rock and hard place. The name Solomon came to mind, but he didn't see any babies he could chop in half so he suggested that Peter could do the demonstrating. He wondered just how much the young man knew about gym equipment, but figured no harm would be done if he let the boy show him the ropes. Although it seemed rather obvious that, given Arnold's physical development, there was probably little the kid, err...Peter, could tell him which he hadn't already experienced, Arnold had learned the best way to hamper his growth in life was to deny a source of information. By the end of the tour he was rewarded yet again with affirmation of this point.

The first thing Arnold noticed, and the thing that continued to draw his attention, was the plant life. Everywhere you looked there was greenery. The whole place was supercharged with the energy and oxygen these wonderful living things were giving off. Had the equipment been a set of plastic, sand filled bar bells and a pull up bar he would still have jumped at the chance to work-out here.

The second thing that Arnold noticed was something more subtle. Most of the high-tech gyms had huge sound systems that blasted hard driving sounds at mega-decibels in an attempt to pump up the energy level and make the clients feel like they were really rocking out their sessions. The atmosphere of The Pump House was much more...what was the word? Sedate? Meditative? Transcendental? Contemplative? How about...Zen. The music that played was less...threatening. It ebbed and flowed like a river

around rocks in its path. There was no discernible beat, rather an energy that drove the efforts of all those present. Looking around the exercise floor, he felt he was watching less of a frenetic hysteria and more of a Tai Chi class. But as he moved around the floor, no one seemed to be lacking the energy needed for maximum effort. It was just more...satisfying.

They began the tour with the stations nearest the stairs. Arnold asked Peter questions about them, at first just to be polite. As they continued the tour, though, Arnold realized the boy was a veritable storehouse of knowledge regarding the equipment and the ways in which to get the most out of each exercise. It would be quite a coup if he could get Peter to be his work-out partner. Arnold wondered what his duties were here and whether they included enough time to run through a session with him once a day.

Occasionally Arnold would ask a question that required Peter to actually demonstrate the gear. This he did with great pride. Arnold thought he sometimes put a bit too much weight on to show off but the determination on Peter's face as he pushed himself through the reps only increased Arnold's respect for him. Peter's body was just at that point when the various parts were starting to come together. Each muscle group was beginning to be defined and Arnold could tell he had learned how to isolate the different groups to get the most out of the exercise and bring definition to his body.

He saw that Peter could concentrate on the effort of each rep, being less concerned with finishing a set than making the movement he was presently involved in count for as much as possible. His chest was already becoming broad and deep. The pecs were starting to stand up off his chest and come together to form that great, deep divide which did so much to express their shape. His abdominals

had the beginnings of the striations which would soon take on the appearance of being iron clad. The deltoids which capped his shoulders had already begun to define themselves as separate entities from his biceps and triceps. His lats needed some work, but a little coaching in that direction would soon have them up to speed with the rest of his upper torso.

Arnold had trouble discerning the condition of his legs because he was wearing sweats. They seemed to be a bit on the spindly side, but this was normal for the beginner. Most kids wanted to get the huge, ornamental muscles of the upper torso going first. It wasn't until they looked in the mirror one day with all their clothes off that they would realize how top heavy and odd they looked. If there was a chance that Arnold would be working with him, the first thing he would do would be to take him through the same self-evaluation session which Mr. Ridell had taken him through. Nude, in front of a full-length mirror. Nothing but honesty to protect him. It had been a sobering experience for Arnold, showing him how much work he had before him. But it had allowed him to set realistic goals by viewing what he had to work with and realizing how they could be developed to their best advantage.

Occasionally the trio would come to a station where some of the other members of the gym were working. Arnold enjoyed just standing back and watching these people go. Their attitudes about their work, their dedication, their determination was an inspiration which he constantly fed off of. He could feel each rep that the other person was going through. As they pumped the huge plates of iron up in the air his own muscles could feel the growth and burn they were experiencing. Some of these people seemed to have their own ideas about how to use these machines that didn't match up to what

Arnold knew about them. He asked them about this or that technique and tried to find a way to incorporate the information into what his experience had been. Almost without fail the person was able to add substantially to Arnold's cache of information, either by showing him some detail that had been previously unknown to him or by making some statement or assumption which seemed to Arnold to be erroneous.

Throughout the tour Peter continued to impress him as being a great asset to the gym. He hoped that this fact was appreciated by the rest of the staff, though he suspected that, in light of Peter's rather self-deprecating manner, the staff probably picked-up on his own attitude and helped sustain it.

After they had made the circuit of the floor and returned to the reception area, Arnold remarked about Peter's knowledge, saying that he really appreciated the young man's insights into the use of the gear and hoped that he would be able to tap that information on a regular basis. There was still the boy's physical lust to deal with, but if it came to that, well, he certainly had done his share of hopping the fence. There was no doubt the young man was good looking, and it never ceased to please Arnold when anyone took such an interest in him. Peter was definitely hot for Arnold.

In his eagerness, Peter had put Arnold on the spot. Would he be joining? Yes, of course he would. He thought Peter would have an orgasm right then and there. When he asked about an annual fee he thought Patty was the one who would cream her jeans. This was going to be interesting.

CHAPTER 20: FLASHBACK

The list of things Arnold wanted to do after graduating from high school was staggering. He'd had many long talks with Mr. Ridell about it and had decided the one thing that he really wanted to do was travel. With all the bickering and fighting and hating that had gone on in his family, there had never been any time, or much of an inclination, to vacation together. As a result, Arnold's traveling experience had been restricted to what he could get out of the local bus system and his bike.

He had his driver's license, but no car. Mr. Ridell suggested that he go to the local office of a drive-away company to see if there was a car needing to be driven to a place where he wanted to go. As luck would have it, a family was moving east and needed their station wagon driven there. All Arnold had to do was put up a modest deposit and pay for the gas. Mr. Ridell fronted him the money, saying there was to be no thought of paying it back for at least a year. The boy had to do some living and he didn't want him worrying about debt at such an early age.

Arnold accepted the loan with great thanks and the day after his class graduated which was, coincidentally, his eighteenth birthday, he hopped into a late-model-gas-guzzling-packed-to-the-gills-with-he-didn't-know-what station wagon and headed out across the desert, mountains and plains to experience the rest of the country. He had planned his trip to include stops in cities and towns he knew he could find gyms in; had even called ahead to make sure they would be available to him. Some of the bigger towns he traveled through had gyms that were open late. A few smaller ones, whose owners were so impressed that he had bothered to call, said they'd

stay open for him. He told them he'd call the day before he expected to be there to let them know he was coming.

Mr. Ridell sent him off with one final piece of advice: "Taste it all."

Arnold asked him for some clarification but Mr. Ridell was almost cryptic in his explanation.

"Taste it all. All of everything. Nothing tastes worse than ignorance, which doesn't taste at all."

So when he got to a town and went to the gym he made sure he tried every machine the place had to offer. He listened to each person's advice and attempted to find a way to incorporate it into his routine. He tried different restaurants with different food. He even got drunk a couple of times, though his tolerance for alcohol was so low that drunk meant a beer. He spent some nights alone but most in the company of another person. And not always a woman.

Mr. Ridell had told him about homosexuality. He had tried to put it as clearly and fairly as possible. The whole idea of two men or women making love the way that he and Sam had was a bit curious to Arnold, but Mr. Ridell explained that love was love and sex was sex and don't dare confuse the two. If you wanted to know whether you liked someone, have sex with them. If you want to know if you love someone play Monopoly or hang wallpaper with them. That wasn't to say there couldn't be love with sex, but there shouldn't be love because of sex. Lust, yes. And plenty of it. But the connection between the heart and the genitals was a faulty one at best. So it would behoove the owner of a tender heart to think clearly with the brain and not at all with any other portion of their anatomy.

Sex with a man, Mr. Ridell explained, was the kind of thing you did when you needed to be treated like you would, yourself, if you

weren't so lazy. A man would know what was good and what was bad, what worked and what didn't. Sex with a woman, on the other hand, was the kind of thing you did when you just wanted to throw all the cards up in the air and see how they landed. Maybe you got good, maybe you got bad, but you could always be assured of an interesting time.

Arnold had thought about the man thing and decided that if he really wanted to have sex with someone his own gender then it should probably be Mr. Ridell. Mr. Ridell begged off, though, claiming a heart condition and too many years of being an observer. Arnold was, as he knew from meeting Sam, not his first sexual protégé. No, if Arnold wanted to experience male flesh he should go out and round up his own. There was an awful lot of interesting water to be tested out there. No sense peeing in his own swimming hole.

So when Arnold got to a town a few days out from home and the owner of the gym, a man about ten years older than him, asked him if he wanted to spend the night at his house, Arnold accepted.

He had been aware of where the man had been focusing his eyes all during his work-out. He watched him and chatted with him, testing the waters. He knew if it was right it would feel right. The guy was very straight-forward, didn't try to delude Arnold about his intentions, even asked him if he was gay. When Arnold answered to the negative he seemed greatly disappointed but didn't press the issue any further. But later on in the work-out he was spotting Arnold on the benchpress and Arnold happened to look up at the guy. His eyes were glued solidly on Arnold's huge cock which was bulging under his gym shorts.

Several times during the evening Arnold had to make the infernal adjustment because one of his balls had, again, slipped out of his jock strap. The thong Mr. Ridell gave him had been a good idea but it turned out not to be very comfortable when things got really active. Just as he was putting the last push to a few of hundred pounds of iron, one of his nuts escaped again. He returned the barbell to the stand and just lay there for a moment, catching his breath, before reaching down to replace the errant testicle.

Billy, the owner of the gym, came around to the end of the bench and saw his nut hanging out of the jock strap and the leg of his shorts.

“You want me to put that back for you?”

Arnold thought for a second, trying to figure out if he wanted this to lead where he knew it would. Nothing seemed wrong with it, the guy seemed good, sensitive, knowledgeable.

“Sure.”

Billy pulled aside the leg of Arnold’s shorts and took the testicle in his hand.

“I gotta tell ya, Arnie, I’ve never seen such a huge nut in my life. You ever get kicked there? I bet it would hurt until the next century.”

“I got bumped real bad once playing football. It was tender for an hour or so, but seemed all right after that.”

Billy was still holding the ball in his hand. He began to gently squeeze it and roll it around between his fingers. It felt very good. Arnold knew this was one of those man things that Mr. Ridell had talked about. A woman would have a hard time knowing how to do

this; it would be hard for her to understand just where the line between pleasure and pain was.

“It looks like you got a real jock strap full there. I guess that’s why you keep slipping out. Not much room left in there for some poor testicle.”

Arnold chuckled at the thought of his cock pitching one of his balls out of his jock to get some more room.

“You gonna put that poor testicle away or you gonna keep it as a souvenir?”

Billy relinquished possession of Arnold’s nut by gently installing it back in its steamy home. The two men’s eyes met and a message passed between them. Billy told him with a look that he could be trusted. Arnold replied with his eyes that he figured it was okay.

“Take your shirt off, Arnie. I wanna see your pecs.”

Arnold sat up and removed the sweat-soaked T-shirt. His smooth skin was stretched taut over the muscles of his torso. He flexed and every fiber leapt into full relief.

“Holy shit, man. You are the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen come through this town. I wanna touch you, okay?”

“Sure. Where?”

“Damn, Arnie. I don’t know. Everywhere. Your pecs.”

Arnold squeezed his pecs together and they blossomed into full glory. Billy took the hand that wasn’t holding Arnold’s ball and ran it over the massive muscles of his chest. He continued to travel out to the young man’s shoulders, down his arm, back across his abdomen and finally returned to the area of his cock. Arnold flexed each muscle as Billy’s hand passed over it. The sensation of a hand

pressing against his fully flexed muscles really turned him on. Billy started to rub the front of Arnold's gym shorts. Billy had a nice body, too, and Arnold wanted to see it.

"Would you take off your shirt, too?"

"You bet. I thought you'd never ask." He practically ripped off the shirt revealing a highly developed chest that was only slightly less massive than Arnold's. He did a couple of flexes for Arnold's benefit. Arnold was only slightly surprised to feel that his cock was beginning to stir. This whole thing was really beginning to excite him.

"I figure you probably want to see my cock, right?"

Billy was stunned by the boy's forwardness. The only answer he could muster was a slow nodding of the head.

"I want to keep working out. You just go ahead with what you want to do."

"Man, are you sure?"

"You just be careful and don't make me drop anything. I don't care what you do. Just give me a little warning so you don't take me by surprise, okay?"

"Goddamn, man. You are too much. I'm gonna suck you off and watch them big pecs of yours pump up. I'm gettin' a hard-on just thinking about it."

"You can get a little more comfortable if you want. I know what it's like to have a big erection stuffed wrong way in a pair of pants."

Billy started to take off his pants but noticed that the blinds were still up and the door unlocked. It was past his normal business hours so he wasn't expecting anyone, but just to be on the safe side he figured he should close things up.

“You just go ahead and get yourself pumped up there, stud. I’m gonna assure us of a little privacy.”

He headed for the front of the gym and let down the blinds, locked the front door and turned off the sign out front.

“Folks are used to me staying after hours and working out by myself. They won’t think anything’s different. Sometimes I get completely naked and run through my routine.”

Arnold went over to the rack, got two two-hundred pound free-weights and brought them back to the bench, laying them on the floor on either side. Billy’s eyes widened when he saw the amount of weight Arnold had grabbed off the rack. Very few of his clients even looked at the massive bars except to dream of them as some distant dream.

“What are you gonna do with those monsters?”

“If you want to see some pumped pecs...”

Billy involuntarily grabbed his own cock and pressed hard against it.

“You sure no one will come looking?”

“Nah. Small town like this, it’s past everyone’s bedtime.”

“Let’s get naked.”

Arnold started to pull down his own gym shorts but Billy stopped him.

“I wanna do that. You mind?”

“No. I guess not.”

Billy stripped to the skin, threw his pants off in a corner and jumped out of his own jockstrap. His cock was already hard and jutting straight out from his mound of pubic hair. Arnold reached out and put his hand around its shaft and squeezed it. Billy stood there

with his eyes closed, enjoying the feeling. After a few moments, neither of them moving, drinking in the experience of just touching and being touched, Billy backed away, pulling his cock out of Arnold's hand, and knelt in front of Arnold's crotch. Arnold could feel the man's hot breath on his cock. Billy slipped his fingers under the elastic strap of Arnold's gym shorts and slowly pulled down. First he saw the waist band of the jock strap, Arnold's sparsely trimmed pubic hair was peeking out over the top; soft, brown, curly. Then the ribbed fabric of the cup. Billy pulled the shorts down and the outline of his enormous cock came into view, pressed firmly against the distended fabric. He continued to reveal more and more of the massive organ and it seemed like it would never end. It was thick. Very thick. He could feel the heat coming off of it.

Finally he got to the bottom of the cup. He was shocked. He had expected to see the head pressed against the fabric but it seemed to tuck underneath and continue back between his legs.

"Holy shit! How long is that thing?"

"'Long enough to reach the ground' as Lincoln said."

"No man, really. How long?"

"I don't know. I never bothered to check."

"Shit, man. If I had a cock like that I'd make sure I measured it every morning and every night, just for the fun of it. I'm getting a tape measure. You just wait right there."

Billy ran off to a back room and came back a few seconds later with a retractable tape. He returned to his kneeling position in front of Arnold and placed his hand on the front of the cup.

"Man, this thing is hot. You got a heating coil in there?"

Arnold laughed. It was nice to have someone so enamored of his physical attributes. He remembered Mr. Ridell's warning, though. He didn't do anything to deserve this beautiful cock. It was just there. If he started taking credit for it, then he was a fool.

"I don't know much about it. I just woke up one morning and there it was."

"I wish I knew what you'd been dreaming that night. It must've been one hell of a wet dream."

"Something about a vacuum cleaner."

Billy laughed hard. This guy was amazing. Most of the big dicks he'd seen come in here thought the world owed them something just because their cocks scraped the deck when they showered. He'd never met anyone so unaffected by all his apparent gifts. He was hung like a mule, built like a brick shit house and almost too gorgeous to look at. Yet he seemed like it all made very little difference to him.

"I wanna take your jock strap off now, okay."

"Sure, just let me get out of these shorts before I trip."

He stepped out of his shorts which were hung up on his thick calves. As he lifted his first leg to extract it Billy could see up behind the back of his jock strap cup. The length of his cock seemed to double back behind and run up to his perineum. A shiver ran up Billy's spine as the thought of him taking Arnold's cock up his ass triggered vastly conflicting feelings.

Arnold sensed something in Billy's reaction. He asked him if everything was okay.

"Arnie, I gotta be truthful with you. When we started out here I thought I might just want that huge dong of yours up my ass. You

ever done that before?” Arnold shook his head no. “I thought not. Well, I’ve had quite a few cocks up my ass, but never, ever anything the size of this. Just catching a glimpse of you there I got a funny feeling.”

“Billy. I don’t want to hurt you. You just do what you want. If there’s something you don’t want to do, then don’t. I won’t take it personal. Okay?”

“Damn, man. You are something special, all right. I’m not saying I wouldn’t want it, I’ll just have to do some thinking on it, that’s all. Let me see that monster.”

Billy grabbed the front of the jock strap and pulled it out and down over its contents. He had never even seen a cock like this, in real life or one of his magazines. The thing was so enormous he had a hard time imagining it inside his body. He supposed that it would be okay for a woman. Hell, they gave birth to babies that were bigger around than this. But you’d have to get awfully constipated before you’d ever pass anything through your asshole as big as this. Despite his reservations about the size of Arnold’s cock, Billy’s rectum tingled expectantly at the thought of it; his now-swollen cock pulsed. He pulled the jock strap down to Arnold’s feet and the boy stepped out of it. The tip of the huge cock was thick, swollen and, as was typical, leaking a generous amount of fluid. Arnold’s balls were constantly in overdrive and it seemed the more he used them, the more they produced.

“Looks like you got a little leak there. You mind if I clean you up?”

“Nope. I’m going to start exercising now. You just do what you want. But remember. No surprises, okay.”

“I’ll be careful. I promise.”

Arnold sat back down on the bench. His cock hung down on the seat, across to the edge and then over the side like some sexual slinky. His balls lay on the red vinyl covering looking like a bean bag that had just been tossed there. Billy held his hand up to the head of the cock and batted it gently. It swung back and forth. Arnold enjoyed the man's playfulness. He grabbed the end of his cock and pulled it out straight.

"Let's see how big we can make it."

Billy shot him a quick look to see if he was serious. The look in Arnold's eyes told him of the heat and passion that was growing within him.

"I haven't cum since last night," Arnold said. "Usually I try to do it at least twice a day."

"I'll see what I can do."

And with that he took the head of the huge cock from its owner and raised it to his mouth. Arnold watched intently as Billy slowly moved it closer. His hot breath was already causing the blood to rush to the shaft. He could feel that delicious ache he always got when he was going to get really hard begin to creep up his cock as every little capillary filled and expanded. Billy stuck out his tongue and brought it to the slit where the drops of fluid clung. He touched it and a shudder ran through Arnold's body accompanied by a low moan. Billy loved the salty flavor, clean and fresh. The boy's cock smelled of man, of exercise and sweat, of sex. He knew this smell and felt it working on his mind. He felt himself becoming very hot for this boy and finally surrendered himself to the idea that, before this stud left town the next day, he would have this magnificent cock up his ass.

Every time Billy's tongue touched the head, lapping up the now constantly flowing fluid, Arnold would shudder and moan a little louder. Finally the cock was rigid enough to stand out by itself. Billy let go and let it float in front of him. It bobbed and weaved with the beat of Arnold's heart. The head was large and dark, the veins along the shaft becoming more pronounced as the blood continued to pour in. He opened his mouth very wide and took the head in. Arnold gave a great cry and grabbed Billy's head with both hands.

"Suck my cock, Billy. I want you to suck me hard."

Billy's own cock leapt and a small amount of cum leaked from the slit. His head began to spin.

"Shit. I'm gonna cum and I haven't even touched myself. Stud, you've got me hotter than I've ever been in my life. I hope I don't pass out and miss all the fun."

He flicked his tongue across the tip of the head of the cock and wormed it into the slit.

"Aw, yeah! Oh, Billy. Yeah. Oh, shit that feels good. Oh you know what feels good, don't you. Ooooh...Ooooh...Man! Make me feel good, Billy. Suck my cock like a man, Billy. Shit. Ohhhhh. Yeah. Make me cum."

Billy very slowly sucked the rest of the head into his mouth, running his tongue all over it. When he had worried the head so that it was a deep, rich purple he took it out of his mouth.

"You figure it's gonna get any bigger than this?"

"Billy, I don't think I've ever seen it that big. I'd be afraid if it did."

"I think it's time to measure it. You wanna do the honors?"

“No thanks. I’m really enjoying you touching me. You go ahead.”

“Lie down on the bench, Arnie. I wanna see this thing stickin’ straight up in the air.”

Arnold lay back with his hands behind his head. He looked down across his chest and stomach and watched as Billy took the tape and slowly pulled it out next to his rigid cock. He turned the tape so Arnold could see the tally. When he got up to the ten inch mark he stopped, as if the climb had worn him out. There was still a considerable amount of shaft yet to be measured, not to mention the head, itself.

After a short break to admire this huge member, Billy continued to pull the tape up.

Eight-and-a-half.

Nine.

Nine-and-a-half.

Ten.

He had just passed the bottom of the head.

Ten-and-a-half.

Finally the silver body of the tape measure cleared the tip.

Eleven.

Eleven-and-a-half.

Billy weakly sank to his knees. Arnold reached over and tousled his hair. He had a feeling that the man had made a choice he wasn’t too sure about.

“You just do what you want. Billy. I’m not into hurting anyone.”

With that he grabbed hold of his own cock with both hands and squeezed it real hard. The head turned a dark purple and oozed a considerable quantity of pre-cum. Slowly he raised his torso to the upright position, all the time holding onto his own cock. When he was upright again he slowly bent forward, leaning over the head.

“Shit, man. You gonna do what I think you are?”

To answer, Arnold opened his lips and stuck out his tongue, extending it towards the droplets that clung to the head of his massive shaft.

“Aw, Arnie. You’re gonna make me cum just watching you. I’ve never seen anyone lick their own cock before. Shit. I’m gonna cum.”

Arnold looked up at Billy. “I’ve always wanted to know what I taste like. I figure if you like it, it must be good.”

“You mean you’ve never done this before?”

“Nope.”

With that he lapped his tongue across the slit, licking up the moisture there. A great shudder ran through his body, causing him to sit up. Billy moaned as well and grabbed his own cock in a desperate attempt to control his own throbbing member. Arnold pulled his tongue in and savored his first taste of man juice. He looked at Billy’s throbbing organ and wondered if another man’s juice would taste different. He then let it go of his cock, laid back on the bench and took the free-weights.

As he began to pump he told Billy, “My third favorite thing in the whole world is sex.” Billy’s cock began to really hurt. The weights crashed together over Arnold’s chest. He lowered them, inhaling as he went, and then started pushing them back up again.

“My second favorite thing in the whole world is working out.”

Billy’s cock leaped, he moaned loudly, unable to control his reactions. His eyes were glued to the young man’s bulging pecs. Again the weights were lowered to Arnold’s chest. He made a minor adjustment to his hand hold and began to press it again.

“My favorite thing in the whole world is sex while I’m working out, Billy. While I’m working out.”

Billy needed no more encouragement. He stood up and moved around between Arnold’s legs.

“Arnie? I don’t want to surprise you so I just thought I’d let you know that I’m gonna suck your beautiful, huge cock until it turns inside out. Is that okay with you.”

“Thanks for the warning, Billy. You just go ahead and do that. You just suck my cock and I’ll pump these pecs up real big for you, okay?”

“Shit! Hey, Arnie. You know what they say about pecs, don’t ya?”

“No, Billy. What’s that?”

“Pecs ain’t pecs until the nipple points down.”

“How’m I doin’ there, Billy?”

“Looks like your well on your way to having some world-class pecs there.”

Billy knelt down between Arnold’s legs and stared at the sight before him as the boy continued to press the weights into the air. The scrotum, pulled up against the base of the cock, still allowed the huge, bloated balls to hang down and touch the bench. He put his hands under the sack and raised it up. Arnold spread his legs even wider and his virgin asshole became visible. Billy extended his

index finger and moved it to come in contact with the sphincter muscle. He wouldn't penetrate, only toy with it. He tickled and flicked it, causing Arnold to squirm and moan. At least he thought he was moaning. It was hard to tell the sexual moans from the grunts of exertions. Billy was getting hotter. His cock was so hard it ached like it had never ached before. He longed to stick it in that beautiful asshole, but knew that something like that would have to be discussed away from the bench. He hoped, prayed, that it would be possible.

Arnold felt the man lift his ball sack and figured he knew what he would be looking for. He wondered what it would be like to have a real cock up his ass. He wasn't sure he would like it, but didn't know. As Mr. Ridell had said, "You can't spit it out unless you taste it, first." Maybe. Maybe not. If it was right, he'd know. Meanwhile he enjoyed the feeling of the man's finger as it prodded and played with him down there. He knew what a finger felt like down there and wouldn't mind that. He sat up, lowered the weights to the floor and took a few breaths before speaking.

"Hey, Billy. You gonna suck my cock or just diddle with my asshole all night?"

"Sorry, man. I was just day dreaming."

"That's okay. You want to stick your finger up there, it's fine with me. Makes me cum harder."

"Shit!"

Arnold leaned over and picked up the two free-weights again. As he lay back on the bench, one in each hand, Billy raised himself up and lowered his mouth over the tip of his cock again. Arnold, who had just begun to lift the two weights, exhaled quickly and lowered them again.

“Billy, you’re going to make this real interesting.”

Billy had his mouth full. Arnold renewed his efforts and Billy slowly took more and more of the huge cock into his mouth until it pushed against the back of his throat. He then withdrew and returned. Arnold growled as he lifted the weights once again. His biceps and pectorals were straining as he forced himself to concentrate on completing each rep despite the distraction of Billy’s mouth. Just when he thought he had the rhythm down, though, Billy ran his finger back under the scrotum and found his asshole again. Without much hesitation at all he drove his finger in. Arnold screamed and his arms fell to his sides. Billy froze in horror. He hoped he hadn’t really hurt the boy. He’d just gotten so hot that he forgot himself.

Arnold took two real deep breaths.

“All the way, Billy. Stick your finger in all the way. Make me cum. I gotta cum, Billy. My balls are aching. Suck me and make me cum.”

As Billy pushed his finger in further he felt his own cock begin to throb with a very familiar feeling. He couldn’t believe it. He was about to cum without even touching himself.

“Arnie. I think I’m gonna shoot here. You’re making me too hot. I gotta shoot.”

“Do it on me, Billy. I love cum shooting on my pecs. Let me pump ‘em up real big for you Billy. Then you shoot on me, okay?”

“Make it quick, Arnie. I’m already dripping. Oh yeah, Arnie. Christ. Look at you. Man you’re so big, so hot. I gotta grab my cock and shoot. I’m pullin’ outa your ass so I can shoot, Arnie.”

“Shoot on me, Billy. Shoot your wad while I pump. I want to feel your cum splatter on my pecs, Billy. Come on, Billy. Cum.”

Billy stood up between Arnold’s legs and grabbed his own cock. He began pumping it and within seconds the flow began. He aimed his cock at Arnold’s pecs as the boy continued to lift the weights. Billy arched his back and moaned loudly. He was so turned on by the sight of this beautiful boy and his enormous cock which was now flat against his stomach and reached well up towards his swelling pecs.

“Oh, God, Arnie. I’m cumming. Unh...Unh...Unh! Oh, Shit. Oh, Fuck. Oh...Unh...Unh...Oh. Oh Unnnnnnnh! Unh...Unh.”

Shot after shot of hot cum flew out of the end of Billy’s cock. He tried to aim carefully and was pleased when several of the globules splattered squarely on the young man’s pecs.

“Oooo. Billy. Yeah. Oh, man. Oh, I love that. Yeah. More. Oh, man. Don’t stop. Oh, your cum is so hot. On my pecs, man. Yeah. Oh. On my pecs. I’m pumping my pecs for you, man. Shoot it on me.”

Billy kept cumming until he thought he would fall over, this boy had driven him to such a state. He had never felt so completely connected with a partner before. And they hadn’t even been touching! This kid was outrageous.

He looked down at Arnold, covered with puddles of his cum. The look on his face told Billy he was aware of what he had done. This kid actually knew what his effect had been. Billy’s heart was pumping hard, but it was also ready to break. He felt the first tremors of love for this beautiful boy. Could he be orchestrating that, as well.

He followed Arnold's gaze down to the boy's cock. A steady stream of juice was now flowing out of the end of the shaft. There was a look of frustration on his face that begged Billy to give him some relief. Billy knelt back down between his legs, grabbed the huge cock with both hands and pulled it back up towards his mouth. There were a few tricks he knew as well and he was going to pull out all the stops.

He started at the bottom of the shaft and began nibbling the back of it all the way up to the head. He licked all the juice off the shaft on the way down and then continued on to the scrotum. He took each huge nut and sucked it into his mouth, running his tongue over the surface and teasing it to give up even more juice. The flow at the head increased dramatically. Arnold's moans and growls drove him on. He worked his way back up to the top of the shaft, licking and nibbling and biting and teasing. The closer he got to the head the louder Arnold's reactions became. His hips began to buck and rock and his muscles began to tighten and tense.

Arnold renewed his efforts to curl the weights. He loved the feeling of the strain and the pump.

"Your...finger...Billy...Give...me...your...finger...up...my...Aaaarrrrrgh!"

Billy's finger rammed home and Arnold responded by bucking his hips violently. The two free-weights came crashing together over his chest. He lowered them and began to curl them again, his huge muscles exploding in size.

"Aaaaarrrrgh! Unh...unh...unh...unh. Billeeeeeeee! Oh.....oooooh..... OOOH! Oh, my pecs hurt so good. Oh shit, Billy. Look at my biceps. Christ, they're so biiiiiiiiaaaaaaa! Oh, make me cum, Billy. Gimme another finger. Make my whole body cum. Suck me,

Billy. I wanna cum. Ooooooh, suck it good, oh yeah. Oh yeah. Gimme another finger. Hard, Billy. Oh, that's good. Oh, I'm so hard. I'm sooooo hard. Shit, my pecs hurt. You see my pecs, Billy? You see how big you're making 'em get? Suck me, Billy. Oh...Oh...Oh. Here I cum. I'm Cumming! I wanna watch, Billy. I wanna see me... I'm...Ah...Ah...Ah."

Billy pulled his head back as he felt the first load of semen travel past his hand which was wrapped tightly around the shaft. It seeped out and drooled down the side. The next shot fired out of the head and arced across the room. The next few shot straight up and landed back on Arnold's rigid abdomen. Billy watched as Arnold's body contracted and shot load after load. He realized he was so turned on by the boy's orgasm that his own cock was still completely rigid. He had one finger up the boy's ass, the other was holding onto the monstrous shaft for dear life. His own cock was rock hard and aching as though it hadn't been a mere moment or two since his last orgasm. He found himself getting dizzy. He was so drained he couldn't think or see straight. This kid was pure sex, his energy feeding off Billy's own.

Arnold continued to convulse and shoot for a very long time, entreating Billy to continue to ram his finger up his ass. He also was able to muster the strength to bang the free-weights together a few more times, his huge pecs filling with more and more blood as he pumped them up larger than he had ever seen them before.

"Oh, Billy. Suck me now. Suck me dry. Let me shoot in your mouth. Suck me."

Billy dove down on Arnold's cock and began to suck and lick as though the last drink of water in the world were at the end of this

huge, hot, blood-engorged straw. He wondered if it would ever get soft again.

“Suck me, Billy. I’m gonna cum again. Just a little bit longer. Suck me hard, Billy.”

And, though it didn’t seem possible, several more loads of jiz rocketed up the giant shaft and splattered against the back of Billy’s throat. The taste was incredible. Salty and sweet at the same time. The huge head filled his mouth and he ran his tongue all around it, licking off every single drop of the precious liquid.

“Oh, Billy. Yeah. You’re so good. Man. You are so good. Suck me until I’m soft. okay? Just keep sucking me until I’m soft.”

The gigantic shaft slowly softened. Billy lowered his head to Arnold’s abdomen and finally allowed the still enormous head to slip out of his mouth. He pulled his finger from the boy’s ass and Arnold sighed. Both men were breathing heavily. Arnold was still holding the free-weights, although he was unable to lift them even once more. He allowed them to slip out of his hands and fall the few inches to the carpeted floor. As soon as the weight was dropped his arms sprung up across his chest, his pecs contracting. They were enormous. He flexed his arms and his biceps ached as they stretched the skin of his arms. Arnold and Billy knew that this state would not last for long, it was just ‘the pump’; that feeling usually equated with cumming. Only this time the link between the two was closer than Billy had ever experienced before.

Billy looked up across Arnold’s abdomen, semi-flaccid cock and blood-filled pecs. He could almost cum again. He had never been this turned on in his entire life. What was this kid doing to him?

“Rub your hand on my pecs, Billy. Feel that?”

Billy placed his hands on each of the engorged muscles. He could feel his heart beat, he could feel his breathing. But there was something else. A vibration. It was like holding a finger gently against a guitar string when it is plucked. Like a buzzing. This kid was tuned into something Billy didn't understand. It kind of scared him, but he didn't think any harm would come to him.

He held his hands on the pulsating muscles for a few more minutes, staring up into the beautiful boy's face. Billy knew Arnold was just enjoying the feeling of his hands on him. Billy was enjoying the feeling of the flaccid cock pressed against his chest. He again began to think of the rigid shaft slowly sliding into his ass.

"Are you still thinking about me fucking you?"

How did he know? Nothing Billy had said could possibly have hinted at this desire.

"If there was ever someone I really wanted to fuck me in the ass, it's you, man. You've made me feel hotter and sexier than I've ever felt in my life. It's like you've got some sort of energy that's feeding me. I feel linked with you. You know what I mean?"

Arnold smiled. Something had definitely changed when he had made love with Sam. It seemed every time he had sex with someone it became more intense. His need to experience all aspects of this was driving him to higher levels of involvement, taking his sexual partners with him. He looked at Billy and a need arose in him. There was something Arnold was curious about. He had tried to concentrate on what Billy had been doing to his cock. Now he wanted to try some things himself.

"Billy?"

"What's up, Stud?"

“You think you could muster one more hard-on?”

“No problem there, man. I never lost the first one. Look at me. I’ve never had a hard-on that hurt like this.”

Billy grabbed his own cock and squeezed it, almost sending himself into a swoon.

“What you got in that crazy head of yours?”

“I just got the notion that I’d like to try giving you a blow-job.”

“Shit, man. You are something else. You never sucked another cock before?”

“Nope. Mine was the first...and only”

“Damn. Look at me. Already I’m starting to leak.”

Billy stood up between Arnold’s legs and showed that, indeed, his beautiful cock was beginning to ooze pre-cum juice as it jutted straight out from his lower abdomen.

“Would you mind if I gave it a try? I’ve never given one before.”

“Arnie. You are the first person to ever ask my permission. Where do you want me?”

“I figure right here on the bench would be fine. That okay with you?”

“I’m all yours.”

They traded positions and Arnold stood between Billy’s legs at the end of the bench. He pumped his pecs up big and Billy’s cock leapt.

“Shit, Arnie. You gonna split your skin you keep that up. You gonna make me split mine, too.”

“I just wanted to give you something to think about in case I didn’t do this right. If the blow-job’s messed up, maybe you can think about these and you’ll cum anyway.”

“I don’t think you have anything to worry about, Arnie.”

Arnie’s gaze moved to the man’s groin and saw that his blood-engorged member was leaking fluid onto his abdomen. Arnold knelt between Billy’s legs.

“Don’t expect me to go pumping any iron. I wanna be able to concentrate on what you’re doing.”

“You just do what you need to, Billy. I’m gonna give this a try.”

Billy leaned back and closed his eyes. He felt the boy take his cock in both hands and pull the head towards his mouth. He knew he was getting closer because he could feel the hot breath. He felt it on the head. Then he felt it on the top of the shaft. Then he felt it as it slowly crept down to the base and then onto his balls. Nothing else, just hot, humid breath. And already he was breathing hard and his hips were making small pumping motions. Suddenly the boy’s tongue darted out and attacked his balls, sending a flurry of sensations whirling up his spine. He thought the top of his head was going to fly off. The attack continued until he couldn’t stand it any longer. And then it got worse. Or better. One after another the two balls were sucked into the boy’s mouth and licked and heated with his breath. Billy tried to raise his head to watch but found the effort too overwhelming. His cock was just as hard as it had been before shooting the first time. It ached and he longed to have Arnold’s mouth sliding up and down on it, but he didn’t know how to form the words to ask. The room was spinning and his balls were swelling. He managed to reach up and grab the barbell in the stand to hold on to something substantial. It was like drinking too much,

too quick and then lying on the floor and feeling the world spin around you. Only this time there was no alcohol, no drugs, nothing but this unusual young man with a sex drive that seemed to be limitless. He even had enough to share with others.

The boy began toying with Billy's asshole but the way that he did it was far more stimulating. As he flicked and toyed with the rim of his rectum he would give little twisting motions that sent him spinning around. He spread his legs wider and entreated him to enter. The boy wormed his way up and in, slowly spreading the edges of the tight muscle.

Now the boy's attentions returned to Billy's cock. With excruciating slowness he began a maddeningly insistent nibbling and biting process that, by the time he reached the top, had driven Billy to a very agitated state. His hips were bouncing and his cock began swelling with yet another promised orgasm. As Arnold's mouth reached the top it tentatively tasted the small amount of juice that was evident there. Obviously this was the first he had encountered because it took him a while to acquire a taste for it. Finally he decided he could stand it and began to suck the shaft into his mouth. And that's just what he did. He clamped his lips around the shaft and sucked as hard as he could, slowly letting more and more of it enter his mouth.

The pressure this was building up in Billy was too much to take. He reached down and grabbed the boy's hair and pulled his mouth off his cock.

"You bastard," he said hoarsely. "Are you trying to kill me? What the hell are you up to?"

"Just returning the favor. Should I stop?"

Billy just fell back on the bench and waved his permission. If this was going to be the end, then so be it. It had been a good life, and he would die a happy man.

Again the mouth consumed his cock, picking up where it had left off. The ache in his balls became more pronounced. His cock went deeper in Arnold's mouth. It reached the back of the boy's throat and just kept on going. All the time the suction was kept up and the boy's tongue kept lapping at his cock. When his lips had reached the root of the shaft he opened them and his tongue snaked out and licked the top of the scrotum. Immediately his balls began to shoot cum up his shaft. His scream came out of nowhere. A fire ran to the tip of his shaft and then exploded outwards. He saw stars, tried to get a good breath of air, failed and passed out.

Arnold continued to suck until nothing else came up the shaft. Billy's cock went limp almost at once. He looked up at his friend and wasn't the least bit surprised to find him out cold. His breathing seemed normal now. Arnold thought he should have said something when he noticed him holding his breath for so long. He guessed he had just forgotten to breathe.

After a few seconds Billy began to surface. His head lolled back and forth, his eyes tried to focus on different things. Several times he tried to lift his head and say something but nothing came out and his head fell heavily back onto the bench. Arnold stood and walked around beside him. He helped him sit up and encouraged him to put his head between his knees. This seemed to work until he became alert enough to realize that he was staring at his own cock. Although flaccid, it was unusually thick and distended. What the hell had happened?

He sat up and took his aching organ in his hand then shot Arnold a look that was both piteous and sexually charged.

“I think that will probably go back to normal. Just like my pecs. See?”

Indeed his pecs seemed to have diminished in size. They were still quite striking but it was apparent they had just been filled with so much blood that they had swelled up like Billy’s cock was now.

“I’m afraid that I made a bit more of a mess while I was sucking you.”

“Huh?”

CHAPTER 21: CHRIS

Chris heard her neighbor's front door open and close. She went to her own door and looked out the spy hole just in time to see him enter the elevator. A few moments later he appeared in the parking lot outside her kitchen window, heading for the truck. After backing it up to the car, he attached the tow bar and drove away. She wished she knew how long he was going to be gone. It was a good guess that he hadn't anything to eat in the apartment and so was probably going to stop and get something. He also had to return the truck. That, along with getting lost and running a few more errands, would probably take him a couple of hours. She decided to head down to the beach and catch some sun.

She went to the bedroom and took out the most outrageous swim suit she owned. It was red. Fire engine red with a green strip running diagonally across the front of the top and bottom. The top was a set of cups joined together with a string that then looped around the neck and attached to the outside of the opposite cup, finally meeting in the back and tying together. The bottom piece was designed to be barely inadequate in hiding all but the most socially unacceptable of exposed parts. She had bought it for a shoot she had done for a friend who had talked her into coming out of retirement. She knew she still had the body and had wanted to let the rest of the advertisement world know it, too.

She undressed, peeling the long shirt and panties off. Her breasts were full and round. When she lay on her back they formed into pools of flesh with a large nipple in the center looking as though someone Chris had just dropped a pebble into the pond. They were pliant, luxurious breasts that filled the cups of her

swimsuit and gave the observer an optimistic hope of overflowing. The lines of her figure ran smoothly from one point to the other. Flexible and firm, but with a softness that invited kneading and massaging. Her hips were just wide enough to offer that exquisite curve that's formed where they meet the waist. Her abdomen was soft without being flabby, flat but with a touch of a contour that gave thoughts of ampleness and fertility to the onlooker. Her thighs and calves tapered away from her torso with the feeling of being just substantial enough to support her body, but when she walked nothing shook.

She took her breasts into her hands and squeezed them gently. Cupping her hands under them she lifted them and pushed them together. She imagined doing this with her neighbor's massive cock between them.

His hard, thick shaft heating her cleavage, melting her insides. Her mouth bending down to take the huge head that emerged from between her breasts into her mouth and sucking it until it was so large she could barely get her lips around it. Her nipples become rigid and she runs her hands up over them and pinches them. Shots of pleasure bolt through her breasts and fly to her extremities, dissipating only when they run out of body.

She figured she had better stop right there. She was going to cum so many times before ever getting her hands, much less her hot, throbbing cunt, on that huge cock, that she'd be worn out. She slid the bottom of the suit on, slowly pulling it up into place. She checked to see that she had shaved a sufficient amount of pubic hair so that nothing peeked out from the sides of the material. Her skin was smooth and slightly freckled; a clear thigh was all that could be seen on either side of the brief. She leaned forward and dived into

the top, slipping her arms and head through the right spaces. She took the two cups of fabric and pulled them down over her breasts, adjusted them and then bunched up the fabric so that the maximum amount of breast spilled out around it. One false move and her breasts would, seemingly, come exploding forth, unrestrained. The same trick she had seen a certain cock perform earlier in the day.

She didn't need her purse so just grabbed her beach bag along with blanket, towel, sunscreen, book, a small bag of make-up, a bottle of water, sunglasses, and beach sandals. The thought occurred to her this wasn't a trip out the front door of the building, this was a major expedition. She didn't want to have to make another trip in case she forgot anything. Satisfied that she had everything she could need, she headed for the beach.

She'd had some problems a few years ago. Someone had scaled the balconies, come into her place and taken all of her equipment, simply walking out the front door with several armloads of very valuable photographic equipment. This lock required a key to open from inside as well as out. She didn't know if it would prevent the same thing from happening again, but she knew it would make it more difficult, so she had Mr. Howard install it for her. He was always willing to do her favors, especially if it afforded him the opportunity to put her in his debt. She kept the door locked while she was inside as a precaution against her leaving without the key.

She unlocked the deadbolt, removed the key and opened the door. Before her was the undistorted view of the walkway she had so recently captured her new neighbor's antics on. For she was fairly certain, having reviewed and relived the encounter with him via the spy hole, that she had been privy to a very exclusive performance. She pulled the door closed behind her, locked the deadbolt and

headed down the walkway towards the elevator. The temperature had climbed into the high eighties and the wind was straight off the ocean. No clouds marred the sky which was unusually blue due to a recent rain shower having washed a good amount of the gunk out of the air. The hills at the far side of the valley were clear and she spent a moment studying the huge mansions that clung to their sides. Perhaps this was the view her new neighbor had been contemplating during the accidental release of his massive penis from his totally inadequate cut-off's during the (totally unauthorized yet not quite involuntary) photo shoot.

The trip down the elevator was always a drag, especially when her destination was the beach. So she took the stairs two at a time and burst out of the first floor doorway just as Mr. Howard, the superintendent and resident lech, was coming out of his first floor apartment. Suddenly the whole aspect of spending a nice afternoon on the beach changed to one of defensiveness. She wished she had worn some sort of robe. She wished she had taken the elevator, delaying her arrival time in the lobby until after he was gone. She wished she was a man in a gray flannel suit so that he wouldn't give her a second look. She wished he would eat shit and die.

"Afternoon, Chris. You headin' out to the beach?"

"Yes, Mr. Howard. How perceptive of you to notice."

"Oh, I try to keep my eye on things around here. 'Specially when they're as pretty as you are. That's a right nice outfit you've got on there."

"Why thank you, Mr. Howard."

"I'm headin' for my wife's brother's place out in the valley for the night."

"Well, have a good time."

“Yeah, well...”. He seemed to have something else to say, but then changed his mind.

Chris tried to make her escape, thinking that she just might get out of this encounter relatively unscathed. But as she pushed open the front door that lead to the beach he spoke again.

“You seen your new neighbor moving in this morning?”

“The new tenant next door to me? Yes.”

“Yup. I bet you been studyin’ on him real hard, ain’t’cha. You gonna take you some photos of that boy in his swimsuit? He sure had himself on a tight pair of britches this morning, didn’t he.”

“I suppose he was just trying to be comfortable in the heat.”

She was trying very hard to be noncommittal; she wondered if he guessed how much her interest had been piqued by those ‘tight britches’.

“Yup. Just thought you might’ve noticed, that’s all. Real interesting pair of britches.”

He gave her the most disgusting, confidential wink she had ever seen, as though they had shared in some sort of lewd activity.

She felt like telling him that, yes, she had noticed his britches and what was in them and that his thinking about her thinking about them was as close as he was going to get to any kind of involvement with her. Had he sat in his armchair in front of the television and jacked-off while thinking about her new neighbor’s big cock and what it would be like to have such a dick and what he would do with it? Many thoughts crossed her mind and, unfortunately, he took her moment of reflection as an indication that she wished to prolong their interaction. He started to come over to her at the door. She thought he was staring directly at her breasts with a look of decided

action. Without a second's hesitation she was out the front door and heading down the sidewalk towards the beach.

Just as she reached the end of the walk where it intersected the bike path two young girls came speeding by on roller blades. One of them ran right into Chris, causing them both to go flying. Chris's bag turned over in the sand next to the path and the contents spilled out. She went to the young girl and helped her up. Fortunately she had landed in the sand as well. At the speed she had been traveling, a crash landing on the asphalt would have been disastrous.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. How about you?"

"Everything seems to be in one piece."

She wondered why the girl was looking at her so oddly. She looked down and saw that one of the cups of her suit top had, indeed, been unable to restrain her breast. She quickly tucked it back into the top, but not before dear Mr. Howard had a chance to see her revealed. He stood at the door to lobby with his jaw hanging open. Great. Just what she wanted: Old man Howard jacking-off to the image of her breast hanging out of the front of her suit. The thought repulsed her, sending shivers up her spine.

Chris noticed the young girl had on knee and elbow pads and a nice, secure top. It, too, was filled to the bursting point. In fact her whole body was trim and taut, like an archery bow. Her body was covered with a sheen of sweat from the exertion and her breathing was heavy, causing her breasts to rise and fall seductively. Her features were classic "beach golden" with everything blonde. Blonde hair, blonde eyebrows, darkly tanned blonde skin, and, she supposed, blonde head. She flashed on an image of her new neighbor surrounded by a bevy of these classics, each one

demanding their turn with his gigantic cock. For some reason it clicked on something she had been talking to her client, Nicholas, about earlier, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it. She logged the image away, saving it for work hours. It was time for the beach.

The girl apologized continuously, using the phrase "like ya-know" between every other word she uttered, while helping her put the stuff back into her bag. Chris actually felt it had been her own fault, but let the girl carry the weight of the incident. She seemed to need to be responsible for it. Far be it from her to ruin the girl's guilt trip. When they had gathered everything up the young lady and her friend zipped off down the path, turning to wave good by and nearly colliding with two young men coming towards her. One of them caught her at the last minute. His hands locked around her waist and held her. She turned around towards him and put her hands on his shoulders as if to steady herself. The girl definitely had the routine down.

The sand burned her feet so she slipped her beach sandals on and set off across the beach to an area near the water. When she got there she laid out her beach pad, got out the sun screen and slathered it on. Her fair skin reacted quickly to the direct sun, so she needed to get protected as soon as possible to avoid being burned. There was a group of people a few yards away from her whom she knew. Some of them lived in her building. One of them, a very attractive young man named Greg who lived on the floor above her and with whom she often spoke on the elevator, came over and offered to apply the screen to her back. She knew this was one of the most common come-on's on the beach, but she was in the mood to be touched by someone other than herself. She also felt the need to distract herself from the encounter she had just had with Mr. Howard. Besides, he

was a nice guy with a moderately developed body and a nice handful stuffed into the front of his swim trunks. She gave him the bottle and turned her back to him. They made stupid talk about weather, water and how nice her swim suit looked while he luxuriously spread the protective cream across her back.

When he was done with that he asked if she wanted any on the back of her legs. Sure, why not? She stretched out on the mat. His hands felt good sliding across her skin and he had a strong, firm grip that was verging on a massage. She relaxed on her mat and let him pour the lotion on the backs of her calves and thighs. He started at the bottom and worked up, making very, very sure that he covered every inch of her delicate skin. She realized she was really beginning to enjoy his attentions. When he reached the tops of her legs he poured an extra amount on the exposed areas of her ass and began to spread it around, his fingers every so often straying down to the inside thighs. She spread her legs a bit to allow him to apply the lotion down there as well. His fingers worked their way closer and closer to the thin strip of material that covered the opening to her vagina. He touched her lips which were swelling with blood in reaction to his attentions. She sighed. He took it as encouragement and, after taking a moment to wipe the sunscreen from his fingers, made contact again, this time more firmly, letting her know the first time had not been an accident.

Chris lifted her head to see if anyone else was aware of what was going on. The people who were anywhere near them were very intent on their own activities, most of them lying on their stomachs or backs with eyes closed. She sensed him understanding her concern, he squeezed the top of her thigh to assure her he would keep an eye out for anyone who might develop more than a casual

interest in their activities. After having dealt with her own longings by herself all morning it was nice to have someone else involved. She felt a bit ashamed that her mind was not completely on the young man whose hand was presently massaging the lips of her vagina, but very much focused on the body of her new neighbor. As the man's fingers began to press more insistently on her cunt, her juices began to flow and her legs spread even more to afford him easier access. He reached up with his other hand and began to rub her back as if he were smoothing sun screen into it.

Chris was so hot she found herself on the verge of orgasm within minutes. She knew Greg would figure it was due to his expert handling of her. Little did he know at that moment her mind was focused on her photos of a huge cock (she guessed it had to be well over ten inches long) being held in the hand of a muscular, beautiful man whom she had the greatest desire to fuck and fuck until his huge cock was so hard that she could hang from it. From the photos, she knew his balls were proportionate to everything else.

She wanted to take them into her mouth and suck on them and gently squeeze them as he came, causing him to shoot huge quantities of cum. His body would go rigid, his huge muscles swollen with exertion, as she coaxed him to heights of sexual stimulation which he had never before thought possible.

Her cunt began to flow and she shuddered deliciously as a mild orgasm overtook her and sent her spiraling up to joy. Several small moans escaped her lips as her willing assailant completed his task.

She settled back down to earth and rolled over on her back. He was kneeling over her and she had to shield her eyes from the sun to see him. His face was covered with that look which a man wore when he knew he had made a woman cum. A look of joy at having

that kind of an affect on her. Female orgasms were just as important to the man as the woman. She did feel good and wanted to acknowledge his hand in it, so to speak. Chris sat up and pulled his face to hers. She kissed him gently on the lips, then on the forehead. She stroked his cheek

“Thank you, Greg.”

“Can I see you later?”

“I’ve got a meeting tonight that may run very late. Can I take a rain check?”

“Sure. I’ll give you a call . Maybe you can come up for dinner.”

“I’d like that. I think you missed a few spots I’d like you to cover more completely. We’ll see how tomorrow looks, okay?”

“That’d be great, Chris. I’ll call you.” He started to get up to leave but thought of something else. “You seemed awfully primed for having just stepped out on the beach for some sun. Somebody else got your motor running?”

How unfortunately perceptive of him. Well, there wasn’t any use lying to him.

“Yeah. It has something to do with that meeting this evening. Nothing personal, Greg. I had this thing planned already. You just came along at the right time, that’s all.”

Greg paused for a second, thinking of how it all added up for him. She knew he had been trying to deepen their casual relationship for the longest time. The fact she hadn’t said no would, hopefully, assuage any ego problems he might have.

“Well, I hope you don’t use it all up. There’s a few spots you missed, too.”

His eyes dropped down to his own crotch where the outline of his penis was prominently pressed against his suit. It was very nicely shaped with a wonderfully large head. She licked her lips in anticipation.

“I don’t think there’s anything I could do about that here, Greg. I’ll see you tomorrow evening for dinner.”

“No shit?”

“No shit. I don’t fuck around with peoples’ heads. I didn’t ask you to pop me off, but I didn’t tell you to stop, either. Turn about is fair play. Dinner at your place. All favors returned.”

“You’ve got a deal. I get home from work a little before seven. Can you give me about a half-hour to settle in?”

“Sure. I’ll see you at seven-thirty, then.”

Again he started to stand up but noticed how big his cock had gotten. It would be a bit embarrassing, to say the least, to go strolling back to his group of friends with his cock in that condition. Chris understood immediately.

“I think maybe you should sit and chat for a bit. I could use the company and it looks like you could use a little cooling off period. It’s very nice, by the way.”

They spent the next fifteen minutes chatting about this and that. Greg wanted to know if she knew anything about the new guy moving in next door to her. She hedged by saying that she hadn’t met him yet.

“Do you know his name?” she asked. “Yeah. It’s Arnold something. I heard Mr. Howard talking about him to Patty the other day. I guess they’ll get along great. He’s a body builder, you know?”

“Have you seen him?”

“Mr. Howard was making one of his crude remarks to Patty about how there were going to be two freaks living in the building now so she wouldn’t feel so lonely.” Again, she had avoided a direct answer to Greg’s question.

Chris’s blood boiled whenever she thought of how that asshole talked about anyone who was different than himself. She suspected that in the case of Patty it was strictly resentment of the fact that Patty was so obviously open with her body, proud of it. But every time Mr. Howard tried to approach her, Patty shut him right down. His feelings about Arnold were just as easy to figure out. Jealousy. Pure and simple. Not that a smaller cock made a man a bad lover. To the contrary, they usually focused less on their own cock and more on what the woman was experiencing. She just hoped he was miserably dissatisfied with his. She told Greg about the encounter she had just had with that lecherous scum bag in the lobby.

“Well, it’s good to know he doesn’t have it in for anyone in particular. It seems his bad manners are indiscriminate.”

Chris agreed. “I just wish he would get over being who he is and get on with his own life instead of going around forcing everyone else to make it for him.”

They were both upset enough about Mr. Howard that their minds had been taken off their more recent activities. Greg realized his erection had subsided and so told Chris he would see her later. She thanked him once again and he returned to his group of friends. She took her book out of her bag, rolled over on her stomach, and began to read. For the next hour or so she would flip over about every fifteen minutes when she sensed one side of her body becoming too hot. Finally she put her book down and just lay back

on her mat, allowing the sun to soak into her body, warming her throughout.

She loved the way it heated her breasts and nipples under the fabric. She could feel the difference on the skin of her breasts between the part that was covered up and that part which just would not be contained behind the fabric. The two lovely mounds of flesh peeked out from behind the material, the outer curve of each breast quite clearly exposed. Many a man, and women, had delighted in caressing, handling, massaging, pressing their palms into her breasts, entranced with their resilience and firmness.

Her nipples brushed delightfully against the fabric as she breathed. She reached up with one hand and ostensibly adjusted the suit. She pressed her hand against the nipple and dragged the material across it, sending tiny shivers out through her body. She did the same to the other breast. The reaction she got was intense. How long would it take him (Arnold. He has a name!) to finish his errands and get back? She hoped it wouldn't be long. Actually she knew it would be very long. And very hard and thick and it would be the most incredible cock she had ever had.

Would it be available to her? There was always the possibility she was the last in a long waiting line or that the line was just plain closed to her. He could be gay. He could have a girlfriend. He could be impotent. He could be totally uninterested in sex. He could have three legs and an arm growing out of the top of his head. He certainly had reacted strangely to Patty's attentions down in the parking lot. He had neither encouraged or condemned her putting her hand on his cock. It was almost as though he didn't want to make a big deal about it.

It occurred to her that if he was aware of her photographing him, as she was almost positive that he was, then his reaction to Patty would be very much in keeping with his feigned innocence. His moving the car by pulling it: He had been showing off for her. The clothes he wore: No one wore clothes like that who didn't want to attract other people's interest. The man was built for sex and he knew it.

Chances were he enjoyed each encounter and took every opportunity to satisfy what had to be a very demanding libido. He certainly enjoyed his little show for her on the walkway. If there was the slightest chance he was sexually active she was certain she would be able to attract his notice. She knew she had a great body, as well. Certainly nothing like Patty's, but there had never been any complaints. Greg obviously saw some good points.

She thought about Patty's body. Her physique was incredible. She suspected Arnold and Patty would very soon, if they hadn't already, have a meeting of the libidos that would surely rock the entire building on its foundations. She hoped that the place was up to code, earthquake-wise, because when the two of them finally got together the energy they would generate was going to be mind-boggling. What she wouldn't give to be a fly on the wall...

Thoughts of what that encounter might be like invaded her mind and sent her off into a dream state of bliss and sexual arousal.

She could see the two of them naked, standing in front of a huge mirror, studying each other's body. Nothing showy or egotistical, just an appreciation for the efforts of the other person. Patty's breasts would be standing out proud on her chest, her broad, muscular shoulders tapering down to her ironclad abdomen. Her small tuft of pubic hair covering what Chris thought would be an

incredibly tight and quite talented cunt. As Patty raises her arms she flexes her pecs and her breasts rise higher and higher, quivering with energy, still maintaining their round form. He would be relaxed but the definition of his muscles, even in that state, would be sharp and coherent. His huge cock would be hanging down between his legs, nestled between his two balls which hung down in a scrotum that was loose and long. His cock would be thick but flaccid. The interest in Patty's body would be strictly professional at this point. There would be no sense of sex yet. They would only be evaluating each other's condition. The fact they were both naked would only be to facilitate that evaluation. After studying each other for a few moments Arnold would move in behind Patty and place his arms around her chest, cupping her firm breasts in his hands, lifting them, testing them, slowly kneading them, causing the nipples to become erect. Now the sex would kick in. Patty would slowly grind her ass against his crotch and his huge cock would immediately respond. In just a few minutes it would be hard and thick, dark red and veined. The head would slowly rise between Patty's legs and she would clamp her thighs around it and squeeze it, the head turning a dark purple. A large drop of juice would seep out of the slit in the top and drip to the floor. His balls would already be working in expectation of the orgasm she was about to help him achieve. Arnold's hands would become more active on her breasts, his manipulations becoming more insistent. Patty would moan loudly as Chris knew she did from hearing her sometimes at night, her reactions to someone's attentions, or perhaps even her own, completely uninhibited. His long cock jutting out from between Patty's legs would give her the appearance of having a hard-on. She would grab hold of the head and pull it up, forcing pressure onto her clitoris.

Immediately the heat of his cock would ignite her clit and she would begin to vibrate. She'd lean forward and grab the back of a chair and entreat him to enter her from behind. He was sure that his cock would be too big for her at first and so he would begin by inserting a finger, and then a second, and then a third, slowly causing the entrance to her vagina to expand and become prepared to accept the full thickness of his cock which was becoming more substantial with each passing moment and low growl that she uttered.

Chris's own breasts were becoming hotter and more sensitive and she realized she had been lying on her back for quite some time; she should roll over. She sat up to change positions and noticed two young boys standing near the water looking at her. In the course of her fantasizing she had spread her legs and bent them at the knees. She had probably been opening and closing her thighs, giving the two lads a great crotch shot. She knew her suit had very little material down between her legs and they had probably seen just about everything. They certainly knew she was a natural red-head, and she could certainly tell from this distance that they were boys. Both of them sported erections in the front of the bathing suits which they made no effort to conceal. She smiled and waved at the boys. The boys looked at each other, laughed, and ran on down the beach. Cheap thrills for everyone, though she would have to keep a check on her own sex drive or else her social calendar was going to become extremely crowded.

She rolled over onto her stomach and thought briefly about Greg. She was very thankful that he had covered her back. She also thought about the outline of his cock in the front of his swim suit. Not that she was one to compare lovers, but thought if she succeeded in her attempts to lure Arnold into the sack today, she

would have to be pretty imaginative with Greg to keep her mind from drifting back to her new neighbor.

Her eyes closed again and conjured up the continuation of Patty and Arnold's momentous encounter.

The image of his huge member poised for entry into her ready cunt came easily to mind. Patty would know how big and possibly difficult this would be for her, but the look of desire on her face said it would be worth it. Arnold would remove his fingers from her cunt and press the head of his monstrous cock against her lips. Her moaning would increase as, slowly, almost imperceptibly, his shaft would sink into her steamy slit. As soon as the head was all the way inside she would take control and begin to force herself back against him, taking inch after inch until his pubic hair was pressed up against her round, muscular ass. She wasn't sure what Patty had done with that huge cock, but then sexual fantasy didn't have to make a whole lot of sense, did it? Arnold's balls would be hanging down, the scrotum cradling them with care. The skin of his ball sac would be dark and smooth, confident of their position and reacting to Patty's heat. As he entered her further and further the balls would be drawn up until they would be right up against the base of his cock. Slowly he would grind his pelvis against her ass, causing Patty to begin to shake noticeably. She would reach down between her legs and begin to massage her own clit. Her moans would become louder as he began to move his cock in and out of her vagina. Each thrust in would send a new jolt of energy through her body, setting it to vibrating once again. Patty's abdomen would begin to work, setting up a motion in her vagina that would squeeze and milk the huge shaft within her. Arnold would growl roughly, his knees becoming weak. He would grab onto her ass and hold himself

as the level of pleasure his cock was experiencing would become so intense he could barely stand it. Her internal actions would drive him into a frenzy and soon his huge cock would be pistoning in and out of her, eliciting cries of pleasure from her. Patty's breasts would be swung forward with each thrust of his cock and the constant motion would cause her nipples to keep hardening until they were so big they seemed ready to explode. She would continue to grasp the extremely stable chair with one hand and manipulate her clit with the other. Arnold would increase his pace and begin the final drive towards orgasm. Each time his cock pulled out it seemed to be thicker and longer and harder and darker than the time before. Patty's cunt would be literally running with juices and soon would be throbbing with a vaginal orgasm that would go on for minutes. Her knees would forget their job as the intensity of her orgasm took over and she would be supported solely by his cock. Arnold's head would be thrown back and each thrust would cause him to grunt and moan as Patty's talented, muscular cunt would suck his dick to the point where he didn't think his knees would be able to remember their job description either. His huge muscles would be bulging with the effort and intensity of their union. Patty's manipulations of her clitoris would suddenly pay off and she would achieve yet another orgasm, this one so violent that her hips would buck wildly. Her screams and moans and expletives would drive Arnold on to achieve his own end. One final thrust and he would arch his back in ultimate tension. Every muscle swollen to maximum size. Patty's own musculature leaping out in relief as she would work her insides and fling him up to a sexual plateau that would clearly be overwhelming. Cum would begin leaking out from her cunt as his massive orgasm filled her beyond capacity. With each thrust they

would both sink to their knees, the intensity just too much to deal with. He would continue to thrust powerfully into her, his cock not giving the least hint of softening. Their screams and cries would fill the room, the world; their energy would charge the atmosphere. Even after they had both spent themselves they would continue to thrust in and out. Arnold's cock would not be denied. Patty's cunt would cry for more and they would begin again, achieving orgasms within minutes, the intensity of which would only be slightly less than that which had preceded it.

Around and around this fantasy went in Chris's head until she lost track of how many orgasms either Arnold or Patty or she, herself, had. When she finally resurfaced to reality the sun had traveled a good distance across the sky and was now nearing the horizon. She must have been out for at least an hour. She looked around to see who was near and what the general environment was. Most of the people who had been on the beach when she arrived were gone, including Greg and his group. The sky was still cloudless and beginning to take on the red/orange quality of a hazy ocean sunset. It washed the fronts of the buildings, including her own, with a light tint that gave it that 'rose colored glasses' look.

Several people were out on their balconies preparing barbecues or lounging about, enjoying the end of the day. Movement near her own apartment attracted her attention. She saw the glass door next to hers slide open and out onto the balcony stepped the object of her cunt-moistening desires. He was shirtless and seemed to be moving something very heavy out onto the balcony because she could see, even from this distance, his muscles bulging with some effort. Well, no time like the present.

She stood up and stretched her sun-soaked body. As she raised her arms over her head to stretch her back the top of her bathing suit rode up high. She noticed that the hunk with the magnificent muscles had paused in his efforts and was looking directly at her. She figured two could play at his game.

She stretched her back, raised her shoulders and her beautiful left breast slipped from its place within the bathing suit top. She continued to lean back, ignoring her plight. She wondered how many other people were noticing her display. She didn't care. Her only thought was to entice her new neighbor, seduce him, lure him, fuck him.

When she straightened back up, she allowed the breast to remain exposed for a few seconds longer as she stared directly at him, daring him not to lust after that firm, luscious globe of flesh. She raised her hand to the breast and cupped the bottom of it in her hand, holding it up in a manner that offered it to him. She then pulled the top of her suit down over the mound and made several complicated and completely useless adjustments to it to increase its visibility over the top of the minimal fabric. Her eyes never left the balcony and she noted that his eyes never left her.

"Well, Arnold," she thought, "I hope your good and horny now because, ready or not, here I cum."

She walked to the top of her mat, turned to face the ocean, and bent over at the waist to roll up the mat, her ass clearly pointed directly at the man on the balcony. She made sure she bent over to pick up each item individually and put it in her bag. Without even looking she could tell his eyes were still riveted on her. She grabbed her bag and headed for the building, glancing up to note that he had set down whatever he had been carrying and was now leaning on the

railing, staring unabashedly down at her. She imagined the front of his pants or bathing suit or whatever he was wearing (was he wearing anything at all? She moaned passionately at the thought) was being stretched to the limits by his huge erection, brought on by thoughts of what he would like to do to the woman he was watching on the beach.

Would he be excited to note she was walking towards his building? Would he start to plan some way to meet her by chance? Would he not even bother with the games and call his apartment number down to her, knowing she had been displaying herself for him? How surprised he would be to find she was his next door neighbor. He would probably realize she had been giving him a taste of his own medicine. Should she just go up and knock on his door? “Hi. I’m Chris. Let’s fuck.” Or should she find some subtler way to engineer the meeting. Would he appreciate the effort? And why, with all the digging and pawing around in her beach bag, had she not been able to locate the key to her apartment? She set the bag down on the bike path and dug through with an increasing feeling of impending doom; the same feeling one got when the car wasn’t where you thought you left it in the parking lot.

Chris completely forgot about the man on the balcony as she poured the entire contents of the bag out onto the pavement. She sifted through and lifted each article, hoping to hear the familiar sound of metal falling onto asphalt. Then it suddenly occurred to her: The collision she’d had with the girl on the roller blades. Her bag had overturned and the key must have fallen out into the sand. She went to that spot and began to sift through the sand. A couple of cigarette butts and a dime were all that she could come up with. She heaved the dime out onto the beach in frustration and sat down in

the sand. Mr. Howard was gone for the night, so there was no chance of getting the master key from him. Thoughts of having a passionate, unbridled roll in the hay, impaled on the most beautiful cock she had ever seen, began to fade away in mists of depression. The rest of her evening was going to be consumed with efforts to break into her own apartment.

A light came on in her head. A tiny glimmer of hope formed in the back of her mind. Slowly that glimmer became a ray. The ray became a beam. The beam became the sun. It melted her and her juices began to flow even more. There was another way to get into her apartment.

From Arnold's balcony.

CHAPTER 22: FLASHBACK

Arnold offered a look of mock shame.

“It seems I came again, all over your nice indoor/outdoor carpeting. Perhaps the cleaning lady will be able to suggest a cleansing agent that will remove the stubborn stain.”

He winked.

Billy looked down at the floor where the boy had been kneeling and saw a large pool of cum. There was more cum in that one puddle than Billy had shot all night. This kid was very hot. It was scary.

“You gonna stay in a hotel tonight?”

“I guess I was sort of hoping you’d be able to find me a place. Got any suggestions?”

“I got a quiet little place out back. Not much on the hospitality, but it’s real convenient to the best gym in four counties.”

“Thanks. I gotta be heading out early tomorrow morning, but I wouldn’t mind getting in a few quick reps before hitting the road.”

“Come on. We got a little cleaning up to do here and then we’ll hose off in the shower room and get us some nutrition. There’s a pretty good all night truck stop a few miles up the road. We can head there and drive all the waitresses and gay truck drivers crazy.”

“Sounds great. Where’s the bucket?”

After Arnold and Billy had cleaned up the cum they had splattered all over themselves and the gym, they headed for the shower room. It was a large tiled area with four shower heads separated from the sinks and the rest of the room by a six inch concrete lip. Arnold went in while Billy returned the cleaning

supplies to the back room. There were two sinks along the far wall and a couple of toilet stalls around the corner. Arnold headed for the john. He had to piss very badly.

While he was in the stall he heard the bathroom door open and Billy come in, humming to himself and beating the rhythm of the music on his chest.

“All shut down for the night. Hey. Where are you?”

“I’m taking a leak in your frog pond back here.”

There was the sound of the other stall door opening and then Billy’s head popped up over the top of the divider. He looked down at Arnold holding that giant cock in his hands and smiled.

Arnold looked up and noticed the man’s interest. “I guess my body hasn’t told my bladder it’s okay to piss now. It usually takes a couple of minutes when I’ve just cum a lot.”

“Don’t mind if I watch, do you?”

“Doesn’t bother me. I just hope you’re not in a big hurry.”

“Trust me, Arnie. I’ve got nothing better to do in the whole wide world than look at that thing you got in your hands right now. What’s it feel like when you piss? Can you feel the piss shooting down the length of it?”

Arnold looked back down at his cock and contemplated it for a moment before answering.

“I held onto a firehose when I was a kid and the men turned it on full blast. That was a little like this.”

Billy couldn’t see Arnold’s face, so he had no idea if the boy was joking or not. The boy turned his face back up towards Billy with a look that said “ask a stupid question...” Billy just hooted. This kid was funny. Funny/funny and funny/strange.

Arnold redirected his attention to his cock and a stream of piss began to pour out of the end. He pretended to struggle to keep the end of it under control, as though the force of his piss were wrenching it from his grip.

“Of course, if it gets too out of control I can just bend my knees a bit...”

He did and the end of his cock went down into the bowl. He let go of it and it hung there, still pissing. Billy jumped down and ran around the divider just as the last squirt shot from the end. He reached around Arnold’s waist with both arms, grabbed hold of the shaft and shook it for Arnold, enjoying the feeling of the mass of flesh in his hands. His own cock was pressed up against the crack of Arnold’s ass. When he was finished he straightened up and brought his hands up to cup the boy’s pecs.

Arnold flexed his chest for the man, knowing this was what he wanted. He liked the feeling of the man’s cock pressed against him. He remembered Billy’s three fingers up his ass while he was getting a blow job from the older man and how amazing it felt. Arnold thought for just a second and then decided: If there was ever going to be a time for it, there seemed none better than now. He pressed his ass back against the man’s crotch and squeezed his cheeks together, clasping the man’s cock in his crack. Billy stopped all motion. He didn’t want to move, for fear that the boy might change his mind. He also knew if he were correct, if the boy really did want him to ass fuck him, then Billy would have to reciprocate. His dick started getting hard.

“Billy?”

“Yeah, stud?”

“Up until just a few days ago, I was a total virgin...in case you hadn’t guessed.”

“Yeah, I kinda guessed.”

“I think maybe you should show me how this is done. Now.”

“What’s that, Arnie?” He wanted nothing misunderstood. Everything had to be clear so that this whole beautiful thing wouldn’t get messed up. “You gotta tell me what you mean, so I know for sure you really want it.”

“I want your cock up my ass, Billy. I want you to fuck me with your cock. Can you do that, Billy?”

Billy squeezed the boy’s pecs hard and ground his cock into the crack of his ass. Harder and harder his dick became until it felt like it would split along a seam. He turned the boy around and was glad to see he was getting hard again, too. The huge cock wacked against his leg.

Arnold reached down and held his cock up next to Billy’s. He wrapped his hands around both and pressed their lengths together. They both swooned as the heat from the other’s cock sent shots of energy through their bodies. Arnold ran his hands up and down the two shafts and they both turned a dark red as blood rushed in. Billy thought it odd that, although he knew his own cock to be considerably smaller than Arnold’s, when looking at them like this, they didn’t seem to be much different. Some of that, he knew, was the boy’s attitude. Arnold didn’t act like a big dick either. Billy grabbed hold of Arnold’s cock and led him out of the stall and to the sinks. There was a full length mirror on the wall which reflected their profiles. Billy opened a small medicine cabinet next to the sink and took out some lubricant. He applied a generous amount to his shaft as Arnold watched intently. When he got the idea of what Billy

was doing he pushed the man's hands away and began spreading the jelly up and down the man's cock. Billy hummed and moaned.

"The object of this is to cum inside the other guy's ass. You keep that up and we'll be finished before we begin."

He removed the boy's hand from his cock and finished applying the stuff himself. Then he took another large gob of the stuff on his right index finger. He almost asked Arnold, again, if this was what he wanted, but was afraid the boy might change his mind. He locked eyes with the boy, studying his determination.

"Turn around and grab hold of the sink. You can watch in the big mirror over there. Just don't get too out of control and pull the damn sink off the wall, okay?"

Arnold didn't say anything. He just stared at Billy for a few seconds, looking for something that would let him know everything was going to be all right. Billy started to get a little anxious, thinking the boy might change his mind. He smiled at him, thinking he would never do anything to hurt him.

He saw it in Billy's eyes. The caring. The lust. Possibly even the love? He turned to the sink, bent over and grabbed the sides of the basin. Billy took the finger that had the extra amount of jelly on it and slowly rubbed it around the boy's asshole. He began by just rubbing the rim of the muscle but then started to insert the finger, taking some of the lubricant with it. Arnold hummed as his ass began to squirm.

"Aw...Aw...Man. Oh, Billy. Shit. That feels so good. Put your finger in all the way. Go ahead, I want it hard and fast. Awwwwwww. Yeah. Oh yeah. Slide it in and out. Hmmmmmm. Oooooo. That's it. That's it. Ohhhhhh, don't stop. Oh, don't stop. Give me another one, Billy. Put another finger up my ass. Stretch

my asshole tiiiiieeeee oh shit oh yeah. Oh, deeper, Billy. I want it deeper. Oh my asshole's getting bigger, Billy. I can feel it getting bigger. Ohhhhh. Hmmmmmm. Gimme a third finger there, Billy. Stretch me real big. I wanna be ready for your cock, Billy. Oh, yeah. Oh. Oh. OH. My cock's getting real hard, Billy. Look in the mirror at my cock. Oh, shit, it hurts so good, Billy. My cock hurts so good. I want your cock now. I want you to fuck me with your cock, Billy. Put that big cock of yours up my ass."

Billy looked in the mirror. The sight that met his eyes was almost enough to make him cum on the spot. His own cock was huge and dark, hovering near Arnold's virgin asshole. The boy was bent over, holding on to the sink, his huge arms bulging. His cock was up against his abdomen, absolutely rigid, pointing straight towards the sink. Just before Billy entered he reached between Arnold's legs and cupped the boy's huge balls in his hand, squeezing very gently. He knew that with a hard-on like that his balls would probably be very tender. He gave the length of the cock a tender pat and then grabbed his own distended member and guided the head towards its quivering target.

Arnold's ass was squirming with anticipation. When he felt Billy's cock approaching he spread his legs wider, bending his knees slightly while watching in the mirror. He flexed his arms and the biceps popped into relief. He flexed his cock and it bounced up and hit his stomach muscles. He flexed his ass and Billy slapped across his left ass cheek. He flexed again and Billy hauled off and gave him a good one.

"Do that again, Billy. It feels good on my ass. Hit it hard and make my cheeks sting, Billy. Unh. Again. Unh. Again, Billy. Unh.

Unh. Unh. Oh Billy. Fuck me. Ya gotta fuck me NOW Billy! Nooooooooooooooooooooo, Shit!”

Billy had rammed his cock into Arnold’s waiting asshole, driving it about halfway in. He knew this was wrong. He knew he should have been gentle, but the sight of this beautiful ass glowing with the mark of his hand, the hard cheeks flexing and vibrating, the huge back that lay stretched out before him, the gigantic cock he could see in the mirror jutting out from the boy’s pelvis, all of this had driven him into a frenzy like he had never experienced before. When the boy had told him to do it hard, he had no control. No choice.

It was tight. He knew it would be. It was smooth. He wanted it to be. It began to squeeze and milk his cock as the boy drove himself back onto the full length of Billy’s aching organ. Billy had not expected that.

“Oh. Oh. Awwwwwww. Shit. Oh, Arnie. Oh, fuck. Whatcha doin’ man? You tryin’ to kill me? Awwwww man. Oh. You’re so tight. So tight, man. Aw, shit, Arnie. I’m gettin’ dizzy.”

“Don’t forget to breath, Billy. That’s why you passed out the last time. Breath. Breeeeeeiiiiiii. Aw do that again, Billy. Shove it in hard again, Billy. Shove. Shove. Shuh. Shuh. Unh. Unh. Unh. Unh. Unh!”

Billy began ramming his thickening cock into the boy’s ass. The hot piston pressed itself deep into Arnold and pulled out, dark and inflamed. Arnold would tighten his ass cheeks each time, causing Billy to scream in ecstasy. Their cries of pleasure echoed off the tiles of the room, until they became a deafening roar. The sound drove them both on until Billy could stand it no longer. He wanted to stay inside this ass forever, its powerful muscles milking his cock,

but he knew in just a few more seconds he was going to cum for the third time in less than an hour. He looked in the mirror and saw Arnold grabbing his own cock with one hand, squeezing and pumping it. He thought about telling the boy to save some for him, but, in light of how much he had cum already, the fear of him running out seemed moot.

“Oh, Arnie. Oh, fuck. Fuck. I’m...I’m...gonna ...”

Billy arched his back, grabbed both sides of Arnold’s ass and rammed his cock in one last time, burying it to the very hilt. He felt his balls swing forward and slap against Arnold’s. Arnold reached back through his legs and grabbed both his own and Billy’s nuts and began massaging them, sending Billy right over the edge.

“Aaaaaaaggghhhhh. Unh. Oh. Shit. Oh. God. Oh. Oh. Oh!”

Billy’s cum shot up his shaft and poured out into Arnold’s ass. He couldn’t move, his back arched, his eyes closed, his dick trapped in Arnold’s clamping, grasping hole.

“Fuck me, Billy. Fuck me. Oh, yeah. Oh, your cock feels so good. Fuck me. Oh. Oh. Ooooooh. Shoot. Shoot. Cum, Billy. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Oh...so...goood. Oh, Yeaaaahhhhhhhh!”

As Billy’s ejaculations subsided he found himself unable to stand upright. He leaned over Arnold’s back and wrapped his arms around his waist, trying not to fall over. His cock was still imbedded in the boy’s ass which continued to milk the slowly softening organ. Each time Arnold flexed his rectal muscles Billy would give another grunt or moan. Finally his cock slipped out from between the boy’s ass cheeks and dangled back and forth between his legs. He still hung onto the boy, not yet trusting his own legs.

Arnold was leaning on the sink, breathing hard. His own cock was still rigid. At the last moment he had decided he didn’t want to

cum. Not just yet, anyway. He had grabbed his own balls and squeezed them to distract himself. At the same time he realized that he had Billy's in his hand as well. Arnold guessed he had given Billy an orgasm more intense than he usually experienced. This made him smile. He kept flexing his ass, enjoying the way Billy's cock felt as it became flaccid and slid out from inside him. When at last it fell free it swung back and then forward and brushed the back of Arnold's balls. Arnold shuddered and a small volley of cum spurted from his cock. He knew he was very close to cumming. He would have to be careful.

There was, of course, the possibility that Billy had not been able to reconcile himself to the size of Arnold's cock. Arnold really wanted to try his cock in Billy's ass, but if there was any possibility of hurting him, then it would be out of the question.

Actually, at that moment, everything was out of the question. Billy was out of the question. The man was still laying over Arnold's back, humming and mewling. The experience had been a bit more than he was used to. Arnold smiled. He looked over in the mirror and saw that Billy was smiling, too. But not the same kind of smile. He wondered how long he was going to have to hold Billy up.

Billy, all of a sudden, couldn't remember what it was he couldn't remember. There was a big, muscular back under him, his balls felt like someone had just sucked them dry with an industrial vacuum cleaner, his head was spinning, he knew his knees would not support his body if he tried to stand up. He put his arms around the waist of the big, muscular back and felt an enormous erection. Bingo. Arnold. The memory of what had just happened came back to him so quickly he stood bolt upright. He backed away from the

boy and leaned against the opposite wall, slowly sinking down onto his haunches.

Arnold turned to look at Billy, his throbbing hard-on jutting out in front of him. Billy whimpered. Arnold looked at his huge cock, looked at Billy and thought he understood. There was no way Billy was going to be able to accommodate his massive organ. Especially in the condition that both Billy and the organ were in. Arnold laughed to himself. He thought he could see a pattern emerging that, in the end, would follow him through the rest of his very hung life. Twice, already, on this trip he had hooked up with sex partners who had begged off from taking his huge cock inside of them. Both were women and both had almost made up for it by giving him some incredible blow-jobs. But the bottom line was that he hadn't actually gotten laid in close to two weeks, since his adventure with Sam. He reached down and petted his massive organ in consolation.

Billy, on the other hand, was thinking completely different thoughts. He, indeed, wanted that huge cock. His only misgiving was that, if having this super-hung stud up his ass was going to be only half as intense as the experience he had just enjoyed, he didn't know if he would survive. Every time this kid got sexy, Billy would end up shooting off to heights he never knew existed. And each time was exponentially higher and more explosive. He was afraid he might not come back from this next trip. He saw the look of resignation in the boy's face and immediately guessed what he must be thinking. There was no way Billy was going to let this boy down. He struggled to his feet.

"You just stay right there, Stud. And if that beautiful cock of yours gets the slightest bit softer, you'll have hell to pay."

He quickly turned to one of the shower spigots and cranked on the water. He needed to hose off his cock before getting involved with Arnie. He also felt the need to shock his system back to reality. The best way he knew was with a blast of cold water. After cleaning himself up he turned off the water, staggered over to the jar of lubricant, scooped up a huge handful of it, grabbed the boy's still aching, rigid organ and slapped the stuff on the broad, throbbing shaft.

Arnold looked at the man in disbelief. Could he have guessed so wrong. He whooped with joy as Billy spread the slippery stuff along his shaft, up and down, over and under, from the tip to the base. Billy then picked up the jar and held it out to Arnold. The rest would be up to him. Arnold took the jar, showing the deepest respect for Billy's decision. He tried not to appear too eager as he dipped his fingers in and removed about the same amount he remembered Billy taking for the same task.

"I don't think I ever remember my cock aching so much as it does right now, Billy. I think it must be just about the biggest it's ever been."

"Gee, Arnold. That's great fucking news, you know what I mean?"

"I just wanted to let you know that once it's in there, I don't suspect it'll be getting any bigger."

"Well. That's certainly a relief."

The sarcasm in that comment was thick and obvious. His breathing was short and expectant. His voice was deep and husky. He closed his eyes for a moment, quieted himself and then opened them again, locking onto Arnold's gaze.

“I want you in me, stud. I want you like I’ve never wanted anything in my whole life. It has nothing to do with the size of your dong. If it did, I’d be halfway to the border by now. I want you because I want you. Really want you.”

Billy locked his gaze on Arnold’s eyes and drank in the beauty and depth of them.

He sighed. “You’ve opened something up in me here, tonight, that I didn’t know existed. There’s something about the way you approach sex that frees me, lets me fly, lets me loose from myself. I feel like I’m someone else. I don’t know who. Just someone else.”

“Me.”

“Huh?”

“You feel like me. That’s how I feel. That’s how I want you to feel, how I want everyone I have sex with to feel. You feel like me.”

Billy moved forward, threw his arms around the boy’s neck and kissed him deeply on the mouth. Arnold held his breath and tried not to move. He wasn’t ready for this. He considered pulling free but then thought about everything else that had transpired this evening. If he had pulled free from any of that this would have been just a mediocre jerk-fest with some cock hungry stranger. Instead it had turned into a very wonderful evening of exploration and discovery, his horizons broadened beyond anything he could have imagined. Apparently Billy’s horizons had opened a bit, too, if what he had just told him was any indication. He wrapped his arms around Billy’s chest and hugged him tight, delighting in the feeling of their pecs mashing against each other. Arnold’s iron hard cock, slippery with lubricant, was pressed between their abdomens. He began to pump his pelvis, sending waves of pleasure down his cock and out to his extremities. Billy could have spent the rest of the night

clasped tightly to this beautiful boy's massive pectorals, his biceps bulging as he squeezed Billy in a bear hug, the big cock humping his rigid abdominal muscles. But Billy had set his mind to the seemingly impossible task of introducing this boy to the pleasures of the inside of a man's ass. The easy way was not always the best. Certainly he had practiced that in body building. And now he was going to practice that in sex, as well. He slowly pushed himself away from Arnold and took his position at the sink. He leaned over, took hold of the basin as Arnold had and spread his legs.

"I guess I don't have to tell you to be gentle. But, be gentle. Okay, kid?"

"Sure thing, Billy." And - *crack*. - Arnold smacked Billy on the ass with the flat of his hand.

"Oh, shit. You sonuva..."

"Paybacks are..."

"Come on, stud. Quit screwin' around and start screwin' around. I want that big cock of yours up my ass. Right now. Just try to leave everything where you found it when you're done."

Arnold spread the lubricant on his index finger around the man's hole, recalling the way it had been done to him a few moments ago. Billy hummed and squirmed. Arnold thought about what he had felt when Billy was doing this to him. He experimented with different pressures on the rectum, twisting his finger just inside it. He made little insistent attacks on the muscle, enjoying the way it tensed every time he pushed on it. He knew that, just like any other muscle, after so many contractions it would eventually begin to weaken, allowing his finger, and eventually his cock, easier access. With each little attack he drove his finger in a millimeter further

until he was able to stick it into the second knuckle without any difficulty.

Billy was going wild by this time. Arnold's constant attacks were teasing him beyond his endurance. He concentrated on loosening his sphincter so Arnold would be able to enter sooner. He felt the strength of it begin to diminish and the rectal muscle become looser. Arnold inserted his finger up to the last knuckle. Then, instead of pulling it out and preparing to widen it further he began to wriggle it around inside. Pressure was brought to bear upon his prostrate and his cock jerked in reaction.

"Unh. Aaaagggghhhh. Oh, shit. That feels good. Oh, fuck, man, where'd you learn that?"

"From a lady. She did this to me and I came so hard I passed out."

"Unh. Oh. OH. OH MY GOD. Oh yeah. Oooh yeah. Oh that feels incredible. I want another finger, stud. Gimme two fingers in there."

Arnold pulled out his index finger, wormed it around the opening a bit to prepare it for the larger circumference of two fingers and then drove his index and middle fingers in, not giving him a second's notice. He remembered how good the element of surprise was for him. He hoped Billy would appreciate it as well.

"Aaaaaarrrrrggghhhh!"

Arnold was pleased. Billy grabbed his own cock and began to squeeze and pull it. Arnold reached between Billy's legs and grabbed his nuts, fondling and caressing them.

"Ooooooooooh, yesssssssss."

So far, so good. While Arnold was distracting him he slipped his ring finger into the man's ass, as well.

“Oh. Oh. Oh. Oooohhhhhh. Yeaaaaahhhhhh.”

Arnold slowly spread his fingers, forcing the man's anus to stretch and give. He took his time, knowing that if the man wasn't ready Arnold could seriously hurt him. Every once in a while he would glance over at the full length mirror and check out the view. It was deja-vu. He remembered seeing himself in the other position and the thoughts of those moments of expectation drove him on. He knew how tense this moment must be for Billy. He ran his hand up and down his lover's shaft.

“Ooooh. Oh. Oh. Aw fuck, man. I can't stand this. This is too much. Toooooo much. Aw shit. I can't hold on, man. I gotta cum. Oooooo. Make me cum, stud. Aw, fuck me, man. I need to cum. I'm cumming, man. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Oh...Oh...Oh...OH...OH!!!!. Aaaaggghhhh!”

Billy's cock began to shoot a load of jiz. Just as the first spurts erupted from his cock Arnold pulled his fingers out of his ass and pressed the head of his dick into its place, before it had a chance to contract. Billy's hips bucked and squirmed and their natural motion drove him back onto Arnold's huge cock. By the time he was done cumming he was already one-third of the way impaled onto the massive phallus. He stopped and breathed hard, not even noticing what had transpired behind him. Arnold flexed his cock and the man suddenly jerked to awareness.

“Goddamn. Goddamn, man. You did it. You did it. How'd you know that would work? Goddamn. Aw you feel so good. So Big. Big cock. Go ahead, man, lemme have it. You're in, man. That's the hardest part. Shit. You're the greatest. Oh, so big. I love your cock

inside me. Fuck me, Stud. Fuck me hard. I want you to cum inside me till you're dry. Awww. Awww, yeah. Oooo. Oooooo. Unh. Unh. Unh. Uh. Uh. Uh!"

Arnold began slowly, pulling out until just his head was still inside, and then pushing his cock back in, each time going a bit further. Out. In. Out. In. Further and further until his pubic hair was tickling the man's firm ass. Once he got his cock buried right to the hilt he grabbed onto the sides of Billy's gluts and began to pump, full stroke, in earnest. His moans became louder and his breathing more labored as he climbed higher and higher to what he knew would be the evening's final and supreme orgasm. The pressure building in his balls attested to the fact that he was on his way to a sexual experience that would probably rival his encounter with Sam.

Billy knew he was in for it. Already the room was starting to spin around him. He tried desperately to hold on to the sink, reality, his mind, something that would remind him of the world. But time and again his universe would shrink down to focus on a few glorious inches, eleven-and-a-half to be exact. Nothing else seemed to matter. The energy flowing through his body launched him into an orbit far above any plane of existence he had known before. He could look down from this great height and see, in microscopic detail, every blood vessel, every capillary, every cell that made up the massive cock that was driving and driving and driving into his ass. Just when he thought that nothing he would ever experience ever in his life from that moment on would be any more intense than what he was experiencing at that moment, things got more intense. Arnold had been seriously wrong about something. His cock was getting bigger. Thicker. It pressed against his insides and stretched his anus to an unbearable diameter. He had to make this boy cum.

Quickly. He bore down on the huge cock as though he were trying to force it out of his ass. His muscles contracted and clasped the cock, holding it, milking it, sucking it. Arnold let out a long, low moan that started in his abdomen and finally rumbled up through his chest and out his throat. The sound was chilling, like listening to the beginning of the universe. It exploded from his mouth and the walls of the washroom echoed forever with its sound. He rammed his cock in faster and faster, his whole body straining with the effort. Billy looked in the mirror and saw that the boy had been transformed. Every muscle was standing out in the most incredible detail. It was as though someone had removed all his skin leaving massive muscle, sinew, blood vessels, tendons exposed. He was an anatomy chart. His eyes bulged, his jaw clenched, his hands clasped Billy's ass and his huge cock pummeled his rectum.

Then the first shots came. They hit with such force that Billy thought someone was firing a gun up his ass. He was afraid that if he opened his mouth, cum would fly out into the sink. Wham. Wham. Wham. Again and again the boy's sperm shot out of the end of his massive organ with a force previously unimagined by Billy.

Arnold felt himself spin away. He lost all touch with his surroundings and became a cock thundering in and out of an ass. Tight. Hot. Smooth. Sucking. Clinging. His cum was literally pulled out of his balls and flung up his shaft to shoot out with such a force he thought the recoil would send him crashing across the room if he didn't hold on to the man's ass. Cum. Cum. Cum. Again and again. There was nothing else in the world besides the sensation of this orgasm which was lasting for a millennium.

After what seemed like no time that Arnold could identify (hours, days, years, seconds?) his thrustings and spurtings seemed to

subside. A sound rang in his ears. He realized it was himself, crying. A long moan trailed on and on, slowly fading as his breath ran out. He took a deep breath and focused on his cock once again. This time it was only a cock. It felt very good. But it was no longer the center of the universe. He looked down at it and watched as it slid in and out of Billy's ass a few more times, releasing the last remnants of his incredible orgasm.

Finally he sensed he was becoming flaccid again. He waited until his cock had grown slightly smaller in diameter and then carefully pulled out of Billy's rectum. When the head slipped from the man's ass, Billy gave a short cry, a mournful sound. The connection was broken. Billy knew he would never again come that close to heaven.

Arnold was breathing heavily, his whole body still flushed with the effort of the orgasm. Billy was leaning his head on his arms which were, in turn, resting on the front lip of the sink. His head hurt, his biceps hurt from claspings the sink so hard, his legs hurt from trying to stay upright, his back hurt from bending over so long. Everything on his body told the story of an incredible physical ordeal except for his ass. He tried to find the pain he knew should be there, but there was none. He thought maybe it was so bad that his mind was blanking it out, but no. He could feel his ass. He could feel where Arnold had slapped him so hard, the delicious sting still resonated there. He could feel the cum leaking from his anus and down his crack. The only thing he couldn't feel was the pain. There was always pain. With every other cock he had ever had up his ass there was some amount of pain. And no cock he had ever had was as big as this stud's. But there was no pain.

He eventually straightened up, turned to his assailant, and leaned against the sink basin. He scanned him from top to bottom. Everything seemed to be normal. Well, you know. He seemed to be human. But there was something very...very...Shit, Billy couldn't figure it out. He shook his head and decided to just take it for what it was. The boy was still gorgeous. His face, his hair, his eyes, his neck, shoulders, arms, hands, chest, abdomen, cock, balls, thighs, calves, feet, everything was a study in how the human body could look if reality wasn't such an asshole. And there it was, standing right in front of him. And for this one night, in the middle of a little podunk town in the middle of a little podunk county where nothing important ever, ever, ever happened, that perfection had been his. It was too much to bear.

As he drank in the image before him he began to cry. A soft, throbbing cry that came up from his toes and wracked his body with a pulsing sob. Arnold crossed to him and took the man in his arms, holding him, rocking him, giving him the energy for what was to be the hardest part of this entire encounter: The good-bye.

Billy's hands came up behind Arnold and slowly pulled his head back until they were staring at each other. This time it was Arnold who initiated the kiss. But it was a kiss of understanding, of recognition, of a love that could not exist between two lovers, but between two human beings who shared a great secret. The energy ran from Arnold into Billy, sending waves of tranquillity through his body. His sobbing subsided, his breathing returned to normal and his heartbeat slowed to its usual pace. By the time their lips parted Billy had forgotten about the sorrow that had wracked his body just moments ago. Instead, suffusing his mind and being was a sense of power and contentment that made all things possible.

Arnold took Billy by the hand and led him into the showers. They soaped each other down, played a bit, hugged a bit, posed for each other, got hard-ons again but left them that way and finally rinsed off with pure cold water. That last was Billy's idea. He said if they were going to go and get something to eat in public, and with their stomachs growling as they were there was no question about it, then they would have to get rid of their erections somehow. Neither of them had the energy for sex again so cold water seemed the most viable, and stimulating, answer.

"Besides," said Billy, "It's against the law in this town to pack a hard-on over ten inches without a license. I wouldn't want to see you get arrested and hauled in on charges. You know what those hardened criminals are like in the big house."

CHAPTER 23: PATTY

The moment Arnold left the gym she crooked her finger at Peter, indicating that she wanted to see him in the office. She thought Peter was totally at a loss as to how to deal with what had just happened and she wanted to set the record straight on a few things before they got out of hand. Patty hoped she could handle this calmly and with some sense of perspective, but her feelings about these two men seemed determined to screw her head around so only her emotions were left to control the situation. This she definitely did not want.

Peter followed her into the office. Patty sat at the chair behind the desk and indicated that Peter should sit in one of the chairs on the other side. When he was situated she looked him straight in the eye, trying to plumb his feelings, his thoughts, his emotions. He stared right back at her with a confidence that spoke of growth and an awakening to a more well-defined sense of himself. It was surprisingly unpretentious, not the least bit cocky. Patty chose her words carefully, attempting to make them as non-confrontational as possible. No one had any rights to any one here, although the temptation to get possessive was almost uncontrollable.

“So, what do you think of him?”

This was obviously a lot further along in the conversation than Peter had imagined they would start. It took him a few moments to shift his gears. His brow knotted up in thought and he bit his lower lip, giving him an almost child-like quality that tugged at Patty’s heartstrings. Patty smiled. If the little shit was doing that on purpose she’d string him up by the balls.

After a moment's contemplation, Peter's expression relaxed.

"He seems like the most special person I've ever met. It's like he can see inside. To the real part of me."

Patty was equally thrown off base. She had assumed his first thoughts would be along the physical. Arnold had apparently affected him as much as he had her.

"He had a lot of good things to say about you, too. I wonder how much of that had to do with your interest in him."

A cloud came over Peter's face and it looked as though he might want to slug Patty. Only an intense inner control kept his physical urges at bay. Patty tensed, waited for the storm to pass, and wondered what it was she had said that he had taken such offense at. She found herself unable to fathom her crime.

"What?" She was completely at a loss as to the reason for his drilling stare.

"What do you mean, 'What?'"

"I mean: 'What are you so upset about?'"

"I can't believe you really think he said those things about me just because I think he's beautiful."

"Well?"

"Didn't you see it?"

"I don't know if I understand you."

"The way he listened. The way he watched. The way he talked and asked and took it all in. Shit, Patty. Even I could see what was going on. The man's into everything. Not just weights but the people, the place, the plants. You. Me."

Patty's eyebrows shot up at that.

“Yeah, that’s right, Patty. Both of us. Can’t you tell how much he wants you?”

Patty’s jaw fell open.

“Christ, Patty. I could smell his need for you a mile away. If you’ll excuse my being blunt, he wants to fuck you in the worst way possible.”

Patty’s cunt began to buzz. Her legs scissored open and closed. Peter watched her and smiled. There was something else he knew that was going to blow her away even more.

“He also wants me.”

Patty froze. How could this boy know so much about what had happened here. He was just the kid, right?

“He wants everyone. I bet that if one of the politicians had asked him to go home with him right then he would have jumped at the chance. Not because he’s horny, but because he wants to know them. Really know them. Just like he really wants to know you.”

He paused, the smug grin creeping onto his face again.

“And me.”

Patty was dumbfounded. This was not turning out at all as she had imagined it. This was going to be Aunt Patty giving the little boy a pep talk about not letting his gonads run away with his heart. Instead the tables were turned. She drove down an immediate urge to get defensive and tried to listen to what this youth was saying. He had been so open to what Arnold was putting out, so affected by the man’s presence, that he had compiled information which Patty’s jealousy-clogged brain had not been able to process.

“Jeez, Patty. For a grown-up you sure are dumb.”

The look on his face said he understood her confusion and that he was only kidding.

“Peter, I’m sorry. I got so defensive about Arnold I forgot that you’re a person, too. In fact, I think a lot of us around here have forgotten that. I’m glad that Arnold came in today. I think he’s helped us all here.”

She paused for a moment to collect her thoughts. She still hadn’t covered the point she originally had intended to.

“What about Arnold? How do you feel about him?”

There was no question, no pause, no need to consider any alternative answers.

“I want him to be my first.”

Well, there it was. She’d asked the question and gotten the most truthful, straightforward answer she could never have hoped for.

“Where does that leave me?”

“Leave you where?”

“You said you knew Arnold wanted me. Is there room for me in this whole thing?”

Peter was very obviously getting pissed-off at Patty. Again

“Aw, fuckin’-A, Patty. You don’t see shit, do you? It has nothing to do with me. It’s you and Arnold. Me and Arnold. Whoever Arnold’s fucking right now and Arnold. You don’t keep Arnold, marry Arnold, own him. I think even the word ‘share’ isn’t right. Arnold’s just Arnold. He’s with whoever he’s with. You, me, everyone. I think he likes me because of something about himself. I think he likes you because you’ve got a great personality and make your own clothes.”

Patty picked up the appointment book laying on the desk and threw it at him.

“Come on, Patty. Look at you. He wants to fuck you because you’re hot. Real hot. Christ. You even turn me on sometimes.”

Patty hadn’t been fishing for compliments...exactly, but it was interesting to hear this coming from Peter, especially in light of his recent realignment in the pecking order at the Pump House.

She leaned back in the chair and let her fantasy with Peter play again in her head. It became overlaid with the memory of Arnold’s huge cock laying in her hand, its heat and heft sending shivers through her vagina. Peter astounded her again with his insight.

“You’ve seen it. Haven’t you?”

She looked at him, trying to decide whether to share her secret with him. He was on the edge of the chair, a look of pleading in his eyes, husky desire in his voice.

She nodded.

“Tell me. Tell me, dammit. I gotta know.”

“Eleven-and-a-half.”

“You measured it?”

“He told me.”

“You asked?”

“Kind of.”

He was getting impatient with her cryptic responses. She decided to tell him about her encounters with him earlier that day. She even revealed her secret about leaving the gym bag on purpose. As she described his actions, his dress, his words, his attitude, Peter became more agitated. She noticed he was getting a huge hard-on. The fact that she was equally as stimulated by the memory of that

morning was not helping at all. Finally she even told him the details about her fantasy of him.

Peter listened intently. As she neared the completion of her story his hand drifted to the shaft of his cock and he unconsciously began to stroke it. She had no idea if he was doing it on purpose, but it was making her hot just watching him.

She turned the chair to face him directly and motioned him to come to her. He hesitated a second, but he could not, in the end, resist. He apparently hadn't been lying when he said she turned him on. There didn't seem to be an interest in actually having sex with her as much as just being able to feel her body, enjoy her muscles, her skin, her smell, and to have her enjoy him. He had to know she had been eyeing him recently and was proud of the fact that he interested her. Now was the time to satisfy that interest. He stood and walked the few steps to her, taking up position in front of her.

Patty was breathing heavily with desire before he even left the chair. The fantasy that afternoon had been so vivid, reinforced by Peter's uncannily familiar reactions when Arnold had arrived. This was as though the fantasy had come alive. She was about to live it in the flesh. She reached out to him and placed the palm of her hand on his crotch. The shaft of his cock was hard, pressing out against the restraint of his jockstrap. She felt the heat of it. Her vagina quivered. Peter stood there for a second and then turned away to the window and looked out to the floor for a moment. She had no idea what thoughts were going through his mind, but he finally reached out and took the control string for the blinds and lowered them slowly. He walked to the other end of the window and twirled the plastic rod, the slats of the blind closing down, shutting out the world. Next he went to the door and pushed the button in the knob. Patty realized

he was acting out a script. This was as much a fantasy, relived, for him as it was for her. She thought it would be interesting to see how he had played this in his mind. She let him take control.

Peter turned back to her, his hand lingering on the door knob. He waited. His eyes traveled up and down Patty's body, drinking in every inch. Suddenly Patty got the feeling that her clothes were in the way. She found herself pulling her tops up over her head and discarding them in the corner. Then she pulled down her sweat pants and threw them away, as well. She was left in her halter top, Spandex pants, shoes and socks. Peter's gaze went to her feet and she reached down to remove her shoes. When she pulled her socks off and was about to toss them away as well he slowly shook his head. What did he want? The socks? She threw them to him. He caught them in one hand and slowly raised them to his face. He pressed them against his nose and breathed very deeply. His hips made several involuntary movements and his cock grew noticeably larger. Patty moaned. She would do the same thing with her lover's clothing. The more potent the smell, the better. Peter dropped the socks and again turned his attention towards Patty. He stared at her legs. Obviously the Spandex was next on the agenda. She slipped them down over her muscular legs and threw them to him. He batted them away as though insignificant. He was after bigger game. He stared directly at her crotch, his eyes caressing her finely toned thighs with an almost palpable touch.

Patty's cunt was going critical. She slipped her thumbs under the waistband of her panties and slid them down her legs with excruciating slowness. She noted that the closer she got to her feet the faster Peter's breathing became. Finally, he could stand it no longer and, in one incredibly rapid movement, covered the distance

between them and ripped the underwear from her legs, pressing it to his face. He breathed in and his cock grew to its full size, jutting proudly out in front of his crotch. Patty's eyebrows raised. She had obviously underestimated him in her fantasy. She spread her legs to allow the heat there to dissipate. She was getting very hot. She also wanted to see what he had to offer. When Peter's eyes next moved to her, demanding the removal of her top, she established her own counter-demand with her gaze, telling him he owed her several pieces of clothing. He reciprocated by tossing his sweatshirt and undershirt at her. They both were filled with the odor of his efforts in the gym. It was a smell that drove her wild: Body, sweat, dirt, deodorant, soap, hair, Peter.

When she lowered the clothing away from her face she saw he had kicked off his shoes and socks and had removed his sweat pants. He wore nothing but his jockstrap and a lustful look that devoured her. Another moan slipped from her throat. She could stand it no longer. In one quick motion she pulled her halter up over her head, stood up, threw the article of clothing into the pile with the rest, and presented her body to him for his inspection. She flexed. She posed, she ran her hands over her breasts and down to her crotch, up her sides and back to her breasts, squeezing them, milking them, urging her nipples to become painfully erect.

Peter was dumbfounded. He watched as Patty went through her routine as though it weren't real. He had several urges at once which Patty could plainly determine. He was confounded by indecision. Finally she made up his mind for him. She moved to him, took his hands and pressed them powerfully to her breasts. He suddenly became a frenzy of activity. His hands and mouth were all over her, licking, tasting, touching, fondling, stimulating every inch of her

body. Occasionally his finger would stray down between her legs and send a jolt up along her spine. There was little doubt he had at least a modicum of experience with a woman's body.

Patty let herself go to the incredible feeling of his intense explorations. It was rare that a man, or woman, would be so enthralled with just the feel of her. She flexed, she thrust, she squeezed, she pumped as his hands came in contact with various parts of her anatomy. He also was doing a bit of thrusting of his own. He wasn't actually pumping against her. It was more like thrusting his pelvis just to thrust. Occasionally his cock would brush against her leg and the hardness of it would remind her of his level of desire. She wondered what he would need to satisfy himself. There was little doubt as to what Patty wanted, but she was not going to risk screwing up this experience for him just to get a cock between her legs. She waited as long as she could stand it before finally deciding to give this grope session a little direction.

As Peter's activities increased, so had the level of his body odor. He became sweaty and the smell permeated the air, driving Patty crazy. She knew where the source of the best of those odors was and she wanted it. She grabbed his jockstrap and pulled it down to the floor. Peter, momentarily stunned, simply stepped out and let Patty take it.

This is what she had been waiting for. The gold mine of body odors. Nothing turned her on like the smell of sweaty cock. Especially sweaty cock, supplemented with a dose of seminal fluids. His cock seemed to be leaking a nice amount and the jockstrap was ripe with Peter's musky man-scent. She rubbed it around her face and then down between her breasts, across her hard, rippling

abdomen and then into her crotch where she wiped her own juices onto it.

Peter stood transfixed as she covered herself with his smell. He seemed to be unable to deal with her actions on any level except one of pure desire. She took the jockstrap that was now covered with the smell of her cunt and pressed it to his face. He dove into it as though his first meal in weeks was contained within. He drew in huge breaths, his finely developed chest expanding and contracting as he hyperventilated. It was as though he was trying to make himself pass out. Finally he pushed the clothing away and just stood there, naked, in the middle of the room, swaying back and forth in a dream state, his wonderfully hard cock becoming darker and more dangerous looking by the moment. Patty watched the cock, desire dripping between her legs.

Then the strangest thing happened. At least it seemed strange to Patty. Peter took in a very deep breath and a single sound flowed from his mouth.

“Sssssssssssssaaaaaaaammmmmmmmmmm.”

Did he even realize what he had said? Who was Sam? Was there something about this moment that brought that name to his mind? How could her presence before him, her actions, her need, cause Peter to call out to some guy? Did he need to be reminded of the reality of what they were experiencing here? But the moment passed and whatever that was seemed to fade.

She reached her hand towards his manhood and gently brushed the head with one finger. His whole body contracted as though someone had punched him in the stomach. His eyes flew open and he stared at her with a look that combined two diametrically opposed emotions: unbridled fear and uncontrollable lust. He was

torn. Her eyes tried to discover what thoughts were lurking behind his confusion; tried to locate the cause of his consternation so she could ease his fears. Was it something to do with her earlier fantasy? A fear that he might be forsaking his decision regarding his own sexuality?

She stood back and let him take his own lead.

The fear subsided and lust, once again, emerged victorious. He began to slowly flex his muscles, churn his pelvis. She joined him. Although they were several feet apart they began a movement that took on the feeling of joined sex. After several moments Patty's hand reached for her clitoris and began to manipulate it, her juices flowing down over her hand. She followed his lead and flexed and posed herself, acting as a mirror to his own motions. He obviously needed her as a stimulus but not as a tool.

Their actions became more and more lascivious, more overtly sexual until they were so hot the air became charged with their need for release. Peter again moved to her and began running his hands over her incredible body. Each time she flexed a muscle his hands or lips or some part of his body was there to enjoy its tension, its fullness, its power. His cock toyed with her hip, her ass, her crotch, but never made any decisive contact. Patty wondered how long either he or she could keep this up before they would explode. She was getting very hot, herself, and needed some form of release soon. Peter, on the other hand, seemed to be reveling in the agony of his withheld climax, the pain of his ecstasy written in delicious anguish all over his writhing, pulsating body.

It got to the point where Patty could stand it no longer. Her voice was husky with desire.

"Peter."

He had stepped out. She snapped her fingers in front of his face.

“Hey! Peter!”

His eyes finally came to focus on her.

“Huh? What?”

“You’d better let me know where this is all going, because I’m getting mighty horny here. What’s up?”

“Feels great, doesn’t it?”

“Fuck you, stud. If your cock is hurting half as much as my clit, then I don’t see how you’re holding off.”

“Just think about not being able to cum at all.”

Patty stopped dead in her tracks. Did this mean what she thought it did? She could find no other way than to be perfectly blunt.

“What do you mean? You can’t cum?”

“Yup.”

“You gotta be kidding me.”

He brushed his rock hard cock against her thigh a few more times.

“Stop for a second, will ya? We need to talk.”

Peter slowly came down from whatever plateau of pleasure/pain he had achieved, his hips gradually ceasing their thrustings against her thigh, his hands becoming less inquisitive, less insistent. He lowered his gaze to her and smiled with a look of resignation to the inevitability of his fate.

“There’s nothing to discuss. I can’t cum. Never have. I drip. I drool a lot, but the big one isn’t mine for the having. Nada. Zip. Diddley-squat. No way, José.”

The news devastated Patty. She couldn't stand it. Here was this wonderful, sensitive boy who had dealt with enough shit in his sex life already. Now, to learn that he couldn't even reach a climax. Shit! Life sucked sometimes. She couldn't help herself. She began to cry.

"Hey. Patty. Yo. Look at me, huh? I'm the one who's not popping his cork. What's up?"

Patty looked up at him and took his face in her hands. She couldn't put into words, exactly, why the news was so upsetting to her without it sounding either patronizing or selfish. She just had a hard time dealing with the injustices of the world sometimes and, considering her highly emotional state, it was no wonder that she took it so badly.

"I need you to cum," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it's important to me for you to get off on this. I'm not just doing this for myself. I wanted you to join me here. I was thinking of this as a celebration of some sort. You certainly reached a new point in your life today and this is sort of like the birthday boy not being able to blow out the candles or something."

Peter laughed heartily.

"I've never heard it put that way. But that's right. I can draw the breath, but nothing comes out. In the end the candles just have to die out on their own."

The image of this was staggering to Patty. Peter had obviously come to terms with his malady and was able to express his feelings about it in a less than venomous manner. There was almost a tragic

heroism about his attitude, as though it were a cross willingly borne in atonement for some past wrong.

In the mean time, Peter had gleaned Patty's own form of distress and began to fondle and caress her body again. Patty tried to concentrate on her feelings for Peter's plight but soon his attentions lulled her away from the misfortunes of the world. His hands worked closer and closer to her cunt until his finger was sliding in and out of her lips, spreading the hot wetness up across her clitoris. Each pass of his hand brought another shudder of delight and soon she was vibrating on that delicious knife edge between sexual tension and orgasmic release.

He held her in that state for several moments with an uncanny mastery as he continued to kiss and taste and feel the muscles of her body. Each time she started to go over the edge he would change his pattern or distract her in some way causing her to drop down just below the threshold again. He did this several times, but instead of feeling like frustration, it now became a slow, wonderfully agonizing climb towards some peak which seemed to get higher and higher. Her moans became louder, her thrusting hips became more energetic, her mouth sought out his body and sucked and kissed and licked and bit his muscles as they strained to control her passions. In the back of her mind there grew a deep appreciation for his ability to steer her and sense her level of excitement. He was playing her like a pinball game or something. Or like a fish with a lure. The fish chased the bait, but the fisherman kept the fish wanting until it could no longer control itself, at which point it would hopelessly hook itself.

She suddenly saw the peak to which she was aiming, or was being aimed. An orgasm of such a deliciously violent nature began

to erupt within her that she feared for her grasp on reality. Peter's fingers and hands played her higher and higher, letting her go for the top.

"Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, Peter, oh, don't stop. Oh, don't stop, you fuck. Oh, my God. What're you doing to me? Oh, shit. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh, yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.. Unh. Unh. Anh. Enh. Inh. Hooo. Hooo. Oh, help. Oh, God. Help. Yes. Yes. Oh, shit. Oh, shit. I'm cumming. Don't stop. I'm cumming. Cumming. Ah. Ah. Ah. Aaahhhhhhhhh."

Her body convulsed in great, sobbing waves of orgasmic release as she sunk to the floor still impaled on Peter's probing, driving digit. Every particle of her body vibrated as he continued to knead and press her writhing, flexing, muscular body. Her nerve-endings were worn raw and each breath of wind, each touch of his hand, each lick of his tongue overloaded her senses and sent her spinning down a black hole that seemed to be filled with stars and comets and unseen heavenly bodies whose powerful gravity pulled at her psyche and contorted her perceptions.

She lay on the floor and shook and convulsed for several more moments as Peter stood over her, his still rock hard dick throbbing visibly and dripping profusely. When the last, lingering rushes of her climax finally subsided she opened her eyes to see this man standing over her with a huge hard-on and a smile of contentment on his face. She reached up and tried to touch his rod once more but he pulled away. She tried to tell him that she needed to be held, to be touched, to be cradled, anything to bring her back to reality, but his phobias about his cock, whatever they were, could not allow him that intimacy.

"Hold me, Peter. Please."

He knelt beside her. "Okay. Just don't touch my cock, okay?"

“Hold me.”

He pulled her up to her feet and embraced her, wrapping him in his powerful arms as she did him.

“Never, never, never in my life have I had such an orgasm. Where did you learn that?”

A look came over Peter’s face that reminded her of the strange moment when he had let the name ‘Sam’ slip from his lips.

“A woman I met earlier this year. She was working at another gym. We tried to solve my ‘problem’ but I couldn’t get into sex with a woman. She showed me how I could work a woman up like that. That was back when I still was trying to be hetero. I guess neither of us realized what the real issue was. We both desperately wanted me to be straight.”

Yes. It made sense now. She knew there had to be a mentor. No way would he have discovered the secrets to unlock her like that by his self.

“Sam. Samantha?”

“Yeah. You remind me a lot of her. I seem to have a habit of disappointing my temptresses.”

“Well she seemed to have taught you well, that’s for sure.”

Patty thought for a moment about what the ramifications of this might be further down the road for Peter.

“Do you think you could cum with a man?”

“Shit, Patty. I hope so. If not, then I’m going to have the whole fucking thing cut off.”

“Are you thinking that Arnold might be the one?”

“He’s the one. I know.”

“I’m having dinner with him tomorrow night. You want me to talk to him about this?”

“Nope. This is between him and me. Either he’ll want to or not. Keep out of this, okay?”

“I promise. But if he asks about you I’m not going to lie. I’ll just tell him he has to talk to you, okay?”

“Thanks, Patty. Besides, I’ll probably see him tomorrow when he comes to workout.”

They held each other quietly for a few more moments and then Patty took his face in her hands and kissed him lightly on the lips. Peter’s hands again sought out her muscular back and arms and finally came to dwell on her magnificent breasts. This time there was a dreamy, lazy quality to his explorations. He slowly worried her nipples into an erect state until she thought they would explode. She couldn’t stop him. No matter that she had just been completely devastated by her last orgasm, she seemed to be on the verge of another, more gentle one.

He pulled and tugged at the nipples with his fingers and teeth and then, just when she felt she couldn’t stand it any more he drove his finger once again towards her clitoris. Immediately she released a long, shuddering cry and the flood gates of her vagina and soul opened again, pouring their essences out to this boy who knew her secret keys like no man had before. The orgasm was soft, smooth, soothing. It relaxed and released her from the final tensions of her emotional roller coaster ride. She found her physical and emotional strength returning and by the time the last of her climactic tide had ebbed she was her old sassy self again.

“Thank you, Peter. That was positively delicious. But if you ever do that to me again without warning me I’ll suck your dick so hard you’ll wish it would fall off. Okay?”

“Promises, promises.”

“What’s the secret? What did that woman tell you? I’m a girl and I don’t know how to do that.”

“She taught me a very important lesson. Two actually. The first was to pay attention to the details. She said that the slower you go, the more you see.”

Peter took a long, lazy look at the formidable body before him. Patty enjoyed the attention for a moment but curiosity got the better of her.

“And the second?”

“The second thing was to pay attention to the other person. No one can tell you how their feeling better than the person who’s doing the feeling.”

“A wise woman. Is she still around?”

“Last I knew, she was. I had to get away from her, though. She was too intense for me. I couldn’t make it with her and she couldn’t figure out why. Hell. I couldn’t figure out why. But she was a wonderful, kind woman. Reminds me a lot of Arnold. That same openness. I can’t figure out why she couldn’t see my problem with women. She seemed able to figure out everything else.”

“Maybe Sam was too much in love with you.”

Peter stopped cold. The thought of someone loving him that much had never occurred to him. Suddenly he was pulled in two different directions again. His face broke into a huge grin and tears

began pouring down his cheeks. The agony and the ecstasy of it all was too much. Now it was his turn to need the hugs.

Patty drew him to her and cradled his head on her shoulder. All this was just a bit more emotion than she was used to in a single day. This was all Arnold's fault, she thought. Everything seemed to be just fine until he went and casually dropped his eleven-and-a-half inch dick into her hand. Ever since that moment her life, and the life of this poor, frustrated young man, had been thrown into turmoil. She couldn't wait until tomorrow to give him a piece of her mind.

And ass.

Peter got his emotions back in check.

"I want to be Arnold's workout partner."

"What's everyone else going to do? You've got quite a clientele here."

"Oh, I'll still work with them. I just want Arnold to help me. Besides, between the two of us, we can keep one of the big gyms from ripping him off."

Patty started to laugh at the thought of Arnold's decision resting on Peter's involvement. She caught herself and instantly saw how she was slipping into her old way of thinking about the kid.

"I'm certain that, between your offer and what I intend to do to that cock of his tomorrow night, he won't be able to think straight enough to find another gym, even in this town."

"Ah, Patty. About tomorrow night."

"Yeah?"

Peter looked her straight in the eye. He was absolutely serious, without any feeling of possession or jealousy when he said, "Save some of that for me, okay?"

Patty didn't know if he meant Arnold's cock or her own body. She hoped it was both.

CHAPTER 24: FLASHBACK

The next day, after a long drive across hundreds of miles of the most boring landscape he had ever seen: corn and corn and more corn. Arnold pulled into a large city that promised, hopefully, a good workout location. He checked into a small motel just off the interstate and called the owner of the car he was driving.

“Hello?” The voice was female and sultry, as though she had been awakened.

“Hello. Is this the Patterson residence?”

“Yes.”

“My name is Arnold. I’m delivering your station wagon tomorrow.”

“Oh, hi. When do you think you’ll get here?”

“I figure tomorrow in the late afternoon. Will someone be there?”

“Just a second.”

A hand covered the mouthpiece and Arnold could hear a muffled conversation. There seemed to be some point of disagreement.

“Yes, Arnold. That’ll be fine. My daughter has just arrived from college and she would be glad to be here to receive the car. Is everything okay?”

“Yes, ma’am. The car’s running fine. Look. If there’s a problem with me coming tomorrow, I can change my schedule and make it another time.”

“No. Tomorrow afternoon will be just fine. Do you know how to get here?”

“The directions you left with the car seem to be pretty clear. I’ll pick up a map when I get into town. And I can always stop and ask directions, or call.”

“Oh, don’t bother calling here for directions. We’ve just gotten settled here, ourselves. The blind leading the blind. You know what I mean?”

“Sure, Mrs. Patterson. I’m sure I won’t have any problems.”

“By the way, Arnold. Would you be able to give my daughter a hand unloading the stuff from the car? I’ll make it worth your while.”

The strange tone of Mrs. Patterson’s voice elicited several choices as to what would be worth his while.

“Sure. No problem. Would someone be able to get me to the train station afterwards so that I can get downtown?”

“I don’t see that as being a problem. I’m sure my daughter would be happy to give you a lift.”

“That would be great. I’ll see you tomorrow afternoon then.”

“I won’t be here. But I’ll make sure that Suzanne is.”

“Okay. Tell her I’ll call if it looks like I’m going to be delayed.”

“Fine, Arnold. Thanks for calling. Bye.”

“Good bye.”

Arnold hung up the phone. It was quite apparent that Suzanne Patterson was not the least bit thrilled about having to hang around the house to sign for her parents car. He knew that whatever he did, there would probably be some dissatisfaction involved. He needed the car report signed stating the vehicle had been received in good condition so he could get his deposit back. He hoped Suzanne wouldn’t try to take her anger against her mother out on him.

The motel was about a fifteen minute walk from a small gym he had contacted before leaving home so he decided to go there on foot. He grabbed his gym bag, stopped at the front desk to confirm directions to the place and headed out.

Arnold's hopes of a decent workout session were dashed on the rocks of inadequacy. The gym was dreary, under- and ill-equipped, and Arnold whisked through his workout on creaking, groaning gear that instilled little confidence in its ability to deal with the weight it was carrying. The people were just as uninspired as the gear and he found little reason to hang around afterwards. He grabbed a quick bite at a restaurant across the highway from the motel and headed back to his equally depressing room.

This was definitely not the place to be alone, but he had not met anyone in whom he had the least interest in helping him make it through the night. Besides, anyone would have had a hard time living up to his experiences of the previous night with Billy. Maybe it was all for the best. He hoped there would be more to distract and occupy him once he reached his destination.

He turned on the television, flopped down naked on the bed and watched two cycles of the news channel, then flipped around to see what movies might be on. He was disappointed when he changed to a channel just in time to hear the immortal words, "...start of a beautiful friendship," and the two men walked off into the fog as the usual suspects were being rounded up.

Click. "...only one nineteen ninety-five. But wait, there's more."

Click. "...not sold in any stores."

Click.

Click.

Click.

Three sitcoms, sports, news, weather, an old British thriller with a lot of bad overacting and scratchy sound track and then some guy with his face buried between the legs of a totally uninterested woman and a lot of slurping and moaning and fake emotions and then the guy pulled back and raised himself up revealing a huge cock. He waved it around and the woman half-heartedly begged him to fuck her and he crawled up between her legs and stuck his huge cock into her cunt and flailed away for about thirty five seconds and they both moaned and then he pulled out of her and shot his wad across her stomach.

Very depressing.

Click off.

Arnold was glad he had brought a book. He started to read but his attention wandered back to the images on the television. His body was all pumped up. He really loved the feeling of his muscles, full of blood, ready to burst through his skin. Unconsciously, his hand roamed up and down his well-defined abdomen and across his firm, round pectorals. He squeezed them, fondled them, pinched the nipple. A lovely shot of energy ran through his body and ended in a nice little tingling sensation in the tip of his cock. He laid the book aside and grabbed both his nipples, pinching them as hard as he could with the tips of his fingernails. His cock almost leapt off his crotch. The rest of his body was starting to buzz as well. He got out of bed and stood in front of the full length mirror on the closet door. As he flexed and stretched his bulging muscles, his cock, which was hanging loosely between his legs looking like a huge animal with a life of its own, began to stiffen quickly. Within a minute it was raging hard and turning a dark shade of red. The sight of his body in

the mirror, sporting that huge hard-on, was turning him on and the effect fed back on the hardness of his cock until it was aching deliciously.

Arnold went to the bathroom and got the bottle of skin moisturizer, packed just for such an occasion, out of his shaving kit. He squirted a large quantity of it on his cock and began to work his hands up and down the long, thick shaft, squeezing extra hard as he reached the flaring head of the cock. This was feeling very good. He went back into the room and stood in front of the mirror again. The sight of his cock, glistening with the coating of lubricant, and his huge, bulging body were awe-inspiring. His eyes roamed over the image before him as though he had never seen it before. He tried to imagine what it was like to see this for the first time. No wonder people were so attracted to him. He was very lucky.

He was also very close to an orgasm.

He turned the television back on to the channel he had been watching; an in-house movie. The guy with the big cock was with another woman and she was bent over the back of a chair, her ass waving seductively at him, enticing him to ram that big cock up her cunt.

“Oooh, Baby. Come on. I want your cock right now. Fuck me with that big cock.”

“You want this big cock?”

“Yeah. I want you to fuck me.”

“Okay, baby. Here it comes.”

The man on the screen moves towards the waiting cunt of the woman. She waves her ass around some more and he finally grabs her with one hand, his cock with the other, and moves into her.

Arnold's cock really hurt. It was getting unusually hard for just masturbation and he found himself becoming more involved with the couple on the screen. As the man and woman "oohed" and "ahhhed" and swore at each other and moaned and groaned, Arnold slid his hands up and down his shaft in rhythm with their movements. His balls ached; he hoped they would cum before a commercial break, if there was one.

The image jumped around, becoming very disjointed. It was as though several different sessions were being edited together. The couple's state of excitement seemed to ebb and flow in a discontinuous manner. Arnold had trouble matching their state of arousal as time seemed to jump back and forth. Just when he thought they were going to cum, the camera angle changed drastically and the man was shown sliding his cock into her cunt again with a motion that indicated first entry; cautious, slow. All the time, stupid music with the disco beat, drum machine and redundant horn solo kept playing, setting a rhythm and mood having nothing to do with what was happening on the screen.

Finally, Arnold figured it out. The guy on the screen hadn't been able to keep from shooting so they kept editing in different footage to make it seem longer.

He imagined himself in front of that camera, the director telling him to hurry up, they had already used too much film. The woman begging him to cum because she didn't have the energy for a fifth orgasm. His cock still rock hard, his muscles bulging, his body straining and sweating as he rammed into the woman's cunt with jack hammer force. Fuck them. He was going to enjoy this, even if it took all night. If she wanted him to cum, then she had better make it worth his while. The woman realizes what he's doing. "All right,

asshole. You wanna cum, I'll make you cum!" She begins a slow, rotating motion coupled with a flexing of her vaginal muscles. Suddenly she is no longer the disinterested, uninspired actress on the television. Her body firms into bulging, finely toned muscles, her breasts become full and hard with muscular infrastructure, not filled with some synthetic support, the nipples erect and jutting. Her ass is solid, her back broad, her neck thick and sturdy. She is Sam. She clamps her cunt down on his cock and he moans in pleasurable agony. The juices boil in his balls and he rams his cock harder and harder into her cunt and she begins to flow and drive her ass harder against his thrusts and he runs his hands over her muscular back and down around her breasts which he cups and massages, pinching the nipples and twisting the nipples and squeezing the nipples and pressing the nipples and Sam moans and cries and heaves herself against him and his balls explode, sending a huge rush of cum up his shaft and the gooey substance shoots out of his cock and he remembers to pull his cock out of her cunt so the camera can see the huge orgasm he is having. She cries out as he leaves her, for she is just on the edge of her own orgasm. Her hand dives between her legs and quickly works her clit and the sensation shakes her body. As the last drop of cum flies from the head of his cock he rams the still rigid shaft back into her cunt and with seven hard, deep, mind-blowing thrusts he flings her into another orgasm and she shakes and shivers, her taut, well-defined muscles standing out in detail all over her body. Juice floods from her cunt and down her legs and his shaft and drips off his balls and she cries his name and begs him not to stop. Her cries are ear-splitting as she loses herself to the incredible orgasm and then she sinks to her knees and he goes down with her and continues to pump her cunt with his huge organ and

finally she collapses on the floor, her body heaving in great breaths and the last vestiges of the destructive orgasm. As she does so, Sam morphs back into the unimaginative porn actress she was before. Only now, she is ruined. It's sad. Once they've done a scene with Arnold, they never have another orgasm for the rest of their lives. We lose more porn stars that way.

Arnold had cum all over his chest and the globs of sperm were dripping down his firm, round pecs and abdominals. His huge cock was still hard, but seemed to be showing some signs of letting up. The couple on the television were smoking cigarettes and having some inane conversation about another woman; how she didn't seem to be able to have an orgasm. She evidently had already done her scene with Arnold.

Arnold turned the television off again and headed for the shower to clean up. On his way past the window he noticed someone peeking through the opening between two inadequately closed drapes. He would have to be more careful in the future about making sure they were closed. He also wondered if he should confront the peeping (Tom? Judy?). His cock was still pretty hard, his muscles were yearning for some action. He decided to wait until he had cleaned up. If they were still there when he was through he'd investigate further. Meanwhile, he liked the attention.

He left the bathroom door open, climbed into the shower and quickly washed off the residue of his orgasm. When he was done he drew the shower curtain aside, and grabbed a towel off the rack. He was sure he could still see someone at the window. He made a show of drying off, paying great attention to the huge cock that hung between his thick thighs. He lifted it, rubbed it, slowly dried his scrotum and two huge balls, flexing his muscles powerfully with

each movement. He felt like the times in the gym when he made his cock fall out of his jock strap for Mr. Ridell. Only this time he didn't know who he was performing for. The idea of this excited him.

When he was finished he walked, naked, into the room, stood at the foot of the bed and did some very superfluous but visually exciting stretches. He casually glanced over at the window and ascertained that his observer was still there. Figuring there had to be some sort of commitment sooner or later, he looked straight at the window and beckoned the person with his forefinger.

The shape moved away from the window and seconds later there was a knock at the door. Arnold was a little surprised. He didn't think the person would actually respond. He suddenly felt very naked. He went to the door and peeked out the tiny fish-eye lens.

Surprise. Standing away from the door with the obvious intention of letting him get a clear look at them was...well...them. A young man and woman, not much older than Arnold. They were dressed in casual, yet nice clothes. They looked like they had just gone out on a first date together and decided to stop by the local highway motel for a quick peek at the evening's occupants. Each was good-looking. The man had a neck and shoulders that spoke of a serious interest in body building. His bare forearms were covered with veins. The round bulge of his biceps peeked out from under his sleeves and two substantial pecs pushed against the fabric of his shirt. The front of his jeans sported a bulge that, while not nearly as long as Arnold's, seemed to be extremely thick.

The girl was a full-blown body builder as well. Her neck rose strongly from the open collar of her blouse with the definition of her collar bone and neck muscles proclaiming her involvement in the

sport. He could see the rounded form of her shoulders that bore witness to hours of hard work raising lots of weights. Her breasts were large but high; incredibly long nipples showed beneath her blouse. The look in her eye gave proof of her confidence in her physical appearance.

They stood together, arm around each other's waist. They were close. They were intimate, in fact. And, by the look in their eyes, they were both very horny.

Arnold could not fathom what this all had to do with him. They seemed, at first glance at least, perfectly able to send each other soaring off into spiraling flights of orgasmic bliss. They should be in the next room of this motel right now, ecstatically ramming their bodies together, causing the other occupants in the motel to call the front desk, complaining about the loud moans and screams coming from room seventeen. Instead, they were getting their jollies by peeking into the window of room eighteen, watching Arnold wank himself off in front of a poorly made, badly acted, terribly edited, horrendously scored, hopelessly stagnant fuck flick. Maybe they had been watching the same film and decided the huge stud in the next room was better entertainment. No doubt he was. But how did they know he was there and that he would be putting on a show?

Arnold decided that a bit of caution was called for. He pulled on his gym shorts and a T-shirt before opening the door. He gave one more check in the peep hole. They were standing there, waiting patiently, as though they were prepared to stay there all night until he opened the door.

So?

He opened the door.

He then realized that he had forgotten to put on a jock strap under his shorts and his huge cock was precariously balanced on the rib of material where the two legs met at the crotch. One false move and his giant schlong was going to come tumbling out into full view. The thought made dangerous stirrings in his groin.

“Hello. May I help you?”

“Hello. My name is Tom. This is Judy.”

“You’re kidding.”

“No. Why?”

“errr...Never mind. Just a...never mind...I’m Arnold. What’s going on?”

“We have a friend over at the gym you were at tonight. He told us that you were just passing through town and so we thought you might like some company.”

“So you just decided to drop over and grab a quick show.”

Judy came to their defense. “Actually, we were just trying to find your room. The man at the desk wouldn’t give us your room number, because we didn’t know your last name.”

“Just doing his job, I suspect.” Arnold was trying to not get miffed at their presumptions.

“Actually, we figured you didn’t mind so much, as you hadn’t taken appropriate precautions to secure your privacy.”

“I guess I should have checked the curtain. But still...”

“But still, even when you knew we were there, you seemed to enjoy performing for us. Unless we totally misunderstood your actions.”

What the hell were these two getting at? They talked like a couple of dictionaries. They certainly didn’t seem like the type to go

creeping around highway motels. There was only one answer. Sex. They positively reeked of it. They had been watching him through the window and now they wanted to play. But they were being very discreet. Their eyes were locked firmly on his. They didn't even acknowledge the fact that he was so scantily dressed. Neither did their eyes roam his body, drinking in each delicious inch of magnificent man-flesh as even the most casual observer usually did. They wanted to establish their legitimacy first. They made no move to force their way in, but let it be known they would not move from their position until requested to do so.

Arnold had no response to their accusations. They were, of course, correct. He simply raised an eyebrow and waited for them to make their case.

Again, Judy spoke. "Both of us are into big men. Our friend at the gym usually fills that role for us. But when he saw you, he knew we would be interested and gave us a call. He knows our tastes and told us we had 'hit the jackpot'. His words."

Tom followed Judy's comment as though it was one mind speaking. "We figured you probably wouldn't have found much in the way of entertainment here, so it seemed likely you would be spending the evening in. As you are."

Mr. Ridell's talk about trying everything ran through his mind. He certainly didn't have any objections to sharing the evening with these two. It was just the idea that they had presumed so much. Perhaps an initial invitation to join them for a cup of coffee. Or even to meet him at the gym. But seeing as the ice had already been broken...

"I guess you should come on in."

“Thank you. Judy and I appreciate your openness. We realize you’re just passing through town and it seemed imprudent to waste a lot of time on meaningless social interactions when it is quite apparent what our common final goal is.”

They came into the room and made themselves very comfortable, very quickly. Tom took his shirt off, revealing his bare, muscular chest. Judy unbuttoned her pants and pulled them down and off, kicking off her shoes in the process. She was wearing a bikini brief posing trunk. She cast Arnold an alarmingly intense look, scrutinizing his physique and crotch.

“You’re very beautiful. You’ve made us both exceptionally horny.”

“I had to readjust my genitals several times while watching you through the window. I very nearly achieved orgasm.”

Again, Arnold was stunned into non-response. Judy seemed to take his silence in stride. She walked over to him, ran a fingernail down his arm and across his abdomen.

“You don’t mind if we get a closer look at your own magnificent genitals, do you?”

She didn’t wait for a response but casually brushed her hand against his cock, causing it to fall from its precarious perch and tumble into view down the right leg of his gym shorts.

Tom was in motion immediately. He moved quickly to a position in front of Arnold, knelt, pulled Arnold’s shorts to the floor and began devouring the huge cock.

Judy shed her blouse, revealing two exquisite breasts with the longest, hardest nipples Arnold had ever seen. She noticed the direction of his stare and reached up to them and twisted them

herself. Her eyes closed and she threw her head back, savoring the feeling of the intense sensations.

Between the sight of Judy's body and Tom's expert manipulations of his cock, Arnold quickly was approaching a state of sexual readiness.

"Tom and I had a feeling you'd be quick to recover from your last orgasm. I can't wait to get that beautiful cock inside of me."

The use of the word 'cock' was startlingly exciting coming from this woman.

"Me neither."

Arnold looked down at Tom, on his knees before the huge erection. He was stroking and pulling on it, sending Arnold off on a flight of sexual arousal.

"What do you two want?" he asked hoarsely.

"Sex," Judy said. "Unbridled, uncontrolled, unbounded, unlimited sex."

With each adjective she grabbed her breasts and twisted them and squeezed them and pulled them, using them to visually define the kind of activities they had in mind for the evening's entertainment.

Tom clarified their position a bit.

"We want to take you on a sexual excursion. We all have fantasies. You obviously have some pretty good ones, from what we saw a little while ago. We want to live them. Our fantasy is to make love to your beautiful body and your magnificent cock. We want you to penetrate us both with this wonderful shaft of flesh and make us cum. What do you want?"

“I’m afraid you haven’t given me much time to think here. I’m having a pretty good time right now. Maybe we should just play it by ear. If anything comes to mind, I’ll let you know.” Tom seemed to agree with some deep philosophical point Arnold had just made.

“Hmmm. There is something to be said for leaving yourself open to all options. In the meantime, you don’t mind if I continue to suck your cock, do you?”

Arnold shrugged his shoulders and sighed in resignation. This was, without a doubt, the weirdest experience of the trip so far. Perhaps of his life. So far. He decided he might as well get comfortable and laid down on the bed. Tom moved with him, hardly missing a beat as he continued to slurp and lick Arnold’s huge shaft.

As soon as he was lying down, Judy moved to him, pulled her bikini briefs off and started caressing and kissing his upper body. Arnold reacted by flexing his muscles as they came under her attentions. This seemed to increase her interest and soon she was a flurry of sexual activity, seemingly unable to consume enough of his body fast enough. Her frenzy drove him to higher levels of excitement. He ran his hands over her hard body, especially enjoying the unusual sensation of her long nipples. Every chance he got he licked and sucked them, causing her to moan loudly. Soon he was dedicating his mouth to one of her nipples and she began to rub her cunt against his body anywhere she could. She finally maneuvered herself over his right arm and grasped his biceps between her legs. He flexed his arm and she drove her cunt against the swollen muscle. Her actions increased in speed and the sound of her moans and cries indicated she was very close to her first orgasm.

Tom had been observing his friend’s actions. As soon as he was certain of Arnold’s involvement, he stopped sucking the huge cock

and stood up at the foot of the bed. He waited until Arnold realized that his cock was no longer being sucked and looked to see what was going on. With Arnold's eyes on the young man, he began a slow strip. His pecs were firm and round. The cut between them spoke of several years of intense work. He flexed and pumped them so that the bellies of the muscles were full and high. Slowly he ran his hands down the sides of his rigid abdominals, his hips pumping forward and back, causing the abdomen to contract and become even more defined. He had a pair of button fly jeans on and it was quite obvious that something very thick and heavy was straining to be let loose from behind those five metal fasteners.

Arnold stopped sucking Judy's wonderful nipple and lifted his head to watch Tom's efforts. Judy continued to rub herself against the huge biceps, but her attentions were also turned towards Tom. The belt was loosened and pulled from its loops. He laid it on the bed then unfastened the top button. He tried to jam his hand down the front of his pants, but he was unsuccessful. The second button was unfastened with agonizing slowness. Again he attempted to put his hand down his pants, but there still seemed to be too little room. The third button came undone and now a hint of the root of what seemed to be a substantially thick cock could be seen. His hand again went to the opening, but this time was successful in making its way in. He seemed to enjoy the frustration of not being able to get to his own cock. Arnold's left hand moved down to his own crotch and was soon clasping his huge shaft. This seemed to drive Tom on and he removed his hand from his pants to undo the fourth button. He pulled the two sides of the fly apart and the base of his cock, including several inches of its remarkably thick shaft, could clearly be seen. It was, indeed, extremely thick. It also looked like it was

trying to be very hard and Arnold figured the guy was awfully uncomfortable. He couldn't resist.

He sat up, apologizing to Judy for depriving her of his biceps, reached for Tom's jeans and undid the final button. Grabbing both sides of the now open fly, he pulled the pants down, slowly revealing an incredibly thick, blood-engorged cock. When the pants cleared the end of it, it flew up and slapped against Tom's abdomen. Several drops of liquid flew out of the head and splattered against Arnold's chest and cheek. Pre-cum on the pecs. Arnold was in heaven. He rubbed the juice into his skin. He then grabbed his own cock and began to grasp and squeeze it until the evidences of his own over-active balls seeped from the slit in the huge head. He bent his head forward and licked the drops off. This seemed to be too much for both Tom and Judy.

"Oh, my God, Judy. You see that? He can suck his own cock. Do that again, Arnold."

"Let me watch, too."

Judy climbed off the bed and came around to Tom. She watched as Arnold began to lick the head and top of his shaft. She reached for Tom and began to rub his pecs while she ground her cunt against his achingly thick cock. Arnold watched as the two seemed to unconsciously attempt to screw. Their eyes were riveted on him, but their crotches were being drawn slowly together. They began to pump their hips together and Judy slowly spread her legs until she was straddling Tom's turgid member. The more dedicated Arnold became to the task of sucking himself off, the more aroused and insistent their actions became.

Without taking her eyes off of Arnold's cock, she said to Tom, "Fuck me, Tom. Fuck me while I watch this man suck his own cock. Make me cum, Tom."

Her voice was thick and desperate. She spread her legs wide and Tom bent his, moving in between hers. His huge cock was standing straight up and he lowered himself until the head of it just cleared her crotch. He held on to her and they seemed to fall into some pattern of balance and counterbalance that indicated a great deal of practice. Tom's cock was at least half again as thick as Arnold's and he had to wonder how it would feel inside. He continued to suck his own cock and several times had to slow himself down as he felt the familiar rush fomenting at the base of his own substantial shaft.

Slowly, with a little evidence of difficulty, Judy lowered herself down onto Tom's cunt-splitting shaft. There was a definite battle going on between the sensations of Tom's cock as it stimulated the walls of her cunt with a great deal of pressure and the fact that he was so incredibly thick that her muscles were having a hard time relaxing enough to take him in. Surely it was worth it though, because she continued to force herself down onto the thick shaft until she had taken him in all the way.

"So thick, Tom. So thick. I love your cock, Tom. Oh, God. You feel wonderful. Ooooh. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oh, so thick. That's right. Slow. Slow. Oh, so thick. Look at Arnold. Suck your cock for us. God, you're so beautiful. I want your big cock next. Do it, Tom. Yeah. Oh, you're in me. Oh. Oh. Oh. Fuck me now. Oh, I'm going to cum right now. Two big cocks. I'm going to cum. Oh. Oh. Uh. Uh. Uh. Unh, unh, unh, unh, unh, unh, unh, unh, unh, unh. Suck your cock. Suck it hard. Cum with me. Come on. Big Cocks. Oh,

God. Oh. Oh. Oh. Shoot. Shoot your cum. Cum. Cum.
Cuhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Her body went absolutely rigid as the first contraction of her orgasm grabbed hold of her body. Her head flew back, her eyes wide open, but unseeing. Tom continued to ram his huge shaft into her cunt and his own exertions caused his muscles to stand out in magnificent detail. The two of them, together, made quite a scene. Arnold continued to lick and suck his own cock, but his attentions were riveted on the incredible carnal display before him.

Judy's cries of release subsided but she continued to revel in the thralls of stimulation as Tom's cock pressed hard against the walls of her cunt. His thrusts were now so powerful, his need to cum so great, that each time he rammed her cunt with his thick, dark cock he lifted her off the floor. Judy's eyes turned to Arnold and saw him absentmindedly stroking and licking his own huge member.

“I want to suck that monster. Let me suck it.”

Tom pulled his cock out of her over-extended vagina and Judy turned and took Arnold's swollen, rigid shaft into her mouth. Tom turned to stick his cock back inside her. Arnold saw, for the first time, the thickness of Tom's organ in its full. It was so thick.

“That must feel incredible,” Arnold said.

“You want to check it out?”

“Yeah. Let me feel it.”

Tom moved over beside Judy and let Arnold handle his remarkable penis. Arnold grabbed the shaft with both hands and squeezed it very hard.

“Oh, shit. Oh, yeah. Oooo yeah. Squeeze it. Squeeze my big cock. Oh, yeah!”

Arnold slid one hand up and down the shaft and cupped Tom's huge balls in his other, rolling them around between his fingers, gently applying pressure to them the way he liked to do to himself. Tom's body went stiff with excitement. His hips began to thrust against the motion of Arnold's hand on his shaft.

"Oh, God, that feels so good. So good. Lick it. Lick my cock, please!"

Arnold moved his head close to the gigantic head and stuck his tongue out. He drew the cock slowly towards his mouth, waving his tongue around in the air. He knew this was teasing Tom and probably sending him right up the wall. Several small drops of cum juice seeped from the slit in the head. Tom moaned and continued to thrust his hips forward, trying to force his way between Arnold's lips. Finally Arnold allowed the tip of Tom's incredible cock to come in contact with his lips and a shudder wracked Tom's body.

During the same time, Judy nibbled her way down the length of Arnold's eleven-and-a-half inch cock and was presently sucking each of his enormous balls into her greedy mouth, one at a time. Arnold opened his mouth, gasped and Tom drove his cock home. Arnold's lips were stretched to their limit. The combination of the tastes of Tom's cock and the residue of Judy's juices on it drove him wild. He sucked the thick shaft as hard as he could, remembering the effect it had on Billy the night before. Predictably, Tom immediately began to cry out as his balls exploded with the power of a gigantic orgasm. He forcefully rammed his crotch against Arnold's lips and spurt after voluminous spurt of salty sperm flooded Arnold's mouth. Arnold, reacting in turn to Judy's sudden attack on the head of his own cock, began his own thrusts and heaves of the hips. As soon as Tom was finished cumming Arnold

pulled Judy's head away from his cock. He tilted her head until she was staring into his eyes. His voice was thick with desire, his eyes foggy with lust.

"I need to fuck. I want to fuck you."

Judy responded with, what seemed at the time, a very uncharacteristic 'Whoop'! and she and Arnold switched places. She moved up until her feet were on the edge of the mattress, arched her back in a wrestler's bridge and spread her legs. Arnold grabbed his huge shaft and moved between her legs. He was very hot and very horny and he needed to cum very badly. Just before he entered her he stopped and looked into her eyes. He wanted to know how she wanted it. The look she gave him in return dared him to fuck her too hard. That's all he needed to know. He leaned forward, grabbed her two magnificent breasts, squeezed the incredibly long nipples between his thumbs and forefingers and slowly slid his cock into her waiting, steaming cunt. She screamed in joyous pain. Her body contracted and she forced herself forward onto his huge cock. Arnold grabbed the outside of each of her thick, muscular thighs and began pumping his cock into her with what might have been long, mind-shattering thrusts. They were, instead, just the right depth and intensity to drive Judy to a higher plain.

Tom moved onto the bed and straddled Judy's head, facing Arnold. He lowered his still rigid cock down to Judy's mouth and Judy licked the shaft and balls with her probing tongue. Tom flexed and pumped the muscles of his upper body for Arnold, who returned the favor by making each thrust of his body into Judy's hungry cunt as powerful and muscle tensing as possible. Judy was quickly approaching another orgasm and she arched her body higher and

higher to allow Arnold's cock to have more access to her clasping, sucking vagina, causing her muscles to bulge and swell as well.

The sight of the three magnificent bodies, each straining to reach their own sexual goals was too much for each of them. Arnold's grunts and groans came loud and fast, each one climbing in pitch until he was practically screaming with lust and fury. He clasped his arms against his sides and his huge pecs swelled on his chest. Tom groaned with desire and his cock visibly thickened in preparation for yet another orgasm. Judy's tongue flailed away at Tom's cock and she grabbed both her nipples and began twisting and pulling them to increase her own level of stimulation. Her hips bucked and leapt toward each of Arnold's lengthy thrusts and soon her own body was vibrating uncontrollably as she soared through another orgasm.

Arnold's balls tightened, his cock increased markedly in girth and let loose with an enormous flood of cum. He pounded away at Judy's cunt as sweat poured over him. His body shook, his head flayed around and perspiration flew off him and landed all over the room. He was lost in the orgasm and continued to shout and grunt with each violent thrust. The sight of Tom's muscular body before him turned him on even further and he found himself needing to feel those muscles. Even as he continued to cum into Judy's cunt he shouted to Tom.

"Come here, stud. I want to feel you."

Tom stood up on the mattress, cum still leaking from his cock, and jumped over Judy's violently bucking body. He planted his feet on the bed between Judy's legs, Arnold's long, rigid cock pumping between them and flexed his muscles for Arnold. Arnold's hands grasped and hugged and kneaded and felt and squeezed and pressed

into Tom's desire-filled body. His incredibly thick, dripping cock pressed against Arnold's pecs and the two men clasped and grabbed at each other as though they couldn't touch the other quickly or completely enough. Their furious movements became harder and more determined as the feel of each other's magnificent body drove them to even higher levels of sexual excitement. Arnold finished cumming but continued to pump his huge cock into Judy's still hungry cunt. Her cries for more left no doubt in Arnold's mind that she wasn't in any mood to have him stop.

Slowly Tom lowered his body until he was almost sitting on Judy's raised crotch. His huge scrotum hung just above her cunt and Arnold's still thrusting cock rubbed the bottom of it; Arnold's groin pressing against the thick, blood filled head of Tom's cock with each approach. This put the two men at eye level and they held each other close in a powerful, biceps-bulging hug. They mashed their lips together in a desire laden kiss and their hands clawed and clasped each other's back.

Arnold pulled away from the bed, carrying Tom with him. Tom set his feet down on the floor but continued to press his hard shaft into Arnold's groin while clasping the incredibly long cock between his legs. He flexed his pecs and mashed them against Arnold's own massive chest. They began to grapple and grab at each other and were soon engaged in a strange dance of strength that seemed to have no rules except to push each other through higher and higher levels of physical exertion. Soon they were wrestling on the floor and their magnificent, sweat-coated bodies were bulging and flexing.

Judy sat on the edge of the bed and watched as the two muscle-bound bodies swelled seductively before her. Her hand was lodged

firmly between her legs and her fingers worked quickly against her still hungry clit.

After several minutes of this the object of Tom and Arnold's competition soon became clear. One of them was going to put his cock in the other's asshole. Arnold was the bigger of the two, both in size and strength, so it was obvious who was eventually going to win. But Tom wanted to make Arnold really work for it. Time and again Arnold would have Tom's ass just before the head of his inflamed cock but Tom would wriggle away. They would wrestle around the floor some more and Tom would grab at Arnold's huge, waving shaft and squeeze it painfully. This would drive Arnold to the point of frenzy and before long he would have Tom's ass ready to penetrate again, only to loose it to another evasive maneuver.

Finally, Arnold grabbed one of Tom's arms and twisted it behind his back, forcing him face down on the floor. Their sweat covered bodies heaved heavily with deep breathing as they savored the moment that was about to come. Arnold forced Tom's legs apart and placed his knees on the floor between them then slowly pulled Tom's thickly muscled arm back until he had risen up on his hand and knees.

Tom flexed and squeezed his ass cheeks together, causing them to swell seductively, but also making entry impossible. Arnold raised his hand and delivered a solid, body wracking slap to Tom's right cheek and the man shouted with pain and desire. His ass muscles relaxed and Arnold drove his huge, sweat coated cock between them and into the man's waiting rectum. Again Tom cried out with a mixture of pain and pleasure, but there was no more resistance. This was what Tom had been waiting for all night.

“Oooh. You feel so good. So big. So big. Ah. Ah. Ah. Harder. Fuck me harder. Harder. Yeah. Yeah. Unh. Unh. Unh. Faster. Faster. Harder. Deeper. Oh, yeah. Oh, this is the best. The best ever. Oh, yeah. Oh, Judy, you see his big cock in me? Look at his big cock. Watch that big cock fuck my ass.”

Judy got off the bed and straddled Tom, sitting on his back facing Arnold. Her hands began to roam over Arnold’s upper body, much as Tom’s had earlier. She felt his pecs and biceps, his shoulders and neck, she ran her hands through his hair and kissed him deeply on the mouth. She slowly let her lips roam down over his body and she licked and sucked his bulging biceps. Then she turned her oral attentions to his pecs and licked and sucked and pulled his nipples with her teeth.

Arnold was quickly losing control. He didn’t know how long he could hold back or what was going to happen this time. He felt himself riding higher and higher on his sexual energy. The constant physical stimulation had given him no respite since these two magnificent bodies had walked into his room. He felt himself quickly approaching a new level of ecstasy and there was no way to know how he was going to react. He continued to thrust his long, hard cock into the man’s eager ass. Tom continued to plead with him for more and more, harder and harder, deeper and deeper. Arnold’s thrusts became more insistent as Judy egged him on with her oral attentions to his now swollen pecs. He flexed them harder and harder, they grew thicker and thicker until the pain in them began to grow and its warmth spread across his chest in a wonderful, familiar way. He grabbed Tom’s ass more firmly and braced himself against the other man in order to increase his motions. There was no control now. His balls screamed for release as they swung forward and

bashed against the other man's balls. Judy's hands were all over his body now and the strain of reaching for this one last orgasm caused all of his muscles to tense with incredible effort and pain. The more intense the pain got, the higher Arnold climbed towards sexual fulfillment. He moved one of his hands to Judy's cunt and began to violently attack her clit. She thrust her hips forward to increase the pressure and her body immediately began to vibrate and shake. Tom rammed his ass back against each of Arnold's powerful thrusts and his cries of agony/joy drove them all on.

Finally Arnold could stand it no longer. His body let loose with a violent thrust of strength which drove his cock deep into Tom's ass. Several vicious volleys of sperm hurled from the base of his shaft, up along its huge length and spewed forth into Tom's insides. Arnold grabbed Judy with his free arm and pulled her into him, mashing his lips against hers in a deep, bruising kiss that was more of a need to increase physical contact than anything else. His finger pushed once more against her swollen clit and a flood of juice poured from her cunt as her body shook with release. Tom's cock was rigid but unable to muster up one more orgasm. He reached beneath himself and grabbed hold of his own thick member, pushing against its hardness just to get some sort of relief.

With one final thrust, Arnold unloaded his last shot of sperm and collapsed on the floor. Judy went with him to the carpet and Tom, as Arnold's huge cock vacated his now throbbing asshole, fell forward in sheer exhaustion.

No one moved.

Only the sound of heavy breathing and the occasional shudder indicating the last vestiges of orgasm could be heard.

After a while (no one was really sure how long) Arnold roused himself, looked at the two other muscular bodies which had discarded themselves on the floor, and stood up. He quickly jumped into the shower to wash himself off and then returned to the room, drying himself with one of the hopelessly small bath towels. The other two hadn't moved a magnificently developed muscle. He picked up Judy, laid her on one side of the bed, deposited Tom on the other and then crawled in between them. They both immediately turned toward him and their hands reached for and clasped the now semi-deflated eleven-and-a-half inch cock.

Arnold flexed his groin muscles which caused his cock to swell a bit. Both of the other two groaned.

Judy said, "Don't even think about it."

"But..."

"Say good night, Arnold."

"Good night Arnold."

Tom rolled over, turned out the bedside light and within minutes they were all asleep.

CHAPTER 25: ARNOLD

It was a very good thing that he left when he did. What with Peter's intense attraction to him and Patty's magnificent body, Arnold found himself getting really turned on. And when one has an eleven-and-a-half inch cock, even a bit turned on could become uncomfortably noticeable. He hoped his hasty good-bye was seen as a necessity of errand rather than any rudeness. But with his cock beginning to stir in his pants, he knew that a full-fledged hard-on was only minutes away.

Peter was so intense. His focus seemed to bore into Arnold's soul, seeking out his inner-self. There was an attention to detail he recognized as being part of himself, as well. He knew where his own came from: Sam. But he wondered what source fed Peter's. It was also quite obvious the boy had quite specific designs on Arnold's body as well. And with his incredible drive towards goals that Arnold had witnessed in the gym, there was little doubt that Arnold would either have to yield to those desires or steer clear of the young man entirely.

Arnold wanted him for his workout partner, so their fates were sealed. He hoped he wasn't going to make anyone else at the gym mad at him for monopolizing Peter's talents and time. They'd have to come to some sort of arrangement.

His thoughts meandered around the young man. There was so much about him that felt familiar. He knew with absolute certainty that their internal lives ran with incredible correspondence. Something about the boy had touched him. Something from his past. Again, thoughts of Sam flooded his brain. What was it about the two of them that brought them together in his mind?

Then there was Patty. No two ways about it. Arnold had the greatest desire to make love to that crazy, beautiful, muscular woman. All during the tour of the gym Arnold kept thinking how easy and nice it would be to just reach over and place his hands on those magnificent muscles, press his palms into her nipples, feeling them grow to rock-hard bumps beneath his touch. He knew from his many experiences with other body building women how incredibly firm and strong those breasts would be. But he had never had sex with anyone whose body was so developed, yet whose breasts had maintained such noble dimensions.

He also knew the sensation of having such an incredibly active body as Patty's beneath him, on top of him, around him, driving him to delicious levels of passion. It had been a long time since he'd had a wild, physically demanding, unbridled, uninhibited fuck session with someone who could keep up with his own athletic sex drive. Patty's physical attributes and mental attitude promised just such an event.

When he got back to the truck he was torn between two needs. He needed to get the truck back so he could get home and get his apartment in order, for there was no doubt that once Patty got back from her sister's he would have little inclination to spend time moving furniture. He also needed to grab hold of his huge cock and squeeze it. It was screaming for attention, but Arnold knew if he started with it there would be no relief until he had actually cum. He was not one to worry about an erection pushing the front of his pants out to its limit for his own sake, but such a condition made many people uncomfortable, probably because it raised in them desires which years of training and sublimation had taught them were bad, dirty, inhuman.

He didn't want to go back to his place. That would seem like negative progress. If there were just someplace he could go where he could have a couple of moment's privacy he'd be okay. His cock was beginning to push forward at the fly of his pants and the increased pressure was stimulating it even more, causing it to grow harder which made it push harder which...

There was the gas station where he had asked directions earlier. Perhaps it had a bathroom. He still didn't dare touch his huge cock, but thought reassuring thoughts that all would be well soon. This was the wrong thing to do. The gigantic shaft surged with joy at the possibility of having its release; the pressure/pain of its captivity increased almost to the point of being unbearable.

Arnold started the truck and got headed back down to the main drag and the, hopefully, restroom-equipped gas station. Each time Arnold raised his leg to push in the clutch it would tighten the pants at his crotch and his cock would scream out for release. He got to the cross street to turn to the gas station and the light was red. A steady stream of traffic passed before him, preventing him from taking the right on red. Just when he got a break in the traffic two young, tanned, unbelievably well-proportioned females came zipping across the intersection on roller blades. One of them saw Arnold at the wheel of the truck and took an immediate liking to his huge biceps which was hanging out of the window. She skated right up to the side of the truck and grabbed hold of his arm. The touch of her hand set jolts of sensation through Arnold's body and his cock made a very valiant effort towards extricating itself from its confines.

"Hi there. I like your arm. You got another one like it?"

Arnold smiled and tried to decide whether this could be the answer to his prayers or just a further distraction from getting the tasks of the day completed. She was almost too beautiful, too forward. He tried to move his body so that she wouldn't catch sight of his hard-on but her wandering eyes zeroed in on his dilemma.

"Holy shit. Looks like you got a real problem there. Can I help?"

"We hardly know each other."

"Ooo. Don't say hard. Not in your condition."

She licked her lips and her fingers dug into Arnold's arm. Her skating partner had already crossed the street and was casually waiting for her friend. From her attitude it was apparent this was a common enough occurrence. Arnold wondered if this was just a tease act that the two enjoyed playing or if she was really on the prowl.

"Your friend's waiting for you."

"No, actually my friend's waiting for you. We already know what we want to do. What about you?"

"I'm afraid I don't have enough time to make it worth your while."

"Honey, just the chance to see that thing in the flesh is worth it to us. We work as a team. Hey. Come on. No strings. We don't want to marry you. You need help, we need muscle."

Arnold was stunned by her forwardness. He started to mull the options over in his head, but the light had turned green and there was a car coming up behind him and his huge erection was getting more painful by the moment.

"Get in."

The woman gave her friend the high sign and they both zipped around to the passenger door and climbed in. Arnold had the truck in motion before the door was closed. He took the right, then suddenly pulled the truck over to the side. He had no idea where he was going. The two women looked confused. But they also looked like they were ready for anything.

“You two do this a lot?”

The first woman answered. “Only when things are real interesting. You’re interesting.”

“No, I’m Arnie.”

“And I’m Meg and this is Michelle. Michelle this is Arnie and this is Arnie’s hard-on.”

“Hi, Arnie,” said Michelle. “Glad to meet you. You look like you’ve been driving over too many speed bumps or something.”

Meg’s attentions to his cock had ensured that he would not be able to get rid of his hard-on without some help. After having gotten over the heat of the moment, Arnold was feeling even less comfortable with his decision than with the problem which prompted it.

“Look, ladies. I’m sorry, but I’ve got a real bad feeling about this. You’re both excruciatingly beautiful, and it’s obvious I have a problem here, but this is something I don’t think I can get involved with right now.”

Michelle spoke reassuringly. “Arnie, we’re not into anything heavy, either. We’re a couple of horny, over-sexed humans just like you. You’ve got this incredible body and this incredible cock and we’ve got this incredible urge to suck you off and make you feel

better. Just look on us as angels of mercy. It's our good deed for the day."

Arnold sighed and resigned himself, albeit willingly, to his fate. "Where to?"

Meg pointed forward. Arnold put the truck in gear and pulled back out into traffic.

"You just passing through town?"

"No, I just moved into an apartment here."

"Back on Rupert Street?"

"Huh?"

"The street you were turning from at the light."

"No, I was checking out a gym down there."

"The Pump House."

"Yeah. You know about it?"

"Sure do. We go there a lot. They're all crazy there. Especially the lady that runs the place."

"Patty."

"Yeah. Turn right here. Yeah. Patty. She lets us hang out and watch the guys workout. We like to watch, huh Michelle?"

"Yeah. We're what's called muscle queens. We really like muscle."

A hand attacked his right biceps.

"And cock. Especially big cock. Huh Michelle?"

They both turned to Michelle when she didn't respond. Her eyes were dancing back and forth between the biceps she was attacking and the sizable bulge between his legs.

"You both look like you take pretty good care of yourselves. You work out?"

“We teach ‘bounce n’ flounce’ at a yuppie gym down on the beach.”

“Bounce n’ what?”

“Bounce n’ flounce. You know. Aerobics.”

“And we roller blade.”

Arnold was concentrating on driving and lost track of which one of the women were speaking. They both had the same rhythms and inflections as though they had spent a lot of time together.

“Have you two known each other long?”

Michelle or Meg laughed and the other answered.

“Oh, about twenty two years.”

“Good friends, huh?”

“Sisters.”

Arnold glanced over at them momentarily.

“No shit?”

“No shit. Michelle’s younger than me by a year and a half.”

The road they had been driving down ended at the gate to a big parking lot behind some light industry. They drove through and Arnold stopped the truck in the middle of the open expanse of asphalt. He turned off the engine and leaned back against his door, taking in the sight before him. There was no question about it. These two were like a sexual fantasy born in the flesh. He became aware, again, of the incredible aching in his crotch and tried to shift around to find a more comfortable position. Meg sensed what he was trying to do.

“There’s only one thing that’s going to fix that problem. Here, let me.”

She undid his shirt buttons and spread it open so that she could see his magnificent pecs and abs. Michelle leaned over Meg's back and watched. As his body was revealed they both hmmm'd. Michelle reached over her sister and pressed her hand to Arnold's left pec. Meg took the right one. They began squeezing and fondling, kneading and stimulating until his nipples were torturously erect and his cock was painful to the point of agony.

"Oh, God. Oh, pull down my zipper. Quick. Oh, God it hurts."

Meg loosened his belt, unbuttoned the top button and unzipped his fly. The front of his pants immediately parted and revealed his jockstrap containing the painfully large erection. He raised his hips and pushed his pants down to his knees. The cup of the jockstrap was distended to the point where the cup made no contact with his skin. His cock was trying very hard to be erect and the scrotum with its two wonderful balls had fallen through the gap.

Both women moved their hands to his aching bulge and began to rub and tease it. His hips thrust forward and the head of his cock began its impression of a leaky faucet. Meg grabbed the waistband of the jockstrap and pulled down quickly. His cock snapped free and flew against the muscles of his rigid abdomen, landing with a solid slap. Arnold almost shouted with relief.

"You ladies mind if I move into the center of the seat?"

He heard no response so he looked at them. They were both just staring at his massive erection, their jaws hanging open.

"Hello? Ladies?"

"Holy shit. Meg? You ever seen anything that big?"

"No way, Michelle. Christ. It must be over a foot long."

Meg raised her eyes to Arnold in question.

“Eleven-and-a-half. Let me move over, will you?”

He slid across the seat to the center and Meg climbed over the top of him to the driver’s position. She knelt on the seat facing Arnold and took his cock in her hands. Michelle got up on her knees on Arnold’s right and did the same. Four hands massaging his aching organ at the same time. He was in heaven. One of the women began to lick the head and it made him wild. The other began chewing on his shaft, taking little nips all along its length. His hips bucked with each contact.

They continued this for several minutes and then, on some unspoken signal, stopped, sat up and both unzipped and unbuttoned their cut-offs. They raised themselves up as high as the ceiling of the truck would allow and slid their shorts down, worming around and readjusting until they had completely removed them. The truck instantly filled with the aroma of their female scent which drove Arnold beyond distraction.

“I don’t think we can really fuck you here,” Meg said, “but we just have to feel what this thing is like inside us, okay?”

Arnold nodded weakly. Meg swung her left leg over Arnold and lifted herself up. Michelle held his cock upright and positioned it directly under Meg’s cunt. Meg then began to lower herself onto the hot, throbbing head of his massive organ and pressed herself down, moaning and gasping as the thick shaft spread her cunt open further and further. She was hot and wet inside, tight and muscular. Her vagina immediately began flexing and grasping at the huge cock, drawing him deeper and deeper into her. Michelle was dragging her fingernails up and down the part of his shaft that was still outside her sister’s hungry cunt. She held his huge balls in her hand and massaged them, rolling them around between her fingers. Meg’s

hand dove down between her legs and fingered her clitoris which Arnold could plainly see before him. He tried to get physically involved in the process but found any movement he made an interference in the two women's actions.

Meg slid up and down his cock a few inches at a time, moans of pleasure drooling from her throat. The wet, slippery sound of his cock moving in and out of her cunt made Arnold hotter and hotter. Her breasts were bobbing up and down in front of his face and he wished that she had removed her top so that he could suck on them. He raised his hands and grasped them, eliciting a moan of delight.

Meg's finely muscled legs raised her up and down Arnold's thick shaft faster and faster. She wasn't able to put enough pressure on his cock to do him much good, but it apparently was enough to send her over the edge. Within minutes the thick shaft inside her and her furious fingers had lifted her up, flung her around, and sent her spiraling down through a thunderous orgasm. The truck shook and rocked with their movements and Arnold lost track of what part of his cock was where in relation to the two women.

Meg finally stopped climaxing, her orgasmic convulsions subsiding. She grabbed Arnold's face and mashed her lips to his in a hot, vigorous, impassioned kiss, her tongue diving deeply into his mouth. Then, without a word she pulled off his still aching, rigid cock, returned to her place on the seat behind the steering wheel and Michelle assumed the position. It was almost comical how the younger sister mimicked, with absolute accuracy, the older sister's routine. She even seemed to take the same amount of time to climax, her shouts sounding like a tape recording of the previous woman's efforts. If it hadn't been for the wonderful feeling of her cunt wrapped tightly around his cock he would have almost termed

it boring. But the fact was that he found himself moving inexorably towards an orgasm. There were no complaints about that. It occurred to him that the younger sister didn't seem to have much of an identity. It was as though she were simply a mirror to her sister's personality, not having any real substance herself.

When Michelle had climaxed on Arnold's cock she extricated herself and knelt back down on Arnold's right.

"Now it's your turn. You ever have two women suck you off together?"

"Once or twice."

"You were supposed to lie and say this was the first."

"I don't do 'lie' very well. This *is* the first time I've ever had two women suck me off in the front of a truck."

"That'll do."

"There was the time in the back of the truck, though..."

"Asshole."

Meg's mouth dove down over the head of his cock and took him in until he felt the back of her throat. Arnold gasped and grabbed the woman's head. She was very good.

Michelle began to lick and kiss the lower half of his shaft and his balls. She coordinated her motions with her sister beautifully as the two of them worked up and down the length of his aching cock.

Again Arnold lost track of who was touching where and just gave himself up to the incredible sensations of this dual blow-job. He had to do something and so ran his hands over their backs and their upturned asses. He hunted around with his fingers until he found the openings to their moist, steamy cunts. He drove his fingers inside them. It was as though a circuit had been completed. A

current of energy seemed to flow down his cock, up his spine, out his arms, through his fingers, into their cunts, across their bodies and out their mouths to his cock again. He moved his fingers faster and faster. Their tongues and lips worked his cock and balls harder and harder. Their breathing became heavier, their actions more furious, their moans and screams more demanding, more boisterous, more intense. The two women's asses began to writhe and shake as Arnold's fingers drove in and out of their cunts.

There was a quick changing of the guard and Michelle took over on the top while Meg slid around below and covered for her on his shaft and balls. Not a second was lost. They all began moaning louder and louder. Arnold felt his own orgasm approaching.

"That's it. Suck my cock. Ooo, suck it harder. Harder. Oh, suck my big cock. Oh, you're so good. So good. Lick my balls. Suck them. Suck my balls. Oh yeah. Yeah. That's good. Very good. Squeeze my cock. It needs to be squeezed. Harder. Harder. Aaarrghhh. Yeah. Oh, Yeah. Oh, suck it harder. Harder. I'm gonna cum. Oh, make me cum. Oh, my dick hurts. Ooo, it hurts. Suck me. Make me cum. Oh, I gotta cum."

The women were driven on by his agony. Their mouths moved swiftly and hungrily over his entire blood-engorged member, stimulating him and driving him up to the edge. At the same time, Arnold's attentions to their cunts were proving successful. He had shifted his fingers down to their clitorises and was quickly raising their own levels of pleasure to the point of explosion. Together, the three made a rapid climb up to an ecstatic height, held it there for what seemed like forever, and then exploded simultaneously in a violent trio of orgasms that rocked the truck on its shocks.

Load after load of cum jetted up his shaft and spurted out his slit into Michelle's waiting mouth. She drank and swallowed each load as though her life depended on it. Meg's mouth was busy sucking on his balls and when the orgasmic storm hit she drew them into her mouth one at a time and tongue lashed them, urging them to give up every last drop of cum to her sister's hungry mouth.

Arnold's hips thrust up with each load of semen as his orgasm violently contracted his muscles, forcing loud grunts of passion from his lips. Again and again his balls sent a load soaring up his shaft, urged on by Meg's mouth and tongue and Michelle's sucking, wanting mouth. Both of them were driven by Arnold's furious manipulations of their clitorises and the energy flew around and around through their bodies until they all collapsed in exhaustion.

Arnold's cock finally began to soften and Michelle let it slip out of her mouth. Meg refused to let go of his balls and the thick rope of flesh fell down on her head, laying over her right cheek. She finally let the huge balls slip from her mouth and slowly ran her tongue up his now flaccid shaft as she turned her head upwards. Michelle stuck out her own tongue and began to run it back and forth under the belly of Arnold's huge pecs. When she would reach the far ends of her travels she would run her tongue around his erect nipple and give it a quick but violent nip, sending shocks of sensation through his body. Then she would travel down under his pecs to the other nipple and do the same. It was as though they were in some sort of dream or fog from which they could not, or would not, escape.

Arnold continued to absentmindedly toy with their clitorises and occasionally would elicit a shudder or moan from one of them. Finally the two women sat up and kissed Arnold lightly on each cheek. Meg shook her head in wonder.

“What the hell was that?”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ve never had such an intense orgasm just from giving a blow-job,” said Michelle.

Meg agreed. “You’re something else, Arnie. It’s like you’re plugged in somewhere. I got kind of scared for a moment there.”

“I just figure that if it’s worth doing, its worth doing right. And you two were definitely worth doing right.”

“You mean sex is always that intense with you?”

“No. Sex is always that good with me. I don’t think that was especially intense. Hell, none of us passed out, did we?”

“Michelle, I think we’d better get going. Arnie, thanks a lot, but I gotta tell you, you’re scary. I think your problem is you don’t get laid enough. You need to cum more.”

“That was my third orgasm today. Or was it my fourth?”

“Holy shit.”

“Damn, Arnie. Come on, sis. We’ll see you at The Pump House. Maybe next time we’ll be prepared for you.”

Meg pulled on her cut-offs and zipped up the fly. Michelle was more reluctant to leave and took her time getting dressed. Meg opened the driver’s door and slid out to the ground, her roller blades carrying her several feet from the truck before she swung back around to close the door behind her. Michelle pulled her zipper up with regret and pushed the door behind her open. She was about to leave as well, but at the last minute lunged for Arnold and plastered her lips against his in a hungry, devouring kiss. Her hands ran through his hair, across his cheeks, down over his massive pecs and abdomen and finally to his cock where they lingered for several

seconds, massaging and stroking the pliant flesh of his now exhausted shaft. She pulled her face away.

“Thank you, Arnie. It was the best. Thanks.”

She gave his cock one more pat and slid from the truck.

Meg was obviously impatient to be gone, apparently frightened by the way her little blow-job in the parking lot had turned into an emotionally exhausting experience. She had lost control: of her sister, of the situation, and worst of all, of herself. She was scared. She skated around to the far side of the truck, grabbed her sister’s hand and practically dragged her out of the parking lot. When they reached the point where the lot emptied into the street, Michelle broke free and turned back to the truck. She stopped, as if trying to decide if she should leave. Meg shouted at her to come on. Michelle waved to Arnold and then turned to follow her sister down the street.

Arnold could do nothing more than stare after them until they disappeared among the cars and trees and other things of the world. Things sexual always fell his way. He knew they had no choice but to be attracted to him. Or was it he who was attracted to them? In any event, he never found himself lacking for an encounter with other humans. But every once in a while something like the roller blade sisters thundered through his life, leaving him momentarily stunned.

He realized he was sitting in the middle of a parking lot in the middle of a city, in the middle of a seat of a rented truck with his pants down around his ankles and his jockstrap down around his knees and his cock still trying to recover from its latest encounter and his balls buzzing and humming with the memory of the incredible handling they had received from...(Meg? Michelle?)

He tried to remember if he had heard about there being some sort of conjunction of the planets or a chemical leak from a factory or something that would explain the strange shift between realities that he seemed to have gone through beginning this morning. Patty, Peter, Meg, Michelle, Brenda, Norma, the wonderful, still nameless woman in his old kitchen whose telephone number had bled all over his skin under the waistband of his cut-offs, his mysterious camera wielding neighbor, the bed too low, the ceiling too high, the mirror that wouldn't fit. On and on the strange and wonderful things of the day piled up until there was no way to make them all add up to any kind of a coherent picture. Usually, at the end of the day, he would be able to sit down and evaluate the events and have them mean something. But he was damned if he could figure out what this day was aiming towards. The French had a wonderful way of making all things fit at the end of the day: *C'est la vie*. He thought even such a general resignation to the fates as that would not be able to reconcile the extraordinary events of the past eight hours.

Arnold pulled his jockstrap up and loaded his blessedly flaccid cock into the cup, hoisted up his pants, did up the fly and belt and then slid over to the drivers seat. He dug through the pouch in the door and got the directions to the truck rental place. They seemed to be very straight forward. He should count on only getting lost two or three times. He made a vow not to get involved with anyone else for the rest of the day. He had to get his life in order. There were many things to be done and if he had to play a bit aloof and distant to keep running smoothly then the rest of the world would just have to get over it for a day.

A brief feeling of futility at his success in that passed through his mind like a small cloud in an otherwise cloudless sky.

He started up the truck and headed out of the parking lot. Down the street, left, left again, onto the freeway, miss the exit, left across the next bridge and of course there isn't an entrance ramp to get back on going the other way. Left, left, right, five, no six lights down, make another right and it's there on the corner, you can't miss it. No right turn at the fifth light. The sixth light only goes left. Right, right, isn't that the entrance to the freeway he just got off of? Turn around, go two lights, left, three blocks down on your left. There's a truck rental place, but it's the wrong flavor. The first pay phone has the handset torn off. The second lets his quarter fall through without taking it. The third works and the phone rings seventeen times before someone who has no idea where they are or where Arnold is or how to express this accurately in the only language that Arnold knows how to speak answers the phone.

Arnold got back in the truck and studied the directions again. He looked at the name of the street he was on. He looked at the name of the cross street he was near. He looked at the directions. He started the truck, drove around the corner, down two driveways and made a right into the truck rental place. Voila! Très simplement!

Returning the truck was straightforward. No information needed to be exchanged, no small talk, no contact. Arnold turned the truck keys, car hitch, wiring harness, contract and mileage over to the attendant who ran the charge card through the machine, noted the gas was full, the truck was clean, the flares and signals were behind the seat and Arnold was a free man.

He grabbed a map off of the counter on his way out and tried to determine the best return route. Right to the freeway, left down the ramp, two exits, left, left, home. He stopped at the super market on the main road that ran down to the beach and picked up some food

for the evening. He wasn't going any where. He just wanted to stay home and get settled. The check out girl was a sassy lady who made it clear she really wanted to "check out the groceries he had in his pants." She actually said that. Arnold declined the kind offer and she asked him if he was a queer. He lowered his voice and said with great confidentiality, "Herpes." She nodded knowingly and thanked him for warning her. It was always easier to allow the other person to change their own mind then to try to dissuade them.

He arrived back at his apartment only two-and-a-half hours after having left to run a couple of easy errands. Life certainly was a lot simpler out in the desert. But at least he was here and he could get to work. He dumped his groceries in the refrigerator, stripped to the skin, threw on a jockstrap and gym shorts and got to work.

First things first. He went into the second bedroom and took the various parts of his workout equipment out of the boxes. With an ease of action that told of his intimate knowledge of the machines, he assembled them and moved them into position. Each piece of these machines, each mechanism, held a certain meaning for his body. This made that muscle bigger. That made him stronger there. And together they all made his body ache with the delicious agony of the pump. His cock stirred as it always did when he contemplated his approach to a workout session, for by the time he was finished with all the exercises, he would cum. The pure animal ecstasy of the effort caused his balls to churn, his cock to harden, his cum to spurt. If he loved anything in the world, it was this. Nothing else could take its place. He would give up nothing for it and nothing would be able to change that. Because each time he pumped, each time he lifted, each time he pressed and strained and bent and pushed and hurt and pained and agonized and came there was only one thought

in his mind: Sam. Every workout session, here on his own equipment or in a gym, was his way of staying in touch with the one woman whom he loved. Cumming with the equipment was cumming with her.

He didn't dwell on this. It didn't consume his life. He didn't speak to inanimate hunks of iron and expect them to answer him. He just needed to stay connected to her and the only way he knew how was through working out. He knew she would be very proud of the progress he had made. Not only with his body but with his heart and mind. He knew he saw things clearer than some people; he knew he could sense a rightness in people and a way to rightness when it was obscured. This was due to two people only. Mr. Ridell and Sam. And Sam was all he had left. Wherever she was.

The equipment went together in a snap and he moved on to the living room. Carpet, chairs, sofa, coffee table, bookshelves, books on bookshelves, two posters for the walls, a few pictures in frames, a floor lamp. He then decided to find a home for one of his prized possessions. It was a large piece of volcanic rock which had been transformed into a miniature Japanese garden in all its nooks and crannies. He decided it would look good out on the balcony. He lifted the huge rock in his arms, carried it out to the balcony and set it where it would catch the afternoon sun.

He paused for a moment to take in the view once again. Although the surf was not so large here, it did generate enough noise to be heard. The soothing rhythm of the water spilling on the shore filled his soul with peace, as it had for countless billions for hundreds of centuries; the heartbeat of the planet. He paused for a second and just leaned against the rail, allowing his mind to get in sync with this larger, more potent force. He had brushed against the

power within many times. He realized he needed to contact the power around him as well. He thought if there were only some way to draw upon the two together...

Down on the beach, about fifty yards from the building, a radiant, magnificently beautiful woman was looking directly at him. Her fire red hair and translucent skin made her stand out from the beach as though she were lit from within. There was no doubt that her focus was precisely on him. She stood, stretched her attractive body and her exquisite left breasts dropped out of the top of her suit. Instead of reaching for it promptly to cover it back up she allowed it to remain exposed for a few more seconds. She then cupped it from beneath and, just before returning it to its hiding place, she held it out to him, as though she was offering it to him. His cock jerked in his jockstrap. It suddenly all seemed very familiar to him and he realized this could be none other than his unknown next door neighbor giving him a taste of his own medicine.

Many women had interested him. Many had captivated him. Many had stirred him. Some had filled him with want. A few had filled him with need. One had filled him with life. But the vision that stood before him now seemed to draw from him a response so complicated, so intense, so utterly primal that, had he not been grasping the railing in front of him, he would have stepped off into mid-air, not intending to fall the six stories to the ground, but only to reach her more quickly.

He shook his head, trying to clear his mind for a moment, trying to see if he could get a little dose of reality. Falling instantly and fatally in love was one thing. Falling six floors was another. His libido was obviously running hyper on him. He focused on the woman again and this time he saw a beautiful red head with a great

body. He breathed a sigh of relief. Something had happened just then that had nothing, much, to do with the physical appearance of his neighbor. He had been listening to the waves, contemplating the connection of it all. Suddenly beauty became beauty, itself. He'd better keep an eye on that. He could end up fucking the world's most beautiful fire hydrant.

But she was stunning. And she had gone to the trouble of introducing herself in the one sure way that would catch his attention, his imagination, his lust. It had worked. He knew he had to meet her. Now. Besides, she apparently had some interesting photos of him he wanted to see. He watched her as she prepared to leave the beach. Now she was really playing games. She began to pack up her beach gear and each time she bent over to stow something in her bag she pointed her gorgeous ass right at him. Every time she bent over he felt his cock jump again. He could almost hear her as though she were speaking in his ear: "Check this out, neighbor. Here I come." This was getting seriously interesting.

Once everything was in the bag she walked toward the building, glancing up at him every so often, the smile on her face telling of her joy in the fact that he was still watching her. As she neared the bike path she began digging around in her bag, trying to find something. Probably her keys. It soon became obvious, though, she was not successful in her search. She forgot completely about him and became more and more anxiously involved with finding the missing thing. Was it her keys? That would be terrible. Very bad karma. She dumped everything out on the sidewalk, pawed through it, still didn't find it and began sifting through the sand just beyond the bike path, as though she thought it might be there for some reason.

She finally gave up, threw something out across the beach and stuffed her belongings back into her bag in disgust. She paused, shook her head, stood up, paused again and then headed into the building with determination, as though she had some solution in mind. Perhaps the super had a spare key. Or maybe someone else in the building. Maybe she had a way of breaking into her own apartment. Arnold's gaze wandered up and down the beach, enjoying the view. He stepped back, stretched his magnificent physique and suddenly thought of the last time he had done that there. She had been watching him from the other side of the divider. He quickly glanced around the wall, saw that she had left the sliding door open, and knew exactly what her plan was.

Arnold was about to have company.

CHAPTER 26: FLASHBACK

Waking up seconds before cumming was always very confusing. Arnold's eyes hadn't even focused on the world when spurts of cum rocketed out of his cock and filled some orifice that surrounded the head of his rigid organ. He was totally disoriented. Not only could he not remember who might be bringing him to climax, he couldn't remember where this might be happening.

As the sensations became clearer he was able to tell that something was sucking on his cock and something else was sucking on one of his nipples. The fog cleared a little more and he saw the tops of two heads of hair. One of them was busy moving across his chest to his other pectoral, clearing the view to the other head which was milking the final drops of his wake-up call from his unexpectedly hard cock.

A sense of relief washed through his mind. The dreams he had been having just before waking had been too vivid to be self-generated. He was happy to know he hadn't slipped so far into fantasy that it had become so real. Now all he had to do was remember who these two heads of hair were.

Glimpses of body parts moved before his sleep-filled eyes and bulging muscles seemed to abound. He moved his hands around and tested the voracity of this judgment and found the tactile evidence to support his eyes' claims. Rippling muscles covered backs and necks and arms and everything else he touched. They also seemed to enjoy his attentions, so he became more insistent, savoring the sensation of hard, well-defined bulges beneath his hand.

One of the heads of hair, the one sucking on his cock, turned to him and smiled. Male. Interesting. He slipped his hand over the torso of the other body sucking on his very tender nipple and felt the evidences of a firm, taut breast with an unusually long nipple. Female. Intriguing. He felt that with just a few more passing moments the fog would lift completely and names, faces, facts, numbers of orgasms and an explanation of what they all had in common would come flooding into his brain. He laid back and enjoyed the attention while waiting for truth to enlighten him.

Without meaning to, he slipped back into a light slumber, only to reemerge some time later to find the woman now astride his waist with his still rigid cock firmly embedded in her tight, extremely talented cunt. She was very busy riding up and down the shaft, her head thrown back, eyes closed, mouth open, emitting tiny moans of pleasure; all the muscles of her incredible body tensing as she climbed towards her own moment of release. Each time she lifted her body off of his groin with her highly developed legs, her abdomen would contract and her vaginal muscles would clamp down hard on his huge erection as though they were attempting to suck the life right out of him.

Arnold wondered how many times he was allowed to hit the snooze button on this alarm clock. Something hot, thick and rigid suddenly loomed into his vision from above his head. It stroked his cheek and ran across the bridge of his nose, leaving a moist, sticky trail to mark its passage. As it came down his other cheek he turned his head and stuck out his tongue, brushing the tip of it and causing it to jump. He raised his hands and grabbed the unusually thick shaft with one hand while cupping the scrotum with his other. This elicited a long, deep moan accompanied by a sudden leakage of

more sticky fluid from the tip. He lapped this up with his tongue. The owner of the erect penis swung a leg over Arnold's face and lowered his crotch to allow Arnold better access to its incredible thickness. Arnold opened his mouth widely and took as much of the shaft in as he could.

Salty, warm fluid ran over his tongue which he quickly swallowed. The shaft became harder and the owner began thrusting its length into Arnold's sucking mouth. Meanwhile, the owner of the very talented vagina which was presently doing wonderful things to Arnold's magnificent penis was quickly approaching orgasm and her actions were demanding a good deal of his attention. He saw her reach around the huge chest of the man astride his face and begin to fondle the pectorals there. The hands slid up and down the man's chest and then disappeared. Seconds later Arnold felt them squeezing his own pecs and he flexed them violently knowing that this would increase the woman's desire to touch them. Her actions took on a decidedly frantic nature and her assault on his cock reached a fevered pitch as she bore down on it and released a torrent of cum juice on the shaft of his cock.

Arnold's own efforts on the cock in his mouth suddenly paid off and a huge flood of cum flew up the thick shaft and slammed against the back of his throat. This triggered his own orgasm and he rammed his hips upwards and filled the already flooded cunt above him with his own liquid contributions. Everyone was crying out in short, breathless shouts as the energy of their combined climaxes circled around on each other, feeding on each other, sending each other over the top of the cliff of reality, flinging them into free-fall down a high precipice of ecstasy and plunging them, headlong, into a deep, refreshing ocean of sexual fulfillment.

The woman rammed herself down onto Arnold's cock as far as she could and fell forward against the man whose cock he was sucking. The man pulled his cock from Arnold's mouth and squeezed and milked the last drops of orgasmic fluid from his quickly softening cock onto Arnold's thirsty tongue. Arnold continued to stroke the huge shaft and gently press his hand against the burgeoning scrotum while his cock made little, involuntary thrusts against the still convulsing cunt around it. If he didn't come up with some names pretty soon this was going to be very embarrassing.

His guests saved him from social faux pas.

"Tom?"

"Yeah, Judy?"

"I think we're going to have a hard time topping this one."

"I've been considering that. Arnold?"

"Yeah, Tom."

"You wouldn't consider hanging around here for, say, a couple of years, would you?"

"Sorry, Tom. I've got some errands to run and a life to live."

"Maybe we'd better go with you. Just to make sure you don't run into any unscrupulous types. It's a rough world out there."

"Thanks for the offer, Tom. But I've sort of decided I'd take care of this myself."

Tom rolled off to Arnold's right, falling, exhausted, to the pillow.

"See, Judy? I told you it wouldn't work."

"Well, we tried."

Judy finally rolled off Arnold, his huge cock slipping from her cunt with a depressing little slurp. She moved up and rested her head in Tom's groin, her hand absently stroking the now flaccid shaft.

Arnold sat up and ran his gaze over the two muscular bodies in bed with him. Either one of them, alone, was enough to fulfill copious sexual fantasies. Together, they made an act that was going to be hard to beat. He reached out and took one of Judy's breasts in his hand and lowered his mouth to its incredible nipple. He sucked the length of it into his mouth and nibbled and kissed it as it got harder and longer. Judy moaned deeply and ran her hands through his hair, pulling his head to her breast. His tongue teased and worried the nub until her breath was coming in short, rapid breaths again. Her hand ran down to her clitoris and began to work it hard. She pulled Tom's face to her own and began deeply kissing his mouth, his face, his hair. Short gasps became more frequent; her hips started to buck and thrust against her own hand. Arnold quickly slid his mouth down across the ridges of her abdominals and insinuated itself where her hand was busy. His tongue took over her duties and began drinking her juices, sucking on the wonderful nub of flesh just above her vaginal opening. Judy had just had a vaginal climax, but her clit was still wanting. It didn't take long for Arnold's tongue to whip her clit's nerve endings into a frenzy that sent explosions of orgasmic sensation sizzling through her body. Tom grabbed both her breasts and pulled and tugged on her very erect nipples. Pleasure/pain wracked her body and her back arched, pushing her clit hard against Arnold's maddeningly insistent mouth. One loud, long cry of exquisite anguish poured from her throat and she collapsed on the bed, exhausted, whimpering. Arnold continued to lap at her clit until she finally had to beg him to stop, her body

contracting sporadically as the final bolts of orgasmic lightning jabbed through her body.

Tom caressed her cheek and kissed her tenderly. Arnold rolled over on his back and stroked her muscular thigh.

“Arnold, I’ve never seen Judy cum like that. In fact, I don’t think either of us has ever been wrung out like this. You’ve really got something. It’s as though you were able to give us more energy than we could have by ourselves. You’re like a dam with the flood gates wide open. Thank you. I know I’ll never be the same. I think Judy is probably wondering how anything will be interesting after this night.”

Judy mumbled something that seemed to substantiate that claim.

“Well, you two have made things pretty interesting for me, too. I’ve never seen so many orgasms in one spot in such a sort period of time. I know I’ve had my fill for a day or two. And I’ve never said that before. But I’ve got to get a move on here, or I’m going to be late. You two just kick back in the bed. I’m going to jump in the shower. Don’t worry if you fall asleep. Check-out time isn’t until noon.”

He leaned over and kissed Judy quickly on the vaginal lips. She weakly protested. He then tousled Tom’s hair, hopped up off the bed and climbed into the shower.

Slowly, the particular memories of the previous evening came back to him and he felt his cock stir as he recalled the various ways that the three of them had joined and coupled (and tripled). Most vivid of all was the recollection of the way their muscles felt as he had grabbed and stroked and fondled and kneaded their rock-hard bodies. He ran his hands over his own bulging muscles, sending

waves of sensation shooting through his powerful physique. He was always thankful to Mr. Ridell for helping him develop his body to this wonderful state, but it wasn't until he met Sam that he had really come to appreciate the true, sensual nature of his muscular form.

He flexed his left biceps and ran his soapy right hand over the peak of the muscle. He grasped the swollen flesh and pressed his fingers into the mound, flexing the muscle even more to counteract the pressure. Blood rushed to his upper arm and filled the straining sinews. He increased the pressure until the muscle began to cramp, then straightened the arm to relieve the tension. It felt so full, so alive. He did the same thing to other parts of his body as the hot needles of water beat down on him.

He ran soapy hands over swollen body parts until he had stimulated his entire body. Finally he grabbed his huge cock and grasped it firmly in his hands. It was already quite hard and he was able to begin pumping it vigorously. The head became swollen and he pressed the palm of his hand flat down against the head, relieving the incredible need to push his cock against something. He couldn't believe he was hard again; his balls were pulsing. His thoughts drifted to the two remarkable bodies on the bed. He wasn't sure what it was he wanted to do, but he was very hot and needed some physical attention. Obviously, the delivery of the car was going to be a little late. He had underestimated his own limits of sexual exhaustion. Would his friends in the next room be up for it? After all, this was their fault. He had been prepared to spend a quiet night in a lonely hotel room with a brief sexual fantasy and a good book. Now that they were here, his whole energy level had moved to a considerably higher plain.

He rinsed off the soap, turned off the water and pulled back the shower curtain to get a towel. All was quiet. He figured they must still be asleep. He dried off and went into the room.

Arnold was stunned to find the bed empty. Tom and Judy's clothes were gone. The door was unlocked. They had left. He checked the room for his own belongings and found everything just as he had left it. His wallet and spare change were in his pants pocket, as were the car keys. A quick peek out the window assured him that the car was there, too. He chastised himself for thinking such thoughts, but they had, after all, been perfect strangers.

Perfect strangers.

He looked down at his slightly softening cock. 'No more incredible sex for you this morning', he thought. It quickly wilted to its mere awe-inspiring state. All for the best. There was a lady waiting at her mother's house who was pissed off enough as it was. No sense antagonizing her further by delaying his arrival.

They never even said good-bye. He turned on the news channel and waited for the weather report. Hot. Humid. Sunny. He packed his pants, put on a jockstrap and his gym shorts and pulled on a nicely, just-a-little-too-small T-shirt. He brushed his teeth, combed his long brown hair back and decided not to shave. His beard was slow coming in and he had just shaved at Billy's the previous morning. Besides, he liked the way it gave him that rugged, just-rolled-out-of-bed-after-an-incredible-night-of-unbelievable-sex look, which was basically how he felt anyway.

He threw everything into his bag and checked the room one last time to make sure nothing was left behind. His eyes scanned the bed and his mind flooded with images of the previous evening. He

hoped Judy and Tom would have as fond a remembrance of their explosive meeting.

Arnold dropped his bag in the car and walked to the office to turn in the room key. The pavement was hot on his bare feet so he walked along the sidewalk under the roof overhang where it was cool. As he came around the end of the building he saw Tom and Judy talking to the man in the office. After a few seconds they got in their car and drove off, not seeing Arnold.

He walked to the office.

“Good morning.”

“Mornin’.”

“Here’s the key.”

“You’re friends told me to give you this.” He handed Arnold an envelope. In it was cash and a slip of paper. “They told me to put your room on their charge card.”

“That was nice of them. Thanks.”

“I had to charge them for three people. You only paid for one.”

“I was going to take care of that this morning. By the time I realized they were going to stay you had already closed the office.”

“I hope the room is all right. Any damages will be put on their card, too.”

“The room’s fine. We just spent a quiet night in.”

“Huh. I bet.” He ran his eyes down Arnold’s body, hesitating slightly at the crotch. “You two studs with that wonder woman...I could hear you all the way over on this side of the court.”

“Did anyone complain?”

“Place was pretty empty last night.”

“Well, I hope we didn’t bother you too much.”

“Hell, no. Nothing bothers me around here anymore, except for a busted bed or broken television.”

“Everything’s fine. Thanks for the hospitality.”

He walked back to the car and could feel the man’s gaze at his back. Arnold suspected the man had probably come over and taken advantage of the same gap in the curtains that Judy and Tom had. If so, the he’d gotten his money’s worth.

After getting in the car he opened the note. He hoped it was their address, but instead the tight, crisp penmanship, verging on calligraphy, read:

Arnold —

You have spoiled us. No one around here will be able to match you. Thanks. We have a friend in the city who can help you if you want to make some money. Lot’s of money. His business sounds a bit seamy, but we vouch for his legitimacy and honesty. If you perform for him like you did for us you’ll be very rich. He hangs out downtown at a gym on Decker Street called “The Body Works”, scouting for new talent. You’ll definitely attract his attention. We are taking the liberty of calling him to let him know about you. No pressure. If you don’t want in on the action, he’ll leave you alone. But we think you might enjoy it. A lot!

Ivan: 555-2334

Thanks,

Judy + Tom

Arnold stuffed the note in his pocket and started the car. He was intrigued with the information the note contained, but at the moment he had a long drive ahead of him. He stopped for gas before getting on the highway and then spent the next two-and-a-half hours trying to find something interesting about the boring landscape on either side of the interstate. He could find nothing on the radio, and had already listened to all of his tapes too many times. The wind was hot, the bugs on the windshield were thick, the air was thick, the corn was thick, his head became thick and he found himself nodding off.

He stopped to grab some juice and use the opportunity to stretch his bunched up muscles. His scanty attire and well-defined physique attracted attention and several offers. He was still pretty tired from all his exertions of the previous evening, and although he had started the day's journey with a yearning for more sex, no one he met held the promise of excitement that even came close to what he had experienced in that lonely motel room with those two incredible bodies.

As he was getting back on the highway he noticed a young man hitch hiking at the top of the ramp. At first he wasn't going to pick him up, but then two things caught his attention. There was a police car coming up the off-ramp on the other side of the bridge; Arnold feared they might have designs of apprehending the young man. He also noticed, and this allied him to the hitch hiker immediately, the distinct outline of developed muscles pressing against his shirt. The sun was beating down mercilessly and the young man's sweaty clothing clung to his body.

Arnold quickly pulled the car over and pushed the passenger door open. The youth sprinted up to the car, ducked in, threw his

duffel bag into the back seat, and pulled the door closed just as the police car crossed the bridge and came into view at the top of the ramp. It slowed and the driver looked at the station wagon, but apparently found nothing wrong and drove on towards the gas station.

Both boys were busy trying to watch the progress of the police car through the piles of boxes and stuff in the back of the car. It wasn't until the danger had passed that they had a chance to introduce themselves.

"That was close. Thanks for stopping."

"Sure, no problem. My name's Arnold." He held out his hand. The other boy took it with a firm grip and shook it.

"I'm Ed. Pleased to meet you. How far are you going?"

"Up to the city."

"I'm headed up that way myself."

"You going to visit family?"

"Nope."

"Friends?"

"Nope."

"I'm not a dentist, you know."

"Sorry. I'm kind of feeling defensive. I just decided that I'd had enough of corn and people with corn for brains. I'm kind of running away from home."

"How old are you?"

"Oh, I'm eighteen, just graduated from high school and all, but around here you're supposed to stick around and help with the corn. I'm not into it. I want out."

"Sounds like me. I needed to split, too."

“This your car?”

“Nope. I’m delivering it for someone who moved here. I’m not supposed to pick anyone up, but when I saw the cop car coming, I figured you might need help.”

Arnold put the car in gear, pulled back onto the pavement and accelerated down the ramp, merging with traffic. After he had assured himself that he had found a comfortable spot amongst the semi’s, he turned his attention back to his rider and saw him checking him out. Arnold watched out of the corner of his eye while still keeping the car between the lines. He liked it when people looked at his body. He liked it even more when the person looking was a fellow body builder. They were in a better position to appreciate what he had done to develop himself to this state. Ed was obviously impressed. He also seemed to be able to gauge the contents of the large bulge in the front of Arnold’s gym shorts. Ed was very impressed. He seemed to be getting a bit uncomfortable.

“These jeans are really warm. You mind if I change into something a little cooler?”

“Nope. You want me to stop somewhere?”

“Shit. Nobody here but us chickens. Or should I say roosters.”

He undid his belt, pulled down the zipper and unfastened the snap. He arched his back and pulled his jeans down to his knees. Ed wasn’t wearing any underwear or jock so his semi-flaccid, drooping cock was thrust into full view. Arnold battled to keep his attention on the road while casting sideways glances at the boy’s prominent penis. Ed noticed what was attracting Arnold’s attention.

“Nice one, eh?”

Arnold tried to sound non-committal. “Ah, yeah. Nice one.”

Ed lowered his ass to the seat, worked his jeans down to his ankles and slipped his feet out of them. His legs were nicely defined, the thighs had the beginnings of definition that promised massiveness, if he kept to it.

“I can’t wait to get to the big city and wave this monster around. Looks to me like you’re pretty well equipped, yourself.”

“I try to keep myself in shape.”

“Yeah, right. I’m not talking about your pecs, Arnie. Although they’re looking a lot better than mine. How many inches you packing there, in that jock?”

Arnold gave him a long look. He would have liked to know where this boy was coming from. It was a fairly direct question and there would be no way to circumvent the answer without seeming evasive. Ed just sat there, nude from the waist down.

“Listen, I know that most guys get a little self-conscious when they see this big cock. Don’t let it worry you. It’s not like you’re any less of a man because your dick isn’t as big as mine.”

Arnold’s right eyebrow shot up and he tried not to smile too smugly. He simply reached up the leg of his shorts, moved the jockstrap out of the way and pulled the shorts back to reveal his massive cock and two swollen balls.

“Holy shit, man. Look at the size of the sucker. Shit. I ain’t never seen nothing that big, except maybe on a mule or something. Man, you’re gonna make a mint with that fucker. How big’s it get?”

“Eleven-and-a-half.”

“Elev...Oh, man. Christ.”

Arnold began to pull the cup of his jock back to re-stash his massive organ when Ed stopped him. “Wait a minute, man.” Arnold

stopped and gave the boy another sidelong look. He still couldn't figure out where he was coming from. Ed just stared at it and then leaned down close. Arnold almost hoped that the boy would take the huge thing into his mouth, but realized where he was. A hard-on right now would probably not be the best idea.

"Can I touch it?"

Arnold hesitated for a moment. He guessed it wouldn't hurt to have Ed just put his hand on it. The boy obviously had a legitimate interest in his cock, his own being so large. But he would have to be careful.

"Sure. Just don't get me too excited. Once it's up it doesn't go down again very easily."

Ed reached over and slipped his hand under the mid-point of the shaft and gently hefted it, as though handling a vial of nitroglycerin. He lifted his own cock with his other hand and compared the weight. He shook his head and let his breath whistle out between his teeth.

"Man, and I thought my nine inches was a claim to fame. I guess I was just a big fish in a little pond."

He slipped his hand out from under the giant cock and reached into his bag and grabbed a pair of gym shorts similar to the ones Arnold had on. He pulled them up and then unbuttoned his shirt, slipping it off and revealing a nicely defined abdomen and chest.

Arnold awkwardly tried to stuff his cock back in his jock strap, but kept needing two hands. Once Ed had his shirt off he reached over and grabbed the wheel. Arnold let go and quickly raised his butt up off the seat and maneuvered his cock and balls back into their precarious parking spots. This done, he took the wheel again.

“Thanks.” He thought maybe Ed was a bit disappointed to find his cock coming in second place. “Nice pecs. You look like you do a lot of heavy benches.”

“Never been in a gym in my life.”

He bunched his arms together across his chest and the plates of muscle popped up. “This is ten years of tossing hundred-and twenty pound bales of hay. This,” he flexed his biceps, “is ten years of shoveling manure. And this,” he flexed his leg muscles which exploded into full relief, “is ten years of kicking the shit out of dumb-ass cows and running away from my ol’ man whenever he was drunk and tried to kick the shit out of me.”

Arnold felt an immediate bond with the other boy. He wondered if Ed had been given the opportunity for a new chance as he had. He suspected that Ed had lost his virginity quite a while ago, and probably hadn’t had the guidance through that rite of passage which Arnold had enjoyed. Arnold also wondered what kind of sexual activities Ed participated in. He tried to figure a way to broach the subject without offending or scaring him off?

“Are you leaving anyone behind that’s going to miss you?”

“You must mean someone besides my parents, right?”

“Yeah. Same with me. There wasn’t much love around our house.”

“Love? What the fuck is that? You wanted love, you went out and fucked a sheep.”

Arnold’s head snapped around and the look on his face must have betrayed his thoughts quite humorously because Ed burst into laughter.

“Just kidding, Arnie. I never really did that. But there were times when it felt like that was the only way I was going to get any.”

“You mean you’re still a virgin?”

“Shit, no. But my ol’ man’s the biggest fucking hypocrite in sixteen counties. He could screw around behind my mom’s back as much as he wanted. But if he ever found out that I was getting my jollies anywhere, he’d beat my ass until I couldn’t sit down for a week. Said he didn’t want his son ending up like him. What the fuck did he expect me to do? I got this big fucking dick that would get hard if I even thought about sex and I was supposed to do what, jump in the cold creek every time I got a hard-on? If I did that I would’ve looked like a prune before I was fourteen.”

“You jerk-off?”

“Yeah, but that gets old real quick. I used to sneak out at two or three in the morning and go see this friend that lived on the next farm. The ol’ man had to keep repainting the rose trellis every year. He couldn’t figure out how the paint kept getting worn off.”

Both the boys had a good laugh at that.

“Weren’t you afraid of getting her pregnant?”

Ed fell suddenly silent. He seemed in deep thought, as though he were trying to decide whether to tell Arnold something or not.

“Aw, Ed. Don’t tell me you’re running out on a baby.”

“Naw. It’s nothing like that. It’s just, ah...”

“Never mind. It’s none of my business. I’m sorry I got so nosy.”

“No, no, that’s not the problem. I just thought you understood.”

Arnold thought for a second and then the light came on.
“What’s his name?”

“George.” Ed seemed relieved. “You understand.”

“No sweat, Ed. I’ve got no problems there. You do it with girls, too?”

“A few times. The trouble with living in a small town is that when you drive around, you don’t have to put your blinkers on. Everyone knows where you’re going, already.”

“So you had to be discreet.”

“Discreet. Yeah. Everyone in town knew about my big dick and there were always a lot of rumors floating around about who the lucky girl was. Each time my ol’ man caught wind of one of these stories he’d beat the living shit out of me. I tried to tell him the stories weren’t true, but I guess he needed a reason to beat me more than he needed the truth.”

Arnold had a flash of thought. Mr. Ridell had taught him many things over the last few years, Sam had given him even more on the last day of school. Now it was his turn to pass it on.

“So what’re you going to do when you get to town?”

“I don’t know. Just check into the ‘Y’ or something until I can get myself fixed. What about you?”

There was so much hope, so much need in that question. Arnold felt that Ed was just on the edge, as he, himself, had been several years before when Mr. Ridell had taken him under his wing. If treated properly, there was a chance Ed would come through this with a better idea of his own life’s potential. Or he could slip through the cracks and be some doped up hustler waiting to die. Pretty drastic, but Arnold saw both possibilities as clearly as though someone had shown him a photograph.

“I’ve got some people I’m supposed to stay with. They have an apartment in the basement of their house that they said I could have for a little while. I don’t know much about the place, or where it is in town, but it’s free. And these are friends of some very special people I know back home. Very clean. Very healthy. Body builders.”

Silence hung like a heavy weight ready to topple from a poorly secured barbell. Tilted one way, it crushes the spotters toes. Tilted the other, it slides back on the bar and the spotter can secure the holding ring and save himself and the world a lot of pain. Instinctively, Arnold knew Ed would have to make the choice himself. Arnold had all but offered outright. If Ed wanted it, he’d have to make the effort himself.

They drove on in silence for several miles and Arnold was becoming disappointed in the fact that Ed wasn’t picking up on the opportunity. If he wanted to stay at the ‘Y’, that was his choice. Maybe he didn’t know what alternatives there were. Or maybe this is really what he wanted. Besides, Ed didn’t know Arnold. He had no idea what he would be getting into. He might just be wary of the unknown. Finally, Arnold couldn’t stand it any longer.

“Christ, Ed. You get in a strange car heading exactly where you’re going, a good looking stud like me whips his eleven-and-a-half inch dick out and shows it to you, then he practically gives you the keys to a free apartment in the city...What the hell are you waiting for? I don’t have a two-by-four handy but I can smack you upside the head with my hand if you want.”

Arnold looked over at the other boy and saw a tear just beginning to find its way down his cheek. Slowly his body began to shake as it was wracked with deep, soulful sobs.

“Oh, God. I was so scared,” he said between sobs. “I’ve never been away from home by myself. I didn’t know what I was going to do. I just knew I had to get out of that fucking place or I’d die. Really die.”

Arnold put his hand around the back of Ed’s neck and drew him over to him in a hug. He let the boy work through his grief and sorrow and relief and confusion without saying anything, knowing that whatever he said would sound condescending anyway. He’d made the offer, it had been accepted. That was enough for now.

“You got something I can blow my nose with?”

“Check the glove compartment. I think I saw some in there.”

Ed opened the glove box and rummaged around until he found a little travel pack of tissues. He blew his nose, wiped his eyes and then put the pack back in the box. As he did, a slip of paper fell out on the floor. Arnold noticed it and saw it was the directions to the Patterson’s house.

“Don’t loose that. That’s where I have to drop this car off.”

Ed looked at the slip and whistled. “This is where they live?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“This is a pretty ritzy suburb. They must be loaded.”

“I don’t know. I’ve never met them. I’m supposed to drop off the car, help unload the stuff in the back and then they’ll give me a ride to the train station so I can get downtown. I guess I should drop you off at the station before I go there. It might freak them out if they see someone who isn’t supposed to be in the car. And I don’t want to mess this up. I need to get back the deposit I put down.”

“That’s no problem. I’ll wait for you at the station.”

There was another pause.

“And we’ll go downtown together. Right?”

“Ed. I’ve got no reason to screw you over. I wouldn’t have made the offer of a place to stay just to stand you up at the train station. I don’t know how long it’ll take, but I’ll be there.” He gave Ed’s shoulder a squeeze. “It shouldn’t take long.”

“Okay. Thanks. Really.”

“No sweat.”

“By the way, Arnie, you were right.”

“About what?”

“You really are a good looking stud.”

“Thanks. You’re not bad looking yourself, for a hayseed.”

“Fuck you.”

“I’m driving.”

Ed’s eyebrows shot up. “You do it with girls?”

“I guess I do it with anyone, anytime, anywhere. I do it up the ass, up the cunt, up the mouth. I even do it up the nose if the nostril’s big enough.”

“What do you mean, ‘I guess’?”

“I mean that, so far, that’s how things have worked out.”

“So far?”

Arnold gave Ed a sideways look before making his confession.

“Up until a week or so ago, I was a total virgin. Now, sex is my third favorite thing in the entire world.” There was a long pause. “You’re supposed to ask me what my second favorite thing is.”

“Huh? I was kinda stunned from the ‘up until a week or so ago’ thing. What’s your second favorite thing?”

“Working out.”

Again there was a long pause. Arnold looked over at Ed in exasperation. Ed was staring directly at Arnold's crotch with a shit-eating grin on his face. A moment of thick, steamy silence hung between them like a big, fat cock waiting for a reason to get hard.

"You ever hurt anyone with that thing?"

"No complaints so far."

He thought back to the afternoon spent with Sam. There hadn't been any indication of pain. In fact, she'd seemed to enjoy having so much cock in her. And that woman last night, Judy, had handled both his and Tom's thick cock with apparent enjoyment. As for the men he had fucked, they, too, seemed quite happy to accommodate his immensity. But all of them were quite skilled in the art of dealing with large cocks. He had a feeling that, like Billy the other night, Ed was contemplating the consequences of having Arnold's huge cock up his ass. Billy was a bit more experienced than Ed seemed to be.

"How big is George's cock?"

"Nothing like yours, man."

"No kidding."

"I mean he's really small."

"Did you ever let him fuck you?"

"Yeah. Lots of times. I wasn't into a power thing or anything with him. We shared. I think he liked getting fucked more than fucking, though."

"And you?"

"I think I would have liked getting it a lot more if he had been bigger. I don't know."

Arnold reached down to his crotch and grabbed a handful of cock meat.

“Are you thinking about this?”

“Shit, Arnie. I ain’t been thinking about nothing else since I got in the fucking car. Are you horny?”

“I’m always horny, Ed. I can’t seem to not be. When I got out of the shower this morning I was hoping to get laid, but the folks I spent the night with had split. Left me high and dry.”

“I’m watching you squeeze your cock and I’m getting pretty hot, myself.”

“I bet you would like to wrap your hands around this cock, wouldn’t you?”

“I wouldn’t mind getting my hands on those pecs of yours, either.”

“You mean these?” Arnold pressed his hands against the rim of the steering wheel and the front of his shirt raised several inches as his pecs inflated with the exertion.

“Yeah. Those. Asshole. At home I’d lie in bed and flex my pecs real big and then squeeze ‘em. You like having your pecs squeezed?”

“Are you trying to make me cum right here?”

“Yup.”

“You’re making me get hard just thinking about it.”

Ed watched as the delicious bulge in the front of Arnold’s gym shorts began to expand and take on the outline of his enormous cock. Arnold looked over and saw Ed’s intense interest in his plight. He figured he’d get even with the boy for putting him in such an uncomfortable condition.

“You know what I like to do?”

“What?”

“Suck my own cock.”

“No shit!”

“Yeah. I actually just did it for the first time the other night. I’d never done it before. It’s great because you don’t have to lie there wishing the other person would do one thing or another. You just do it yourself.”

“Now you’re trying to make me cum right here.”

“Yup.”

They continued down the road in silence for a little while. Ed’s hand had drifted down to his own crotch and he had begun massaging his growing cock. His actions weren’t rigorous, almost absentminded as he contemplated being able to stick the head of his own cock into his mouth. He moved his gaze from his hand to the muscular youth next to him and began to fantasize what it would be like to have unrestricted access to Arnold’s body. To be able to roam over his bulges and hardnesses with his hands, squeezing, kneading, prodding, rubbing, pushing, pressing, licking, sucking, cumming.

“Your cock’s getting pretty big there, Arnie.”

“Yeah, and it’s not going to get any smaller, you keep making me horny like your doing.”

“You ever had your cock sucked at sixty-five miles per hour?”

“Nope, and I don’t think I want to try. Not with this car. I’ve come a long way and I don’t want to screw up this close to the end.”

Ed seemed a bit disappointed, but understood. He would just have to wait.

REST AREA

2 MILES

But not for long.

“I wanna suck your big dick, Arnie. I wanna make you cum.”

Arnold's dick was getting harder and it began pushing up against the restraining fabric of his shorts and jock strap. Ed moved closer and put his hand on the growing bulge. He pushed down on it and increased his pressure until it was unbearable. The giant cock got harder and harder as it reacted to the pleasure/pain until it was so uncomfortable Arnold couldn't stand it any longer.

“Oh, God. Ed. Take it out. Man, it hurts. Take my dick out, quick!”

Ed reached into the waistband of Arnold's shorts and grabbed hold of the thickening shaft. Arnold moaned as the boy's hand made contact with his cock. Ed slowly pulled the shaft down to the right and then up clear of the waistband. The head was already darkening as blood rushed to fill it.

REST AREA

1 MILE

Arnold sighed as the pressure on his cock was relieved. Ed straightened it up and the head rubbed the bulge of Arnold's pecs.

“Goddamn, Arnie. This fucker's bigger than I thought it would be. Shit. Look-it the size of this fucker. I betcha it hurts real good right now, don't it.”

“You better behave yourself for a couple more minutes, Ed, or we're going to become a statistic with a couple of unusual comments on the state trooper's report.”

“I know when my dick gets hard like that, it just screams to be touched. Your cock screamin' right now, Arnie?”

“It’s screaming, all right. Just give me another minute here and I’ll let you listen to it real good.”

Arnold flipped the turn signal, moved over to the exit lane and pulled off into the rest area. There were two loops, one close to the highway with long pull-through parking spots for semi’s and a more secluded loop with diagonal curb parking for cars. Arnold pulled into the second loop, drove all the way down to the end and pulled in under a big, shady maple tree. Ed was already working his hands up and down the lengthy shaft as the car came to a sudden stop, bumping slightly into the curb as Arnold misjudged just about everything in his distracted state. He turned the engine off.

“Suck my dick, Ed. Suck it good. I gotta cum real bad.”

Ed’s mouth dove for the head of the cock and licked and sucked it into his mouth. His own cock began to form an uncomfortable looking bulge in the front of his own shorts. Because he didn’t have a jock strap on, the head of his own cock easily escaped down the leg of his shorts and appeared, dark and swollen, against his right thigh. Arnold reached over and grabbed it with his hand and began to squeeze it.

Ed moaned around his mouthful and increased his own efforts. His tongue flew around the head and shaft of the cock, driving Arnold into an increasingly harder to control frenzy. His moaning became louder and his hips began to buck violently upwards, forcing more and more of his stiff prick into Ed’s eager mouth.

Ed’s own state of excitement was becoming more pronounced and he began thrusting his hips against Arnold’s manipulating hand. The hot, thick shaft felt wonderful in Arnold’s enclosing fist and he squeezed it hard at the end of each of Ed’s pelvic lunges. Its

temperature seemed to rise continuously until it felt like a red-hot poker.

Arnold pulled his hand away from Ed's pulsing shaft, grabbed the boy's head and pulled it back to extricate his own monstrous organ.

"What the fuck?. Shit man. Don't stop now. Quit fuckin' around, man. Whatcha doin'?"

"Take it easy, Ed. I just don't want to fill the front seat with cum, that's all. The way your balls look, you could coat the whole inside of this car. Let me get a towel." He reached into the back seat and pulled a bath towel out of his gym bag. "Should I get a second one for me?"

"Fuck no, Arnie. I'm gonna drink you dry. Your cock tastes real good. You ready?"

"One more thing."

"Aw, come on, Arnie. Look at me. I'm startin' to leak already."

Drops of pre-cum were oozing out of Ed's slit. Arnold placed the towel under the end of Ed's cock and let the fluid drip onto it, rather than the car seat.

"I want to get something slippery for my hand. I don't want you getting calluses on your dick. And blisters on my palm is not my idea of a good time, either."

He pulled his bottle of moisturizer out of the gym bag and squirted a generous amount on his right hand. He grabbed Ed's cock and squirted a large dollop on it as well.

"Holy fuck. That's cold."

"Get over it, Ed. I'll warm you up quick. Now get your mouth back on my cock so I can blow the back of your head off. Oh yeah.

Oh. That's nice. So nice. God, you're good. So good, Ed. Suck that cock. Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. Oh. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Suck it. Suck it. Suck it. Suck it. Oh, my balls. My balls. Oh, squeeze 'em. Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. Hnh. Hnh. Hnh. Hnh. Hnh. Oh, I'm cumming. Don't stop. Don't stop. Ah, you're good. So good. Yeah. Yeah. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Cuh...cuh...cuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh-aaaaahhhhhhhhh!"

Ed forced his mouth down onto Arnold's cock and took it into his throat. He nibbled and bit the hard, aching shaft and opened his throat to accept the flood of semen as it rushed up the shaft, flew out of the thick, bulbous head and was immediately taken by Ed's swallowing action and carried away.

Ed's own organ suddenly thickened and Arnold barely had time to get the towel up around the flaring head before it began erupting with volleys of hot sperm which shot against the fabric of the towel as Arnold's hand continued to milk the rock-hard, hot shaft of Ed's fiery cock. He was trying very hard to scream while still sucking on Arnold and muffled cries would be choked off each time the head of Arnold's massive member made another charge down Ed's throat.

After what seemed like minutes of excruciating orgasm, both boys collapsed back against the seat and just stared out the window, breathing deeply. Arnold's hand continued to grasp and knead Ed's thick cock and Ed didn't seem able to bring himself to let loose of the huge, if only slightly less rigid, penis in his own hand. He kept flinging it back and forth, slapping it against Arnold's thigh and abdomen, enjoying the heavy thudding sound it made with each contact. Finally, Arnold grabbed Ed's hand and stopped the motion.

"You're going to have to stop that. It's going to be a pain in the butt getting this thing back in my jock strap as it is."

“Oh, sorry, man. I just never had a cock like that in my hands before. It’s so fucking big!”

“Yeah, I know. But I’m starting to realize just how much of a hassle it is, as well. I can’t seem to be able to satisfy it. I cum and cum and it still wants more. And it has a real bad habit of getting hard at the most inopportune times. We’ve got to give it a rest so I can drop this car off without an eleven-and-a-half inch erection.”

Ed laughed at the thought. “Sure. Why not? Hi, lady. Here’s your car. And can I interest you in the most incredible fuck you’ve ever had in your life? You’ve got a real money maker there, Arnie. America always needs a bigger, more beautiful cock.”

“I don’t know if the country is ready for this one, especially in the condition it’s in right now.” Arnold grabbed his massive shaft and beat it several times against the steering wheel, hitting the center and making the horn pop. “Too many prudes out there. I’d better just leave it alone for a while. Maybe it’ll behave itself and I can get it back in my shorts later.”

He let go of his penis and started the engine again, backed the car out of the parking spot and headed out toward the highway. Halfway down the acceleration lane he realized that other people on the highway were going to be able to see his cock. He pulled off to the side, slowed to a stop and put the car in park again.

Ed was amused at the other boy’s predicament. “What’s the matter. Don’t want to tool down the highway with your tool in view?”

“Very funny, Ed. I could get arrested for indecent exposure. Besides, I don’t want to cause an accident. I’ll have to hide it.”

He reached behind him and got a short sleeve shirt out of his bag and put it on, buttoning up the front with his cock inside. Ed laughed again at the sight of the outline it made against the fabric.

“Oh, that’s great. No one will ever guess what that is.”

“Well, at least it’s hidden. Now let’s go. I don’t want to keep this lady waiting any longer than necessary. She’s already pissed off about having to hang around to accept the car.”

Arnold put the car in gear and accelerated onto the highway. He sped up to merge with traffic and pulled into the right hand lane. Ed couldn’t keep his mind or eyes off of the unusual bulge in Arnold’s shirt as he cleaned himself up with Arnold’s towel.

“You ever do any movies, man?”

“What do you mean?”

“You know. Porno. Fuck flicks.”

“Nope. I live out in the desert in a little town that’s about the same size as that burg I just picked you up in. Why?”

“About a year-and-a-half ago a guy came through town and said he was looking for ‘talent’. He latched onto me and said that if I was ever in the city I was supposed to look him up. I told him I didn’t know anything about acting and he said that with a cock like mine, acting was the last thing I would need to know about. I lost his name, though.”

“Are you going to try to find the guy?”

“I don’t know. I like having sex. I just get kind of funny feeling thinking about people watching me.”

“I like people watching me. In fact, I found that the more turned on people are, watching me, the hotter I get. Maybe I should be doing those kind of films.”

“What do you mean, ‘those kind?’ You never seen a fuck flick before, have you?”

“Only one. Last night. I always had better entertainment, close at hand.”

Arnold grabbed his cock through his shirt and gave it a good squeeze.

“I met a couple back in the town I stayed in last night who gave me the name of a guy they said could give me work that paid real good. Considering what I did with those two last night, I imagine it probably has something to do with entertaining people with this thing.”

“Arnie, with your body, good looks, and that cock, I bet you could walk in and name your price. You ever do it with someone for money?”

“You mean prostitution? Nope. That’s the one thing I can’t see doing. If I’m going to have sex with someone, it’s because I want to share something with them.”

“Yeah, like that big, thick dong of yours.”

“Yeah, that. But there’s other things, as well. I’ve been meeting up with some pretty incredible people lately, and each one of them has given me something special. I can tell when I share with someone that they’re getting something special out of it too.”

“If you mean a stretched asshole or sore lips, I see what you mean.”

“You don’t understand, Ed. But you will. You will.”

“That sounds like a threat.”

“Nope. A promise.”

They drove on in silence for many miles as Ed tried to guess what Arnold had meant. Arnold wanted Ed to think on things for a while. It was obvious that Ed had only experienced the physical side of sex. He had never had the chance to get in deep with someone like Arnold had with Sam and Billy and Tom and Judy and even those two girls he had gotten blow-jobs from towards the beginning of his trip. Even they had come away with a special feeling of sharing they had not expected to encounter. He had given them the experience of himself. He had loved them so deeply, so completely, so thoroughly, that even the act of sucking off Arnold's huge cock had been a staggering experience for them. They had wanted to drink him deeply. He gave deeply of himself so the experience for all was one of astounding clarity and meaning.

This was what he had gotten from Sam. In one blinding, brilliant, over-powering moment, just before he had passed out, he had grasped the depth of Sam's love. He had seen how the experience of sex could be turned into an act of unparalleled ecstasy through the sharing of the soul. This is what he gave to Billy and Tom and Judy and those two girls and what he would soon give to Ed. Only for Ed the experience would be a deeper one. A growing one. One that would change his life, if he would only let it. He wished Sam were here to help him. He wished Sam were here.

The thought of Sam and the heart-wrenching separation which he experienced at the end of his afternoon with her suddenly overcame him and he found himself missing her so much it hurt. The gap she had left in his soul after their brief time together was far greater than it should have been.

“Arnie? You okay?”

“Yeah, Ed. I’m fine. I just got to thinking about someone special and it caught me by surprise.”

“Dead?”

“No, Ed. Just gone. Gone.”

Ed reached over and firmly grasped Arnold’s right forearm, giving it a tight squeeze. Arnold reached his left hand over and patted the comforting gesture.

“You know ‘em long?”

“Centuries. She was the one who showed me love. She showed me the way.”

“What do you mean?”

“She was my first.”

“Must have been somethin’, huh?”

“The best it will ever be. We were together for one afternoon and I learned more in those few hours than in all the rest of my life.”

“What’re you talking about?”

“Never mind. You’ll find out. I’ll show you.”

Again the two boys lapsed into silence and the corn gave way to small towns and factories and strip malls and the exits came faster and the traffic increased until they were hemmed in on all sides and suddenly there was the exit for the Patterson’s and Arnold moved off and up the ramp and Ed hadn’t said a word since Arnold’s last promise.

CHAPTER 27: CHRIS

She opted for the depressing ride up the elevator so she wouldn't arrive at her neighbor's door out of breath. She was breathing hard already and had to make a concerted effort to get her adrenaline flow under control. She hadn't felt this way since her first big shoot. Vivid memories of that day flooded her mind. The drive to the studio, knocking on the door, meeting the photographer who looked her over like a piece of meat in a butcher's window, the make-up man who kept trying to put the make on her, the gay assistant who was the only one who attempted to make her feel comfortable. Fear, excitement, apprehension, anxiety, pride. She realized she was suffering from stage fright. It was as though this whole thing had been set up like a performance and now the curtain was finally going up.

The elevator bounced to a stop and the doors slid almost all the way open. She turned down the walkway, past his apartment, and tried her own door once just to make sure she wasn't about to make a fool of herself.

The good news was that it was locked.

The bad news was that it was locked.

There was no turning back now. She would have to get into her apartment via Arnold's balcony.

It suddenly occurred to her that she didn't have to fuck this guy just to get into her own place. All she had to do was ask if she could climb out over the railing of his balcony six stories above the ground...

Fuck. Right. She was just going to swing her daring young ass out over the edge of a barely trustworthy railing and climb around that divider. Maybe she could climb over the top of it. She wasn't dressed for either activity. Not that she was being a fashion slave or anything. She just felt the minuscule bathing suit she had on would do little to protect her as she dragged herself over or around whatever she was going to drag herself over or around.

Unless it was her neighbor.

And then there was this thing with her new neighbor. Arnold. She had spent the last six hours doing nothing else but fantasizing about him. In the past, her general experience had been one of disappointment when fantasy finally became reality. There was, of course, the thought that it would be pretty hard to be disappointed about that body and that cock. But looks and size didn't count for absolutely everything. There was a real chance that the stud was an asshole. Not that she had anything to base those odds on. But life sometimes sucked and the book with the best cover usually turned out to be the biggest piece of trash. But those arms, those pecs, those abdominals, that back, those legs, shoulders, thighs, ass, face, skin, hair, eyes, cock...

Knock, knock, knock.

She heard his steps as they approached the door. Her heart immediately began to bump against the inside of her chest. She looked down to make sure she hadn't grown an extra leg or breast in the last few seconds and saw that her nipples were very erect and obvious through the fabric of her now-far-too-small-to-be-appropriate-for-first-time-introductions-to-the-new-neighbor swim suit.

A heat, a presence, an energy seemed to radiate from the door. The door knob moved as he placed his hand on it, then all stopped for a moment, the entire world going into suspended animation. Why was he taking so long to open the door? Her cunt became moist again and she blushed as she caught a whiff of her passion emanating from her unbelievably well-primed vagina. Still the door didn't open. It was like a lover who prepares to enter and then hesitates at the last possible second to drive you crazy with anticipation. Shit. The incredible stud was making love to her before he even opened the door. And it was making her hotter and hotter.

The knob turned, and the door began a movement inward that seemed to take forever. Chris's eyes were glued to the knob as it turned with excruciating slowness. They stayed there as the door opened before her. As it swung open it crossed the line of sight level with a pair of burgundy gym shorts. Behind the burgundy gym shorts was the huge bulge she knew would be there. Extending down from the burgundy gym shorts were a pair of powerfully built thighs, a couple of knees, massive calves and a pair of bare feet. She noted that the second toe of each foot was longer than the big toe.

She suddenly felt she was being very rude, just staring at his feet and all, so she scanned her eyes in the other direction. The bulge in the burgundy gym shorts attracted her attention again for a moment and then she let her eyes wander up across the firm, agonizingly well-defined abdomen, those two round, full, massive pectorals, the shoulders, oh my God, the shoulders. And there were his biceps, powerful, huge. If he stepped forward right then and began to tear her apart she would have let him do so willingly just so she could feel the strength of that incredible body in action.

The shoulders sloped dramatically up to a massive, thick neck which had the ability to carry huge, ponderous weights. That column of tree-trunk sturdy muscle ended in a firm, dimpled chin, a mouth of full lips formed into a nicely amused smile, a sharp, sloped nose, cheek bones you could cut diamonds on, a pair of eyes whose steel-blue-flecked-with-gold was hot enough to melt the deepest, coldest heart. They also mirrored a great sensitivity and humor which was not to be found in those prone to the normal afflictions of the unstable male ego. One eyebrow was raised to match the amusement of his smile. It disappeared up into the brown hair that hung down over his forehead. The hair swept back and fell in small waves over his ears, kissing the back of his neck.

She hoped he didn't mind her taking this tour. He seemed willing to stand there all day while she took in all the details of this magnificent sight. She almost took advantage of it, taking another cruise back down to those pecs, but thought better of it. Something in the way she shifted her focus told him she was finished. He spoke with a deep, clear voice.

"I've been expecting you. I'm Arnold."

Chris took his preferred hand and shook it. A sensation not unlike, but more pleasant than, sticking her finger in an active light socket.

"Hi. I'm Chris. I've lost the key to my apartment. The super's gone for the night."

"And you want me to participate in a little B and E."

"If you wouldn't mind. I just need to sneak over the railing. I'm pretty sure I left the balcony door open."

"You did."

“You checked?”

“I hoped.”

She gasped. Her clit throbbed. “Why don’t you come in? I haven’t got much of the place together yet, but the living room is all right.”

“Thanks. I’d like to. Come in, that is.”

Arnold drew her forward with the handshake that had continued for the simple reason that neither of them saw the need to stop. He stepped aside and let her pass into the apartment. She walked toward the living room, glancing into the rooms off the hallway as she went. The kitchen was still boxes. The first bedroom contained bed, dresser, the two seabags she had seen him carrying with clothes pulled out and scattered. The second bedroom contained the boxes of equipment he had brought up. They were mostly empty. Around the room were scattered various sets of free-weights and dumbbells. A small stack of floor mats were piled in one corner. Standing in the middle of the room was a piece of equipment that had the appearance of some medieval torture device. Cables and handles and bars and weights and springs and seats and benches sprouted from all sides. Along the far wall was a huge, flat cardboard box. Across the door jamb to the room was a chin-up bar. Her clitoris hummed at the thought of watching him put all that metal through its paces.

“This is where you build all those bulges?”

“This is just the home entertainment system. I do the serious stuff at a gym.”

“Which one?”

“I was just at Patty’s place, looking it over.”

Chris's fantasy of those two magnificent bodies' passionate encounter flew rapidly across the film screen of her imagination.

"Hmmmm."

"Hmmmm?"

"Patty. Nice body."

"I've noticed. I'm having dinner with her tomorrow evening."

Well, there it was. Patty had definitely staked her claim first. Should she climb over the railing and hide in her apartment, frustrated and shamed, for the rest of her life or take the short cut and just jump.

"You have a very nice breast."

"What!?" She could feel the nub of flesh between her legs push its way forward. Her breath rate increased.

"Your breast. On the beach. I recognized the form of introduction."

"You have a very nice cock."

There was no sense beating around the bush. He knew she had called him at his own game. She knew he had appreciated it.

"I expect copies."

"They're on the coffee table." She tilted her head to indicate her apartment. She widened her eyes and smiled seductively. If he wanted them, he'd have to go get them.

He moved past her and went to the balcony. He put his hands on the railing and jiggled it a bit. It would hold, no doubt, but there wasn't a lot of psychological confidence in its movements.

Chris came out to the balcony. There was one small problem.

"Ah, Arnold? There's just one small problem."

"What's that?"

“Well, it’s about my lock. You need a key to open it from the outside and the inside.”

“And you don’t have a spare.” A statement, not a question.

“There’s a small chance there might be one in the drawer of the desk next to the door.” She hoped he would get the hint. “Top drawer. On the right. In a white envelope marked ‘spare key’.”

“Ah. I see. Can I bring you back anything else? A change of clothes? Pizza?”

“The key will do. Thanks.”

He grabbed hold of the divider, swung his leg up over the railing and down into her balcony. His cock was crushed deliciously against the metal frame and she could have sworn he actually pressed himself against it before sliding off the other side. She didn’t know if she should be pessimistic and go to the front door to await his discovery of the spare key or stay here and hope that the damned envelope was empty or, better yet, missing entirely. She decided that today was her lucky day. She leaned over the railing and around the divider to see if she could watch him.

He was bent over the coffee table, his lusciously firm ass flexed full and round as he cantilevered his massive torso to the horizontal to study the collection of photos that was laid out there. He picked up several and flipped through them as though he was completely unfamiliar with their subject. He glanced back out and saw her watching him. Pointing at one of the pictures and then at his cock as if to ask ‘That’s me?’ made her giggle.

She nodded.

He set the pictures down and moved to the front door. She couldn’t see him. She waited. She waited. She waited. The suspense

was killing her. What the hell was taking him so long? Had he opened the door and was waiting for her there?

Finally he appeared with the envelope in his hand. He stepped out onto the balcony, held it in front of her for a moment. This was maddening. He then crumpled it up and threw it over his shoulder back into her living room.

“What the...?”

“Relax. It’s empty.”

Chris’s clitoris almost exploded right then and there. She had never been so happy to be so incredibly inconvenienced. Now she would have to cut through his apartment for the rest of the day, staring at his cock, maybe watching him workout.

He climbed back over the railing. She gasped yet again. The bulge in the front of his burgundy gym shorts was considerably larger than when last she had studied it in minute detail.

He apparently noticed the subject of her attentions.

“I guess I got a little excited looking at those photos. They certainly are unusual.”

“An unusual subject. It took me a while to figure out that you knew I was watching you.”

“I could hear the sound of the camera shutter through your door. I could also hear talking. I guess you were on the phone.”

“I was until I started taking pictures. I had been talking to a client I’m doing a photo shoot for. New product introduction.”

“I’ve got a couple of shoots coming up this week, myself.”

“You do a lot of modeling?”

“Not too much. Yet. But as soon as the agency I’m with found out I was moving into town they started really pushing me. Three this coming week.”

“Busy boy. Any idea what they are?”

“The one tomorrow is some soap product. I guess their going for the strong angle.” He popped a quick double biceps shot and Chris felt herself get dizzy. “So you’re a photographer by trade as well as hobby?”

“Ah, yeah. I used to model, but I got tired of dealing with asshole photographers. Now I am one.”

“What are you going to do with those shots on your coffee table?”

“That’s up to you. Personally, I’ve been masturbating with them.”

“Aren’t you afraid of paper cuts?”

“Quick.”

She paused to drink in the sight of his body. He stood back and did the same to her. “I wish I had my camera now.”

Arnold flipped his huge, muscular leg back over the railing and slid to the other side.

“Where is it?”

It took her a moment to collect her thoughts. She tried to locate everything in her mind so she could give exact directions.

“Grab the camera bag on the door to the dark room, the same as your equipment room. The camera’s on the table inside. There’s a case of rolls of film in the little dresser just inside the door. Second drawer, black leatherette, gold clasp.”

He disappeared. She couldn't stand it any more. Her hand moved to her crotch and she pressed desperately on her clit. It was screaming for release. Shit, she was hot. She could feel the hard button of flesh sticking out from under its protective hood. As she moved her hand across her suit the fabric rubbed against the sensitive, jutting protuberance and her body shivered in delight.

She looked around the living room. He seemed to have little need for extravagances. The furniture was well-worn and utilitarian, though it all looked very comfortable. The miniature Japanese garden was a nice surprise. This must have been what he was carrying when she saw him come out onto the balcony earlier. The thing looked like it weighed at least two hundred fifty pounds. God, she wanted to see those muscles of his bulge and swell.

She went to the bookshelves and scanned the titles. A whole lot of metaphysical stuff here. Psychology, stuff she identified with those crystal freaks. Books about women, books about men, how to's and why's and why not's. Either he was out to impress people with this esoteric and eclectic selection of reading matter or the guy was into some pretty serious shit.

Kything, meditation, astral projection...Astral projection? Holy shit! Joy of Sex, More Joy, Men who...Women who...Can, Can't, Won't. He was studying the human race. That's what all this added up to. Yoga, Zen, meditation, nutrition, fasting, the complete scripts to all the Marx Brothers movies? Now there was some truly essential reading. A Bible, a Koran, a Torah, The Cabal, Joel Goldsmith, A Course In Miracles, Francis Bacon's New Atlantis, Philip K. Dick, Asimov, Heinlein, Card, The Complete Works of William Shakespeare, Monty Python's Holy Grail. She gave up. She had expected a couple of comic books. That's what she got for

prejudging. This guy was over her head. She'd heard of most of this stuff, read about some of it, had actually delved into a bit of it out of curiosity, but...

Arnold swung back over the railing with her camera bag. He came into the living room and gave it to her. She opened it and found that he had carefully packed her camera in its appropriate spot and had restocked the empty film canisters that lined the strap, something she had been meaning to do for a long time. She checked to make sure that her favorite lenses were in there.

"Thanks. You're very, ah...thorough. You didn't happen to grab a pizza while you were in there, did you?"

"Are you hungry? I just picked up some stuff at the grocery store. You want some fruit?"

"Sure. Whatever you've got. I could use something to drink, too. I feel a little dehydrated from lying out in the sun."

He went to the kitchen, made some clinking and banging noises and returned with a bowl of assorted fruits and a glass of juice. While he was gone she had loaded up her camera and slapped a lens on. When he appeared with the refreshments she was ready to shoot.

Ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick. He moved unselfconsciously into the room, set the stuff down on the coffee table and turned back to his tasks. He assembled a dining table, arranged the chairs around it, decided he didn't like where the sofa was and moved it. Each job kept him moving and lifting, his muscles swelling and bulging, bulging and swelling, flexing and relaxing. But he seemed to be doing it just a little more than what would be normal. He was in front of the lens again. The performer was turned on. When he grabbed the sofa he lifted the end of it with one arm and swung it around to its new position. The biceps looked

like it would leap right off his arm. *Ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick, ca-chick.*

Chris dove into her bag and grabbed her strobe unit. She pointed the flash up at the ceiling and continued to click away. He seemed to completely ignore her except that each thing he did was positioned with the location of the camera in mind.

When he had moved the furniture around to a more desirable location he went to the room that contained his weights. Chris's heart began to pound heavily. She grabbed her camera bag and followed him. He stopped at the door to the room, raised his arms to the chin-up bar and, without turning around, said to her, "The negatives are mine. You can have a set of prints, but the negatives are mine. Okay?"

"The negatives are yours."

He went to the large cardboard box leaning against the wall, opened one side of it and slid out a huge mirror. Putting the box over in a corner, he stood the mirror up against the wall opposite the door to the room. Next he returned to the chin-up bar and did thirty agonizingly slow, muscle bulging pull-ups. He seemed to really enjoy watching his efforts in the mirror. Chris knew she certainly did; she captured his progression to muscle fatigue in shot after shot. With each repetition his muscles bulged more and more. His face drew into a knot of frightening determination. By the last pull-up he was screaming in agony as he forced his arms past the point of endurance to perform just once more.

When he was done he moved to the mirror and began a slow, sensuous posing routine. After quickly changing to a fresh roll of film, Chris continued to click away, capturing him in long shots, close-ups, mid-shots, shots of individual muscles, shots of him in

the mirror, shots of muscles he wasn't flexing. She especially liked the ones that caught her in the mirror with him, her own beautiful body barely contained in her stunning swim suit.

Two or three minutes into the posing routine Chris noticed the bulge in the front of Arnold's shorts was getting larger and larger. She didn't know if she was the cause of it or just the fact that anyone was photographing him or what. But she sure did appreciate it. It grew and grew until she thought that it must be getting very painful. Arnold continued to pose as though nothing were out of the ordinary. But more and more frequently his movements would bring his hands in momentary contact with the front of his shorts and he would brush against the growing bulge. And each time he brushed against it, it would grow until his shorts were stretched to their maximum limit by his hardening cock.

All through this routine Chris kept talking him up, as she would any model that would be working for her. She urged him on with compliments and admonitions, directions and suggestions. The more she drew herself into the process, the better Arnold got. Soon she couldn't stand it any more.

"Let me see that big cock, stud. Whip it out."

Arnold tensed his entire body causing every muscle to leap into full relief. He grabbed the waistbands of his shorts and jockstrap and yanked them down with a violent motion. His gigantic cock leaped from its restricting confines, flew up and slapped against his rigid abdomen with a resounding 'thwap'. He stood there for a moment, as if allowing his cock to enjoy its new-found freedom, and then grabbed the shorts and jockstrap and violently pulled them off. He flung them off to a corner of the room and then grabbed his huge cock with both hands and squeezed it so hard the head turned almost

blue-black and a generous amount of pre-cum flowed from the huge slit in the head.

Chris couldn't stand it any more. Her long clit kept rubbing against the material of her suit and it was driving her up the wall. She was having a wonderfully difficult time operating her camera but decided if she was going to do this right she had to get rid of the distraction. She set the camera down, slipped the bottom of her suit off and kicked it away. Then she practically ripped the top off and it followed its mate. She reached down and pulled her cunt lips apart and thrust her hips forward to show Arnold her aching, protruding clit. A low, rumbling growl flowed from Arnold's throat. He walked over to her and knelt before her. Chris picked up her camera again. She could feel the heat of his breath upon her exposed clit.

"I see I'm not the only one around here who's well-hung."

"Suck me," she begged.

He moved closer and suddenly sucked her miniature erection into his mouth. Chris gasped and almost dropped her camera. But she continued to focus and click away, capturing his oral attentions to her aching bud.

He sucked and sucked until her hips were bucking against his mouth. He grabbed her ass and held her firmly to him, pressing his mouth deeper into her crotch.

Chris's moans and cries of pleasure became more intense. She knew she was very close to popping her cork, and she didn't want to risk dropping her camera on such a mundane activity as cunnilingus. Her eyes strayed to his huge, bulging arms. She had more exotic ideas in mind. She waited until he pulled away for a moment and she quickly shifted her position so that she was rubbing her clit against the swollen mass of his right deltoid. Arnold seemed to

sense immediately what she was after and flexed the giant muscle even more. The heat of this mass of flesh pressing against her clit was more of a turn on than even her wild fantasy of earlier in the day had projected. She thrust her hips forward and slowly worked her way down his arm until her clit was sliding up and down the bulge of his biceps.

Arnold passed his arm between her legs and slowly raised it up until her crotch was pressing firmly on the center of his biceps. It was so hot. So hard. So big. And the pressure of it against her clit was much more than she had imagined it would be. She put more and more pressure on it until she was sitting with very little weight on her legs. In fact, she only barely touched the floor in order to keep her balance.

Then the moment of her greatest fantasy came true. Arnold began to stand up, lifting her off the floor with his arm. Her clit pressed heavily against the huge bulge of his biceps and waves of pleasure raced through her body. She wondered if he would know the full extent of this fantasy. Would he be able to send her shooting over the top. He straightened his arm and flexed it again. Yes. She was taking shot after shot of his incredible body from this bird's eye view. But after a few more flexes she gave up trying to concentrate on her camera and just let herself go to the intense pleasure of living out one of her lifelong fantasies. She hung the camera around her neck and grabbed onto his head for stability. She ran her free hand down over his incredible deltoid and then to his pec. With each movement her camera bounced against her breasts, knocking into her already hard nipples, aggravating them even more.

Finally, when she was just about to loose total control, he set her down on the floor. She was whimpering with frustration, her

hard clit crying for release. Why was he doing this to her? She was so close. He aimed his huge cock, dark, thick, hard, long, at her clit. With both hands he spread the slit in its head apart. Chris had no idea what was happening.

“Fuck my cock.”

“What?”

“Errr...fuck my cock, please?” Arnold begged with a silly grin. “With your clit.”

Chris looked down at his cock. Sure enough, the slit looked like a little cunt. Just the right size. She moved forward and pressed her rigid clit into the opening. As it slid in he let go of the head and the slit closed around her tiny shaft. The effect was immediate and intense. Her whole body was wracked with a mildly earth shattering orgasm as she quickly thrust her clitoris against the head of his cock. She grabbed hold of the gigantic shaft and mashed herself against the head again and again. Her entire body was overcome with sensations beyond her ability to decipher. She squeezed the head of his cock to increase the pressure on her clit. Again her body exploded. There seemed to be no end to the energy that was being released with this unbelievable physical union. Arnold took both of her breasts and began to massage and twist the achingly hard nipples. His palms pressed into her and jolts of energy shot from the hard, jutting buds of flesh down to her clit where it seemed to fly out of her body and into his cock, making the circuit complete by running through his blood-engorged shaft and up through spine and powerful arms, only to return, amplified, through his hands to her nipples again. She continued to grind herself against his cock until the sensations became too much for her. She felt herself becoming

light headed and so pulled out of the end of his member to keep from passing out.

“Are you scared?”

“That would be putting it mildly.”

Arnold was lost in thought for several minutes. What was he contemplating? Surely he knew she wanted him. Badly. Her body ached with longing to have his huge cock deep inside her, filling her, stretching her. She wanted to be destroyed by this phenomenal penis. It was just so risky. The one thing she had always demanded in her sex was control. She got it in the studio, she had it with Arnold when she was shooting him. But now, as their bodies joined, all control was gone. She had even forgotten about needing the control for a few moments as she had frantically rammed her throbbing clit into the head of his gigantic organ.

Chris realized that, to continue with this, she would have to abandon all need for control. She sensed the turbulent maelstrom of sexual energy seething just beneath the surface of this magnificently built man. She wanted him. Needed him. But could she trust him?

He trusted her.

Implicitly.

How could she not.

Chris returned her focus to Arnold and saw that he was studying her face, awaiting her decision. She placed her hands on the sides of his cheeks and drew his face down to her open, hungry mouth, her tongue diving through his parted lips and snaking and entwining around his own hot, seeking tongue.

Arnold seemed relieved. Chris pressed herself against him, her legs spreading to allow her cunt to slide up his massive right thigh,

her still erect clit throbbing against the heat of his huge muscles. His penis, pressed between them, felt hot, alive, powerful, like the rest of him. She squeezed her hands between their pressed bodies and traced the left and right sides of his organ lightly with her fingernails, from the base of the shaft to the tip of the head. He moaned. He shuddered. His head fell back in abandon, his face frozen with a look of ecstatic, excruciating agony. Small drops of pre-cum constantly leaked from the slit she had so recently fucked with her aching clit.

Her hands continued upwards. The fingernails left bright little trails in the surface of his massive pectorals. She flicked the nipples simultaneously and he groaned loudly, pressing himself and his member hard against her. She could feel the moistness of the head as it jutted up into the base of her left breast. She bent her knees slightly and the hot poker of flesh rose up and teased her nipple. She pressed her two breast together, capturing the head of his cock between them. Lowering herself further, the head rose to her mouth and she took it in and sucked hungrily at the precious fluid which flowed from it in ever increasing volume.

Arnold's voice was now a constant rumbling of sexual tension. He was very close to orgasm. Not here. Not now. She straightened back up, letting the shaft of his penis slip free from its captivity and began licking and sucking his nipples, her fingernails again tracing paths across the surface of his pecs.

"They're so unbelievable. It's like grabbing on to a balloon with a rock in it. Can you make them bigger?"

He stepped away from her and dropped to the floor.

"Sit on my back."

She swung her leg over his shoulder and mounted him like a child playing ‘ride the pony’. The muscles of his back, hard and defined, moved and rippled with each change of position. He began a series of long, slow push-ups that set his muscles to writhing. Chris squirmed joyfully, pressing her swollen clit against his body.

“I feel your heat. You’re very wet.”

“I’m very horny.”

After two dozen reps he pushed himself up so that his arms were straight.

“Do you want to fuck?”

Chris groaned in ecstasy. She slid off his back and slipped under him, her back to the floor. Her hands went to his pecs again and began to knead and caress them. Arnold continued to perform the push-ups, but now, every time he reached the lower limits of the movement he ground his huge, throbbing cock against her hot, wet cunt. Chris thrilled each time his incredible hardness pushed against her rigid clit. When he reached the top of the cycle she held him there with her eyes. His eyes locked on her firm, proud breasts. She took each one in her hands and held them up to him. He lowered himself and kissed the nipple of one. Up again. He lowered himself and kissed the nipple of the other. Up again. Over and over, each time grinding his huge member against her, her moans becoming more desperate, more wanting.

He pushed himself up a final time and stood. He held out his hand to her and she took it, being lifted to her feet with absolutely no effort whatsoever, his huge biceps swelling. He then flexed his pecs and they exploded to many times their original size. She could stand it no longer. Her hands and lips were suddenly all over him.

His arms, his shoulders, his face, his pecs, especially his pecs, his abdomen, his cock. God, it was huge.

She had seen it through the spy hole. She had photographed it, enlarged it, studied it, masturbated to it. But to have this gigantic cock actually throbbing and pulsing, swaying and thrusting right before her was more than she could stand. Her mouth dove onto it and began sucking and licking and nibbling and kissing it. She had no care for what this gorgeous stud wanted. The only need she could answer was the incredible urge to have this huge cock inside her.

She licked and sucked and kissed her way back up to a standing position and pressed herself against him and his hot cock. When she spoke, her voice was husky, lust-filled.

“Fuck me. Now.”

“How do you want it?”

“Deep. I want you to split me.”

She looked around the room and saw the bench press. She laid down and spread her legs.

“Fuck me. Hard. Real hard. No games. Hard.”

His huge cock was fully erect, becoming darker with each passion-passing moment. His heavy, cum-filled balls were pulled up against the base of it, ready to unload their contents. He looked down at her and the lust in his eyes practically drove her to an orgasm. She began rubbing her clit and little, pleading, mewling sounds escaped from her lips. He walked to the end of the bench, grabbed his cock violently with one hand, and one of her ankles with the other. He looked like he could plow right through her. It was so dangerous, so vicious, so hot. He stopped, staring into her eyes. He wanted her to beg.

“Fuck it. Fuck me. Fuck me now. Oh, God, I’m hurting. I’m so hot. I gotta have your big cock in me right now. Hurry. Please. Fuck me hard.”

There was no whining, no pleading. She was totally in charge of her desires and let it be known, in the most adamant way possible, that he had what she wanted. Now.

He lifted the lower half of her body by her leg. She vibrated on the edge of an orgasm. The strength, the muscles, the cock. It was all too much. He brought the head of his cock right to her open, throbbing, dripping cunt and drove it in.

She screamed. Not from pain but simply as an emotional release from the tensions and anticipation of this very moment. Her body was immediately wracked by a series of contractions. She was filled to the limit by this glorious man, this glorious cock. He knew exactly how far to go with the violence, the lust and his huge member. The only agony she was in was of her own desire. Even in this incredible state of animalistic debauchery she sensed his concern for her safety and fulfillment. Her cunt gushed.

“Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh, yeah. Oh. So big. So fucking big. Come on, big boy. Is that all you’ve got? Fuck me hard. Fuh...Fuh...Oh. OH. OH.... Unh. Unh. Unh. Big cock. Big fucking cock. Uh Uh Uh Uh Uh Uh Uh Unnnnnhhhhhh. Arrrgh. Uh Uh Uh Uh Uh Uh Uh Unh Unh Unh Unh Unh. Cuh, cuh, cuhhhhhhming. Oh, God, cumming. Big. Big. Don’t stop. Don’t stop Oh shit. Uh oh. Oh, my God. Oh my God. OH MY GOD. Unnnnnnnhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Once his huge cock was inside her, Arnold grabbed her other leg and began plowing into her. He kept up a fast, steady rhythm and Chris soon found herself being flung through the vortex of another overpowering climax. It continued to increase in intensity until she

just could stand it no more and then it got even more intense and she began to pass out but then it got more intense and she couldn't pass out and then she thought she'd passed out and then she climaxed again and still he continued to pound his hot, huge, blood engorged shaft into her claspig cunt as it grabbed for more and another climax and another (or the same one still) and they all ran together and all she could see was this huge, muscular stud between her legs with a look of ultimate joy on his face and still she came and came and her clit exploded and her head whirled and her nipples ached and throbbed and her hands were all over her body trying to touch everything at once and finally his huge cock thickened even more and the head stretched her cunt to a painful limit and she felt him cum in her and she exploded again and collapsed.

Darkness.

Warmth.

A hand on her head, stroking her hair.

A large mass of firm, hard muscle pressed against her cheek.

Huge arms wrapped around her, rocking her back and forth.

The sound of crying.

Chris became aware that she was sobbing into one of his huge, naked pecs. He stroked her hair and kissed her forehead. She had been sent beyond her limit and it had been too much for her. Huge sobs wracked her body. Loosing complete control, she had given herself over to him as she had done with no other person in her life. A very scary proposition in the best of circumstances. And this was a man she knew even less than hardly.

But something had allowed her to turn herself over to him. He had reacted to her passion with the exact amount in return. There

was never any question that he would know and do exactly what she needed. And there was no doubt in her mind that she had needed him. ‘Needed’ seemed like such a weak word. Lusted, desired, was compelled, driven. All these and more. And the scary thing was that she knew she had only begun to plumb the depths of that desire.

She rallied her psyche and pulled her libido back in line, wiped her eyes and kissed him deeply on the mouth. He responded with an equal passion. His hand traveled across her breasts and held them, stroked them, pressed them.

Flames of passion ignited in her once again.

“Teach me how to do that.”

“You already know.”

“Teach me how not to be scared.”

“You no longer are.”

And she wasn’t.

“I know what you did then, how you played for me what I needed. Thank you. Thank you, you dear, sweet man.”

“You’re very welcome.”

“What can I do for you?”

He shook his head. Did he mean ‘nothing’ or ‘I can’t think right now’?

“What can I do for you?” she repeated.

He thought for a very long time.

“Allow me make you breakfast, please.”

Chris smiled so big her cheeks hurt. She knew she wouldn’t have to climb over that stupid railing tonight.

CHAPTER 28: FLASHBACK

“Get the directions out of the glove compartment, will you, Ed?”

Ed reached in and grabbed the slip of paper. He handed it to Arnold who had driven the car into a gas station and was pulling up in front of the attendant's booth. His huge cock had long since deflated and now was laying across his thigh under the front tails of the short sleeve shirt he had on. As he approached the island a woman in her early twenties stepped out and waited for the car to come to a stop. She leaned down to take Arnold's gas order and her gaze immediately dropped to Arnold's crotch. Her eyes widened and she whistled in amazement.

“Whoo-whee! S'been a long time since I seen anything that big.” She looked over at Ed and saw the prominent bulge in the front of his gym shorts. “What is this? A club. You two boys have enough for half the state. What'd you do, get in line twice? Looks like you got in for thirds, handsome.”

Ed was laughing uproariously. Arnold was taken a bit aback by her forwardness, but went along with the joke.

“Don't tell anyone, ma'am, but we just borrowed them for a little while. There's a town back down the road a bit that doesn't have any dicks right now.”

The attendant slapped Arnold's shoulder and hooted loudly. Then she returned her hand to his deltoid and gave it a hard squeeze. “Damn, boy. Looks like you got more than your share of a lot o' stuff. Including looks. I ain't seen no one as pretty as you in quite a

while. You got some nice bulges there. Mind if I give ‘em a squeeze?”

“Careful. I bruise easily.”

The woman ran her hands over the surface of Arnold’s shirt, seeking out the mounds of strength which lay beneath the fabric. Her fingers glided across his abdomen and then quickly grabbed the bottom of his shirt, yanking it up to reveal Arnold’s tumescent member laying across his waist and down towards the car seat. Arnold gasped, Ed roared with laughter and the attendant moaned with a low rolling sound that spoke volumes of desire.

“Does this come with the usual service, or is there an extra charge for checking under my hood like this?”

“Buddy, this and everything else is free of charge if you let me at this monster.” Arnold had decided he would deliver the car filled and cleaned. The tank was near empty and the outside was filthy from all the miles of road. The station had an automatic car wash in the back and he had hoped he could run the station wagon through it, improving his chances of getting his full deposit back.

“What d’ya say, handsome? How about I fill your tank if you fill mine?”

“Who’ll watch the station?”

“Listen. With the way I’m feeling right now, and the way you look right now, I don’t think we’ll be gone long. What about your friend here. You interested in a blow-job?”

“You do this all the time?”

“Only when I meet up with two super-hung studs who both look like they need to get their rocks off in a hurry. What’s your name, handsome?”

“Arnold. And this is Ed.”

“Well, Ed. What d’ya say? Looks like you’re getting ready for a little action there.”

Indeed, Ed’s gym shorts were displaying signs of an internal disturbance and he reached down to press the palm of his hand against the bulge to increase the sensation.

“Pull your car around to the side, there. I’ll meet you in the office.”

Ed was suspicious. “Tell you what, ma’am. It takes my friend a little while to get real hard. Why don’t you fill ‘er up while Arnie’s working on gettin’ it up.”

The attendant raised her eyebrows, but took another look at the huge cock and decided it was worth it.

“Sure. Just don’t you go getting too excited and do the job for yourself.”

“No worry there, ma’am. He’s got plenty to go around.” He punched Arnold in the shoulder and laughed again. The woman let go of his shirt and went back to fill the car’s tank.

“Come on, Arnie. Get to work. She wants that fucker nice and hard by the time she’s done pumping. Gas, that is.”

“Great. Just when I get this thing under control, I have to go and get it hard again.”

“By the looks of it, it’ll be worth it. I know I’m getting awfully hot. I’m ready to start driving nails.” He reached into the leg of his gym shorts and took his rigid shaft out and beat it against the seat. The thick, hard shaft thumped heavily and Ed gave it a hard squeeze just to increase the sensation.

Arnold's own cock was starting to get hard, as well, and it slowly rose and crept back up his abdomen, finally reaching its maximum size, the head just kissing the belly of his left pec. He ran his hand down the shaft and grasped his balls, gently caressing and rolling them between his fingers. Ed watched and felt his own cock leap as he imagined his tongue licking and sucking those two egg-sized prizes.

"Hey, Arnie. Is it okay if I watch? I wanna see that big cock of yours fill 'er up."

"I suppose that's up to her. I don't have any objections."

They heard the nozzle being removed from the tank and the cap being replaced. The little door slammed shut and she rammed the hose into its receptacle on the pump, then returned to the car window, wiping her hands on a rag, and pulled the front of Arnold's shirt out and peered down inside. The sight of the head of his cock so close to the top was more than she had expected

"Holy shit. You got a spare one in there you tape to your chest?"

"You said you wanted it hard? It's hard."

"You two studs pull over to that office. I'm gonna wash up and then we'll take care of business."

Arnold started the car and pulled it up to the side of the building. The attendant disappeared into the ladies room on the side of the building, emerging a few moments later with clean hands and a shit-eating grin on her face. She motioned to the two boys to follow her, went around the corner and into the office.

"Take the keys with you, Arnie."

“I’m way ahead of you, Ed. Looks like this is our welcome to the big city.”

They got out of the car, locked the doors and headed for the office. Neither of the boys made any attempt to hide the huge hard-ons they were sporting as they paraded into the glass room. They followed her into a rear office filled with two desks, a couple of chairs, lots of paperwork and what seemed like several hundred photos on the wall indicating the occupant’s taste. From floor to ceiling were pictures of every size showing well-developed men in the nude with huge penises in various states of hardness. Arnold casually ran his eyes over the gallery of studs and saw there wasn’t a single one who could compare to his attributes. Few of them even had a physique to match his own.

He removed his shirt and T-shirt and stood in the middle of the room defying comparison. Both Ed and the woman stared at him and drank in the incredible sight of his beauty and body and cock which was still protruding from the waist band of his gym shorts, hard, dark, stiff, thick, pulsing.

“What’s your name?”

“Jennifer.”

“Jennifer. Nice name. You have an interesting art collection. Friends of yours?”

“Just casual acquaintances. We all have sex together, regularly.”

“It must get awfully crowded in here.”

“Not as crowded as it’s about to get.”

With that, Jennifer unfastened the belt of her jeans, unsnapped, unzipped, and dropped them to the floor. She was wearing nothing underneath and Arnold suspected she had removed her underwear in

the ladies room. The imprint of an elastic band was evident around her waist. Arnold reciprocated by removing the rest of his clothing, as well. She quickly unbuttoned her shirt and revealed two firm, round breasts with hard, dark brown nipples. She walked to Ed and grabbed his hand, pulling him towards one of the desks.

“Sit up here, bucko. I want to suck that lovely cock of yours.”

Ed hopped up on the desk and Jennifer pulled his gym shorts down around his knees. Ed’s large cock leapt up and slapped his stomach.

“Hmmm. Nice. Suck my tits, Ed.”

Ed’s mouth dove for Jennifer’s breasts and began licking and sucking vigorously. He took one of her nipples between his teeth and gently but firmly rolled it back and forth between them. She moaned loudly. Arnold moved up behind her and reached around to her other breast, grabbing the nipple and duplicating Ed’s movements with his fingers. She cried out loudly and thrust her crotch against Ed’s knee then grabbed his cock and began to run her hand up and down the shaft, kneading and squeezing it, making Ed squirm with excitement. Arnold pressed his massive organ against her ass, reminding her of its presence.

“Ooo yeah. Gimme that big cock.”

She bent over at the waist and presented her cunt to Arnold’s waiting, eager cock which he thrust smoothly, slowly into her hungry, dripping orifice.

Jennifer shouted loudly as her cunt was quickly filled to capacity by the huge penis. She drove herself back against the stiff shaft and consumed it to her limit. She then opened her mouth and sucked Ed’s sizable organ in, taking it right to the base of the thick, hot shaft. All three bodies began a concerted movement which

seemed to be orchestrated by some outside force. They lunged and thrust towards each other with a precision that would have indicated a long time partnership as the three hot, hungry participants raced towards their own and each other's sexual fulfillment.

Jennifer occasionally pulled her mouth off Ed's cock to gasp for air and would shout encouragements to Arnold as she sensed herself approaching orgasm. Her entire body vibrated with the tension of imminent explosion as Arnold's turgid shaft stretched her cunt and pressed against the walls of her vagina with maddening insistence.

"Pump my cunt, Son. Pump. Pump. Pump. Pump. Oh yeah. Oooh, I like that, yeah. Big cock. Big. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Oh, God. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Do it. Do it. Do it. Do it. Do it. Oh fuck. Oh baby. I'm cumming. I'm cumming. Oh, God, I'm cumming. Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah. Aaaahhhhhhhhhhh!"

Jennifer's cunt convulsed with the first thralls of orgasm as she dove down onto Ed's swollen, blood-red shaft, driving him to climax as well. He grabbed the back of her head and slammed his cock into the deep recesses of her throat as load after huge load of cum rocketed up his shaft, exploding into her thirsty, sucking throat.

In the mean time, Arnold had set a rhythm to his deep, filling thrusts. As he drove his huge shaft into Jennifer's clasp, begging cunt he gazed around the room at the myriad of photographs and posters on the wall. The subjects of those photos seemed to be all looking on at the ensuing debauch.

He imagined all these men actually being in the room with them, their swelling pecs and distended members being displayed for his stimulation. Their faces all wore looks of envy as they watched his magnificent, immense cock fill the sex-mad cunt of this woman with a completeness that none of them could offer. Directly

in front of him, just above and to the left of Ed's head, was the photo of a man with attributes that almost rivaled Arnold's. He grasped his long, thick cock in both hands and was obviously jerking-off, seemingly very close to orgasm. His well-developed physique was bulging with the effort and sharply-defined muscles swelled all over his body. The eyes in the photograph locked firmly on Arnold's own and he thought he could feel the heat coming from the subject's own passion. The man's teeth were gritted, his face contorted with the strain of his exertion and every fiber of the man's body showed the tension of total sexual involvement.

Arnold clasped Jennifer's ass firmly between his hands and caused all his body to tense. Every muscle jumped as he clenched his teeth and drove his huge shaft deep into the cunt before him. He locked eyes with the muscle-bound stud in the picture and dared the man to be as hot, as horny, as fulfilling as he was. His cock swelled larger and an incredible tightness consumed his huge, swinging balls as they beat, time and again, against Jennifer's clit.

The constant attack on her clit was driving Jennifer mad and she felt it grow harder and longer, more sensitive and desperate. As Arnold's cock increased in girth, the walls of her cunt were pressed against with even more friction and she quickly approached her second orgasm. Even though Ed's cock had already shot its load, she couldn't bring herself to let go of it. She continued to suck and bite and lick the thick shaft and it became rigid again. She swallowed all its length and Ed swooned, falling back on his elbows, his tight, hard abdomen flexing with each thrust into her mouth. Jennifer held the base of his cock with one hand and cupped his scrotum with the other, rolling and squeezing his swollen balls back and forth between her fingers.

Ed couldn't believe the sight before him. Here was this incredibly beautiful man driving his unbelievably huge cock into the cunt of this cock sucking woman and all around him were pictures of men more hung and more sexy than any he had ever seen. Arnold seemed to be fixated on a point just above Ed's head and he leaned back to see what had attracted his attention. In the center of the wall, occupying a place of some importance, was a picture of a hunk with a huge dong and muscles that swelled under the strain of exertion as he worked his own cock to climax. Ed looked back at Arnold and saw the same tension, the same drive towards orgasm. The sight was awesome. Arnold's pecs bulged to frightening size, filling with blood as he strained towards release. His biceps were huge, vein-covered mounds of flesh that cried out to be touched. Ed forced himself to sit up so he could see the huge, pounding shaft as it pulled nearly out of Jennifer's cunt each time before ramming back in, driving her mad, sending her into a wild, heaving dance that shoved her ass back against his attacking cock with each thrust.

He wanted that cock. The next time Jennifer removed her mouth from his distended prick for air he slipped down off the edge of the desk and moved back under her undulating abdomen to the juncture of their two bodies. Her cunt lips were stretched around the mighty shaft, filled with blood. He watched as Arnold's cock traveled in and out. It seemed to take forever to reach the limits of its journey before reversing direction. The massive scrotum with its two huge eggs hung deliciously beneath the base of the penis. He readjusted his position and turned his head so he could reach up with his tongue and lick Jennifer's clit and Arnold's cock. He began his attack and Jennifer and Arnold both let out a loud shout as the additional contact increased their sensual stimulation. Ed grabbed

onto Arnold's huge balls and began to massage them as they traveled back and forth. This caused Arnold to increase his speed and Jennifer's own vocal reaction attained a new vigor.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Oh my God. Lick my clit. Lick it. Lick it. Lick it. Lick it. Lick it. Lick it. Lick it. Lick it. Lick it. Oooooo. Oooooo. Oooooo. Oooooo. Oooooo. Oooooo. Oooooo. Oh, baby. Yeah. Lick it. Oh. Oh God. Oh God. Oh God."

She began to cry as the tension became too much for her. She clamped down hard on Arnold's cock, trying to force him to climax. She had never been driven this far before and was beginning to get scared. The huge cock and talented tongue of these two studs was far more than she could handle, but she also knew she couldn't stop. The orgasm she was heading for was undeniable. Her head spun, her knees weakened, her nipples ached, her cunt cried for release.

Ed grabbed his own cock and began to work it as he felt the physical tension in the room build to the point where he could see it, feel it, taste it, smell it, hear it, sense it. Faster and further and harder and longer and more furious than he had ever experienced. The three bodies strained towards ultimate fulfillment, but just when they thought the moment was at hand, that they could climb no higher, something drove them on until they all lost track of themselves and became a single thrusting, writhing organism with a final goal that surpassed their previous sexual experiences by leagues and miles and parsecs.

Finally, Arnold sensed the height of the moment and tightened his ass, shoved hard and his balls released the torrent of cum inside them. He screamed loud and deep and ground his hips against Jennifer's ass. Cum gushed from his cock, out around Jennifer's cunt and flowed down into Ed's eager, lapping mouth. Jennifer's

own release was triggered by the onslaught of Arnold's orgasm and her cunt poured out juices mixed and mingled with Arnold's, giving Ed plenty to lick up. Her orgasm rattled every cell in her body and she cried out at the sudden, violent sensory release. Never before had she cum so hard and it felt as though something inside her broke. Nothing physical, but a bind, a tie, a chain around her soul was shattered and her mind soared up through some dark, dank depth she hadn't even been aware of. It broke the surface and the light blinded her, she screamed in relief and her body suddenly erupted into a fury of movement as the sudden freedom danced in her being. She cried out and let the ecstasy wash through her body, sending her nerve endings dancing, humming with rapture and joy.

Arnold's own orgasm seemed to reach down into his center and pull his soul up through the end of his cock. He could feel the light-headedness of his own delight lift him to a higher plane of sensory input. All the photos on the wall became brighter. The hundreds of cocks and pecs and biceps and deltoids and anguished, hardened faces burned with an intensity that seemed to feed off of his own orgasmic experience. Ed's hand on his balls worked to increase the effect of his cumming and he felt himself spin around inside himself. The entire universe collapsed down to the head of his cock and he felt he could sense each, individual sperm as it erupted from the huge slit in the swollen head of his massive, driving prick. His entire body flexed and the sensation of his muscles under full tension also worked to heighten his sexual experience. Ed's tongue expertly licked and prodded at his shaft and forced the orgasm to sustain itself long after it should have faded away. Ed's mouth filled with the combined juices of the two sex organs suspended above him. Their heaving, thrusting movements, their loud, crying shouts,

their heat, their joy, their fulfillment filled the room. Sweat covered his body and he continued to lick at the thrusting, blood-engorged organs above him as though his life depended on it. The movements of the three finally slowed and then came to a stop, but they remained in contact for several moments, not wanting to break the incredible bond created between them in the hot forge of this incredible sexual encounter.

Jennifer was leaning on her arms against the desk, her breath ragged and deep. She was still crying and the reality of what had just happened slowly sunk into her mind. She was scared. She was mad. She was happy. She was changed. She pulled herself away from Arnold's still rigid cock, turned around and looked at the two men before her. Her sob-wracked body lunged at Arnold, beating on his massive chest and arms.

"You sonuvabitch. You asshole. What the fuck did you do? What the fuck are you?"

Arnold let her beat on him for a moment and then slowly enfolded her in his huge, muscular arms. Her attack dwindled away until she collapsed against his chest. She continued to cry.

"All I wanted was a good fuck. All I wanted was a big cock and a good cum. Why did you do that?"

Arnold didn't know what to say. He had gone with the moment and fed on what he had felt. The moment had been a heated one, he had been very horny, Ed was there, Jennifer was there, he was there. The moment just was. It seemed he had some control to learn, he thought. Not every sexual encounter has to be earth-shattering. Sometimes it could just be for fun.

"I'm sorry, Jennifer. That's the only way I know how."

He felt something touch his cock and looked down to see Ed still on the floor. He had wrapped his hand around the massive, stiff organ and was working it up and down.

“You gonna have to get this thing soft if you’re going to drop that car off.”

Jennifer backed away from them.

“Don’t look at me.”

“Let me. I’ll suck you off.”

Ed rose to his knees and grabbed the huge shaft with both hands and took it into his mouth. He swallowed as much as he could and then began moving his head back and forth. Arnold moaned passionately.

Jennifer stood there dumbfounded. This huge cock had just driven her to the most explosive, mind-bending orgasm of her life and it was still in need of attention. She watched as the other boy licked and sucked it. Her eyes wandered over the scene before her and came to rest on Ed’s own, still-rigid cock.

“Oh, what the fuck!”

She moved behind Arnold, got down on her hands and knees and crawled between his parted legs, taking Ed’s cock into her mouth for a second time. Ed hadn’t realized her objective and it took him by surprise, but he was thankful for the relief. He knew he had to cum again, as well, or wear a hard-on for the rest of the day. The sight of this huge cock, the taste of it, the feel of it as his mouth stretched around its massive girth, the smell of Arnold’s sweat-soaked, cum-juice-coated cock drove him crazy and he let the feeling of Jennifer’s mouth wash over his whole body. He began coordinating his movements with Jennifer and imagined this was his

own cock being sucked. He closed his eyes and fantasized that he was the one sporting this eleven-and-a-half inch hard-on.

Suck it. Suck my big cock. Take it all. Make me cum. I need to cum. Suck my big dick. Suck it. Suck it. Suck it. Suck it. Suck it. Suck it. Suck it. Suck it. Suck it. Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck. Cummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. Huge loads of sperm rocketed out of the hot, hard cock in his mouth and traveled down through his body, shooting out of his own eleven-and-a-half inch hard-on.

Jennifer's mouth around his shaft sucked and swallowed and drank and drained him and he sucked and swallowed and drank and drained the huge cock in his own mouth and then it slowly became softer and he continued to lick and suck and it slipped from his mouth and he clasped and squeezed and dreamed that it was his own and then it hung thick and heavy before him and Ed gazed up at the rigid abdominals and enormous, swollen pecs and the swollen, vein-coated biceps and the beautiful face of this beautiful boy with the beautiful soul and he sighed.

Jennifer finished drinking her fill of Ed's cum and pulled back between Arnold's legs. She sat back on her knees and gazed at the gorgeous, tight ass before her. She ran her hands up the backs of Arnold's thick, muscular legs and grasped each of his cheeks, molding them with her palms, delighting in the way he flexed and squeezed them in reaction to her touch. She moved her hands down between his legs and reached through to the huge, flaccid shaft and heavy swaying balls that hung between his thick, trunk-like thighs. Stroking the back of the thick rope of flesh she remembered the feeling of it filling her so completely. Her cunt tingled and she began to yearn for that fullness again. She looked around at all the pictures on the walls. They all seemed so empty, so vacant, so

minimal. Nothing was going to ever be the same again. Again she felt her emotions well up and she began to cry once more.

Arnold turned around and picked her up off the floor, cradling her in his huge arms, swaying back and forth, cooing softly to her. Ed stood and came around in front of them and added his own embrace to the reassurance. He wasn't quite sure what had happened here, but he sensed it had been a lot harder on Jennifer than himself. He also realized his own time was soon to come. The thought both frightened and excited him. He had just had a glimpse of what the world would be like. The shade drawn across his soul had been momentarily lifted. The light had been bright, too bright to see anything clearly, but he knew he would have to face what was on the other side before too long if he was going to hang out with this most unusual young man.

Arnold finally sensed what Jennifer's fear was. He set her down and held her away from him at arms length, running his eyes up and down her glowing, naked body. He bent down and deeply kissed each of her nipples, sucking them to erection. She squirmed against his attentions. When they were both as hard as they could get he straightened up and looked her right in the eye.

"You're right. It will never be the same. You'll take all these posters and throw them away because they'll never mean anything to you again. You're different now. But now the hard part comes. Instead of keeping all this energy bottled up in a room full of naked men on the walls, you have to take it out to the real world. I've given you nothing. I only showed you the way. No one you have sex with from now on will ever be the same, if you give it as freely as you did with us today. You're very beautiful, Jennifer. Thank you for sharing you with us."

Arnold sighed deeply.

“Now we have to be going.”

Without another word they all gathered their clothing and dressed, looking at each other, not wanting to lose the last glimpses of the bodies that had just shared this experience with them. Arnold left the T-shirt off and just put on the short sleeve one. His huge pecs peeked through above the third button. He noticed that the other two were looking, so he flexed his chest causing the muscles there to expand and push against the fabric. Jennifer rushed to him and grabbed the massive mounds of flesh, caressing and feeling their power and size.

Arnold gently pushed her away.

“Do you have a map of the area. I need to find the house I’m going to.”

Jennifer reluctantly released her grip of his pecs and nodded, indicating that he should follow her. They went into the service area and together they located the street the Patterson’s lived on and the train station. Arnold made a note of how to get there then Ed and he got back in the car.

“Can I run this through the car wash?”

“Sure. Here’s a token.”

She held out a large copper coin, but when Arnold reached to take it she held on for a moment longer. Their eyes met.

“I don’t know what you’ve done to me, but I have a feeling I either want to kill you or kiss you.”

Arnold leaned into her and gently kissed her on the forehead.

“Just let it happen. Pass it on.”

Arnold took the token, started the car and backed away from the building. He drove to the car wash at the back and deposited the coin in the box. A light came on and he pulled into the building to the designated stopping point. The boys rolled up their windows just as the water spray came on, shutting them off, temporarily, from the outside world. Arnold looked over at Ed who was staring at his own feet.

“What’s up, Ed? You don’t like getting laid?”

Ed didn’t respond for the entire first half of the wash cycle. When the machine began its second pass of the car he finally turned to Arnold.

“Arnie, I think you better just let me off at the train station and forget about the rest of our plans, okay.”

He looked over at Arnold, who had a thoughtful, almost saddened expression on his face.

“Okay?” he repeated.

Indeed, a sadness did shudder through the young man’s body. Was this how it was going to go? First Sam. And now Ed? How could he have gotten so close to this young man so quickly, only to lose him just as fast?

“Okay.”

That was the last thing they said to each other. Ed grabbed his duffel bag from the back seat and held it tight to his chest, as though Arnold might attack him right there and this was his only defense. The machine finished, Arnold started the car and pulled out of the building and onto the road, drove to the train station and pulled into the passenger drop-off loop. Ed had the car door open before Arnold

could come to a complete stop, hopped out, slammed the door closed and walked straight into the station, never looking back.

Arnold pulled away from the curb, out onto the street and was down the block before the whole world went fuzzy. He quickly pulled the car over to the curb as huge tears began running down his cheeks. He didn't quite understand why he was crying, but it had something to do with being abandoned. His parents, Sam, Ed. Never had he felt so alone. He had hung an awful lot of hope on having Ed help him get through the first difficult days in this new place. Now he didn't know what to anchor himself to. There were the friends of Sam and Mr. Ridell that he was going to stay with, but he didn't know what to expect there. There was the guy that Tom and Judy had told him about, but that was an even greater unknown. He wiped his eyes and looked out the side window. Hundreds of cars whisked past him, each carrying a single, lonely person. Only they didn't know just how lonely they were, because they had never not been lonely. They had never gotten as close to another soul as Arnold had learned to do in the last few weeks. They had never opened themselves up to the rest of the world and experienced the un-loneliness of others with them. Arnold had been very alone for most of his life. And then he had met a whole group of wonderful people who changed his life and his view of it. Suddenly they all were gone and he had nothing but himself.

He looked to himself to see what he could find that would help him over this moment. He felt a presence there that assured him he was okay. He heard it tell him he was equipped to handle everything life was about to throw at him. He looked to see where that voice was coming from and realized it was himself. He was alone, but not lonely. He had himself. As long as he could hold onto the fact that

he was okay, there would be no problem. Nothing could help him through anything better than himself.

Arnold used the last of the small pack of tissues in the glove compartment and then pulled back into the flow of traffic. He followed his route through the commercial district that crowded the perimeter of the highway and then widened out into a residential area with large, green lawns and huge houses and several cars in every driveway. He made several turns along winding, tree-lined streets and finally pulled into the long driveway of a massive, Tudor-style house with old trees and manicured gardens. He stopped the engine and looked at his watch.

Three-thirty.

Well he had said late afternoon.

He hoped someone was here to sign for the car.

CHAPTER 29: PATTY

The rest of the afternoon passed with a lack of eventfulness that seemed downright boring compared with what she had been through already, both emotionally and physically. Peter spent a half hour locked in the office with the blinds down doing God-knew-what to get rid of his erection. Patty figured he had some method he used. After all, a sexy stud like that, no matter what his sexual proclivities, had to spend a great deal of time with a hard-on. She wondered what it was he could do, if he wasn't able to achieve orgasm. Several times she was tempted to knock on the door and feign some important need in the office just to check on his progress. The fact of the matter was, despite his obvious abhorrence to having his cock touched and her own devastating sexual fulfillment at the hands of this amazing boy, she had an incredible desire to suck Peter's cock. Her mouth watered at the thought.

A half-hour after their encounter, Peter emerged from the office. Patty was at the front desk, taking care of some paper work. As he passed her she turned to him and caught his eye. Her gaze then dropped quickly to his crotch where she knew she would find the thing her mouth and tongue desired. Her eyes flashed back to his, telegraphing her passion and desire.

"Oh, Christ, Patty." he moaned and turned right around and headed back into the office. Click went the button on the door knob and he wasn't seen for another fifteen minutes.

This time when he emerged Patty made sure she was down on the main floor. She didn't want to send the boy into agonizing frustration Patty again and so busied herself with plants and clients. He stood at the railing that overlooked the gym and waited for her to

see him. The look on his face told her he had things much more in control this time and even dared her to try to stimulate him in front of the rest of the people there. Patty made a subtle gesture with her hand towards her crotch which Peter answered with a modest thrust forward with his pelvis. Everything seemed to be under control.

Everything, that was, except Patty. The devastating experience of the orgasms she had achieved in the office filled her with mixed feelings. Feelings for and about Peter. Feelings within herself about herself. She certainly didn't want to slip into the ridiculous role of "superwoman saving the poor homosexual from the horrible fate of his own sexuality". But the boy (and he really was still just a boy) had stimulated in her the same mothering instincts that had gotten her involved with many messed-up, muscle-bound men. She made a silent promise to herself that she wasn't going to fall into that trap again. Or had she already?

Peter returned to the floor and stepped back into his roll of cheerleader and motivator. Several other members had arrived during the last hour and each had asked the whereabouts of the kid, confirming (as if it needed confirming) Arnold's observation of Peter's value. To each inquiry, Patty had answered that Peter was taking care of some business in the office and would be out soon.

"Peter? Who the hell is Peter?"

"That's his real name."

"The kid's?"

"Yeah. I think he wants us to call him that from now on. Peter."

"Sure thing, Patty. What ever you say."

"No. What ever Peter says."

"Huh? Oh. Right."

The members of the club had been admitted on the basis of their personality and temperament as much as for anything else. Those present understood that something had changed and were immediately willing to accept the new as status quo without question. Patty's attitude about it made it clear this was not up for debate. They all knew Peter's value and respected him. Peter had been called the kid for the last time.

For the rest of the day, whenever someone new came into the gym, one of the people already present would make a point of asking Peter something, using his real name, so the newcomer would get the hint. Later in the afternoon one guy, Claude, called him Petey. Peter called him Claudia and Peter had been called Petey for the last time, as well.

No assholes allowed.

Peter's own view of himself increased visibly throughout the day. He was a little less hesitant about offering advice, a little more forceful when intimidating the people he was working with to push them past their point of physical endurance. Patty had to reign him in a few times by calling him 'Sarge', an in-house term for someone swinging a bit more weight around than what was attached to a barbell. Peter got the message and soon found a balance between the meek, insecure but amazingly sensitive 'kid' and the new, more confident but less malleable Peter.

About three o'clock Patty decided she had put off the inevitable long enough. It was time for her to take off for her sister's house. She turned the keys over to Peter and was able to barely resist the temptation to go over the close-up checklist which she knew he knew by heart but, until this time, had felt the need to go over in minute detail each time he covered for her.

Peter, sensing the new order of things, made an extra effort to assure her all would be well and reminded her he had her sister's phone number in case anything untoward happened which, they both knew, would not.

When it was apparent she was not going to leave of her own volition, Peter, sensing the need, walked her out to her car, closed the door for her after she was in, and stood in front of the building, pointing the way to the freeway in a commanding pose of "get thee hence."

Patty went south with a head full of thoughts and feelings which made it difficult to concentrate on the masses of cars that sped by and cut her off and chugged along at half the speed limit in front of her until she couldn't stand it any longer. She bailed out and headed over to the road that ran down the coast. A bit more tedious a drive, but the scenery made up for it. Long stretches of road paralleled the coastline, offering spectacular views of crashing surf and green, verdant fields. Then the road swung inland a bit and the sky would disappear above a tunnel of huge, overhanging branches thickly covered with cool, green leaves that allowed sparkles of sunlight to penetrate and flash off the chrome frame of her windshield.

The off-shore afternoon breeze carried the scent of salt air and a clean, well-scrubbed feel. She breathed deep and enjoyed the freedom it filled her with. She had changed into a blouse and skirt for her drive down and had decided to forgo a bra until she reached her sister's house. The crisp air flew over the windshield and dove down the open neck of her top, whipping the fabric of the camisole against her unfettered breasts. Her nipples tingled deliciously as the stimulation of the friction kept them powerfully erect. She clasped

the steering wheel hard and forced her pectorals to press her breasts harder against the inside of her blouse, increasing the sensation even more.

She attracted quite a bit of attention when she stopped at a little service station far out between two seaside towns. She had not gotten over the stimulation of being with those two sexually powerful men, Arnold and Peter. Her cunt buzzed with a teasing tingling and her head spun around memories of Peter's amazing finger and dreams of Arnold's amazing cock both in her at the same time. The wonderful odor of her sex was permeating the air, filling her head with images of sex; raw, pure, animal sex.

Patty got out of the car and noticed three men; one sitting in a chair which leaned precariously against the side of the building. He was flanked by two others who sat on the curb and smoked cigarettes and were laughing too hard at something he was saying. She knew there was precious little dress to cover her firm, muscular ass and as she bent over to retrieve her bag a serendipitous breeze lifted the back and gave the lucky men a fine view. When she turned around to head for the restroom all three leered at her unabashedly. She gave them a wave and strolled around to the side of the building. The door was locked so she had to go back to the office to get the key. As she came around the corner she could see the man in the chair was swinging a strip of Plexiglas with a key attached by a piece of string. He held it purposefully between his spread legs and, as she neared, rested it on a sizable bulge in the front of his button denims. He looked her straight in the eye and dared her to reach for the key where it rested.

She circled out just far enough so she approached him straight on, avoiding any close contact with his two cohorts. All three of

them were in their mid-twenties and had dark tans, sun-bleached hair and taut, hard bodies gotten from lots of activity on the beach. She almost had decided it wasn't worth the trouble, but the thought of backing down really pissed her off. She hated the idea of letting these beach jerks get the better of her. She tried the even, reasonable approach, already knowing it wasn't going to work.

"Is that the key to the woman's bathroom?"

"Why, yes it is, ma'am."

"Could I have it, please?"

Without moving a bit he said "Why certainly, ma'am. Here it is."

He locked stares with her and waited for her to try and reach toward his crotch for the key. She checked the other two men out and saw that, although they were expecting a confrontation, they were not, themselves, in any state of readiness. They apparently expected their seated friend to be able to handle things by himself. At least in this initial phase of contact.

Patty knew that, were she to reach for the key, he would probably move it out of her reach. So, instead, she aimed just a bit lower, and when, as she had suspected, the jerk jerked the key away, she grabbed the front lip of the seat between his spread legs and yanked it forward. The man's head flew back and hit against the wall of the building. His hands flew up and she grabbed the key.

There was little doubt in her mind that she was not going to be allowed to use the woman's room without further confrontation, but she had already established a position of authority that would undermine the other two men's confidence.

The one on the left jumped to his feet and reached to grab the key from her outstretched hand. She grabbed his arm and pulled him towards and across the legs of the fallen chair. His forward motion sent him reeling off balance and he tumbled helplessly on top of his friend.

The other man had taken a more compassionate attitude; towards his friend that is. He had reached back to catch and break the fall. This, of course, did nothing more than pin him under the chair. Patty grabbed the head of the man on the left and jammed it between the legs of the chair. She then dug her fingers into the crotch of the man on the chair and began to slowly squeeze his balls. For just an instant she regretted the fact that this guy had to be such a jerk. He apparently was packing a nice load in the front of his jeans. She was still hot enough that a quick tangle with that hunk of man-flesh would have been refreshing, under different circumstances. In fact, the physical nature of this confrontation was really turning her on. But the mood of this little episode had already been set, and these scum were not worthy of any access to her incredible body. She squeezed harder. He screamed.

“You boys are messing with the wrong person.”

She tensed her body and every muscle jumped out.

“I’ll kick all three of your asses if you even so much as think about trying any of that shit. I appreciate being desired, but you children have a very uncool way of showing your appreciation of my body. I have a perfect right to use the bathroom here without any interference. I expect to be able to do just that. When I come out here again, I want to find all three of you boys sitting in the same position you were in when I pulled in here.”

She tensed her muscles even more, the eyes of her would-be assailants bulging.

“If you are not, I will rip your fucking dicks off and jam them down your throats. You got that, assholes?”

The young man whose gonads she had clasped firmly in her hand nodded weakly, his eyes darting back and forth across the phenomenal body before him. The other two were in such a position that they could not really see her, but neither of them moved, sensing in her voice the will, even the desire, to do just as she threatened.

Patty headed for the end of the building. She turned the corner and glanced out of the corner of her eye to see if the men were moving. They remained in position like some weird, contorted frieze on a Mayan temple. She unlocked the door and went into the restroom, closing and locking the door behind her. Only then did she start taking deep, jarring breaths. Her heart raced a mile a minute and the adrenaline that had flooded her body caused her to shake uncontrollably. She knew this was what was happening and just let her heart pump it out of her system. After a few moments she calmed down enough to accomplish her task.

She half doubted the three men were really going to heed her warning, expecting them to be waiting in ambush for her outside the door. She listened intently, figuring they wouldn't be clever enough to be silent as they snuck up on her. Nothing. She took two more deep breaths and flung open the door. They were not there. She stepped outside and headed around the corner. She had a very hard time not bursting into laughter.

The three men were, indeed, sitting in the exact same position they had been in when she drove up. She shook her head and walked

over to them, the key in her outstretched hand. The boy in the chair cautiously took it without making the least eye contact with her. The other two, as well, stared intently at the ground before them.

She went back to the car and got in, started the engine and pulled up around to the curb, stopping in front of the threesome.

“The thing that’s really sad about all this is that I was feeling really horny when I pulled in here. The three of you studs would have been just about enough for me.”

She popped the clutch and left a substantial skid mark stretching almost out to the roadway. In the rearview mirror she saw the two boys on the curb reaching over and beating on their seated friend. She hoped they weren’t going to get in a car and come after her. She doubted it.

It took her several more miles of scenic beauty to get her blood pressure and heart rate back down to normal. The fact of the matter was, she really was horny, and although she probably would not have been in the mood for all three of the young men at the same time, she felt she could have done a good job of wearing them all out in succession.

Every rolling hill reminded her of a bulging biceps. Every telephone pole was an eleven-and-a-half inch cock. Broiling thunderheads out over the ocean looked like the intricate interwoven muscles of a finely developed back.

The constant flash of dotted white line zipping past her side window took on the rhythm of a cock steadily pumping into her hungry cunt, the constant assault becoming more unbearable until her insides begin to throb and thrust to the same insistent beat. The heavier her foot rests on the accelerator, the faster the cock slams into her vagina. Her juices begin to flow and drench the insides of

her thighs and the mighty organ which pummels her hungry, sucking cunt at...

“Holy shit. A hundred and ten!”

Patty quickly lifted her foot off the accelerator and the needle dropped down to a more reasonable seventy-five. She was breathing hard, her nipples were jutting painfully against her blouse, her fresh panties were soaked and every inch of her body longed for sexual release. Something was very wrong here. Or at least out of control. Sure she enjoyed sex. Sure she was the first one to drag a handy tool, er, person back into the office and get some fling flung. Sure she liked to have hard, wet things in and on her body, jabbing into her various orifices, driving her to wonderful heights of pleasure. But never had she been so uncontrollably hot, so unable to leash in her desires. She started to think about spending the evening with her sister’s family and the depression it brought on was almost as bad as the sudden visions she had of hopping in the sack with her brother-in-law. This was out of the question.

Arnold.

This was all his fault. She knew what she really wanted. She wanted that big cock up her ass. She wanted to be filled by that huge stud like she had never been filled before. And she knew it wasn’t just the cock that was doing this to her. It was Arnold, himself. He had her...what? Under some kind of spell? Something. She pulled over to the side of the road and stopped the engine under the widespread branches of an ancient tree with an impossibly thick trunk that suddenly reminded her of...

Shit.

This had to stop.

She closed her eyes, trying to clear away the temptation to see something sexual in everything around her but her inner vision was suddenly flooded with incredible images of her's and Arnold's incredible bodies doing incredible things to each other. And there was another body there, too.

Fucking Peter.

What the hell was going on here? She had never had a fantasy of sex with Peter and anyone else. Now, suddenly, her mind was flooded with incredibly vivid thoughts of her tight, muscular body being sexually ravished by these two studs. In her own bedroom. Very detailed images flashed across her brain pan, sending jolts of sexual energy shooting through her body, triggering a flood in her vagina as though someone were actually licking her there. She opened her eyes and realized her right hand had found its own way to her cunt; flicking and rubbing her clit through the fabric of her sopping wet panties.

She moved her other hand to her breasts, violently rubbing and squeezing them as she knew she would want these two hunks to do. Her whole body ached and she knew she would have to find sexual release or have a miserable time at her sister's house. The image of her hand grasping the crotch of the young man back at the gas station flashed through her mind. Before she had time to rationalize her behavior, she had the car started, in gear, making a screaming U-turn and heading back to the station.

Two or three times she tried to convince herself she was out of her mind, she should turn around and get her ass down the coast. But her hot, aching cunt told her what she really wanted. Nothing was more desirable right now than a cock between her legs. She had

never, before, gone against the urges of her body. Why should she start now?

As she approached the filling station she could see the three youths sitting about as she had left them. Not much happening on a hot, sunny Sunday afternoon. They all recognized her car before she even pulled off the road and each was on their feet, as if to run, by the time she skidded to a halt before them.

All three of the boys could sense a change in her. Her body language was speaking a completely different message this time and there was an electricity that shot between the four of them. The middle one, the one who still held the key to the restroom, came around to her side of the car and leaned against the top corner of the windshield. He thought he had the advantage and exuded a cockiness that was both infuriating and magnetizing at the same time.

“You forget something?”

“What’s your name, stud?”

“Hank. These are my friends, Bob and Al.”

Bob and Al nodded.

Patty returned their greetings with a cold, devastating appraisal of their physical forms. All three were cut from the same mold. Hard, lean bodies, sharp, chiseled faces. Bob and Al had on surfing trunks and T-shirts. Hank had a dirty T-shirt tucked into his jeans. She turned her gaze back to him and locked her eyes on the buttons of his fly.

“Well...Hank. You got an office here?”

“Inside?” His voice wreaked of suspicion and still a little fear.

“You boys made me very angry a few moments ago. Usually, when I get angry I work it off by lifting a few hundred pounds a couple hundred times. But I’m out here, far away from the gym, and I got a lot of energy to burn off and it’s all your fault. Who’s first?”

Hank pressed the crotch of his jeans against the edge of the sideview mirror.

“Guess I’ll have to be first. You guys have any objections?”

Al and Bob looked at each other and shrugged. Patty got out of the car and followed Hank into the office. She turned back as she went in the front door. The other two were just standing there with their mouths hanging open.

“You assholes just gonna stand there? Waitin’ for an invitation or something?”

Again the two just shrugged at each other and followed Patty and their friend into the office.

Patty could already feel the energy beginning to flow through and around her. She wanted sex in a bad way and knew that, between the three of them, these boys would probably be able to relieve a good portion of her need. She waited until they were all in the room and then closed the door. Penetrating their clothing with her eyes, she sized up their abilities with a well-practiced glance. Each of them was already showing signs of intense arousal. She had a feeling the one called Al was going to be the first to pop his cork. With a sudden, rapid movement she had her blouse up and over her head. Her incredible breasts, those magnificent structures of flesh and finely honed muscle which had kept her from being a serious competitor, stood out on her chest. The lengthy nipples jutted into the air, hard as pencils. She brought her arms up over her head and then tensed her lats and slowly lowered them to her side. Every

sinew, every vein, every fiber stood out like a road map. Blood flowed to her upper torso and, by the time her arms reached her sides, swelled her pecs and raised her breasts to a level of definition that none of these boys had seen before.

Al let out a groan and his hand involuntarily reached for his crotch. His palm began to vigorously rub the front of his swimsuit and a painful looking erection soon was begging to be released. Patty brought her gaze to bear on the protrusion and raised her hands to her breasts, crushing and manipulating the awesome mounds of flesh. The long, hard nipples flipped back and forth between her fingers as they fanned across the surface of her breasts. Al fell back against the wall, the shaft of his cock clenched tightly in his fist. With several violent movements he succeeded in cumming inside his suit.

One down, two to go.

Patty next turned her attention to Bob. She reached down to the zipper for her skirt that ran up her left hip. With agonizing slowness she pulled the zipper down, then allowed the loosened garment to slip to the floor. Bob was also attending to his erection through the front of his suit and, as her skirt hit the floor, he, too, grabbed his cock and began to pump it. Patty decided she had wasted enough orgasms and yanked his hand away from his cock. She reached down inside his suit and grabbed hold of the hard, throbbing shaft and squeezed with all her might. The youth sunk to the floor, crying for mercy. When he was on his knees she let go of his cock and thrust her pantied crotch into his face. His arms flew up around her waist and ripped her underwear off her body. The force of his motion was unexpected and Patty groaned in response. She loved it

rough and any indication of a little forceful entry, within the limits of the game, served to heat her up even more.

Bob's face dove for her crotch and his tongue sought out her hard, throbbing clit. Hank moved up behind her and brought his hands up around her chest and cupped her breasts, teasing and milking the hard, long nipples. His own erection was pushing desperately at the button front of his jeans and he ground it into her naked ass. Patty's body sizzled as she flexed her muscles, turning on all three boys and drawing them in close to her.

"Oooo, yeah. Oh, lick my cunt. Lick it. Suck on my clit. Harder. Yeah. You boys ever had a body like this? Oh yeah. Oh, my nipples. Squeeze 'em, yeah. Huh-oh. Oh yeah. Oooo. You like those, huh? Lick 'em. Suck my tits. Suck my hard nipples. Oh that feels good. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. OH. Mmmmm. That's good. You're gettin' awfully hard back there, stud. You better let me take care of that."

She pulled away from Bob's attentions. Al, who had begun to suck her nipples, was also disengaged as she turned to the button fly of Hank's jeans.

"Unbutton, stud. One at a time."

Hank undid the top button and she grabbed his hands and forced him to stop. She stared him right in the face and brought his hands to her breasts, pressing his palms to her long, hard nipples. His hips began a circular, thrusting movement that demonstrated what he wanted to do. She let go of his hands and allowed him to undo one more button before grabbing his hands again. This time she pulled his arms up to her shoulders and then flexed them violently. He grabbed hold of her huge biceps and squeezed and caressed them, enjoying the hardness of them. She dropped her eyes to his crotch and he reached down and undid one more. This time

her hands pressed his own to his crotch and she began a pulsing rhythm, pushing against the hard, hot shaft beneath the fabric. His hips immediately matched her beat and within seconds his head was flung back and a low moan was drooling from his throat.

Bob had moved up behind her and had begun pumping his crotch against her ass. She pressed back against his attack with her hard, firm ass which he was grabbing and grasping with both hands. His movements became more rapid and within seconds he, too, had coated the inside of his suit with cum.

“Well, Hank. Looks like it’s just you and me, now. How about you unbutton that last one, huh?”

Hank’s hands flew to his fly and he tried desperately to get the last button undone. The faster he moved, the worse it got. Finally he growled in frustration and reached into his crotch and yanked his hard, thick cock out above the offending fastener.

Patty felt a hard, swift stab of desire in her cunt. Though not as big as Arnold’s it was certainly enough to bump up against. She took pity on the poor lad and reached down to expertly undo the final restraint, all the time staring him right in the eye. She also made sure she rubbed up against his cock and pushed and moved it as much as possible. He moaned and groaned with each contact. When he was finally set free he stepped back and swiftly, with an almost comic speed, removed his jeans and shoes and socks in one motion. His T-shirt followed and he stood before her, naked.

“This is what rape feels like, isn’t it.”

Patty stared straight into his eyes and dared him.

“You feel threatened...Hank?”

He shook his head frantically, as if to answer in the affirmative would be the absolute wrong answer with dire consequences.

“You feel just a little bit out of control...Hank?”

He weakly nodded his head.

“Good...Hank. Now let me ask you this. Are we doing anything without your permission here?”

If there were a way to move his head to say both yes and no, he tried to do it.

“Maybe now you can realize what actual rape feels like. You get me...Hank?”

The only response Hank could muster was something very much like a whimper.

His two friends stood back against the wall and watched the proceedings. They stared unabashedly at the two naked bodies before them. Patty loved the idea of an audience. She wondered if Hank had ever performed for a crowd before. She decided not to mention it. It seemed that Hank was totally oblivious to the fact that there was anyone else in the room with him besides the amazing woman before him.

His cock was a deep, dark purple. It bounced with each beat of his heart as blood continued to be pumped into the hot, hard shaft. He turned his eyes to the desk in the middle of the room and, with his gaze, suggested that Patty lay across the top of it. Patty had a better idea. She reached out for Al and dragged him over to the desk and sat him on its top. She reached into the waistband of his suit and, with one deft motion, pulled it down and off his legs. His still hard cock jutted out from a matted bush of cum-covered pubic hairs. He was momentarily taken aback, being suddenly naked before two

other men, but Patty instantly dove down on his shaft and began sucking the hard pole of flesh. The smell and taste of his cum was a powerful aphrodisiac to Patty and she soon forgot everyone else in the room. Forgot, that is, until she suddenly felt the head of penis pressing insistently against her exposed cunt lips.

She waved her ass back and forth and then pushed against the thick head. She knew it was Hank and with one motion had him inside her. He swallowed a yelp and began to pump his cock vigorously into her incredibly tight, muscular vagina. Patty turned her head to the third boy, Bob. He was leaning against the wall and had removed his suit as well, his hand pumping his shaft with slow but deliberate movements. Patty noticed that his gaze traveled to all three of them. He was as interested in his two friends as he was in her. She lifted her mouth off Al's hot cock.

"Lick us. Lick my clit and his cock while he fucks me."

Bob needed no encouragement. In one motion he was down on the floor between Patty's and Hank's legs. His upturned face brought his tongue in contact with the point where the two of them were joined and he began to lick first her clit, and then her vaginal lips and Hank's cock as it slid in and out of Patty's cunt.

Hank cried out in surprise and doubled his efforts. His hips thrust violently, driving his cock into her cunt with amazingly rapid movements. Patty bore down on him and increased the sensation of her impending orgasm. The hard cock in her mouth began to show signs of a second volley of cum as well. Hank had hold of her tight ass and was plowing her with a vigor that was sure to drive them both over the top very soon. Bob had found his own position and was busy licking and manipulating Patty's cunt with his tongue and

one hand while alternating between her breasts and his own still hard cock with the other hand.

A quartet of groans and cries of ecstasy began to rise from them and soon they were heaving and thrusting and licking and pulling and pushing and crying out in rhythm with each other. The pace increased, the pitch of their cries increased, the electricity in the air increased, Patty's body swelled and bulged as she exerted herself and drove her own sexual tension to the breaking point. She smelled the sex of the cock in her mouth, tasting the salty sweat and cum of his previous orgasm. The sound of the three boys as they slurped and heaved and thrust in time with each other set her pace and caused her to push even harder. The feel of the cocks that penetrated her cunt and mouth, accompanied by the stimulation of the tongue on her clit all served to whip her into a sexual frenzy that promised a powerful orgasm. She began to loose touch with her surroundings and dove head first into the first tremors of her own sexual release. She knew the three boys were so turned on by her rippling, ripped, muscular body that they could not help but follow her to the precipice and jump headlong over the edge of her orgasm with her.

She felt something on her abs and looked down to see that Bob had cum again, his semen hanging in gobs from her undulating abdominals. This was the last straw. She drove her hips back against the cock in her cunt, drove her mouth down on the cock in her mouth, and threw herself off the orgasmic cliff. It felt like hang gliding while pumping about three hundred pounds with every muscle in her body simultaneously. Her body contracted as it was wracked with mighty climactic vibrations. Her cunt clamped down on the cock inside her and oceans of cum-juice poured from her as the walls of her vagina constricted around the hard, thrusting cock.

Hank continued to throw himself uncontrollably against Patty's muscular ass and, as her vaginal walls clamped down on his cock, his balls heaved loads of semen up his shaft, sending it spewing out against the inside of Patty's hot, sucking cunt.

At the same moment, Al's cock swelled and shot its second load of the afternoon into Patty's mouth as she devoured his shaft. She drove her head down on the boy's cock and drank his cum straight down her throat. Bob's continued attack of her clitoris sent her whirling up into a second, almost simultaneous climax. Within seconds she was cumming again. Hank pumped the last of his load into her cunt and his knees weakened, forcing him to pull back and out as he sunk to his knees behind her. His sudden exit surprised Patty and she stood up, Al's cock dropping from her grasp. She looked around her, saw the carnage she had caused, collapsed bodies and limp cocks wherever she looked, and smiled. She hoped they were as devastated as they looked.

Before they could recover, she grabbed her clothes and one of the boy's discarded T-shirts. She wiped her rippling abdomen clean with the shirt, slipped on her dress and blouse and went outside to the restroom, plastic strip with key in hand. She washed up, using the T-shirt again, fixed her tousled hair, rearranged her hastily donned clothing then smiled smugly at the image that appeared before her in the mirror. She had devastated those three young men in the other room. Her body tingled with the remembered sensations of their joint experience; her cunt pulsed at the thought of Hank's cock slugging away uncontrollably. If she hadn't felt a sudden need to get down the coast to her sister's house she would have turned right around and stormed back into the office, demanding further satisfaction from the trio of cocks. She was certain that, in light of

their ability to achieve orgasms so quickly, they would probably be able to muster up a few more hard-ons between them. Her nipples pressed firmly against the material of her blouse as the thought aroused her.

One final check in the mirror, one last appreciation of her incredible attributes, a slight tensing of the muscles of her upper torso, her breasts rising proudly on her chest, and then she turned away from the mirror. She suddenly realized that she, herself, had just achieved a couple of orgasms and yet, unlike the boys in the back room, littered on the floor like so many used and discarded condoms, felt none of the devastation which had laid them out. In fact, she felt invigorated, stimulated, positively buzzing with energy. She closed her eyes and an image of Arnold and Peter flashed before her.

Pressing their firm, hot bodies against her.

Pressing their firm, hot lips against her.

Pressing their firm, hot cocks against her.

Pressing.

Pressing.

Pressing.

Her hands pressed into her breasts as they cried out for attention. They then slid down her torso and found her crotch, clothed only by the material of her skirt. She abruptly raised her skirt and, without a thought, sought out her clit and began to massage it vigorously. She opened her eyes. The image of the two men still floated before her.

Feel their bulging muscles enclose her body. Smell the hot sex of their cocks. Hear the heavy breathing as the three of them twist

and grope and exert themselves against each other. Her searching fingers dive into her cunt and begin rubbing the inside of her vaginal passage, her fingers spreading out, stretching her wider and wider. Arnold's huge member replaces her digits, sliding in and out of her. It's hot. It's hard. It's very, very thick and it's very, very, very, very long. It takes minutes to travel its full length. It presses and stimulates the wall of her cunt. The movement never seems to end. By the time the huge length of cock has traveled its complete distance she has shivered to orgasm. He draws the magnificent cock out. At the same time she feels Peter's cock move against her ass. She spreads her cheeks and he slowly enters her from behind. They lock her between their thick, powerful bodies and begin to raise and lower her on their twinned cocks. Each trip down the length of their shafts brings a new orgasm. Each trip up brings an incredible feeling of emptiness that only the anticipation of another downward trip can conquer the devastating effects of. Up. Down. Up. Down. Fullness. Emptiness. Orgasms begin to rumble through her body with such frequency that she loses all ability to dissemble any reality at all. Her beautiful nipples catch on Arnold's pecs with each upward pass. His huge biceps swell as he lifts her into the air. Her ass sucks hard on the shaft within it. Up...Down...Up...Down...

Knock...Knock...Knock, knock, knock.

"Hey, Lady. You all right in there?"

"Oh. Oooohhh. Yeaaaahhhhhhhh."

"Shit. I think she's in there popping herself off. Hey, Lady. You need any help?"

Patty's eyes refocused on the door before her and the images of her two mighty lovers faded in a cloud of reality. Her hand was sunk deep in her crotch and she was very close to an actual orgasm. She

had no idea what the hell was going on with her, but she knew she needed to cum very badly. She swung the door open and grabbed the closest male she could get her hands on, pulling him in. It was Hank. She remembered the trouble he'd had with his button fly before so she did the honors herself and had his pants down around his knees within seconds. His semi-rigid cock bobbed before her and she quickly took it into her mouth to help it to full hardness.

Hank was not able to take all this in as quickly as it was happening. It wasn't until Patty had his cock well down her throat that he said, "What the hell's going on here?"

Patty wished she had the answer to that, herself. All she knew was that she had to get this stud's rigid cock inside her cunt again as quickly as possible. Within seconds his member was stiff enough to fuck with. She stood up and leaned against the sink, spreading her legs, revealing the moist lips of her cunt.

Hank still hadn't caught on. He stood there gaping at the magnificent sight before him. Her strong, firm thighs were scissoring back and forth as her desire for his cock became more intense. Finally she could stand it no longer. She grabbed his shaft and yanked him forward, jamming his swollen penis into her. Fortunately, nature took over at that moment and there were no further delays due to mind gap. Hank's cock attacked rapidly and, after a few swift thrusts, Patty's body began vibrating on the edge of her hoped for orgasm. She bore down on Hank and huge waves of overpowering sensation rumbled through her body. Her muscles tensed, her breasts felt like they were going to explode. She grabbed Hank's hands and pressed them firmly to her. Sparks of energy shot from her painfully erect nipples down through her hard, firm abdomen and right to the erect nub of flesh which vibrated

deliciously between her legs. She let out a loud scream and pushed herself hard against Hank's attacking cock. Thrust. Thrust. Thrust. Wave after wave after wave of shattering orgasm rushed through her body. Her muscles tensed uncontrollably as though her finger had been inserted into an electrical socket. Her needs took control. She had no choice but to satisfy them. Hank's hot breath pressed against her face. His own cries told of the delicious agony he was being driven to as he pressed time and again towards climax.

His thrusts came faster and faster, harder and deeper. Their cries mixed and entwined, each one higher and louder and longer and more ecstatic than the last. Patty had already reached her pinnacle and was hovering on the ultimate plain of ecstasy waiting for Hank to join her. Time stretched out and she looked back at a wide, swirling trail of orgasms left in her wake. She floated in the maelstrom of energy and watched as Hank quickly approached her. His face showed him abandoned. He, too, floated far above the physical reality of their thrusting, heaving bodies. Patty felt his cock thicken within her and his actions stepped to an even higher level of urgency. One final, deep thrust and the floodgates opened. His sperm leapt from his cock with such force that it caused him pain. Seemingly against his will he flung shot after shot of cum from the head of his cock. Patty's hips continued to thrust against him, her hard, muscular abdominals working her internal organs in an effort to force him to continue his near maniacal attacks. He heaved his hips forward one last time, as though dragging some huge load to a precipice and shoving it over, and then he collapsed against her as she perched on the edge of the sink.

He was still. As quickly as that. He just stopped. His heart beat so loudly she could hear it. His breathing sent gusts of hot air past

her neck, his arms had thrown themselves around her neck. And now he was still.

Patty looked about the room and saw that Bob and Al had come in to observe the commotion. She saw that both of them displayed hard-ons and she almost feared they would demand satisfaction, too. But as soon as she met their eyes, attempting to read what they had in mind, their faces were covered in a mask of fear and they bolted from the room, letting the door slowly close behind them.

Patty put her hands against Hank's shoulders and pressed him off her. His quickly softening cock slipped from her with a saddening slurp. He tried to focus on her, but his pupils could not find their mark. She guided him to the toilet and eased him down onto the seat. He'd be okay in a little while. In the meantime, she had to figure out what the hell was going on. Hank was, without a doubt, one of the least inspiring sex partners, physically, she had ever had. There was no reason why she should be so turned on.

This had something to do with Arnold.

And Peter.

What?

Who knew?

She couldn't wait to try this on Arnold.

CHAPTER 30: FLASHBACK

Arnold went to the front door and rang the bell. A full minute passed and no one responded. He rang again. Still no one answered. He didn't know what else to do so he ventured around the back. A large fence with thick wooden slats encircled the back yard which contained a pool. There was a gate in the fence next to the garage which was slightly ajar, so he went through it. He stepped around the back corner of the garage and was about to call out to let his presence be known, but the sight that greeted him stopped him in his tracks. Lying on the diving board of the pool was a young woman about twenty-one or twenty-two years old. Her head was hanging over the end of the board and she had dark sunglasses on. And nothing else. Except for a pair of earphones attached to a portable cassette player. She was snapping her fingers to an unheard beat and bouncing her ass up and down in time with her music. Occasionally she would run her hand down across one of her breasts and fondle herself, causing her nipples to become erect. Finally her hand strayed down to her crotch and she began manipulating her clitoris.

Arnold couldn't tell if she knew he was there or not because of the dark glasses. He assumed she had her eyes shut, but wasn't sure of that. She appeared to be putting on a show for him and enjoying it. Or she could just be enjoying it. He decided to wait for the outcome. Her trim, nubile body tensed under the ministrations of her finger and as the climax approached her writhings became more frenetic. The board bounced more and more and several times she had to suspend her joys to allow the platform to settle down so as to not lose her balance. Soon she was near her moment of release and Arnold was sure she was going to cum so hard that she would

tumble into the water. Just at the last moment, though, she pulled her hand away from her crotch, removed the dark glasses from her eyes, the headphones from her ears and looked straight at Arnold. She extended her arm towards him and crooked her finger at him, summoning him to come closer.

Arnold strolled over to the base of the diving board and stood with one foot on the step leading up to it.

“I’ve been expecting you. You must be Arnold.”

“You must be Suzanne. Do you always greet strangers like this?”

“Your reputation precedes you. I was talking to my girlfriend back home...our old home...and she recognized your name. She told me you were a hunk, but words do not express...”

Suzanne reached down and began manipulating her clit again, her gaze locked firmly on Arnold’s bulging gym shorts.

“I hope I haven’t kept you too long. I got held up at a gas station getting directions here.”

“Is it true what they say?”

“About what?”

“About your cock. My girlfriend tells me it’s ten inches long.”

“Nope.”

“I thought not. Stories like that have a way of growing. You seem to have a lot there.”

“Yep.”

“How much?”

“Not ten.”

“That’s okay.”

“Good. Let’s unload the car. I need to get going.”

“What’re you? Queer?”

“Nope.”

“You don’t want me?”

“I want you to show me where to put the stuff that’s in the car.”

Suzanne became angry and drove her hand back into her crotch, furiously stimulating her clit while she stared hungrily at Arnold’s bulge. Arnold just stood there and watched, leaning against the rail of the board as the girl continued to pop herself off. She mewled and cried out as her climax approached and it appeared she was going to cum just to spite him. Her hips began to buck and her hand moved faster and faster until she gasped and fell back against the board. Harder and harder she drove her hips against her hand and finally she collapsed in exhausted relief.

She sat up, took her earphones and cassette player and stepped off the board.

“Follow me.”

She went into the house, Arnold followed. Her ass swayed deliciously in front of him. She stopped at the bottom of the stairs and pointed up. Her breasts, firm and high, jutted their still erect nipples accusingly at him.

“Everything goes up into the second bedroom on the right.” She moved to him and grasped his large biceps. “You think you can manage?”

A shot of electricity flew through his arm as she made contact. It ran through his arm and shoulder and straight down to his cock which gave a leap in his jockstrap. He involuntarily flexed his arm in reaction. Suzanne took that as a hopeful sign.

“Yes. I think I can manage. Your mother said you would drive me down to the train station when I was finished.”

“No problem. I’ll drive you.”

Arnold turned to the front door and went to get the stuff out of the car. He had expected to find her gone when he returned but she stood there, naked and, he had to admit, quite desirable, at the bottom of the stairs as he passed with the first armful. He climbed the stairs and could feel her staring at his back and ass. He went into the bedroom and set the stack of boxes on the floor in the corner.

The room was occupied by a large four-poster and a heavy bureau with a lot of drawers and a huge mirror framed in solid oak above it. He turned and studied his reflection for a moment and then decided to take the shirt off. He threw the shirt on the bed and then flexed and posed several times in front of the mirror, enjoying the way his body looked and felt, and then went down stairs for the next load.

Suzanne was still at the base of the stairs in her birthday suit. She stared unabashedly at his huge chest muscles as they flexed and bounced with each step he took. As he reached the bottom of the stairs she reached out and stroked the belly of his left pec.

“Two more pieces of clothing and we’ll be tied.”

Arnold humphed a laugh and headed for the car. Everything seemed to be too big to carry more than one of comfortably. It looked like he was going to be making a lot of trips up and down the stairs. He slid the next box out of the tail gate and hefted it into his arms which swelled and bulged with the exertion. He pulled the box to his chest and felt his broad, muscular back flex and widen in response. As he passed the bottom of the stairs with this load

Suzanne reached out and stroked his right ass cheek. Arnold had enough.

He set the box down on the step above him and turned to the brazen, naked woman.

“If I had done that to you under other circumstances you would have called the cops on me. What the hell gives you the right to presume such behavior is permissible? I gave your mother a promise that I would help unload the car, but if you keep this up I’ll quit right now and let you deal with the rest of the crap out there. Now get up stairs and get some clothes on. I thought I was quite clear about my intentions. I have a job to do and your mother said you would drive me to the train station after I was finished. That’s the extent of our agreement. Nothing was mentioned about sexual favors or molestation. Now get out of here!”

Suzanne was stunned. She had projected many things in her mind when she had heard about Arnold from her girlfriend back home. She had prepared herself for an afternoon of wild, uninhibited love-making. She had dreamed of having his legendary cock stretch her cunt to limits she had never experienced before. She had also assumed that, because he was into body building and was such a stud, physically, that he would have nothing else on his mind. In fact, she had assumed he would not have much of a mind to have anything on. Weren’t all those muscle-bound bozos the same? So she was taken completely by surprise to find that this beautiful, hunky stud with the huge bulge in his gym shorts could talk intelligently and had feelings and emotions beyond the assumed repertoire of fuck and slug and beer.

Suzanne silently went up the stairs. She stopped at the top and turned to Arnold.

“I’m sorry. I had thought that...you know...you just would want to have sex. My brother was into weight lifting. All he ever talked about was sex. You like sex, don’t you?”

“My third favorite thing.”

“Third?”

“Yeah. Go get dressed.”

She turned and went down the hallway.

Arnold lifted the box, again, and headed up after her. As he arrived at the top of the stairs he saw her standing at the door to a room further down the hall. She lingered for a moment, gazing at him longingly, and then went into the room, closing the door behind her. Arnold shook his head and dropped the box off with the first load he had brought up. He made several more trips, each time with just one large cardboard box. They weren’t necessarily heavy, but their size and shape made carrying more than one at a time very difficult. He had no idea what was inside the boxes, so decided not to risk an accident.

On his fifth trip he encountered Suzanne in the hallway. She was standing just beyond the door to the room he was delivering the contents of the car to. She leaned against the door jamb. Arnold wished he hadn’t told her to get dressed. What she had on now was far more seductive and devastating than nothing at all. She had, indeed, gotten dressed, but only in the legal sense of the word. She had on a sky blue halter top which barely contained her breasts. The sides of those delicious mounds of flesh were exposed along the edges. Her nipples were still hard and jutted against the fabric. She wore a very tiny pair of cut-offs which rode low on her hips, hardly covering the top of her pubic bush. The legs were cut so high that a good portion of her ass cheeks peeked out. Her stomach was flat and

firm, her legs shapely and strong. She had her dark brown hair pulled up into a pile on top of her head which could only be described as studied disarray.

She wore a sultry, saddened look on her face which reminded Arnold of a little girl who had just gotten a scolding. And, in fact, that's exactly what she was. Well, not exactly a little girl, but the scolding part was correct.

Arnold moved passed her and into the room to drop off the box he was carrying. When he turned to leave she was standing in the doorway, just barely not blocking his way. He stopped and shook his head in frustration. Sweat was beginning to accumulate on his body, giving his muscles a glowing sheen which accented the details of his bulges. He tried to pass through the door, but she refused to move. He thought of lifting her out of the way, even made a move to do so, but then realized this was exactly what she wanted him to do. The suddenly aborted movement made his pecs flex for a moment and they jumped on his chest. Her eyes flashed quickly to them.

"Can you do that again?"

"When I'm done."

"You're very beautiful."

"Thank you. You're pretty staggering, yourself."

She moved to him with a quickness that he was not prepared for. In a flash she had her arms around his neck and her lips pressed hotly against his. The kiss only lasted a second and then she was away and down the stairs before he had the opportunity to protest or participate. But for one fiery second, as her mouth had consumed his lips, her hand had grazed the front of his gym shorts and gauged, as only someone intensely interested in cock could, the length and girth

of the contents of his jock strap. He was sure she could tell he had been disassembling when she questioned him about its length.

When he reached the bottom of the stairs, she was no where to be seen. He shrugged and headed outside. Several more trips were required to bring in the complete contents of the car, and not once during that time did Arnold see her. He began to worry that she had left, leaving him without a ride to the train station or a signature to prove delivery of the car.

On his last trip down the stairs he found her waiting at the bottom. He was relieved and started to head for the car to get the signature sheet, but as he passed her at the foot of the stairs she put her hand on his chest and stopped him. Their eyes met and locked.

“Follow me.”

Without a glance back to see if he would comply, she headed back towards the kitchen and then disappeared through a door under the staircase. Arnold knew he shouldn’t follow, but he had received that same electric jolt when she put her hand on his chest. The door accessed a set of stairs. Though the stairs were dark, there was light in the room below. He descended to the basement and found himself in a long hallway that extended to the left and right. Suzanne was halfway down the hall to his left and was standing by a closed door. He walked that way and passed several rooms with open doorways filled with various objects that ranged from tools and gardening equipment to skis and archery targets and a snow mobile. He came to the door Suzanne was standing beside.

“What’s your second favorite thing?”

“Working out. Why?”

Suzanne stepped away from the door and indicated that Arnold should open it. He took the handle in his hand and turned it. The

door swung out into the hall. There was no light on inside, so he felt around on the wall next to the door jamb. He found the switch and flipped it on.

Light flooded a huge room, at least double the size of any of the others he had passed. It was stuffed with weights and machines and enough body building equipment to stock a small time operation. Arnold ran a quick inventory of the gear and found nothing missing from his normal, high-powered routine. He turned to Suzanne and raised a questioning eyebrow.

“This was my brother’s. Like I said, he was into lifting weights.”

“You’ve mentioned him twice now in the past tense. Is he dead?”

“Uh-huh. Went out drinking with a couple of his college friends one night. Said he wasn’t too drunk to drive and then wrapped himself, the car and his three friends around a telephone pole. Mom couldn’t stand it. That’s why we moved.”

A light came on in Arnold’s head. The name Patterson. An accident about a year-and-a-half ago. He remembered the incident.

“Brian.”

“You remember.”

“Yeah. Homecoming weekend. He was back from college. Played on the football team. We were playing your school that weekend. They almost canceled the game.”

“He was a senior. Had just signed a pro contract.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Thanks. We didn’t know what to do with all his gear. Mom couldn’t part with it, but she didn’t know anything about it, so we

just moved it and stashed it down here. I come down and use some of it, but it's all a bit too much for my needs. Every once in a while some friend will come down and run through a couple of reps, but the space isn't exactly conducive to long-term, sustained efforts like you're obviously used to."

Once again she reached out and caressed the bulge of his pec. Arnold quickly contracted it and made it jump in her hand.

"Hmmm. Nice."

She pressed her hand into the hard, swollen muscle, grinding the palm against his nipple, causing it to harden. When she removed her hand it popped out and hung at the bottom of the round bulge like a cherry ripe to be picked. She leaned forward and stuck her tongue out to it, lightly, teasingly brushing the tip of the nipple. Arnold responded by raising his hands to her breasts and taking them. He encircled them with his huge hands and did his own gauging. Although he had already seen them naked, he enjoyed the experience of guessing their size and texture.

"I love muscles. I used to watch my brother and his friends workout on this stuff. They'd try and outdo each other and I'd sit watching as their muscles grew and bulged. Lots of times they'd get really pumped up and one or two of them would get big erections. Ooo, that feels good. Oh, yeah. Once in a while one of his friends would come over alone and ask if he could use the gear. I'd tell him he could, as long as I could watch. They never objected and I'd sit over to the side and watch as they worked out. Occasionally one of them would ask me to help them with something and I'd spot them or whatever. While they did the exercise I'd run my hands over the muscle they were working on. I loved the feel of the hardness. Ohhhh. Touch me. Can I feel your arms?"

Arnold stopped fondling her breasts and flexed both his biceps for her, his arms extended to either side. Suzanne ran her hands down from his shoulders and over the huge bulges of his upper arms. She grasped and squeezed and kneaded and stroked and caressed. All the time she was getting more and more excited. Her breathing became more rapid and her actions more frantic. She moved into him and pressed her crotch against his. Arnold figured there was no use in pretending. He wanted this woman. Bad. He pressed his crotch back and his cock quickly grew. They thrust against each other and could feel the other's heat through the scanty clothing they had on.

“What's your first favorite thing?”

“Sex while I'm working out.”

“Mine, too. Sex while *you're* working out.”

Arnold moved to a pile of weights and quickly assembled a two hundred-fifty pound barbell. He placed it on a stand, his huge arms exploding as he lifted it. He then moved a bench into position beneath the bar and laid down on it.

Suzanne watched in rapture as the muscles of his body leapt and bulged with each movement. None of her brother's friends had been this developed. In fact she had never been this close to muscles like this. The heat between her legs was getting too much to bear. She quickly unzipped her cut-offs and dropped them to the ground. Her dark brown pubic bush was already matted with her own juices. She pulled the halter top over her head and threw it into a corner. As Arnold laid down on the bench she moved between his legs and pulled his shorts and jock strap off in one movement.

“Oh my God. I thought you said you didn't have ten inches.”

“I didn’t say that. You asked if it was ten inches long. It isn’t. It’s eleven-and-a-half.”

Suzanne dropped to her knees and began sucking the huge cock until it was thick and rigid. All the time she kept saying “Oh my God!” over and over again. Arnold watched and enjoyed her delight. He was looking forward to a little pumping action, especially with this woman’s hot cunt wrapped tightly around his throbbing organ.

When he was achingly erect he pulled her head away from his cock and looked into her eyes. The pupils were dilated with ecstasy. He laid back, grasped the bar and lifted the weight into the air. His triceps and pecs expanded. He held the bar there for a moment, making sure that it was secure and that he had it under control. When he was certain he was set he raised his head to her one more time.

“Fuck me. Hard. Fuck me.”

He lowered the bar to his chest and began a long, slow set of reps which sent a burning through his body. Suzanne watched the first two reps, her eyes riveted on the huge muscles as they went to work. Then she stood up and straddled his pelvis, the gigantic shaft held tightly in her hands. Even on her tip toes the head of his enormous cock still reached her belly button. She bent it back towards her and lifted one foot up onto Arnold’s huge thigh. She was able to just get her cunt lips up high enough to get over the head of his cock and then she slowly lowered herself onto the hot, pulsing, turgid shaft of flesh.

She was very well lubricated and the head slipped easily into her vagina. The thick shaft pressed against the walls of her cunt and immediately began sending thrills of sensation racing through her

body. She lowered herself down onto the length of it and several times had to stop for fear that she was going to pass out.

The combination of all the separate elements, the huge cock, the bulging muscles, the moments of antagonism, the surrender to their passions, the heaving of the huge weight, the sounds of his exertion, each of these piled on top of one another until she lost track of what was doing what to her. Within seconds her cunt was buzzing towards orgasmic release. Wave upon pleasurable wave of unsurpassed sensation rushed up from her center as her entire body was suffused with the warmth of her first climax.

Arnold felt her grab his cock and bend it down to the point of being uncomfortable. He thought it would have been good to put something on either side of the bench for her to stand on, but he had been too horny, too in need of her hot cunt wrapped around his pulsing member to worry about such amenities. He felt the head of his cock press against the lips of her cunt and then it was inside. And then the top of his shaft was inside. And then more was inside and he was pumping the barbell up and down and his pecs and deltoids and triceps were swelling and blood was rushing to them, filling them with the same sensation as when the blood filled his rigid cock. He felt Suzanne slowly consume his cock and the vibrations of her climax. He knew he was also close to cumming, but wanted to wait for her to come around again.

He placed the barbell on the stand again and flexed his now throbbing muscles. Suzanne leaned forward and grabbed.

“Oh, yeah. Squeeze my pecs. Squeeze ‘em hard. Oh. Oh. Oh, yeah. Ooo, you feel so good on my cock. So hot. So tight. So good. Fuck my cock. Fuck me hard. Fuck me. Yeah. I’m gonna pump now. I want you to cum with me. Okay?”

“Hunh. Hunh. Hunh. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Cum. Cum. Oh, you’re so big. So big. Oh, cum. God. Big. Flex. Big. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh...!”

Arnold let her slide up and down his cock for a few more times and then took the barbell again. He sensed she was nearing another orgasm and wanted to time his own release to hers. Her motions became more frantic and her cunt began clasp his cock with increased need as she bore down on the massive prick. Juice poured out of her cunt and the air was permeated with the smell of her sex. Arnold went for the final reps, each cycle of the benchpress pushing his muscles to the limits of their endurance. Both of their bodies were covered with sweat and Suzanne’s beautiful breasts bounced up and down with each movement of her body.

Arnold pushed through one final rep and barely got the barbell back up on the stand before his balls released their load of cum and sent it flying up his shaft. Suzanne felt the approaching climax and the thought of it was enough to send her rapidly over the top, herself. Her hand dove for her clit and she rammed her finger up against the hard, protruding nub of sensitive flesh. She immediately began gushing loads of climax juice as the sensations of her cunt and clit overcame her and sent her whirling away, her insides filled to capacity by this huge, beautiful man. She fell forward and grabbed onto his magnificent pecs as she continued to ram her cunt down on the hard, thick shaft. Her hungry mouth sought out his and their lips meshed in a deep, soul-sucking kiss.

Arnold’s hips thrust against her as he forced the last of his orgasm up his shaft. He wasn’t sure just how long he had been doing this, but it seemed to go on forever. The combination of the sensation of her cunt wrapped around his steel hard cock and the

effects of the workout had stretched his senses to the limits. He was sure he was completely drained. He wrapped his huge arms around her and kneaded and caressed her back as they continued to kiss.

Suddenly Suzanne sat up, the look on her face detailing the substance of her thoughts. She wanted more. Arnold had no more to give at the moment. She ground her cunt down onto the base of his cock which was still imbedded deep within her. She began making circular motions against his groin and grabbed her breasts and started twisting and worrying the nipples which were already painfully hard and erect.

“Fuck me again,” she pleaded. “Fuck me. I want to feel your big cock. I love your big cock and your big muscles. Look at these pecs. These biceps. They’re so big and hard. Your cock is so big and hard. Fuck me. Please.”

“I don’t think there’s anything left. I’ve already cum five or six times today. Plus I had a busy night last night.”

“You’re still hard. Please. I want you on top of me. I want you to fuck me.”

She began moving up and down his shaft and Arnold was surprised and a bit worried to find that he was, indeed, maintaining his erection. He reached up and fondled her breasts along with her, his hands mingling with hers, entwining, enfolding, enveloping her delicate fingers with his huge hands. The look on her face begged for fucking. Her hot cunt grasped and sucked at his marvelous member.

“Let’s go up stairs. If I’m still hard by the time we get there, I’ll see what I can do.”

Suzanne drove her cunt down on to his cock to her full depth.

“Let’s go,” she said.

“You’ll have to get off me, first.”

“Not a chance, buster. I’m not giving you the slightest opportunity to loose your hard-on. I’m going along for the ride. Come on, muscle man. Carry me upstairs on your cock.”

Arnold flexed his groin muscles and his cock expanded inside her, causing her to moan and press even harder with her cunt. He sat up on the bench, wrapped his arms around her back and stood. He then walked over to the corner where she had thrown their clothing and bent down to pick up the discarded articles. All the time, Suzanne rode his huge cock. Different movements he made put pressure on various points of her vagina, sending waves of pleasure coursing through her body.

Arnold dropped the clothing down between them and walked out the door, into the hallway and up the two flights of stairs to the second floor. All the time he walked he held her with his hands supporting her ass. He would occasionally slip his finger into her cunt along his cock and she would throw her head back and cry out in ecstasy. She held on to his powerful biceps and was transported to a state of bliss by the feel of those massive muscles as they flexed and bulged as they carried her weight.

“Once, a few years ago, two of my brother’s friends came over to use the equipment. They had been over several times with him, but this was the first time they had come alone. I answered the door and let them go downstairs. After about a half hour I snuck down to watch them. They had obviously been working out very hard, because their bodies were covered with sweat. They were taking a break between reps and one of them was posing in front of the big

mirror we had along one wall. He was really pumped up and his biceps looked like they were going to split the skin of his arms.

“The other boy got up and stood beside him and flexed his biceps as well, showing that his was the larger. The other turned to look at him and saw me in the reflection, standing outside the room. He turned to me and I saw he had an erection. It wasn’t nearly as big as yours, but it looked painful the way it was pressing against his gym shorts. I bet you have that problem a lot, don’t you?”

Arnold just nodded. He was fascinated with the thought of this beautiful woman riding his cock and telling him a story as though they were out for a walk in the park.

“He looked right at me and flexed his biceps and asked me whose I thought was better. I said I didn’t know. He told me to come in for a closer look. I went into the room and stood between them. Then I could see that they both had hard-ons. I reached up and rubbed my hands over both their arms at the same time and then down to their hard cocks. I told them they were both very nice, but that I just couldn’t decide. I asked them why they had erections and one of them said that they were getting excited by the way they both looked and felt. They asked me if I was getting excited, too.”

By this time Arnold had reached the top of the stairs and was heading down the upstairs hall. He stopped Suzanne in her story to ask which bedroom to go to.

“The one you put the stuff in. I told them I really liked the way their bodies looked and one of them asked me if I wanted to see more of their bodies. I said sure. They both looked at each other and then pulled down their gym shorts and jockstraps. Their big cocks stuck straight out and they were both very hard and dark purple. I said they looked beautiful and they began posing for me.”

Arnold walked to the four poster and sat down on the edge of the bed, Suzanne now on his lap and still enclosing his persistent hard-on. Her constant touching and fondling, along with her story, was helping to sustain his state of arousal.

“Then one of them grabbed on to the other one’s cock and began to jerk him off. They both seemed to be doing something they did a lot. I was getting very horny watching them and so I went to the first guy and started sucking his cock. Before I knew it I was sandwiched between these two muscular bodies with a cock in my vagina and one up my ass. They kept their muscles flexed as they rammed against me and I think I came about three times. Fuck me.”

She stood up and pulled herself off his cock. It was still very hard and it pulsed and waved before her. She stared at it for a moment like a cobra entranced with the snake charmer’s flute, weaving back and forth until Arnold was afraid she might lose her balance. He grabbed her by the shoulders and guided her down onto the bed. She placed her feet on the edge of the mattress and arched her back until her crotch was at the same level as the end of his cock.

“Fuck me.”

Arnold moved between her legs and pointed his thick cock at her cunt. “Fuck me. Fuck me now. Please.”

Arnold moved forward and drove his steel-hard shaft into the parted lips of her vagina. She screamed in ecstasy and pulled him to her with her legs as he moved in. He leaned over her and she wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling herself up to him and kissing him ferociously. Arnold crawled up on the bed and turned so her head was hanging above the pillows. He slowly lowered

himself, push-up style, onto the bed until his body was pressed tightly upon hers.

Suzanne's crotch wriggled and thrust onto his mammoth cock as she attempted to make the contact between her body and his as complete as possible. Her hands were all over his back, exploring the wonderful details of his muscular development. They searched out the various mountains and valleys that appeared and disappeared with his every movement, delighting in the strength of each muscle. As Arnold again lifted himself above her, she allowed her grasp of him to slip away so that she remained on the bed with his huge body suspended above her. His triceps and pecs swelled with the effort and she ran her fingers across them, digging her nails in, sending shots of sensation searing through his body.

It suddenly occurred to Arnold this was the first time he had actually had sex with a woman, alone, in a bed. He knew this was the way that most people did this, but he had been involved with so many different adventures over the past several weeks, that the opportunity to have sex in this wonderfully normal way had never presented itself to him. He looked down at the beautiful woman beneath him. Her face was radiant with sexual arousal. Her breasts were firm and high on her chest, the nipples hard. He lowered himself and took one of the buds of flesh in his mouth and gently nibbled it. This threw Suzanne into a sexual frenzy. Her hips began to heave violently as she became a maelstrom of sexual activity. Arnold matched her fury and the bed creaked and heaved. The harder he thrust, the harder she did. Her hands were everywhere, kneading, seeking, holding, squeezing, digging, hitting, clutching.

“Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me. Harder. Harder. Oh, big cock. Big

fucking cock. Oh. Oh yeah. That's it. Ooo, don't stop. Don't stop. Oh, my God. My God. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, ah, ah, ah, ai, ai, aiee, aaaiiieeeee, hunh, hunh, hunh. I'm cumming. Oh, God, I'm cumming."

The two lover's bodies thrashed and bucked across the bed. At one point Suzanne pushed herself over and rode his cock from above for a few thrusts and then rolled back over so that Arnold was again on top. But the intensity never diminished. Sweat coated both their bodies. Her breasts bounced up and down, the nipples jutting out at their tips. Arnold's pecs bounced and jiggled with each forward thrust and Suzanne reached up to cup them, grab them, dig her fingers into them to experience the feeling of their size and strength.

Arnold had thought he would simply enjoy the act of making love this way and bring her to an orgasm, but he soon felt his balls begin to churn and bloat as they prepared for an orgasm of their own. He knew he would have to put all his effort into this one and he soon lost himself in the furious, flurried nature of their union. His head was thrown back, his face strained to a grimace. His hips pounded away at the cunt which hungrily absorbed his every assault.

They were both reduced to loud, animalistic grunts as each forward motion was met by an equally forward motion from the other. The grunts became cries and the cries became screams growing in pitch and volume until the room shook as their voices bounced from wall to wall.

Finally Arnold could hold on no longer.

"I'm cumming. Oh, shit. I'm cumming. Cumming!"

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Cum. Cum!"

Her vagina contracted with orgasmic tension, squeezing his cock even harder. Hot, molten semen burst from the head of his cock and mingled with the torrent of juices which flowed from her cunt. They pounded their bodies together again and again as the fury of their sex continued unabated. Suzanne's hands flew up around Arnold's back and her fingers raked its broad surface. The additional stimulation shoved Arnold even further into sexual abandon and he dropped down on top of her, grabbed her shoulders and jammed his huge cock as deep as it would go into her. Suzanne screamed once again and pulled him hard against her, her legs flying around his waist, spread as wide as possible to allow him ultimate penetration. Her head tossed back and forth on the pillow as the intensity of this orgasm caused her to weep uncontrollably. Her hips continued to thrust against him and the waves of climax rumbled through her body without apparent relief.

Arnold thrust his cock into her one final time and collapsed in exhaustion. The moment he stopped moving, Suzanne passed out. Their hot, sweaty chests heaved as they attempted to take in as much oxygen as possible. Suzanne's hard nipples pressed against his pecs and he reached between them with one hand and grasped the firm mound and stroked and clasped it.

After several moments, Suzanne's eyes flickered open and slowly focused on the face above her. She reached up and stroked his chin, his lips; she ran her fingers through his hair, across his forehead. His lips slowly pulled back into a weary smile and she melted at its beauty. Everything about him was overwhelming. She contracted her abdominals to feel the size of him within her. No, it wasn't a dream. He raised himself up to full push-up position and let his now limp member slowly slip from inside her. As the head

dropped free of her she emitted a little cry. So filled, now so empty. He rolled off the bed and grabbed his clothing. Before putting them on, though, he turned once again towards her and ran his gaze along the length of her naked body.

Her arms were crossed over her head on the pillow on which she lay. Her breasts rested high on her chest, the nipples still very hard and erect. Her abdomen rose and fell with the steady rhythm of her breathing and the dark brown pubic bush which he had so recently penetrated was matted against her with the sweat of both their bodies. Her legs were still making little claspings motions as she continued to stimulate her clitoris and the outer vaginal lips. She saw the direction of his gaze and moved her hand to her vaginal lips, spreading them with one hand and searching out her clitoris with the other.

Again she began masturbating before him. But where the first time, on the diving board, had been an act of defiance, this was done for him. She locked her eyes on his huge, rope-like cock which hung heavily between his legs and proceeded to whip herself into a final orgasmic frenzy. Her face contorted with the effort, her breasts heaved as her lungs filled with air. Her legs fell apart, exposing her full sex to him. After a few moments of this Arnold could not control himself. Truly incapable of getting another erection, he still felt the need to participate in this. He knelt at the edge of the bed and moved his face to within inches of her crotch. He took her hands and pulled them away from her and then moved in with tongue extended.

“What are you doing?”

“I want to lick you. I want to make you cum.”

“What do you mean?”

“Haven’t you ever had someone lick you here?”

“No. You mean with your...Oh my God. Oh, shit. Oh yeah. What’re you...you...yessssssss!”

His tongue touched her at the bottom of her vagina and slowly licked the hot, blood-filled lips up to the top. He extended his tongue and inserted it into her opening and rapidly extended and contracted it. Then he used both hands to spread the folds of skin and he sought out her clitoris. The instant he made contact, she screamed and grabbed his hair, clamping her legs against the sides of his head and then throwing them wide open as he pushed his tongue deeper. He quickly lapped and licked and the nub slowly extended from its hooded refuge as it sought the satisfying stimulation of his rapidly moving tongue.

Her scent filled his nostrils and the strong aroma made him light-headed. The fact that she had obviously never had anyone perform cunnilingus on her made him even more determined and within seconds she was moaning and thrashing her head back and forth.

“This...this...yes...ooooh...lick...lick...yes!”

His tongue attacked and caressed and licked and prodded her clitoris until her hips began to thrust and heave off the bed. He couldn’t believe that someone who had apparently had so much experience with sex had never had this done to her. It pleased him, greatly, to be able to offer her this treat. After all, he was sure she would have found it equally unbelievable that, until this very afternoon, he had never had sex with a woman in a bed.

Her hands traveled to her breasts and began to stimulate them. She moaned and mewled and cried out when he did some completely unremarkable thing which he would attempt to duplicate

without ever attaining the same results. He finally pulled back until only the very tip of his tongue was rapidly brushing the tip of her clit. She arched her back and pushed against his face, forcing her genitals into hard contact with his face and tongue. Her fluid gates opened up once again and floods of cum juice filled the area of her vaginal lips. He licked and drank everywhere which drove her into a higher state of excitement. He refocused his efforts on her clit and she cried out again and again as contraction after contraction was triggered with each swipe of his tongue across her highly stimulated clitoris.

Finally she collapsed on the bed and begged him to stop. She had been, it seemed, finally sated.

“Thank you.”

“My pleasure. I can’t believe you’ve never had that done to you before.”

“Me, too. I guess you just have to know the right kind of people. Is sex always so intense with you?”

“Pretty much. I figure if it’s worth doing, it’s worth doing right.”

“Good attitude.”

“I think that’s going to become my favorite saying.”

Suzanne stared into his deep blue eyes for a few moments and then sighed heavily. Nothing her girlfriend told her had prepared her for this intense experience. She had never been so filled and fulfilled. What a cock. What a body. What a lover.

“Is it all right if I clean up before we head for the train?”

“Sure. There’s a bathroom down the hall. Towels are in the closet next to it.”

“I think I’d better do this by myself, if you know what I mean.”

“Okay. I’ve got a shower in my room. I’ll see you when you get out.”

Arnold pulled on his shorts. His cock hung well clear of the bottom. He considered his jockstrap but figured it was only a few steps to the bathroom. He walked to the door and opened it.

Standing just outside the door in the hallway was a distinguished, attractive woman in her early fifties whom Arnold assumed, correctly, to be Mrs. Patterson. She had just been walking down the hall after arriving home and had heard voices coming from the spare bedroom. She had stopped to listen and was just about to open the door when it opened for her. The incredibly well-built, well-hung, attractive male that greeted her eyes stunned her.

Arnold was caught too much by surprise to react and, finding nothing else to say, introduced himself.

“Hi. You must be Mrs. Patterson. I’m Arnold.”

“Hello, Arnold. Your cock is hanging out of your shorts.”

“Yes. Thank you. I was on my way to the shower and figured I was just going to have to take it off again...”

“I assume you’re with my daughter.”

“Yes. Suzanne is here.”

“Why don’t you go take your shower.”

“Thank you. See you in a bit.”

He turned back to Suzanne who was sitting on the edge of the bed. She was trying very hard not to laugh, but when he shrugged his wide shoulders and ambled out into the hallway, cock swinging, she couldn’t help herself. She burst with uninhibited glee.

Arnold went headed for the bathroom with Mrs. Patterson following him intently with her eyes.

“He seems like a very nice boy. Did you two have fun?”

CHAPTER 31: PETER

He wished that something interesting would happen so that he could get his mind off...well, everything his mind was on. Unfortunately, it would take a major catastrophe like the gym burning down to distract him. He had a lot to think about and wasn't too sure he wanted to deal with much of it.

Any of it, actually.

The first thing he didn't want to have to deal with was his unquenchable erection. And all that it represented. Until this afternoon it had just been a fact of life, a really shitty life, and he would spend as little time as possible in thinking about why he couldn't get rid of it like most every other male could. But now, with Patty coming on to him, and thoughts of Arnold driving him crazy, he had found it necessary to spend the rest of the day walking around with an extremely long and stretched out T-shirt hanging down over his crotch.

He tried to stay uninvolved with the clientele, but it seemed as though everyone had a question, a favor to ask, a problem with some piece of gear. And every time he went out on the floor there were all these huge, muscular bodies heaving huge, clanking weights, bulging and sweating and smelling so goddamn wonderful that his mind kept filling with visions of him and Arnold. Him and Patty. Him and Arnold and Patty and anyone else who happened to be in sight at the moment.

His cock continued to leak. It was like an orgasm drawn out to an incomprehensible length. Slow, plodding, unrelenting, and very unsatisfactory.

After a while he could stand it no longer. He excused himself to the same bathroom Patty had utilized for her fantasy of himself. He thought that the surroundings and memories of her description of his part in it might help him. He also knew, even before closing the door, just how useless this would be. He sat quickly on the closed toilet seat as a wave of nausea overcame him. This happened every time he contemplated trying to make himself cum. Little flashes of his past tried to flicker across his consciousness, memories, voices, pain, anguish, punishment. He knew, deep within him, that all these things he carried were unnecessary, harmful. He would have to face them first, but this he could not bring himself to do.

And so he could not cum. Because someone he could not, would not, remember who, kept telling him he wasn't supposed to.

"No."

"Bad."

"Wrong."

"Only when I say you can." That was an interesting one.

"I'll beat you to within an inch of your life if I catch you doing that again,"

Why?

He had no idea. Or he had plenty of ideas, but to investigate them meant delving into a past that was too painful to even begin to remember.

And so he could not cum. Not properly, anyway.

If he was going to have even a chance of getting together with Arnold, even a chance of experiencing the heat and power of this massive, mysterious man, he was going to have to get to the bottom of this.

He fought down the sickening feeling in his stomach, pulled the oversize T-shirt up over his head and tossed it in the corner. After taking a couple of deep breaths he stood, unsteadily, to untie his sweat pants and take them off. He glanced up and saw his reflection in the mirror which hung over the sink. It caught him by surprise. He knew the mirror was there, he knew he would see himself in it, but, for some unexplained reason, what he saw astounded him.

The image that reflected itself back towards him was that of a young man, late teens, slightly curly brown hair, deep brown, hard-set eyes, fine chiseled facial features, thick neck, broad chest and shoulders capped with nice mounds of muscle, heavily muscled and well-defined upper arms, forearms which were just beginning to display a fine array of veins, a flat, rigid abdomen and, now, with the T-shirt off, just peeking up over the waistband of his sweat pants, the fine, deep red head of a healthy serving of cock meat.

It had all been there before. Just this morning he was sure he had looked in the mirror in his bathroom and seen this very same sight, minus his cock peeking over the waistband. But, no. Not this very same sight. For suddenly, and he knew the reason why, he was seeing himself completely differently.

Arnold.

His cock ached.

His head spun.

But this time it wasn't ghosts from the past demanding his compliance to some unremembered rule. This time it was an energy. A force. He had felt it as he took Arnold around the gym, pumping for him, answering questions for him, longing for him, dying for him. And Arnold had been interested in him. Really interested. He had listened to every single word Peter had said, had processed it,

stored it, thought about it. What Peter had done, had shown him, had told him; it had all been extremely important to Arnold. No one at anytime in Peter's memory had ever taken him so seriously, had valued his knowledge, his abilities, his existence so completely.

And Patty.

Peter had no idea where all that stuff with Patty had come from. He knew she was hot. She was always horny, always dragging some muscle-bound stud into the office for a quick thrash in the middle of the afternoon. But she also knew Peter's own sexual preferences. And suddenly she was fantasizing about him and coming on to him like there weren't a hundred other guys within quick walking distance who wouldn't love to get their hands on her incredible body. And there she was trying to get Peter of all people to have sex with her.

Go figure.

He did try to figure. And he ended up with the same answer: Arnold. It was like that extraordinary man was going around lighting all these little brush fires of desire and self-realization, letting them smolder and then, later, when you weren't expecting it: poof! You look in the mirror and you suddenly seem different. Everything seems different. You're different. The people around you are different. Your past, your present, your future all take on this unbelievable aura of...of...differentness.

And then there was Arnold, himself. Peter had spent an awful lot of time hanging around the gyms of this town. He had seen an awful lot of fully, partially and not-at-all clothed men. He knew that, even when he was still trying to convince himself that he was straight, he had done a lot of staring, drinking in the sight of huge muscles, gorgeous faces, long, dangling cocks. In the days since his

sexual realignment, he had gone out of his way to experience the vicarious thrill that all those bulges and smells and sights gave him. But not once, in all the gyms, with all the men in shower rooms, dressing rooms, on the machines, the beach, in the restaurants, stores and sidewalks of this town filled with so many people whose sole aim in life was to make their bodies as amazing and sexually charged as possible, had he ever felt the way he felt, physically and emotionally, about Arnold.

Immediately.

Spontaneously.

Severely.

Irrepressibly.

Arnold.

Peter's cock began to really ache as he thought about the beauty of that man who had walked into his life a few hours ago and seemingly changed him forever. And all the guy had done was listen to him.

There was, of course, the thought of what lay just beneath the soft cotton fabric of his trousers; the huge bulge pushing subtly, persistently, powerfully against his zipper.

Eleven-and-a-half inches.

Peter tried to imagine just what that looked like, what it felt like. How heavy was that? How thick? What would it feel like to have eleven-and-a-half inches of erection hanging off the front of his body.

He thought of how his own cock felt right now, aching for a release he was sure he would not be able to achieve. Imagine that agony, that pain, with eleven-and-a-half inches.

Shit!

He pulled his sweat pants down to the floor and stepped out of them. He then disposed of the now-useless jock strap. His cock was throbbing. He thought of it being as big as Arnold's. How good it would hurt being that big. He grabbed the shaft and was amazed to find that he didn't experience the sudden waves of dizziness and nausea that usually accompanied any contact with his cock. He placed his other hand on the shaft above the first and tightened his grip slowly until he was exerting so much effort that his muscles bulged and his cock began to buzz with an unaccustomed sensation that felt suspiciously like the beginnings of true sexual arousal, not just pent-up, unreleasable sexual agony.

Looking in the mirror again, he saw himself anew. This time his muscles were bulging, veins and arteries displayed across his chest, down his arms. His pecs swelled out with increased definition, the wonderful cleft along his sternum, between the muscles, deep and defined. He tensed his body even more and was proud to see that he had not already reached the limits of his muscular display. Bigger and bigger, harder and more defined. He dared to begin running his hands up and down the length of his cock. Small voices began to echo in the back of his mind. He tried to shut them off. They got louder, more insistent. The nausea began, he got dizzy. He tensed his muscles even harder. His whole body began to shake with fatigue but the voices diminished.

The speed of his hands increased. He let off on the pressure just a bit so that the long, hard shaft could slip through his fingers more easily. He knew he would not be able to keep this up very long without some sort of lubrication. He flung open the mirror which covered a small medicine cabinet and there, like the holy grail itself,

was a squeeze bottle of skin lotion. He picked it up. It was even full. He had difficulty getting the cap open and then realized it was a flip top, not a screw-off cap.

He squeezed the bottle way too hard and ended up with an overflowing palm of slippery yellow liquid. He wiped most of it off on the inside lip of the sink and then slathered the rest on the length of his aching cock.

He swooned. Not from nausea. Not from some deep-seated fear of disobedience, but from pure, unadulterated sexual ecstasy. He collapsed back onto the toilet and began to pump his hand lightly but furiously up and down his cock. Within a matter of just seconds he could feel a tightness begin to form in his balls and he knew that, after all these years, all the agony, all the shame, all the hatred and loathing and fear, he was about to cum. Really cum. Not just drip, dribble, drool, leak. But cum.

“No.”

“Bad.”

“Wrong.”

“Only when I say you can.”

“I’ll beat you to within an inch of...”

His hand flew off his cock like it had suddenly become white-hot. His mind burned in retribution as fears of the unknown hell which awaited him for his transgression flooded his mind.

He was not going to let this happen. With all his might, all his will-power, he grabbed his cock again. Searing pain wracked his body. He knew it wasn’t really there. He knew it was only in his mind. This did little to lessen its impact. The voices started again. This time louder, more grotesque. He clamped his hands to his ears,

trying to stifle the infernal cacophony. He knew it all came from within his mind, but he lacked any other solution. The hot poker of a migraine stabbed his head just behind his eyes. The severity of it threw him to the floor where he writhed in agony. He tried to find some place in his mind where he could run to get away from the excruciating punishment. Why? How? What had he done to deserve such treatment? Who was telling him this? Who was doing this to him? What was so wrong with this most basic of pleasures? He wasn't hurting anyone. He didn't want to hurt anyone. The only one hurting was himself. Himself. Hurting himself. They couldn't hurt him so they made him hurt himself. They. Who? Images of two strange adults came to his mind. He saw them through eyes much smaller, younger, and more tender than now. Who were these people? Mom? Dad? These were not the faces of his parents. But he knew them as Mom and Dad; was certain of it.

He had no time to figure out the meaning of all this. The fact that he had imaged faces to match this unbearable torture had done its job. The sharp pain behind his eyes lessened enough that he could sit up on the floor, grasp the toilet and lift himself up onto it. His vision was fuzzy, his extremities numb. His raging hard-on cried out for attention but he dared not touch it for fear of triggering another attack.

His mind skirted the issue of the unknown faces; the source, he now knew, of his problem. The fact was that he knew who these people were. But the memory of them was too painful to touch. He suddenly felt very small, very alone. He wanted to cry, to curl up against someone and let a decade of grief and suffering and internal torture come pouring out. And here he sat, alone in a bathroom with the clanking of iron and the smell of sweat and the taste of his own

salty tears and the piercing, throbbing pain in his head and an agonizingly stiff erection that seemed to be completely unaffected by what the rest of his body was going through.

Alone. No comfort. No confidence. No love.

And then a voice. Another voice. Deep, resonating, soothing, reassuring, positive. It echoed from his recent past. He knew who it was. It caressed his deflated ego, it kissed his hopeless libido, it ran through him, raising him, making him see himself as he had, just moments before in the mirror. Changed, ready to meet the challenge of a new life, if only he would shed the old.

“You should be quite proud to have Peter on your staff, Patty. He knows more about what’s going on around here than people I’ve talked to at other gyms who are twice his age.”

Arnold’s beautiful face hovered in front of Peter’s field of vision. A small ray of hope, a strong arm to lean on. He heard it and knew Arnold was talking about him.

“You should be quite proud...”

The words echoed in his mind and he felt the pain and nausea recede. He gathered his thoughts, shook his head to clear the last remnants of his vicious attack. He focused on the concept of pride in himself. As the notion of that became clearer in his mind, the pain and agony dissipated until he could once again deal with his present surroundings.

He looked around. There was blood on the tiled floor. He checked himself in the mirror and saw that he had bitten his lip. Blood trickled out of the corner of his mouth, down his chin and was splattering onto his left pec. He started to reach for a paper towel to wipe it off but stopped. There was something about the blood, about the blood right there on his chest. It looked like a gash,

a huge gaping hole as though someone had plunged a knife into him and pulled it out to allow him to bleed. More strange images formed in his head but they came so fast and furious he was not able to sort them out. Someone was going to have a lot of talking to do when he next met up with the people he had thought, until just a few moments ago, were his parents. He was now sure they were not.

He got a towel out of the dispenser and wetted it in the sink. As he sponged the water onto his pec it ran down over the clotted blood, turning red, and ran off the front of his pec, the last drops clinging to the edge of his muscle before dripping into the sink. He squeezed the towel and more water ran down and off. He had always been turned on by that shelf of flesh on the huge men he had drooled over in the shower room, the water running down over their pumped up pecs, small droplets clinging to their hard nipples, the water running along the belly of the muscle and finally dripping to the floor after trying so very hard to cling to those magnificent mounds of strength. And now, here was the water doing the very same thing to his own pecs.

More water. He flexed his pecs and wrung the wet towel out at his neck. He watched in the mirror as the path of each droplet defined the smooth, broad curvature of his chest.

“You must be quite proud...”

He was. He was nineteen going on twenty, a seemingly important milestone in his own mind, and had a body that many men who had been at it a lot longer than him envied. He was very good looking, in a boyish way. And he had a hard, throbbing cock which he knew men and women alike drooled over when he put on the tight fitting jeans he sometimes wore or that really skimpy bathing thong he’d been given at the beginning of the year by the only other

woman who had wanted him until just that morning and his bizarre encounter with Patty.

He finished mopping up the blood, wiped himself off with a dry towel, checked the damage to his lip (minimal) and then returned his attention to his still rigid cock. It had felt so very good when he had run his lotioned hands along the length of it. He had seen men jerk-off before. He knew what he was supposed to do. He even had memories of attempting it in the past himself, although those were fraught with terrible images which, obviously, haunted him even today.

His balls were aching a lot more than they normally did, and they always did, normally. He cupped his hand and cradled the tender organs in his palm. They felt soft and warm. He watched as the skin of his scrotum reacted to the temperature of his hand and began to relax and contract in different places. Slowly he rolled his balls back and forth with his fingers. He remembered the last time someone had done this to him. The only person he had ever let touch him there. She had loved him so much, he knew that now. She had tried so hard to make it right for him, to take away the pain. Perhaps she had known that he was gay and was only trying to help him find a way to get around his torturous problem. In the end it had hurt and saddened them both.

And when he had finally discovered the truth about his own sexuality, he had felt so betrayed by this woman...Samantha...so angry that she had somehow deceived him, that he completely shut her out of his life. If he had only realized what it was she was trying to do. He knew he should find her again and let her know how he felt. How grateful he was that she had tried. How sorry he was that he had not realized what it had meant to her as well. He knew where

she worked, or at least had until they stopped seeing each other. He'd go find her again.

But now he had a different objective. He let the feeling of assurance and pride that had filled him a few moments ago re-form and rebuild until his head was again buzzing with that positive feeling. He took the bottle of lotion, walked to the toilet, lifted the seat and sat down. If he had his way there was going to be a lot of cum to get rid of. He wasn't sure what he was going to do with it; wasn't even sure how much there would be, but he wanted to be ready, just in case.

He carefully squeezed a moderate amount of the lubricant into his right hand and set the bottle down on the floor beside him. He then paused for a few seconds, took a couple of deep breaths as though he were about to go into some heavy reps, formed an image in his mind of what he wanted to accomplish, just as he had learned to do at the beginning of each day's workout, and chuckled a bit as visions of holes being blown through the roof of the building came to mind. He tempered himself with a touch of reality and concentrated on just being able to achieve orgasm.

His hand slowly enfolded his aching penis. The lotion was cold for a moment but the heat of his cock soon warmed it up. He spread it over the length of the shaft and up to the thick, rubbery head. Every millimeter of movement produced wild sparks of sensation that flashed throughout his tense, muscular body. He felt electrified. His head fell back, his mouth open, his eyes shut, as he enjoyed, unencumbered for the first time in his present memory, the delicious experience of masturbation. He tried to focus on some sexual icon that would guide him to his long-awaited orgasm. Images of all kinds of physiques and events and various swollen body parts

flashed behind his lightly closed eyelids. So many to chose from. He needed to focus. Then he thought of Arnold and his eleven-and-a-half inch cock hanging heavily between his naked thighs, small drops of pre-cum dripping from it, not with the agonizing frustration of never being able to cum, but with the sexual power of always being ready to. He imagined taking that huge penis in his hands.

Holding it. Hefting it. Stroking it as it becomes hard and firm. The huge balls that hang suspended in his huge scrotum call out to be sucked. He lifts the cock out of the way and sticks his tongue out to touch the wrinkled sac of skin. The smell is the essence of man scent: Hot, steamy, sweaty, musky, deep and heady. He opens his mouth and lifts one of the huge eggs with his tongue, pulling it to him, taking it into his mouth. He hears Arnold groan as he gently rolls the bloated testicle around inside him. He releases it and takes the other one in. Again Arnold moans. He lets go of the cock and lets it lay across the top of his head. He can feel the length of the shaft run down to the nape of his neck. So long. He now fondles the other ball with his hands while sucking and licking the one in his mouth. He runs his tongue up the back of the scrotum and Arnold grabs the sides of his head as he becomes desperately aroused. The huge cock stiffens. He pulls Peter's head away and aims the head of his cock at his mouth. His lips part, his tongue licks them to make sure they're lubricated and then takes the head in. Low rumblings are felt through Arnold's body as well as through the air. More. He wants more. Peter sucks deeply on the huge cock, taking him deeper and deeper into his mouth. The head of Arnold's cock presses against the back of Peter's mouth and he opens his throat to take in even more of the amazing length. Arnold is now breathing hard, his groans and moans coming in time with Peter's movements. After

several minutes Arnold pulls Peter off his cock and lifts him to his feet. He looks down at Peter's own raging hard-on and then turns his back to the boy, offering him his tight, muscular ass. Peter's cock leaps with desire and he grabs the shaft of it and aims it at Arnold's now exposed asshole. He presses the fat head of it against the man but hesitates a second. Arnold can stand it no longer and pushes himself back against the boy's rigid cock. Instantly Peter's member is deep inside the huge man. There is no more hesitancy. There is only urgency. Peter grabs the sides of Arnold's ass and begins to pump his aching cock furiously into the hot, tight asshole. Within seconds he can feel the cum begin to churn in his balls. His scrotum swings forward with each thrust and meets the huge sac that hangs between Arnold's legs. Arnold is furiously working his own cock, trying to reach his orgasm at the same time Peter does. The two men begin to grunt and heave in unison and their powerful thrusts drive each other on to higher and higher states of arousal. Suddenly something clicks in Peter's head. A switch is thrown and the flood gates open. He feels a huge rush come shooting up his cock as he rams it harder and harder against the beautiful mounds of muscle that are Arnold's ass.

Peter opened his eyes just in time to witness his first orgasm. A small thought whisked through his mind that he should aim this somewhere.

Fuck it.

His cock was considerably larger than he had ever remembered seeing it. It's dark red color made it look even more impressive. He watched the slit in the head as his hands furiously worked the shaft. Up the charge came and suddenly the head of his cock was exploding with thick, white globs of gooey substance that flew

everywhere. He tried to aim somewhere, but his whole body was out of control. A load of cum landed on his chest, several flew off to he knew not where. He tried to get his left hand over the head to keep the stuff from flying off but he couldn't convince it to stop pumping his cock long enough to do it.

He wasn't sure how long this was supposed to go on, but it did seem to be taking a very long time. And still the cum came pouring out of him. But then, time didn't seem to have much of a meaning at the moment. And, on top of everything else, he seemed to be shouting at the top of his lungs. He tried to clamp down on his mouth but only succeeded in re-injuring the lip he had bit earlier.

Fuck it.

Nothing was going to keep him from enjoying this. He continued to pump his cock and the volleys of cum dwindled to a drool.

He kept pumping his cock, thinking that it would get soft any moment now.

He kept pumping his cock and thought that it still felt awfully good to do it.

He kept pumping his cock and felt his balls begin to ache with that old familiar pressure.

He kept pumping his cock and within a minute and a half of real time (several delicious eons in perceived temporal displacement) another only slightly less enthusiastic onslaught of the essence of life came rocketing up his still aching prick.

He was able to control this salvo a bit more and even had the coordination to get a shot of the stuff straight into his mouth. He clamped his lips tight and held the squirmy, slithery wad loosely on

his tongue. He slowly played it back and forth against his gums, savoring the fresh, salty taste. He knew he would like it. He had always dreamed of having some in his mouth. Now he had to swallow it, however. He waited until he had completed this second orgasm and then concentrated on getting it to the back of his throat and then down. He tilted his head back and the stuff slid along the length of his tongue. It was just about to fall off the edge and down the hatch when his throat gagged, clamped shut and tried its best to keep what was happening from happening. He leaned forward, spread his legs and let his mouthful drip into the toilet. Great. Some cock sucker he was going to be. Obviously an acquired taste.

In the meantime, his hand had slowed and was milking the still stiff cock, attempting to get every last drop up the shaft. His head was whirling, his whole body was vibrating madly. His cock still ached deliciously, but now it was from something that felt like exhaustion and satisfaction, not frustration. He leaned back against the tank, the cold of the lid pressing against his back. Looking around the room, he saw that his range had been much greater than he had, except for the brief fantasy of holes in the ceiling, thought was possible. He would have to clean it all up. Later. At this point in time he just wanted to savor his moment of victory.

Victory over the past. Victory over ghosts, both real and imagined. Victory over inhibitions and lies and pain. He looked again at the cum splattered surfaces of the room. Trophies in his conquest, like animal heads mounted on the walls of some safari hunter's library.

He returned his attention to his cock. Softening. Beginning to hang loosely over the top of his clasping fist. He let go and it drooped down until it lay on the rim of the seat between his legs. He

felt very well-hung at the moment. He felt powerful, alive. He also heard the distant murmurings of the voices in his head and knew he had a long way to go before they left him entirely alone. But he had cum. And cum again. Twice as many times as he ever remembered cumming before. He stood up and faced the mirror. And laughed.

That's where that one shot went. He'd have to find some way to comb it out before he went back out on the floor to work, to kid around, to laugh, to participate in the life out there. Never again would he feel the degradation inside himself as he faced all those potent, vibrant, powerful men and women who, unlike himself until today, had known the joy and completion of sexual release. He had waited so long. He felt he had a lot of catching up to do.

And the first thing he wanted to catch up to was the eleven-and-a-half inch cock that hung deliciously between the legs of one of the most beautiful human beings he had ever laid his eyes or mind on.

Tomorrow, Arnold would come in to start his first workout at the gym.

Peter would be ready and waiting for him.

CHAPTER 32: FLASHBACK

Arnold quickly showered and then opened the medicine cabinet in search of some toiletry articles he might use. It was filled with new tubes and boxes of everything. He was just wondering whether this was new supplies, or there for a guest use, when he heard a quiet tap on the door.

“Who is it?”

“Suzanne.”

He opened the door and she quickly slipped in and shut it behind her after noticing he was completely nude.

“Go ahead and use anything in there. We keep it stocked in case someone forgets something.”

Arnold grabbed a stick of deodorant and a toothbrush and toothpaste which he began to use.

“Mom thinks you’re very beautiful, if a bit indiscreet.” She giggled.

“I didn’t know what else to say. I guess I was hoping she wouldn’t notice I didn’t have my jockstrap on.”

“You’ve got to be kidding. Not notice?”

“Well...”

“Don’t worry. Remember my brother. We had a parade of gorgeous bodies in all different states of undress wander through our house back west. I had mentioned my conversation with my friend last night to her. She knew about you, too.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, I had told her that I was going to try and fuck you, so she should keep clear of the house for a little while. I guess I lost

track of the time. She said she had to be home by three-thirty to get ready for a grief consoling meeting tonight.”

“Three-thirty? I’ve got to get going. You’ll take me to the train station, won’t you?”

“Of course.”

“Let me just finish up here and I’ll be ready to go in about ten minutes.”

“Okay.”

Suzanne walked over to him and wrapped her hand around the head of his thick, dangling cock. She raised it up and bent over to place a long, lingering kiss on the end of it. It stirred and began to fill slightly with blood. He pushed her away and took the fat, mushroom-shaped head from her hand, letting it drop where it swung back and forth and finally came to rest between his two huge balls.

Suzanne lifted her gaze to his face.

“You are beautiful.”

“You are beautiful.”

He reached out and brushed an erect nipple through her thin cotton shirt with his forefinger.

“I’ll see you downstairs in a few minutes.” She turned and left.

He quickly finished and put on his jock, shorts and shirt, which still smelled heavily of Suzanne, and headed downstairs. Both Suzanne and her mother were in the living room off to the right of the staircase.

“I have to get some clothes out of the car and there’s a paper I need you to sign. I’ll be right back.”

He went out to the car and dug through his bag for a clean pair of pants and shirt. He got the forms for the drive-away company out of his knapsack and took them into the living room where Mrs. Patterson was waiting. Both the women's gazes were locked firmly on the distended front of his gym shorts as he walked towards them. Handing the paperwork to Suzanne's mother, she raised her eyes to his face.

"My daughter tells me you're quite a talented young man."

"Your daughter obviously has no qualms about telling tales out of school."

"She's a grown woman, now. I hold no control over her behavior. I guess she told you about my son."

"Yes. I'm sorry to hear about his accident."

"He was a fool. I miss him, I love him, but he was doing a very stupid thing and he paid for it with his life. It's quite obvious you have a working knowledge of the equipment in our basement."

"It's a very nice collection of gear." He wanted to say that it was a shame that it was going unused, but thought better of it.

"It's a shame it's just sitting down there, going to waste."

The look on her face told him she had anticipated his thoughts.

"I'm sure you could sell it or maybe donate it to a youth club in the city. Or something."

"Are you going to be in the city very long?"

"I haven't really firmed up my plans yet. I want to see how it feels, being here. If I like it, I could be around for a while." He wondered where this was leading. He suspected it had something to do with the gear downstairs, but couldn't see the connection.

Suzanne got out of her chair and came over to him. As she talked she ran her finger tips lightly, electrically, over his arm and chest. His cock began to stir, though he had been sure there was nothing left in that department.

“We were just wondering if you would be interested in putting all the hardware to use. If you wanted to workout here...” Her eyes locked with his and the fingernail of her right forefinger slowly flicked the nipple of his right pec, causing it to grow firm and hard until it ached.

“In fact,” Mrs. Patterson added, “you could perhaps get the gear in good operating order and then help us find a proper home for it.” She paused for a second, contemplating a point and then continued with some resolve. “I miss the sound of the weights banging and the groans of determination. My son would have his friends over and they would spend hours with the gear. The noise filled the house, gave it a life. There was so much energy. After the accident I told his friends to feel free to come over and continue to use the equipment, and they did for a while, but it wasn’t the same. After a couple of weeks they stopped coming. It got very lonely. I couldn’t bear to sell the stuff, but I didn’t know what else to do with it, either. That’s why I brought it east with us.”

“I wish we had known you before we moved,” Suzanne said. The double meaning of her remark did not escape any of them. “We could have left the stuff with you.”

“You mind if I sit down?”

“Please.”

Arnold sat on the sofa across from Mrs. Patterson. Suzanne joined him and began to move in close to him, but sensed something and held back.

“I’m flattered by your offer. I know your daughter would probably appreciate my being around, as well. She would make an interesting workout partner. I have a feeling I’d be taking an awfully long time to get through my routine, though. I have to say that it’s a very attractive proposition.”

Mrs. Patterson smiled knowingly. “I hear a ‘but’ approaching.”

“But. I came here to see the city. I came here because of some friends of mine back home who have friends here. Very good friends. I also came here because I had to get away from my own home. I want to try to become my own person, not a replacement son, which is what I think you’re looking for. I certainly wouldn’t mind seeing you both again, and perhaps I can come out and visit. But I need to try this city thing on my own. I think you understand.”

Mrs. Patterson nodded her acceptance of his position. She was impressed with how much the boy had perceived. She also was sorry not to have the opportunity to see his magnificent body around the house. She knew he was attracted to her daughter, but the sight of that huge cock hanging out of his gym shorts still burned bright in her thoughts. She certainly was not too old to be able to appreciate the aesthetic as well as sexual qualities of his physical appearance.

“Thank you for your sensitivity, Arnold. I’m impressed that you can see your way so clearly and still understand the needs of others. How old are you?”

“Just turned eighteen.”

“I would have thought much older. But I guess I knew that you had just graduated from high school. Do you have any future plans for school?”

“I have to catch a train into the city. I’m not trying to see too much further than that. I spent a long time being a non-person in my

family. I have to learn who I am and then I'll figure out where I'm going."

With that he stood.

"Would you like to look the car over and sign the form? I need to put these clothes on."

"Arnold?"

"Yes, Suzanne."

"Do us a favor, would you?"

"What's that?"

"I know this is going to sound strange, but could you get changed here?"

He looked to her mother to see her reaction. Her face was unreadable. This surprised him as much as if she had given her ready consent.

"When my brother's friends would come over they would do posing routines for us in the living room after their workouts."

"Are you married, Mrs. Patterson?"

"Divorced. Does it matter?"

"I don't know. It seems like it should."

He thought for a moment. These were no longer a mother and daughter, but two women who wanted to appreciate his body, who were sexually attracted to him and were honest enough about it to be up front with him.

He pulled his shirt off, then slowly lowered his arms, flexing the muscles of his arms and torso. Suzanne moved to her mother and sat on the arm of her chair. Their eyes were riveted on him and he could not tell which of the two were more interested. He struck several different poses, displaying various sides of his body to them.

They would occasionally gasp or make quiet comments to each other, as the sight of his well-built body recalled other moments in their lives.

After he finished with these poses, he slipped his thumbs into the waistband of his shorts. One thumb went under the band of his jock strap as well. He hesitated for a moment and then adjusted the other thumb so it did the same. He knew they had both been holding their breath to see what his decision would be. The thought of these two women enjoying his body on a purely physical, sexual level was extremely appealing to him. This was, after all, what had originally influenced his decision to begin building his body. A sudden memory flashed in his mind. The man with the huge muscles (maybe they only seemed that way at the time; Arnold suspected he was now considerably more developed than him) at the side of the pool with the two women hanging all over his body. Along with that memory came the remembrance of his first ejaculation a short time before in the shower room. The gym shorts and jock started their excruciatingly slow journey to the floor.

Suzanne's right hand moved slowly towards her crotch and by the time Arnold's huge cock was completely exposed she was making contact with her clitoris, little flicking motions with her finger meant for only him to see. The other woman sat dead still. She watched the boy's body from a completely different perspective. She knew her daughter had just made love to this magnificent specimen, had just been pummeled with that stanchion of a cock. She tried to imagine her daughter's fulfillment. But on top of that were the thoughts of her own son who had participated in the living room posing sessions. Memories of dark thoughts passed through her mind. Her son and his friends in their gym shorts or tight fitting

posing trunks. Their penises prominently displayed. Each of the hormonally-overflowing youths trying very hard to impress the young woman sitting next to her now.

She knew some of those events had culminated in sexual activity. She even suspected that several of the boys had become involved with each other. She had considered the physically and emotionally charged nature of their activity and had written it all off to a general need for physical release.

But now, here was this unusually beautiful, physically exciting, bright young man in her new living room, stirring memories of the past but surpassing them all. She knew her daughter was trying very hard not to let her see her masturbation. She wished she were as bold. Deep needs and desires flooded through her. She was fascinated by the huge cock which hung heavily between the lad's thickly-muscled thighs. With each movement it swung freely, widely, indicating its mass by its momentum. She knew her son had been quite well endowed, more so than many of his body building friends. She had even caught glimpses of his member as he would change into his posing trunks or bathing suit. Their household had always been completely open, sexually. She, herself, had made it known to several of his friends that she was available to help them relieve their sexual tensions, should they so desire. Two of them had regularly taken her up on it. They had also died in the crash.

Arnold knew what Suzanne was thinking, but he drew a blank when trying to decipher her mother's thoughts. She seemed so lost in them. Or was she just fixated on his cock.

Without knowing why, he moved closer to the two women and positioned himself within touching distance of Mrs. Patterson. Her hand slowly reached out and wrapped around the base of his cock. It

didn't feel sexual, exactly. More clinical. Like a doctor's exam. She lifted it, tested its weight, ran her hand down its length to the huge head and then allowed it to slip from her grasp. She then reached out and touched his left thigh. He flexed the muscles there and she pressed her fingers into the mass, experiencing the feel of the taut, rock-hard sinews.

Suzanne's reaction was slightly amusing. She didn't seem to believe her mother would actually be interested in touching Arnold's cock. When her mother was finished with it, Suzanne reached her hand out to caress the thick tube of flesh but Arnold had turned away from her to flex his back and ass muscles. Had he done that on purpose or had he just not seen her approaching hand? His gluts contracted and his sexy, tight ass was displayed proudly for them. He did several other back poses, each one taking him further away from them as he crossed back to the sofa where his clothing lay. When he reached the other side of the room he extracted his jock strap from the gym shorts and slipped his feet through the elastic loops. He pulled the strap up until his cock and balls were hanging over the top of the waist band and then carefully picked up his genitals and placed them in the precariously small cup with an expertise that spoke of years of dealing with this problem.

He pulled on the clean shirt, but left it unbuttoned, the inside curves of his two pectorals meeting each other in the gap in the fabric. Next he pulled on the pants, tucked in the shirt tails, fastened the waist snap and then pulled up the zipper over the huge bulge of his cock. Even covered with his pants, his massive member, outlined beneath the fabric, was an impressive sight. He stood before them for a moment and enjoyed the lingering scent of sexual energy permeating the air of the room.

Mrs. Patterson spoke to her daughter as if he wasn't in the room. He felt as if he were eavesdropping on a private conversation.

"He must be very good."

"He made me cum three or four times. I forget which."

"How does it feel?"

"Total fulfillment. He licked me."

Mrs. Patterson's eyebrows shot up in question. "You've never had anyone do that to you before?"

"Nope. I thought only women did that to men."

"Men should always do that to women."

"I know that now. He was very good at it."

Arnold interrupted. "Why do I feel like I've already caught the train into town?"

The two women laughed. Mrs. Patterson replied, "This is how we always talk about our sex lives. We just thought you'd like to hear it first hand."

"I think this is one of those 'woman things' that we guys aren't supposed to know about. Maybe it's better that way. Can you check the car now?"

"Sure."

The two women got up and took the forms out to the driveway where they made a thorough inspection of the vehicle's body. They followed the items on the inspection report and checked the brake and headlights, damage to body panels and the general cleanliness of the car. Arnold realized his litter bag was still in the front seat and tried to grab it before they found it. Suzanne got to it first and gave him a look of mock-exasperation. He responded with a look of

‘please don’t beat me’ to which she responded with a look in return of ‘in your dreams’.

Mrs. Patterson was quite satisfied with the condition of the car and thanked Arnold for having filled the tank and run it through the car wash. She offered to reimburse him for the gas but Arnold, remembering that he had not even paid for it, declined.

“I do believe I promised to make restitution for your assistance in unloading the car. I can assume, by the shape your in, that it was not a difficult task.”

“No ma’am. I didn’t have any problems.”

“Good. I will also assume that my daughter’s exchange of sexual favors with you was of a voluntary nature and not part of our original contract.”

“A bit more physically demanding,” Arnold replied, “but I was able to rise to the task.”

“I’m sure you were.” A glance over to Suzanne brought a response of rolled eyes and an ‘Oh, Mother!’ “There is an envelope on the kitchen table, Suzanne. Would you go and get it, please?”

“Sure.”

She returned to the house. Mrs. Patterson waited until Suzanne was inside and then turned to Arnold, her face suddenly serious.

“I’m not sure of all the details regarding your encounter with my daughter, but she seems in awfully fine spirits. She has attempted to get involved with several young men since her brother’s death. One of the boys who died in the car crash with Brian was her fiancé. When they finally untied all the knots, removed all the body parts from the vehicle, they found that he had been in the back seat with another girl. They were both naked. I

debated telling her about this, but the press reported it in the paper and she heard about it before I could prepare her. When she ‘warned me’ last night about her intentions for you, I wondered if I should intervene. I’m glad I decided not to. She looks happier than I have seen her in a long time. Thank you. I know this has a lot more to do with you than the considerable size of your sexual equipment. The biggest steam shovel in the world is no good if you can’t operate it properly.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Patterson. I have to tell you we started out rather badly. I can see, now, that she had meant to treat me poorly when I arrived. She just took it for granted that I would want to have sex with her. I had to let her cool down a bit before I could see the real person beneath her anger. She’s a very passionate, sensual person. As you were both so open about your thoughts before, I must tell you that I had been rather active earlier in the day. I didn’t think there would be much left in me to respond to her. She inspired me.”

“I’ll let Suzanne drive you to the train station. Here she comes now. Thank you very much for your help and for delivering my car and my daughter to me unharmed.”

“You’re welcome.”

Suzanne reappeared with an envelope. She handed it to Arnold and then opened the passenger side door. Arnold stuck the envelope in the front pocket of his knapsack.

“Why don’t you drive, Arnold.”

“Sure. Thanks, again, Mrs. Patterson.”

“Perhaps you can come out and see us some time, once you get settled downtown.?”

“I’d like that. The thought of having a refuge, just in case things get weird, is very comforting. I’ve got your number here,” he indicated the form. “I’ll keep in touch.”

He extended his hand to her and she took it in a firm, friendly handshake which felt remarkably like her handling of his cock a little while before. She ran her eyes up and down his body one last time and shook her head.

“Perhaps I should have stayed home this afternoon and sent Suzanne out on the errands.”

“Mother!”

“Suzanne!” she replied, mimicking her daughter’s inflection. They both did an eye roll and Suzanne got into the car, shutting the door.

Arnold went around to the driver’s side and got in. He looked over at Suzanne who was beaming at him with a knowing, sexually charged look.

“I hope the two of us can figure out how to get to the train station.”

“I hope I can figure out how to get back.”

“You just pay attention to where we’re going, instead of gaga-ing at me and you’ll be okay. Good bye, Mrs. Patterson.”

“Good bye, Arnold. A pleasure meeting you.”

“Likewise.”

He drove down the driveway and turned towards the main street. After several other turns it became apparent to Suzanne that he knew exactly where he was going.

“You seem very sure of yourself here. Did you check out the route before?”

“Yeah. I drove to the station before coming to your house.” He left it at that and hoped she wouldn’t realize he hadn’t given her the whole story.

Suzanne slid across the seat to him, placed her hand on his chest and rested her head on his shoulder. Arnold put his arm around her back and hugged her to him, his biceps bulging delightfully against her back.

“I’m sorry I treated you so badly when you first arrived. I tend to get very angry at men, for certain reasons, and I figured, with your reputation and all, you were just another man who deserved my anger.”

“What reputation is this you keep talking about?”

“You know. Your body, your great cock. All the women you’ve had.”

“What women?”

“All those women. The girls in school and all.”

“Who told you this?”

“My girlfriend. The one I talked to last night. She said she knew five girls who said they’d had sex with you.”

Arnold laughed loud and hard. It was just too ludicrous. Why would so many women say that about him?

“What’s so funny? Don’t you like women talking about you?”

“Not really. Especially when they’re making it up.”

“How do you know? You don’t know who my friend is or who she talked to?” She was getting very defensive.

“It doesn’t matter. I know their lying because I was a virgin until the day school let out.”

“What!”

“They couldn’t have had sex with me, because I know I didn’t have sex with them.”

“You were a...You?”

“Yup. The last day of school I met up with this incredible woman who was able to show me that sex wasn’t such a bad thing, after all.”

“What made you think it was?”

“My folks. They used it to hurt each other and control each other and control me. I just steered clear of it because I didn’t understand it.”

He looked over at her and saw the look of sympathy on her face. “That’s okay. It was the best thing I could have done. The woman who showed me the ropes was a great teacher. Sam. Samantha.”

“I’ll say she was. And you must be the quickest study on the face of the earth.”

“Let’s just say I was ready. Really ready. Here’s the station. Do you remember the way back?”

“Nope. I haven’t a clue. How’s a girl supposed to keep track of such things when she has this big, luscious biceps pressing into her back and this huge mound of muscle under her hand.” She pressed back against his arm and slid her hand into the front of his shirt and squeezed the massive pectoral. “And this huge...” He intercepted her hand as it began to move towards his crotch.

“Uh, uh, uh. I’ve got to get on that train. Please let me arrive in town with a little dignity.”

She slipped away from his grip, gave his cock a quick, playful squeeze. He shook his finger at her and she took it into her mouth

and sucked it seductively, her eyes telling him what she would rather have in her mouth. She bit and nibbled and licked it, knowing what was going through his mind. After several moments, she slowly pulled her head back, letting the finger slowly slip from her mouth with a deep, hard sucking sound.

“I hope I get to do that to your cock sometime.”

“I’ll keep in touch. As I told your mom, it’s nice to know there’s someplace to get away to. I’m not sure I’m going to like the urban environment. You may have to rescue me.”

“Anytime you need a good honest meal and a hot, hard fuck, just give us a call. Mom’s a great cook and I’m...” She let the end of the sentence hang between them.

“You’re making me hard again. I’ve got to get out of here. I’ll call you when I know about a phone number and if I’m going to stay around. Thanks for everything. I wish I could think of another way to say this, but, you are very sexy, very hot, and a very good sex partner. When you’re not angry, that is.”

“I’m not sure I can take much credit for that. I just get that way whenever I get eleven-and-a-half inches inside me. I just get all wet and excited. You’re the best lover I’ve ever had. Thanks for treating me like a human being.”

She kissed him long and hard on the lips. He had resolved to make the parting short and sweet, but the passion of her kiss drew him in and he wrapped his huge arms around her and pressed himself to her. Her hand came back up and into his shirt front where she stroked and rubbed his pecs, teasing the nipples and digging her nails into the hard, firm flesh with just a hint of the passion within her. Their tongues parried and fought, as they each tried to dive down the other’s throat. Suzanne rolled her hips towards him and

pressed her crotch against his thick, muscular thigh, making little rubbing motions.

“I’m wet, again. You make me so hot. How will I be able to have sex with anyone else?”

“Just remember what we did, then pass it on. Love your lover. Okay? I’ll be in touch.”

With that he got out of the car, grabbed his bags from the back seat and walked into the station to buy his ticket. After leaving the ticket window he turned back to the street and waved once to her and then headed for the platform. The train was scheduled to arrive in four minutes so he sat down on a bench, leaned back, closed his eyes and tried very hard to sum up what had occurred today. He felt someone sit down next to him and hoped the person would respect his obvious need for introspection.

“Looks like she wasn’t too mad about you showing up late.”

CHAPTER 33: ARNOLD

There was no doubt in Arnold's mind that the woman on the beach was his neighbor. And it had as much to do with a gut feeling he had as any other circumstantial proof. There was also no doubt of a serious sexual interest. The only question was how did he want to treat it. He had already made plans to meet with his other neighbor the following evening. Just the thought of Patty's hard, lean body caused a stirring in his crotch which indicated a high level of desire.

Did these two women know each other? Were they friends? Were they enemies? Arnold couldn't imagine Patty having enemies. But then there was Norma. Certainly an unstable individual at best, but still. Were they lovers (hmmm!)? There was a prospect worth investigating. But then there was the jealousy. Or maybe they were beyond that. Maybe they were sex goddesses from another planet with x-ray vision and autonomous cunts that ate eleven-and-a-half inch cocks for breakfast.

Maybe he should just wait and see.

She had already seen him dressed as he was. In fact, she had already seen him undressed. So there was no need to put on any clothes. He went to the bathroom and grabbed a comb to run through his long mop of hair but decided even that was a bit pretentious. She'd get him the way he was. Or was that even more so? He felt like he was going out on a first date or something. What the hell was going on here?

A feeling, very similar to the one he'd had when he first saw her on the beach, came over him and the image of himself in the mirror swam before him. Suddenly he was seeing himself as though

through someone else's eyes. He was beautiful. His physique was stunning. His light blue eyes sparkled with hints of gold and dazzled this unknown observer. He shook his head and was suddenly himself again, staring sheepishly at his own reflection. If that was the way other people saw him, no wonder his sex life was so adventurous.

A knock at the door. He turned to answer but hesitated. Not since Sam had he been so anxious about someone. If he rushed to the door she might be put off. He tried to act as calmly as possible. The hallway in front of the door was positively humming with energy. He realized it was this woman's own expectations he was sensing. She had obviously given a great deal of thought to this meeting. She had, after all, been watching him all day, taking his picture, looking out the window. If what he had seen in the mirror was any indication of how she saw him, she was undoubtedly very eager to meet him.

He shook out his muscles, tried to relax them as much as muscles the size of his could relax and then reached for the doorknob, half-expecting to get an electrical shock when he touched it. He felt a stirring in his crotch again and his cock became uncomfortably twisted in his jockstrap. Should he fix it? Let it be? Would it do its little tumbling act? He decided it would be a bit too tacky and so took a moment to readjust the huge load. It felt so good to touch it. So warm. So alive. He pressed the bulge with the palm of his hand and then slowly opened the door.

A discontinuous slash of bright green dove through a field of hot red from left breast to right thigh. Clear skin covered a form of unbelievable curves and secrets. Dizzying eyes flashed under a cloud of red flame as a breath of air whisked through his open door and out the balcony, carrying several wisps of her hair forward. He

felt free to study her for she was doing the same to him. She seemed to spend an unusual amount of time staring at his feet. He wriggled his toes but she had already begun raising her gaze up his body to his face. He remembered what he had seen in the mirror and became quite amused with himself. And a bit with her. She certainly was taking the buck-fifty tour.

He waited until she had finished and then introduced himself. As he had suspected she had lost her key in the sand and was indeed hoping to access her apartment through his balcony. When he told her had checked to see if her balcony door was open it seemed to affect her greatly. Her hips gave an involuntary thrust indicating a sudden surge of desire. He wanted very much to counter that thrust. Her large, firm breasts overflowed the suit top, hard nipples pressed delightfully against the fabric. Wonderful curves of flesh showed amply on each side. What would she do if he just reached up right now and grabbed those two mounds of flesh in his hands and pressed and stroked them? There was little doubt in his mind this was more than a casual social visit. He just needed to get some clearer idea from her on the subject.

He introduced himself and offered his hand. As she took it, he felt a sensation not unlike, but far more pleasant than, sticking his finger in an active light socket. He drew her forward.

She entered the apartment and moved down the hallway before him, her firm, inviting ass swaying back and forth. Another urge struck him. He could just move up behind her right now and press the bulge of his massive cock against her ass cheeks. His arms would encircle her chest and grasp those wonderful breasts, flicking and tweaking the nipples as she ground her rear back against his quickly hardening penis. Or she may just be here because she

couldn't find the key to her apartment, needed his help and that was it. He again waited.

Chris appeared to be extremely interested in the contents of the second bedroom. She referred to his 'bulges' and he informed her that he was probably going to do his serious work at The Pump House. This triggered a moment of contemplation and an image of Patty's and his body writhing in uncontrolled passion flashed in his mind. He told Chris about his dinner engagement the following night. There was no need to hide it and it surely was the best way to find out how she stood with Patty. She seemed not jealous, but disappointed. Almost as though she had lost some race.

He quickly thought how to best tell her there was not only no race, but that he had his focus securely on her. He mentioned her errant breast. The apparent non-sequitur caught her off-guard and she confirmed his suspicions, if there had been any reason for doubt, that she had indeed taken photos of him out on the walkway in front of her door. When he asked for copies she told him they were on the coffee table in her apartment and dared him to go get them. That was the good news. The really good news was that a key was required to open her front door from the inside as well. He made a beeline for the balcony and tested the railing for security.

She thought there might be a spare key in an envelope near the front door and he set off, swinging his leg up over the railing and down into her side. He sat there for a second allowing the edge of the divider to press up between his left thigh and the huge load in his shorts. He then slowly dragged his cock around the other side, allowing the metal frame to press hard against his huge member. As his balls rolled around the edge of the frame they shook and popped

out of his pant-leg. He reached up and stuffed them back in. Each time he touched himself he was getting more and more turned on.

He went through the living room and stopped at the collection of photos spread out before him on the coffee table. Curious images showed distorted views of his body. Enlargements thrust various parts of his anatomy into unusual prominence. Huge muscles tapered away to small legs. His cock, held in his hand in some of the photos, appeared bloated. His pecs seemed mountainous. His whole body grossly disproportionate. This was another way the world would see him. Larger than reality, body parts blown way out of scale. His huge cock seemed like a being unto itself as it lay in the palm of his hand. He glanced back at the balcony and saw Chris peeking around the divider.

Arnold wasn't sure how he felt about these photos, but she seemed to be proud of them. He pointed at one of the photos of his cock and then at the bulge in his shorts which, oddly enough, was gaining even more prominence. She nodded as if to confirm the fact that this was, indeed, a photo of him. He dropped the shots back on the table and headed for the front door and the little table beside it. He opened the top drawer and immediately found the envelope containing a key. He stuck the key in the door and unlocked it.

A thought suddenly came to him. Did she really want him to find the key? What was it she had been hoping for? What had he been hoping for? He was sure she would be relieved to have access to her apartment. But was that her plan as she came up from the beach? The fantasy of being 'inconvenienced' into having to spend time with a huge, muscular, well-hung stud seemed to be what she had in her mind. And he admitted to a certain fascination with having her around as well.

He relocked the door, checking through the peephole to make sure she hadn't been out there waiting for him, slipped the key back into the drawer and took the empty envelope with him back to the balcony. When he got there she looked around the corner and the appearance of utter dismay on her face as she saw the envelope confirmed his suspicions. She definitely did not want the key. He crumpled the envelope and sent it sailing over the edge. The look on her face was worth the price of admission. He debated telling her the truth, and finally opted for a half-truth.

“Relax. It's empty.”

The truth of the matter was that the envelope *was* empty. At that moment. No harm done. He hoped. Sooner or later she'd find the spare key where he left it. He'd face that when the time came. Besides, the look of un-contained relief told him he'd made the right choice.

He swung his leg back over the railing and brought his now-inflating genitals and highly developed physique back to home turf. Chris's eyes were locked firmly on his crotch. He didn't want to let on, just yet, his own pounding desires and so blamed it on the photos. This led to a very surface conversation regarding photography, modeling and business. He was not surprised to learn she had once been a model herself. He finally got around to asking what she was going to do with the photos on her coffee table. As he suspected she had already used them to arouse herself and, as he equally suspected, she wanted more. The crude, rude, stark and distorted nature of the photos were disappointing to him. They might be art, but they weren't very flattering. So when she admitted to a desire to take more photos he jumped at the chance to retrieve her camera for her. She directed him to her darkroom and told him

where to find the proper equipment and film. Again he slid to the other side of the divider.

She went into his living room.

He headed for the dark room.

He found the camera bag where she had said it would be and checked to make sure that all the gear was in it. Several lenses, auto winder attachment (for those quick-fire sequences). Lens paper and brush were on the counter, he grabbed those, and then found the box of new film. All of the small containers on the strap were empty so he took a moment to fill them all. He grabbed the camera from the counter and slipped it into its nesting place within the bag.

When he was done he stepped out into the hall and started to head back to the balcony. Something she had said piqued his curiosity. He went back down the hall to her bedroom and quickly looked around, finding the object of his search on the floor by the foot of the futon. Two photos. One of his penis in his hand (at least that's what he thought it was) and the other of his chest and arm. He studied these two for a moment and tried to discern what it was about these two shots that caused her to choose them above the rest on the coffee table.

Her fascination with the huge rope-like cock that hung between his legs was almost to be expected. There was little doubt that a view such as the one in the photograph before him was enough to stimulate interest (and much more) just for its sensationalistic content. The other, though, was slightly more puzzling. With the number of incredibly well-built men running around the beach right in front of the apartment building, going to and from the various body building meccas in the area, he thought she would have been just about over any fascination with a well-developed pec and

biceps. So there must be something about well-developed pecs and biceps that held a particular fascination. Well, it would be interesting finding out. Whatever it was, he was hoping it was fun.

Arnold had to admit that viewing his anatomy at such close range through the distortion of fisheye lens and multiple enlargements gave him a new view of his body. The huge member in the first picture looked dark and dangerous, mostly due to its near-indecipherability. There was an ominous, unknown quality that both threatened and stimulated. He felt the real item in his shorts swell slightly. He also felt he was beginning to understand the true art of the picture. It was not the subject, itself, although eleven-and-a-half inches of cock couldn't help but make for stimulating subject matter. It was the way the subject had been treated. The surreptitious nature of the photo. The enlarging. The cropping. He suspected she had done something in the processing of the film to enhance the candidness of the shots. He began to appreciate the art behind it. It looked so casual, so unassuming that the viewer was not aware of the technique. Arnold made a quick reassessment of her talents. She was good. Very good. He wanted to see what else she could do with him as a subject.

With camera bag over his naked shoulder, Arnold headed back to the balcony, pausing once again at the coffee table for another quick look at himself. Where once he had been mildly amused, he now found himself profoundly stimulated. He felt an overpowering need to exert himself.

His muscles tingled.

His cock tingled.

His head tingled.

He wanted Chris.

He wanted her bad.

As he came back over the railing he saw her checking out the contents of his bookshelves. Was she looking for something in particular or just trying to glean something about him from the contents of his library? If it was the latter, she would have a hard time. By his own admission, his reading tastes swung well to the eclectic. He didn't seem to be able to settle down to one subject or another. Every time someone recommended a book to him it would take him off on a tangent of discovery into some new and incredible aspect of human nature. As he handed her the camera bag he tried to see where she had last been looking. The shooting script for Monty Python's Holy Grail? Strange choice. Maybe this was the attraction he felt. He almost asked her 'What is your quest?', but decided not, just in case it was too much of a non sequitur.

The next few moments would determine the course of the evening's events. One slip and the two of them could find themselves having a polite dinner in a stupid restaurant and shaking hands good night. Certainly not what Arnold had in mind. And from her earlier comments about masturbating to the photos of him, he gathered Chris had other things on her mind as well.

She mentioned she was hungry and Arnold went to the kitchen and brought back some fruit and glass of juice. As he arrived she began to shoot.

This was it.

Show time.

Arnold completely ignored the camera, completely ignored Chris and went about the business of putting his apartment in order. But 'ignore' was not quite the right word. Everything he did was for the camera. He knew what Chris wanted to see. He also knew what

he wanted to see. Every action he made served to accentuate the bulges of his muscles. With each task he performed, he shifted himself around so the muscle group hardest at work was displayed for the camera.

Once the dining table was together and he had moved the sofa around a bit he decided it was time to get down to business. He was getting very turned on by the attention Chris was paying him. He wanted to show her everything. He wanted her to capture his sexuality on film. He wanted the lens to melt. But he also wanted this to be between himself and her.

As he moved towards the door to the extra bedroom Chris's breathing became heavy with excitement. She had grabbed her camera bag and was following him. As he reached the door to the room he grabbed the chin-up bar that spanned the frame and pulled down on it to accentuate his biceps, lats and back muscles. He heard a sharp intake of breath. She was as hot as he was. The ball was in his court.

"The negatives are mine. You can have a set of prints, but the negatives are mine. Okay?"

She agreed.

He relaxed.

This was going to be fun.

Time to open his housewarming present to himself. He moved to the large flat box against the wall and opened the long edge. Inside was a four foot by eight foot mirror. He slid it out, enjoying the reflection of his beautiful body, so close to him, as it strained with the effort. After discarding the box he leaned the mirror against the wall opposite the door to the room and then went back to the chin-up bar and began a series of long, slow, muscle-bulging pull-

ups as the shutter of the camera clicked away. He could see her in the mirror as well. The bright red and green swim suit glowed in the afternoon sunlight as it poured through the glass doors and into the living room and hallway. Chris's magnificent breasts seemed to want to burst from their restraint. Her breathing was heavy with excitement.

His own body was beginning to glow with sweat; the heat of his muscles, as they pulled him up again and again, sent a wonderful warmth throughout. As the blood rushed to his muscles' aid in an attempt to cleanse them of the waste his efforts were generating, he got the same feeling as when his huge cock became erect.

A rush.

A surge.

The Pump.

God, he was getting hot.

The last several pull-ups were killers. He drove himself up to his level of endurance and then surpassed it without looking back. He screamed and cursed and fought his way through the last rep and then dropped his feet to the floor. As his arms fell to his side he felt the muscles filling like balloons. They swelled, a feeling of great strength flooding his body. His chest heaved and expanded as he took in great gulps of air to exchange the carbon dioxide in his system for the fresh sea breeze of oxygen that rushed through the apartment.

Arnold walked to the mirror and slowly flexed his biceps. The blood-filled muscles stretched his skin and pushed the subcutaneous veins and arteries into high relief. The camera clicked away. As he continued to pose she began to chat him up like the photographers did when he did a session, suggesting this and that pose, a little left,

turn right, back, forward, up, down, hot, hotter, hottest. He flexed and squeezed his muscles as hard as he could. His body shook with the exertion. Blood rushed out and filled each cell, blowing his muscles up like huge balloons. In fact, every cell began to fill, including his cock. Chris's level of excitement was turning him on even more and his cock was hardening in response. Her image in the mirror and in front of him when he turned around was serving to arouse him and soon his cock was painfully cramped inside his shorts. He reveled in the pain, brushing his arms back and forth across the huge bulge, aggravating the situation even more.

Finally his cock was as hard as it could get in its confinement. The front of his gym shorts was extended out eight or nine inches and his jockstrap had been stretched as far as it could go. Both of his huge balls had slipped out of the cup and were swinging free in one of the distended leg holes of his shorts.

It was obvious the process was affecting Chris at least as much, if not more, as Arnold. She had an increasingly difficult time concentrating on her camera and her nipples looked painfully hard and erect as they pushed against the fabric of her suit. Something also seemed to be bothering her in her crotch. The material of the suit seemed to be rubbing against something there. Something very tender, very sensitive. Could it be...? His dick surged at the thought. And those breasts. Arnold wanted to see those two beautiful breasts, wanted to cup them and suck them and lick them and press them. She was so beautiful. But she seemed intent on controlling the shoot for the moment. Her suggestions and guidance so far had driven him to a deliciously elevated plain of arousal. He'd stick with her lead for now.

“Let me see that big cock, stud. Whip it out.”

Yes! He wanted her to see his huge erection. He wanted her to dive down the length of his massive shaft with her camera and document each painfully rigid molecule. He tensed his entire body, blowing up every single fiber of every single muscle until his whole body felt on the verge of explosion. He slipped his thumbs under the waistbands of his jockstraps and gym shorts and, with a quick, downward tug, released his painfully erect penis and pendulous, cum-filled balls from their imprisonment. The shaft of his huge cock flew up and whacked him on the stomach. It bounced and waved before him. It was so hard. So painfully rigid. It needed to be squeezed. It needed to push against something.

After flinging his clothing off to a corner of the room he grabbed the dark, hard shaft and clamped down on it with all his might. The huge head filled even more with blood until it was torturously swollen, blue-black in color. Arnold wanted her naked.

That apparently did the trick. Chris put her camera on the floor and ripped off her swim suit, tossing it off to a corner of the room as well. She then spread the lips of her vagina. Arnold could very clearly see an erect nub of flesh extending well out beyond the fleshy mons. It was just as erect and aching hard as his huge organ. He wanted to suck it. He wanted to lick it and rub it and drive her right through the ceiling. He wanted to slam himself against her with his hot, hard cock deep inside her and mash his pelvis against that hard, volatile nub of flesh. He wanted to feel her clit pressed against his muscles. The flexing of his muscles rubbing her clit and sending her over the top. Bulging muscles. The photo in her bedroom. He knew what she wanted. He moved to her and she picked up her camera again. This would be interesting. He had never seen a bird's eye view of cunnilingus before.

He knelt before her and breathed hot, moist breath on her hot, moist cunt. The smell and heat of it almost sent him swooning.

“I see I’m not the only one around here who’s well-hung.”

The slender, rigid needle of flesh seemed to vibrate before him. He studied it closely. Horseback riding must be a real treat. Possibly even painful. He’d see. In its own way it looked as dangerous as he thought his huge cock must look to most people. It was always a challenge to get his partner to relax enough to allow him to use it properly. He hesitated. She grew impatient. She begged him to suck her. Yes, ma’am. With the greatest of pleasure.

His lips were around the hot bud of flesh. His face pressed to her crotch, breathing deeply of the heady aroma of her sex. His rigid cock rubbed deliciously against his abdominals, the head just tickling the belly of his pecs. His massive arms wrapped around her thighs and pulled her to him. He heard the continued click of the shutter. He clasped and kneaded her ass, pulling her against him even harder. Her hips began to pump and she started crying out loudly as he drove her higher and higher.

When Arnold pulled away for a moment to adjust his position she moved a bit and began rubbing the protruding nub against the hard, round deltoid that capped his right shoulder. He flexed it and pressed it into her crotch. The heat from her cunt spread instantly through his shoulder and down his arm.

She rubbed her crotch slowly in a circular motion against his deltoid and began to bend her knees a little more with each rotation. In a few seconds she was rubbing herself up and down on his right biceps. The photo. The bulges. This phenomenal clit. Horseback riding. Arnold didn’t need an engraved invitation. He pressed the huge muscle up into her crotch and she pressed down on his arm

until most of her weight was on it. When he was sure she had her balance he lifted her off the floor and stood up. Her joyous cries confirmed his suspicions. This was a major sexual fantasy in the process of being fulfilled. She began to rock back and forth and he straightened and flexed his arm, the biceps swelling and pressing up into her cunt. He could feel the hard nub of her clitoris mashed against the crest of his muscle. His deltoid exploded in size with the effort of holding his arm out with the weight of her body on it. It ached and trembled.

His cock ached and trembled.

Her cunt ached and trembled.

Chris had ceased taking photographs and was concentrating instead on her physical activities. Her hands grabbed the huge mound of strength on his shoulder and dug into it, sending excruciating sensations rushing through his body. Her left hand then dove down the front of his chest and she grabbed his pec and squeezed and stretched the rock hard nipple. His own hips began to pump back and forth. He didn't want to blow an orgasm in mid-air so he decided to wrack up a few fantasies of his own before he was through for the night.

He set her feet down on the floor. He could tell from her reaction she was pretty close to cumming and not too happy about being shut down. He sympathized, but knew what he was doing. Besides, it was his turn to call the shots.

Arnold stood in front of her and pointed his huge cock straight at her clit. This was one of those long-standing 'gee-wouldn't-it-be-wild' fantasies. But he had never met a woman equipped to accomplish it. He ran his hands to the inflamed head of his cock and then spread the slit open. The look on her face told him she hadn't

the slightest idea what he wanted. Was it that weird? After all, he'd figured out what she'd been after. But then, maybe it was. He'd soon find out.

"Fuck my cock."

"What?"

"Errr...fuck my cock, please?" Arnold begged with a silly grin. "With your clit."

She grasped the concept, grasped the shaft and dove in.

It was weird, wild, wonderful. She squeezed the head of his cock to increase the pressure and he almost fainted. He grabbed, literally grabbed, her breasts and began to work and worry the hard, firm nipples. They both squirmed and cried and moaned and their hips thrust towards each other as she repeatedly drove her rigid clitoris into the end of his urethra.

After several minutes of this intense union the surface of her eyes glazed over and she looked as though she were about to pass out. She pulled her clit out of his penis and backed away. Her eyes refocused and dropped to the huge cock she had in her hand. Slowly it slipped from her grasp, leaving him to cradle it in his palm. She shook her head. Arnold feared the worst. The size of his mammoth cock was indeed daunting. Most women were apprehensive about taking him into their bodies. Some had denied the ability to handle his powerful member and had left him in the lurch. Had they but given him a chance, they would have partaken in a sexual experience unparalleled.

It was true Arnold had trouble controlling the intensity of his sexual energy and this seemed to overflow into his partners, but that had nothing to do with the size of his cock. There was a physical fear or sometimes even abhorrence to having something so large

enter the body. Only those who had been open to his sensitivity and profound love for those he coupled with found the ability to trust him and themselves and know there was nothing to fear or dread.

He studied her eyes. He watched as her breath rate increased. She was showing definite signs of apprehension. He had to know.

“Are you scared?”

“That would be putting it mildly.”

There it was.

Again.

He knew from experience that no amount of reassurance or, when he was so turned on and horny that his cock ached and cum dripped from the massive head, begging, pleading, cajoling, even demanding could overcome the fear. And he wanted this woman. Wanted her more than just physically. He felt a huge ocean of sensation within her that he wanted to swim in; wanted to press his body against her stunning beauty. What was she afraid of? Could he possibly find a way to allay her fears? Or was it something within herself that she feared? Maybe it was something they could work through together. In fact, this seemed more likely. She was fascinated by his cock, by his body. There could be no surprise here. She had spent the last few hours contemplating his size; masturbating to it for God’s sake. Surely, if there had been reservations they would have come forward before this crucial moment.

He focused on her, his gaze drilling into her head as though to see the thought processes working within. He waited. It was up to her. He hoped she knew this as well. The thought suddenly occurred to him that she might be waiting with these exact same thoughts. He could see the headlines:

Man and Woman Found Naked Frozen in Thought for 23 Years The Untold Story!

Her hands moved to his cheeks and she drew him to her. He sucked her tongue into his mouth and his passion for this sensual, sexy woman suddenly overflowed. He pressed his own hungry mouth against hers and their tongues entwined. Suddenly her fingernails were on his cock, dragging along the sides of it while pressed between their hot, tense bodies. He could feel the energy level in the room increase. He could feel his own orgasm quickly approaching. He didn't care. He would go with whatever this woman wanted. He was hers. Especially when she pressed her luscious, firm breasts around his cock like that and sucked him. Anything. Anything at all.

He could no longer see. His head was thrown back, eyes closed. Vision was too much sensory input to deal with. He had to start shutting things down. Everything was all touch and smell and taste.

She obviously didn't want him to cum just yet because she changed her tactics and went back to his pecs. Fingernails on the pecs. Yes. Oh, yes. Flicking his nipples. It hurt. Sooooo goood.

You like them. Here. Let me make them bigger for you. Sit on my back while I do push-ups. Let your hot cunt press into my back. Let me feel the hardness of your incredible clit as it rubs around on my muscles. Your so hot. Hot. Horny. Let me rub my cock on you. Here. Lie on the floor. Let me pump my pecs for you while I rub my cock against your hot, protruding clit. I want to make you hot. Hot

like me. I want you to see the energy. Feel the energy. Taste it. Smell it. Hear it. Let me lick your breasts. Your wonderful, delicious breasts. I want to press my face into them. Your nipples. Hard. Erect. You're so hot. I want to fuck you. Now. Hard. Let me drive you over the edge. There. How's that? Are those big enough for you. Big pecs. You think they feel great to you? You should feel them from the inside. Hot. Heavy. Strong. So strong. Hard. Tense. My whole body is like having a giant erection. Pumped up. Look at me. Look at my body. I made it for you. I did this for you. For all of you. Look at me and enjoy. My abs? You like my abs? Let me flex them for you. There. Yes. Yes. Yesssss. So hard. So tight. My abs have a hard-on for you. And my cock. I know its just there. But you like it, yes? Big. So big. It hurts for you. It aches for you. Take it. Touch it. Suck it. Oh, yes. Suck it good. Oh, fuck. Oh my God. Yesssss. Lick it. Bite it. Eat it. Oooo it hurts. So good. Now what? Now? Now? What do you want? What can I give you? Now? Hard? Fast? Yes. I want to scare you with my cock. I want to rip your mind open and show you sex like you've never had it before.

Lady...you are gonna lose it.

She had laid down on the bench and spread her legs. Her eyes were glazed with desire. He knew just what she wanted. She wanted to feel like she was abandoning all inhibitions, all pretense. She wanted to feel closer to the animal within. There would be no acting here. He felt out of control. He could not be stopped. The switch had been thrown. This locomotive was steamed to the bursting point and the relief valve had to be thrown. She began rubbing her clit and crying out. It was too much. He grabbed his huge cock with a violent swat of his hand, the biceps bulging to its bursting point. With the other hand he grabbed her foot and lifted it so the swollen

lips of her cunt were just inches from his dark, massive cockhead. He stopped. Did she know what she was in for?

“Fuck it.” she begged. “Fuck *me*. Fuck me now. Oh, God, I’m hurting. I’m so hot. I gotta have your big cock in me right now. Oh, hurry. Please. Fuck me hard.”

Yes!

His cock slid gently but mercilessly into her cunt. He grabbed her other foot and pulled her ass up to him. Her head was thrown back and forth, her breasts swam around on her chest, the nipples hard and erect. Her hands flew up to the tender buds of flesh and twisted and pulled them, grabbing the beautiful mounds of flesh, squeezing and pressing them. The walls of her vagina immediately went into contractions and began gushing with fluid. She yelled, begged, pleaded, swore, cried out, heaved, swayed, rocked, bucked and came. And came. And came. And still he fucked her. Fast. Faster. Faster still. He was blind with ecstasy. He drove his cock into her as fast as he could, pulled it out and drove in again faster because it felt so good. Soooooo good. So fucking good. Hard. Harder. Harder still. Had it ever been this hard? Had it ever hurt this good? He felt the depths of her cunt with each thrust. He felt her squeeze down on him and milk him. He felt his balls churning, swinging forward with each lunge at her cunt, striking the base of his cock as he stopped and reversed direction. They ached. They swelled. They began to press. Churn. Spew. His cock thickened, pressing against the walls of her cunt even more, making her cry out in ecstasy even more, causing him to fuck her even more, causing his balls to churn even more and suddenly there was a spark, a rush, a flow, a spurt and the dam burst and burst and burst and burst and each shot of hot, molten cum was like cumming all over again and

he came and came and he pumped and the spew flew into her and flew out of her and she screamed and he screamed and his hips wouldn't stop. He couldn't stop. He kept pounding away at her cunt because his cock still ached and he wasn't sure but he thought he'd started cumming again and his long, hard, thick, aching cock still cried for relief.

Again.

Again.

Again.

Again.

Push.

Push.

Push.

Push.

Push.

Cum

Cum.

Cum.

Cum.

Yesssssssss.

Chris's vagina contracted severely around his cock and held him there as if by force. He let go of her left leg and grabbed the part of his cock that remained exposed. Squeezing it as hard as he could, he forced himself to slowly pull out of her. She was suspended by one leg. As the head of his cock emerged it brought long, stringy globs of their mixed passion. He was breathing hard, taking huge gulps of air. He set her other foot down on the floor and only then noticed that she was unconscious. She had passed out...

when? He had no idea. How long had they...? Was she okay? Yes. If he had hurt her he would have known. What did she need right now? She'd probably be very frightened when she came around. They usually were. He picked her up in his arms and cradled her against him as he sat down on the bench. She suddenly seemed so small. So frail. A child. True in a way. For she had just come out of her womb of protection. She had seen the world in an entirely new way, as if for the first time. There would be no turning back. She would never be the same. And she would be scared. He knew she would. They always were.

The sobs started slowly. Tears began running down her cheeks and a small moan came from her throat. It got louder and higher and her body began to shake as the emotions wracked her psyche. Reality was setting in, and with it the realization of what had happened to her. More than just overpowering, devastating sex. She had changed; far past simply opening herself to him and letting him drive her out of control. The change would go deeper. It was like a virus. It would start in her libido and work its way through her soul until she would hardly recognize the woman she had been at nine o'clock that morning when an orange rental truck had pulled into the parking lot behind her apartment building. That woman would seem as distant as a dream.

He ran his hands over her flame red hair and gently kissed her on the forehead. He hummed soothingly, the resonance of which raised an energy within him that felt warm and safe. He hoped she would feel it, too. Slowly the sobbing receded and her body began to relax. She opened her eyes, blinked several times to focus them and smiled warmly up at him. She was, indeed, radiantly beautiful. Even more so now than when he had first seen her on the beach.

So close.

So warm.

So fresh.

So new.

So...

Their lips met and the kiss was slow, deep, passionate, full. His hand moved to her chest and sought out first one breast and then the other. He reveled in the sensation of the way they felt. The skin taut and firm, the flesh within pliant. He loved the way it rolled around in his hand. The nipple pressing hard into his palm. Harder. Harder. Their lips fought and sucked and kissed and teeth nipped and chewed. Tongues parried and danced. He pulled his head away and his eyes drank in her beauty. Her glowing skin, clear eyes, clear smile, clear soul. He could tell her passions were equally as inflamed. But there were also questions in her mind about what had just happened between them and within her.

When she asked to be taught how to make it happen again he could think of no answer. Could he teach her how to breathe? How to think? How to see? Had she not done it? She had. Therefore she already knew.

She was scared. How to quell her fears? The fear was within, of her own creation. Simply turn it off. He flipped the switch for her.

“You no longer are.”

And she wasn’t.

He could see it fall away from her like some old, heavy winter coat allowed to slip from the shoulders as the first breath of spring rushed into the soul. Not that life would forever be a big bowl of cherries, but the view would now be a little clearer. And when she

worked with other people her new energy level would give them the confidence to see their own way a little clearer. And they in turn...

“Thank you.” Her smile said more than her words could possibly express.

“You’re very welcome.”

“What can I do for you?”

What...? What else, you mean? What else besides say thank you? What else besides go with him to the brink of the volcano and fling their souls into the hot molten lava together? What else besides that? Suddenly he was aware of his stomach. He was very hungry. He’d ask her to stay for dinner. Or more? You want more? He knew he did. A late night snack, perhaps? No, not enough? Fine.

“Let me make you breakfast, please.” The flash of unfettered desire that blossomed on her face sent a new rush of blood to his semi-tumescent penis and pressed it up against her smooth, firm ass. She giggled girlishly and squirmed down on the huge rope of flesh. His own desire filled his soul. But...

“Not now. I can’t. Later. I’ll cum blood for you if I have to.”

She threw her arms around his neck and hungrily devoured him with her lips. Again his cock surged with excitement. But the battery needed time to recharge. And a little fuel in the tank wouldn’t hurt, either.

“What do you want to do about dinner?”

“I’ve got tons of food in my kitchen. It’s too bad...”

“I’ve got a screw driver and a confession.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“The screwdriver is to take the divider between our balconies apart.”

He waited to let the implications of that settle in. She smiled. Good. Now for the bad news.

“The confession is that the envelope wasn’t empty when I found it.”

“What envelope? Oh. That envelope. Pretty cheeky, Arnold.”

“What is my punishment, O Sexual Adventuress?”

“Dinner, knave. Thou shalt cook.”

“Thou shalt be very, very sorry.”

“Forsooth, knave, and why?”

“‘Cuz I can’t cook for shit.”

“You’re lying.”

“Uhhhhh-Yep.”

“You’re a real good cook, aren’t you?”

“Yep. Second career. How did you know?”

“I saw a whole lot of high-level cooking gear in that kitchen of yours.”

“Busted.”

“You’re going to cook dinner, aren’t you?”

“Yep.”

“Where’s the screwdriver.”

“Yep. Er...I mean, in the toolbox. Let’s take a look at what we need.”

Arnold moved to set Chris down but she clung to his neck, hanging suspended, curling her legs around his waist. He locked his arm under her knees and carried her out to the living room and onto the balcony. As he reached the railing he lifted her high in his arms and announced in a booming voice:

“Hey world. Look what I’ve got and you don’t. Nyah-nyah-nee-nyah-nyah.”

He felt so full of joy. So full of love. He was always so full of joy and love, but at the moment he had Chris in his arms, hugging him, laughing at his antics, pressing her luscious breasts against his huge pecs, her lips against his. His glorious muscles were still swollen and pumped, the feeling of strength and tightness made him bubble with sensation. His huge dick swung freely back and forth between his hard, thick thighs, the head bouncing off them just above his knees. What could possibly make this moment any more wonderful? How could he imagine it being any better?

One thing. And one thing only came to his mind.

Sam.

He’d have to tell Chris about Sam. He always told them about Sam. He loved them all. Truly. Deeply. Each man and woman he had ever had sex with. Their minds and bodies were sacred to him. He would never do anything to hurt them. And that was why he always told them about Sam. And if they understood, he loved them even more. And if they didn’t, then he understood and loved them even more anyway. But they always had to know about Sam.

Tonight.

After dinner.

Sam.

CHAPTER 34: FLASHBACK

Arnold's eyes flashed open and he turned his head in the direction of the voice.

"Ed!"

He was so happy to see the other boy he leaped up, grabbed him in a hug and kissed him deeply on the lips. A moment passed and nothing was said so Arnold finally broke the tension.

"I guess the trains don't run very frequently from here."

"Three have left since I got here."

"You need money for a ticket?"

"Got one."

"Did you leave something in the car?"

"Got it all right here."

"Need a place to crash tonight?"

"Yup." [pause...pause...pause...] "Thanks."

The two boys sat back down and looked at each other until the train arrived. They grabbed their gear and hopped on, deciding to ride on the upper level so they could see better. Ed had been into the city on several occasions and was able to inform Arnold of the various major landmarks. He even showed him where he thought his friends would be living. All during the trip, not a single mention was made of Ed's change of heart or the reconsideration of his position.

When they arrived downtown Arnold called the people he was to stay with. A bright, musical voice, filled with joy, answered the phone.

"Hello?"

"Is this Mary?"

"Yes?"

"This is Arnold."

"Hi. Welcome to town. Where are you?"

"I'm down town at the train station."

"Which one?"

"Which one? I don't know. There's more than one?"

"Small town boy, huh? Where did you come in from?"

Arnold told her the name of the place the Patterson's lived. "David's office isn't too far from there. He's working late tonight. I'll give him a call and let him know you're there. Call me back in about five minutes and I'll tell you what to do."

"Thanks. Oh, by the way, I've got a friend with me..."

"Sure, bring 'em along."

"Uh, yeah. Right. Thanks. I'll call you back in five. Bye."

"Bye. Stay out of trouble down there."

"What'd she say?"

"I have to call her back in five minutes."

"I mean about me."

"Oh, she said to bring you along. She sounded almost like she was expecting you."

"Thanks for asking. I just got this image of me sitting around the lobby of the 'Y' with a bunch of tired old men while you were pumping it up with a bunch of sexy people and thought 'why should he have all the fun?'"

“Are you interested in getting into body building? You’ve got a real good start, some great natural attributes.”

“Thanks. Your natural attributes are pretty impressive, too.”

“I’m not talking about our cocks. You should get into a gym and work that body of yours. You’d be looking very, very good in just a few months.”

“Speaking of looking good, what was going on in that car back at the train station? She looked very good.”

“That was Suzanne Patterson. They’ve got a big house with a basement full of exercise equipment. I mean the real stuff. Industrial strength. Suzanne took me down and I got to try out a little of it.”

“Looks like she got to try out a little of you, too. I would have figured you finished for the day after that little reception we got at the filling station.”

“I thought the same thing. In fact, we hit it off real bad when I first arrived. After a little while, though, something clicked between us.”

“What happened. You gonna tell me what the two of you did? I still want to know what happened in that motel room last night with those two people you talked about.”

“I don’t tell stories out of school. Maybe you’ll read about it in my memoirs.”

“You gonna write a book? Man. I bet it would be so hot they wouldn’t even let it into my town. Lemme know when you get around to writing it. I’ll read it to check it for accuracy. Just don’t forget to change my name.”

“Why? You ashamed of me?”

“No. I just don’t want my ol’ man comin’ around and kickin’ my ass again.”

“Ed, I’m not a violent person, but have you ever considered standing up to your father?”

“You mean fightin’ back?”

“Yeah, if it came to that.”

“Nope. Never thought about it. How can you hit your ol’ man?”

“How can he hit his son?”

“Huh? Yeah. Right.”

“If he’s not going to treat you like his son, why should you treat him like your father. Besides, your legal now. He can’t touch you. You’re free.”

“Free...”

The concept churned around in his brain and the sudden feeling of liberation made him jump for joy. He whooped and hollered, punched a couple of public lockers, slightly denting one of the doors, grabbed an old drunk who was walking by and started to dance with him (the old man seemed more suited for a slow waltz than Ed’s jubilant celebration dance, but enjoyed the sudden burst of spontaneity, even asking Ed for some spare change which Ed promptly gave him), and then grabbed Arnold and gave him a big hug.

Arnold held him away at arm’s length, looked straight into his eyes.

“Don’t tell me you’ve never considered being rid of your father.”

“It never occurred to me. He’s my Pa.”

“For the last three years, that’s all I ever thought of. I couldn’t wait until I graduated from school so I could leave home. I dreamed of being rid of him.”

“Yeah. I dreamed of that, too. But he’s still your Pa. He didn’t die, did he?”

“Nope. I’m just through with him, that’s all.”

“Well, now me, too.”

He looked around the train station and noticed a couple of women sitting on a bench in the waiting area.

“Hey, Arnie. Looks like we’re attracting some attention. Over there.”

“Yeah, no thanks to your giving dancing lessons to winos. Perhaps their fathers own stock in a locker company.”

“Well, now they know we know that they know. Looks like they’re coming over.”

“Probably undercover cops. You’re busted, man.”

The two boys waited as the women approached them. Something told Arnold they were not there just for a social visit. He told Ed this.

“Hookers?”

“I don’t know, Ed. They look pretty business like. I’m not in the mood for another encounter. Don’t encourage them, okay?”

“I’m kind of drained, myself. Tell ‘em we’re lovers.”

Arnold shot Ed a look of surprise, but figured that, should the need arise, he wouldn’t be telling a lie. The women finally closed the gap between them and the closer one, a blond with very expensive clothing and a bit too much make-up, spoke first.

“You two good-looking studs have something to celebrate?”

Ed nudged Arnold into response. “Just happy to be here, ma’am. We’ve had a long trip.”

“Where you boys in from?”

“Down south.”

“Out west,” they responded simultaneously.

“Can’t decide?”

“Not the case, ma’am. I’m from out west, he’s from down south.”

Arnold thought he’d take the advantage by asking the next question.

“Are you from around here?”

“Not originally, no.”

“My name’s Arnold. What’s yours?”

“Polly.”

“And your friend?”

“Clara.”

“Are you ladies waiting for a train?”

“No, we’re the welcome wagon,” she said, sarcasm dripping in her voice.

As the boys had thought. Arnold talked fast to keep the ball in his court.

“You waiting for someone to arrive?”

“Yeah, you two.”

Whoops. Quick. Change the subject.

“I guess you see a lot of people come through here, huh?”

“Uh, yeah, it’s a busy place.”

“I’m kind of partial to people watching myself. I like to just kick back and let the crowd flow by, trying to guess what different people are doing. Why they’re going the direction they’re going. What they want from the people they’re talking to.” The last was said pointedly.

“What are you? Some kind of shrink?”

“No, Polly. I’m just a new arrival in town talking to a couple of friendly folks who bothered to come over and chat with us while I wait to call my friend back. By the way. Sorry to be so rude. This is my friend, Ed. Ed, this is Polly and this is Clara.”

“Howdy, Polly. Howdy Clara. It’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance. This sure is a lovely train station you have here.”

“Yeah, just peachy. You boy’s going to a special school or something?”

“No ma’am. Both of us just graduated from high school. I have no immediate plans for further education, myself. What about you, Ed?”

“Gosh, Arnie. I hadn’t really considered the possibility. Perhaps a couple of months here in the city will present some career opportunities from which I might choose.”

Polly looked suspiciously back and forth between the two young men. Clara, behind her, was having trouble stifling a laugh. The two boys looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders innocently.

“What the hell’s going on here? You two a comedy team or something?”

“No ma’am. I’m just a new arrival in...”

“Jesus, Mary and Joseph. C’mon, Clara. Let’s leave these two bozos alone. You got a real good act, Arnold. If you didn’t want to talk to us in the first place, you could have just said so.”

“And if I had, would you have believed me? Besides, I don’t mind talking to you, at all. I just wanted to avoid any further entanglements. I tried to do that without offending you. I’m sorry if we wasted your time.”

Clara moved in to her friend’s side and took her arm.

“Chill out, Pol’. I’d say that, considering the way most people treat us, these two boys have been down right nice to us. You two boys okay? You need any help?”

“We have to call our friend back in a minute or two and find out where to meet him. Thanks for the offer, though.”

“Well, if there’s anything we can do, just let us know. And it looks to me like you two can do a lot.”

“Next time we’re in town...”

The two women strolled to the front of the station and rode the escalator down and out of sight. Arnold turned back to the phone, dropped another quarter in and dialed Mary’s number again. It was busy.

“You handled that pretty good, Arnie. That was really smooth.”

“I just didn’t want to hurt their feelings. I know most people look at me and see sex. Sometimes it’s fun, sometimes it’s a problem, sometimes it hurts. I just wanted to let them know I didn’t see them the same way. Line’s busy. Mary must still be talking to David.”

“What do your friends do?”

“Mary designs clothes. David’s into some kind of environmental stuff; I don’t know. But they’re both competitive bodybuilders on the amateur level. Singles and couples.”

“What does that mean?”

“Amateur is their standing, they don’t win any money. Singles is singles. Couples means they pose together.”

“You mean they get on stage and flex their muscles and stuff?”

“Haven’t you ever seen a body building contest?”

“I saw one of them on the sports channel. Those guys were big. I even saw some ladies. They were big, too.”

“Well, that’s what Mary and David do, only together.”

“Man, if I was on stage with someone that looked as good as some of those folks I’d have to wear a cast iron jock to keep my hard-on down.”

“I know what you mean. I’m not sure how they do it. I get pretty turned on when I see a good looking body, too. I guess you just get used to having lots of muscles and sexy people around and then it doesn’t bother you anymore. I gotta tell ya, tho’, I’d hate to get to the point where I wasn’t interested enough to not get an erection. There’s nothing better than a couple of armfuls of rock hard muscle.”

“Arnie, shut-up. I’m starting to get uncomfortable here.”

“What’s the matter? You leave your cast iron jock strap at home?”

“Very funny. See how you like it, having to walk around town with a guy who has a boner sticking out. You’ve got a pair of pants on. I’ve only got these gym shorts. With nothing on underneath.”

“Why don’t you duck into the men’s room and slip into something a little less comfortable. I’ll try Mary again.”

“Great. Watch my stuff.” He dove into his bag, grabbed a pair of jeans and headed for the opposite side of the lobby.

Arnold tried the number again and got through.

“Hi, Mary. It’s Arnold again.”

“Hi. I just got off the phone with David. He says he’s just about wrapped things up there and he can meet you in front of the station in fifteen minutes. Where are you now?”

“We’re on the level with all the trains.”

“Great. Take the escalator down to the street level. Wait directly out side, in front of the building. David will pull up in front. Do you have much luggage?”

“We’ve each got a bag and a knapsack. Is the car small?”

“I don’t think there’ll be a problem. He’s got the big car. Just get out front and David will be there, okay?”

“Great. Thanks. For everything.”

“Sure. Oh, by the way. Sam says hi.”

Arnold was stunned. The reference to Sam was as powerful as if she had just come up the escalator before him.

“Arnold? Hello?”

“Ah, thanks. When did you talk to her?”

“She called the night before last. She wanted to know if you’d gotten in yet.”

“Where is she?”

“Home.”

“Home.”

“Out west. We’ve talked a lot about you.”

“She’s a very special person.”

“She says the same about you. What’s your friend’s name?”

“Ed.”

“Ed. Great. I’m looking forward to meeting you both.”

“Likewise. This is very kind of you.”

“Sam’s recommendation goes far with us. Now you’d better get out front so you don’t miss David. I’ll see you soon, okay?”

“Okay. Bye.”

He hung up.

His head felt light.

Sam.

Damn, he was going to cry.

He missed her so. He wanted her so. He sniffed back a tear and opened the pouch of his knapsack to put his telephone book back and saw the envelope the Patterson’s had given him. He ripped it open and nearly choked. Inside were three one-hundred dollar bills. For unloading a car? These folks were loaded. Had she known what would transpire that afternoon?

Of course, the other possibility was that Suzanne had increased the value of the contents when she went in to get the envelope. Arnold thought about the two women they had talked to earlier. Twice, today, Arnold had received payment for sexual favors. Gas and a car wash and a big tip. He wasn’t exactly sure he was happy about it.

But three hundred dollars was three hundred dollars. He stashed the money in his wallet and put it back in his knapsack. Ed was just heading out of the men’s room with the strangest look on his face.

He kind of ambled across the wide floor and when he got to Arnold he just stood there, staring at him.

“What’s up, Ed?”

“You’re not going to believe what happened in that men’s room, there.”

“What do you mean?”

“I went into one of the stalls to change my pants and no sooner do I get my shorts off then I notice a hole in the divider between my stall and the next one over. And sticking out of that hole is a big, fat cock.”

“What?”

“No shit. Some guy in the next stall is poking his dong through the hole. I just stared at it for a moment and then I hear this voice. ‘You gonna suck it or not?’ he says. I didn’t know what to say. I said, ‘No, thanks.’ Then he says ‘All right, stick yours through and let me.’ Just like that. Doesn’t know who I am, I don’t know him and he’s telling me to stick my cock through a hole in the shithouse wall.”

“And?”

“He was real good.”

“You did it?”

“Yeah. I mean, hell. How could I pass up an offer like that?”

“He could have had a knife or something.”

“I hadn’t thought of that. Holy Shit. Man. That was a dumb thing to do, wasn’t it?”

“Not what I would have done.”

“Well, he trusted me. He had his dick through the hole first. Big one, too. Fat. Yours wouldn’t have fit.”

“Well, I’m glad I’ve got an excuse. David’s going to meet us outside in a couple of minutes. Grab your gear and let’s hit the road.”

The two boys gathered up their belongings and headed down the escalator.

“Who was this guy, anyway?”

“Don’t know. Never saw him. By the time I got my pants on he had split. You see anyone come out of there just before me?”

“I wasn’t watching. I was, ah, preoccupied. On the phone.”

“Kind of kinky, actually. A hole, a mouth, a blow-job. Just about the best one I’ve ever had. Third best one, today.”

“Fill’er up!”

“Check the oil.

“Need a lube job, mister?”

“Check under the hood.”

“Looks like you’re properly inflated.”

“Nice dip stick, buddy.”

“I bet you say that to all the boys.”

“Only if their stick dips low enough.”

“This is getting stupid.”

“You started it.”

“Oh, sure. It’s all my fault.”

“Yup.”

“Fine. Be that way. See if I invite you along next time I go to the gas station. Humph!”

“Humph?”

“Humph!”

“Well, humph you too!”

“And double-humph to you, too!”

“And triple...”

“Okay, you win. Sheesh. Can’t even humph a guy anymore without having to take a self-defense course. Mary said to wait out front for David. I forgot to ask how we’ll recognize him.”

“You mean you don’t know these people?”

“Nope. They’re friends of a friend. I told you that.”

“Yeah, but I thought you’d met theses folks before. I mean, they’re giving you a place to stay, letting you bring home a perfect stranger. Trusting folks.”

“You don’t know my friend. I guess if she says I’m all right, then I’m all right.”

“Yeah, but what about me?”

“What about you? I obviously have great taste.”

“Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it. Just don’t embarrass me by knocking any holes in the bathroom wall, okay?”

“I’ll try and control myself.”

The street in front of the train station was a one way, so Arnold started looking off for a car he thought might be David’s. After a few minutes he realized how stupid that was; he didn’t have the slightest idea what he would be looking for, and so he turned back to Ed who had become very quiet.

“Arnie?”

“Yeah, Ed?”

“What kind of place is this we’re going to?”

“All I know is that they have an apartment in the basement of their house. It has its own entrance and phone and bathroom and kitchen and stuff. I think there must be a stairs that goes down there because they use it as a rec room when it’s not occupied.”

“You know how many bedrooms it’s got?”

“Nope. You worried about something?”

“Not worried. Just wondering. I’m not a very good sofa sleeper. Hell, the truth is, I don’t sleep very well alone.”

“What did you do at home?”

“I shared a bed with my little brother.”

“You got a brother?”

“I got...had...three brothers and two sisters.”

“Had?”

“Yeah.”

“Sorry. Big family.”

“Small house. We’d curl up together. It was kind of like sleeping with a teddy bear that wet the bed.”

“That must have been a pain in the butt.”

“I got real good at waking up and moving real quick. Actually, I had to sleep with him. It was the only thing that kept my ol’ man from killing him. Or so I thought.”

“What’s he gonna do, now that you’re gone?”

“He doesn’t have to worry about that anymore.”

“What do you mean, Ed?”

“He died about a month ago. Pa says I let him crawl out the bedroom window. There was a screen on the bedroom window. Someone big pushed that screen out.”

“Oh, shit. Ed. Oh, man. Oh, God. Why didn’t you tell me this before?”

“Christ, Arnie. When? How? Why? You pick me up and drive me here, offer me hope, have sex with me, and then I run away from it all. You got enough problems of your own. You don’t need mine, too.”

Arnold grabbed Ed’s shoulders and shook him severely. He forced him to look straight into his eyes.

“Ed, you need me. That’s not a brag. You need me. Or someone. You need love. I’m here. I’ll help. We’re going to both get real strong and healthy here. If you need to sleep with me, then sleep with me. If you need love, I’ll give it to you. Sex? No problem. We’re going to help each other here. You got that? Together. Right?”

“What the fuck, Arnie? What the hell’s going on here? Who are you? What are you, man? You scare me, you know that? What am I supposed to do? I can’t go home, I don’t want to be alone, I’m scared, but I don’t know where else to go.”

“What are you afraid of?”

“You!”

“Me?”

“Yeah. You. Your head is in a different place, Arnie. You got this...this...thing. You make it all look so different. I’m used to corn. Corn grows up, you cut it, eat it, feed it to the cows, sell it, plant it, it grows up and you cut it again. That’s all I know. I get with you and suddenly there’s all this other shit. Feelings. Powerful feelings. You make me look where I don’t want to. I didn’t want to talk about my brother. I didn’t want to tell you. But how could I not?”

You ask, I talk. You care, I talk. You give, I take. I've never had that before. I don't know what the rules are here."

Arnold looked into Ed's eyes. He waited. Nothing he could say was going to answer Ed's questions. Only Ed was going to be able to see how this was all tied together. He let the other boy sort things out as he formulated his own thoughts.

"I guess I'm just used to a different kind of people. Corn people. They're used to being cut down. They're used to being ground up. Just don't think about it. We'll plant a new crop next year and it'll all be better. Nothing exists past this year's harvest. In fact, nothing exists *but* this year's harvest. Don't get to like it too much 'cause you're just going to have to cut it down. Love don't pay the bills, corn does. Love just makes babies and that's good if they'll help with the harvest, but they grow up and move away and that don't bring the corn into the silo, so don't love them, either. And if you can't afford the baby, you hate it. You don't love the baby 'cause maybe you have to drop it out the bedroom window one night when you get drunk enough so you can convince yourself you don't remember the next morning."

Ed was really crying, now. The words were just pouring out of his head and all kinds of thoughts and memories that hadn't added up before were starting to come together and the answers he was seeing were really scaring him.

"Why are you making me think all these things, Arnie? Why can't I just come here to the city, get a blow-job in a men's room, live in the 'Y' and earn some spare change with my dick? Why, all of a sudden, why does that seem like such a dumb thing to do? I've been dreaming about doing this for years. I had it all figured out. And then I get in the car with you, your big dick making mine seem

so small, and all of a sudden the whole world doesn't want my dick, 'cuz it's *only* nine inches long. Now I have to try something else. Now I have to think. What the fuck you have to go and make me think for, Arnie. My dick was plenty big until you came along. Fuck you. And your big dick. Fuckin' freak. Your fuckin' donkey dick and your fuckin' muscles and your fuckin' gorgeous face and your fuckin' weird head. What the fuck am I supposed to do now, huh?"

Arnold tried very hard not to be hurt by what Ed was saying. He tried to remember what the boy was going through, what he was trying to figure out. It all seemed like such a good idea at the time. Just grab the kid's collar, pull him up out of the sea he was drowning in and throw a nice, heavy blanket of compassion over him. The rest would work itself out. But the drowning man doesn't always want to be saved. Maybe, when the water is pouring down his throat and the end seems too real, a life raft looks like a real good idea. But after he's out of the water, shivering and coughing, he still has to deal with the reason he jumped overboard in the first place.

Trying to reason all that, Arnold couldn't get over the feeling of being kicked in the nuts when Ed started calling him names. A freak. Was he right? A sexual oddity? A toy to be bought, played with, thrown away? Is that what Sam had done? Is that what Mr. Ridell had done?

Certainly that was what his parents had done. Had he been bought by the Patterson's? What about Jennifer at the gas station? No doubt about it. She had gotten her big dick, he had gotten a free tank of gas

His whole world began to cave in on him. He wanted to hit Ed, hard. He wanted to ram his fist down the boy's throat. He thought

about the power in his huge arms. One blow from that piston of muscle, sinew, and bone would bust the other boy's head right open. He felt his fist clench. He felt the biceps flex and the muscles around his shoulder blade contract as he cocked his arm back for the blow. His teeth were gritted so hard his jaw was trembling. All around his field of vision, the world turned blood red. His sight narrowed down to a spot on the side of Ed's head, just below the cheekbone. He watched as fear spread slowly over Ed's face as he realized what was about to happen. Fear...and something else. A resignation.

Ed had jumped into the ocean, had been saved, against his will, and now was about to have the whole thing taken care of for him. His whole body suddenly went slack. He stood there and watched as the huge arm rocketed towards his head. He didn't duck, he didn't try to avoid the collision which he knew would kill him. This was the fate he had been programmed to accept. If his father couldn't push him out of the bedroom window, then maybe this powerful rocket of muscle could.

Time dilated.

The next three-tenths of a second seemed to take about a minute. Never before had Ed been able to study an event with such attention to detail. He was especially attracted to the small scar on the ring finger of the fist that was slowly moving towards him. He tried to guess where that had come from. It seemed such an odd place for a scar, on the top of the ring finger. Almost as though someone had drawn a knife across the finger in an attempt to cut it off. He remembered the rest of Arnold's body as he had seen it back at the filling station. It had been perfect. Not a mark on it. No

blemishes, no stitches, no scrapes or cuts. So why did he have this one scar on this one finger.

He waited until the fist was closer to his face, and then gave the scar another look. It cut straight across the top of the knuckle, perpendicular to the finger, and then made a slight jag toward the fingertip, as though it had been done in haste, the blade pulling away at the last minute before completing the amputation. Someone had tried to cut his finger off. Now who the hell would do that to someone as nice as the guy who was about to ram his fist through the side of his head because he had said so many cruel, unbearable things to him when the guy had only been trying to help oh my God what have I done I've gone and fucked up the only thing that was good about today about the rest of my life and now I have to make this guy so pissed at me that he can't do anything else but bust my head wide open with his fist and I remember him telling me that he wasn't a violent person and here he is being violent and I guess I did that too and he'll have to live the rest of his life knowing what he did to me even though it wasn't his fault.

“SORRY!”

The fist flew past the side of Ed's head, grazing the cheekbone and scraping the ear. He heard what sounded like a sonic boom as Arnold released all his tension in a loud, ear-shattering roar. The momentum of his thrown punch carried his body into Ed's and the two boys collided. Arnold flung both his arms around Ed, both to regain his balance and because he couldn't think of anything else to do except hug the boy. They were both crying very hard, now, and several passersby had stopped to witness the unusual event. The physical part of the confrontation had happened so quickly (to them)

they were completely unaware how close they had come to witnessing a homicide. To them, they just saw these two boys yelling at each other and then one of them threw his arms around the other and they cried and made up.

Ed had no idea of the perplexity of Arnold's thoughts just prior to the attack. As far as he knew, at least at this moment, everything was all better. But Arnold now had to get through some tough thinking. He had proven to himself that his life was wrong, that he was wrong, that everything he had turned his beliefs to was wrong. It would take hours of intense thought and concentration to put things back in perspective again. The most immediate item Arnold had to work out was Ed. No matter what had prompted him to say those things to him, he had said them. They would not be easily undone. Arnold would wait until they reached the apartment, but he felt he had to deal with these things as soon as possible.

"Arnold?"

He pulled himself off of Ed and turned around. Standing before him was a man in a very expensive suit. His face was all sharp angles and taut skin; his neck thick and muscular, sloping down and out to wide shoulders ending in huge, round deltoids. Apparently the suit was specially tailored to fit his huge body because, although his arms and chest were heavily muscled, the jacket fell smoothly down over the massive contours of his physique. His eyes were deep, rich, brown pools, eagerly taking in the scene around him. He swept his gaze over Arnold and Ed and, although it didn't take a genius to figure out that something was very wrong here as both boys were crying, he was able to see that a very important cusp had been attained seconds before his arrival. He discerned that, although the other boy seemed the one in need of long term support, it was the

one he had identified as Arnold from his friend, Sam's, incredibly accurate and detailed description as being the one in immediate need of nurturing. The boy was devastated.

He wrapped his own huge arms around Arnold's chest and hugged him powerfully. He then put his mouth next to Arnold's ear and whispered into it, "Sam misses you very much."

Arnold didn't know what to do. He was now completely confused, but the confusion served to defuse the focus on his own doubts. He let the tensions in his body go and rested his weight against the warm, powerful man whose arms were enfolding his soul.

David looked over Arnold's shoulder to the other boy.

"I'm David. You must be Arnold's friend."

"Not so sure about that, right now. My name's Ed. I think we need to get off the street."

"My car's over at the curb. You want to throw your stuff in the trunk? I'll get our friend into the car."

Ed picked up the bags that had been strewn around the sidewalk during their confrontation and carried them to the back of the car. David walked with his arm around Arnold to the passenger side and opened the front door. Arnold sat down on the seat and David flipped open the glove compartment and pushed a button that opened the trunk.

He helped Ed find room to put the bags in; the trunk was filled with books and papers and folders and a gym bag and several free-weights and magazines and stacks of photos. The photos were of David and a woman, both of them in posing outfits. Their bodies were oiled and tanned and ripped with veins and muscles.

Ed took one of the photos and studied it carefully. Even in his agitated state, he couldn't help but be attracted by the pure sexual power of the two people in the photograph. The front of David's posing trunks showed him to be very well-hung. The woman, whom Ed assumed to be Mary, was equally as well-built, her breasts hard and firm and round, barely contained by the top she had on. They both were holding the same pose, their muscles detailed as though someone had carved them in marble, using the opportunity to make each curve and bulge and shape as sexually attractive as possible. He glanced back at the man standing next to him. This was him. This man standing beside him was the huge, incredible hunk of sex in the picture.

David was mildly amused at Ed's reaction, his dropped-jaw stare, his obvious physical attraction to David and Mary's body. He was used to it, even enjoyed it; the youth was attractive and had an untamed sexuality that promised great power and intensity if properly channeled. But in the mean time, there was a serious something that needed tending to. David had felt it the moment Arnold had fallen into his arms. Critical damage had been done here and both these boys were going to need serious nurturing in a hurry before the wound was allowed to fester and become irreparable.

"You can keep that, if you want."

"Thanks."

"Come on, let's get out of here."

David closed the trunk and then went around to the driver's side and got in. Ed climbed into the back seat. The car was spacious, heavily upholstered, luxurious. As the doors closed, the sounds of the city were blocked out. They were in a womb. The only sound was Arnold's heavy breathing. He was just getting his emotions

under control. David waited for a moment before starting the car. He wanted to give the boys a chance to make contact again before being distracted by the passing scenery. He looked back at Ed, whom he now figured had instigated the incident. Something would have to be said soon, or else too many ego issues would begin to build up. The problem was that Arnold was the one who would be sensitive enough to know what to say. Ed was obviously still a pup.

Ed saw David glance back at him and knew he should say something. He didn't know what. He wanted to put a hand on Arnold's shoulder, but was afraid of it being rejected. A whole raft of thoughts crossed his mind, but each, on their own, seemed inadequate at best, and at worst, would only precipitate another incident, probably more damaging than the first. He became more and more frustrated as he sensed this moment of healing slipping from him. This was not his way. You didn't heal things like this, you just plowed it under and planted another crop. The last one was only fertilizer for the next, it had no other function. If this year's crop didn't go, there was always next year.

Now, here was a different kind of crop. This wasn't corn, it was oak trees. Slow growing, long to come of age, but eternal, rugged, strong, thick and secure. But the nurturing had to be there. What do you say to an oak? How do you heal a limb which has been severed? What was the one thing that could fix this wound?

Ed was at a loss. Nothing in his life had prepared him for a moment like this. Was it that the words he knew he needed were not available to him? No, that wasn't really true. They were there, he just didn't know how to use them.

"I'm sorry, Arnie. I'm so sorry."

This was as close as he could come.

CHAPTER 34: FLASHBACK

For now.

CHAPTER 35: CHRIS

She was so filled with joy. She had never felt this much love and warmth come from a lover. He was amazing. She had to keep warning herself about these post-coital infatuations. But it was hard when the coital she was post-ing had been with this huge, muscular stud with eyes that could melt steel, a heart that could melt steel and a cock that was steel. She had been so filled. How did he do that? No pain. No bruised cervix. No ‘Ouch, ooh, don’t touch me there, please’s. He had been...too much in all the right places. It was like being made love to by a mountain. And now she was going to be able to be with him whenever she wanted.

After he had carried her to the balcony and announced his joy to everyone in earshot, he had dug through his tool box and gotten a huge screwdriver out. He was currently disassembling the ugly green divider that separated his balcony from hers. After tonight she could wander over and have him filling her with that big, beautiful cock of his anytime she wanted to.

Except tomorrow night. She looked to the other side of Arnold’s balcony and saw the divider that separated him for Patty. In all likelihood that one would be gone by tomorrow night. How could she compete with her? With a body like Patty had, how could he be interested in her own smooth, pliant curves? Even she had harbored fantasies of climbing in the sack with Patty. He was removing the divider, however. This didn’t seem like a temporary measure.

As he worked he seemed focused on something far removed from the task at hand. Not that he was regretting his actions. There seemed to be something on his mind that felt like the next thing on

the agenda. Chris started dreaming up all kinds of terrible scenarios. He was going to die in six months. He had a wife and two wonderful kids out in the valley. There was someone else in his life and he carried a torch for her always. This was the one she dreaded most. How could you fight it? You always dream someone will do it for you and then you come across someone doing it for someone else and you feel like such a shit.

But there was something about Arnold's actions that gave this thing, whatever it was, a very non-fatal air. Whatever it was, it was important. To him. And she trusted he would not let it affect their relationship. She was sure. So sure she almost stopped him from taking apart the wall and made him tell her right then. She controlled the urge. She could be wrong.

She'd wait.

The screws that held the panel in place were old and rusted. Arnold sprayed some lubricant on them and let them set awhile to soak. He then brought two large pillows out onto the balcony and sat himself before the small Japanese garden. His massive body folded itself into lotus, his huge cock amusingly laying over his crossed feet like a pet snake taking a nap. Chris joined him on the other pillow and tried to track his gaze as he studied the formation before him.

A small bonsai fir occupied the top, its miniature, tentacled roots clasping the rock; holding on for dear life. Small and large pockmarks on the surface of the rock, remains of air bubbles in the lava, contained dirt and small clumps of moss, ferns and other vegetation. Arnold's eyes traveled over the surface of the small garden, studying it. What was he searching for? Or was it there and he was just appreciating it? She thought, again, of the eclectic line-

up of books in the living room. She would never be able to know this man simply by watching his eyes. Although it was probably a good start.

“What’s there?”

“A garden. A world. Order. Life. Dedication. This garden is over seventy-five years old. More than seventy-five years ago someone placed that tree on the top of this rock and planted those plants. Someone has cared for it ever since. The woman who started it was imprisoned in a detention camp because she was Japanese. She died there. As did one of her children. When the family was finally released they returned to their home. This garden was still alive. One of her grandchildren gave it to Mr. Ridell, my high school gym teacher and mentor, because he had watched over their property while they were incarcerated, tending the garden, keeping people from destroying their home. When he died, it was given to me.”

“Your mentor?”

“Mr. Ridell taught me about body building. He taught me to see my own worth. And he got me started on this sex thing.”

“Sex thing?”

“Yeah. You probably noticed that sex with me is a bit more intense than with most people.”

“That was rhetorical, I take it.”

“Pretty much. Just giving you the opportunity to respond, should you so desire.”

“Is there any particular kind of response you might be looking for?”

“Glowing praise and vows of undying devotion are always appreciated.”

“Go fishing elsewhere. Seventy-three multiple orgasms and passing out isn’t enough, huh?”

“I suppose you could have been faking.”

“Have you ever had a problem with someone faking it?” He smiled slyly. “So tell me about this ‘sex thing’. Do you get your jollies making women so spoiled they’ll never have an orgasm with another man for as long as they live?”

“Actually, if I do it right, my lovers always have orgasms with whoever they have sex with for the rest of their lives.”

“Ah, excuse me, but I couldn’t help noticing the use of a non-gender specific pronoun back there. I take it you’re not picky.”

“You do yourself a great injustice. I am very picky. Gender just doesn’t happen to be one of the requirements.”

“Never?”

“Only when there’s another person involved. If they’re not interested in a certain match-up, or another match-up at all, then I guess it’s important. But for me, no.”

“Does this have something to do with Mr. Ridell?”

“Pretty much everything I do in my life is somehow connected with him. I never had any kind of guidance from my parents. In fact they were just as happy if I left them alone and stopped asking all those stupid questions. Mr. Ridell answered a lot of questions and showed me a whole slew of questions I didn’t know I was supposed to ask.”

“Is he the one who taught you about sex with men?”

“He’s the one who told me about it. I sort of found out on my own.”

“Was he gay?”

“I don’t know. I never actually had sex with him. He sure did like my penis, though. Used to stand outside the gym shower and get me to jerk-off after working out every day. I suspect he had ulterior motives for that, though.”

“Ulterior to wanting to see you work your rather sizable organ. Altruistic ones, no doubt.”

“Actually, yes. I’ve always had quite a healthy appetite for orgasms. I think his getting me to cum at least once a day was his way of keeping me from sowing my oats in other fields and getting myself tied down before I was ready. He also had certain ideas about how I should be initiated.”

“Initiated? What’d he do? Have a ceremony for you?”

“Yes.”

“You’re joking?”

“I am absolutely serious. And so was he. He made sure I was a virgin until I graduated from high school. And then he made sure I had the best possible lover to take me into my adulthood.”

“A woman?”

“Yes.”

“Something tells me I know what’s coming next.”

“Sam. Samantha.”

“Oh, my God. I don’t know whether to scream, cry, jump over the railing and end it all right now or just sit back and laugh at the irony of it all.”

“There is another choice.”

“Nothing that remotely comes to mind.”

“How about a feeling of joy and even a little touch of gratitude. Sam showed me what I can do. She shared herself so deeply with me that we bonded that afternoon. I haven’t seen her since, but everything that we did here this evening, every one of those seventy-three multiple orgasms you enjoyed, are all because of Sam. I know I am an unusually good lover. I’m told it enough. So unless everyone is lying to me to make me feel good, there must be something really special about the way I make love. And the only thing I can attribute it to is Sam.”

“Why did you never see her again?”

“She and Mr. Ridell realized if I had become attached to her I would never have gotten out and seen the rest of the world, done all the things I’ve done, been with all the people I’ve been with. There are a lot of people running around today who I’ve had the pleasure of sharing sex with. It would have been very easy, easy for both of us, to bond to each other and spend the next sixty five years between the sheets popping our corks until they found a couple of very happy corpses locked in each other’s arms.”

“Does that mean never?”

“Nope. I’ve lost track of her. At least I thought I did. I had to. It was the only way to keep away from her. She was my first, and I think she was the best. Because she was the first.”

“If you weren’t so serious about this I’d swear you were just trying to prevent me from getting a swelled head.”

“I’m sorry, Chris. It’s true. You’re not my first. I wasn’t a virgin when you walked into this apartment and set out to seduce me.”

“I seduced you? Ha. You’ve got a lot of cheek. What do you call standing out on the landing with this,” she reached over and playful grabbed his huge organ, stretching it, bouncing it in the palm of her hand, “hanging out for just anyone to photograph through just any peephole?”

“Accidents do happen, you know.”

“And happily so.”

Chris bent over and pressed her lips to the huge head. Her tongue flicked back and forth across the surface of it. Arnold closed his eyes and a rumbling hum vibrated from his chest. The massive shaft stirred and began to stiffen. She took the head into her mouth to suck and lick it. He began to massage her back, running his hands up and down its length. As her mouth became more insistent he pressed harder and firmer into her back. The huge cock extended to its full length, its full thickness. She could tell that his erection was becoming deliciously painful. She bit and chewed, nipped and scraped.

Arnold straightened his back, then, with agonizing slowness, began to lean back. His thick, steel-hard abdominals flexed and bunched as he lowered his back to the floor until he was arched over the cushion he was on, his legs still in the lotus position. His massive erection was pulled into the vertical position and Chris moved with it until she was kneeling over him. As she sucked on the huge cock she drank in the sight before her. The phenomenal length of his penis, the massive, ridged flatness of his stomach, the two immense mounds of his pectorals with the rock hard nipple capping each one. The arms, huge, thick, powerful, even in their relatively relaxed state, thrown over the top of his head. Each biceps’ mass reminding her of her recently realized fantasy. Her cunt began to

throb with the memory of that huge mound of flesh pressed hard against her clit. Ooh, she was getting so wet.

And his face. There was no other way to describe him. He was beautiful. Every feature was finely chiseled, the parts all came together in such a masterful assemblage of symmetry and coordination that her eyes scanned back and forth amongst all the various aspects of his beauty, unable to rest for a moment upon any one. His eyes were closed, but she knew what lay just beneath those long-lashed eyelids. Crystal clear, steel-blue, deep, seeing, smiling, knowing, delving, penetrating eyes that had sent her juices flowing the moment she had seen him at his apartment door.

She could feel her clit as it became inflamed and began to press out through her quickly swelling cunt lips. It cried for attention. She moved around and straddled his knee, pressing her tiny, swollen erection against him. Her hunger for his cock became more desperate. She began taking more and more of its amazing length into her mouth. It filled her, stretching her lips. She clamped them around the thick, hot shaft and sucked hard.

Arnold's moaning became louder, more boisterous. His powerful hips began to pump, raising his pelvis off the cushion as he attempted to match Chris's motion with one that would drive his huge cock deeper into her hungering mouth.

Chris could stand it no longer. Her throbbing genitals craved attention. She abandoned her oral attentions to his monumental structure of flesh and brought the cushion she was kneeling on around to Arnold's head. Arnold flexed his abdomen once again to raise his head for her. His stomach muscles leaped into full relief again causing Chris to moan at the sight. Her cunt began to gush. She frantically straddled his head, pressing her now-inflamed cunt

lips down onto his face. He immediately sought out her clit and began to vigorously suck on it. She moaned. She almost screamed. She threw her head back and grabbed her full, melon-shaped breasts in her hands and began to squeeze and fondle them, pulling and pinching the nipples until they were so hard they felt as though they would explode. Arnold's tongue drove hard against her clit, sending her soaring. She mashed her cunt down hard against his face and then grabbed the huge cock that lay before her across his muscular abdominal plain. She aimed the head directly towards her mouth, opened her throat and dove down on its length until it was implanted deep within her.

She had never taken a cock all the way into her throat before. It wasn't until she had done it that she realized what had happened. She waited for the gagging to begin. It didn't. She was so busy sucking on this wonderful man's cock, so turned on by his tongue and lips as they attacked her genitals, so hot to bring him and herself to orgasm that her throat had opened and accepted its fate without a second thought.

A muffled "Oh, fuck." came from somewhere between her legs and Arnold's ministrations doubled in their fervor. Chris's lunges picked up speed. She dove down onto the shaft again and again, releasing it momentarily to exhale and drink in another gulp of air. As she did she would lick and suck the lower portions of the shaft, rubbing it against her cheek like a cat against its owners leg. Then down on the length of flesh again. Her hands clasped the base of it and encircled his heavy balls. She squeezed them, cupped them, lifted them and licked them each time she came up for air. Each was a mouthful. As she would take one or another into her mouth Arnold would press his mouth harder and harder against her. The fire within

her clit became white-hot. It quickly expanded and filled her loins and spread up through her abdomen and down her thighs. Her rectum began to tingle and burn. She wished he would drive a finger up inside...

“Oh.”

How did he...oh, yes. She squirmed her ass back against the intrusive digit. The burning, melting feeling was now wildfire running rampant through her body as every nerve began to hum violently. The cock in her mouth became thicker; her need to devour it more insatiable. Faster and faster her head flew up and down the massive shaft. Arnold's stifled cries spoke of his own increasing desperation. His hips slammed up against her mouth, the muscles of his abdomen flexing repeatedly. Her rock-hard nipples pressed roughly against him with each downward motion of her body.

Again.

Again.

Again.

Each penetration of her throat was deep and thorough. Their level of activity grew to a furious pace, driving on and on. The huge head of his cock pressed hard down her throat and she thought her stomach was going to cum. She could feel the flare of the head as it traveled within her. It began to leak seminal fluid and she held it in her mouth so that she could taste the delicious, salty flavor of it. Her hands flew along the exposed shaft. It thickened, grew dangerously dark. His intrusive finger burrowed to the last knuckle and squirmed within her. His lips locked around her long, aching clit and his tongue flicked rapidly back and forth across it. She was going to be really pissed off if she passed out before this one. Her mind spun, her hips ground down against his attacking mouth and finger, her

head rose and dove with breakneck speed. Her fire went critical and suddenly her genitals expanded to fill her entire being. They continued to expand and filled everything that she knew existed. They continued to expand until there was no discerning the extent of them and then they exploded. Huge waves of sensation plowed through her body. Arnold's cock drove itself deep into her throat and his huge balls unloaded their pent up fury within her. His tongue was vibrating furiously across her clit and the climaxes would not stop. Vicious orgasmic contractions wracked her body and she had to focus heavily to get herself to pull off that wonderful shaft of man-flesh buried deep in her throat to get some oxygen. She lifted her head, gulped in a lung-full of air and the massive cock shot a volley of cum up and onto her chest.

She wanted this man, this body, this cock so much. Her gushing cunt ground down hard against his face, driving his attack on even more. Again and again her body convulsed as each contact of his tongue and her clit wracked her body anew. She held the hard cock and rubbed her hands up and down the pole. Small puddles of fluid formed in the slit and she dove forward and lapped each one up as it appeared. Then just before his attentions became too much, he stopped. His worming finger slowly slipped from her ass and his lips placed one last, tender kiss on the lips of her vagina. She collapsed forward and curled up in his lap around the slowly deflating penis. She was amazed to find that the truest, most fulfilling expression of her feelings right now would be to fuck this man's cock. She could not get enough of it. She toyed and played with it, flopping it back and forth on his stomach. The heavy thud it made as it landed on him made her cunt quiver. She could die from this.

Happily.

Chris sighed and then moved around until she was lying next to him. His eyes were closed, his breathing unusually regular. The expression on his face told of a high brain activity. She wondered if she had forced herself on him. He looked unsettled for a moment. And then his expression relaxed, his hands, which had been tensed, fell loosely to his sides. He wriggled his fingers and toes to release tension and then heaved a huge sigh.

She had waited for him to give a sign. Everything seemed to be okay now, but she wondered what cusp he had just passed. His deep breaths brought his huge pecs to her notice. She toyed and flicked and encircled with her fingernail the nipple closest to her. It responded. Was he insatiable? She guessed with a cock like his and a body that was so used to physical activity his hunger for stimuli would be pretty big as well. She leaned over and kissed the nipple. He moaned. She sucked it. He flexed his pecs and they swelled before her. She dug her fingers into them. They were so big. So fucking big. She suddenly wished she had a big cock so she could rub it and press it against this huge, bulging muscle. She wanted to see a scrotum, heavy with balls as big as his, pressed against the nipple she had just toyed to erection. Two big cocks to play with. Four balls to suck into her mouth and swirl around with her tongue. Four flexing biceps to press her hot, hungry cunt against.

“Do you ever do it with a man and woman?”

“The best. Especially if we’re all working out together. Everything gets so big. So big.”

“Sounds like a memory to me.”

“Yup. Finest kind. So much strength. So big. Everything so big. The weight, muscle, the sex, the orgasms. Muscles so hard and

pumped they feel like they're cumming, and then someone sticks something hard in somewhere else and you push against the weight and pump and cum. The best."

"I want to do that with you. You have someone you work out with or someone who would do that with us?"

"I think so. I just met him today, but I'm pretty sure his head was filled with the same thoughts as yours. I don't know where he stands with women, though. It may take a little while to settle in with him. I'll keep you posted."

"And what about Patty?"

"What about Patty?"

"Well, you're having dinner with her tomorrow. I don't know her that well, the occasional 'hello' in the elevator and all, but my guess is she probably isn't going to let you out of her apartment without getting at least some of your clothes off."

"All of them, I hope."

"Well, isn't that open of you?"

"What do you want me to do? Lie to you?"

"Let me get back to you on that."

"In case you hadn't noticed, I like sex. I love sex. I engage in it every chance I get. With whomever I desire. And every person I have sex with has something special to bring to the experience. I don't think it takes a rocket scientist to guess what my attraction to Patty is. Each time I have sex, every person I make love with adds to my experience. The next time I make love with you I will have all the wonderful things that I did with Patty feeding me, making me a better lover, making you a better lover. The energy you feel when we make love is the combined efforts of all the lovers before you.

All of them. From Sam all the way up to the two girls on roller blades that gave me blow-jobs in the cab of my truck this afternoon.”

“Two girls...Healthy, blond, look like sisters, black and red on one, blue and yellow on the other?”

“Friends of yours?”

“I guess you could say they are. Looks like this is the second run in with them I’ve had today.”

“What was the first?”

“They made me loose my key this afternoon down on the beach.” Chris leaned on one elbow and studied his face. “I suppose it’s impossible to not fall in love with you.”

“Not any less impossible than it is to fall in love with you.”

“Wha...?”

“Surprised?”

“Good thing I was already lying down.”

“Now what makes you think I’m any more immune to it than you. Every person I make love with affects me just as powerfully as you’ve been affected tonight. I fall in love many times every week. Granted, love has a few million definitions, but every lover is loved. How could the sex be this good if there wasn’t love involved?”

“Nifty idea, Plato. But I don’t think the love you’re talking about is what I meant.”

“Ah. Lust.”

“Okay. Lust then.”

“I fall into lust hundreds of times every day. There are very few people I see to whom I don’t give at least a passing thought. What would that man be like? That woman, there, needs some physical

attention. How fun it would be to be with that girl. Young, old, man, woman. I once had a fantasy about making love to an entire rugby team. I love it rough.”

Chris leaned down and sharply bit the nipple closest to her. It had been slowly deflating and she thought it could use a little startle.

“Harder.”

She bit harder.

“Pull on it. Oh, yeah. Bite it. Oh. Pull. Harder. Harder. Make it big. Yeah.”

Chris marveled at his hunger for stimulation. She watched as he tensed his muscles to increase his desire. She pulled the nipple out as far as it would go and then let it slip from her teeth. It was hard and red, swollen. She suddenly felt sorry for it and bent to kiss it. She then saw he had taken his other nipple and was doing the same thing with his hand as she had done with her mouth. This guy was too much. As she watched him, his huge pec swelling under his hand, she began to get turned on again. Did this ever stop? She waited until he finished and then completed her mission, gently kissing the offended nipple. She swirled it with her tongue and then sucked it gently. If a woman’s breast gave milk, would his give strength?

“Well, now that everything is well lubricated, I guess we should get back to screwing.”

“Don’t you ever...Oh. The divider. Silly me.”

“I just can’t imagine where your head is at, child. Hand me that screwdriver and we’ll see if we can expand our floor space a bit.”

Arnold leaned into the wall and cranked on the screwdriver. There was a creaking, breaking sound as the first of the bolts broke

loose and then began to turn freely. He moved on to the second one. Each effort brought an ocean of activity to his huge, muscular back. She moved up behind him and felt the huge fibers of strength work just beneath his skin. So strong. So huge. So hot. She could feel the sex drive radiate from him. The energy. What must it be like to live with that, turned on twenty four hours a day? He had to be strong. She was worn out from her sexual activity today. If it weren't for the sustaining power of his own drive, she was sure she would have collapsed orgasms ago. Had she ever had this many in one day? She doubted it. Surely, she would have remembered.

She knew one thing. She had never been this turned on before. Never had she been so filled with desire for anyone. And here he was, knocking down the barrier between their apartments. She glanced over at the one on the opposite end of his balcony. Patty. And Arnold. And Chris. A small, but insistent throb began between her legs. She picked up the can of spray lubricant, walked over to the far end of the balcony and began to spray all the bolts that held the divider in place. When she finished she turned back. Arnold was standing, facing her. His huge body, swollen with strength, made her throbbing worse. The screwdriver he held in his hand was dwarfed by the rope of flesh that hung from his groin. And on his face was the lewdest grin she had ever seen.

This was going to be fun.

CHAPTER 36: FLASHBACK

During the drive to David and Mary's home, Ed came to realize that, although the immediate situation had been diffused by his apology, long term damage had been done. Several times during the trip he attempted to engage Arnold in conversation only to be met with responses ranging from monosyllabic grunts to complete silence. David tried very hard not to intervene in the situation, but soon found himself becoming increasingly uncomfortable. He attempted to deflect Ed's interest by engaging him in conversation on a very mundane level: Where was he from? Had he been to the city before? How long did he plan on staying? How long had he known Arnold? The answers to these last questions brought their own embarrassing silences in response.

Finally David gave up and stuck a tape in the stereo. Slow, ethereal sweeps of synthesized sound flooded the interior of the car and the boys sighed in relief as the music brought them solace and a great excuse not to have to communicate. David was sure he would be able to get some idea of what had happened. But he was equally sure he would not be able to get it until he had the two boys apart. He occasionally glanced over at Arnold, attempting to catch his eye and discern something non-verbally but the young man was determined to burn a hole in the windshield with an intense glare which rivaled autism. Only the fact that David could sense an incredible expenditure of energy in Arnold's state led him to believe the boy had not shut down completely.

He glanced back in the mirror to see what he could read on Ed's face. The other boy's eyes were red and his cheeks were tear-stained. No scenario that David could put together seemed to add up

to the reactions he was observing. He would just have to wait. He decided the best action, when they arrived at the house, would be to take Ed down to the apartment and turn Arnold over to Mary.

The rest of the ride went quickly, now that a decision had been made. He let the swelling sounds wash over him and hoped the mood would be improved a bit by the time they reached their destination. Rush hour traffic was moderate, so they arrived in fair time. It only seemed to take years instead of decades to Ed; Arnold was not able to discern any definite passage of time. When they came to a stop in the unattached garage behind the house, David escorted the two boys to the back porch where Mary was waiting their arrival. The look on his face signaled to Mary that something was amiss and with a glance he suggested that she take Arnold inside.

“Come on, Ed. I’ll show you your new digs. There’s a door on the side of the house. Here’s the key.”

They disappeared around the corner leaving Arnold staring resolutely at a square inch of pavement approximately two feet in front of Mary.

“Arnold?”

Arnold’s head jerked up as though someone had wacked him on the forehead with a two by four. For just a second he could have sworn he had heard Sam’s voice. The woman in front of him met his startled gaze with a bright, warm smile. Her light brown hair was pulled back loosely in a ponytail and her fresh, clear face radiated a comforting energy which had an immediate calming effect on the boy. A flood of thoughts raced madly across his face and crowded his throat, clambering to be heard. What finally came out was choked and emotion-packed, a single syllable containing in its

sound all the fears and hopes and ideas and thoughts and dreams and wonderings and doubts and apprehensions and misgivings which had been subconsciously haunting him for the past several weeks, brought to the fore by this latest incident with Ed.

“Sam?!”

It was a question, plea, demand and curse all in one. Mary tried very hard to find which part of it needed answering most. She pointed to her chest, indicating her heart.

“She’s here, Arnold.”

She placed her palm against Arnold’s own heart. “She’s here.” Arnold shook his head and sighed heavily. That wasn’t enough. He needed her. He thought he needed her. He had lost himself and so needed her.

“Maybe you’d better come in and tell me what’s going on here. Something major has happened since we talked on the phone. You need to talk about it.”

She held the porch door open and Arnold moved inside, more because there was nothing better to do rather than any need or want. The screened-in porch held an eclectic selection of wicker furniture and a profusion of ferns, hanging pots and wind chimes. He looked around, taking it in, but only to note that this was yet another place where Sam was not. A door opposite led to a small vestibule. Two doors accessed the basement and kitchen respectively. A collection of shoes lay along the one unused wall. Mary removed her shoes and set them amongst them. Arnold did the same. He heard murmuring voices coming up from below and so opted for the kitchen. Had he been in better spirits he would have been quite impressed with his new surroundings, but, again, this was only another place lacking the one thing he felt he needed most: Sam.

Mary tried to figure what was wrong. Not just between Arnold and Ed, but inside Arnold himself. From the lengthy conversations she had with Sam, she had been prepared to meet a dynamic, bright, witty, quick, intelligent young man who possessed the ability to surmount incredible obstacles, sense feelings and respond sensitively, a being on the verge of bursting free from the humdrum of normal existence and traveling to a plain higher and more incredible than most people ever have the chance to realize. A powerful sex partner, a beautiful man, a warm, loving person.

Instead, what she saw before her was a lost, little boy, far from home and quite alone. Alone. Of course. Whatever had happened between the two boys had triggered a sense of abandonment. That's why the need for Sam. Well, there was the reason. Now all she had to do was find the cure. Unfortunately, only one person knew the answer to that. Arnold, himself. And it wasn't what he thought he needed, either. Having Sam here would only increase his dependence on her. He had to find his own way through this.

"Set your bags down, Arnold. I think we need to talk."

Arnold's gaze swept over the woman as if trying to decide if she could be trusted. He drifted slowly into inaction. Mary took the bags from him and set them under the kitchen table. She then took his hand and led him through the door to the dining room, then a huge living room, a front entrance foyer and across to a small study. The room was littered with pillows and low tables, the floor covered with tatami. Indirect lighting swelled to a pale glow at the touch of a button just inside the door. Mary closed the door behind her, went to the windows and closed the drapes then aimed Arnold at a pile of pillows and small futons in the corner. He half sat, half collapsed on a stack of down pillows covered with bleached canvas. A small

fountain in the corner of the room babbled as water ran a course of several meters over smooth black stones. He closed his eyes and let the sound wash through him.

He realized why he had been brought here. Mary was not going to let him go until he had dealt with whatever was bothering him. He felt her sit near him, but not too near. She exhaled long and hard through her nose and then there was silence. He opened his eyes and saw her sitting in lotus position on a large pouf across from him. She was there to wait. Forever, if it took that long. She showed no desire to communicate with him. Only the desire that she should stay until Arnold had worked through whatever it was he needed to.

“He...”

“What happened between you and Ed is just that. Between you and Ed. What you need to look at right now is what’s going on between you and you. If you need to say it out loud, do so. But there’s only one person who can get to the bottom of this.”

“Sam.”

Mary exhaled with aggravation. Wrong answer, grasshopper.

“Me.”

“Better.”

Arnold tried to go back and replay his thoughts during those last moments before David had arrived. The problem lay there. Somehow he had come to a series of decisions which had driven him with unbelievable speed into a deep and, seemingly, inconsolable depression. The only way he felt able to dig himself out of it was with Sam. But she wasn’t here and that seemed to be a big chunk of the problem. She should be here. She should care enough about him that she would be here to take care of him, watch

over him. She had created this mess, had opened him up to this strange other existence, this ultra-humanness, and then had abandoned him to his own devices. This was her fault.

There.

That was what he was feeling. Now. What was wrong with that logic? For there was surely something horribly wrong with it. He looked at Mary. Was she the same as Sam? Could he get from her what he was unable to get from his absent lover?

“I need to talk to Sam.”

“Go ahead.”

“Huh?”

“Go ahead. Tell me what you need to know.”

“Sam?”

“Go ahead.”

This was some sort of game. He wasn’t sure he knew the rules. He wasn’t even sure he wanted to play.

“Why do I feel so bad about myself?”

“Trust.”

“Trust who?”

“You.”

“I trust myself.” Liar. “No I don’t. Not now, anyway.”

“Why not?”

“I feel so different.”

“From whom?”

“From everyone. I am different.”

Again the aggravated exhale. This time accompanied by a raised eyebrow. Don’t be an asshole, grasshopper.

“I am different.”

“Why?”

“I thought I was the one who was supposed to ask the questions.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m the one with the problem.”

“What problem?”

“This...this...problem. Here. Now. Look at me.”

“Why?”

“Why?”

What was the answer to that? What was the question?

“Look at me. I’m a freak.”

“How?”

“I’m big. I’m too big. People stare at me. They see me and immediately want to have sex with me. I’ve got a penis that runs my life. Even now, looking at you, I can feel it starting to get hard. I can’t seem to find myself. I can help others see themselves, but I can’t see me.”

“You’re beautiful.”

“Is that another question?”

“You’re very sexy.”

“Gee, thanks. That’s just what I was talking about.”

“Take off your shirt. I want to see your pecs.”

“You’re just the same as everyone else. Is that all I am? Just a sex thing?”

“I’ve heard about your huge cock. Let me see it.”

“No!”

“What?”

“No. No. Go to hell. Can’t someone just look at me for me. Can’t I just be me without being...me...oh, I get it.”

“All you have to do is say no. People see you the way you see yourself. But remember, dear Arnold, we are all different. No two of us are the same. You can either curse the difference or celebrate it.”

Arnold felt like he had just heard a secret of the universe...or something. He celebrated the specialness of each person he had an encounter with. He wasn’t allowing himself to see the rest of the world was doing the same to him, in return. But wasn’t that celebration the reason his interchange with everyone he met so intense?

“I assume you’ve spent the last couple of weeks doing some pretty heavy investigating into the nature of physical human interaction.”

“Yeah. Lots of it.”

“And I would hazard a guess that every single person you’ve come in contact with has come away pretty devastated by the experience. Yes?”

“Well...yes.”

“Oh...don’t go all modest on me, Clyde. Sam’s narrative of her encounter with you as well as her reaction was quite detailed. But what about you?”

“I had a good time.”

“But what about you?”

“What do you mean.”

“I mean what did you get out of it? How did it help you grow? How are you a better person for having left this trail of sexual carnage across half a continent?”

“I...I don’t know.”

“Did you forget about yourself?”

“I was having so much fun giving others a good time, I didn’t worry about myself. But I thought that was what Sam had wanted me to do.”

“If Sam had wanted you to do anything, I imagine it would have been to learn and grow from your experiences. But I believe, if you were to look back at your experience with Sam, you’d find she didn’t tell you to do anything except love. And that means yourself, as well.”

“I...I love myself.”

Up went the eyebrow again.

“I did. I was very happy with the way things were going until Ed and I had our little disagreement in front of the train station. Mary, I almost killed him. And it was as though he wanted me to. He just stood there and let me try to slam my fist into the side of his head. If I hadn’t veered off at the last second when he apologized, he’d be either dead or in a coma right now. I’ve never been so mad at anyone in my life.”

“Why?”

“Why was I so mad? Because he made me see myself different. For the past eighteen years I’ve been nothing. Then I meet Sam and I’m wonderful. I’m a brilliant lover, a great companion, a sensitive, caring person. I try to take that out and share it with others. Then Ed gets all worked up and starts yelling at me and telling me I’m a

freak. That's what he called me. It's all my fault that his simple little world is suddenly turned upside down. I've ruined all his plans. Hah. Big plans. He wants to come to the city, live at the "Y" and make money with his body. All of a sudden he meets up with someone with a bigger penis than him and his world comes crashing down around him. I tried to show him that he's a better person than that and he gets scared and runs away, comes back, tries to run away again and blames it on the size of my dick."

"What made him so important in his own town?"

"He had a certain notoriety due to his attributes."

"And suddenly he's not the big fish in the little pond anymore. Right?"

"Yeah. We talked about that. He was the one who said not to get upset about size. Of course, that was before he knew how big I was. I know why he's so upset. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out he's scared. But the things he said to me...it just made me start to think. I know I'm different. I know I'm physically unusual. That doesn't bother me. It's knowing that other people think less of me for those very reasons. I want to love. I want to make people feel good. It's almost like I'm driven to do that. Is that such a crime?"

"I think the end of your search is near. Study what you just said."

"I had a feeling you were going to say that. I already know the answer to all my woes..."

"Woes?"

"It's just that when you finally discover the answer, you feel like such a jerk because it's so obvious."

Arnold turned his thoughts in on himself and reflected on the real reasons for his actions. He had worked his body into a state that made him very desirable. He knew from the very beginning of his odyssey into muscular development that his increased physique would improve his ability to attract people. Just like the guy by the pool those many years ago. Arnold didn't just want to help people love. He wanted to help people love him. Bingo!

"Fine. So now I feel like a jerk for being such a jerk. Now what?"

"Now what?"

"I knew you were going to do that. I guess I'd better get downstairs and talk things over with Ed."

"How do you know Ed wants to talk things over with you?"

"Well he...I mean, it was his...he's the one who...I thought he was the one who should..."

"What? Apologize?"

"I don't. know"

Arnold fell back against the cushions in frustration.

"I guess I'd better just let people make up their own minds."

This time both eyebrows went up and a warm, sensual smile spread across Mary's face. Give that grasshopper a cigar.

"Are you hungry?"

"Not really."

"Thirsty."

"Nope."

"Tired?"

"A little."

"Horny?"

“Hardly.”

“Curious?”

“Yeah.”

“Me, too. As I said before, Sam has given quite a report on you. I must say you’re very well-developed for one so young. How long have you been working out?”

“I started on my own when I was thirteen. But I didn’t get any guidance until I was fifteen. From Mr. Ridell, our gym teacher.”

“Yes. Sam’s told me quite a bit about him as well. He seems to have something special.”

“He just let me know that I was worth something when I really had no idea that I was.”

“It’s too bad you couldn’t have remembered that lesson an hour ago.”

“Yeah. I guess I was feeling pretty sorry for myself. Selfish, actually. How long have you been working out?”

“About ten years. I didn’t start as early as you. I was nineteen when I got into the scene.”

“Are you still in competition?”

“David and I just picked up the regional doubles title last month.”

“Congratulations. I’d like to see you two in action. From what Sam tells me it’s quite...er, inspiring.”

“Not a soft lap in the house. Do you mind if I see your progress so far?”

Arnold sat up and removed his shirt. He thought he would like to have pumped up a bit before exposing himself to an expert like Mary, but decided she should see him au natural to really assess his

progress. She studied him from the front and then asked him to stand and turn around. He did, again remaining relaxed. She stood beside him and poked and prodded, asking him to flex this or that muscle. He did this with pride. She seemed to be genuinely impressed. Several times she passed comments like “Nice” and “Very good” and “Good work.” He began doing a little posing routine for her and she stood back to watch. After a couple of poses he decided to give her the full treatment and unzipped his pants, pulling them off his well-muscled legs. His huge cock was barely contained by the cup of his jockstrap. As he turned and posed, his man-flesh threatened to pop loose from its restraint.

“You want to take that jockstrap off, or should I?”

Arnold was taken aback. Those were not the two choices he had expected. But, she’d offered.

“Go ahead.”

She moved to him and slipped her two index fingers into the waistband. With one slow, fluid motion she slid the strap down his thick, muscular thighs and his enormous cock fell free of its prison. He gingerly stepped out of the jock and let her stand back to appraise his nakedness.

“I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t impressed. That’s one hell of a penis you’ve got there, buddy.”

“Just woke up one morning and there it was.”

“Ten points for the correct response.”

“I wasn’t aware there was a contest. What’s the prize?”

In response, Mary crossed her arms in front of her and grabbed the bottom of the sweatshirt she had on. She pulled it up over her head and let it drop to the floor beside her. Arnold really liked the

way women bodybuilders didn't have to wear bras. Mary's hard, firm breasts rode high on her chest. Her muscles seemed to leap off her body.

"I'm pretty impressed, myself. You want to take those jeans off, or should I?"

"Please. I thought you'd never ask."

Arnold hesitated for a moment, a quick glance at the door to the room said he was wondering about David.

"Don't worry. I'm pretty sure he is 'otherwise engaged', himself."

Arnold moved to her and undid her belt and top snap. The zipper came down with a slowness that indicated Arnold's enjoyment of the proceedings rather than just the end result. Mary smiled in anticipation of what that would mean as they moved into the evening's activities. Arnold brought himself down to a kneeling position before her, brushing the nipple of her left breast on the way down, and then pulled the jeans down around her ankles. Black lace panties hugged her hips and clung precariously to her pelvis. Two index fingers under the elastic waistband and down they came in similar fashion. His head was flooded with the smell of her sex. He still wasn't sure where this was all leading, but he could feel a stirring in his loins that foretold of an erection. After she stepped out of the panties he stepped back to drink in the sight of her. She was obviously doing the same. And if the erection of her nipples and the heaviness of her breathing were any indication, her thoughts were probably paralleling his as well.

Mary began a slow motion routine that took her through many of the classic poses. Her arms, legs, abdomen, chest, back, ass, everything was so finely developed, Arnold's eyes could rest on no

individual body part. It darted from perfect thigh to perfect deltoid to perfect lat to perfect glut. Her pubic hair had been shaved off almost entirely, and the lips of her vagina were quite noticeable.

At one point she stopped in mid-pose and held it, just staring at him. He realized she wanted him to take the same pose. He did. She began to move again, slowly; he followed her lead. They turned and scrunched and pumped and flexed in unison. She hesitated for a second and he moved off in a different direction. She followed. He hesitated and she took the lead. They passed the ball back and forth with more and more frequency until it was impossible for either of them to tell who was leading.

“This is how David and I develop our routines.” Her voice was deep and husky with desire.

Arnold became aware they were moving in perfect sync. Neither was leading, neither following. He found his/her hands slowly sliding across the surface of his/her abdominals and then up to his/her pectorals. He/She grabbed his/her pecs and crushed them with his/her palms; fingers grabbed both nipples and twisted them almost painfully, a grimace of pleasure and pain erupting on his/her face. Then the hands began a slow, excruciating decent to his/her crotch. Arnold’s cock was almost fully erect. As he slid his hands down the length of the shaft Mary spread her lips with one hand and sought out her clitoris with the other. They began to masturbate in unison, their breathing becoming more labored, but also in sync.

Suddenly, without cue, they both stopped. Arnold let go of his massive erection and let it bob and weave before him. Mary moved across the room to him and took his huge cock in her hand. She extended her other arm over her head, then leaned back until she was arched completely over and her hand rested on the tatami. She

pulled his cock forward and aimed the swollen head at the moist opening of her cunt. No further direction was needed. He took the shaft in his hands and rubbed the huge head against her vaginal lips. With one hand he sought out her clitoris and began to rub the hard little nub with his middle finger. Mary gasped and cries of pleasure issued from her mouth. He pressed the head of his cock against her and felt the heat of her body pour out.

Then her cunt lips seemed to spread, she moved forward and his enormous cock was swiftly swallowed as someone slurping up a length of spaghetti. He was inside her and her vaginal walls were sucking and kneading his cock. He watched as her abdominals flexed and undulated. He tried to imagine how far inside her he was. She slowly rocked back and forth; his cock slipped in and out of her amazing cunt. As he leaned over and pressed his hands to her hard, firm breasts, she let out a loud cry of desire. He then moved his hands back behind her shoulders and pulled her into an upright position. Lifting her off the ground, he slid his hands down to her ass, held her above his crotch and pumped his arms up and down, raising and lowering her on his thick, hard shaft.

“Sam told me about this one. Oh, God, that feels good. Oh, you’re so big. So big. Oh. Oh. Oh, yeah. Oh, don’t stop. Oh, that’s good. You’re so good. Kiss me. Kiss me hard.”

Their lips slammed together and tongues entwined. Mary’s hands flew across his back, kneading and squeezing his muscles as he flexed and bulged with the effort of their sex. She bore down on his cock with her muscles and increased the pressure around him. With each downward trip the stimulation grew, causing Arnold to repeat the cycle faster and faster until Mary was fairly flying up and down his hot, thick shaft.

“On the floor. Put me on the floor. I want to fuck you hard and fast.”

Arnold dropped to his knees and Mary locked her legs and arms around him. He then leaned forward and put his hands on the floor. Stretching his legs out, he held himself in the push-up position, Mary swinging from his torso, her hot, sucking cunt riding up and down the monumental pole of flesh within her. Arnold slowly lowered himself to the floor until Mary’s back touched. She let go of his back, dropped her legs, then grabbed his huge shoulders.

“All right, stud. Give it to me. I want to smell something burning.”

A switch clicked in Arnold and his hips began to fly back and forth with blinding speed. Mary clamped down on his cock and increased the pressure even more. Her breasts bobbed up and down with each forward attack and her nipples felt like they would explode. Quickly, a hot, swelling feeling developed in her cunt as she neared the precipice of her orgasm. The huge cock within her pressed madly against the walls of her cunt and sent huge pulses of delicious sensation rolling through her body. Her hips bucked and countered his thrusts, causing him to penetrate deeper and deeper. Her arms flew around his back and raked and clawed in an attempt to pull him to her more and more quickly. She arched her back and gave herself to him with even more abandon and found herself thrashing back and forth uncontrollably. She rolled over and suddenly he was beneath her. She rocked back and forth violently on the huge shaft and then he rolled and he was back on top. They were all over the room, their bodies crashing and colliding into each other with furious abandon. The harder she tried to fuck him the harder he gave back in return until reality was lost. Suddenly they were just a

huge sphere of energy pulsing and throbbing, their sex driving the universe. He screamed and she screamed and they jammed their sex together and then there was a huge explosion and their bodies were thrown apart by the force of it.

And then nothing.

Some time later Arnold was able to open his eyes and saw he was lying on the opposite side of the room from Mary who was also just becoming aware of her surroundings. He rubbed his eyes and looked around. The room was a total disaster. Tables and tatamis were strewn everywhere. The stuffing of several of the large cushions was hanging from the wall and pieces of furniture. One of the drapes on the window was pulled down, the night sky beyond. Arnold looked down at his cock. It was completely flaccid. Usually it took a bit of time for it to revert to its relaxed state after sex. But this had been total and exhaustive. There was actually no sensation of it ever having been hard. No sense that any cum had traveled up the long shaft.

Mary was tentatively checking out her own sexual apparatus and was just as puzzled by her discovery that she was almost completely dry. She could not tell if she had cum or not. But there was no sensation of having been cut off before her release. Just a strange glow in her body that spoke of satisfaction far beyond mere orgasm. She looked at the bewildered boy across the room from her. Sam had been right. He was new, different. Spectacular. And she never wanted to go through that again.

“What the hell was that?”

“You’re asking me? You’re the one with the big cock. You tell me.”

“I don’t think it had anything to do with my cock, Mary. I thought it was you.”

“Well, I’m just guessing, but I think we just discovered a substitution for nuclear fission. Christ. Look at this place.”

“Did I cum?”

“Can’t you tell?”

“Nope.”

Mary ran her finger down to her vagina and tenderly explored.

“Dry as a bone. How come you’re soft?”

“How come you’re dry?”

They both shrugged. Arnold moved to his hands and knees and then tried to stand but became dizzy and lost his balance.

“Maybe I’ll just crawl for a while.”

He crept slowly over to Mary and collapsed, on his back, onto a heap of pillows beside her. Mary rolled towards him and ran a hand across his cheek, tracing his lips with a fingernail. Arnold smiled. The fingernail slowly circled down around his neck and then across his pecs, stopping to flick each of his nipples.

“Tender?”

“Nope.”

“Strange.”

She continued down across his abdomen, stopping to explore his belly button and then traced the upper reaches of his pubic hair.

“Anything stirring?”

“Nope. It’s like there’s no need for it to. I feel totally and completely satisfied.”

“Me, too. When I checked to see if you’d cum, it was as though I was looking for something on my elbow. I hope this isn’t long-

lasting. David will have a fit. Hell, I'll have a fit. I'm not even sure I enjoyed it. It was over so quick."

"Mary?"

"What, Arnold?"

"What time do you think it is?"

"I don't know, maybe seven-thirty. Eight at the latest. Why? You got a hot date tonight?"

"Apparently not. Look out the window."

Mary followed Arnold's gaze to the window that had been exposed by the fallen drape. Through the trees could be seen a dark sky and the light of a distant street lamp. It was very close to the first day of summer. The longest day of the year. Sunset didn't happen until almost nine o'clock. Complete darkness would be at least an hour later. Mary crawled, after a similar attempt to walk, to a low table by the window. It had been overturned as well and she dug around beneath some cushions until she found what she was looking for. She held a small table clock up so Arnold could see as well: Three Thirty-Four.

"My how time flies when you're having fun."

"How long were we at it?"

"I don't know. It seems my cock should be a bit more tender if we'd been fucking for eight hours."

"Maybe we were out for longer than we thought."

"No way to tell. Anything like this ever happen with you and David?"

"He's good, honey, but no."

"Mary?"

"Yeah, hun?"

“I’m scared.”

“Of what?”

“Of me. I’ve scared a few people with this sex thing this past week. I don’t think we had sex. Not in the usual way.”

“Do you *ever* have sex in the usual way?”

“I try not to. But this time...I’ve scared myself. I think this was just plain strange.”

“One doesn’t need a graduate degree to figure that out. The question is, what did we have?”

“Fun?”

“I think so, but who’s to know?”

“Are you tired?”

“A little woozy, but not anything like what I had expected. We were going at it pretty hot and heavy there. I remember thinking this was like a full-fledged workout. But my muscles are relaxed, no soreness. I just can’t seem to be able to stand up.”

“Same here. It’s like we had sex with our heads, not our bodies.”

“Let me see your back.” Arnold turned around and Mary ran her hands over his thick muscles. “Do you remember me digging into you?”

“Sure. That’s what really drove me crazy. I love it when someone does that. Why?”

“There isn’t a scratch on your back. It’s completely clear.”

“No kidding?”

“No kidding. I think we’ve got a good one here, Arnold. I’ve heard of the zip-less fuck before, but this is ridiculous. Come to think of it, my pussy should be aching and sore from the pummeling

you gave it. It's not. It's not anything but satisfied. Just that. Totally content. You mind if I try something?"

"Go ahead."

Mary moved to him and took his long, flaccid cock in her hands and lifted the tip of it to her mouth. She watched Arnold's face for a reaction. Her tongue slithered out and licked the head. Again. Again. She took the huge head into her mouth and began to suck and lick and kiss and bite and chew and drag her fingernails along the length of his shaft and down to his balls which she squeezed and licked and sucked and the look of general well-being on his face never changed. It was as though he was watching her pet a cat.

"No?"

"It's nice. But...no."

"Don't you think that after the fucking we gave each other that you might be just a bit tender down here?"

"Sure seems that way. I should be either cringing in the corner at just the thought of you touching me there or I should have an eleven-and-a-half inch erection right now."

"Eleven-and-a-half? That's how long it is?"

"Yeah. A guy a couple of nights ago measured it."

"A guy?"

"Yeah. Guy. Man. Nice cock, big muscles, tight ass."

"Well. You certainly have been expanding your boundaries. Sam said you were a virgin when she got her hands on you couple of weeks ago."

"That's right."

"What made you decide to check out that side of the fence?"

"It was there."

“That’s why you climb Mount Everest. Most people don’t go dabbling in such sexual variations simply because it’s there.”

“I’m not most people.”

“Truer words were never spoken.”

“What about you?”

“Me? Oh I’ve had my various journeys. I’m just surprised to find you so eager, being so new.”

“I have a lot of catching up to do.”

“From the looks of things tonight, I’d say the rest of the human race has the catching up. Something tells me you’ve gone a lot further than the rest of us mere mortals. You think you could recreate what happened here tonight with someone else?”

“Like David, perhaps?”

“The thought did cross my mind. I think he’ll feel left out when he finds out what happened here. If he doesn’t know already. We must have made quite a ruckus.”

“I don’t know, Mary. I’m not even sure, myself, what happened. And, besides, I wouldn’t be putting all the blame for this on me. You were pretty intense, yourself. I’ve never felt that driven before. By the way. Do you think you could stop licking me there? If you’re not careful I eventually will get an erection again, and then I won’t be held responsible.”

Mary realized she had continued to manipulate Arnold’s cock through the ensuing conversation. It was as though she were being drawn to his sexual energy. This could be interesting, or awkward in public situations. She’d have to keep an eye on this.

“Sorry. This’s one beautiful cock. Not too often you run across one as amazing as this.”

“Only when I leave it laying in the middle of the road.”

“Ouch. Don’t you *hate* that when it happens?”

“I *hate* that when it happens.”

They both laughed and Mary rolled over to rest her head in Arnold’s lap. He ran his hand through her hair and then down her cheek and to her lips. She raised herself up and drew his head down to her. Their lips met in a soft, tender, sharing kind of kiss. They parted and then kissed again, pressing their lips together, opening themselves to the explorations of their tongues. Harder and harder they dove into each other and, as Arnold lay back on the pile of cushions and pillows, Mary rolled over onto him and they embraced and kissed each others face and neck. The dizziness which had kept them from standing before seemed to be dissipating, and with it the sense of satisfied euphoria. In its place grew a keen desire to share each other’s body once again. Mary found herself scissoring her legs, enjoying the stimulation of her clitoris and vagina. She pulled herself on top of Arnold and felt his massive shaft thicken and harden beneath her. They began to slowly grind their pelvises together and soon had reached a state of intense arousal.

Mary lifted herself up and straddled his chest. She reached behind her and took his thick cock in her hand. Raising herself off him and aiming the huge cock at the opening of her now wet vagina she looked him straight in the eye.

“Let’s take this one nice and slow. Whaddya say, stud?”

She lowered herself onto his shaft and took him as deep as she could. He lay there drinking in the gorgeous body above him. Reaching up, he spread his hands over her breasts and pressed into them, kneading and stimulating the nipples. Long, low “mmmmmmmm’s” rolled from her throat and she lay down on his

chest, flicking and teasing his own nipples to a state of delicious erectness. Gently rocking back and forth, back and forth, in that way bringing them both to a slow, peaceful orgasm which rumbled through their bodies like distant thunder, flowing like hot oil.

When they had cum, they slept -- his thick cock held deep, very deep, within her.

CHAPTER 37: SAM

What the hell was going on here?

All day long she'd been feeling funny. Good funny. But funny. At the oddest times her head would drift and a sudden rush would swoop through her genitals. If she didn't know any better she would have sworn she was horny.

Of course she was horny. She was always horny. Especially after working out. Especially while working out. But this was something new. Or something old, actually. An odd tingle which sent her back...somewhere...deep inside her. She tried pushing herself harder through her workout, adding pounds when she should be decreasing, adding reps when her muscles cried 'no more'. The harder she pushed the more intense it got. Her body buzzed and she just knew everyone else in the gym could feel it. She was glad she wasn't a man. Not that she ever had any desire to change sexes, but had she been one, the front of her gym shorts would be bulging with a huge erection right now.

A huge erection.

Arnold.

Shit.

She expended a great deal of effort making gold of her life by not thinking about crocodiles. Everything would be golden if she could just not think about Arnold. Arnold and his eyes. Arnold and his beautiful face. Arnold and his body. Arnold and his gorgeous, hot, thick, long, massive, plunging, soul-splitting cock.

Arnold and his soul.

Her crotch became moist, just as it always did. Her clit became hard, just as it always did. Her mind's eye filled with images of the beautiful boy with the huge spirit that had filled her once, so many years ago, as she had never been filled before or since.

But now. Now this seemed to be different. If she closed her eyes and pressed deep into the weight of her exercise she could feel the heat of that huge cock pressed against her thigh. She could swoon at the touch of his tentative tongue as it first sought out her aching, yearning clit.

What the hell was going on here?

Still no satisfying answer.

She could find no satisfactory solution to her predicament as well, so she finished her sets, took a very quick and invigorating cold shower, fended off advances from several other clients at the gym, all of whom had, at one time or another, given her great pleasure. But not now. Not with her head so full of the past. She would only be using them. Something was up and she had to figure out what.

Should she go home? What was there? The answer? Should she get something to eat? Her stomach and head said yes. Her heart said she wanted to be alone. She'd grab something from Norma's and take it home with her.

A quick drive to the diner. As she was getting out of her car she looked across the street. An orange rental truck drove by towing a small sports car. She froze in her tracks. Was that Arnold at the wheel? She had to be seeing things. The arm that rested on the open window was huge. The shoulder, gigantic. The face. Hard to tell. So many years. He had been so young then. She, as well. She thought

of herself at that time, comparing that person to her present form. She was much bigger. Her whole body bulging with strength.

She also thought of what was inside. She had grown. Changed. Expanded. That, of course, had a lot to do with having met a certain unbelievable boy just coming into his own, just discovering the incredible power within himself.

She had cried and moped around her friend's house for almost a month after her encounter with Arnold. Then had come the really bad news. Mr. Ridell was dead. Heart attack. She had called Mary to have her relay the message to Arnold, but...

"Hello?"

Oh, my God. It was him.

"Hello?"

"Arnold?"

"Yeah. Sam?"

"Hi, Arnold."

"My God. Sam. Where are you?"

"Still out west."

"I miss you so much, Sam."

"I'm really missing you, too, Stud."

"Sam, I know why we're not supposed to see each other. But..."

"Arnold."

"Yeah, Sam?"

"I've got some really bad news to tell you."

"Bad?"

"Yeah. Oh, God. Oh, God, Arnold. Mr. Ridell. He's dead."

“Dead?”

“Heart attack. They found him at home yesterday. They think he’d been gone for a day or two already.”

“Hang on, Sam. Hang on. Think of the good. Think of his love for you. For me.”

“I know. I know.”

“And think of my love for you, Sam.”

Her voice had fogged with tears. She needed him so badly at that moment. She needed to be touched as she knew only he could touch her. She tried to say this but the words couldn’t find their way around her sorrow. They both cried on the phone for a few more minutes and they got more desperate and inconsolable until they had to hang up because there was no solution.

Sam’s eyes misted over again as she remembered that phone conversation, her one and only with him. Stud. So new. So fresh. So frighteningly deep and powerful. By the time she got her eyes cleared the truck had vanished down the road.

What were the odds?

The way she was feeling, the thoughts she was thinking, the memories she was experiencing?

Pretty damn good, she’d say.

Sam went into the diner and ordered a meal to go at the cash register. The kitchen and the women at booth four seemed all a-buzz about something. Then she heard it. One of the women said the name ‘Arnie’. She also very indiscreetly mentioned a very large penis. Insufferable lout. Had she no sense of decency? And besides, how would she know about his beautiful, mind-bending member?

She wanted to go over to the booth and...and...do what?

Certainly Arnold had enjoyed sex with many people since their one encounter. Did she expect him to remain celibate for the rest of his life?

The whole reason for their forced separation was to encourage him to get out and grow, expand, develop his innate abilities, give them to the world.

But could this uncouth, penis-hungry slut have been favored with his gifts? If so, it had been charity, she was sure.

She was also quite sure something was extremely wrong with her. She would never, ever have thought that about anyone under normal circumstances. How could she still be driven by the memory of one sexual encounter of so many years before? She, too, had learned and grown so much from that afternoon in the school gym. She had taken that knowledge and applied it to her life, spreading the love and spirit she had gotten from him to everyone else she had come in contact with. This was a fellow human being who had every right, in fact, to experience all the best of the world. And if she had been fortunate enough to encounter Arnold, then she was doubly lucky.

She was very attractive. Her body was hard and firm, her eyes clear and bright, her hair long and fine and golden and probably a bit golden-er than God intended but then wasn't Sam's own body a product of her own intervention? And wouldn't someone as sexually charged and attractive as this woman garner the attention of someone as sexually charged and attractive as Arnold? Unfortunately, yes.

So Arnold was in town. Or just leaving it. What? Would these women know? How could she ask without sounding...what...possessive? What the hell did it matter?

“Excuse me. I couldn’t help overhearing you mention someone named ‘Arnie’. I don’t suppose he was just in here, was he?”

“You a friend of his?”

“Long time ago.”

“Yeah. There was a new guy. Just left. Caused quite a commotion, too.”

That would be the guy. Her heart began fluttering.

“Did he mention where he was living?”

“Nope. In fact he wasn’t very open about anything. Except...”

“Except what?”

“Well, Brenda, here, got a first hand look at his anatomy and... well, if he’s a friend of yours, you probably know what I’m talking about.”

“What’d he do? Whip it out on the counter for you?”

“Whoa, sister. Take it easy. I mean, it’s not like he kept it a big secret. I mean, like, you can see pretty plain, I mean. So she asked.”

“And?”

“And what?”

“And *that’s* when he whipped it out on the counter?”

“Wishful thinking. No. What are you? His wife or something?”

Sam took a moment to breathe. She was surprised at her own reaction. She waited until the storm in her flaring ego had subsided.

“No. I’m sorry. We were both very young and he was very special. I haven’t seen him for many years. Did he say where he was going?”

“Nope. Wait a minute. He said he was going to check out The Pump House. Not sure if he was headed there right now, but I guess he’ll end up there eventually. Unless he listens to Norma.”

Norma’s quarrel with one of the owners of The Pump House was known in most body building circles, as was her predisposition for hunks of muscle, in or out of wedlock. If there was a single fate that Sam would not wish on Arnold, it would be getting netted by Norma. But if Arnold was anything like what she remembered, he would have better sense (and taste) than that.

She apologized again and thanked the women at booth number four for the information, paid for her order and drove it back to her place. All the time she kept thinking about Arnold. About Mr. Ridell. About her friends Mary and David. And Ed. She had half hoped she would have returned east in time to see Arnold ten years ago. The end of the summer had not seen the end of her grief over the death of her dear friend, Mr. Ridell. There was only one person she could have shared that with, but Arnold had not waited for her.

She had been devastated upon her return to learn that Arnold had gone off just days before. They had no idea what had happened to him. Nothing had seemed strange before his departure, he seemed to be in no trouble. In fact, the two boys were having a great time living downstairs and came up frequently for dinner or to spend the night. And then he had just disappeared.

The two boys were lovers. Both Mary and David spent time with the two of them. Under Arnold’s influence, Ed had become an outrageous lover. He started out as a minor player in any couplings with a third person but by the end of the summer was as potent a force as Arnold. And the two of them together... Sometimes Mary

and David would just sit back and watch. The beauty, the grandeur, the absolute unrestrained sex. Arnie and Ed had made quite a team.

Had they been in love? Arnold loved everyone he had sex with. Unencumbered, unrestricted, unreserved. And Ed? It was hard to tell. He certainly had come a long way with Arnold. In his own way, yes. But in his own way.

Well, it wasn't like she owned him or anything. And they had agreed it was best to not see each other again. God forbid he should become attached to her, dependent on her, in love with her. It was like going through the death of Mr. Ridell all over again. For a second time in less than a season she had been devastated. It took all the love and understanding of her incredibly strong, wonderful friends to get her head turned back around. They had spent the summer getting to know Arnold and understood him better than she could have expected to from only one afternoon of mad, intense fornication. He had come to see the extent of his gifts during that summer and needed to develop them just as he did his body.

And what a body. Her friends reported that in the course of his several months with them he had practically doubled his muscle bulk. He worked out at the gym with a maniacal intent; sometimes six or eight hours a day. He would then come home and use the equipment there, focusing in on one particular muscle group, driving and driving it into absolute failure. They had photos taken of him at the house, some in the nude, that showed the staggering progress he had made. They also showed his phenomenal beauty and stature. He had gained composure, confidence, a greater sense of his humanity. All these things were readily apparent from the pictures which were laid out before her on the low table in the tatami room.

Mary, David, and Ed recounted their extraordinary sexual encounters with him, their accounts containing details which frightened and stimulated at the same time. It was, in fact, the relating of those episodes to her which so aroused each of them that they were soon entwined in a menage, the energy of which generated one of the hottest, steamiest, most mind boggling sexual experiences any of them had ever been involved with, aside from their individual and collective couplings with Arnold. The most haunting aspect was that, all through the evening, one or the other made the comment they felt Arnold was there with them.

So now she sat out in her garden, the fragrant wisteria and bougainvillea hanging over her head from the old wooden arbor. She tried to enjoy their delicate scents, the wonderful mixture of lavender and red blossoms as they entwined. The strong, thick vine of the wisteria, the fragile but overpowering bougainvillea. The thoughts of her soul wound 'round the strength of her Arnold. Her Arnold. For he had been hers before anyone else's. What ever he was today had started with her. She would bet there had been no other person who had come to him with so much; who had accepted his power without fear. In the end all would carry from him a stronger spirit, an enriched appreciation of what it was like to really come in contact with another human. But all would, at first, be afraid. All but her. The first.

Her memories of that afternoon with Arnold flowed through her. The tinglings, the knowings. The rekindled yearnings. If she knew he was here, wouldn't he know she was as well? And if he did? What then? Should she wait for him to contact her? Should she force the issue? What if...? That was foolish. There was no reason to think his reaction to seeing her again would be anything but

unbounded joy. She knew what they had shared. It meant so much to her. It had meant so much to him. And they would meet again. They would.

She did know, after all, that he was interested in The Pump House. It would be a simple matter of going over there and seeing if he had shown up already. But was that where she wanted them to meet? She hoped it would be more private than that. For she knew what her reaction would be. She wanted to rip her clothes off and ram herself hard against his glorious member, wherever it was they met. She would have to pick her trips to the supermarket with care. And what would he be like now?

Certainly his body would have continued to develop. She wondered why she hadn't seen him on the contest circuit. Even if he weren't into the competition of it, and she doubted he was, he certainly would have been talked about. A body like that. A face like that. A cock like that. There had been no one who would ever fill her the way he filled her. His big, gorgeous cock. So hard. So full. So hot. So thick. So long. So...

Her crotch was damp. She leaned back in her chair and dreamed of his eleven-and-a-half inch penis pressing into her hot, aching cunt. This was not the first time these thoughts had crossed her mind since they had parted. As a matter of fact, she gave it at least a passing thought each time any man poised to enter her. She could not help holding each male lover up to comparison. Sex was still a joy, but there was always just a tinge of disappointment when her lover's organ would slide into her anxious cunt and the pressure wouldn't be right, the depth would be just short of spectacular, the speed with which he would drive himself against her would be just a bit slow, and hardly ever would she feel as loved, as cherished, her

every sexual need attended to. How could it not be this way? And there was the awful, sinking feeling she would get whenever she would reach her peak, straining and pushing to drive herself over the top and she would cry out. Cry out what? Whose name spilled from her lips in her moment of passion?

There was only one lover with whom she could be completely free and open, not fearing that the wrong name across the lips would offend them. And that is because she had heard that same name escape from his lips in the heat of passion.

Ed.

It was even more certain than inevitable that the two young body builders would have soothed the emptiness of Arnold's absence in each other those ten years ago. And Ed had become an amazing lover. Although not as big as Arnold, Ed's physique had actually grown more since his arrival at David and Mary's house. They had spent the evening swapping Arnold stories, ending with the intense union which left them all a bit stunned and just a bit spooked. Twice during the evening she had been filled with both David's and Ed's phenomenal organs, and yet she could have sworn she had felt another lengthy cock heating the inside of her thigh or resting in the small of her back. Mary had related the same experience. And Ed had been sure that David had entered him, even though, at the time, David had been quite occupied with his wife's efforts to suck his cock inside out.

As the year had progressed, Sam appreciated the friendship, and, eventually, appreciated Ed's companionship.

They made love in memory of Arnold.

Then they made love because of the memory of Arnold.

Then they made love in memory of their love.

Finally, they had made love for their love.

Not only their love for their shared loss, but also for their shared gain.

And now, ten years later, that love had proved to be the greatest gift anyone had ever given her. For it was given, not to replace her memory of Arnold, no more than she gave it to Ed for the same reason, but was, instead, given because of Arnold and what he had meant to each of them. So when one or both of them were straining towards some far-flung goal of sexual attainment, the sweat so thick, the smell so thick, their bodies so thick and hard, and Ed so thick, so hard, so deep inside her, and the name “Arnold” escaped their lips, it would be the final push to send them over the top to their attainment. This was something that no one else could share with her.

Actually, at the moment, she couldn’t even share that because Ed was back east, visiting Mary and David.

She was a ruined woman.

The meal was cold. She had drifted off in sexual reverie and could not think of eating, though she knew that was a mistake. She spent the next several hours trying to occupy herself with anything besides thoughts of Arnold. Books, the radio, housework, eventually even the television.

At some point she fell asleep, waking in the early evening with an uncomfortable energy buzzing in her muscles. She needed a distraction. She couldn’t face going back to the gym again. Too many near reminders of what she sought most. But she needed something to dissipate the energy she had bottled up inside. A run along the beach seemed like a good idea. She changed into her

jogging outfit, grabbed her Walkman, a serious rock 'n roll tape and headed down her street towards the ocean.

It was just moving through dusk to twilight; street and car lights swept the air with their beams of light. Shadows danced across the fronts of buildings and she raced her ever lengthening shadow along the sidewalk. As she waited for the signal to change at the main intersection, two women on roller blades swooshed by her so close she felt the breeze of their passing. They were shouting at each other and seemed to be fighting. The older one swerved towards the younger and attempted to knock her into the oncoming traffic. Dangerous game.

The signal changed and she ran across the intersection, down a short extension of her street and onto the bike path that ran between the beach and the apartment buildings that lined the main drag. She stopped for a moment to put her headphones on and get the tape started. The music blasted into her head, eradicating all her self-indulgent thoughts. The beat quickly infected her body and she was taken with the need to move.

“Oo, babe, you’re makin’ it hard”

Which way? Right or left?

“Makin’ it hard but I know that it’s right.”

Fine. She started north along the asphalt and quickly fell into a strong, steady rhythm that was supported by the heavy beat of the music.

“Know that it’s right for me-ee-ee-ee.”

She ran past walkers and other runners and bikers and skaters and roller bladers and one guy on a motorized skateboard with amazing abdominals and smooth, hard, round pecs. Sam thought

about asking for a lift, but the words to the song reminded her of why she was out there to begin with.

“Gotta be you ‘cuz I feel it so...”

Very quickly her pulse rate went aerobic and she began to breath deep, sucking gulps of the fresh ocean air. The coolness of early evening and the noise in her ears cleared her thoughts and she slipped into the semi-mindless drone of the jogger.

“Feel it so, so I know that it’s right

Her thighs and calves began to warm and she delighted in the feeling of strength in her highly developed legs. She tensed and flexed other parts of her body and felt the skin stretch and move over the surface of the tight, firm muscles.

“‘Cuz I know that it’s right for me.”

Pump.

Pump.

Pump.

Pump.

Pump.

Pump.

“Hey world.

Look what I’ve got and you don’t.

Nyah-nyah-nee-nyah-nyah.”

What?!

She stopped dead in her tracks and pulled the headphones from her ears. She had listened to this tape at least a dozen times and could not remember ever hearing the lead singer chant *“Nyah-nyah-nee-nyah-nyah.”* It must have come from someone around her. But a quick glance up and down the path showed no one within several

dozen yards of her. Certainly not close enough for it to have gotten over the volume of the tape.

She was standing in front of an apartment building with floor after floor of balconies. Possibly one of the occupants. But what could possibly have possessed him (for it was definitely a male voice) to have shouted such a thing at the top of his lungs? She scanned the face of the building. Nothing. It had been so big. So full of life. So joyful. So...

Arnold.

Arnold lived here.

Oh, my God.

She backed away from the building, looking up to scan the face of the balconies, and stepped off the asphalt path onto the sand. She lost her balance and fell back on her ass, jarring her body.

She felt light headed. She couldn't get her breath. It came in short, desperate little gasps. What scared her the most was that she knew, without question, that she was right. He was there, in that building.

Oh, my God. What should she do?

What would *he* do?

What is he doing?

What's he got that he has to tell the rest of the world about?

What's her name? His name? Their names?

One thing was certain: She'd meet up with him eventually.

I'll find you, you big stud. And when I do...

She jumped to her feet, brushed the sand off, stuffed the headphones back in her ears, cranked the volume up to the point of distortion and ran the entire length of the beach path. Before

collapsing in her bed two hours later, she picked up the phone and called Ed.

“Hi, Sweetie.”

“Sam, my love. How are you?”

“I’ve got some really wild news.”

“You found him.”

It didn’t surprise her that he would know the reason for her call.

“Not exactly.”

She related her experience on the bike path.

“I’ll be on the next flight out, Sam. Don’t you dare harm him before I have a chance to.”

Having put her evil plan in motion, she tried to find elusive sleep. She was feeling totally drained, totally driven, totally furious and totally determined to let Arnold know that the worst decision he ever made was not sticking around for her all those years ago.

He’d regret it.

God, she’d missed him.

CHAPTER 38: FLASHBACK

This time when the morning comes around there is absolutely no question as to where he is and who he is there with and why it is all the way it is.

Instead of the usual morning fog, Arnold is instantly awake and aware of his surroundings. He is absolutely petrified. He remembers every single minute detail of the previous evening. Every aching moment of exquisite bliss. Unfortunately he also remembers that he experienced this aching bliss with the wife of the husband of the people whose hospitality he is taking advantage of.

The only single fact of the previous evening that he can't track down is why he seemed to think, at the time it was happening, that it was perfectly okay.

It would be nice if he could just pick up his clothes and sneak out the back door. He could be halfway to anywhere before the posse came looking for him. He is sure David was a forgiving, wonderful person and all. But the reason he can't just sneak out and disappear is that his huge, still erect penis is buried to a great extent deep in the vagina of David's wife, Mary.

Okay, Arnold. Don't panic.

Not that he was one to pass the buck, but it does take two to tango. Especially the tango he and Mary performed last night. At least two. He still couldn't figure out what had happened. The heat. Light. Force. Explosion. Time. Space. Everything had been distorted and confused. And then they had done it again. Only slowly. Controlled. With a tenderness and caring that could only have come from someone who really loved. And now, here he was, still buried

cock deep in this incredible woman's womb of joy and love. She was stirring. Her eyes fluttering open. A smile of pure, ecstatic joy spreads over her face and she pulls his face down to hers and kisses him deep and long and hard and fully. Arnold's cock presses hard into her and they both move. Not towards orgasm, but just to feel each other.

"Good morning, David."

Oh, shit. She thinks he's her husband. What now? Was everything last night done thinking he was her husband. Good luck getting out of this one.

"Good morning, Love. You look absolutely ravished."

Arnold spun around, whipping himself out of Mary's clasp vagina. Standing a mere three feet away was the most perfectly developed male body he had ever seen. Completely unclothed. A look of absolute joy covered his face. His muscles were swollen and pumped, veins and arteries covering his body. And a huge semi-hard erection stood out from his groin. He spread his huge arms out to Arnold and entreated him to stand. Arnold placed his hands in David's and the older man drew him to his feet. He pulled him towards him and enfolded him with his strong, loving arms.

Arnold felt his hard, wet penis slip along the side of David's and then between his legs. David's own huge member pressed down between Arnold's thick, muscular thighs. David ground his crotch against him and his cock grew rapidly harder.

"Nice cock. You're very wet and slippery. Did Mary make you sleep inside her all night? She does that to me a lot."

Arnold became quite uncomfortable. He wasn't sure what the situation was here and needed to be alone for a few minutes. And he really had to pee.

“Good morning, David. Morning, Mary. I need to find a bathroom.”

“It’s right around the corner, down the hall on your right.”

Arnold thanked him and made a mad dash, happy to be out of there. He had no idea how he would explain last night, or even if he had to explain. He had the usual problems with taking a pee with a hard-on and then splashed some water on his face to clear his eyes and stimulate his brain. And kill a little time, putting off the inevitable. Perhaps Mary would be in there right now smoothing things over. He dried off and went back to the tatami room. He knocked on the door frame.

“Come on in, Arnold.”

He stepped into the room and found the two locked in an incredibly passionate embrace. Mary was on her back with some pillows piled beneath her head. David was on top of her and they were grinding their hips together and kissing deeply. After a few seconds David slowly rolled off to the side, completely unconcerned, and lay there looking up at the naked youth standing before him.

David’s cock was raging hard and bounced vigorously with his heartbeat. He was easily as big as Ed in length and certainly larger in girth. His cock was dark, dark purple, covered with veins. The head spread widely and was another third in diameter over the huge shaft that supported it. Arnold remembered the incredible sensation of Billy’s cock inside him. His whole body tingled at the thought of having this massive man holding his ass, ramming his huge cock into him.

David stood and walked over to Arnold, placing his hands on the boy's shoulders. He scanned Arnold's body with a combination of expertise and pure joy at beholding his beauty.

It slowly dawned on Arnold that David was, for some reason, happy — one might say overjoyed even — to have found Arnold laying on a heap of pillows in his tatami room with his eleven-and-a-half inch hard-on embedded in his wife's vagina. The fear of disaster that had blanketed Arnold's mind slowly changed to a sheepish grin. He couldn't keep his eyes from roaming over David's magnificent body. He had to have just finished some sort of workout for his body glowed with the pump. He realized that David was waiting for him to say something. A million thoughts rushed through his head. The events of last night were still unexplained. The events of yesterday were still unresolved. He hadn't said one word of thanks or greeting to this man since meeting him the day before. And he was absolutely breathtaking.

"You're very beautiful."

"Thank you, Arnold. So are you. You seem to be in higher spirits then when last we met. I trust Mary has been of some comfort to you? I hope she wasn't too overwhelming?"

"Ah, David?"

"Yes, love?"

"There's something I think you should know about our guest here."

David heard the level of concern in Mary's voice. He took a long hard look into Arnold's eyes, then sat down on a pile of pillows. He pulled Arnold down with him and bade him sit beside him. His large, muscular arm hung heavily on the boy's shoulders, his huge biceps pressed against the back of his neck. Arnold could

feel the blood pulsing through the huge blood vessel that ran across the crest of the massive muscle. He wanted to press into it, feel its strength, its texture, but the tone of Mary's voice signaled a moment of great importance to the two of them. David's gaze locked firmly on Mary's eyes.

"It seems that we made a slight error when we interpreted Sam's description of our friend's sexual energy. We should have realized what scale she was measuring against when she used words like 'amazing' and 'earth-shattering' and 'staggering'."

Arnold blushed deeply. That Sam would have talked about him in such terms to anyone was embarrassing. This was the first time he had heard a secondhand account of his prowess. He was not used to it. Mary noticed his reaction to her words.

"I'm sorry, Arnold. Sam talked about you extensively after the two of you met. It was her idea to send you to us. She thought we would be able to help you along your path."

She turned her attention back to David.

"The problem, David, is that our friend here seems to be a lot further along certain roads we travel than any of us suspected."

She related her version of what had happened in that room the previous night, including what Arnold thought were all sorts of extraneous descriptions regarding their activities. His eyes kept flashing back to David to see how he would react to his wife's details of her enjoyment of Arnold's huge cock and bulging muscles and sensational energy and techniques and her own overwhelming, explosive orgasm.

As she told her story David slowly scanned the room, taking in details as if seeing everything for the first time. The torn drapery, the overturned furniture, the dissected pillows. He seemed to be

smelling, tasting, hearing and feeling the room with new senses, trying to capture, for himself, the essence of the previous night's events. He never let go of Arnold's shoulder, never gave any indication of a change in his attitude towards the boy.

Arnold's head seemed to buzz and spin a bit as he relived the previous night through Mary's description. When she got to the part about the 'explosion,' as she called it, he felt a shot of white hot heat course down the length of his semi-rigid cock and out to the rest of his body. He could tell that David had felt something, too. They looked at each other. David pulled him closer and wrapped both arms around the boy's shoulders, hugging the younger man to him.

They stayed that way for a few moments, and then Arnold felt a second set of hands on his back. They rubbed and stroked him, sending calming waves through his body. Mary pressed harder with her hands and pushed the tension, which Arnold hadn't even realized he was carrying within him, out to the extremities of his body and then away.

Slowly Arnold began to relax. When David and Mary felt he had regained his balance they pulled away. David turned his attention full on Arnold.

"How about you, Arnold? Could you tell us what you think happened here?"

Arnold ran the events through his head. Was there anything he could add to what Mary and said? Was there anything else he wanted to say about then, about now, about Mary or David or Ed or Sam? Somehow they all seemed to be part of this.

"I'm not sure what any of this has to do with anything, but I can't help feeling that everything that has happened in the past couple of days has been the reason for what happened last night. As

I sit here trying to piece together reasons and events, I keep thinking about everyone I've met in the last couple of weeks. Everything I've done. How I've affected the people I've made love to and how they've affected me. What happened last night seemed to be the next thing that should have happened. I was upset, I was alone, inside myself and I was searching, real hard, for some answers. Mary made me look deep down inside myself and be real honest with my feelings. She made me see how I've spent a good portion of my life trying to make the world love me and suddenly I saw how little I loved myself. It's not just that I saw this, but I suddenly saw why and how I could love myself. As we made love afterwards, I began to enjoy what was happening to me, rather than just thinking about and enjoying what was happening to Mary. That's when things got intense and the next thing I knew we'd set off some kind of bomb or something. I'm surprised we didn't wake you up with all the noise. It sure scared the hell out of us."

David was silent, still, contemplative. His gaze dove deep into Arnold's eyes, held him captivated, unblinking. He was looking for something. Arnold had no idea what was expected of him so he did nothing, waiting for this massive, beautiful man to release him from his spell. No one moved for quite a few minutes. When David finally took a deep breath Arnold relaxed and became aware that Mary had left the room. When? How? The door was directly in his line of sight, behind David's head. He realized he had seen nothing but the pupils of David's eyes during the entire time. She could have walked out with a marching band and he probably wouldn't have noticed. It was now just the two of them. He thought he should feel uncomfortable, but he wasn't. He knew what would happen next, hoped, dreamed. Every fiber in his body cried out to touch and be

touched by this huge, bulging, well-hung superman with the deep, searching eyes and warm, loving smile.

He waited. He had been in the driver's seat too much the past several days. This time he wanted to just go along for the ride. He'd do anything this man wanted, but he didn't feel like initiating anything himself.

"Arnold..."

The sound of David's voice speaking his name was like distant thunder and a soothing mountain stream mixed together.

"From what Mary and you have spoken here, I am going to guess that the one thing you have probably come to find inadequate in all this is words."

Arnold thought on this for a moment and realized how right that sounded. Trying to describe what had been happening to him and those he had joined with for the past weeks, starting with Sam and continuing to the mind-bending events of the previous evening, was an act of futility bordering on uselessness. In the end, words were actually the enemy of the incredible events that had led him to right here, right now.

He opened his mouth to answer, but he instantly experienced the futility. He would simply let the idea of it be. But what was even more immediate in his mind was a deep-seated need...a longing...and enflamed craving for the man whose massive arms were still wrapped around his own powerfully built shoulders.

David sensed the boy's desires and reached out his hand to take the huge cock and squeeze it. He held it and hefted it, stroked it, and then bent forward, raised the head to his lips and licked it, at first lightly, then a little more vigorously and finally he descended on the shaft and sucked it deeply.

Arnold's eyes traveled over the massive back that spread out before him. He extended his arms and massaged the huge knots of unbelievable muscle that covered it. He had a sudden need to be pressed against this man's awe-inspiring body. He laid backwards and pulled David's head up off the end of his rigid cock and up to his mouth. Their lips pressed together and Arnold's arms wrapped tightly around David's chest. Their huge cocks lay pressed between their bodies, side by side. Arnold could feel the hot length of David's member against his own. Their hips began pumping and he felt the ridges of the man's rock-hard abdomen move up and down his man-flesh.

Their embraces became more vigorous and they rolled about the room, squeezing and hugging, their actions becoming like a wrestling match. Arnold remembered his wonderful bout with Tom in the motel room the night before. This time he wanted to loose.

Huge arms and necks and thighs and pecs and backs and gluts and lats and delts and cocks bumped together and rubbed and entwined. At one point Arnold found himself escaping from a wrestle hold and on his feet before the kneeling David. The huge man's arm shot between Arnold's legs and Arnold pressed himself down on the massive biceps. He ground his scrotum and cock into the hot, pulsing muscle as David powerfully flexed his arm causing it to swell. Arnold grabbed his cock and pressed it into the top of the biceps and felt a shudder within him. His cock drooled across David's arm and down into his deep-set pit. David grabbed the cock and squeezed it, pressing it hard against his arm, against his pec, the head of it against his nipple, letting the slow stream of pre-cum wash across the huge plates of strength that decorated his upper torso.

He reached up and pulled Arnold's head down to his own and mashed his lips against the boy's. Arnold tumbled forward to the floor and David was on top of him. Again and again their lips met in hard, soul-draining kisses. Hands ran through hair, over muscles, along hard, poker-hot shafts, into armpits, between legs and finally, with Arnold on his hands and knees, he felt the first tentative exploration of his rectum.

He froze. For a second. He felt David hold his breath, not knowing if what he had done was acceptable. Arnold moved quickly and rammed his asshole back onto the inquisitive finger. It went in up to the second knuckle. Breathing began again; heavy, deep, gulping breaths as the two men struggled with their passion. David worked his finger in and out of the boy's tight asshole, loosening the muscle there. With his other hand he reached between Arnold's thick, powerful thighs and took his huge testicles in his hand and began squeezing and rolling them.

"Oh. Oh. Oh, David. Yes. Yes. Do it. Do it now. I want you. Do it now."

He felt the man change positions and then his finger slowly slid out of him, to be replaced immediately by the pressure of his huge penis head against his ass. He heard a spitting sound as David lubricated his cock. Arnold could not wait a second longer. He began pushing back against the hot, throbbing shaft and slowly impaled himself. When he felt the muscles of his sphincter pop open he jerked back quickly and David was inside.

"Fuck me, David. All the way. Fill me up with your cock."

David grabbed hold of Arnold's waist and pulled his ass back towards him. Slowly, steadily, his huge, thick cock disappeared inside the boy's ass. He thought he had gone far enough but Arnold

continued to press himself back until his shaft had been completely enclosed. Arnold gave his ass a little wiggle to get the last precious millimeters of cock inside him.

“There. That’s how I like it. Now fuck me.”

David needed no further encouragement. He had never before been taken so completely by any man. The pressure of the boy’s ass pressed viciously on his aching cock. He pulled out until just the head remained inside and then started to push back in. Arnold couldn’t stand it and rammed his ass back against the man’s crotch. They both screamed in an incredible mixture of pleasure and pain.

“Come on, man. Fuck me. Hard. Come on.”

David pulled out again. He had also never been inside any man so eager to be fucked. There was usually a great deal of pain involved with this. He rammed his cock back in to the limit and his balls swung forward and smacked the back of Arnold’s heavily loaded scrotum. All four testicles cringed at the collision. He pulled out and slammed in again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

And he was cumming.

He felt his balls contract and his head spin and he thought it would be nice to...to...hold off...oh...oh...oh my God I think I’m

gonna...oh...no...what's...oh shit...oh...yes...yes...Yes...
Sssshhhhhhhiiiiiiiiit...

Waves of cum juice flew up his cock and shot out of the huge slit in the top of his large, flaring cockhead. The world shrunk down to a small spot on Arnold's back that would be just about where the tip of his thick, spewing cock would be reaching at its inmost point. He grabbed Arnold's sides to steady himself and his hips kept flying back and forth, completely out of his control, sending volley after volley of cum juice into this gorgeous ass.

Arnold clamped his asshole down and continued to ram back against David's attacks. He felt the cock thicken within him, felt the tension of the other man's desire, felt the need for release, even felt David's attempt to delay it for a moment. This would not do. He wanted his insides coated with this gorgeous man's cum. He wanted to feel the shots of sperm travel up the shaft and splatter his insides. He wanted to make the man cum and cum and cum. He wanted to feel alive and fully male; cock and cock and balls and balls and sperm and sperm and huge muscles pressed together and shaking with exertion. The smell of their bodies flooded his brain. He reached back between his legs and waited for David's next thrust forward. When it came he grabbed the man's heavy, swinging scrotum and held tight. David froze, Arnold squeezed and the cum rocketed into him. He yelled a celebration as he felt filled and connected.

"Fuck me. Oh, don't stop. Don't stop. So big. So hard. Oh, yes. Oh yes."

David continued ramming his cock deep into Arnold's hungry ass. Even after his balls had shot their last drop of cum up his huge dick he kept slamming away. His cock remained painfully erect and

cried out for more. He had no control and, although he needed to stop, his hips continued to ram his huge shaft up Arnold's asshole. He became exhausted and finally, when there was no more energy left in him he threw his hips forward once more with a Herculean effort and collapsed across Arnold's back, his shaft buried deep inside him making little jumping movements, shuddering in the last rumblings of his amazing orgasm. His chest heaved with deep breaths that were insufficient to feed his need. He tried to breathe deeper but there didn't seem to be enough oxygen. The room swam and went blank.

Arnold sensed that David had passed out. His huge pecs were pressed deliciously against his back. He slowly lowered himself down onto his chest and lay there quietly, enjoying the feeling of the huge cock inside him slowly softening, slipping from him, the muscular arms that lay along his sides, the hot, deep breaths of the man who lay unconscious on top of him. His own still rigid cock cried out for release. It pressed into the rough surface of the tatami. His huge balls ached with their pent up load. He had an intense desire to push and thrust but the texture of the mat and the tenderness of his cock prevented him. He lay still in torturous, excruciating, intense, exquisite agony. He couldn't wait until David came around so that he could press himself to that huge body once again.

He dozed.

He woke.

David was rolling off him and his thick, semi-flaccid cock was dragging across the back of his thigh. Cool air rushed across Arnold's now exposed backside sending delicious chills up and down his spine. His scrotum tightened, hauling his huge, aching

balls up against the base of his still rigid rod. His sphincter muscles were slowly contracting and a slight, stretched out, aching feeling overcame him. He wondered if he had done the right thing. He rolled over to see how his lover was doing and his huge cock flipped over and wacked David on the stomach. It was still fully erect. David's hand came up and grabbed the shaft and began to run his hand up and down its length, jerking Arnold off. It was dry and tender though, so Arnold had to ask him to stop after just a few strokes.

"Is there a shower around? I know you could use a little cleaning up. I wouldn't mind joining you."

David turned to Arnold. His eyes were still glazed over. He hadn't understood a word Arnold had said. Actually, he couldn't even remember Arnold's name at the moment. He would have been lucky to remember his own name began with...with...oh, fuck it. His eyes fluttered closed and deep breathing set in. He was out of it.

Arnold was in need of some way to clean up so he went out in search of a shower. He assumed that clothing was optional around the house and so thought it would be okay if he didn't try to get his gym shorts over the end of his huge, stiff cock. He found his way back to the kitchen where he had left his bags the night before. As he was down beside the table where he had dropped them he heard voices coming from another room. He walked to the far end of the kitchen which opened into a family room, the center of which was filled by a large sectional sofa. As he peered over the back of it he could see a head of hair and a naked ass pop into view and then disappear again. There was some laughter and then two heads popped up from behind the sofa. They both turned to him, stared for a second and then burst into laughter again.

“Good morning, Arnie.”

“Morning, Ed.”

Mary and Ed jumped over the back of the sofa. They were both, indeed, naked and Ed sported a rather substantial erection, himself. Mary’s beautiful, firm, muscular breasts were capped with two erect nipples that looked so inviting.

The two young men locked eyes, each trying to gauge how they stood with each other. Finally, as if neither of them could devise a decent plan of action, they simply moved into each other’s arms and hugged. Hugged as if the salvation of the world depended on it.

“Hi, Mary. Sorry to intrude. I was just looking for a shower.”

“Can’t David show you?”

“Well...he’s sort of...uh...”

“Arnold, you didn’t.”

The beautiful youth hung his head in mock shame.

“Yes, Mary. I broke your husband.”

“Is he okay?”

“I think so. He’s just sleeping it off. I guess he was already pretty exhausted from his morning workout or whatever.”

Both Ed and Mary burst out laughing again.

“What’s so funny?”

“I think I was his morning workout...or whatever.”

“No wonder. Well, anyway. I need a shower.”

“From the looks of you, you need more than that. Mind if we join you?”

“Both of you?”

“They’ve got this incredible bathroom upstairs. It can take all of us and still have room for stick ball.”

“Sure. I don’t mind.”

Arnold couldn’t help staring at them.

“Isn’t she the most beautiful person you’ve ever laid eyes on? I never knew there was anything so gorgeous in the whole world.”

“Yeah, Ed. She’s pretty incredible all right.”

Memories of the previous night’s activities came rushing back into his mind.

Then other memories flooded his mind, as well. A memory of his meeting Sam; how he had been so overcome with just the sight of her. And then, how they had completely consumed each other in just the short time they’d spent together.

“Ah!”

“What?,” the two asked in unison.

Arnold could not bring himself to say it, but he suddenly saw a connection between the events of last evening, this morning, and that day so far away and ago in the gymnasium of his former high school. Though Ed did not readily connect the dots, having come so recently into the story, Mary saw in an instant the look in Arnold’s eyes and the meaning behind it.

She crossed the room toward him and he reached out his hands to take her face and draw it to him. Just before their lips met, Mary whispered in his ear, “This one’s for Sam; from Sam.” She then dove deep into him, their tongues meeting in a union that was more about honoring the thought of their absent companion than anything having to do with sex.

When their union was complete, Arnold slowly nibbled down her throat, her neck, and finally to her left breast. Mary threw back

her head, closed her eyes and moaned. She grabbed the sides of Arnold's head and pressed her breast hard against him.

Ed, feeling a little left out, moved off and leaned against the kitchen counter. He was pouting. Mary opened her eyes and looked around in mock surprise.

"Hey. What the hell do you think you're doing? This is where you're supposed to wrap your strong, sturdy arms around me from behind and press your eager, rigid cock against my backside, entreating me to bend over so that you can slip your hot throbbing member into my steaming, aching cunt..."

She growled low in her throat.

"...or something like that."

Ed smiled and realized he was being a jerk. The share and share alike attitude he was encountering here was a bit different from anything he had dealt with before. He tried to shrug off the awkwardness of the situation by making light of it.

"Actually, I had sort of set my heart on pole vaulting. I was waiting for you to get out of the way so I could get a clear shot at it."

He nodded towards Arnold's huge erection. Mary dropped her gaze to it, smiled mischievously and looked back at Ed.

"Last one to the top's a rotten egg."

She dropped to her knees. Ed ran over and joined her. Arnold stood there puzzled. Suddenly they were both attacking him with their tongues. They started at the bottom of his scrotum, each licking and sucking one of his enormous testicles.

"What are you...? Wait a...! Oh my God, I'm gonna die!"

Then they worked their way slowly...slowly...slowly...slowwwwwly up to the base of his cock and then nibbled and sucked their way along the length of his member.

“Oh, God. Yes. Oh, suck me. Suck me hard. Ah. Uh. Uh. Oh, my balls...my balls...they hurt...oh, make me cum...I gotta cum...suck it...suck it...yes...yes...I’m cumming...I’m gonna cum...grab it...grab my cock...I’m cumming...oh...oh...oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...OHHHHHHHHH...I...I...AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...huh...huh...huh...huh...huh...huh...huh...huhhhhhhhhhhhhh!! Thank you. Thank you. Both of you. Oh, God.”

He wasn’t sure which one of them had taken him into their mouth and swallowed his cum as it had rocketed out of his cock. He looked down and both of them were licking their lips. Never mind. It didn’t matter.

“Come on, boys. Let’s find us a shower. I just want to look in on David. See if he wants to join us.”

The threesome wandered back to the tatami room.

The thought of being in the shower with both these amazing bodies excited Arnold and Ed. The thought of being in the shower with all three of these amazing bodies really excited Ed. The thought of being in the shower with all three of these wonderful, sexy men excited Mary so much her cunt ached.

She loved her husband more than life itself. He was her best friend, her lover, her workout partner, her team mate, her soul. And David would say the same thing about her. But the one thing that both of them loved about the other was their endless, boundless desire to taste each sensation and experience that was offered them. They both understood the huge, insatiable sexual appetites that were part and parcel of their lifestyle. Constantly working their bodies up

into physical frenzies, the ever-present stimulation of their muscles, the perpetual contact with beautiful, muscular bodies, steamy and hot and energized and yearning to be touched and held and satisfied.

The sex was as much a part of it as anything. In fact it was one of the reasons for it. They built their bodies to make the sex more phenomenal. The sex was more phenomenal because of their bodies. And that meant all the bodies. Including the two bodies that were with her right now, their huge, beautiful cocks hanging gloriously and deliciously between their legs, balls swollen with an almost never-ending supply of cum as only eighteen-year-old balls could be.

One look at David told Mary all she needed to know, what he had been through...and up to. Or up in. She gave Arnold an appreciative look. There were few who would willingly take her husband's immense cock inside. But then, there were few like Arnold. She had no idea what had happened in here, but David looked devastated. There was no one, absolutely no one, who had ever worn David out.

She turned to Arnold, beaming with great joy.

"Arnold! You *did* break David!"

She went to her husband and straddled his chest, kneeling down until she was on top of him. She leaned over and kissed him deeply on the mouth. He stirred and his hands came up around Mary's neck, pulling her closer. The two boys watched as the thick, flaccid cock, reclining across his left thigh, began to stir and stiffen.

"Oh, Arnold! Please. I can't take no more."

Mary expressed her faux shock at her husband's *faux pas*.

"What?!?!?"

He raised himself up on his elbows, shook his head and stretched his body. The muscles of his legs expanded and ballooned. He extended his arms out and flexed and stretched them; the biceps leapt into huge mounds on his upper arms.

“What the hell. How can I stay mad with all the bulges.”

She bent to lick the biceps of his left arm. Then his right. Then his right nipple, which she then chewed and worried until it was painfully erect. She then reached behind her and grabbed his quickly thickening cock and pulled down on it until it was...

“Uh...my Love...it doesn't bend like that when it's...you know...like that.”

“That'll teach you for confusing me with any other lesser lover. No offense, Arnold.”

“None taken, Mary.”

Arnold watched David carefully as each muscle tensed and grew. He measured himself against this huge man and saw where similarities existed between them. He knew he was about the same size as David, had the same bone structure. The various muscles seemed to be the same length on both their bodies. He saw that, with the right work, the right guidance, he would soon look very much like the fantastic body that lay before him, stretched out under the fantastic body of his wife. He couldn't wait to see this husband and wife team in action; posing, crunching, tensing, pressing. His cock throbbed with desire yet again.

With a body like that, Arnold thought, he would be devastating.

CHAPTER 39: ARNOLD

If this day were to be remembered for nothing else, and the possibility of that happening were as close to nil as made no difference, it would have to be how filled it had been with great blow-jobs. First, in his old kitchen, then in the truck (was that one or two?), and now on the balcony of his new apartment, perched over the crashing waves of the sea with his tongue vibrating back and forth across Chris's magnificent clit.

He could tell it had been her first time taking a man that deep into her throat, but the fact that she had accomplished it at all, and that it had been so very good, made the event even more special.

And he had been so hot. So turned on, even though he had thought he was reaching the limits of his sexual output for the evening. But this wonderful, beautiful, bright, sexy woman seemed to be able to push all the right buttons. Even as he cranked down on the rusty bolts that held the now obsolete divider in place he longed to channel that energy into another sexual encounter. It had been a long time since he had been so driven towards one person. There was, of course, always the drive, but in the back of his head he had carried the thought of saving it up to share with everyone. Suddenly he was thinking, not of who the next encounter would be with, but how soon he would be able to recover so that he could merge his libido with the wonderful woman he now heard spraying lubricant on the bolts of Patty's divider. His huge cock began to ache once again with desire. She understood. And for that, he desired her even more.

When he turned around he was met with the glorious sight of her firm, round ass pointing right at him. She was bent over at the

waist, knees straight, spraying the bolts along the bottom of the frame. If he could have mustered up another erection just then he would have been over there in an instant.

His huge cock finds its target, slowly sliding inside her, his arms bulging as he grabs the sides of that luscious ass and presses his crotch forward, feeling the warmth of her hot, moist cunt envelop his erection and inviting him, urging him, forcing him to drive deep inside her, his balls immediately churning, the length of his cock humming with sensation, his head spinning with lust.

She finished spraying and turned towards him, wiping her hands on a cloth he had provided for the purpose. Her nipples were hard, her breasts calling out to him. He wanted to kiss them, lick them, bite and nip at them. He wanted to feel them fill his hands as he pressed his palms into them, her moans of desire once more singing through the air like deep indigo crushed velvet.

Smolder.

Smoke.

Burn.

Hot.

Fire.

His lust was an inferno.

She saw him looking at her and a smile, bright enough to light the most troubled soul, burst upon her face. He felt it brush across his body like a fine lace curtain caught in the breeze, wrapping around him, smooth, gentle, sensual, caressing his arms, legs, lightly touching his penis, his pecs, his mind.

Her eyes lowered to his...what? Hand? The screw-driver hung loosely in his palm. When he looked down he noticed the two tools copied each other in their relaxed state.

He turned back to his efforts and, in a few minutes, removed the final bolts. Getting the sheet of fiberglass out of the brackets that held it was difficult. He finally had to climb back over the railing (for the last time, he hoped) and had Chris push one of the edges towards him. It was then a matter of bending, without breaking, and wriggling until the sheet finally wormed its way free. He leaned it against the railing at the far end of Chris's balcony. The frame had evidently been built around the sheet; too bad it had then been welded to the railing.

With the divider out of the way, Arnold stepped back through the opening and lifted Chris in his arms and carried her 'over the threshold' into her apartment. The significance of this was not lost on her and tears welled up in her eyes. He stopped in the middle of her living room and she brought her hands to his face, petted and stroked his cheeks and then drew her mouth to his ears.

"One more stop before we...you know."

"Where's that?"

"Someplace we can wash up. I smell like spray lubricant. And though I can see the attraction to the male of the species, it's not what I would call designer fragrance."

Arnold moved to the kitchen, still holding Chris firm in his arms. He set her down and the two of them began to wash their hands in the kitchen sink. Arnold looked out the window before him and saw the view of the parking lot below. Chris smiled naughtily when she noticed his gaze.

"Yes, that's where I first saw you."

She then moved to her front door and indicated the peep hole.

“And that is where I took those photos. I don’t know where I got the idea. Maybe it had something to do with the elicit nature of it. You know... spy hole?...peep hole...?”

“I have to admit something. I’m very glad you did. The rest of today would not have gone as it did, if I hadn’t realized what you were doing.”

Their lips brushed together; wisps of sensation teased his mind. The next pass brought the sensation of moist tongue gently wiping across his lips. Again her mouth slipped seductively across his. He sought her out, nodding and diving, chasing her elusive lips until he found his target. He pressed hard against her and their mouths opened, swallowing each other, drinking each other, tongues locked in immortal combat. His hand sought out one of her breasts. As his palm wrapped around the ambrosial mound, his ears were filled with a soft, rushing sigh. The nipple pressed hard into his hand and she arched her back to increase the pressure even more. He lifted her back into his arms and then found the hard nub with his mouth, licking, teasing, lightly nipping at it until she was squirming in his arms, moaning and crying out with agonizing desire.

Her hand dove for her cunt and sought out the hard bud of flesh desperately calling to her. She cried out in amazement.

“Oh, God, I want you. So bad. I can’t believe this. You make me so hot. I’m so wet. So wet.”

“Have you ever been fucked with a three-day-old, overcooked spaghetti noodle?”

“Oh, shit. Right. I must admit that it’s hard to believe that you’ve run out of steam.”

“Only temporarily. I think my biggest problem is just a lack of fuel.”

“What is it with you? I’ve never been like this. Ever since I saw you this morning I’ve been doing nothing but having orgasms. I even had some guy down on the beach pop me off while he was putting sunscreen on my back.”

“Well, at the risk of being both obvious and immodest at the same time, you evidently have very good taste in sexual fantasies. And speaking of taste, my taste buds are about to wilt for lack of attention.”

“Here. Try this.”

She removed her hand from her crotch and brought her moist finger to his mouth. The smell of her juices sent his head spinning and he did, indeed, feel a huge surge in his cock. He sucked the delicious digit deep into his mouth and savored the thick, heady flavor which matched the wonderful odor it gave forth.

Chris’s other hand slid down off his shoulder, traced the back of his arm and found its way down to the base of his cock, Arnold’s huge biceps held tight in the pit of her arm.

“Aha. I knew you were not completely immune to my seductions.”

She pulled the leg closest to his body up to her chest and then wrapped it around the other side of his thick, muscular torso. She then reached behind her, grabbed his quickly stiffening cock and brought the head of it up to meet her swollen cunt lips. Arnold raised her up to allow her body to clear the end of his cock and held her there, her steamy opening hovering just millimeters above the swollen head of his gigantic erection. His biceps bulged immensely. Chris ran her free hand over the huge mound of muscle. Again she

moaned as memories ignited fires deep within her. Still Arnold held her aloft. She began to squirm, trying to force her way down onto his cock.

“Down, please.”

There was no reaction. He held her there in his arms and in his gaze.

“Arnold. Please.”

He flicked out his tongue and teased one of her painfully erect nipples.

“Oh, God. Oh, please, Arnold. I want you in me so badly. Please. Let me have your cock inside me.”

He transferred his attentions to her other breast, his tongue just barely not touching the inflamed nipple that crowned it.

“Dammit, Arnold,” she growled. “Give me your cock. *Please.*” This last was more a demand than a plea. Her hand was rubbing the crown of his biceps, her fingernails scratching the surface, tracing the thick artery that ran down its length. Her other hand still held the head of his cock. She began to squeeze and rub the thick, rubbery bulb of flesh. He groaned. She smiled. She ran her fingernails up and down the back of the shaft. His attentions to her breast increased. Her nails dug harder into both his cock and biceps. Slowly he lowered her until he could feel the weight of her body come to bear on his thick cock.

“Oh yes. Please. Yes. In me. Please.”

He lowered her onto him.

“Oh. Yes. So big. So big. Yes. God, you’re so hard. So hard again. So big. More. More. Oh, your arms. So strong. So hot. Make them work. I want to feel your arms work. Lift me. Oh yes. So big.

Again. Oh. Again. *Yessssssss*. Oh, my God. Deep. So deep. Oh, this feels so good. So fucking good. God, you're good. Now. Come on. Faster. Faster. Oh. Oh. Yes. Yes. More. More cock. More. Yes. Yes. Huh. Huh. Oh yes. Oh yes. Oh yes. That's it. Yes. Oh, your arms... so big. Your cock. So big. So big. Oh. Now. Oh, now. Yes. Yes. I'm cumming. So soon. So big. Yes. *Yessssssss*. *Yessssssss!* Oh...Oh... Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Ooooooooooh."

Arnold felt the torrent of cum juice as it flowed out of her and down the length of his cock. She was rocking herself back and forth, pushing up on his shoulders and driving herself down onto the length of his shaft. He was a long way from cumming, himself, and knew that he would probably spend the rest of the evening with a painfully erect penis, but her cries and pleadings rushed across his mind and he found great satisfaction in Chris's release. And, besides, there was definitely something to be said for the aesthetic qualities of an eleven-and-a-half inch hard-on.

Meanwhile, he was loving the feeling of the pump he was getting in his biceps. The muscles filled with blood as he continued to lift Chris high up on the length of his cock and then drive her down again, each drop throwing her body into orgasmic convulsions. He loved it when they came. He loved the feeling of their vaginal muscles clamping down on his thick shaft, sliding up and down its length. This was paradise. His biceps burning, his huge cock aching, his eyes drinking in the beautiful sight before him.

As he lowered Chris onto his cock again, he felt the tension release from her body as the final wave of orgasm washed over her. He held her there, his cock lodged deep within her. She again grasped his face in her hands and showered hot, peppery kisses over him. Her enthusiasm filled him with such joy. He hugged her to him

in his powerful arms. Her breasts pressed hard against his own massive chest. His hands dug deep into the muscles of her back, kneading and massaging. He moved up to her neck muscles and began rubbing there. Chris melted in his arms. Now that he had her calmed down he made his way to her kitchen and began opening the different cabinets, the drawers, the refrigerator, to see what he had to work with. Still his cock was long and stiff, still deep within her. She would occasionally tighten her muscles, sending a shot of sexual energy zooming down his shaft and making his entire body shudder.

“I don’t think I’ll be able to do much with you constantly distracting me like that.”

“Oh, I see. Now I’m just a distraction.”

“When you start getting between me and my low blood sugar, yes. Just remember, no fuel, no hard-on.”

“There’s no way I’m going to let you get soft. I intend to keep you hard until well into the night. Here. Let me down off this thing.” She placed her hands on his shoulders and lifted herself off his cock. She then slid down his chest, pressing her body firmly against his. As her feet touched the floor she continued down. His cock was pressed between them and as it reached her breasts she clamped them together around the thick shaft and let the head of it emerge from between them. It rose up to her mouth and she flicked her tongue out across the head.

“Oh, shit. Ooo, Chris, yeah. That feels good. So good. But I’ve got to get some food in me. I’m starting to get real light headed.”

“And, of course, that has nothing to do with me, right?”

“It has everything to do with you. If I didn’t have your marvelous distractions I would have eaten hours ago. How about

you chop up some vegetables for a salad, I'm going to hop into your shower for a second and clean up. Then we'll see about a quick pasta and something? Okay?"

"I knew it. I knew you'd find an excuse to get out of making dinner."

"You forget where this has been." He wiggled his index finger at her.

"Not only that, but a perfectly legitimate excuse as well."

"The best kind. I promise I won't be but a couple of minutes. I also have to figure out how to take a leak with this erection."

"Problem, huh?"

"Yup. Constant and ever-present."

"Arnold?"

"Yes, Chris?" There was suspicion in his voice. Was this another 'distraction'?

"Can I ask a favor?"

"Sure."

"Well, it's just that...I've never watched a man...you know."

"This is really appetizing."

"Sorry. I don't know what got into me. It's just that you make me feel so comfortable. Like anything is possible. I've had so many fantasies fulfilled tonight, I just thought I'd give it a shot."

"You really want to see me piss?"

"Yeah. And..."

"Go for it."

"I want to hold it while you go."

"Sure. Why not. I gotta admit, I'm kind of turned on by the idea, myself."

Chris grabbed Arnold's cock and led him to the bathroom. She lifted the toilet seat and then brought Arnold over in front of the bowl. She pressed firmly but gently down on the erect shaft until it was aimed somewhat at the toilet. And waited. And waited. And waited. After a few moments she released her grip and looked up sheepishly at Arnold who was looking down sheepishly at her.

"I'd always heard it was difficult for a guy to take a leak while someone was watching him."

"That's part of it. The other part is this little valve inside that closes off when we're getting ready to cum. It keeps things from backing up the wrong tube, but it takes a while to relax, especially if everything didn't get...ah, finished."

"Does that mean you have to cum before you can take a leak?" , she asked hopefully.

"Probably not, but this may take a little while. Why don't I take a shower and then we'll try it again, later."

"Oh, no you don't. I know what'll happen. You'll crank on the cold water and that's the last I'll see of that hard-on."

"There is no way I'm going to get soft. You've got me so turned on I can't even piss. Don't worry. Everything will be just like you left it. I promise. Now go do the salad thing and I'll be out in a few minutes. If you get in that shower with me there won't be anything left but a well-hung, over-developed prune. Now scat."

Arnold gave Chris a sharp smack on the butt.

"Ooo." Chris stuck her ass back at Arnold, begging him to do that again. Arnold hauled back his arm to let her have a real good one. Chris braced herself for the impact. His huge arm came flying towards her, but at the last minute, screeched to a halt and lightly

touched her on the cheek. He slowly traced the crack of her ass with his forefinger and then ran it lightly up her spine. Her body quivered with the chill it sent. She turned around and traced her fingernail down the length of his cock. He quivered as well. She kissed him lightly on the lips and then returned to the kitchen.

Arnold released a huge sigh. He marveled at the thought of her. She seemed to fit in all the right places, cried out to be filled in all the ways he loved to fill a lover. He stroked the length of his cock, reliving the memory of her nail lightly tracing its length. How could he still be hard? And not just hard. His huge cock ached with rigidity. Hadn't he just been deep inside her? Hadn't she just driven herself down hard on him, his biceps bursting, his cock crying out for release, her hot vagina vibrating and flooding with orgasm? And here he was, with a constant, raging hard-on that was going to make his life deliciously uncomfortable for the foreseeable future.

Arnold was glad for the brief moment of privacy, though. He had some serious thinking to do. He thought back to that moment on his balcony a while ago when he had laid back on the cushion after having received the wonderful blow-job that Chris had given him. He had been so filled with joy, had felt so loved.

And suddenly, out of nowhere, an image of Sam, running along the beach, had burst into his mind. And he had missed her so much all those years. But the vision that had raced across his closed eyelids had been as vivid as anything he had ever experienced. And there was a confidence in her that spoke to him. She knew he was here. She knew and she also knew he would be hers again.

His whole body suddenly felt, like he had, so many times before, like the moment he had first seen her, dressed in her workout

clothes, his huge, painful erection wrapped around his hip in the amazing outfit Mr. Ridell had bought for him. She had known his distress, she had also known how much he desired her, needed her, wanted her at that very moment. He'd had little idea, himself; didn't know what it was that she could do for him. But she had done it; had given herself; her energy, her life-force, her unconditional love. And through that mutual trust and bond they had both grown more in that one afternoon than most people do in a lifetime. They had filled each other so well; completed what was unfinished in the other.

And now she was back in his life again. How was he going to keep his feelings about all this straight? Chris. Sam. Patty. Peter. All at the same time. Was there enough of him to go around? Was there enough of each of them to go around? For he knew the only way this was going to work was if they all were able to join their energies together and form what would, undoubtedly, become a most formidable union.

He climbed into the shower, a mirror image of his own, save that it sported a real live shower curtain, and got the water running at the right temperature. He flipped the lever and the water rushed up the pipe in the wall, pushing a column of air and some remnants of the last shower taken in front of it. The shower head spit, fizzled and then sprayed his body with sharp needles of water that dug into his hard muscles, tight skin. He rummaged around in the shower caddy until he found some soap that didn't look like it had a specific purpose and quickly soaped himself down.

When he got to his waist it took all the will power he could muster not to work his cock up into a lather. He did wash it a bit, running his hands very cautiously and slowly up and down the length of it, trying very hard not to generate too much interest. Then

again, didn't he miss a spot out there by the base of the head. It certainly felt like he did. And then there were his heavy, bloated balls hanging down in his nice, loose scrotum. They certainly needed to be cleaned. First the left one. Then the right one. Did he do the left one? He couldn't remember. He'd better do it again. Just to make sure. And the back of his scrotum, the part that always rubbed up against his legs. Certainly that was in need of cleaning. And then there was that spot out there by the base of the head. Had he gotten that already? Maybe he should check it again, in case...

"Aha. Just as I suspected. I knew I couldn't leave the two of you alone for a second."

"God, Chris! You scared the shit out of me."

"Serves you right. Trying to pop yourself off without me."

"I was only...Oh, what the hell. Yup. You caught me red handed. What is my punishment to be, this time?"

"Are you finished in there?"

"Just about. Let me get my legs and feet and rinse off. I'll be out in a second."

Chris just stood there, the shower curtain pushed aside. The wanting, longing look on her face told of her desire for his body.

"I said I'll just be a second."

"I don't trust you as far as I can throw you. Go ahead. I can wait. The salad's not going to burn."

Arnold chuckled and quickly finished soaping up the lower half of his body, trying very hard not to come in contact with the huge erection that swung out in front of him. It was difficult and Chris found his predicament quite amusing. When he had rinsed all the soap off, paying close attention to the area around his mid-section

(well, I can't let soap dry there. You know how itchy it can get...) he turned off the water and asked for a towel.

Chris dug around in the small closet next to the tub and came up with a big fluffy one that consumed a good part of his body. He began to pat himself dry but Chris intervened. "Here. Let me do that." She took the towel from him and dried him off. Her hands patted and rubbed every square inch of his body. She polished the huge bulges of his muscles, teased his nipples with the very corner of the towel, brushing back and forth across them until they were achingly erect. She ran the edge of the towel back and forth under the bulge of his pecs where they curved under and met his abdomen. Arnold moaned. This was one of his most erotic places. He loved the feeling of the juncture between the two masses of muscle and the flat, taut expanse of his stomach. Chris rubbed again. Arnold squeezed his arms to his sides and the pecs grew and expanded, the cleft between them deepening, the peaks of the muscles reaching higher. She moved her mouth to one of his pecs and bit into it with her teeth, taking in a mouthful. Arnold felt an incredible surging in his loins that, given just a few more seconds of stimulus, would have turned into a full blown orgasm. Chris sensed this as well and stopped just seconds before he reached his moment.

Chris dropped the towel and began to devour his pecs as though they were an oasis in the desert and she a parched traveler. She fondled the masses of flesh, licked and nipped the rock hard buds suspended from the lower curves of those massive, muscular mounds.

"They're so hard. So strong. I want to make love to your pecs. So big."

“You seem to be doing a pretty good job of it, right now. Oooo. Yeah. Do that again.”

She grabbed both of his nipples and pinched them between the nails of her thumb and middle finger. He stepped out of the tub and she pressed her naked body against him, clasping his still-erect-and-becoming-more-so penis between her legs. She slid up and down the length of it and he could feel the heat of her sex on his blood-engorged shaft.

“You’re not making this at all easy on me, you know that.”

“That, my friend, is your punishment.” She backed away from him, turned around and then straddled his penis once again, this time facing away from him. She then grabbed the considerable length of it which extended out before her and walked over to the toilet.

“I’ve always wanted to know what this was like. Can you pee?”

“I’ll try. Just be still and patient for a couple of minutes. I have to clear my head.” He tried to concentrate. “Stop that.”

She giggled. He took a couple of deep breaths and relaxed his body. He tried to believe that it was his own hands that now had hold of his cock. He thought about his bladder muscles, sore and extended. He thought about the great need, desire, urgency of peeing. He relaxed his sphincter muscles, which he realized were tensed, and suddenly the flow began. He hoped that Chris would realize it. He let out a long, slow sigh and sensed her readying herself.

“Oh, my God. Look at that.”

He had no idea what she was referring to, but just continued to keep his mind clear. He felt the muscles that controlled the flow dangerously on the verge of clamping shut. Deep breaths, empty

thoughts. He felt her aiming the stream around various parts of the bowl, missing the pool of water in the bottom so it wouldn't splash, holding it in one position for a couple of seconds as though trying to wash an errant pubic hair off the side. He smiled. Soon he was finished.

"Now what do I do?"

"Shake it." She wiggled her ass against his groin.

"Not that, you silly person, my cock. You have to shake it to get anything that's left out and into the toilet. Just don't do it too hard, or you'll make a mess. You'll make the lady of the house very angry and she'll make you clean it all up."

She gently shook the shaft and he flexed the proper muscles and a few more squirts and then a couple of drops came out.

"Very good. Did you get the pubic hair?"

"How did you know?"

"You think we just stand there and let it happen. It's a very satisfying thing to get all the foreign objects washed off before running out of ammo."

"It's very...controlling. Very powerful. Kind of makes me jealous."

"Just think of that the next time you're standing in the middle of a room and you suddenly see someone who really turns you on. It can be quite embarrassing and frustrating."

"I love it when I make a guy get a hard-on. It's the only guaranteed honest reaction you can get from a guy. Everything else can be faked."

"Tease."

"Slut."

“Sticks and stones...”

“If the shoe fits...”

“I’m really hungry. Let’s get something, anything, on the table.”

“How about me?”

“Woman, you are incorrigible.”

Arnold grabbed Chris’s shoulders and began to walk out of the bathroom and towards the kitchen. Chris fell into step, the huge dick still clasped between her legs and together they bellied up to the kitchen counter. She had already put water on to boil for the pasta and there was a huge bowl of salad on the table. Arnold reached into the basket that hung above the sink and retrieved a head of garlic and an onion. He rummaged through the spice rack and came up with a couple of ingredients and then went to the fridge and dug out a pepper and some mushrooms.

“You realize, of course, that we both have to eat this. That way we can’t tell whose bad breath we’re smelling.”

“Looks good so far. Cook away.”

“Where’s your iron skillet?”

“Over there. You want me to dismount?”

“You just stay right where you are. At the rate I’m going, here, I’m looking forward to the arrival of an extra ingredient any moment.”

Chris’s head dropped down and she looked at his cock protruding from her crotch. It had really begun to ache and, although he couldn’t see it, he knew from the feel, as well as her reaction, that it looked dangerously close to erupting.

“I don’t know if I’m up to mixing my metaphors here. Perhaps I’d better stand aside, at least until you get things going here.”

“Suit yourself. I just thought you might be interested in...”

“Never mind. Just cook.”

She pulled away from him and sat down at the table, absently picking at the bowl of salad while she feasted her eyes on Arnold’s nakedness.

Arnold busied himself with chopping, cutting and stirring. In minutes he had a fry pan full of vegetables and oil and spices simmering away. He washed his hands and went to the salad bowl. Chris’s eyes locked onto his continually rigid cock as he walked towards her. When he got close enough to the table he swung his hips to the right and knocked the salad bowl with his stiff member.

“Oops, sorry. I guess I forgot it was there.”

“Yeah, right. And I’m...I’m”

“You are the most wonderful, loving, sexy, bright, beautiful person I’ve had the pleasure of making love to in many, many years. You make me ache just to look at you.”

Chris was caught completely off-guard. She even let the ‘many, many years’ comment slip by while hardly noticing it. She started to say something, swallowed it, tried to speak again, and again the words were choked in her throat. Again, tears welled up in her eyes. She stood and wrapped her arms around Arnold’s neck, drawing herself to him.

Her warm, naked body pressed against him and he could feel a churning in his groin, a churning in his mind, a churning in his heart. Yes, he had loved, in different ways, every person he had ever had sex with. But something here was different. Things seemed to

be running a little closer to the surface. And of course, there was the added complication of Patty. And Peter. And Sam.

Sam.

He wasn't sure how, but he knew. He and Sam were going to meet again. And when they did, things were going to get very interesting around here.

Very interesting, indeed.

CHAPTER 40: FLASHBACK

Mr. Ridell was dead.

Arnold had just gotten off the phone with Sam. She'd not expected Arnold to answer and the desperate need they had for each other, combined with the inconsolable grief over the loss of their friend, made the whole event tragic and stupid. Nothing was able to satisfy either of their needs, there were thousands of miles between them. They hung up without even saying good bye.

David, Mary and Ed all tried, in their own ways to comfort him but he was devastated. He shut himself in the basement gym for an entire day; the sound of free-weights and metal plates being flung furiously around the room could be heard all through the house. Huge screams of effort erupted as Arnold tried to wipe away his grief with the exquisite pain of the pump.

Finally, at three thirty-four the next morning, the house fell silent. David went to the basement the next day and found Arnold's collapsed, exhausted body lying on the bench press. Ed was asleep on the floor beside him, his arm thrown over Arnold's abdomen, the latter's huge pec was his pillow.

CHAPTER 41: PATTY

Patty could think of several hundred million places she would rather be than where she was now. Which was on the floor of her sister's living room with four obnoxious no-neck monsters using her as a trampoline. When her sister commented that Patty was so good with the children she silently wished she possessed something long, hard and tubular that shot projectiles. The image of Arnold standing in front of her apartment door with his huge member lying in the palm of her hand quickly changed her mind. Actually, she still wished for it, she just wished she were away from here with it.

The four brats were only part of her reason for wanting to be somewhere else. Several other items fought for the top of her list:

A) Her sister, Betty, was being especially asinine this evening.

B) She couldn't get her mind off Arnold; fantasies of what her encounter with him the next evening was going to be like constantly intruded on her train of thought.

C) Then there was Betty's husband, Bob.

Patty had been making these mercy trips (as she called them) every few months for the last four years. The reason she kept coming back was because of Bob. He treated her with respect, was absolutely enthralled with her body, from an aesthetic point of view only, and never, ever, got as much as a hair out of place. No matter what the kid's did, no matter how goof ball Betty got, Bob was steady and understanding, patient, and loving.

Until now.

Patty realized there had to be moments in every relationship when a couple didn't see eye to eye on certain matters, even the

occasional difficulty in settling differences. In fact, she had always marveled at how smoothly Bob handled Betty and the kids, defusing a potentially nasty situation before it had a chance to get out of hand. She had learned a lot from Bob; had used the techniques she had seen him employ in her own personal and business dealings. So what the hell was going on here?

From the moment Patty walked through the front door that afternoon, Bob had been a bundle of nerves. Every little thing that anyone did upset him. He had already blown his stack a couple of times for no apparent reason and the slightest contradiction from the kids or the least little frustration triggered a tirade. Patty had always known that dealing with her sister would try the patience of Job. But this was Bob. Steady, wonderful, loving, caring Bob.

And what the hell was wrong with Betty? She acted as though nothing were wrong. An idiot could see that something was amiss with her husband, how inappropriate his behavior was, and yet Betty seemingly ignored everything. Patty even got the feeling that her sister was actually condoning his behavior. She was trying to think of some way to confront her brother-in-law when Bob finally blew his stack and forced the issue, himself.

After several minutes of kids bouncing on Aunt Patty, Bob came pounding down the stairs and yelled at them to move their activities outside. The two older ones responded immediately, but Suzy, the youngest of the three and the second youngest of the family, failed to grasp the necessity of complying with her father's angry demand. Bob yelled at her once again. Patty decided she was as much at fault for the children's behavior as they were so she scooped Suzy up, put the child on her shoulders and carried her through the dining room to the kitchen and the back door.

She was swaying back and forth to give the kid a bit of a thrill and the little girl was flailing her arms about, trying to catch her balance. Patty walked past some open shelves mounted on the wall just inside the kitchen and the child's outstretched hand caught a small glass vase which tumbled to the floor and shattered.

Patty recognized the vase as one that had been filled with flowers she had picked up in a shop several years before on her way into town. The place had been loaded with them, so there was no intrinsic value to the piece. In fact, Patty always brought flowers, sometimes in a vase, sometimes not, so there was nothing special about the event. She set the child down in the kitchen and went to get the broom and dust pan out of the closet next to the refrigerator. As she was opening the door she heard footsteps coming through the dining room and called out a warning.

"Careful. Broken glass by the kitchen door."

She found the implements she was looking for and came back to sweep up the mess. Bob was standing on the far side of the damage.

"How the hell did this happen?"

His language and the manner in which he spoke shocked Patty. She had never heard him say anything stronger than 'darn'.

"Suzy and I were clowning around and I guess her hand knocked it over."

In a flash, Bob was over the scattered shards and bounding towards his daughter who was sitting at the kitchen table completely unaware of the magnitude of her crime. Bob grabbed her by the shoulders, picked her up and began shaking her violently.

“What the hell’s the matter with you? How many times do I have to tell you to be careful in the house. I’m sick and tired of you kids running around here, ruining everything like this was a goddamn playground. If you want to roughhouse go out in the goddamn back yard. I’m sick of this shit. Now get out of here before...”

He half dropped, half threw his daughter towards the back door. The child was a sobbing wreck and ran to her mother who was working at the sink.

“Go outside like your father told you, Sue.”

Bob became furious that his daughter had not completely obeyed him and started to move across the room towards her. Patty could tell the next confrontation would be even more physically harmful.

“Bob.”

He stopped in his tracks and turned to her. The anger in his eyes was frightening. He was so very mad. But as he saw Patty, the anger switched off and a dry, cool smile spread over his face. She was shocked at the rapidity with which he turned it on and off, but at the moment she could only think of (was this possible?) the poor child.

“Give me a hand here, will you? I don’t want to move and break any more glass.”

She extended the dust pan to him. He took a step or two towards her and then remembered the child. With a swift change of attitude that reminded her of psychosis, he whipped around to the little girl.

“Get the hell out of here. Now.”

Suzy ran screaming to the back door and out into the yard. Bob tore after her, stopping at the screen door as it slammed closed before him.

“If you don’t shut up I’ll really give you something to cry about.”

Yeah, that always worked.

The effort Patty exerted to keep herself from flinging the broom at her brother-in-law was monumental. She took a couple of deep breaths and quickly glanced around the room to gather the sense of the environment:

- A) Betty’s reaction (none?).
- B) the sounds of the other children (none?),’
- C) her own feelings (got a couple of hours?)

She almost chuckled. These were the very techniques she had learned from her years of watching the cool, even, unflappable Bob handle the most chaotic or unsettling of circumstances.

Bob walked over and almost cheerfully took the dust pan. He hesitated for a fraction of a second before removing it from her hand, his eyes flashing to hers. There wasn’t the slightest evidence of his anger. He was simply helping her clean up a small, insignificant pile of worthless broken glass.

Patty gathered the pieces together with the broom and swept them into the dust pan as Bob held it in place. After all the mess was picked up he stood up, his eyes locked onto hers.

“Thanks for taking care of that, Patty. I really appreciate it.”

He took the broom from her, turned away and drop the contents of the dust pan in the trash bin at the end of the counter. After replacing the broom and pan in the closet he walked back to Patty.

“Can I get you something to drink?”

Patty studied him. On the surface he looked cool, calm, unperturbed. But she could see something at the edges of his eyes. They were just a little too wide, his forehead just a little too wrinkled. And she heard it in his voice; ever so slightly unstable. Patty wasn't sure if she wanted to get involved with whatever was going on around here. Perhaps she should talk to Betty first.

“Patty? A drink?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. That would be fine. Do you have any soda water?”

“I think there's some down in the rec room. Come on down and I'll fix you some.”

“Sure. Let me just wash up. I meet you downstairs in a minute, okay?”

Bob's eyes flashed over to his wife who was entirely too involved in whatever mundane task she was performing at the kitchen counter. He shrugged and turned to the stairs.

“See you in a minute,” he called as he descended, sounding none too sure that Patty would, indeed, follow.

Patty took a moment to gather her thoughts. She watched her sister working at the sink. What the hell was going on here? She had no answer, so decided to check with someone who might. She walked over to her sister. As she got closer she could see Betty's shoulders tense noticeably. Her neck scrunched down as if she were preparing to dodge a blow to the head.

“Betty?”

There was no response. Whatever Betty was doing she did it more. Patty stepped up behind her and put her hand on Betty's

shoulder. She cringed, pulling quickly away, and then tried to re-involve herself in her previous activity. Patty was very confused now. And just a little angry. She didn't like things that were out of control. She didn't like not knowing. Her blood pressure began to rise and she had to concentrate on not losing control herself.

"Will you please tell me what is going on here?"

Again, nothing.

"Betty. Goddammit. Talk to me, will you? Please?"

Betty set down the kitchen utensil she was using and turned slowly to her sister. Her cheeks were streaked with the paths of many tears. She had been crying for some time now. She opened her mouth to speak, but nothing came out. She shook her head in... frustration?...disbelief?...anger?...and then turned silently back to her chores.

Patty started to get scared. This was more than just one of Betty's 'moods'. She had just stopped her brother-in-law from committing child abuse and her sister was a bundle of raw, exposed nerves on the edge of a breakdown.

"Betty?"

"Why don't you go down and talk to Bob," she replied without turning around. Her shoulders shuddered with a silent sob.

Patty exhaled with a frustrated sigh and turned to the basement stairs. Just before she reached the door her sister called after her.

"Patty?"

"What?" she answered, a bit more tersely than she had intended. She calmed herself and answered again, more evenly. "What, Betty?"

Betty hesitated for a moment and then just shook her head. Patty gave up and headed downstairs. Bob was over at the wet bar dropping ice cubes into two glasses. He smiled nonchalantly.

“Hi, there.”

He emptied a bottle of soda water into one and added a slice of lemon. He then opened the cabinet above the small sink and took out a bottle of scotch. Bob never drank before dinner, and very rarely afterwards. He poured two healthy fingers over the ice in the other glass and put the bottle down on the counter without replacing the cap.

Patty was getting a very bad feeling about all this. Bob’s behavior seemed too blatant to be misunderstood. At first she thought it was some parody of machismo he was putting on, but she realized he was playing it all a bit too real. She was torn between her need to find out the meaning of his conduct and an almost irrepressible desire to kick him in the nuts. This was definitely not the good-old-level-headed Bob she had grown to know and love. Definitely not.

So if this wasn’t Bob, then...

She held her position at the bottom of the stairs and made him carry the glass over to her. His walk was steady enough, he didn’t seem to be drunk. As he approached she examined his eyes. Again she noticed the slight widening, the little indication of some internal hysteria. His breathing was short, rapid. His grip on her glass was tight, the knuckles and fingernails turning white with the pressure of his grasp.

What was it? Drugs? It seemed the only thing possible. But Bob? On drugs? If he was, then there was something seriously

wrong, and drugs were only the symptom. Somehow she doubted it, though.

She took a deep breath as he neared and held out her hand for the proffered glass, expecting to have to struggle for its possession. A quick flash of a piece of plexiglas with a key attached to it. Their eyes locked yet again; Bob's face wearing a sarcastic, self-satisfied, overly-confident smile, as though whatever he had on his mind was already a *fait accompli*. At the last minute Bob practically shoved the glass into her hand and withdrew to the sofa that made up one side of a conversation pit at the far end of the room. Whatever he had intended, he had backed away from it at the last minute. Patty was getting irritated. If he was going to shoot, then for God's sake pull the trigger. She studied him across the room for a second and then made up her mind to take this bullshit by the horns. She marched purposely across the floor and plopped herself down in an armchair that put her left knee/right knee with her irrationally behaving in-law. Her forceful, determined attitude seemed to scare him a bit and he quickly dropped the attitude he had been carrying since his confrontation with his daughter upstairs. That was better. Now, she hoped, she could get some answers.

"Talk Bob."

"Huh?"

"Cut the bullshit and talk."

He studied the contents of his glass for a moment, downed a good portion of it in back to back gulps, winced as the booze burned its way down his unaccustomed throat and then looked back at her. His eyes seemed to have trouble focusing on her for a second, but soon found their mark. For the zillionth time today they locked gazes, but this time the wide-eyed, frantic stare was replaced by

shimmering tears that hung on his lower lids until he blinked. They tumbled from their perch, ran down his cheeks and splattered on his chest. He ignored them as though he was now long used to their existence. More followed and soon his nose was running. He reached to a small end table next to the sofa and retrieved a couple of tissues with which to blow his nose.

Patty stayed alert but neutral. She wanted to find out what this was all about before she committed herself emotionally. Already her gut feeling was telling her the worst. She watched as, several times, Bob tried to form some word but was unable. Just as Betty had upstairs. Patty ran down a short but gruesome list of words people have trouble saying. Each of them fit the profile. She didn't want to hazard a guess and be wrong, especially with the situation being as emotionally charged as it was. She continued to wait, letting Bob know with her body language that whatever he needed from her to get through this, he could depend on her to deliver.

Again the word formed on his lips. He made two attempts to say it and then tried another.

"How are you, Patty?"

The non-sequitur caught her by surprise, but she tried to remain focused. What did Bob want her to do?

"Fine, Bob. How are you?"

He hesitated for a second. "It's over, Patty."

Patty waited. She had a feeling she knew what was over, but didn't want to say it, fearing that speaking it would make it happen. Bob shook his head and studied the woman in front of him. He knew she comprehended, but it was angering him that she was going to make him go into the details. He knew he would have to, but it was not going to be at all easy.

“Betty’s leaving me. Or I’m leaving her. Or...It’s just over.”

“I’m going to hazard a guess that this has something to do with Betty’s previous life.”

“Yeah. She’s been seeing Patrick’s father. I found out about it from a guy at the office who saw them together at a bar the other night. When I confronted her with it she just shrugged and admitted it, as though I’d just asked her what time it was. I couldn’t believe it. I mean, not her having an affair. That hardly surprised me at all. This isn’t the first time, you know.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Well, it’s not. Or the second. Or the tenth. But I couldn’t believe how little it meant to her. I asked her what she thought we should do about it and she told me she wanted a divorce. Uncontested, of course.”

“Of course.”

“She told me I could have the kids, too. Except Patrick. He was to go live with his father. Christ, Patty. What the hell am I supposed to do with three kids. I mean, I love them. I really do. They’re my whole life. But I can’t raise three kids by myself. This is supposed to be a joint effort.”

“Are you going to ask for child support?”

“She said if I did she’d counter-sue for custody. I may not think I could handle three kids by myself. But I know what would happen to them if she was in charge of raising them.”

Bob knocked back the rest of his drink and set his glass down on the end table with a loud bang. Patty was afraid he was going to get violent again. Unfortunately, he had spent so many years being ‘cool, calm, collected Bob’ he didn’t have any outlet for his anger.

He'd lost his ability to vent his emotions, if he'd ever had it. Patty somehow doubted it. You didn't keep your cool the way Bob did without years and years of practice and suppression. And now it was all coming out and the only thing he could vent it on was his family. She didn't like the wild look in his eyes she'd seen earlier.

"Are you mad, Bob?"

"No...Yes...Yes. I guess I am. I mean, I don't usually yell at the kids like that."

"Bob, I've never seen you yell at the kids. Not like that or anything. Never."

"I can't seem to control it. I know I'm doing it. I know I'm scaring the hell out of the kids, but I can't even begin to stop it. The scary part is that...it really feels good. Not yelling at the kids. That part sucks."

"Bob."

"Yeah, I know. Make a sailor blush, right?"

"Well, not that bad. But I've never heard you use that kind of language."

"Offended?"

"Hell, no. Just surprised."

"I'm kind of shocked, myself. But what really has me baffled...scared...worried, is how...how good it feels to get mad."

"Have you gotten mad at Betty?"

"At first. I actually slapped her across the face when she reacted so cavalier about her affair. She's been ducking me ever since. I didn't think it was a very good idea for you to come down this weekend, but Betty insisted. I think she wants you here so I won't haul off and smack her again."

“Well, I’m ready to slug both of you.”

“I figured you’d say that.”

“Well, yeah. I mean, come on, Bob. I’ve known you for a long time. We’ve been friends. We talk. We pal around. I’ve watched you with your family and marveled at your ability to handle them. And now this.”

“Do you realize how exhausting it is to have to work at making this extended family work together? Three fathers, a mother who apparently couldn’t care less, four kids who, for the most part, are so emotionally unstable that, waking them up in the morning, I’m afraid I’ll find one of them has murdered another in the night. They’re angry. All of them. They all resent each other’s presence. They all resent not knowing who they are and why ‘real daddy’ doesn’t want them, or why they have to share their lives with someone else’s kid. And I’m stuck in the middle of it.” He heaved a sigh which shook his entire body. “I’m tired of it. I’ve been running my butt off trying to make this work and now it’s all going to get thrown out the window. With a shrug.”

“Well, you deserve to get mad. Get angry. But the kids don’t deserve to be the ones to catch it. I suspect you’ve never really gotten mad before have you?”

“Sure. I’ve been upset.”

“Bob. We’re talking major and minor league here. You get a flat tire, swear under your breath and change the damn thing. You get to the store and find out they closed fifteen minutes ago. Minor league. I’m talking about wanting to take someone and throw them up against the wall and beat them senseless with your bare fists. Like you almost did a while ago to Suzy.

“That was pretty stupid, wasn’t it?”

“No, just misdirected. And I’m not advocating going out and finding some bum in a back alley and setting his clothes on fire, either. But you really do need to get mad. In an environment you can trust, where no one can get hurt. You need to take that energy and channel it into something constructive.”

“You want me to go to the gym, right?”

“Wrong. I just want you to get rid of all this pent-up energy before I see your story on the six o’clock news.”

Bob leaned back heavily into the cushions, exhaling through tightly pursed lips. He studied his fingernails as though the secrets of the universe were contained in the small specks of dirt caught under them. Occasionally his eyes would flash up at Patty. He was worried, very worried. And Patty suspected the thing he was worried most about was that he might be misinterpreting what she was talking about. What she was offering.

“Do the kids know?”

“I suspect Patrick and Veronica do. Or at least they know something is very wrong. I doubt if Suzy and Marshall have caught on yet. We’ve tried to keep this thing quiet, although, as you saw a while ago, it’s getting more and more difficult to keep a lid on it.”

“You suspect? You mean you haven’t told them? Bob, what the hell’s wrong with you? You never used to deal the kids out. Especially when it involved them like this.”

“I guess we...I was hoping that things would get sort of...”

“Patched up?”

“Yeah. That if I told the kids and it turned out to be not true, then we would have made them worry about nothing.”

“So, instead, you let them go on trying to figure out why Mommy and Daddy hate them all so much that they’re being beaten and screamed at like never before in their lives. Bob. I love you. You’re my favorite in-law...”

“I’m your only in-law.”

“Right. And you’re an asshole.”

“Thanks, Patty. Real confidence builder, there.”

“I’m not trying to build anything. I’m venting my anger so that I don’t yank the wet bar out from the wall and clobber you with it. Two of those kids upstairs are your children. But all four of them are my nieces and nephews. I may talk disparagingly about them, I may cringe at the thought of spending a weekend with them, but I know that has more to do with not being used to having kids around me more often. Bottom line, though. They are my kin. My blood. And you’re screwing around with their heads. You’re an asshole. So’s my sister. In fact she’s a bigger asshole.”

“I was hoping I wasn’t going to have to bear all the blame here.”

“But she’s also an emotional cripple. She was brought up without any knowledge of how to make a relationship work. Love equals sex. That’s all. Unfortunately sex equals babies and she never was too good at higher math. Couple that with the attention span of a thirty minute soap opera and you’ve got someone who changes lovers like a channel surfer with a remote control on a bad TV night. But you. You came into this a bit more prepared. I don’t believe that no one warned you about what you were getting into. Who did you think you were? Superman?”

“Yes.” Bob was crying again. Good. She was hitting her mark.

“Well, Bob. Big surprise here. You’re not. You’re just a shmoe. Just like all the rest of us shmoes. Only you didn’t believe it. You thought you could put yourself aside, forget about what you needed as a human being and give yourself totally to the task of righting the wrong that had been committed here. Right?”

Bob couldn’t respond. His body was being wracked by sobs, tears were now streaming constantly down his cheeks, his nose running.

“Just nod your head, Bob. Let me know if I’m on the right track here.” He nodded. “Fine. So here you are, with a wife that can’t keep her hand out of the cookie jar, in fact has a very well documented history of this particular problem, and now she’s at it again. So what do you do? You get mad at the kids. Great, Bob. Just great. Go ahead. Beat the dog. Drop the goldfish in the disposal and crank ‘er on. Maybe you should go out and buy a parakeet so you can twist its little neck real slow-like and listen to every little bone crack while it chirps its death song in the palm of your hand.”

“Fuck you, Patty.”

“What’d you say, asshole?”

“I said, ‘Fuck you.’”

“No. Fuck you, you creep. My sister’s a jerk, but you should know better.”

“What the hell do you know? What do you know about all this. You don’t even...”

“What? Say it, asshole. Say it. ‘I don’t even’ what?”

“What do you know about family? What do you know about making a relationship work, huh? It’s easy for you to sit there and

criticize me and the way I'm handling this. But you can't possibly have any idea what I'm going through."

"You're right."

"You're goddamn right I'm right. Right. And stop trying to make me mad at you. I know what you're trying to do. You want me to take a shot at you. You want me to take this out on you so I don't hit my kids."

"That's right, asshole. Better me than those poor, confused kids upstairs."

Bob slammed his fist down hard on the arm of the sofa and propelled himself to his feet. He stared down at Patty, his breathing heavy and ragged. He tried to say something several times, stopped, walked away a few steps and then turned back to her.

"You know, you're just as much of an asshole as me. You think I'm stupid because I'm taking this out on my kids. You're right. But you..."

"Me, what?"

"You don't get it, do you?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"You. I'm talking about you. Look at you."

"What is this? I thought you were the one with the problem. What's this got to do with me?"

"This is about you."

"Okay, Bob. I'm really confused now. You'd better start making some sense here."

"You're not playing dumb? You really don't understand, do you?"

“Work with me, here, Bob. We seem to have taken a turn without the turn signals. I thought Betty was leaving you for a former lover and you were beating the kids. How do I fit into all this?”

“Aw, Patty. Don’t make this anymore difficult than it already is. Do a little reading between the lines so I don’t have to say it.”

“I don’t like this, Bob.”

“You don’t like this? Ha! You think I’m enjoying this? You think it’s been easy for me to have you come down here every three or four months, stay for a couple of days, traipsing around here in your tight outfits, going to the beach in those posing suits you wear, sleeping in the bedroom next to mine while I lay awake until all hours of the night fighting off the almost uncontrollable desire to sneak out of bed and tap quietly on your door.”

“Oh, shit.”

“Yeah. Oh, shit, Patty. No shit.”

“All this time...”

“I was being such a good boy.”

“But you never let on.”

“And if I had? You’d have been out of here in a shot with a quick stop at Betty to tell her what a scum bag she’s married to.”

Patty stood up and walked to stairs at the opposite end of the room. She put her hand on the railing, her left foot on the first step.

“I want to ask you a question, Bob. If you lie to me...and I’ll know if you do...I’m out of here.” There was silence. She took that as agreement. “If you’d met me before Betty, would you have married her?”

“No.”

Shit. She was afraid of that.

She did a quick run down of her own feelings in this matter and realized, without too much surprise, that she had deep feelings for this man. She admired him, respected him, even loved him as a close friend and relative. She cherished the time she got to spend with him, had admitted that he was the main reason she even made these journeys. He was nominally married to her sister. Did this matter? Yes. Her sister was dumping him for the slob who first dumped her with a kid. That only confirmed Betty's emotional instability. Could she take advantage of that? She didn't like the answer to that. She climbed the stairs to the top, turned the little button in the middle of the door knob, checked to make sure it was locked and then returned to the basement.

When she reached the bottom step she looked over at her brother-in-law. Saying she saw him with new eyes would have been the understatement of the century. Yes, all the pieces fell into place. His kindness, attention, respect. The workouts, the critique sessions, him showing her his while she showed him hers. Checking in on her every night to see if she needed anything. Taking days off from work to go the beach with her and Betty and the kids. Had he ever taken a day off to go to the beach with Betty? She would have bet her last nickel on that until a few moments ago. Now...She doubted it.

So here she was. And there he was, still standing across the room looking lost and confused. He knew that, in his mind at least, he had been cheating on his wife since they were married. Was the thought as bad as the deed? She doubted that Betty and the kids ever suffered for his transgression. If anything, the guilt probably made

him a far better father, a more attentive husband, than Betty's kids could have possibly hoped for, or than Betty deserved.

"Okay. So now what?"

"I guess that's sort of up to you. I'm the bad boy with the dirty little secret. You're just the innocent bystander."

"Not so innocent."

"How so?"

"I certainly didn't discourage your attentions, your enthusiasm for my sport. I think that our little confabs down here, discussing and comparing of body parts, perhaps I was too eager to involve you. I enjoyed them, looked forward to them. Especially when you started to make such wonderful progress."

"I never thought your intentions any less than honorable."

"I would have said the same thing of yours. And mine, now that I think about it. I'm pretty sure I was kidding myself."

"I know I was. Why did you go upstairs? Were you going to leave?"

"I locked the door."

Patty stepped off the last stair and moved across the room to him. He seemed...scared, nervous. He was still on the edge, emotionally. Patty wanted to make sure he had a clear head about what was happening here.

"First thing: What we are contemplating here is wrong. You're a married man. Married to my sister. She cheated on you, but that gives you absolutely no right to do the same thing to her. Second thing: I am your sister-in-law, other side of the same coin, but I thought it needed to be said. Third thing: Just because we've both

been harboring certain desires about each other is no reason to act on them now. Especially now. How'm I doing?"

"Back up to the first thing."

"What about it?"

"What is it, exactly, we are contemplating here?"

"You want me to answer for both of us?"

"Okay. What is it you are contemplating?"

"I'm contemplating helping you relieve some of that pent-up anger and energy so that you'll stop taking it out on my nieces and nephews. What are you contemplating?"

"Your breasts."

"I've noticed. Beyond that."

"There isn't anything beyond that."

Patty sighed. She undid the buttons of her blouse and shrugged it off her broad shoulders. It slipped to the floor behind her. The bra she had put on at the rest stop just before the exit for her sister's house barely contained the two globes of her breasts. She would never have admitted it before now that she always dressed this way for Bob. But she did. Always had. Many times when they were discussing his or her progress in body building she had wanted to pull these stupid clothes off and let him drink the beauty of her wonderful physique. She had felt so stupid pulling a sleeve up here, a pant-leg there so he could see a certain muscle group. She knew now what he had always wanted to see. He would get his wish.

The snap for the bra was in the front. She raised her hands to undo it, but noticed him shaking his head.

"What?"

"Don't. You're right. This is not right, at all."

“You sound about as convincing as a politician on the night before election.”

“Really Patty. I don’t think we should do this.” He walked towards her, his eyes still glued to the astounding sight before him. “I don’t think I could forgive myself if you were to be coerced into some illicit act with me.”

“You don’t believe a single word you’re saying, do you.” That was a statement, not a question.

He stopped inches away from her and, in answer to her accusation, reached up with his hands. His fingers spread as though he were going to place them over her breasts. They stopped, so close she could feel the heat of them. They began to shake, trembling with the conflict between his mind and his heart. His fingers closed into a fist, drew together, and then moved to the snap. Before she could blink he’d undone it. The bra literally flew open as it contracted from the strain of its efforts.

“I have fantasized about this moment for years. Your breasts are the most wonderful I have ever seen.”

“Thank you. Touch them.”

“Huh?”

“Touch them. I want you to touch them. Please.”

Bob started with his hands on the outside curve of each one. He lightly traced the circumferences with his fingertips. Patty *hmmmed* quietly and her spectacular nipples began to harden and lengthen. Before he had even made it all the way around they were erect. He slowly closed his hands around the globes of flesh and drew them together. His tongue snaked out from between his closed lips and he

quickly flicked it across each of the long, rigid erections. Patty breathed in sharply, between closed teeth.

“Oooo. Yeah.”

“Would you flex for me?”

“Oh, baby, would I.”

She shook her arms to rid them of the bra and then raised them above her head. Slowly tensing every muscle, she lowered them again to her side. As she did her body began to bulge and grow. Her pecs expanded and pressed her breasts harder into his hands. Veins and muscle fibers exploded over her body. Her shoulders widened, her biceps bulged. Bob’s hands were suddenly everywhere, feeling everything. He pulled Patty to him and their mouths pressed together in a kiss so deep it felt like it sucked at each other’s soul. His hips began pumping against her; she countered his efforts with her own pelvic thrusts. She could feel the length of his cock as it pressed against her. She reached to his waist and undid the belt buckle and then the snap at the top of his zipper.

Bob’s actions were getting more insistent, more urgent. She didn’t want him popping his cork with his pants still on so she pulled away from him and began to unbutton his shirt. She pulled the shirt tail out of his pants and then spread the front open, revealing his wonderful, tight chest and abdomen.

He had opted for definition instead of mass and had followed her advice religiously. The result was a hard, firm body covered with lots of wonderful little clumps and knots of sexy muscle. She ran her hands up to his shoulders, enjoying the roundness of his delts, and pushed the shirt down off his back. Everything was so well-defined. Every single muscle had its own identity. She knew

that flexing wouldn't make him look much bigger. But the hard-etched look of him was a real turn-on by itself.

"You've done very well. I can't believe Betty would want to throw this away."

"She says it scares her."

"What?"

"Yeah. She says it reminds her of you. Maybe she feels like she's making love to you."

"It's possible she realizes who you're actually building yourself up for."

Patty studied him for a few moments, silently assessing his various muscle groups. She had seen this before. Bob had no compunctions about baring himself for her. Their regular analysis of his physique had been complete.

"This is great. For the first time I don't have to think about car crashes and dead body parts lying on the highway."

"What?"

"That's what I had to do before whenever you looked at me like this so I wouldn't get a hard-on."

"How considerate of you. What's the matter, did you think I'd never seen one before?"

"Of course not. I just didn't think it would be appropriate. Especially if one of the kids was watching."

"True enough. So you're not worried about it now, eh?"

They both looked down at the front of his pants.

"I guess not."

"Good."

Patty undid the zipper and pulled his pants down his muscular legs. He had done a great job of working the individual muscle groups without letting them get too bulky. The deep tan accented his white briefs nicely. And so did the nice hard protrusion pressing outward from within. She kneeled and helped him step out of his pants and then leaned back just a bit to study the sight before her.

She knew it would feel very good inside her. It seemed to be quite thick and the head made quite an impression. She could also make out the outline of two big testicles which were pressed against the fabric. She leaned forward and blew a breath of hot air onto the fabric. Bob's body tensed noticeably. So did her own. He was right on the edge.

"When did you cum last?"

"It's been about a week."

"I assume, then, that the pump is primed."

"You blow on me like that one more time and I won't be responsible for what happens."

"Good."

She stood up, stepped back a couple of feet and undid the waistband of her skirt. It dropped to the floor leaving her clothed only in her sandals and bikini briefs. She let him gaze at her again for a while, enjoying the way he studied her. She realized what it was about this whole situation that turned her on so much: The risk. Here was Bob, ready to throw everything over the side, just for a shot at Patty's body. If Betty were to catch them, it would be all over. She would have grounds to sue for divorce and no jury in the state would find her at fault, no matter her own indelicacies.

And stare he did. Each time his eyes moved to a different part of her body his hips gave a little thrust forward. She thought he must be getting a bit uncomfortable.

“That must hurt.”

“Yeah.”

“Good.”

She slipped her fingers down into the waistband of her briefs and slowly slid them to the floor. She stepped out of them and picked them up in her right hand. She held them out to Bob and waved them back and forth, allowing the smell of her to waft through the air. Bob inhaled deeply through his nose; his chest expanded. He tensed his muscles, causing them to increase their definition. He spread his arms out to his sides, flexed them, causing his biceps to turn into hard, smooth rocks. He flexed his abdomen, his hips pumping forward, and his cock let loose. Again and again he thrust his pelvis forward and the front of his briefs were saturated with his cum.

Patty rushed to him and pressed her body hard against his, grinding her crotch against his hardness. Their hands pushed, pulled, squeezed, grasped, rubbed, dug, scratched; their mouths sucked, licked, bit, chewed, kissed, blew, drank. Bob pressed his advantage and soon had Patty backed up against a support pole in the middle of the room. The cold metal shocked her and made her more aggressive. She grabbed his briefs, yanking them to the floor. She flattened herself against the pole, wrapped one leg around Bob’s waist and grabbed the beam which rested on the top of the support with her right hand. With her other she grabbed Bob’s hot, thick cock and aimed it at her cunt. He thrust once and was in. Patty shuddered as she felt him fill her. She moaned and then grabbed the

beam with her other hand as well and wrapped her other leg around his waist. Bob pressed slowly forward until he was entirely enclosed by her heat. They stared at each other, enjoying the moment. Bob brought his hands up to Patty's firm, amazing breasts and began to fondle them. She squirmed on his cock.

"Let's do some damage."

Bob grabbed her waist, pulled his cock almost completely out and then thrust deeply. The force shook her upper torso, her breasts vibrated with the impact.

"Oh, yeah. Again. Fuck me. Hard."

As he pulled out of her she flexed her huge biceps to lift her body up. He rammed his shaft into her again and she released her weight from her arms and dropped down hard on him.

"Oh my God, Patty. Oh yeah. Ooo."

Again he pulled out. She lifted, her lats and arms expanding. She pursed her lips and prepared to take the brunt of his attack again.

Wham.

And again.

Wham.

Each thrust was hard and furious. They increased in speed until she could no longer lift herself quick enough. She held herself suspended from the beam, her legs wrapped around his waist, while he held her under her ass, his fingers digging into those luscious mounds.

Harder.

Harder.

Faster.

Faster.

His abdomen flexed and contracted with each thrust. Her breasts bounced, the movement stimulating them, her nipples growing longer, harder, the wonderful globes of flesh aching to be touched, squeezed, handled. Her cunt began to flow as his thick shaft pressed deeply into her. She could feel the ridge of the head as it traveled back and forth within her. He felt so good inside her. So full. So hot. So hard. He established a rhythm, fast and furious, and maintained it. She watched him as his tight body heaved itself into each deep thrust with no end to his endurance in sight. A sheen of sweat began to cover his body, making him glow seductively.

She didn't know what she was going to do about her breasts. She needed him to touch her there, but the position they were in kept his hands busy holding her up. She drew him to her with her legs. When they were both pressed up against the pole she released one of her hands from the beam and wrapped it around his neck. Then the other one. He never stopped thrusting.

"Take me to the couch," she said as she pressed her aching breasts into his chest.

He lifted her effortlessly by the ass and carried her over to the sofa. When he was standing in front of it she released her arms and slowly leaned back until her shoulders were on its cushions. This made her abdomen become exceptionally hard and her breasts rode high on her chest. Still he continued to pound his cock into her. She was becoming quite agitated, her nerves began to tingle and sing as she was stimulated more and more. He held her there for a few moments to enjoy the view while he continued, and then slowly lowered himself and her ass until they were resting on the couch. Now he reached up and began to fondle her breasts. He started

gently but she grabbed his hands and showed him how she liked it: Rough. He complied vigorously. He pulled and squeezed the long, hard nipples, stretching them out and flicking them with his fingertips. Patty began to moan loudly and had to stuff her fist in her mouth to keep from getting as vocally active as she usually did. This was going to be difficult. Bob was very, very good. He was also very, very hard and thick. Soon her cunt was screaming for release, but she could tell Bob still had a few more minutes to go before he was ready to shoot again. The fact that he had not gotten the least bit soft after cumming in his briefs told her how horny he was. She began to flex her internal muscles, clamping down on him each time he thrust powerfully into her. Within seconds he had doubled his speed and was grunting with the effort. Sweat was flying off him and his hard body gleamed. She wanted to touch him. She held out her arms and beckoned him forward. He climbed on top of her, swung his body around so they were both lying lengthwise on the sofa, and then he renewed his attack.

She had never had a man move so quickly in her. Never had a man keep up the pace for so long. His muscles strained with the effort, but his breathing seemed deep and regular. She'd had amazing lovers before, but they were all huge men with massive bodies to navigate through the act of fucking. This was different. Bob was the long distance runner. Swift and lithe. Where the larger bodybuilders were built to move mountains, Bob was built to run up to the top of them.

Each thrust brought a quiet grunt which increased in pitch as he came closer to cumming. His furious, rapid motion set Patty's cunt to buzzing and soon the contractions began within her. She bit down on her lips to keep from screaming. From yelling. From swearing.

From singing. From doing anything. She wanted to flail her arms and buck her hips hard against this amazing lover to drive him on to an incredible orgasm. She was afraid of making too much noise, though. He was so quiet. So determined. He just kept at it. So fast. So hot. His arms were braced on the sofa on either side of her body. Her own hands roamed up and down them, feeling the deep cuts between the muscles. She dug her fingernails into his delts as the waves of release rolled through her body. She tried to pull him down onto her, but he resisted. She dropped back down onto the couch and let the orgasm rumble through her. He then shifted all his weight onto one arm and, with the other, began to manipulate her clitoris. Her hips bucked immediately and she let out a low moan. She caught herself before it got too loud and turned it into a hiss of air.

“Yesssssssssss. Oh my God. Oh my God,” she whispered. “Oh fuck. Oh God you’re good. So good. Yeah. Yeah. Oh, shit. I’m... gonna...cum...again.”

Her body contracted and new waves flooded through her. She clamped down hard on his cock as he rammed himself deep into her, grinding his hips against her. She felt the first load of cum. He pulled back, slammed his cock into her again and a second one flew from the end of his cock. Again he pulled almost all the way out and then returned, his back arched, his eyes tightly closed, his face contorted with the effort and sheer ecstasy of his release. Each time he thrust forward he ground his hips against her and her clit screamed. She ground her pelvis against him to increase the sensation.

After several more of these collisions he slowly lowered himself onto her, his triceps and pecs tightly knotted from the effort. She wrapped her arms around his back and dug her nails into the

various hills and valleys of his muscular back. His hands reached up to her face and caressed her cheeks, traced her chin, lips and nose. He would occasionally place a light kiss on some part of her body, eliciting a hum or purr from her. After several minutes he wiggled his hips.

“Holy shit. You’re still hard.”

“Of course I am.”

“What do you mean, ‘Of course you are’?”

“Whenever you sleep over I have to go into the bathroom about halfway through the night and jerk off three or four times just to get soft. I guess with the real thing, it’s going to take a lot more.”

Again he ground his hips forward. She moaned passionately.

“You are, without any question, the most sexy, powerful, beautiful woman I have ever dreamed of making love to.”

“And you, sir, have the most amazing pelvic thrust I have ever run into. Literally. You’ve been working on that, I assume.”

“Religiously. I stand in the shower and pretend you’re there. Actually, really being inside you slows me down a bit.”

“I thought we were going to catch fire there for a second.”

“Are you sore?”

“A little. Mostly because I’ve already been pretty active today. In fact, considering how active I’ve been, I’d say it’s pretty amazing I was able to pop off two orgasms back to back like that.”

“Betty makes me stop after a while. She says she doesn’t want to get friction blisters.”

Bob smiled and ground his hips against her once more and then slowly pulled out of her. She whimpered involuntarily as she suddenly felt empty. She glanced down between her breasts and saw

his dark, rigid cock wavering just above her crotch. He clasped it in one hand and slowly worked it up and down the shaft.

“Let me.”

They traded positions and she knelt on the floor between his legs. She took him into her mouth and began to suck and lick his cock. Her tongue teased and flicked the head. She squeezed the base of the shaft with one hand and gently massaged his big, bloated balls with the other. Bob’s fingers buried themselves in her hair, combing and pulling. This went on for several minutes, the two of them just enjoying the union of their bodies. There was no more urgency, no more bodies crashing together at the speed of sound. Just a mouth around a cock. And a lot of *humming* and *oooing*.

“I like your cock. It’s nice and thick. Tastes good.”

“Thanks. I want to taste you, too.”

Patty stood up in front of him. She spread her vaginal lips for him and he wiggled his tongue up towards her clit. He licked it twice, sending shivers through her body, and then moved off the couch to crouch on the floor. He tilted his head way back and worked his tongue down the lips of her cunt until it was burying itself up inside her. Now it was her fingers that combed and pulled at hair. She moaned and cooed as he drove his tongue up into her. His forefinger located her clit again and began to torture it with rapid, light attacks. After a couple of minutes, though, she had to pull away from him.

“Sorry, love. We’re gonna have to give things a rest. Besides, this was supposed to be the other way around. You still need some attention. Sit down.” In fact, his cock had grown considerably darker. “That looks like it hurts.”

“A whole lot.”

“Good.”

“You keep saying that.”

“I keep meaning it.”

Patty knelt and consumed his entire cock in one gulp. Bob gasped and his hips pushed up against her face. She licked and sucked her way up and down the shaft and within a matter of minutes was rewarded with several large, powerful loads of cum. She sucked every drop out of him then slowly licked the shaft as it began to soften until it rested on its testicle pillow. He drew her face to him and kissed her long and hard, their tongues probed deeply into each other's mouths.

Patty crossed her arms on his thighs and leaned her chin on them, heaving a big sigh.

“So, Mr. Cum-Three-Times. Now what?”

“You want it straight?”

“Best way.”

“I think you ought to leave. Go home. I'm going to have a little chat with Betty and then a nice long talk with my poor, confused children. Tomorrow morning I'm going down to my lawyers office, file for non-contested divorce. I'll insist that she take custody of the older two kids. I get Suzy and Marshall.”

“And...?”

“What about us?”

“Yeah.”

“We don't see each other again until the divorce is final. One small transgression in the thralls of my grief might be understandable. I don't think I could resist a second time.”

Again Patty sighed heavily.

“Patty?”

“What?”

“You know I love you, don’t you?”

“Aw, Christ, Bob. I really wish you hadn’t said that.”

“Why not?”

“Well, things are getting pretty crowded up in my neck of the woods.”

“Got a new beaux?”

“You might say that. Not quite sure where it’s all leading right now. But, in fact, it might be even more complicated than that.”

“Do I want to know this?”

“Probably not right now. I don’t think. I’m not sure, myself. I’ll keep you posted, okay?”

“Fine. Whatever happens, I just want you to know what this little thing here has meant to me.”

“And I want you to know what this little thing,” she stroked the length of his now flaccid cock, “has meant to me.”

“Did you bring your stuff in from your car yet?”

“Nope.”

“Got anything upstairs you can’t live without?”

“I don’t think so. Why?”

“Just thought you might want to slip out the back door here. Save you from having to...you know.”

“I am not going to skulk away like some criminal. If Betty doesn’t know what went on down here, fine. But if she does, and wants to confront me with it, I’ll stand my ground. The fact that I sneak away admits my guilt. At least this way I can throw it right back at her. Don’t worry. I’ve been pushing her buttons a lot longer

than you. I'll be all right. I'm just glad we didn't get too wild with the clothes. You see where my panties went?"

"Over there." Bob pointed to the wet bar. Her briefs were draped over the scotch bottle, the neck sticking through one of the leg holes. "Nice shot."

They gathered their clothing and dressed, Bob minus his cum-soaked briefs. He took them into the laundry room and dropped them in the washer. Patty watched him finish dressing. She loved watching a man deal with his penis. Bob pulled his pants up, fed the head of his shaft down the right pant-leg and then shimmied the pants the rest of the way up his legs, giving his right one a couple of shakes to keep the thick tube of flesh from riding up. He then buttoned and tucked in his shirt, running his hand down the right pant-leg again to straighten his cock out a final time. Patty sighed. He was so tight, so hard, so defined. And so thick. She could see the shaft pressing against the fabric on the inside of his thigh. She wanted to rub her hand along the length of it, but knew the consequences of that. It was soft now. Best to leave well it alone.

When Bob was done he watched Patty with the same intense interest. Just before she enclosed her magnificent breasts within the bra he leaned to each one and sucked each nipple into his mouth one last time. The snap was fastened, the blouse buttoned and deep cleavage and the inside curves of the wonderful globes were all that was left to behold. He ran his hands over their surface and sighed deeply.

"Never, ever, did I ever think I would have the pleasure of seeing your beautiful body unclothed. It honestly never occurred to me that it was possible."

"Be careful what you wish for. It may come true."

“That sounds ominous.”

“Honey, with what we’re getting ourselves into here, a healthy dose of ominous would do us both some good. I want you to know that I’m not real comfortable with what just went on here. Don’t get me wrong. I’m not complaining about the sex. You are one hot fuck. And wipe that smug look of your face. I’m not trying to assuage the fragile male ego. We’re both hot fucks. And I’ll bet you were a bit more inspired than you are with my sister. So don’t think you can take all the credit. But. We’re messing around with more than just our own lives. There are the kids. And, even though she might seem low on the list of things we should have compassion for at the moment, there is Betty. So, before this goes any further, we both, and I stress the word both, need to get our heads together, our feet on the ground, and everything settled. You got me?”

“Why do I feel like I’m listening to my mother?”

“Sorry. I don’t mean to lecture. But I don’t want any misunderstandings, either. Another thing, and this may, indeed, shatter your dreams. What we did here did not link our lives together for the rest of time. Like I said, you’re a great lay, but I don’t want a boyfriend. Or more to the point, I don’t want you as my boyfriend. I’ll be perfectly honest with you. When I get back to my place I’m going to set about seducing my new next door neighbor who happens to be gorgeous, built like a tank and has an eleven-and-a-half inch cock. Him I wouldn’t mind having for a boyfriend. That doesn’t cut you out of the picture. He’s a share-and-share-alike kind of guy and I personally like a lot of variety in my life. I figure about the time you get finished cutting through all the legal red tape you’re about to dive into, say two or three centuries from now, I ought to be just about bored with this guy. Don’t look so forlorn.

I've always had a short attention span. That's why I'm still single. When this is all over I'll look forward to climbing into bed with you and screwing our brains out until neither of us can see straight. That's the story from my side."

"Gee. I wish you could be a bit more specific about my future. Eh, " he shrugged. "At least I have something to look forward to."

"Bob, you've got a lot more to look forward to than just a roll in the hay with me. You make up your own mind. I just don't want you making any plans that included me without my consent. I'm very used to getting my own way. I have a hard time when someone comes into a relationship with their mind already made up. So if your plans include me in any way, and I hope they do, just remember where my boundaries are."

"I guess I'd better get the ball rolling. Thanks for...for everything."

"Thank you. I have to be honest, I never suspected you were such a good lover. Does Betty know this side of you?"

"At first the sex was great. She's not as energetic as you, though, so I felt inhibited. And possibly I wasn't as polished as I am now. I certainly wasn't in as good a shape. But things cooled off between us pretty soon after we were married. From then on I was only like that in my fantasies of you."

"Well, I hope the years of rehearsal were worth the opening night."

"Patty, I never knew that sex could be that good in real life. I hope you still want to see me when this divorce stuff is over, because I've got fantasies I've been dreaming about for many years. God, what I'd love to do with your body."

“I’ll look forward to it.”

“Just don’t get stuck on your neighbors cock.”

“I hope I get real stuck on it. You think you have an overactive imagination? You wouldn’t believe what I’ve got planned for that man’s penis.”

“I might surprise you.”

“Yeah, I think you might. You certainly have so far. But now you have to go and be Mr. Sensible Dad. I wouldn’t wish this shit on my worst enemy. I certainly hate to think of you going through it. But if there’s anyone who can handle it, I know it’s you. Just keep the energy flowing. Don’t bottle it up. Get to the gym and keep those luscious, tight bulges bulging lusciously. I’m sure there are an awful lot of women, and probably men, too, who would give a great deal to get a crack at that body of yours. And that cock. Just remember that. Make it worth your while. Make it worth everyone’s while. You and the kids are going to come out of this okay. I know.”

“Thanks for the confidence. The tunnel looks pretty long and dark from where I’m standing right now. And I have to admit it would be nice to have someone like you with me for moral support, but I appreciate your being so honest, so painfully honest, with me. I’d like to give you a call every now and again, though. It’ll be important to me knowing your point of view in all this.”

“You’ve got my number. Just don’t be surprised if you get my machine a lot for the next couple of weeks. But I promise to call you back.”

“Great. So. I guess we’d better get this show on the road. I don’t suppose you’d want to change places for a little while?”

“What? I go tell Betty I want a divorce while you get an eleven-and-a-half inch cock rammed up your ass?”

“Remember those fantasies I was telling you about?”

“Robert! You are *full* of surprises. But, no. Thanks, but no thanks.”

“I thought not. Oh, well. It was worth a try, anyway. Shall we?”

“No time like the present. After you?”

“No. After you. If Betty’s at the top of the stairs with the cast iron frying pan, I’d hate to leave those poor kids without a father.”

“You’re so thoughtful. Fine. I’m the one who’s going to have to deal with her first, anyway. As a matter of fact, why don’t you wait down here for a couple of minutes while I drag her out to my car with me. She’s going to be mighty pissed off when I get through talking to her. That’ll give you some breathing room.”

“Thanks. I’ll get the kids and take them out in the back yard. I really should set things straight with them first.”

For the final time their eyes connected. They were two very different people from the ones who had come down to the basement for a drink a while ago. Patty had actually grown in awe of her brother-in-law. But she could not let him know, right now anyway, how deeply he had affected her. They moved together and embraced, pressing their bodies together, feeling the strength and passion of each other one last time.

God, he is hot, she thought. My brother-in-law, a sex god. Who’d have guessed.

Maybe Arnold wasn’t going to have such an easy time bowling her over as she had thought. How would he feel, knowing that her

attentions would be divided between him and this hot, sexy stud she was currently grinding her crotch against?

She remembered Peter's insightful thoughts about him. If he was right, Arnold would be overjoyed. Probably want to have a crack at Bob, himself. What was it Bob had said? She might, indeed, be surprised.

Bob was busy nibbling his way down Patty's throat. His hands were pressing into her breasts and his tongue dove into the cleavage for one last taste. He breathed in deeply, straightened up and stepped back from her. They scanned each other and Patty had to chuckle.

"Yep. I think you'd better hang out here for a couple of minutes. You walk up stairs like that and I think even I would want to throw the frying pan at you. Take care of yourself, Bob. I want to see everyone come out of this okay. You, the kids, Betty, me. Everyone."

"Thanks, again, Patty. Have a safe trip home. Sorry to send you away without dinner."

"Don't worry. I'll grab something on the way. Give me a call in a couple of days, okay?"

"Okay."

"And say good bye to the kids for me."

"Sure. Take care."

Patty turned and went up the stairs. She paused for a moment to listen before unlocking the door. She couldn't tell anything.

"Well, here goes nothing."

She turned the button in the knob, opened the door and stepped into the kitchen. Betty was sitting at the table, doing nothing. When she saw Patty, she shot her a look that told her all Patty needed to

know. Betty knew. But she also knew there was nothing she could do about it.

“Come on, Betty. Let’s talk.”

“I’ve got nothing to say to you.”

“Good. Then you can just listen. Come on. Out front.”

CHAPTER 42: FLASHBACK

As the summer months drew on, Arnold and Ed were able to find solutions to their personal matters and formed a bond between them. Nothing was ever said about Mr. Ridell. Together, with Mary and David, the two boys dove into a body building regimen that perplexed those who watched them. Arnold was driven by an obsession to become as big as David. Ed was driven by his need for acceptance into this new circle of friends. It was what everyone else was doing, so he had to also if he didn't want to be left out. But before long the bug had severely bitten and Ed found himself pushing through painful, muscle blowing reps when the last ounce of energy had been expended long before. And loving it.

And loving Arnold. He had quickly come under the spell of sex with Arnold. They all had. And Arnold never seemed to run out of energy. He would drive himself through powerful workouts all day long, sometimes seven days a week, and then get back to the house and dive into a series of isolated exercises that would focus on one muscle group or another. His huge body got more so. With amazing speed he approached his goal. Day after day he would stand in front of the huge mirror in the basement gym. Work the pec a little more. Try a different hand position on that curl. Place the tension on the dorsals a little lower to bring out this one small knot of a muscle that seemed to be the key to David's powerful back. Push and push and push until he couldn't move the muscle with no weight on it at all. And then he would seek out one, two or all three of them and dive himself into intense sexual couplings that would leave them all devastated and drained.

David and Mary became concerned about Arnold's growth. It seemed to be happening too quickly. Would he reach burnout? Would there be some sort of crash, a point where his body would just give out, unable to keep up with his drive? Ed didn't seem to care. He was getting bigger, stronger, had enough sex for two or three other people and more love than he had ever dreamed there was in the entire world. He would workout with Arnold in the basement, spotting for him, taking turns when Arnold's body cried out for a brief rest; watching this beautiful boy press and squeeze the last drop of energy out of every single rep.

They always worked in the nude unless some exercise required special protection. At the most they wore a jockstrap and weightlifting belt. But as the evening's activities would come to a close and Arnold would be screaming with agony as he pressed a bar bell with twenty pounds on it into the air for the five hundredth time, the air would become filled with the smell of their efforts, their bodies sweaty, their crotches hot. Their cocks would stiffen, pushing their jockstraps out. Ed loved the smell of Arnold's cock when it was like this. He'd wait until the last rep was finished and then press his face against the other boy's crotch, breathing deeply of the smell of his heady cock odor.

One afternoon, towards the end of summer, Arnold got back from the gym and dug out the note that Tom and Judy had given him. He was very happy with the way his life had been going the last few months, but sensed there needed to be more soon. He was sure it had something to do with getting back in touch with the rest of the world, but he had little money left from what Mr. Ridell and the Patterson's had given him. They had been living mostly on the generosity of their hosts and, although the couple would hear

nothing of money from the two boys, Arnold felt he and Ed were taking up too much space in the other's lives. This guy, Ivan, might be the answer to their predicament.

He read the note for the hundredth time: *We have a friend where you're going who can help you if you want to make some money. Lot's of money.* He remembered that night of sex and knew their friend, Ivan, would probably have something to do with that.

Arnold dialed the number on the note. The phone rang four times and then an answer machine picked up.

"Hello. This is Ivan. I can't come to the phone right now but if you leave your name and number I'll get back to you. If you're calling about the schedule, time and date remain as announced. *beeeep.*"

"Hello, Ivan. My name's Arnold. I met a couple of friends of yours, Tom and Judy, earlier this summer and they gave me your name. Said you might have some work for me. My..."

There was a click and a voice cut in. It was the same one as on the announcement.

"Hello, Arnold. Ivan here. Sorry about the machine, but I like to know who I'm talking too. How're you doing?"

"I'm fine, thanks. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes. Yes. Tom and Judy's friend. I've been waiting for your call."

"Sorry I took so long getting around to it."

"That's okay. Okay. Your timing is perfect. I spoke with Tom just last week and he asked if you'd called yet. He says to say hi."

"Thanks. Please do the same if you speak to him again."

"Oh, I'll be seeing him this week."

“Great.”

“So...what can I do for you?”

“Well, Tom mentioned that you might have some work for me.”

“What did he tell you?”

“Nothing much. He left a note for me that seems a bit cryptic, actually. But I liked them a lot and figured any friend of theirs...”

“Well, they spoke very highly of you and your, ah, talents. I’ve actually been quite eager to meet you. Do you get downtown very often?”

“Actually, no. I’ve been very involved with a family on the northwest side.”

“Why don’t you come on down to the gym sometime and we can chat.”

“That would be great. Is it all right if I bring a friend along? I think you might be equally as interested in his, er, talents as well.”

Ivan laughed largely. “I like you, son. Sure. Bring your friend along. You know where Decker Street is?”

“I’m sure I can find it. When is a good time for you?”

“How’s tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow’s just great. Say, ten o’clock?”

“In the morning?”

“Yeah?”

“Dear boy, the only time I see ten in the morning is sneaking up behind it from the night before. Let’s say three thirty-four. In the afternoon. The Body Works. 334 Decker Street. If anyone gives you any grief just tell them Ivan says to go fuck themselves. They’ll leave you alone.”

“Three thirty-four tomorrow. Fine. See you then. Thanks.”

“Thanks for calling, Arnold. I’m looking forward to meeting you. Bye.”

“Bye.”

His heart was pounding, his breathing was rapid and his cock pressed excitedly against his pants leg. He ran his hand along the inside of his thigh, stroking the shaft, pressing against its heat, flexing it and making it jump against him. He knew this all had something to do with sex. The cryptic nature of it all seemed wonderfully dangerous and intriguing. And best of all, it meant money, independence.

He laid down to take a nap, to let his body recover from the morning’s workout. It had been chest and legs today and those body parts were humming with energy. His hot cock against his pumped thighs was making him very horny. The wonderful pain in his pecs, his favorite muscles, ached to be touched. He hoped that Ed, who had stayed after at the gym to talk with some women there, would be home to help him through his focus work. Tonight it was going to be arms. Perfect timing. He was going to walk into ‘The Body Works’ tomorrow afternoon and blow Ivan’s socks off. Arnold wasn’t sure what this work was about, could only guess at its sexual nature, but knew that Ivan would not be able to resist him. He slipped off to sleep with thoughts of sexual acts with strange, wonderful people in strange, wonderful lands.

“Arnie?”

“Huh?”

“Arnie, you awake?”

“Huh? Ah, yeah. What time is it?”

“It’s four-thirty. You asked me to wake you up at four-thirty.”

“Oh, thanks. Yeah. I’m awake. When did you get home?”

“A few minutes ago. I brought some friends along.”

“Friends?”

“Yeah. Those two ladies I was talking to when you left the gym.”

“You need the bedroom?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. Maybe later. They asked if they could come along and watch.”

“Watch what, Ed? As if I don’t already know.”

“Yeah. I told them about our focus work and they got all kinds of excited. Seems they’ve been keeping an eye on us for the past couple of weeks. Wanted to know if we were doing some kind of drug or something to make us so big so fast.”

“What’d you tell them?”

“I said ‘no way!’ of course. Then I told them about the focus work and they got down on their hands and knees and begged me to bring them home to watch.”

“Hands and knees, Ed?”

“Well, knees anyway. One of them. Looks like you could use a little ‘on the knees’ action yourself.”

Ed ran his hand up the inside of Arnold’s thigh and squeezed the long tube of flesh that lay along side it in the pant-leg. Arnold groaned but grabbed Ed’s hand and pulled it away.

“What’s up, Arnie? You goin’ celibate on us?”

“Just don’t want to dissipate the energy, Ed. Tonight’s special. We’ve got to work extra hard tonight.”

There was a knock on the bedroom door and one of Ed’s friends stuck her head in.

“S’cuse me, but you mind if I use the bathroom?”

“Nope. It’s the next door down the hall on the left.”

“Thanks. Hi. I’m Heather, by the way.”

“Hi. I’m Arnie.”

“Yeah. I know. Seen you at the gym a lot.”

“Yeah. I guess I’ve seen you there, too. We’ll be out in a couple of minutes, okay?”

“Sure. We’ll be around.” She giggled nervously and withdrew her head, leaving the door slightly ajar.

“Could you close the door, Ed. And flip on a light, will ya.”

Ed pushed the door closed and snapped on the desk light over in the corner. He came back and sat on the edge of the bed next to Arnold and leaned on his arm, putting his hand on the mattress across the other boy’s body. He stared at him for a few seconds, drinking in his beauty, his eyes scanning the face, the torso, the arms. He leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the lips, his other hand stroking Arnold’s forehead and hair. Arnold pressed into him and the two locked in a passionate embrace, their hands roaming over the other’s body, squeezing, pressing, caressing the huge bulges of muscle which lay beneath their clothing. Ed sat up and stared into Arnold’s eyes.

“You’re really something, you know that?”

“Thanks. I’m real glad you’re along, too.”

“So. What’s all this about?”

“Here. Read this.”

Arnold handed Ed the note with Ivan’s number on it. Ed read it, looked hard at Arnold and read it again.

“I don’t get it. I mean I don’t have to ask what you did to these two. But what’s with this Ivan guy?”

“Don’t really know. These are the folks I was with the night before I picked you up hitchhiking. When I got out of the shower that morning they’d split and left this note. That’s all I know. I called him this afternoon and he wants to see us tomorrow at his gym.”

“Us?”

“Yeah. I figured you might be into earning a little spare change. We’ve been running on generosity here all summer. I’m feeling the need for a little independence. Like the note says. We’ll go have a friendly chat. If we don’t like the deal, we’ll bug out. These two folks were real up front and honest. If they recommend this guy, then that’s good enough for me.”

“Great, but what’s the deal?”

“Don’t know. Ivan was just as mysterious on the phone. I can only guess, from the note, that it has something to do with this.” Arnold squeezed Ed’s biceps.

“This.” He squeezed Ed’s pec.

“And this.” He reached into Ed’s crotch and gave his cock a tender stroke.

Ed’s legs fell open and he pressed his groin up against Arnold’s caressing hand. His eyes closed, his head fell back and his lips parted in a quiet moan of pleasure.

“*Ooooooh*. Now look who’s dissipating energy.”

Arnold pulled his hand away, breaking the spell abruptly. He flexed his stomach, bringing his legs up perpendicular to the bed and then swung them over Ed’s head and down to the floor, putting

him in a sitting position next to his friend. He threw his arm around the other boy's shoulders and shook him.

"So, you see. That's why we have to kick ass tonight. With the work we did today in the gym and the misery we're going to put ourselves through this evening, we are going to be very, very hot when we waltz our well-hung bodies into Ivan's office tomorrow."

"Great."

"Oh-oh. What's up?"

"Nothing. Come on. Let's get to work."

"Nope. Not a chance. We're not walking into that torture chamber with a cloud hanging over us. You know the rules. Your turn. What's up?"

"I don't know, Arnie. Something tells me this is going to have something to do with having sex with a bunch of strangers. Or in front of a bunch of strangers. Or both."

"You feel uncomfortable about that."

Statement, not question.

"Yeah. Pretty much always have. It's kind of kinky and nice with David and Mary. But they're...family. I'm not real keen about making any big changes right now."

Arnold had to think for a couple of minutes. Ed sat there, patiently waiting. He trusted Arnold in everything. He loved Arnold. He also knew Arnold loved him. He wouldn't do anything to harm or make him feel uncomfortable.

"I've been feeling kind of strange about being here the last few days. It's like I've been in an egg and I'm getting ready to hatch. When I dug out this note I had a real big feeling rush over me, like a door had opened and a cool, fresh breeze came blowing in. You're

right. This may not be the best thing for you. I don't know. But I'm real sure about this being for me. I wanted you to come along because, well, I wanted you to come along. But if this isn't what you need, I'll understand."

"So what you're telling me is that this is it."

"No. I'm not saying that at all. All I'm saying is that I've gotta do something and I want you in on it, too. In fact, I'm not sure I could handle this alone."

"What if I don't want to do this thing, whatever it is?"

"I don't know. Because I don't know what this thing is. I'm going downtown tomorrow with an open mind and some big bulges and I'm going to find out some things. I really want you there with me because I just feel like this could be real good for both of us. If you say no, I'll go downtown by myself, anyway. But I won't be very happy. Have I steered you wrong yet?"

"Nope."

"Best decision you ever made was waiting on that train platform for me. Look at you now. You've got a body that people fall over themselves for, you've been getting laid by the three hottest bodies in six states, got yourself set up in some real good digs..."

"That's the part I'm worried about, Arn."

"This place?"

"Yeah. I don't want to give it up."

"Well, yeah. Me neither. But I don't think we can stay here forever. I knew these people barely better than you when we got here. It's not like they are relatives or something, although I'm sure David and Mary would disagree. But I'm starting to feel like I'm taking advantage of them. We are."

“So you think we’d better split, huh?”

“I think it’s about time we started supporting ourselves and let these fine folks get on with their lives. They’ve dedicated themselves entirely to us since we’ve been here. They haven’t spent a single night out alone. I’m ready. I’m feeling real ripe. Time we got ourselves picked.” Ed contemplated his shoelaces. “Ed.”

“Yeah, Arn.”

“You’re contemplating your shoelaces, again.”

“Yeah. I know. I think I tied one backwards this afternoon at the gym.”

“I think you’re old enough to tie them yourself.”

“Okay. I’ll come along. But you do all the talking, okay?”

“We’re in this together. We’ll be all right.”

He pulled Ed to him and they hugged and patted each other on the back, giving each other a healthy squeeze before moving apart. Arnold placed his palms on Ed’s cheeks and pulled him into a deep, confident kiss. When they finished both the boys’ eyes were moist with tears. They had made a big decision and both knew their lives were going to be radically changed by it.

“So, what about Heather and...”

“Cindy. I think. Or Cynthia. I can’t remember. They want to watch us.”

“Do they know about our work habits?”

“Nope. I wanted to talk it over with you before I spilled the beans.”

“I don’t feel good about changing our routine. Especially with tomorrow being so important.”

“What do you want to do? Should I send them home?”

“What do *you* think. It’s been a long time since we’ve had a sex partner from outside this house. You think we might be spoiled?”

“Actually, the thought had crossed my mind. When they came on to me this afternoon I thought it might be nice to have some new blood. Ya gotta plow in some new fertilizer every once in a while to stimulate the crops.”

“Seems like this might the perfect opportunity.”

“For what?”

“To see how you feel about doing...what we do...in front of others.”

“Yeah. I’d like to take that idea out for a test drive before I commit to more...”

“So they can stay, but they have to take their clothes off.”

“My thoughts exactly. I don’t think we’ll have any trouble convincing them of that. They were certainly eager to do that this afternoon at the gym.”

“I’ve gotta be serious about this workout, though, Ed.”

“Hands off until we’re ready.”

“Okay. And what about us? Do you think they have us figured out yet? Let’s take it easy until we find out how they feel about man-sex.”

“Fuck ‘em if they can’t take a joke.”

“You serious?”

“Yeah. The only reason I put up with this crap night after night is for the pleasure of your body and that cock of yours. I thought I might be a little nervous about it when I invited them here. But with this thing tomorrow, it’ll be good practice.”

“Maybe we should put on a little show for the ladies. It’ll either make them sick or so horny we won’t be able to keep them off us. Shall we?”

“It’s show time.”

“That’s the worst Jack Nicholson imitation I’ve ever heard.”

“That was Walter Brennan.”

“Did Walter Brennan say that?”

“Nope.”

“Oh. I’m confused.”

“So’s Walter and Fred.”

“Who’s Fred?”

“Don’t tell me you’ve never heard of Fred Astaire?”

“Stop this, Ed. You’re starting to scare me.”

“Come on, hunk. Let’s go get big arms.”

The two boys headed for the door. Ed got the doorknob and opened it, signaling Arnold to precede him through the door. They drove the ‘no, no, no, after you’ routine into the ground and then simultaneously squeezed through the narrow opening together. Even chest to chest, as was their custom in these matters, they were barely able to muscle their way into the hallway and out into the living room where they were met by the bewildered looks of Heather and her friend Cindy or Cynthia. They stopped in their tracks, looking like they’d just got caught sneaking out of their room before their homework was done.

Arnold smiled and waved stupidly. The women smiled warily and waved back. Ed stepped forward to make the introductions.

“Ah, ladies, this is Arnold. Arnold this is Heather, who you’ve already met and Cindy or Cynthia who you haven’t.”

“It’s Sarah.”

“Oh, shit.”

“Way to impress the ladies, Ace.”

Arnold slapped on his most charming of smiles and crossed the room to Sarah who was sitting on the sofa with her friend. He offered his hand and she took it. They shook for a moment and Arnold gazed heavily into her eyes. Two deep pools of aquamarine. Her angelic face began to glow with a soul melting grin as she fell under Arnold’s spell. Ed sighed in relief. She would remember nothing of his little faux pas by the time Arnold was done with her.

“Ed tells me you’re interested in our exercising techniques, Sarah.”

“Huh? Yeah. I mean, yes. We’ve been noticing you guys lately and were curious how you were putting on so much mass in such a short amount of time. Ed says you aren’t using any drugs.”

“Ed’s right. Everything is *au natural*. Everything.”

He turned to Ed and gave him a wink. Ed tried to stifle a laugh but was unsuccessful. Heather shot him a suspicious look and her friend a questioning one. Sarah shrugged. Arnold attempted to smooth things over before letting them in on the good stuff. This was not going to be easy.

“I’m sorry if we’re a bit silly. We’ve just been making some pretty heavy decisions and we needed to get our spirits up before heading on into the gym. As you must know from your own involvement in body building, mental attitude is one of the key factors in a successful training session.”

“Gee, Sarah. He talks like you do. Like a book.”

“Shut up, Heather. At least he doesn’t sound like a comic book like some of the other guys at the gym.”

She flashed another smile up at Arnold.

“Sorry, Heather. I was just trying to explain how Ed and I approach this because how you react to what we have to tell you next is going to decide whether or not you stick around for the evening’s activities.”

“Hey, Arnie. I think you’re scaring them.”

“Don’t mean to, Ed, but they should know what kind of party they’ve been invited to.”

He turned back to Sarah, whose hand he was still holding. She was absolutely mesmerized. Arnold knew she would understand. He was worried about her friend, though. He glanced at Ed and gave him a look to indicate that she was his responsibility. Arnold sat down on the edge of the coffee table across from Sarah. Ed seated himself in the armchair next to Heather. They touched knees and Heather draped her hand familiarly over his upper leg. Arnold shook his head slightly. She was not going to take this well. He let Sarah’s hand go and thought, ‘Well, here goes nothing.’

“Ed and I are very, very serious about these focus sessions. Over the past few months we’ve developed routines that help us get the results you say you’ve been keeping track of. I’m very flattered. And, as you can see, our system works. But we’ve never shared our time in these sessions with anyone outside this house. I presume you know who lives upstairs.”

Both women nodded.

“Then you know the inspiration and guidance we’ve been getting. David and Mary are both very dedicated and successful

body builders and we've learned a lot from them. So it's just a little scary for Ed and I to let someone else in to watch us. We work a certain way. You may not agree with it. We also have a certain relationship which supports that routine. You may not agree with it, either. I'm telling you this so that you don't think I'm just trying to scare you or put you off. Okay?"

Sarah's gaze never left Arnold's eyes. She slowly nodded in the affirmative. Heather looked curiously at Ed but saw that he was as serious about this as Arnold. She shrugged and nodded as well.

"Good. Now the first thing is that Ed and I are lovers."

You could have heard a pin drop back at the highway exit where Arnold and Ed had first met. Heather's hand slowly slipped from Ed's thigh and she sat back in the sofa. Sarah never moved.

"That's not to say we're gay. I think I speak for both of us when I say I am very turned on right now and hope you both stick around after our session to help us celebrate our efforts. But we are very open about our sex and use its energy in body building just like we do a bench press or cable flies. We get big, we get hot, we get sexy. With whoever's there. Are you still with us?"

Sarah was getting very turned on. Her breathing was becoming rapid and her legs slowly began to scissor apart and together. Her nipples pressed against the T-shirt she wore, making Arnold's mouth water. His eyes dropped to them and she pushed her breasts forward just a bit more to tempt him. He looked over at Heather who had taken the arm cushion from beside her and was holding it protectively against her chest. She looked back and forth between these two gorgeous studs. She'd never suspected. What the hell was she going to do now. She'd even sucked Ed's cock in the bathroom

at the gym, for God's sake. She slowly nodded her head, but remained where she was, cushion in place.

"Good. Now I hope you'll find this next item a bit more to your liking. We workout in the nude."

A quick pause to ascertain the presence of grins on everyone's faces.

"And we expect nothing less or, should I say, more from you."

Without a second's hesitation, Sarah pulled her T-shirt up over her head and set it on the sofa beside her. Her full, firm breasts bounced enticingly on her chest as she settled back down. Her shoulders were strong, her collar bones and neck muscles stood out. The pectorals just above her breasts had a roundness of their own. Her arms were well-muscled and defined, a faint layer of veins covered her lower arms. Beneath her jutting breasts, their dark brown nipples growing harder as they came in contact with the outside world, was a flat, rippled abdomen. Arnold and Ed both became uncomfortable. Sarah noticed Arnold's predicament and ran her hand up the inside of his thigh. Her eyes widened and her tongue lightly traced her lips.

When the energy in the room had reached the point where something was going to break, Ed, Arnold and Sarah all turned to Heather who was still fending off this attack of her sensitivities with the sofa cushion. She looked back and forth at the three of them as if she had no idea what was on their minds. Surely they didn't want her to take her clothes off as well. She turned to her friend and gave her a look that asked how could she have done this to her.

Ed tried to fill the gap between the two friends.

"You don't have to. You can wait out here or go home if you want to. We're not forcing you. But I'd really like you to stay."

“You guys are weird. I figured you had to be up to something strange. No one gets as big as you guys are so fast without something being up.”

“Are you afraid of being naked?”

“No. Of course not. It’s just that, well...”

Sarah turned fully on the sofa to face her friend.

“Heather. Think about this afternoon. Ed’s still the same guy. Aren’t you the least bit turned on by all this? I mean, look at these guys. I’m so hot, I can barely keep from ripping everything off right now. You guys ever been raped before?”

“Well, actually...”

“Don’t tell stories out of school, Ed. Besides, in the end we consented.”

Heather threw the cushion at Arnold. “Never mind. I don’t want to know.”

She grabbed the bottom of her own T-shirt and pulled it quickly over her head. She was also braless (no surprise there) and equally as physically stunning as Sarah. She sat there for a moment, folded her arms across her chest, realized how futile that was, dropped them to her side, folded them again and finally flung them back, pushing her chest out, flexing her upper torso and arms. The other three broke into a round of applause. She got a little self-conscious again, stooped forward a bit and blushed. Sarah leaned over and gave her a hug. Arnold and Ed both made a move to join them but stopped themselves. If they got started now, they’d never get anything done. They were ready to go into the gym. But Arnold had one thing further to add.

“There’s just one more ground rule. You must not interfere. I can promise you right now that it’s going to get very hot and steamy in there. There’ll be lots of bodies bumping into bodies. We both get very turned on while we do this. Stay away. If I might suggest, and this is only a suggestion, that the two of you find some way to dissipate your urges until we’re through. You catch my drift? We’ll let you know when we’re finished.”

Sarah was staring unblinkingly at Arnold again. Heather was contemplating her shoelaces. A match made in heaven. Arnold reached out and took Sarah’s hand and led her down the hall to the gym. Ed stood and offered his hand to Heather. She looked up at him with small traces of doubt wrinkling her forehead. She wasn’t sure.

“Heather. I’m gonna tell you something. And this is no bullshit. You are about to have the most incredible experience of your life. There is nobody like Arnold. I can’t tell you about it. You have to be there. He’s...he’s...it’s like having sex with the universe. You know what I mean?”

Heather shook her head. She was getting more scared.

“I’m sorry. That wasn’t a very good way to put it. It’s the most wonderful, spectacular...Come on. You’re gonna love it. I promise. It’s magic. That’s what it is.”

Heather pulled her hand out of Ed’s, grabbed the cushion and held it to her chest. Ed sat down on the armchair again, but kept his distance. Well at least she wasn’t bolting for the door. He knew he had to let her make up her own mind.

“I don’t want magic. I don’t want to fuck the universe. I just wanted to have a good time with a couple of well-hung guys who might want to have a good time back. I don’t understand all this

magic shit. I'm just a girl from a little town who's stuck in a big city and doesn't know shit about anything but the guy-girl, man on top, make him breakfast in the morning kind of sex. This other shit scares me."

Ed's heart was breaking. He knew exactly where she was coming from. But how could he tell her it was going to be all right? What was the key to her understanding? What had been the key to his own understanding?

He was still working on that one, himself.

"Your ol' man grow corn?"

"Yeah. How'd you know?"

"Just a hunch. He get drunk a lot?"

"Yeah."

"Mine, too. One day I got sick of the corn and the routine and getting the shit kicked out of me. I split. I stood at the top of a expressway ramp, stuck my thumb out and got picked up by that big stud in the next room. He was like nothing I'd ever met before. He took me in, no questions asked. Shit, we weren't ten miles down the road and we were already having sex with each other. I know, I know. You don't want to know about that stuff. But I'm telling you it doesn't matter. It's not about boy-boy or girl-girl, or anything like that. It's about people. Just people. He just lets it happen. His own way of shaking hands and saying 'Howdy.' And you think I'm hung? This guy's big."

Heather's eyebrows raised in question. Ed smiled. He had her interested again.

“Eleven-and-a-half. And that’s no shit. But it’s not a problem. There’s something he does that makes it just right, no matter how he’s using it. Never have figured it out.”

“You ever, you know, had it?”

“Yep. Many times. He’s so gentle and loving that it never hurts. It’s never too much. Everyone I know who’s had it never had a problem. But that’s not the best part. It’s what happens while he’s with you. Have you ever flown in a plane?”

“Yeah. What’s that got to do with it?”

“Have you ever flown without a plane?”

“What kind of question is that?”

“I’m serious. This is where the magic comes in. It scared me so much the first time that I nearly ran away. In fact I nearly ran away twice. And then I found I couldn’t run away so I tried to make him hate me and tell me to go away. But I couldn’t do that either. No matter what I did, he wouldn’t give up. He brought me here, got me in good with David and Mary, took me to his bed and wouldn’t stop loving me. I couldn’t stand it anymore. I finally broke down and started loving myself. That was the one thing that was fucking me up. I couldn’t love myself.”

“I don’t have the slightest idea what you’re talking about. Are you saying I don’t love myself?”

“Can’t make that call, Heather. Don’t know you well enough to judge. And even if I did, it’s not my place to say. I’m just telling you what happened to me. So he brings me here, takes me to bed after we get our little differences straightened out, and he makes love to me. I’ve had sex lots of times with different people, boys and girls. But I’ll tell you, Heather, that night I realized I had never been made

love to before. Ever. Scared me again. Big time this time. But it was a good scared. Because this time I knew where it was coming from. I trusted Arnie and he trusted me and we made love and it was like flying without an airplane. No shit. Now I know you're thinking I'm pretty insane right now. And, for all I know you may be right. I guess I'd be the last to know that I've gone over the edge. But I look at myself before I met Arnie and I look at myself now, and I can't believe the difference. Look at this body."

He jumped up and ripped off his shirt. He didn't flex, he didn't pose. He just let her see him in his relaxed state. His beautiful round pecs sloped out and over a flat, ridged abdomen. His broad shoulders were capped with firm, round deltoids that bulged above thick upper arms swollen with strength. His forearms were broad and veined. The sides of his chest tapered down through the amazing convolutions of sharply defined intercostals to a hard, muscular waist. Heather stared at him. She wanted to reach out and touch this gorgeous body as she had earlier that day. Her gaze drifted down to his crotch where the zipper was pressed deliciously forward by the contents of his briefs. She knew what was there. She wanted it. She wanted him.

Maybe.

No one had ever spoken to her the way this man was now. No one had ever been so open, so plain, so giving of himself. She was truly scared. But she realized it was fear of the openness. Fear of the lack of boundaries. No fences. No rules. No one to tell her what a bad girl she was and don't ever do that again. She could hear her mother's terrible voice in her head warning her what would happen if she let these two men touch her soul that way. She'd never be the kind of little lady her mother wanted her to be.

Ladies didn't act that way. Ladies did what they had to do to make the man happy and then they went off and wept and cleansed themselves and went back to the cooking and cleaning and having the baby that the man forced her to have and let him beat her when he got drunk and wore long sleeve blouses in the middle of summer so the neighbors didn't see the bruises and finally, one night, when she couldn't stand the abuse anymore, when she couldn't sit by and watch as her drunken husband went to her little daughter's room and the crying started and the screaming and the begging and she couldn't stand it so she'd grab the husband's shot gun down in the hall closet and wait until he was through with his daughter and then she'd blow the top of his head off with both barrels and spend the rest of her life in prison for putting her daughter and herself and her husband all out of their collective miseries.

That's what ladies did.

She was sobbing heavily and was thankful for the strong arms that enfolded her. Thankful for the shoulder that held her head. Thankful for the calm, un-sexual way the comfort was offered. She ran her hands along Ed's arms, felt the power of them, felt the love of them. She pulled her head back to find he had some tissues he was offering her. She thanked him and took them. She blew her nose in a very unladylike manner, laughed at the hooting sound it made and did it again. She smiled through her tears and gave one of the tissues back to Ed, who needed one as well.

He glistened in her tears. His broad, muscular body seemed to waver and shimmer. He was like an angel. This plain talking angel with the kind heart and caring soul. He'd known exactly what she was going through; apparently had some of the same crap in his own

life. He smiled and held out his hands to her which she took. He stood and pulled her to her feet.

“Come on. Let’s go flying.”

They turned towards the hallway and found Arnold and Sarah standing in the doorway. They, too, were teary eyed. It took Heather a couple of moments to realize they were also completely naked. She gaped unabashedly at the huge cock that hung, semi-rigid, from Arnold’s groin. She realized she was gawking and laughed.

Arnold and Sarah laughed.

Ed laughed.

All the way down the hall.

CHAPTER 43: CHRIS

How many times had she cum in the last twenty-four hours?

How many times had he cum in the last twenty-four hours?

How much longer would he be able to keep it up (double entendre intended)?

She actually began to dread the moment when he would announce enough was enough and he needed a break. She had grown so used to having that beautiful, thick, achingly long cock deep within her. The thought of not being able to wrap her heat, her sex, her being around its length made her desperately anxious.

This was not good.

She rolled over to look at him, hoping he would be awake. She suddenly had a need to talk to him. Really talk. They had talked all night. Laughed, giggled, tickled, teased, wrestled, licked, kissed, coupled, and coupled, and coupled. But she needed to say some things to him. She was feeling the effects of being completely overwhelmed and wanted to re-establish some sort of identity. Was he awake?

It didn't surprise her very much to see his eyes flicker open as she turned to him. He had been anticipating her needs and desires all night long. Had he felt her anxiety? Or had she just moved too much and awakened him? It didn't matter. He was there for her. A clear, open smile spread across his face as his eyes scanned her. His huge arm unfolded from under his head and the hand reached out to caress her cheek. She pressed against it and turned to kiss his palm. She breathed in deeply, the smell of a thousand desires filling her mind. It smelled of her, of him, of body oil and sweat and cum, both

his and hers, and garlic and basil and the lubricant they had used to loosen the bolts on the divider between their two apartments just before he had lifted her in his huge, bulging arms and carried her, in a ceremony with much deeper meaning than she was, at the time, prepared to accept as possible, over the metal frame and into her living room where she had impaled herself on his achingly huge cock and ridden it to her (fourth? fifth? sixth? seventy-third?) orgasm of the day.

“Hi, pretty lady.”

“Hi, pretty man.”

“What’s up?”

“I need to say something to you, but I don’t know if I have all the words in the right place yet.”

Arnold glanced at the digital alarm clock on the bed table. “I’m not going anywhere. For the next couple of hours, anyway.”

She remembered he had the alarm set for seven-thirty. She rolled over and saw the large, red numbers glowing on the face of the clock. Three thirty-four. Why wasn’t she sleepy? Why wasn’t she so exhausted, both physically and emotionally, that all her body wanted to do was be unconscious? Instead she felt this incredible energy buzzing through her body. And the heat of this mountain of a man lying beside her. If she closed her eyes she could almost sense the curves of his massive physique by the intensity of the warmth and power radiating from him. Would she just stay awake, fucking her brains out until she finally collapsed, dead, everything sucked from her being in one final, explosive orgasmic apocalypse? What a way to go.

This, however, was the crux of the matter currently haunting her mind. How much of all this was her and how much was Arnold?

She didn't recognize this power, this energy, this insatiable desire to push towards a higher and higher plain of sensation as being anything within her. It was all well and good if Arnold wanted to pump her full of this cosmic whatever it was and send her soaring through the galaxies of some amazing universe, but she needed to have a little control over her own life. Not to suppress it, but just to know she had a say in what was going on.

"Can you turn it off?"

"What? You mean the alarm clock? I'd rather not." He realized this was not a moment for levity. His brow wrinkled ever-so-slightly, his eyes flicked back and forth between hers. He knew what she was referring to. She had asked a straight question. It deserved a straight answer.

"No, I don't think so. It's as much a part of me as breathing."

"Well, then, could you breath a little less deeply?"

Arnold chuckled. "I'm sorry. Am I overwhelming you?"

"That word did come to mind, yes."

"Sure. But I can't take all the blame for it."

"Right. I suppose you're going to say this is all my doing."

"Actually, yes. At least I think it's you. Everything that's happened today seems just a bit outside of what I've come to expect of life. The whole day has been filled with amazing people. I don't know if it was just the excitement of moving, the heat of the sun, the effort of carrying all this stuff up here to my apartment, low blood sugar or toxic waste. But almost every single person I've come in contact with has had such an incredible energy about them it's kept me running in high gear all day. I didn't want to risk missing an instant of the experience. And then, when I saw you down on the

beach, your breast gleaming in the sunset, I was completely overcome with a sense of something. I'm still not quite sure what. But it came from you. I know that. You have an energy within you, you don't even know it's there, I can tell. But I felt it with my entire being as I looked at you, out there in the middle of the sand. I think you should know I'm just as impressed with my staying power as anyone. I mean, sure, I can hang in there pretty good, but it hasn't been since the days just after I lost my virginity that I've been so potent, so insatiable. It's a combination of things, I know. But none of them more than you."

"I was afraid you were going to say that. I don't know, Arnie. I don't recognize any of this as being part of me. I feel like I'm being..."

"Manipulated?"

"I was afraid you were going to say that, too. Yes. I thought it was you. I was afraid that I was getting obsessed."

"You are."

"Hmmm. Maybe so. But I mean in a bad way. Like once this was all over there wouldn't be any Chris left."

"There probably won't be."

"Huh?"

"Not the Chris you woke up with yesterday morning. In fact, the Chris you wake up with every morning is always a different person from the day before. Usually the effects are a little more subtle, though, so you don't realize it so much. But I know I've felt some big things shaking around in my life over the past day. I can't wait to see who I am tomorrow. I know one thing, though. A lot of what I'll be tomorrow will be you."

“But don’t you want to be just you?”

“Nope. Because ‘just me’ is only that. Just. I’m not into ‘just.’ It’s like I said before, out when we were taking the wall apart. I’m the melding of every person I’ve ever met. You are, too. I can feel all sorts of wonderful and not so wonderful people inside you when I’m inside you. Especially when you’re cumming. Your guard is down and I can feel you push and pull as different memories of different orgasms run through your mind and you work to use the good parts of all those past orgasms to make the next one even better. We all do it. It’s just that some save up the memories and access them a little better than others. I know, for example, that you’ve split your attentions fairly evenly between men and women.”

Chris was glad for the dim light in the room. Was she that easy to read?

“Don’t be so surprised when the old bear-tracker finds bear tracks. And don’t be so embarrassed, either.”

“I’m not embarrassed. I just...”

“Don’t like your fortune told? I know. But I’m trying to help you see what this thing you’re feeling is about. You store all this stuff up inside you, you carry it around with you all your life, you let it come to the surface when the emotions take over, you loose control. I think that’s what you’re feeling anxious about, right?”

“I don’t know. In fact, I’m not sure where this is all coming from. A few minutes ago I was convinced this was all your fault. I don’t know. I need time to think.”

“Good. I’m glad to hear you say that. Think about it. Think about how good it feels to have so much wonderful experience to draw on. Think about how all your past loves have made tonight so incredible. And, false modesty aside, think about how good I’ve

made it for you. There is only one thing I'm ever sad about. And I'm always sad about it. I wish I could be the poor sucker you're going to have sex with next. Because you are going to take with you all the energy and love the two of us have felt here tonight and you are going to scare the shit out of that person, just like you were tonight. The good part is that I'll be able to see the results of that the next time I get to be with you."

"How do you know all this stuff? Who told you?"

"Sam."

"I should have kept my mouth shut."

"Are you angry at Sam?"

"No." She realized she had actually shouted. "No. I'm not angry at Sam. Exactly. I know I should be thankful for what she's done for you."

"And for you."

"Arguable, but for the sake of staving off a fist-fight, I'll concede the point."

Arnold leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead.

"Stop that. I'm trying to disagree, here."

He kissed her again.

"Oh, God."

She grabbed his face and pulled it to hers. Their lips met and opened as they dove deeply into each other. She felt a tingling come over her body. At first she thought it was coming from her cunt, but as it grew it seemed to develop just a little bit higher than that. It slowly filled her abdomen. She tried to open her eyes to look at Arnold, in fact, she thought her eyes were open, but a hazy blackness covered her vision. She felt the warmth of Arnold's lips

envelope her soul and she dove down within him. The heat spread, coming closer and closer to her extremities. When it reached her head her eyes were suddenly filled with visions of bodies. Lots of them. Men, women, two's and three's and four's and arms and legs and penises and vaginas and breasts and abdomens and legs and toes and huge biceps and pectorals and belly buttons.

In the middle of this confluence of sensuousness there was the face of a woman with long, straw colored hair, diamond-shaped face, strong neck leading to muscular shoulders and arms. Her bare breasts were capped with large, dark nipples that contrasted with her fair hair and complexion. Her left breast was adorned with a simple beauty mark, the only blemish on otherwise perfect skin. The arms stretched out to her and she felt her face being pulled forward. Just before their lips met in the vision she knew who this was. She tried to fight down some intense feeling that suddenly welled up in her, thinking it might be anger or jealousy. But when it burst through the surface she recognized it as love. Unbridled, unqualified love. Both coming in and going out. She let herself go and flew away on a cloud of absolute bliss, a blanket of love spread over her own devastatingly beautiful body.

When Chris awoke again she was alone in Arnold's bed. The sheets next to her were warm, it hadn't been too long since he had gotten up. She listened carefully and heard the water running in the shower. Was he singing? She felt she should join him, but then remembered her resolve to get a little perspective on this whole thing. Attaching herself to his massive cock at seven-thirty in the morning was not distance. Instead she rolled over and drank in the smell of him from the sheets and pillow.

It had been so nice to spend the night next to him. Everything she had desired had been there for her. When she had wished he were hard he had been so, when she wanted to fondle a long, semi-flaccid tube of cock, he had softened for her. His pecs had been delicious mouthfuls and even his big toe had entwined with her own just when she had thought about doing it. So what was so bad about all that? Didn't every person dream about the lover who anticipated their every need? And it wasn't like it felt rehearsed or premeditated. It was like having a genie granting every wish as it came to mind.

She also realized that she had found herself doing the same thing. Many times during the evening, once she got the hang of listening to him, watching him, finding out the patterns of his lovemaking and where he would go next, she would do something only to find that he was just getting ready to receive it. They had moved as if choreographed. As though they had been making love together for centuries. How did she know? How did he? She wasn't sure if she was ready for the answer to that one yet.

She felt a movement in the room. The water had stopped running and he had returned. Would he know she was awake? The bed moved slightly as he sat on the edge. She suddenly felt the heat of his body hovering inches away from her. She could actually sense the curves of his pecs and biceps as they bulged towards her. She immediately became moist between her legs. How she wanted him. Even now. Even after all those devastating orgasms of the night before, she wanted him to instantly fill her with his hard, hot cock. The image of its size floated on the inside of her eyelids.

"I've got to get to the gym, Chris. Otherwise I'd love to spend the next two or three centuries letting you have your way with me." How did he do that? She slowly opened her eyes. He was bent over

her, an arm on either side of her body. As he held himself up, his triceps swelled. She ran her eyes over him and shook her head.

“You are too painful to look at.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“What happened last night?”

“Oh, good. She doesn’t remember. Sorry, officer. Never saw her in my life.”

“You know what I mean.”

“Actually, I’m afraid I don’t.”

“We were talking.

You kissed me and I had some kind of dream. I saw Sam.”

“What.?”

“You don’t know? You remember kissing me?”

“Yeah. You fell asleep. Pretty quick, as I recall. What do you mean you saw Sam? You don’t even know what she looks like.”

“Long blond hair, very hot body, big nipples with a cute little beauty mark next to the left one?”

“You saw this?”

“Yeah.”

“I have never told anyone about the mole.”

“I assumed me seeing her had something to do with you.”

“I just figured I’d finally bored you and you’d dozed off. What happened?”

“Not sure. I think we made love. I guess it was just her coming through you.”

“I don’t remember you making any noises or anything. So it wasn’t like a wet dream.”

“No. It wasn’t even like an orgasm. I just suddenly became filled with this feeling of love. For her. For you. For everyone you’ve ever had sex with. Just like you were telling me.”

“Well, except for the part about seeing Sam, it could just have been your imagination working on what I’d talked about a few moments before. This thing with Sam, though. I don’t know. Are you okay?”

“Mmmmm, yes. I’m fine. I think I’ve got a handle on what you were talking about. I know I’m not feeling as anxious about things.”

“Great. I’ve got to get my butt in gear. It’s been three days since I’ve had a real workout, and I’ve got a busy day today. Stay here as long as you want. I’ll lock the door behind me and you can go out your way.”

“You’re having dinner with Patty tonight, right?”

“Yup. And I’ve got a photo shoot this afternoon. Have you got any plans?”

“Actually, I made a date with the guy who did me that little favor down on the beach yesterday. Greg. Lives upstairs.”

“Ah. He’s the one I get to be jealous of. Good. I look forward to meeting him.”

“Wait a minute. What are you going to do, take him for a test drive yourself?”

“I hadn’t planned on it, no. I’ll just wait until I get to spend some time with you again so I can see the changes he’ll make in you. I know one thing, though.”

“What’s that?”

“He’d better have taken his vitamins this morning because you are going to blow him away.”

“I have this almost irrepressible urge to have you drive that big cock of yours up inside me right now.”

“Very well, your highness. Your wish is my command.”

Chris was suddenly dizzy with joy. She had been only half serious. The fact that he was willing to toss off his plans to satisfy her desires sent waves of emotion pouring through her body. He stood up at the edge of the bed and quickly undid his pants. She could see that he was already getting hard. The outline of his cock, held firm in his briefs, sent a shiver down her spine. What the hell was going on here? She was wet. It was like someone was flipping a switch in her. Pavlov’s dog. Hear the bell, salivate. See the cock, lubricate. She chuckled. His pants and briefs dropped to the floor. She hmmm’d. He moved onto the bed, kneeling next to her. She took the semi-hard penis into her mouth and sucked it until he was making small thrusting movements against her actions. She pulled her mouth away from his cock. It was so hard.

Again.

Arnold moved around between her legs which she spread. He wasn’t in a hurry. Not any more of a hurry than he would have been considering his current objective. He knelt before her, his hands massaging the length of his shaft. His eyes roamed back and forth over her body. The look on his face was pure bliss. Her own eyes darted from one body part to another. He saw her observations and began to slowly flex and expand his muscles. He tensed. He tensed more. And more. And more. He got bigger, and bigger, wider and deeper until his huge muscles were so swollen he looked like he would explode. Chris’s cunt demanded attention. She ran her hand down to her vagina and began vigorously rubbing herself. Arnold watched her for several seconds and then leaned forward and added

his mouth to the efforts. She moaned, her head tossed back and forth on the pillow. Her bright red hair seemed to burn on her body. She felt movement, opened her eyes and saw him leaning forward, his left arm outstretched to support himself, his right hand holding the head of his huge, enraged cock. His eyes were filled with pure lust. Oh, God. Yes. Just like last night. She wanted it bad. She wanted it rough. She wanted it...

“Oh, fuck. Oh, yeah. Oooo. Yesssss. Yes. Oh, fuck me. Hard. Hard. Yeah. Oo. Oo. Oo. Oo. Ah. Ah. So big. So big. Hunh... Hunh...Hunh...Hunh...Hunh...”

Arnold drove his cock inside her in one motion. He then dropped his other hand to the mattress on the opposite side of her head, pressed himself up off her body and began long, full, amazingly rapid plunges into her. His hips were a blur. His muscles bulged across his body. She could cum just looking at the sight. It almost seemed that it was happening to someone else. How could anyone this big move this fast? And so very, very big. His huge chest hung over her and almost blocked her view of the entire ceiling. She grabbed his shoulders and could not even begin to get her hands around the enormous muscles that capped them. She dug her fingernails into him; he swore under his breath and doubled his efforts. She started to arch her back, pushing her hot cunt against him. She loved the feeling of his full, heavy scrotum banging against her ass. She tensed her own muscles and squeezed down on his cock. Again he swore.

Within seconds she felt the old, familiar hum begin down inside her as it had so many times over the past twenty-four hours. How many vaginal orgasms was a girl allowed in one lifetime? Was she using up her entire allotment in one day? It came closer. Closer. She

felt everything start to twist around inside her as her libido realigned for the onslaught of yet another body wracking release. Closer. Closer. She opened her eyes. Arnold's face was a contorted grimace of pleasure. The sounds of his own efforts told of the close proximity of his own climax. She knew just how far away he was. Or how close. She waited for the right moment, holding off her own joy until he had reached the same point. She reached out to him, felt his tension, heard his breath, smelled the air and knew.

Now.

Their bodies flailed about uncontrollably. They thrust themselves against each other and drove themselves up over the top. They were both screaming, crying out, as the orgasm rammed through them, its affect doubled, tripled, and more by the joining of their efforts.

Arnold literally collapsed on top of Chris. His breathing was hard and heavy. He continued to thrust with his hips, his cock not willing to subside. Chris threw her arms around him and hugged him to her as hard as she could. They drew their faces together and kissed over and over again. She felt wild, strong, unbridled, like a horse set free with thousands of square miles of beautiful, open prairie to run across. She couldn't stop. She kept thrusting up at him, clamping down on his huge cock. She wanted him in deeper. Deeper. She drew him to her even tighter. Her clit ached to be pressed against something. She ground her groin against him. She clawed and scratched and rubbed and massaged his huge muscles, every one she could get her hands on. She couldn't stop. She wanted to devour him, completely take him inside her until they were the same, until they were forever locked in infinite orgasm. She could

feel another wave building within her. Would he stay with her? Was he ready for her?

He raised himself up to the push-up position again. The look in his eyes was deep, dark, scary. She hardly recognized him. He gave his hips a mighty shove and his still rigid cock plunged deep within her. Yes. Again. Yes. Again. Yes. Again. Sweat poured off of him and ran in rivers across her body, setting her skin to vibrate with the chill of its passing. She smelled something. Like ozone. Like electricity. Like a giant short circuit. The air grew brighter. The smell grew stronger. She felt a heat build between them. She looked down past her breasts. Was she dreaming? What the hell was it?

There, arcing between their abdomens, was a shot of pure, bright light. Each time it jumped from one to the other their bodies convulsed and rammed together. The jolts came faster and faster. She could feel every muscle in their bodies contract as they rammed together, harder and harder. Her head swam, she felt a buzzing in her extremities, a warmth. Arnold's cock grew inside her. It got bigger, bigger, bigger. She began to expand. The two of them seemed to grow in proportion until they filled the whole room. And still they continued their mind-shattering union. Bigger and bigger and bigger. She lost all sense of scale. The heat inside her was growing so intense she could concentrate on nothing else. She felt like she was going to be split by Arnold's huge cock. The pressure of it on the walls of her vagina was becoming unbearable. Blood started to flow rapidly through her body. It filled her. She felt swollen. Her breasts ached and she looked at the nipples. They were so large. Bigger than she had ever seen them. She felt her clit. It seemed to be sticking out so far she could almost see it between her legs. It ached, as well.

Higher and higher.

Just when she thought she might lose it, she sensed a coming together. She listened to their cries. They were agonizing. She felt their bodies, they were devastated. She smelled the air, it was electrified. She licked her lips. She licked Arnold's lips. She dug her fingernails deep into his shoulders, raked them across his back, pulled herself up to him and set her teeth firmly into his deltoid. He let out a scream. It echoed through her and started to vibrate. The energy shot back and forth, riding on the arc of sexual electricity that jumped between them. She raised her legs, clamped them around his waist, drove her pelvis down onto his huge, cunt-splitting cock and the two of them exploded in orgasm. It felt like the top of Arnold's cock had blown off inside her. She couldn't help herself. She rammed her aching clit hard against him again and again as her body was overcome by something that resembled an orgasm like a hurricane resembles a light spring rain. It went on for hours, days, months. Her body was ravaged by the devastating ordeal. It took forever to subside, and when it did, they found themselves lying in a wet puddle of sweat that covered the entire bed. Their bodies were heaving as their lungs begged for more air. Arnold was finally soft and slowly pulled out of her, rolling off to her side. Despite the wetness, she was unbelievably warm.

"Don't you ever, ever complain to me about being out of control, again, young lady. I don't know what the hell you did just then, but you'd better give me some warning next time."

It took a moment for his words to sink in. Her? He was blaming that on her? She thought hard. It had felt so much a part of her, that's for sure. Had it really been her?

“If I weren’t so exhausted I hit you. What do you mean, Me? I couldn’t have done that”

“Great. So the only thing left is divine intervention. Okay. I’ve got to get to the gym. You call the pope. How the hell am I gonna make it through a workout now. We’re gonna have to work something out here if you keep that up. Like sex every two-and-a-half centuries.”

“I tell you, I don’t know what I did. I just wanted you so badly. And I couldn’t stop. I felt so...so free. I couldn’t stop. God, it was great. Sex should be that mind bending every time”

“Ha. Only if you have nothing else to do with the rest of your life.” He gently stroked her cheek. She pressed her lips to the back of his hand. “It was amazing. You are one very sexy, very wild, very amazing lady.” He leaned over and kissed her deeply, fully on the lips. “Now I’ve got to get going. Although I’d better have another quick shower so I don’t have all the dogs in town following me around, thinking I’m in heat.”

“Arnold?”

“Yeah, love?”

Love?

“Thank you.”

“Thank *you*. You are a great lover and a great love. Have a great time tonight with Greg. Give him all my best, if you know what I mean.”

Arnold hopped off the bed as though he hadn’t just had the most physically draining sexual experience of his life. He grabbed his clothes and headed for the bathroom, his tight ass swaying back and forth seductively.

Chris contemplated him after he disappeared around the corner. Looking back on a sexual experience usually expanded the memory to be either far worse or far better than it had actually been. She knew that no amount of imagination was ever going to surpass the reality of these past hours.

The most amazing thing, of course, was the change she felt happening within herself. Modesty aside, she had always been considered a good lover. Some had said great. But nothing she had ever done with anyone in any situation had ever approached what had just happened between the two of them. And Arnold claimed it was her doing. Of course, he had no need to lie to her. And, in fact, he did seem as overcome by the event as she was, if only momentarily. And she did feel in control. She remembered the feeling of being able to do anything. Well, so she had. She chalked up his quick recovery to his amazing vitality and the simple fact that fantastic sex was just a way of life for him. It seemed to have energized him. She wondered if she were to sneak into the bathroom right now, would she find him with another erection, ready to go again?

He had a life. Let him get on with it.

And so did she. She had a meeting this morning with Nicholas. And his dogs. What the hell was she going to do with a bunch of yapping poodles and old bats drinking tea? That was supposed to sell make-up? She needed something to sell him instead. Only one thing sold make-up. Sex. Pure, unadulterated sex.

Arnold.

Pure, unadulterated sex.

An image of Arnold's body covered with kisses, each a different color of lipstick suddenly came to mind. Another image of

her personally placing each one of those kisses also came to mind. And then a third image of her loosing the account because she couldn't stop putting the kisses on Arnold came to mind. What about lots of women putting different colored kisses on Arnold? And a special color. Placed somewhere special. A special layout for Cosmo or something. They'd pay a fortune for the chance to run it. Imagine, a magazine paying to run an ad. And when Nicholas caught sight of Arnold. The man would cum in his three hundred and thirty-four dollar chinos.

She was on a roll. But she needed something to show Nicholas. She thought about the shots she had taken in Arnold's exercise room the previous day. He had said the negatives were his. That meant he wanted strict control of what happened to the shots.

She jumped out of bed and ran to the bathroom. As she whipped around the corner she stopped dead in her tracks. Arnold was brushing his teeth. His mouth was full of suds. His right arm was rapidly moving the toothbrush up and down in his mouth, the muscles flexing and jumping with each movement of the brush.

He turned to her and smiled a big, white, drippy smile.

"Ahgh fughaghpf doo prufh ma feef."

She giggled. She also felt her genitals start to churn. He was so big. So beautiful. And so unaffected by it all. His all. There was this quality of childlike innocence about him. He was always at play. Even the serious stuff, the comforting, the soothing, the deep, soul-searing sex, was filled with a child's wonder of the world around him. And here he was, his huge pecs bulging, his gigantic cock wiggling back and forth between his legs as he brushed his teeth and let the toothpaste drool down onto his chest. He looked down and saw the errant stream of white. He watched it as it slowly crept

down the surface of his huge muscle. He waited until it was just ready to drip off onto the floor and he scooped it up with his forefinger and sucked it back into his mouth, smiling with the glory of his victory.

Chris wanted to hug him to her, wanted to love him all over again, but knew where that would lead. She satisfied herself with staring at the wonderful sight before her until he was finished and had wiped his face dry.

“I’ve got a favor to ask you.”

“Shoot.”

“You know those photos I took yesterday in the other room?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, I’ve got this client who’s looking to launch a really incredible line of cosmetics, but he’s got some really goofball ideas about how to do it. I have some thoughts, and they include a well-developed male body with very specific physical attributes. I would like to try to change his mind regarding the campaign, but need some show ‘n’ tell.”

Arnold thought for only a second. “I trust you. Just don’t give me away, okay?”

“I’ll guard you with my life.”

She meant it.

He saw that.

He started to get dressed. She enjoyed watching him wrap his body up for the outside world. Especially the ritual surrounding putting his huge cock into its confines. So big.

“We should probably go through my agency.”

“No problem. Just let me sell him on this idea and you’ll have a national spread. In fact, I imagine magazines will be paying us to run the ads.”

“This stuff is good? Nothing I’d be bothered about?”

“Clean. No animals, no rain forests, no condors, no toxic waste. And his colors are sensational.”

“Great. Let’s go for it.”

“Thanks.”

She went to him and kissed his cheek. She then grabbed a towel and wiped at the lower edge of his right pec, just next to the nipple. The towel rubbed back and forth across it and it grew erect.

“You missed some.”

“Mmmm. No, I didn’t.”

“You are incorrigible.”

“I’m also running late. I don’t know what the rest of the day is going to be like, but if this guy needs to see me have him get in touch with the office. The name and number are on the announcement on my machine.”

“Great.” She sighed.

“What?”

“You are so beautiful.”

He looked at her, started to say something, changed his mind.

“Thanks. It’s sometimes hard for me to remember that when people are staring at me. I wonder if I left my fly open or have a booger hanging out of my nose.”

“You really don’t think about it, do you.”

“Nope. Mr. Ridell set me straight on it a long time ago. These are things I was born with. I didn’t do anything to deserve them,

they just are. If I start taking credit for them, I'm the biggest fool in the world. My body is my doing. I can say that's mine. But my face, my cock, my toenails, those are just there. Just are. I was given some wonderful pieces of equipment to work with. Those, I need to be thankful for. What I've done with that equipment, I'm thankful for having the chance."

"Thankful to who?"

"Ah. There's the sixty-four thousand dollar question. Ask me that again when we've both got a few spare hours. If you want a hint, pick through a few of the books on the shelf out in the living room."

"I was browsing them yesterday. They seem to be a rather eclectic gathering of ideas."

"Anyone who thinks the answers are only in one book are only going to get the answers in one book. I've got to run. I'll see you soon."

He pulled her to him, and she felt the bulges of his biceps and pecs as she was enfolded in his strength. Their lips pressed together, drank deeply again, and parted, thirsting for more. He dashed back to the bedroom, grabbed a small portfolio and his gym bag. As he came back down the hallway, towards the front door, she marveled at the way his huge shoulders filled the entire space. She stepped back into the bathroom to let him pass and he gave her another deep kiss on his way by. He got to the door, opened it, stepped through and began to close it behind him, but stopped at the last minute, as though he had forgotten something. Stepping back inside, Arnold closed the door and walked back towards her. From the look on his face, it seemed very important. She stepped aside to let him pass, but he stopped in front of her.

“I would be greatly remiss if I were to leave without telling you, after reflecting on the happenings of the past day and my reactions to them, that I am seriously considering the fact that I may be in love with you. Have a good day.”

He pecked her on the cheek and was out the door before she could do or say or think anything.

It was several minutes before she was able to remember that she was standing, naked, in another person’s apartment with tears streaming down her cheeks. Her heart was so full, her head so light, her mind so completely overcome with joy that she could manage to do nothing except revel in the warmth of the moment.

She slowly got a handle on the situation and reminded herself that several...make that many...people had said that very same thing to her.

She then reminded herself that none of them were anything like the person who had just said it to her.

She then reminded herself that this was the same guy who, only yesterday, had been with at least three other women before she had even said hello to him and was going to be spending the night with a fourth, his other next door neighbor.

She then reminded herself that she, herself was going to be spending the night with another neighbor and that this person who had just said this to her knew about it and rejoiced in it.

She then reminded herself that she had never, ever, been in a situation like this before and should probably take everything as it happened.

And where did he keep his tissues?

CHAPTER 44: FLASHBACK

The door at the end of the hall was opened. Beyond was a small landing and a set of stairs that led down to an open area about five feet lower. The space was the size of three good sized bedrooms and was filled with a superb collection of exercise equipment. It was obvious the room was meant for more recreational activities than were customary with a serious body building routine. But there was enough gear to keep the serious pump freak occupied. Certainly Ed and Arnold had found it just perfect for their high intensity, narrow focused workouts. They mostly accessed the array of free-weights and bar bells. But the room also included a full-blown universal that sat in the center of the room. They had everything they needed.

Two adjacent walls were covered completely with mirrors. This gave the wonderful feeling of being in a huge, cavernous space; it also appeared to double the amount of gear in the room. Sometimes, when one of the boy's was taking too long to complete a set on a piece of gear, the other would threaten to go across the room and work on the other machine. Nose and forehead prints smudged the mirror directly in line with the 'other' machine. This routine had been driven into the ground (and wall) on several occasions.

One of the main concerns they had during these sessions was keeping the energy level up. Especially as they neared the end, it was of major importance not to let the momentum fade. By the last few sets they'd be screaming, raving lunatics, jumping around the room, swearing and cursing and egging the other one on through that final, muscle-bursting pump. Sight gags, physical antics, sexual enticements. Anything. The important thing was to stay with their partner through to the end. And they always did. In the three months

they'd been doing this they never once had stopped before their predetermined goal. And that was why they were so big, so full, so defined, so ripped, and so very, very hot

Arnold and Ed grabbed a couple of mats and stacked them in the corner for the girls to sit on.

"I suppose there's one more thing you should know about this. We do this for two-and-a-half hours. We'll take breaks, we'll have some fun. But this will go on for two-and-a-half hours. If you girls need to leave, if you get bored or need a break because you just can't stand it anymore, go ahead. We'll try not to notice as you remove your exquisite bodies from our presence. But it's best if you don't talk to us until the time's up."

"Yeah," Ed added, "I'm already getting pretty distracted. If you joined in, we'd be here all night. Though, now that I think about it..."

"Our minds flow in similar riverbeds, Grasshopper, but it won't make the biceps bulge."

"It wasn't bulges in my biceps I was thinking about, Kemosabe."

"Wait a minute. Those aren't even from the same TV show?"

"Neither are we, Arn. Neither are we."

Heather and Sarah were standing in the doorway up on the landing, gleefully watching these two guys. They could feel the energy of the room as they looked down over it.

"Ed!"

"Yes, Arnold?"

"Ed! Do you know you have clothes on and I am completely naked?"

“No, but if you hum a few bars...”

“Strip, Studly.”

“Aye, aye, Captain.”

Arnold pointed accusingly at the two women on the landing.

“And that goes for you too, ya scurvy swabbies. Uniform of the day is skin. Comply or prepare to walk the plank.”

Heather kicked her shoes off and peeled her tight fitting jeans down over her well-muscled legs. A pair of black silk panties clung precariously to the curves of her hips. She looked back at the two boys, smiled shyly and pushed the panties down as well. She lifted her feet out of the clothing and kicked the entire pile off the landing into a heap on the floor below. Arnold and Ed stood dumbstruck as they stared at the scene of beauty that hovered above them on the landing. Arnold slowly brought his gaze around to Ed, noticed he still had his pants on as well and nudged him with an elbow.

“Pssst. Ed.”

“Huh? Oh yeah.”

He removed his pants and briefs and the four naked bodies drank in the beauty before each of them. Sarah broke the spell by starting down the stairs and going over to the wall where the mats had been stacked. Heather followed. “If you guys think you’re going to get us that easy, you’re very wrong. We’ve told you already. We’ve come to watch you guys work.”

“Come on, Arnie. Let’s get sweaty. We’ll deal with those two later.”

And that was the last word said on the matter for the next two-and-a-half hours. During that time Arnold and Ed focused harder on their work than they ever had before. Partly because of their meeting

the next day and partly because of the women. Although they never connected with Heather and Sarah directly, they were constantly aware of their presence. They flexed harder, pushed harder, worked harder, and got harder. Before they were fifteen minutes into the session their cocks were as adamantine as steel pipes. Arnold's cock was putting on an especially fine show, drops of precum dribbling from the head. As he would force himself through rep after mind-blowing rep his cock would swing back and forth and Ed would occasionally grab it causing Arnold to scream in ecstasy. He was doing a set of Scott curls and kept swinging his hips back and forth so that his huge member would beat against the framework of the stand. Later Ed was bent over a set of curls sitting on the bench and would knock his arm against his aching erection as he drew his forearm up for each rep.

Several times the boys heard moaning come from over on the mats. The women were heavily involved in stroking their hot, pulsing clits to orgasm. They were obviously trying to be quiet, but the sounds of their efforts only served to drive the two muscular studs on harder. They'd whoop and holler and dance around the room, picking up weights and tossing them back and forth.

At one point Arnold called Ed a wimp for not being able to complete a rep. Ed got really pissed and threw another twenty pounds on the already loaded free-weight. He sat back down on the bench and began to curl it. Each rep was agony. His huge biceps shook and wavered under the effort. As he brought the weight up to the top of each rep he'd scream, exhale and slowly lower the weight to begin the rep again. Arnold was screaming at him, jumping around, his huge dick waving back and forth before Ed's face. He cursed, he shouted encouragements. He told him he loved him and

what a hot body he had and he wanted to suck Ed's cock as soon as he finished just three more reps.

"All the way. Now two. Two more and you're gonna cum. Up. Up. Come on, asshole. One more. God. Look at your arms. You're huge, Ed. Look at those biceps. Come on, Ed. All the way. All the way. Yeah. Yeah. Push. Push. Oh, yeah. Now the other arm. That's right. You can do it. Push. Nine...Eight...Seven...Six...All the way, wuss...Push...That's it...Five...Foouuurrrrr...Yeah...Thrrrrreeeeeeee...Twooooooooooooo...All the way...Twooooooooooooo..."

"Learn to count, Asshole!"

"Onnnnnnnnnnnne...Come on. Come on. I wanna suck your cock, Ed. Make that arm burn. Burn. Go. Go. Oh, yeah!"

Ed dropped the weight to the floor. It bounced loudly and rolled away. Ed straightened up and looked his friend in the eye. His breathing was deep and labored. His upper arms were glowing, the muscle pressing hard against the skin.

With an emphatic gesture towards his own outrageous cock, he said, "Suck."

Arnold dropped to his knees in front of Ed and took him deeply into his throat. Ed screamed and grabbed the top of Arnold's head which bobbed up and down five times and then quickly pulled away from the end of the cock. Ed leaned quickly back, bracing himself with his arms behind him and jabbed his thick, erect cock in the air as several powerful shots of cum spewed from the head. Two loud gasps came from the peanut gallery.

Later, Arnold was doing some standing curls with a barbell and about one hundred sixty pounds. His huge biceps were exploding, thick veins pulsing across the surface of the huge, flexing muscles. In the middle of the set Ed crawled up in front of Arnold, shouting

encouragements and epithets and then grabbed his huge cock which was being beaten with the bar each time Arnold lowered his arms. Ed backed he muscular ass up to Arnold's cock, reached behind himself, pulled the long shaft of rock hard flesh down and aimed at it as his own asshole. With one rapid movement backwards, he impaled himself.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, yeah. Fuck my cock. Fuck me. Ah, stroke that thing. Fuck me good. Fuck it. Aw, I'm gonna cum, Ed. Make my big balls...cum...cum...cum...cuh...cuh...cuh...cuuuuhhhhhhhhhhh!"

He never stopped pumping the weight, never slowed for a second. As he grimaced and groaned and cried out in orgasmic relief the bar slammed against his chest.

Ed dismounted Arnold's cock and it flew up and wacked Arnold on the stomach. Ed spun around, pressed it there and cum flew out of the head and splattered all over Arnold's body. He screamed in agonizing ecstasy and then went right back to pumping the barbell again, his cock not the least bit softer.

Several times they stopped and went over to the water cooler in the corner. The hardest part of this was not looking at the two stunning, naked women whom they could not possible forget were sitting on the mats in the corner. They would drink their water and stare right into each other's eyes as if trying to catch the other glancing over in the woman's direction. But except for noises of physical involvement between the two women and an occasional "Oh my God" or some such, the women held to their end of the bargain.

They had been sitting next to each other on the mats and had given up any pretense to academic interest in the techniques behind these two hunks' phenomenal development. Their bodies quickly

began to ache with powerful physical longings and their hands moved slowly, purposefully to their clits and the fingers had sought them out to satisfy their cravings. As the two guys pumped up their arms, becoming larger and larger, sweatier and hotter and hornier and sexier, Sarah and Heather went beyond the point where mere masturbation was going to suffice. Sarah moved to Heather and began licking and sucking her nipples. Her hands pressed and squeezed the two mounds of flesh and Heather began moaning. Sarah worked her tongue against the nipples until Heather was squirming down onto the mats. Heather grabbed Sarah's head and slowly pushed it down until her toying tongue was flitting across the small bush of pubic hair that crowned her vagina.

Sarah repositioned herself between Heather's legs and spread her lips apart with one hand while seeking out Heather's clit with the other. Heather's hips bucked and her hard, rigid abdomen contracted as Sarah found her mark. She lowered her face and her tongue slowly flicked back and forth across the fine pile of wiry hair before her. Heather was already moaning. When Sarah's tongue came in contact with the hooded bud of her clit she slammed her hips up against Sarah's face and grabbed the back of her head, forcing it deep into her crotch. Sarah began to lick furiously, matching the speed and ferocity of Heather's reaction. Within seconds Heather was writhing on the mats, her head flinging its long brown hair around. She cried out several times and then her cunt let loose with waves of orgasmic contractions. Her breasts heaved and swung back and forth on her chest, the firm mounds of flesh sporting hard, lengthy nipples that ached mercilessly. Her own hands grabbed her breasts and yanked and mashed and squeezed and

pressed them in an effort to over-stimulate them and contribute to her orgasmic release.

Her final contraction shuddered through her body and she quickly dove for her friends crotch. She was a madwoman. Her hungry mouth hunted for and found Sarah's clit and she sucked and sucked on it until Sarah's hips were bouncing up and down. Sarah quickly reached her moment and pressed her breasts together, raised them and began running her tongue over their surface, her fingers pinching and twisting the nipples to generate even more stimulus. When she had exhausted her own climax she pulled Heather up on top of her and the two women began grinding their hips together, their breasts together, their mouths together. All the time they were watching out of the corners of their eyes as the two men in the center of the room worked their biceps, triceps, deltoids and forearms until the surfaces of them were covered with a network of veins and arteries and the masses of muscle beneath were swollen so hard that even when they were at rest they looked like they were under maximum stress.

About fifteen minutes before the end, the two boys loaded up four dumb bells each with one hundred-sixty pounds. They had just finished their last set of triceps curls and the backs of their arms were exploding with mass. They took two bars each and walked to the center of the room. Facing each other, they began matching sets of side lifts. Their already over-taxed deltoids ballooned to massive size as they straight arm lifted the weight slowly to shoulder height fifteen times, staring each other in the eye, saying nothing. The only sound to be heard was their heavy breathing, the clanking of iron plates and the occasional grunt or moan. When fifteen reps were finished they removed twenty pounds from each bar and did it

again. And again and again until they were down to the bare bar. It only weighed ten pounds but their deltoids were so burnt out it looked like they were lifting a thousand. Their thick traps and deltoids bulged hugely on the tops of their shoulders and along the sides of their necks. Their faces flushed deep red. As their arms raised to shoulder height again and again their whole bodies shivered and shook as the muscles they worked threatened to fail at any moment. On the fourteenth rep of this last set Arnold's left arm began to shake uncontrollably. Something resembling a smile grimaced onto Ed's face and he pressed, pressed, grunted and pressed his arm up to victory. Arnold held still for a moment, regained his control, and then pressed his arms to full height as well. As he reached the upper limit of the rep he beamed success. They lowered their arms to their sides and prepared for the final rep. Ed dropped his gaze to Arnold's cock. Arnold zeroed in on Ed's. They slowly began the final rep. Ten pounds. One more time. Their muscles exploding into huge mounds, the surface covered with veins. They ached. They screamed. They began to grunt in unison as they pulled their arms, step by step, into the air once more. Their grunting got louder, the frequency and pitch increased. They each took one step forward, bringing the heads of their massive cocks in contact with each other and their bodies jerked upright as they were overcome with orgasmic rapture. They shot their cum onto the cock and thighs of the other, screaming and moaning as they held their arms suspended in the air, the ten pound bars still clenched in their quivering, shaking hands. As the last throes of ecstasy wracked their bodies they threw themselves together, tossing the bars to the sides, and embraced each other with all their might.

The two woman sat against the wall. They had been too stupefied by this last session to do anything but stare while their fingers unconsciously whipped themselves into climaxes of their own. As the two huge men had thrown themselves together each of the women had achieved climaxes that caused them to press themselves against the wall of the room with such force that they began to stand. Further and further up the wall they drove themselves until there was too much pressure on the mat they were standing on and it slipped out from under their feet and went sailing across the room towards Arnold and Ed. The girls fell to the mats below and the flying mat caught the boys at the ankles and off balance. They came tumbling to the ground as well and all four of them lay there, their bodies exhausted. None of them moved for some time.

The women recovered first. In fact, it would be some time before either Ed or Arnold were in any shape to travel. Sarah crawled the couple of feet over to Arnold and stared down at him.

“Is the two-and-a-half hours up?”

Arnold nodded weakly. Heather crawled over and joined the group. She sat back on her haunches just above Ed’s head.

“Yup. That’s some technique you guys have got. Seems to me there’s gotta be an easier way to get your rocks off, though.”

Arnold and Ed laughed weakly, their lungs still trying to heave in huge amounts of oxygen.

Ed looked Heather in the eyes and said, “Easier ain’t necessarily better.”

“Do you guys get off like that every time?” Sarah asked.

Arnold shook his head and spoke weakly. “Nope. What usually happens is the one that is able to finish the set with the least number of slips and groans gets to choose the follow-up activities,”

“Follow-up?” Heather asked innocently. “Oh. Right.”

“So what happened this time?”

“I don’t know, Sarah. We’ve never finished that one. When we got down to the last weight we didn’t know what to do. That’s why we went to the empty bar. If we’d gotten past that one I guess the next thing would have been empty arms. I know I couldn’t have done fifteen of those.”

“Arnold usually wins. But I was damned if he was going to have all the fun tonight. So what’s it gonna be, buddy. Do we go for the final set or call it a tie?”

“I guess we should let our guests call the shots. We have to be hospitable, after all.”

“How about it, ladies? What’s it gonna be?”

“You guys don’t look like you’re in any condition to do anything at the moment.”

“I wouldn’t say that, Sarah. Look at their cocks.”

They were both stiff. They lay erect on the hard, ridged abdomens of the two boys and pulsed with their exaggerated heartbeats. Heather and Sarah looked at each other and nodded. They stood up, straddled the two guys, Sarah over Arnold, Heather over Ed, reached down, grabbed their respective cocks and lowered their moist, muscular cunts down onto the massive shafts. Heather looked over at her friend who was having a wonderfully difficult time impaling herself on Arnold’s thick, lengthy prick.

“What’s it like?”

“Uh...unh...unh...oh, so big. So big. Oh, my God. Yes. It’s... so...thick...unh!”

Heather slowly lowered herself onto Ed’s sizable cock, humming with ecstatic energy as the shaft pressed hard against the walls of her hot, wet vagina. When they were both down on the shafts as far as they could go they looked at each other. Heather gave the signal.

“On your mark”

Arnold’s head shot up. “What the hell are you two up to?”

“Get set.”

“Oh, no!”

“Arnie, I think we’re gonna die!”

“Go!”

“Oh, shit. Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Huh... Huh...Huh...Huh...Huh...Huh...Oooo...Ah...Yeah... Yeah...Oh, yeah...Hunh...Unh...Unh...Oo...Oh!”

The sounds of four voices climbed the scale of ecstasy and became a choir of screams and moans as the two women drove their lovers to another shattering orgasm. The huge cocks within them pressed deliciously against the walls of their vaginas and they were soon flooded with a hot, sticky liquid mixture of their own orgasmic juices and the modest amount of cum that the two guys were able to contribute to the cause on such short notice.

Heather and Sarah appeared to be able to send their bodies soaring up and down these hot, thick shafts of flesh all night. But the efforts of the afternoon were catching up with Arnold and Ed and they quickly began to soften. The women reluctantly allowed the boys’ cocks to slip from their grasps and contented themselves with

nestling themselves between the thick muscular thighs of these two exhausted, extraordinary males and licking and sucking on the beautiful, long, flaccid cocks. Instead of arousing them, the two boys dozed. Heather and Sarah went into the bedroom, got some blankets and pillows, came back and covered up the naked bodies and curled up beside them for a short nap.

Arnold rolled onto his side and draped his arm over Sarah's side, curling around behind her spoon fashion. Her heart beat quickly as she felt him press his long, limp shaft into her ass and the huge, exploded muscles of his arm pressed into her breast. She lay her own upper arm over the top of his and snuggled his hand against her breast. The finger of his hand slowly, lazily, sleepily twirled around her rock hard nipple. He breathed deeply as if asleep, but his hand seemed fascinated with her breast. It stroked and caressed her, tweaked and flicked her nipple, fondled her, cupped her, and drove her wild. She kept squirming back harder against the phenomenal cock that she felt pressed against her, but it remained inactive. She was getting hotter.

Sarah slowly raised her upper leg and reached down between with her other arm. She hunted around, stretched and searched and finally found the head of his cock. It was still so thick, so heavy, so long. She pulled it between her legs and slowly, gently began feeding it into her cunt. It went in several inches as she worked her abdominals in an effort to make her vagina carry the limp shaft further within her. She seemed to be making progress without disturbing its owner. She was able to get it in far enough where her internal muscles took over and drew him in further. Suddenly Arnold's arm moved. It slowly slipped off her arm and behind her then his hand was on his shaft. He shifted his position again and

began feeding himself into her. As he did his cock began to stiffen until a good half of it was inside her. She continued to work her muscles and pull him in further. He got harder, longer, deeper and then he gave one final little thrust, draped his hand over her arm again and fell back to sleep, his finger again flicking and teasing her aching nipple.

And there she lay, impaled on the biggest cock she'd ever seen or known about in her life. It filled her. And she didn't dare move. It was almost like he was punishing her for trying to steal it.

"All right. You want it, you've got it. Now don't move. I'm sleeping."

She very slowly flexed her stomach and felt the walls of her vagina press ever so gently around his shaft. He pulled his hips backwards a fraction of an inch and she froze. After a few seconds he resettled himself within her.

"Okay, fine," she thought. "I won't move. But you're going to have one horny woman on your hands when you wake up. If you wake up. You'd better not be calling it a night, stud, or I'll be really pissed off."

She tried to sleep, couldn't, worked a little more on muscle control within and finally set up a series of wave motions within her that seemed subtle enough not to bother him but which sent luscious blossoms of sexual satisfaction pouring through her body. She kept it going for a few minutes and felt herself getting damp and tense. Her clit began to cry out to be touched and she lifted her lower hand to her crotch and buried it deep down, seeking out the aching nub of flesh and nerves. She touched it. She flowed. Quietly. Smoothly. Then there was something else. An additional flow. Arnold's arm tensed around her, the huge biceps pressing into her side just the

slightest bit. After about a minute he let out a long sigh, his arm relaxed again. He had cum, too. He pressed his lips to the back of her neck and kissed her there. Her heart flowed. She slept.

Some time later, voices were heard. It was David and Mary. Usually the four bodybuilders would get together in the gym and do a little working out, a little posing, a lot of talking, laying about on the mats and holding each other, snuggling, hugging, pressing. They'd flex muscles and feel each others' bulges and then bodies would begin to press together and Arnold would gather his sexual energies and off they'd go. They had gotten real used to this routine, had even worried about becoming addicted to Arnold's strange aura. So they were a bit shocked when they opened the door to the room and found their two lovers wrapped up in blankets with two women from the gym. Mary and David looked at each other and shrugged.

"Should we join them?" David whispered.

"It looks like they're pretty '*joined*' already."

"We're dressed for the occasion."

"I don't know if I can figure out at what stage things are at here. Would it be polite to ask or maybe we can just pick it up as we go along."

Arnold stirred and glanced up to the two amazing naked bodies on the landing. The sight of these two together was always enough to make him hard instantly. As he was already hard he couldn't help pressing his cock against Sarah.

She was roused and opened her eyes to the same sight. Only she wasn't as used to seeing it.

She'd seen these two around the gym and at contests; had, in fact, been present when they had captured the regionals. But here

they were, naked, pumped and obviously ready for sex. David's huge erection swung out from his groin, his heavy balls drawn up to the base in preparation for some heavy hitting. Mary's vaginal lips were pouting forward under their thin veil of pubic hair. Her breasts sported hard, erect nipples that indicated her highly stimulated state. And here she lay with Arnold's eleven-and-a-half inch cock up her cunt. This only kept getting better and better.

David noticed Arnold's squinty eyes. "Howdy, pardner. Looks like you been out corralling already. You want some privacy or is this an open invitation branding?"

"Hi, David. Hello, Mary. Sorry about this. We got done with our focus work and couldn't move. I guess the girls worried about us catching cold and got us some blankets."

He turned his head around and saw that Ed and Heather were both awake as well. Heather was slack-jaw-overwhelmed by the masses of muscles she saw before her.

"This is Sarah and Ed's friend is Heather. That's David and Mary. I'll let you figure out who's who. Ouch."

Sarah gave him a small elbow back in the ribs. "Okay, sorry. David's the one on the right with the big pecs. Mary's the one on the left with the big pecs. Okay?"

He slipped out from inside Sarah and from under the covers and went over to his two friends. He stretched out his hands and took one each of theirs, drawing them down the stairs with him. He was excited, eager to tell them what had happened with Ed and himself. Mary and David were astounded by the condition of his arms and shoulders. He was huge. Ed had pulled himself free from Heather and came over to join Arnold. They looked back and forth between

the two boys. Both of them had blown themselves way beyond anything they had achieved before.

Mary touched Arnold tentatively on the right deltoid. Arnold smiled brightly and flexed the muscle even tighter. It bulged and she pressed her palm into the hard throbbing muscle then let her hand slide down over the mass of his biceps. This he flexed as well and was surprised and pleased to see the enormous peak that appeared on the crest of his upper arm. He turned to the mirrors and popped a full front biceps shot. His arms and shoulders exploded as he squeezed and tensed until he was shaking with fatigue. Ed moved up next to him and doubled his pose. He had received similar benefits from his workout.

The other four were astounded. At least Sarah and Heather had witnessed their devastating workout. Mary and David had been involved with some of their focus work, but were not aware of the extent of this evenings efforts except by witnessing the results. Mary ran her hands over the tops of Ed's biceps, feeling the heat rise from it. She pressed into it, knowing from her own body building efforts the effect this would have on Ed. Nothing felt better than having a fully pumped muscle handled this way. She ran her hands over the tops of his deltoids and then down under his arms to his triceps which were swollen and thick. Even their forearms were blown up like balloons.

David was prodding and looking at Arnold. He had, for several weeks, noticed something vaguely familiar about Arnold's physique. But it was now, in this incredibly pumped state, that he realized where he had seen this body before. He turned to the mirror, duplicated Arnold's pose and there they were. From the neck down almost identical twins. David was larger in almost every way. But

the dimensions, the ratios between body parts, the choice of developing one group over another; Arnold had been using David as his blueprint. He was flattered but a little taken aback at the same time. He glanced up at the reflection of Arnold's face and saw him smiling at him. There had been no malice in his copying David's body. He was proud to have made so much progress towards his goal that his efforts could be recognized. He wrapped his arms around their host's chest and hugged him vigorously.

"I looked around at a lot of bodies, trying to figure out how I wanted mine to look. Nothing came closer to my idea of perfection than yours, David. I thought I couldn't find a better way to show you how beautiful you are than to do this. I hope you don't mind."

"What's to mind. And besides, you're so much further along at this stage than I was after the same amount of training. You're going to be pretty amazing."

David returned the embrace and Arnold kissed him firmly on the lips. That cleared up the question of what these two girls knew about their relationship. And speaking of those two girls...

Heather and Sarah were both still huddled on the floor mat, wrapped in their blankets. They had been totally overwhelmed by the parade of naked titans passing before them. Their eyes danced hotly from David to Arnold to Ed. Three amazing male bodies each with huge, thick cocks waving around. They studied Mary with great interest. They had seen her working in the gym. They had seen her in competition solo and with this incredible hunk of man-flesh with her. Now they were able to see, up close, what she was built like. They were impressed. They were overwhelmed. They were verging on jealous. She was so big, so strong, so solid. She moved among these men with grace and poise that spoke of a familiarity

with all three bodies that the other women envied. She obviously knew these men very, very well. Was she going to move in and take them away just when Arnold's and Ed's bodies were at their largest, most pumped state? They both felt uncomfortable about showing their developed but hardly comparable bodies with these four hyper-developed physiques to be compared to.

Arnold and Ed turned around to their lovers sequestering themselves on the floor. Arnold had felt something. Ed sensed something from Arnold. They both knelt down next to the women and kissed them. Mary moved into David's arms and the two of them embraced. Ed spoke to Heather.

"If it hadn't been for you two inspiring us tonight, we never would have had such a great workout. I've never been so driven to accomplish anything in my life. I'm real glad you decided to stay, Heather. Thanks."

"I'm the same, Sarah. Your being here put us right over the top. A workout has never been so good."

"Come on, David. We'd better split before they start proposing marriage to each other. After seeing these guys, I've got a few workout techniques I want to try on you. Upstairs. In our room. Move it, stud."

"It's not easy being a love slave. Coming master."

Heather and Sarah watched slack-jawed as Mary actually grabbed David's huge cock and led him up the stairs and out of the room. The door closed behind them and laughter rolled back down the hall as the sound of racing, pounding feet dwindled into the distance.

Arnold turned back to Sarah. "As you can see, we've had some pretty incredible inspiration."

“Yeah. Incredible. Are they always like that?”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know. Nude. Big. Hot.”

“Pretty much, yeah.”

“Where do you think we get it?” added Ed.

“Well, Mr. Nude, Big and Hot. Now what?” Heather reached out her hand from beneath her blanket and stroked Ed’s beautiful dangling cock.

“I don’t know. Arnold?”

“I’m starved. Let’s see if there’s enough to satisfy us in our kitchen. If not, we can always go out.”

“Out?”, asked Ed. “You mean like not eat here. Like doing something away from this sex prison and torture chamber? That kind of out?”

“Yeah. I know it’s been rough for you. I don’t know how you’ve lasted this long.”

“After tonight’s workout, I don’t either.”

“But in light of all the events of today and the opportunities of tomorrow, I’d say we can blow a little cash and have ourselves a decent night on the town. I’ve got three dollars and thirty-four cents.”

“I’ve still got the quarter I got from the tooth fairy.”

They looked back at the girls who were shaking their heads in amazement.

“You clowns’ve got this down to a real routine, don’t ya?”

Ed shrugged as if not knowing what Heather was talking about. He looked at Sarah who was smiling up at Arnold. Her hand was

brushing its way through his hair. She felt Ed looking at her and glanced at him.

“You two are amazing. I don’t think you give yourself enough credit, Ed. I heard what you said about Arnold out there a while ago and it was beautiful. But after watching the two of you in action, I can’t imagine either one of you being half as successful without the other. It’s really nice to see that kind of thing between two men. You must really love each other very much.”

“We do. I do, anyway. I’d hate to think where I would have ended up if I hadn’t run into Arnie.”

“I don’t think I could possibly have found a better workout partner. Or partner of any kind. There were things I needed to work on, to develop. One of the things was the love. I had to learn how to love. With Ed, I was able to harness it, learn about it, make it part of me. It’s the love that makes this all so fantastic. You remember what Ed was telling you about the magic, Heather?”

“Yeah. I think I saw a little of that earlier. I also felt it. When you two were heavy into it, it was like you could cut it with a knife in here. And then when you two...er...”

“Came together?”

“Yeah. I’ve never seen anything like that in my life. I mean, I’ve never even heard of something like that. That was hot. I popped my own cork just watching you two. Is that what this is all about? The magic?”

“Ed sees it a bit different than I do. He still figures it’s something that I do to him. I see it more as something that we all have. When something like that happens, it’s because everyone is throwing something into the pie. I hope you two will stick around so we can share some with you.”

Heather was a bit reticent but Sarah threw off her blanket and wrapped her arms around Arnold's neck. He stood up, Sarah hanging from him like a large necklace. He gathered her in his huge, bulging arms and kissed her hotly, heavily, their lips smashing passionately together, opening, tongues attacking, parrying, loving. Arnold dropped his head and pulled her body up to him and sucked hungrily on her breast. Sarah went limp in his arms and moaned deliciously. After several moments he set her down on her feet and went to Heather whom he knelt down before. She was still huddled, uncertain. He stroked her cheek with the back of his hand. Turning it around he pressed her face lightly between his two palms and drew her mouth to his. She seemed confused. Ed. Wasn't she supposed to be...?

Ed knelt next to Arnold and looked Heather deep in the eyes. When he was sure she was ready to hear him he spoke.

"Go ahead. It really is magic."

Heather made a small move towards Arnold but then hesitated. Arnold waited. He would wait forever. No pressure, no demands. His palms began to burn hotly on her cheeks. She felt the heat as it suffused her body. Down her neck, out over her breasts causing her nipples to ache, yearn to be touched, sucked, fondled. The heat warmed her arms, her chest. It flowed over her back and down her spine. As it flowed through each part of her body, she felt an incredible strength grow within her. She tried to convince herself she was just hot for this guy's fantastic body and huge cock. After all, who wouldn't be. He was built for sex. This is what he did, right?

But the strength and warmth within her continued to grow. It filled her abdomen and surrounded her womb. It flared as it reached

her clitoris and she moaned in the agony of the wonderful pressure she felt there. Her legs became hot and thick with the feeling of strength. Arnold lifted the pressure of his palms on her cheeks and she followed. With no apparent effort at all she rose up off the floor to a standing position, the blanket tumbled to the floor, forgotten. Arnold kept his hands on her cheeks but stepped back and ran his gaze over her strong, muscular body. She seemed to be glowing with an energy that buzzed within her. He drew close again.

“You are so very beautiful. I want you.”

Their lips met and pressed and sucked and they tried to devour each other and their hands were all over each other. Heather pressed her crotch desperately against his. She felt his outrageous cock swinging back and forth between his legs. She ground against it and began bending and straightening her knees, running her hot, enflamed clit up and down the length of his shaft. Her hands grasped and groped at the huge masses of muscle that covered his body, her actions grew more frantic as she became desperate to devour, to meld with this amazing man.

Arnold’s huge penis became erect very quickly. This woman was driving him wild. He couldn’t stop himself. She was so hungry, so lonely, so desperate for love and affection and attention and someone to tell her it was okay to be herself, as she was. He gave her all his love. He enfolded her with it. Their bodies burned with the power of it. Ed and Sarah felt it and were caught up in it, as well. Ed stood to one side of the couple, Sarah to the other. They both reached out and began touching the couple between them. Touching, caressing, holding, stroking. They, too, became filled with the heat. It warmed them, strengthened them, raised their own level of energy until their cock and nipples and clitoris were fully erect and had

driven them together in an effort to feed the fire within them. Without realizing how it happened, they were suddenly in each other's arms, their bodies pressing and rubbing and licking and sucking and kissing and holding and pulling and pushing. Ed bent his knees, clasped Sarah's fine, firm ass and lifted her. Her breasts came up level with his mouth and he hungrily devoured them with his tongue. His teeth nipped lightly at the hard, dark pebble of flesh that crowned each fantastic mound. He lowered her, impaling her on his aching rigid cock. She swooned at being filled so quickly, so easily, so completely. She took him all the way. His recently pumped biceps began to raise her up and down on his long shaft and her juices flowed in surprising amounts.

Arnold had lifted Heather in similar fashion and held her high while she reached behind her and guided his thick, huge cock inside her. With aching slowness that made his biceps hurt deliciously he lowered her onto him. He sensed her limit and then raised her up again. She was moaning, crying out, her body was shaking with the incredible energy that was being released within her. She pressed herself hard to his massive chest, her breasts dragging up and down across his huge pecs, her nipples pressing into the huge muscles. She locked her legs tight around his waist and began lifting herself up and down by pressing down on his shoulders. Her muscles bulged and sang with the effort. Arnold's biceps exploded with power once again. The energy between the two of them flourished and expanded until it reached its critical mass and the two of them were screaming and crying out as they approached their ecstatic moment of release. Their cries were echoed by those of Ed and Sarah and soon they were heaving and jumping around the room, driving themselves right to the limit of their sexual endurance. None

of them wanted to reach the top, they only wanted to continue this incredible climb. But the peak was soon surmounted and an avalanche of orgasmic power consumed them all, throwing their bodies together for one final fling around the stars and then they tumbled headlong through huge open spaces of light and energy as their bodies contracted, spasmed under the influences of this phenomenal climactic release.

Heather strained one last time to drive herself down on Arnold's cock as hard as she could. This final trip down the long shaft of his penis sent one final, massive shudder through her body and she collapsed, impaled deeply. Arnold flexed his arms one last time, raised her up off his cock and then cradled her in his arms. His eyes scanned her sensuous, sexy body. Her firm breasts heaved before him as she sucked for air. Two or three more times her body quivered with the last vestiges of her orgasmic experience. He looked over at Ed and Sarah. They were both standing, embracing, kissing, stroking. Their bodies also spoke of intense, complete satisfaction. He really loved it when it worked out like that.

Ed caught his eye. They smiled at each other. Ed formed the words 'Thank you' on his lips. Arnold did the same and walked over next to the other two. He set Heather down on her feet, but she was none to sturdy so the other three kept their arms around her until she became a little more connected with reality. When they finally pulled away and let her stand on her own she was radiant with joy. Her hands were all over everyone. She wanted to touch everyone, taste everyone. She kissed and hugged them all repeatedly. It could have been quite awkward had the others not felt equally as filled with joy for her. Eventually she settled down. She turned to Arnold one last time and kissed him firmly on the lips.

“Thank you.”

“Everyone keeps saying ‘Thank you’ to me. I should say thank you to you. That was phenomenal.”

“Arnie, you are so full of shit your eyes are brown.”

“Ed, my eyes are blue.”

“Were. How can you stand there and say that you had nothing to do with that. We all felt it. We all know where it came from. Sure we all shared in it. I know we all threw into the pot. But you and I know what would happen if we tried that again with you not here. It’s you, Arnie. You. And you can’t deny it.”

All three of them stood there looking at him. He looked at each of them. Deeply. Warmly.

“Okay. I know it’s me. But for God’s sake. You make me feel like some sort of spaceman or something. Maybe it’s only because I’ve found something we all have. I get the feeling that all I am is a key. I go around unlocking things. And I think you’re wrong, Ed. You can do it. I know you can. That little thing you and I had at the end of our focus session tonight. That was you. I felt it. You’ve got it, too. So don’t blame this all on me. I may have unlocked you, but you’re just as much in this as I am.”

He reached for his friend and hugged. They kissed deeply. Heather marveled at the love she felt from this pair. And the love she felt for them. She was not a religious person, but she knew that because of her experience tonight she was a changed person. Her mother would have called it ‘Being in the thrall of the devil’. Heather knew the real reason. Love.

Arnold’s stomach broke the spell by gurgling unceremoniously.

“Well, I guess that about says it. I really do have a few extra dollars I’ve been saving for just such an occasion. I assume one of you has a car.”

Sarah nodded. “I drove over.”

“Good. Let’s see if we can shower and get dressed without too many distractions. I’m actually starting to feel a little light headed. Food is definitely on the agenda.”

They all went upstairs and used the large shower in the master bedroom. Strict hands-off rules were enforced. It was enough for each of them to just have the other three to look at. Ed couldn’t keep from getting an erection, though, so at the end of the shower the other three all joined forces and gave him a group blow job. They were not delayed long at all.

David and Mary were no where to be seen. Arnold hoped they weren’t staying hidden on their account. He had actually hoped that they would have joined in on the festivities. Sarah and, especially, Heather had seemed a bit overwhelmed by them, though. David and Mary must have sensed that.

As they were leaving the house, Arnold held Ed back for a moment. He turned Ed so he could look directly into his eyes.

“What’s up, Arn?”

“I love you so much, Ed.”

“Yeah. I love you, too.”

“I’m talking about what you said to Heather out in the living room before we began. You really caught what Heather’s issue was and zeroed in on it perfectly. What you said earlier about me being the source of all this? That might have been true a month or two ago. Heck, maybe even a week ago. But tonight? My Love, you hit

it right out of the ballpark. Everything I have been doing to awaken in you the power necessary to extend this love has come to bloom. You are a full-fledged pilot on this aircraft, my brother.”

Ed had suspected this was what Arnold had been attempting; grooming him to be self-sufficient in the personal strength and love department. But this graduation ceremony was catching him off-guard. He wasn’t sure he was ready for his diploma. He opened his mouth to speak but Arnold quickly shut him down with a deep kiss.

“You are Love. Be that. For me. With me. Okay?”

Smiles and tears decorated both their beaming countenances as they continued their journey to the car. And to their future.

The four of them cut quite a swath through the evening. The women decided not to stop home before eating because of Arnold’s lightheadedness, so they wore only the T-shirts they had showed up with on top which caused a considerable commotion. Arnold and Ed had dressed their freshly pumped bodies to maximum effect and together, the four left a very long trail of hard-ons and stiff nipples all around town.

Ed was uncommonly quiet for the rest of the evening. Nothing that could be described as moody; perhaps contemplative would have been more accurate. Arnold kept catching him occasionally staring at his shoelaces.

CHAPTER 45: ARNOLD

Ever since Mr. Ridell had slipped from Arnold's life, he had been concerned, almost to the point of obsession, with making sure he left nothing that mattered unsaid to anyone. There would always be the chance, as fatalistic as it might have sounded, that he might never get another opportunity to let someone know how he felt. Not that it might bother the other person, especially if they were to die, but that the missed opportunity would ride around inside himself for the rest of his life. A life of no regrets was one thing, a life of missed opportunities was another, especially when dealing with personal feelings.

He had stopped at the last minute, returned to face the intensely beautiful woman standing naked in his hallway and told her how he felt. Her face had burst open with the same wonderful smile that had resounded in his memories of years ago. Without her saying a word, she had spoken volumes to him in return. Each face that had done that had been the same. The same glowing in the eyes, the same flaring of the nostrils, the same raising of the eyebrows. He had loved each of them so much, had been unable to control his emotional deluge upon them. They had all meant so much to him, just as Chris did to him now. And he loved them all.

But he had never felt 'in love' before. Before Chris. Before she had thrown herself open to him and allowed him to rummage through her emotional attic, finding wonderful treasures in each nook and cranny. And then she had latched onto his own libido and given him a roller coaster ride the likes of which he hadn't experienced since his first days of sexual adventuring. Those, including his life-shattering encounter with Sam, had been intense

because everything was so new. Everyone had been so beautiful. Inside and out. And it had been so much fun he hadn't taken the time to look around to see what was making his emotions run so close to the surface.

With those days behind him, and so many others as well, he was able to add it all up, divide by the number of souls he had tasted and reach a pretty high average. Until yesterday.

Suddenly there were four people in his life, or soon to be in his life, or soon to be back in his life, who were going to raise the stakes dramatically. And each one of them offered to fill a different aspect of his need.

Sam was his past, his glorious birth. She was his source, his fount, his first emotion and awareness of what lay inside him. She was also the link to his spiritual father and guide. Without Sam, Arnold was afraid he would loose touch with that part of Mr. Ridell he carried within him always. So it was important to know that Sam was in the world, carrying her own thoughts and feelings about that wonderful man. Together they were a living shrine to Mr. Ridell's love.

Patty was his outlet for unbridled physical desire. He needed her openness, her sassy, brassy, bold and beautiful teflon coated soul to beat himself against. He knew they would devour each other and not get indigestion. He also knew that to make love to Patty was to make love to himself. He needed strong, hard muscles to grab onto and be assured that this was what others felt when they grabbed onto him. He had built his body for sex. He enjoyed it for that purpose. And he enjoyed other people enjoying it, as well. Patty would feed that physical need for strong arms, strong legs, strong cunt, strong mind.

Peter was the past of Arnold's future. He was the youth teetering on the edge of discovery. Without that excitement, that wonderful moment of opening up to a much deeper and more physically stimulating world, his own life would not have been anything. At all. Peter's life would just be beginning today. He had felt such a tension in the boy, a cross between a bomb about to go off and a heavy, high-strung bow pulled back, ready to be released. Peter's arrow could fly far, Arnold knew that. It was really all a matter of getting it aimed in the right direction. Arnold was ready to relive that moment of flight through this young man. He was also curious as to what his own feelings about Peter would be. He enjoyed being able to express both sides of his libido and felt part of himself cut off when lacking sexual partners of both genders. There was little doubt in his mind that Peter was interested in him as more than just a new member of the club.

Chris...

He would have thought that, with the presence of these others in his life, every gap would be filled, every need met. And yet something within him felt so complete with every thought, every touch, every taste, smell, sound and sight of Chris. She was so unlike the other three. She took good care of her body, but it was not the hard, chiseled, massively muscled structures he was used to pressing himself against. Perhaps that was one of the attractions. He found himself just a bit ashamed at the thought that he was able to get a good ego pump from her. But she was so into his body. Her fascination with his physical attributes went beyond just the sexual. She viewed him as a work of art. To be photographed, displayed, enjoyed. Was this not why he had gone into body building in the

first place? His desire to create something that people would long to touch, to look at, to have, to love? Chris certainly fed that.

But there was more. She had proven that as they made love time and time again during the night. With each encounter there had been a deepening of union between them, offering more and more of themselves until, during their last melding, they had opened a gateway between their souls and had flooded each other with an amazing energy that had both drained and charged his body; drained of past needs, both real and imagined, and charged with a new feeling of wholeness that came from having pieces of a puzzle finally put into place.

And they had great sex together. She took him so deeply, so completely. He felt himself fill her and she would strain and reach for more. And there was that amazing clitoris. He loved her clitoris. He had spent almost an hour the previous night between her legs, slowly licking and kissing that wonderful erection, taking forever to bring her to a climax that was so long in the making that when it finally arrived, when the tension finally broke, you could feel a wave of relief wash over the universe. She had shuddered and moaned for five minutes straight as her body was consumed by the delicious orgasm. Then, not only did she not beg him to stop, but rolled over on her hands and knees and begged him deep inside her so that he could do again with his cock what he had just done with his tongue. He had smoothly moved his cock in and out of her, her juices never running dry, for over a half hour and then, when he couldn't stand it any longer, she had begged him to continue and the agony of his huge cock became so complete that he thought he had passed out but, some time later, found himself still sliding slowly in and out of her hot, moist cunt. Still moist, still hungry.

Finally she had begun to thrust herself back on him with increased pace until they were hammering their bodies together and crying out as the end to their agonies neared. When they both came, it was together and it was big and it was long and it was amazing and it was the end. Or so he thought. He was not at all sure how many times he had cum. He was certainly not sure why he had been able to cum as many times as he had.

And then there had been that final, mind-shattering experience. He wondered if she had seen the energy between them. He certainly had felt it. From his center to hers and back again. He was certain it had been an image in his mind, but felt she had been able to image it as well. There had been the beginnings of the same explosive situation he had experienced with his friend, Mary, years ago. This time he would not let the moment go unobserved. He had tucked a small part of himself away in the corner of his mind normally reserved for such mundane tasks as remembering that he had a dentist appointment next Wednesday. From there he had a pretty good vantage point from which to watch the festivities. The images that came to his mind as he recalled those frantic few moments were filled with light and heat and a overpowering sense of wholeness, oneness, completeness, Chris-ness. In that moment he had felt all the striving, pushing, pulling, flexing, lifting, shoving, heaving of the past decade come to a point. This was the pay-off, the blow-off, the tip of the mark. This was what everything had really been for, to make himself strong enough, desirable enough, hard enough, full enough to stand up to the shear openness of being put face to face, soul to soul with another person. And Chris, for all her fears and seeming lack of understanding of what was happening, had been right there with him. Had, in fact, been the source of this feeling.

The hallucination he had experienced on his balcony the previous afternoon had not been a trick of the light or low blood sugar. He had, in those several seconds of total physical abandon, when he was ready to step off the sixth floor to reach her, felt the part of her which, when they finally joined, had filled him to the top. As he had filled her. And filled her. And filled her. And he smiled a smug smile as a small rumbling was felt in his groin. If he hadn't wanted, needed, even craved (for he was, indeed, hooked on) the pump this morning, he would never have found a way to leave the apartment with her magnificent body and soul standing naked before him.

And if all that wasn't enough, he had so little trouble waking up this morning that it almost scared him. It was as though his mind and body had leapt at the chance to spend more conscious time with her. He had very few memories of being awake that quickly and easily.

So.

Four people.

No.

Five. Five people.

With Sam moving back into his life, then could Ed be far behind?

What role was Ed playing in all this?

He was Arnold's mirror. He had started out thinking he was grooming Ed for something. It wasn't until after he and Ed had parted company that he realized the grooming had been a two-way street. By helping Ed to see and love himself, Ed had taught him to do the same. Arnold had learned the lessons he had needed by seeing himself in the mirror of self-discovery. The deep fears Arnold

had been afraid to face for himself, Ed had shown a willingness to learn for him. Could there ever have been a more loving and mighty companion? He doubted it.

So.

Five people.

Each one filling or ready to fill a part of his soul. Was he that big? Did it take five people to match him, fill him, fulfill him? He hoped it was his heart and not his ego that was so big. He guessed it was probably a little of each.

As he drove his car out of the parking lot, he turned his attention to what needed to be accomplished today. He'd done enough photo shoots by now that it was fairly routine, so he wouldn't have to waste a lot of gray matter worrying about that. What was more immediate, and of much greater importance, was his imminent workout and his initial meeting with Peter. He hoped the young man would be an early riser and would be open to the idea of being his regular workout partner. Not letting modesty get in the way, Arnold was pretty sure Peter would be looking forward to the offer.

This was why Arnold was allowing extra time this morning. Besides being unfamiliar with the gym and its rhythms and ways, he also would have to lay a little ground work with Peter to help establish their working relationship. And he thought it would be important to establish the working relationship first. He had to know where Peter was going with his body building. He doubted he was into competition. In fact, he probably only had to look back on his own beginnings in the sport to get a good idea of what Peter's goals were.

Back at his beginnings and between his legs.

Several cars were parked in the lot around the old pump islands. He parked his car across the street and studied the building. Now that he knew what the layout was inside, the exterior seemed to make a bit more sense, but not much. The owners had obviously bought the lot behind the building and expanded back into it. And the fact that it was actually below ground helped give the room a greater sense of space. But it still seemed bigger inside than out.

He crossed the street and entered the front door. A man he had not met before was working at the desk. Not surprisingly, he was hugely-muscled, deeply tanned, very blond and, thanks to Patty's taste in men no doubt, very good looking. He looked up from some papers as the door opened, a bright smile already on his face.

"Hi. Can I help you?"

"My name's Arnie."

"Oh, right. I was just processing your paperwork. You're Patty's new neighbor, right?"

"Yeah."

"I'm Chuck, the assistant manager." He offered his huge, callused hand and shook with Arnold. Unlike some, the handshake was even and welcome, without the physical challenge that tried to prove who could squeeze their cock the hardest. "I assume, by the fact that there's no application here, that you didn't get the once over."

"I'm sorry. Was I supposed to fill something out?"

"Yeah. It's mostly a formality and legal stuff. I guess Patty held a membership committee meeting by herself and voted you in, so most of this stuff is superfluous. It'd be nice to get the essential information, though."

“Sure thing. Sorry if this threw you off.”

“No problem. Just slows you down when you’re ready to charge in to do battle. If you want, you can wait until after you’re finished.”

“That’d be great. Just point me towards the locker room and I’ll get started. Do you assign lockers here or is it catch as catch can?”

“I believe that has already been taken care of, as well. It seems you’re expected.” Chuck nodded in the direction of the gym floor where Peter stood, trying very hard not to look too excited about Arnold’s arrival. “He was sitting on the front step when I got here this morning. I believe you will be well taken care of.”

“I’m flattered.”

“You’d better watch it. I’m not sure what’s happened, but something’s got his spring wound awful tight. And I suspect it has something to do with you.”

“I met Peter yesterday when I came in to drop something off for Patty.”

“Peter. Right. I’m going to have a little trouble getting used to calling him that.”

“No you won’t.”

They locked eyes for a moment and Arnold let Chuck see the respect he had for the young man. Chuck read it correctly and nodded.

“You’re right. It should have been ‘Peter’ all along. Did you bring a lock?”

“Yeah. Got it here in the bag.”

“Do you want to leave a spare key in the lock box?”

“Great idea. I’ll get it off the key ring when I come up to take care of the paperwork.” Arnold looked out over the room full of equipment. Two others, a man and a woman, were working together on the cables. The singing of the wire and clanking of weights played in Arnold’s head. He took a deep breath. “Well, time to make it happen. I’ll see you in a while, Chuck. Thanks.”

Chuck extended his hand again, which Arnold took. “Welcome to the club. Literally.”

Arnold picked his bag up off the floor and started down the stairs and across the equipment floor to where Peter was watching the other couple working. He could tell Peter was trying to hold off turning his head until the last possible second. He hoped he wouldn’t give the fake, ‘Oh, when did you get here’ routine. Everything, from now on, depended on a great deal of honesty and openness. Arnold had to admit to a heightened sense of excitement, as well. Much of it could be attributed to the newness of it all. But something deep within him felt the wonderful tension that was already building between himself and Peter. If there were no games played, if there were no detours taken, the two of them would soon be smoking up the joint.

Arnold came up next to Peter and watched the couple work. “I’m trying to convince this guy that he’s not isolating the movement of his arm enough. I can’t quite put my finger on what he’s doing wrong, though, so’s I can explain it to him.”

Arnold watched the man work through his reps. All his movements seemed to be textbook perfect, but the development of his right inner pectoral gave signs of weakness. Somewhere in the cycle he was pulling with the wrong part of the muscle. Arnold

watched carefully for several moments. He was impressed that Peter had recognized the symptom. Would he be able to spot the problem?

Suddenly, Peter's face lit up. "Hey, Josh. Tilt your right shoulder forward about a half inch and stop bending your left knee so much. Your dropping your weight into your leg and letting it do the work."

The man did as Peter suggested and suddenly the inner curve of his right pectoral expanded noticeably. Arnold was very impressed. Peter turned back to Arnold and greeted him with a bright grin and a wild look in his eyes. He was wound up, all right. He smelled of sex. His eyes cruised Arnold's body without inhibition.

"Good morning, Arnold."

"Good morning, Peter. Chuck tells me you're the one to point me in the right direction as far as getting settled in is concerned."

"Yeah." He turned back to the other man and asked him, "You gonna be alright, Josh?"

The fellow who, with his newly blossomed inner right pectoral muscle, was enjoying his reps on the cable flies a whole lot more than he had in weeks, answered with a grunt and a nod. Peter returned his gaze to Arnold, cruising the entire landscape of his magnificent body one more time.

"Follow me."

They headed back to the shower rooms and Peter led the way to a set of lockers along the back wall. He opened one of them with pride, as though he were submitting it for inspection. Arnold set his bag on the bench that ran between the rows of lockers and peered inside. It was clean, all the hooks seemed to be there, the shelf wasn't beat up or bent and the latch mechanism seemed to move up

and down with ease. Yes, everything certainly seemed to be in order here. The quintessential locker. They both stood there, admiring the open door, waiting for something to jump out of it or something to jump into it or something to be said or done. Arnold waited. Peter was so wound up that it would have to be Peter's move first.

"Is this okay?"

"It's fine. Real clean. Did you just get it out the box this morning?"

"Nah. Whenever someone moves out I get in with a big brush and lots of soapy water and go over it real good. Most of the folks are pretty good, but there's been a few...That's usually why they're gone."

Arnold had forgotten that Peter took care of things like this. This was a point of pride with him. "Looks brand new. You keep everything looking real good, Peter. When do you have the time?"

"Sometimes I stay late after closing and take care of things. I hung out here for a couple hours last night and caught up on some stuff."

"You closed last night."

"Yeah. I figured as long as I was here, I might as well take advantage of it. Did a little extra work on the equipment, too." The young man started to flex his right biceps but then stopped. "Whatever I've got here, you've seen bigger. In your own mirror, probably."

"You feel like doing some work this morning?"

"You need a partner, don't you?"

"Kind of looks that way. You available?"

Several dozen chapters could be written in the process of describing the smile that flowed onto Peter's face. "Yes."

"Great. Have you ever partnered with anyone before?"

"Not on a regular basis, no."

"Okay. I've got certain things I need from a partner, and I'm sure you have, too, although you may not know them yet. So we'll learn from each other."

"Great."

Peter was visibly vibrating. Arnold took a deep breath and indicated that Peter should do the same. As he exhaled, Peter's frequency slowed down to a reasonable amount.

"The first thing we need to know is where each of us is headed. This is going to require a painfully honest evaluation of each of our shortcomings and trust in each other's knowledge to help us see the solutions to them. After that little tour you gave me yesterday, plus what I saw you do with that fellow on the floor just now, I'm looking forward to having your input."

"So what do we do?"

"First we get naked."

"Both of us?"

"You bet."

"Together?"

Arnold sensed Peter's reticence. Was he just shy or was there something else he was afraid of? If Peter was as attracted to Arnold as he thought, then he shouldn't be nervous about revealing himself. He'd have to get over this. Besides, letting them both study their bodies in this way removed some of the sexual aspects of it. If Arnold treated it businesslike, then Peter was likely to be able to, as

well. But there would be no denying Peter's physical needs. Best to face them immediately and get them out in the open.

"Yeah. Together. And I'll tell you right up front that I'll be real offended if you don't get a hard-on."

"Hah! No need to worry about that. I've had one since you walked into this place yesterday afternoon."

"You do anything about it, or are you into long-term suffering?"

Peter's eyes dropped to the floor. His shoulders raised and he let out a long sigh.

"Whoops. Sorry, Peter. Looks like I've stepped on landmine number one."

"That's okay."

"Obviously not. Can we talk about it?"

Peter's eyes came up to meet Arnold's. He studied them for a moment and then he sighed again. He straddled the bench and sat. Arnold did the same, facing him, their knees a few inches apart. Arnold again waited.

"This isn't going to be easy."

"Do what you gotta do, Peter. We're in this thing together, and that means one hundred per cent to me. But that also means respecting the other person. So tell me what you need to and want to. If there's something I can do to help, I will. One hundred per cent."

Again Peter studied Arnold. He made several attempts to form the words, but the thoughts wouldn't line up right. A parade of emotions marched across his brow and finally he just jumped in with both feet and related the facts regarding his ghosts, how they haunted him, how they affected him and what he had finally accomplished the previous evening, starting with the still

incomprehensible encounter with Patty. As the story unfolded and Arnold learned of his own part in it, his heart filled with more and more love and respect for Peter until it felt like it would burst. That he had been the catalyst for Peter's victory made him feel so proud his head became light with joy. And what made it even more wonderful was that Peter was able to open up to him and reveal these deep, close-kept secrets.

When Peter was finished, he dropped his eyes and studied the bench between them. It reminded Arnold so much of the way Ed used to focus on his shoelaces the memory almost broke his heart. Tears welled up in his eyes. When Peter heard him sniff his head popped up. Arnold's own emotional release triggered the same response in Peter. The two men moved together and threw their arms around each other's shoulders. They hugged, heads side by side, their bodies swaying back and forth, rocking each other in comfort. Arnold could feel the tension in Peter's back quickly drain away and his body was suddenly wracked with deep, heavy sobs. The emotional dam burst and years of pent up sorrow and sadness washed through his body.

Out.

Away.

Gone.

Arnold joined his spirit with Peter's and supported him as the young man suddenly found a huge, empty void where once there had been a gigantic emotional rock. Arnold filled that void with his own spirit, assuring Peter that so many wonderful things were about to be opened to him.

They recovered and began dealing with the physical world around and within themselves. Peter's hands explored Arnold's body; a cursory trip up and down the arms, across the shoulders, the back, the neck, and down around the waist. Arnold allowed the

exploration for a time but then decided to alleviate Peter's curiosity. He pulled away from him and began taking off his clothes. Peter watched for a few seconds, and then stopped him.

"What's the matter, Peter?"

"I don't know if I'm ready for this."

"Sooner or later, you're going to see me naked. And me, you."

"Yeah. I know. But I've been fantasizing about this since you left here yesterday. It's kinda like I don't know if the real is going to match up to the fantasy."

"If I understand what you're talking about, and I'm pretty sure I do, then you don't have anything to worry about. False modesty aside, I'm pretty sure you'll be satisfied. I know I'm eager to see your body. Anyone who can get Patty's engine running like you did must have plenty going for them."

Arnold stood up and quickly removed his pants and briefs, the only two articles of clothing he still had on. As he stepped out of his shorts and his huge cock was revealed, Peter's jaw fell open and his eyes drank hungrily at the sight. Before he could fixate on the massive cock hanging between Arnold's legs, Arnold jarred him back to reality.

"Hey. No drooling. Come on, off with the duds."

Peter looked blankly at Arnold for a moment, until the meaning of the words sunk in. He slowly removed his own clothing until the two were standing, facing each other, naked. Peter made absolutely no attempt to control his reaction and in a few moments was wearing a raging erection. Arnold decided it would only be polite to return the complement and got hard as well.

“Just remember, Peter. It’s only a cock. This is how I came from the factory. It has nothing to do with what we’re at the gym for. This doesn’t lift any more weight for me, doesn’t help me finish any more reps. It doesn’t make my muscles bulge any bigger and the damned thing gets in the way far too often.”

Peter didn’t seem to hear what Arnold was saying for a moment, but finally tore his gaze away from the huge piece of flesh before him and looked back up at Arnold’s eyes. He nodded slowly then took in the rest of the beautiful body standing before him. Arnold did the same, evaluating the young man’s hard work so far and making notes regarding what he felt Peter would have to do to fill in the gaps. He was happy that Peter was so distracted he had not tried to pump himself up to impress Arnold. Being in his relaxed state helped Arnold better see what was needed. He, too, remained relaxed and let Peter’s eyes have their way with him.

After several minutes the lust dropped away from Peter’s eyes and the expert evaluation took over. Each man studied the different parts of the other’s body, each one slowly walking around the other, appraising and evaluating. They began to talk about their workout habits, their schedules, their goals. Arnold was not surprised to learn that Peter’s reasons for getting involved with body building were very similar to his own. Neither of them were interested in competition. Both of them were very interested in the effect a well-developed physique had, or potentially had, on their sex life. They both were interested in making themselves incredibly desirable to other highly charged, sexually potent, virile partners and thought a great way to make a living would be modeling.

Peter had developed a workout pattern similar to the one Ed and Arnold had used years before: regular, general sessions accented

with hard-hitting drills focused on specific muscle groups. Peter's biggest drawback was his lack of a partner. Arnold would fill that gap. When they had covered all the bases, discussed all the points needing discussion, both their eyes drifted down to the two erections still floating between them. Arnold's was hard, but he felt he could get over it. Peter's, on the other hand, looked painful and desperate. They were not going to get much done with his cock in the condition it was in.

"Where's this bathroom you spoke so lovingly of a few minutes ago?"

"Down the hall to the left."

"Come on. Let's take care of this."

Arnold grabbed Peter's painfully distended member, eliciting a loud moan from the younger man.

"Then we'll see about our other bulges."

Arnold hung his clothes in the locker, grabbed his workout outfit, tossed the gym bag in the bottom and locked the door. Peter gathered up his own clothes, led the way down the hall to the employees bathroom and locked the door behind them. He stood against the door, staring at the enormous penis that jutted out from Arnold's pelvis. It was obvious that Peter wanted very much to take care of Arnold's problem, as well. Arnold shrugged his shoulders.

So be it.

Arnold took Peter by the arm and led him to the toilet, seating him on the closed lid. He then kneeled before him and began to roll the younger man's hot, rigid cock between the palms of his hands. Peter gasped and grabbed the sides of the toilet, his fine, muscular torso swelling with the tension of his sudden ecstasy. He threw his

head back, let out a deep, rolling moan, heaved his hips forward and filled the air with rocketing shots of hot, juicy cum. Arnold drove his mouth down on the young man's shaft and swallowed what he could. The affect of this on Peter was more than he could bear. He cried out loudly as wild, uncontrolled emotions and hidden thoughts and memories thrashed across his mind. Within seconds he had violently spent himself and he slumped forward, unconscious, his temporarily sated cock quickly deflating.

Yes, Peter had definitely been on the edge.

Arnold caught him and brought him into his arms, cradling him, rocking him. He knew when Peter awoke there would be a great deal of confusion and fear in his mind. Especially considering the violent, almost instantaneously explosive nature of the young man's orgasm. Arnold stroked Peter's hair and face, centered his own spirit and sent it out to the troubled lad. Peter stirred, reached around Arnold's neck and hugged himself to the man's strong, sturdy chest. He slowly realized where he was and began to search out the strength and size of Arnold's body. His hands were suddenly everywhere, stroking, feeling, caressing. His cock became intensely erect once again and he began to moan.

Arnold had not anticipated the amount of pent-up desire held within this tightly wound spring of a man. It was clear that a simple hand job was not going to alleviate his tensions and desires. And the younger man's attentions — he was now trying to dive down Arnold's throat — were making Arnold hotter as well. Soon the two men were standing face to face, Peter driving Arnold back against the sink. His mouth furiously sought out every part of Arnold's body and finally came to focus on the immense, aching hard-on that stood out proudly from the beautiful man's pelvis. He licked and sucked

and kissed and chewed erratically with all the passion but none of the finesse of one more familiar with fellatio. Arnold withstood the attack for a few moments, but it soon became clear that Peter was going to do damage before achieving his objective. Arnold diverted Peter's attentions by maneuvering his hand to the younger man's cock and began to massage his balls. Peter stopped dead still and became transfixed. Within seconds his hips were beginning to buck forward again, trying to find something to push his desire-slaved cock against. It worked against Arnold's thigh and then the two men began thrusting their pelvises against each other. Arnold's huge cock pressed up against their abdomens and Peter's own substantial hard-on slid between Arnold's legs, rubbing against Arnold's swollen, heavy scrotum. As the head passed back and forth it began to catch and rub up against Arnold's asshole and wonderful tingling sensations buzzed through his body. Fine. If that's what it's going to be, then he might as well enjoy it.

He pushed Peter away from him and the young man moaned in desperation as his hips continued to thrust involuntarily against the open air. After several seconds he realized the absence of Arnold's body and brought himself under control.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing a handful of something slippery couldn't help. Let's see what's in the medicine cabinet."

Arnold opened the mirrored door and found, not surprisingly, several fine choices for the occasion. He grabbed the familiar plastic jar and closed the door again. Removing the lid, he grabbed a few fingers full of the slippery stuff and spread it up and down the length of Peter's cock. Peter moaned.

"What are you doing?"

“I’m making sure you don’t do to my asshole what you almost did to my cock. We’ll have to give you blow-job lessons some other time, but right now I have a need to get that gorgeous cock of yours up my ass.”

“Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Holy shit. Are you sure?”

“You take it easy at first until I get stretched out and then I want you to fuck the hell out of my ass. Everything you’ve been holding inside, every ounce of sex and desire, I want you to pump it into me. But easy at first, okay. Remember, this is another human being here, not a pillow on your bed in the middle of the night.”

“Oh my God, Arnold, I don’t know. What if...”

“Cut the shit, stud. What? Are you gonna tell me you don’t want this piece of prime beef? I want you up my ass. You’ve got me so hot already I’m about to blow my wad. Now stick your fingers into this jar, get a good load of this stuff and do my asshole with it. Slowly.”

Peter reached for the jar and his hand began to shake. He grinned sheepishly at Arnold, but the desire, the lust on the other man’s face, in his eyes, the superb sight of his well-muscled body, the huge cock before him, drove the nervousness from him as he accepted himself as this man’s sexual equal.

And Arnold did want him.

Bad.

Two fingers full of lubricant. Arnold turned around and grabbed the edges of the sink and leaned forward, presenting his glorious, muscular ass to him. Arnold’s mind was immediately filled with memories of a sink in a bathroom in a gym in a small town in another state in another decade, almost in another life. A wonderful

thrill of nervousness ran through him as he remembered his first time. Peter was about the same size. He would fill Arnold quite nicely. He felt the finger begin to explore the edges of his rectum. He squirmed his ass back against the adventurous digit, telling Peter to get on with it. Slowly the pressure increased and then, suddenly, the slippery finger was inside him up to the first knuckle.

“Ah. Yeah. Deeper. Come on, Peter, quit fucking around. Do it.”

Arnold could hear the other man’s heavy breathing. As he pressed harder against Arnold’s ass the breathing became faster and more desperate.

“Don’t hyperventilate, you’ll pass out.”

“Sorry. God, Arnold. This feels great.”

“You think that’s great, just get your cock inside me and I’ll show you great. Come on. I’m ready for you. I want your cock.”

Peter pulled his finger out, grabbed Arnold around the hips and pressed his throbbing member against the delicious, muscular ass. Arnold relaxed his sphincter muscle and pressed back against the object of his passion. This was the best moment, just before entry when all desires and fantasies and hopes and dreams converged on the junction of two bodies.

“Now.”

Peter lunged forward, Arnold pressed back. Peter’s cock drove deep inside and didn’t stop until Peter had mashed his pubic hair hard against Arnold’s ass.

“You feel real good, there, Peter. How’re you doing?”

“I think I’m gonna pass out.”

“That’s just all the blood rushing to your cock.” Arnold tightened his ass on the hot shaft within him and Peter moaned loudly. “Just a little wake-up call. You gonna be all right, now?”

“I’m not sure. What do we do now?”

“I believe the correct phrase is ‘we fuck’. You know what that is or do you need some driving lessons.”

Peter pulled his cock out until just the head was inside and quickly rammed it back into Arnold’s ass.

“Oh, yeah. That’s it. Again. Oh. Yeah. Harder. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Feels so...Good. Yeah. Come on. Faster. Yeah. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Big cock. Yeah. Feels good. So good. Come on, Peter. Here we go.”

Arnold thrust his hips back against Peter and picked up the pace. Peter matched the rhythm and soon his hips were a blurring, powerful sex piston hammering away at the tight, muscular ass of this gorgeous man. Both of them tensed as their moment drew closer and their muscles bulged and strained in agonizing desire. Peter’s lunges were accompanied by a deep, staccatoed breath forced out of his lungs with each contraction of his muscles. A sweat broke out and was soon covering his entire body with a glowing sheen. His cock began to swell and cry out for more action, a need to be pressed even harder against the resistance of Arnold’s internals. Arnold sensed the change in Peter’s size, knew what was coming and bore down hard on the cock as it drove into him with brutal strength. He could feel his own organ begin to ache as Peter’s cock pressed hard against his prostate. He let go of the sink with one hand, grabbed the shaft of his huge, aching member and began sliding his hand up and down the shaft, lubricated by the remainder of the gel on his hand from greasing up Peter’s cock which was

gaining in girth at a rate which told Arnold his moment would be soon. He tensed his own body, causing the familiar rush of sexual energy that always accompanied physical exertion. Peter violently slammed his hips forward, drove his cock deep inside Arnold's hungry ass and unloaded his pent-up fury inside his amazing lover's ass. Arnold squeezed the end of his own cock and felt the gates open within him. The load of cum shot up his cock and splattered against the edge of the sink. The two men cried out and sang as the joined efforts of their sexual drive sent the energy of the room spinning out of control. Peter thrashed against Arnold's ass and continued to ram his cock up the tight, cock-hugging asshole. His hands were all over Arnold's back and ass and he grabbed and scratched and clawed and pulled and pushed and could not seem to stop. He orgasmed for several moments, even though the flow of cum had subsided after the first couple of thrusts. His body threw itself into the joy, the rapture of the event and allowed him to release all the desire that had been bottled up inside him for so many years. Once Arnold was done cumming he reached between his legs, grabbed Peter's scrotum and gently squeezed the two wonderful balls. This drove Peter right over the edge and he made love to Arnold all over again. His passion overflowed into Arnold who began to press his ass against the younger man again. They pumped and heaved and thrust. Scratching and biting and hugging and pulling and bending and the fire built within them and Arnold drank in the energy of the young man and was filled with it. He dove down deep within himself, churned his own powerful libido, sent the energy of it out to his sex-crazed lover and felt the connection. A huge balloon of energy built within the room, between the two muscular bodies as they climbed their passion. The balloon expanded until the air became thick with

desire and every breath brought in deeper and deeper sensations of total, unbridled sex. Peter began to moan loudly, his cock, never for a moment soft, grew again inside Arnold. Arnold filled himself with his own desires and then swung them around on Peter. The balloon exploded. Peter experienced the violence of the release, his cock seemed to split open at the top and all the energy, all the desire, all the want and pain and hope and fear and emotion of forever shot out of him in one magnificent release.

He collapsed again.

Arnold held the younger man deep within him and lowered himself. Peter hung on as long as he could until he sensed that he was close enough that he wouldn't get hurt when he fell, which he did, gently, softly, to the floor. Arnold turned quickly around, cradled his head and laid him, outstretched, on the tile. Arnold figured the cold would revive him soon enough. In the mean time, he wanted to collect his own thoughts and feelings about what had just happened.

What had started out as a mercy mission had turned into a full-blown soul-searer. He had not intended it to happen so soon, but happen it did. They were bonded. They were now one. As he and Chris had done the night before. And Sam. And Ed. And now Peter. Why now? Why him? He looked down at the young man lying on the floor. His face finally relaxed, probably for the first time in years. A smile, warm and caring, was on the younger man's lips. His features became gentle and full, replacing the almost perpetual glower that had haunted his continence for his entire adolescence.

Arnold saw the beauty of him and, again, felt his heart being tugged at. This was not just post-coital murmurings of the heart. He had been around the bases too many times to be susceptible to that.

He knew what he was feeling inside for this youngster. Resonances of his own past, of his own needs. And the joy of knowing what the escape from all that was. And the key: Love.

Peter moved. Arnold had been through this enough to know what his lover would need at this moment. He knelt on the floor, picked Peter up in his huge arms and lifted him to his chest. Peter's head swung around, looked deep into Arnold's eyes and his face broke out in a huge, beaming smile. His hand came up to Arnold's face and stroked his cheek lovingly. Arnold was happy to feel the love from him, equal to his own, unfettered and unencumbered by sexual longings. They were finally equals. Peter felt this. Arnold felt this. They hugged each other tightly and their mouths dove deeply into each other's soul. Arnold felt the strength come back into Peter's body and set him down on his feet. Peter stepped back from him and again consumed him with his gaze. Arnold felt the caress of his eyes as it traveled up and down his body and it sent shivers through him. Not since Ed, ten years before, had he felt this way about another man. No one since Ed had been connected with him, male to male, like Peter was right that moment. Arnold's respect for Peter's own capacity grew immensely. He had wonderful thoughts about a life with someone like the people he had met over the past twenty-four hours. Chris. Peter. Patty. Soon Sam would be there, too. And Ed? The dynamics of his emotions as they swam around the thoughts of these people staggered him. He could feel himself becoming filled with their energy, even though they weren't even here. Except one. Peter. Who's eyes were focused straight on his own, reading every feeling as it passed across Arnold's mind.

Did he know?

How much? Could he feel the strength of the moment?

“Yes.”

“What?”

“I can feel you like I’m inside you still. It’s like I can hear you.”

“You’re kidding.”

“There’s another woman and another guy, right?”

“How do you know this?”

“I don’t know. But there’s someone else. Someone I know. You know Sam, don’t you.”

“Oh my God. You know Sam? How? Where? How did you know this?”

“I don’t know. Like I said. I feel like I’m inside you still.”

“What do you mean? Could you see this stuff while we were making love?”

“Yeah. Like I was reading a book. I’m not sure, but it feels like we’re the same person. I don’t know. This is weird.”

“Tell me about Sam.”

“I met her a year or so ago at another gym. She tried to help me get myself figured out, but I couldn’t do it with a girl. I don’t know if she knew that or not. Certainly I didn’t at the time. I haven’t seen her for over a half year, though. Where do you know her from?”

“She was my first.”

“No shit. When?”

“About ten years ago.”

“Holy crap! If I hadn’t been so fucked up about my own sex and stuff, she would have been my first, too.”

“Sam and I haven’t seen each other since that day. I have a feeling she knows I’m here, though. We’ll see. In the mean time, you and I have got some serious figuring out to do. This is no cheap

circus trick here. I've got a feeling something big is going to happen. You saw two other people, you say."

"Yeah. A redhead and a big guy with..." Peter blushed.

"What?"

"A nice cock. That's what I saw."

"You saw right. Chris is the lady who lives on the other side of my apartment from Patty. Ed and I were lovers back east the summer after I graduated from high school. I haven't seen him since then, either. What I can't understand is, if you can see all this stuff in me, why can't I get anything out of you?"

"Shit, Arnold. *I* can't even see me. My whole past is so lost in a lousy cloud of crap, I'm not even sure I want to be able to see it."

"You know you'll have to deal with it eventually."

"Yeah. I know. But I've got enough of the here and now to keep me busy for a long time. I'm sorry if I hurt you, earlier. I knew I wasn't doing a very good job of sucking you off, but I was way too excited. That's one amazing cock. I hope I get another chance at it."

"I don't think you have anything to worry about, Peter. Something tells me we're each going to get plenty of chances to learn from each other. And speaking of which, while I'm quite happy to mash bones with you all day long, it's not getting us any bigger."

"I wouldn't say that, exactly. I feel like I've had one hell of a good workout already."

"Be that as it may, we've got some serious muscle work to do. You and I are going to get to know each other real well, starting with what makes us bulge in all the right places and where we want

to bulge more. What say we hit the showers real quick and then we spot each other through a workout round?”

“Sounds good to me. You’ve got a few fine developments there I’d like to find out how you got them. Sure wouldn’t mind end up looking like you, that’s for sure.”

Arnold remembered similar thoughts passing through his own mind upon seeing his old friend, David’s, magnificent body for the first time. And so he had set his goal and achieved it. Surpassed it, even. And now he was going to be able to pass it on. His cock stirred slightly with the excitement of it. Peter noticed the movement and his eyebrows raised in question. Arnold sighed, flexed his cock again and the huge rope of flesh bounced against his scrotum several times. Peter slowly walked over and knelt before him, gently taking the massive tool in his hands. He rolled it back and forth between his palms until it was steel-rod hard and then began to gently lick the length of the shaft. His mouth surrounded the head, took it in, pressed it against the back of his throat and then forced his head the rest of the way onto the magnificent cock. He held it there as long as he could, but the gagging impulse was too strong. He had to pull off. He coughed a couple of times, looked sheepishly up at Arnold, who’s eyes were shut and head was thrown back in ecstasy. Arnold ran his fingers through Peter’s hair, trying to reassure the young man he was doing great. He felt Peter take him in again and his mouth slowly worked up and down the last six inches of his huge organ. The blood flow increased, the heavy tube of flesh thickened, the weight of his balls increased, the pressure built.

“I’m cumming, Peter”

Peter’s lips clamped tight around Arnold’s cock and the cum flowed softly out of its head and filled Peter’s mouth. Arnold felt

Peter try to swallow, but could tell he wasn't ready for the experience. He took the younger man's face in his hands, raised him to a standing position, the huge cock slipping from his mouth. When they were face to face, Arnold pressed his lips to Peter's mouth and drank the juice from him. When he had finished he looked Peter in the eye. Peter seemed to be disappointed. He wanted to soothe him.

"Don't worry, Peter. Love is never having to say 'I can't swallow.'"

"Very funny. And thanks. You're amazing."

"I've just been around a bit, that's all."

"Is there anything you don't like?"

"Yeah. Games. Fun is okay. But I don't like to mess with people's heads. And I don't like people to mess with mine. Besides that, anything goes."

"I can see that. I'm glad you like it rough. I've had lots of fantasies about getting real rough with someone."

"Wait until you have your first orgasm while you're working out. What we did here today is nothing compared to that."

"Shit, Arnold. I'm getting hard again."

"Good. Let's go get cleaned up and find a way to channel that energy. Something tells me you're going to be considerably bigger by the end of the day than you are right now. Nothing makes a workout like a good, well-stimulated sex drive."

The two men went to the showers, cleaned up, got dressed and headed for the floor. Arnold attracted a lot of attention, partly due to his newness on the scene, but only partly. The two drove each other on with shouts and encouragements, taunts and jeering. They worked harder and faster, heavier and deeper. Their energy suffused

the gym and their shouts, their speed, their joy drove everyone around them on. Before it was over, seventeen heaving, sweating, panting bodies felt like they had just participated in the biggest group sex event of their lives. Everything that could be erect was, and stayed that way for the rest of the morning.

By eleven-thirty Arnold was ready to eat and take a recuperative nap. He didn't know what Chris's schedule was like, but thought it would be best not to mix up too much of his life right now. He asked Peter if he had any ideas.

"Why don't we just grab a couple of blankets and head on down to the beach. We can catch some rays and give everyone a hard-on? I've got some sunscreen and beach stuff in the back room."

"Sounds fine to me. What about lunch?"

"I'm not very hungry."

"Wrong, my fine friend. You are very hungry. You've just been through one of the toughest workouts of your life. I know it doesn't feel like it because you feel so high. That's the adrenaline. It's going to wear off in a few minutes and your going to crash like a gooney bird."

"A what?"

"My point exactly."

"What's a...?"

"Look it up. Let's go. I'm buying, you're eating. That's final. We'll discuss your eating and financial habits at a later time. Where to?"

"There's a place about a mile from here that serves a pretty good meal. Lot's of the folks go there."

"Norma's, right?"

“Yeah. You know the place?”

“Too well. Let’s try some place else. Grab the beach stuff and I’ll meet you at the front door. I’ve got some paperwork to take care of.”

“See you in a minute.”

Arnold got his gym bag, locked the locker and headed back to the desk. Chuck was just hanging up the phone.

“Looks like you two really hit it off. I haven’t seen that much action on the floor since I’ve been here. You really got everyone pumped up.”

“That’s what it’s all about, right?”

“You got it. I guess I don’t have to ask if you found everything you need. Peter knows this place pretty well.”

“Peter knows this place better than any ten people. I’m quite lucky to work with him. Here’s the key to my locker. I assume Peter told you which one is mine.”

“Yup. Here’s the papers. I just need your address, phone number, a contact person, in case of emergency, and your signature right there.”

Arnold filled in all the blanks, but stopped when he got to the emergency contact. Who? Who needed to know if something happened? What person would make a decision in case he couldn’t?

He left it blank.

“I’ll fill that one in later, okay?”

“Sure. It’s just for insurance purposes.”

Peter appeared down on the floor. He wore a pair of shorts and a tight, form-fitting T-shirt. Arnold noticed everyone react as though they had never seen Peter dressed this way before. Possibly he

always wore the baggy sweats. He did look slightly unaccustomed to the attention he was getting as he walked through the forest of equipment, and, by the time he reached the stairs to the reception area, was blushing quite heavily. Arnold figured the best thing would be to just let it pass.

“Is that everything, Chuck?”

“Guess so. Heading out, Peter?”

“Yeah. I’m going to grab a bite to eat. I’ll be back later on this afternoon.”

“Sounds like bankers hours to me.”

“Everything’s done. I caught up last night after closing. I won’t make a regular thing of it, don’t worry.”

“Not worried about a thing. It’s just a little strange, that’s all.”

“Lot’s of things are strange today, Chuck. It’ll all settle down soon, though. Okay?”

“Sure. Enjoy yourself, Peter.”

“Thanks. Chuck.”

“Nice meeting you, Arnold. See you tomorrow?”

“You bet. Great place. I’m real proud to be part of it. See you tomorrow about nine.”

Peter directed Arnold to a great lunch place. He told him the gym across the street was where Sam worked. Although Arnold’s head got light and his stomach started doing flip-flops, he held off. The moment would come. After lunch they spent an hour lying out on the beach, got involved in a game of beach volley ball, talked about their lives, their bodies, their hearts, and set a schedule for themselves for the next week.

Arnold was overwhelmed with Peter's grasp of his relationship with the other people in Arnold's life. He seemed absolutely thrilled that Arnold and Patty were going to see each other that evening. In fact, he seemed to get a vicarious thrill from the thought of Arnold doing to Patty what she had so desperately wanted Peter to do the previous day.

"She's really hot for your body, Arn."

"That makes two of us."

"Wish I could see..."

"No way, Peter. Patty's going to be enough for me to handle. I won't need any further distractions."

"Oh, don't worry. I wasn't suggesting that I should be there. This time."

"You, my friend, are incorrigible."

"I'll have to look that one up. But if it means horny, then you're right. I never came so close to doing it with a girl. She got me awfully excited."

Peter became not quiet exactly. More like pensive, thoughtful.

"What's up, Peter? Something I said?"

The young man raised his eyes and took in the face of this amazing man. Following a deep sigh, he said, "A second ago you called me your friend."

"And I meant it. What? Would you rather I call you my lover, because I'd be fine with that, as well."

This seem to drive Peter even deeper into thought.

"I've never really been anyone's anything."

"Oh, but you have, my dear one. You just didn't allow yourself to see it, to understand that you were truly worthy of it. The world

will define you as you want to be defined. You've taught the people around you what you thought of yourself. It's time to re-school those around you.

"I've been running away from almost everyone for fear that they would want to be in a relationship with me. It took you and Patty to overload my circuits so that I wouldn't have the power to run away. Patty still scares me. Girls in general do. You, on the other hand..."

"I don't know about this decision you've made, but I gotta tell you, when you do it with both guys and gals, it's like finding out there's a whole other half to the universe that you didn't even know about. I know, for me, it's all inside me. Both sides. I don't think of myself as 'gay' when I'm with a guy. I don't think of myself as 'straight' when I'm with a woman. I'm just a human. And the two kinds of sex are just two parts of being human. Without one or the other, I feel like a half of me is missing. I've got a male and a female side and they both need to be taken care of. And it's being in touch with both those sides that keeps me open, focused. It really is what makes the sex so great. All the time. And it just keeps getting better and better."

"Well, there's really only one woman who I was never really afraid of."

"Sam?"

"Sam. I don't know, though. I think I might have hurt her. Patty says she couldn't see through to my problem because she loved me too much. If she's right, then I'd be surprised if Sam ever talked to me again."

"You underestimate her. Unless she's gone through some terrible inner change, she's only waiting for the right moment for

you. You'll see. We can't stay apart too much longer. I can feel the tension. It's like the whole world is starting to vibrate on our energy. If we don't meet up soon, the universe will explode."

"Sounds to me like it's going to explode whether you meet up or not. The only difference will be if it's a good boom or a bad boom."

"You've got the right idea. But it'll happen soon. I know. In the meantime, don't say anything if you run into her. Okay?"

"Oh man, Arn. How do expect me to keep something like that from her? You remember her. Just thinking about her, now, gets me all buzzy inside. I've got a lot of explaining to do to her and most of it has to do with you. Don't worry, I won't blow your cover, but I'll have to talk about you."

"Is she still working out?"

"She makes hard-ons, Arn. Her body is so beautiful. It has to be to keep up with her soul."

"Peter. Your poetry astounds me."

"She's just like you, Arn. Just like you."

"I suppose it would be extremely uncomfortable for me to kiss you right now."

"I want to press my body against you so hard right now I'm aching, Arn. We'd better not get started. I couldn't stop."

"Lust is a wonderful thing, isn't it?"

"Is that what this is? I'm not sure about this lust stuff. I've had a lot of trouble getting it mixed up with something called love. But whatever it is I'm feeling right now: yeah, it's great."

Yes, Arnold thought, Peter was going to be alright.

“I’ve got to get going to my appointment. You want me to drop you back at the gym?”

“Nah. I can walk back. Besides, I haven’t spent an afternoon by myself, away from The Pump House since I started there. I think I’m just gonna take my time. They’ll get over it.”

“Okay. I just hope they don’t blame your delinquency on me.”

“Who else?”

“Good point. Remember. There are a lot of people at the gym who’ve come to rely on you. That’s a big responsibility. And a big source of love. Go wallow in it. You deserve it.”

“Thanks, Arn. Good luck on your shoot. I hope you give ‘em all hard-ons.”

“No doubt. I’ll see you tomorrow at nine. Okay?”

“Yeah, right. You really think you’re going to be able to drag your ass into the gym that early after spending the night trapped in the clutches of the most over-sexed, cock-pulverizing, muscle-bound goddess this side of anywhere?”

“Good point. Maybe we’d better make it an afternoon session.”

“Sounds a bit more realistic. I’ll see you at three thirty-four, okay?”

“Sounds doable. See you then. And thanks for your help today. It’ll be good to have you as a partner. Real good.”

“Not half as good as it’ll be for me. I already feel so different I’m gonna have to check the mirror tonight to make sure I came home with the right person.”

“I’m going to have to check the mirror, myself. Don’t be too surprised with what you see. Things may have changed more than you think. See you tomorrow. Bye.”

“S’long. Oh Arn.”

“What, stud?”

“She likes it hot and sweaty. Don’t take a shower before you get to Patty’s”

“Thanks for the tip. It’s going to be a long, hard afternoon.”

“No doubt. Have fun.”

Arnold walked back up to the bike path and then out to the street where his car was parked. As he was getting inside he turned for one last look out to where Peter was. He smiled as he saw his partner, his lover, his new friend run full steam towards the ocean and dive into an oncoming wave. Seconds later he broke the surface like a breaching whale and landed smack on his back, the water spraying in all directions. Had Peter ever let himself experience such joy before? He doubted it. Had Arnold ever felt such feelings for a man before?

Only once.

The years between Ed and Peter had not been a sexual desert. He had partnered with a multitude of lovers, both male and female. But there had always been something that kept him from bonding in the way that he and Ed had. Until now.

He and Peter. How similar it all felt. How right. How incomprehensibly powerful. It had taken time for feelings for Ed to grow, but Arnold chalked that up to his own inexperience more than anything. But when the bond between the two youths had solidified, there was no question as to its authenticity. And so solid was that bond that, when he had left Ed behind those ten years ago, he knew for certain that the bond would never be broken. He hoped Ed was as filled with certitude as he was.

With Sam back in the picture, the possibility of Ed was almost a given. He would have to trust that what had been before, both with Sam and Ed, would be again.

Or, rather, would be still.

CHAPTER 46: FLASHBACK

The train ride downtown vibrated with high tensions. Arnold and Ed were still filled with the ecstasy of the previous evening's activities. They had planned on an abbreviated workout at the gym that morning, but found they couldn't resist driving just as hard as they usually did. Now they were seriously pumped up and felt an incredible energy flowing between them. They both confessed to a desperate need for some kind of physical release before meeting Ivan, but Arnold felt the heightened energy level would serve them well downtown.

Taking showers was exquisite agony. They washed each others' backs, massaging and digging into the huge plates of muscle that covered their bodies. Their cocks swung heavily back and forth between their legs like anglers, teasing a fish. Fortunately (or unfortunately) another man joined them before they could succumb to their overflowing desires. They made small talk, reflected on the results of that day's session and left the third man fighting very hard not to get an erection before they left the room. Had he only known how perfectly okay that would have been with these two young studs...

They had packed an extra change of clothes to wear downtown. Their outfits had been chosen carefully. Provocative, but unostentatious. The major dilemma had been deciding what kind of underwear, if any, should be worn. Neither of them had interviewed for a sexual position before. They decided to go au natural. If nothing else it made them feel very sexy and self-assured. If they got an erection, so what. Their shirts were tailored, form-fitting, left open only to the second button. The sides hugged the lats, the front

clung seductively to the broad curves of their pectorals. The arms sat nicely over the caps of their deltoids but hung loosely around the upper arm, only becoming too marvelously tight when the lower arm was in any way contracted.

Pants were just not a problem. Both of them only had one really good pair, so they agreed that what they had was just fine. If the promise of money was good, then new pants, new shirts, new cars, yachts, mansions with complete gyms and don't forget the Olympic size swimming pool and...They were getting silly. Arnold had a good pair of shoes, but Ed had arrived with only his gym shoes. They showed their unity in canvas and soft soles.

Their freshly pumped bodies attracted a great deal of attention on the train. Most of the seats were taken so they opted to strap-hang. The bulge in Arnold's pants proved to be too much for the man attempting to read his newspaper. He finally set it down in his lap and simply stared at the sight.

A woman standing on the other side of Ed kept 'having trouble' dealing with the stopping and starting of the train at each station and would constantly bump into him. Several times her hand would slip from her own strap and she would have to grab onto the nearest solid object (i.e.: Ed's finely shaped and bulging biceps) to keep from falling. Each incident was followed by profuse apologies and a sincere attempt to involve Ed in polite conversation. Finally Ed got so fed up with her contrivances he turned to Arnold and asked if they could switch places for a while; it was his turn to be fallen on. The woman took offense and jumped ship at the next stop.

The boys' energies were high. They joked, laughed, pulled pranks and raised spirits all the way downtown. By the time they got off they had raised almost as many spirits as laps. They double-

checked their directions with the woman in the token booth and headed down to the street. This was, aside from occasional outings with Mary and David, their first time in the city. And this was a part of the city that they doubted they would have seen had they stuck with Mary and David. Shopfronts crowded the sidewalk, huddling beneath the suspended tracks that ran over the street. People of every description and many curious occupations hung about doorways and leaned against the cars that were parked two and three deep along the curbs. The boys attempted to put on an air of knowing where they were going, but they both knew they couldn't help but appear out of place in this bustling, crowded, exciting neighborhood.

Their senses were working overtime. Strange smells and sights attacked them from every angle and they became aware of the attention they were gathering. Some could, of course, be attributed to their uncommon appearance, uncommon in any environment. But they soon got the feeling they were being targeted. So it was with great relief that they finally saw the gaudy, flaked and pitted, painted sign mounted on the side of an old theatre marquee jutting out over the sidewalk announcing their arrival at 'The Capital of Body building on the Near East Side', the bastion of health and center for the seamier side of that industry that was near and dear to those with a propensity to pump: 'The Body Works'.

Huge plates of glass, coated with years of filth and grime, covered the front of this building which seemed to be the lobby and street-front offices of the old theatre. They tried to look inside without seeming like they were looking inside but were foiled by the glare of the sun. A group of very large men hung around the door. They positioned themselves so as to force a confrontation with

anyone who tried to enter. Ed and Arnold glanced at each other, shrugged their acceptance of the situation and forged ahead. Sure enough, they hadn't gotten past the first two men in the group before they found their way hindered.

"You ladies looking for something?"

"Ivan told me to tell you to go fuck yourselves."

There was a bold, beautiful moment when all the motion on the street seemed to come to a halt in expectation of...what? Ed had no idea Arnold was going to say that and his jaw tried very hard to scrape itself on the pavement. Arnold locked eyes with his assailant, a good-natured smile on his face, an easy, relaxed stance to his body. The moment froze. Held. Suspended. Time began to creak with the strain of being reined in. Slowly, imperceptibly, and then more quickly and finally brightly and warmly a smile grew and spread across the other man's face. He laughed with a large, booming voice, stepped away from the door to the building and motioned Arnold and Ed to enter with a low, sweeping bow.

"He knows the password. Right this way, my beauties. Up the stairs, second door on the left. It's good to see Ivan's taste is taking such a wonderful turn for the better."

"Thanks. What's your name?"

"My name? The beauty wants to know my name. Is this just being sociable or do you have less honorable intentions?"

"Just social, for now."

"He's such a tease. I'm Howard, the unofficial welcome wagon to Chez Ivan."

"I'm Arnold. This is Ed. Some friends of mine recommended I come and talk to Ivan."

“No doubt. Well. Things are certainly getting interesting around here. What have your friends told you about our dear Ivan?”

“Nothing much. This is more of a casual interview.”

“Honey, nothing about Ivan is casual. You just make sure you don’t get yourself in over your head.”

One of the other men in the group spoke up. “Fer chrissake, Howard. Leave the chickens be. They’ll find out soon enough. Quit fuckin’ where you ain’t supposed ta.” The man turned his attention to Arnold and Ed. “I hope you’re from the IRS.”

“Ah. Arnold. Ed. Allow me to introduce you to Manny. Manny is, how should one say, a past employee of Ivan’s. The parting was not on the best of terms. Now Manny hangs around here hoping to see Ivan get his comeuppance. Darling, don’t be such a dishrag. These two ravishing creatures seem intelligent enough to smell a raw deal.” He turned back to Ed and Arnold. “Just don’t sign anything until you’ve read it all. And say yes to nothing that isn’t in writing.”

“Howard, you’re full of shit. Ain’t no fucking contracts. Hell, Ivan never writes nothin’ down.”

“I get your meaning.” Arnold offered his hand to Howard. “We’ll be careful.”

Howard took the proffered hand like it was some beautiful, rare artifact. He stroked it with his other hand and then raised it to his lips and kissed the back of it. Arnold reversed the grasp and pulled Howard’s hand to his own mouth, returning the gesture. Howard flapped his free hand about like a fan.

“Mah oh mah. Ah do believe Ah will swoon, Mistah Butlah. Buelah, puhlease. Wheh ah mah smellin’ salts?”

“Please, Howard. You’re embarrassing me. I didn’t think I had such an effect.”

“You, sir, may have any affect you want. Now be on your way. Remember: If it starts getting too strange, just click your heels three times and say ‘There’s no place like home.’ Now run along and try to stay out of trouble.”

Ed and Arnold entered the now unobstructed doorway. They found themselves in a large vestibule which had a wide, slanting stairway leading up from it straight ahead and two doorways, one to the right, one to the left. The one to the left was closed. The one to the right was opened and looked into the gym.

It was unlike any gym Arnold had ever seen. Ed’s experience with places like this was far more limited, but even he sensed the unorthodox nature of its appearance. Long rows of hooded fluorescent tubes hung across the space from a fourteen foot ceiling. They illuminated a large selection of equipment, most of which would have been described as archaic at best. One or two pieces of chrome-plated Nautilus were scattered throughout, sparkling ridiculously in the naked light, looking so out of place that most of the occupants of the room chose to steer clear of it. Use of these marvels of modern body building technology would have felt pretentious among all the other dinosaurs of weightlifting equipment. Several dozen men and women were pressing huge amounts of weights in different directions and their shouts and moans filled the room, competing with the clanking of the iron plates. The far wall was lined with eight foot tall mirrors. Each of the huge panels was cracked in some way. One looked like someone had shot a bullet at it; a hundred fracture lines radiated from a central point like a spider web. The smell was overpowering. It

seemed no air had moved through this room since the building was built. Fifty or sixty years of sweat and other only slightly recognizable smells hung in an almost visible cloud.

“Hey Ed. Over there.”

Ed looked at Arnold and saw his gaze locked onto something across the room. He traced his line of sight to two old men, in their fifties or sixties, maybe. Or seventies. Who could tell. One was on his back on the bench lifting a bar with several hundred pounds on it while the other spotted him. The man moved with a deliberate slowness. He had done this a billion times before. His body was covered with veins, the skin slightly loose. His pecs heaved up with each lifting of the bar and he never made a sound. He just did it again. And again. And again. His partner watched with the calm of someone who expects nothing out of the ordinary to happen. Ever.

“That’s us in forty years.”

“Hey, Arn. Let’s worry about us in forty minutes, huh?”

“What’s the matter? Place gives you the creeps?”

“No shit, Sherlock. What the hell were you trying to do back there, get our asses handed to us?”

“Ivan told me how to handle the situation. Besides, I could tell they were only there to filter out the riffraff. This is some place, isn’t it?”

“Not very inspiring.”

“My guess is that you’d have to be very inspired to get anything accomplished here. I guess we’re just spoiled.”

They studied the space for a few more minutes. Then Ed noticed something.

“Arn. You notice how no one has looked at us once?”

“Yeah. Everyone minds their own business. Like they don’t want to know anything else. ‘No officer, I never saw these two young men come into the place. It’s a shame, they had such promise.’”

Ed pushed him towards the stairs. “Come on. Let’s get this over with, okay?”

They started up the stairs which leaned to the left and creaked dangerously. They were filled with the conflicting need to get off the stairs as quickly as possible and yet not move too fast or too heavily for fear of causing its collapse.

“You go ahead, Arn. If this thing caves in, it’ll be your fault we’re here. I’ll run right back to David and Mary’s and call an ambulance. I promise.”

They reached the top and Arnold started down the hall to second door on the left. About halfway there he realized that Ed was not following him. He turned to find him leaning against the wall at the top of the stairs, his gaze fixed on his shoelaces. Arnold returned to his friend and took the same position opposite him. He waited. Ed was working through something and needed a little time. He waited. After a few minutes Ed’s gaze began to raise. It got as far as Arnold’s shoelaces and stopped. Arnold clicked his heels together three times. Ed laughed. He raised his eyes to meet the other’s. There was never a time when he gazed upon the face of his friend that his heart didn’t feel like melting. Arnold was so beautiful. Inside and out. Ed knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that if he turned around and walked down those stairs right now that Arnold would be right there with him. At least as far as the station. But he also knew that Arnold really wanted this. He had to be right. He had to know that this was going to work out okay. He always did. And,

as he had said earlier, this was only a casual interview. They could bail out at any time.

Ed smiled. Arnold grinned. Ed laughed. Arnold chuckled. Ed turned and walked down the hall to the second door on the left. Arnold followed. Ed knocked on the door. The answering voice was thick with excitement and expectation.

“Come in. Come in. Please. Come in.” The door swung in and both boy’s mouths fell open in amazement. Of the several billion sights that could have met their eyes through this door, none could possibly have been less expected than that which did.

A medium height man in a white suit and white patent leather shoes extended his arm into the space beyond in a gesture of welcome. When the boys did not respond to this subtle entreaty he dropped his arm in mock frustration and gave the two of them a look which had the effect of saying ‘What’s the matter? Have you never seen a beautifully appointed office with thousands of dollars of furniture and video equipment and works of art hung on every wall and standing in every corner on the floor above one of the cheesiest and most run down gyms in a five state area?’

“Boys? Boys? Hello? Either you come in now or you’ll have to wait for the next tour which doesn’t begin until four o’clock.”

Arnold and Ed both shook themselves out of their state of shock and moved towards the door. Before they knew what was happening they were unwittingly performing their ‘after you, after you’ routine. The man watched in amusement and interest. A great deal of interest. His friends had described this boy well. Though not nearly well enough. His build was much thicker, more muscular, more advanced than Tom and Judy had let on. He had obviously been hard at work since his arrival in town.

Eventually Arnold and Ed figured out that they were not going to fit through this man's doorway at the same time no matter how hard they tried. Arnold backed up and let Ed precede him because it was his turn. Ed acknowledged the gesture with an off-hand, haughty expression and moved into the space. Arnold followed him but stopped before passing their host.

"Hi. I'm Arnold. The sightseer is Ed." He stuck out his hand and the man joined him in a handshake. "You must be Ivan."

"Yes. Ivan. That's right. Ah, do you boys always treat each other so?"

"Oh, you mean..."

"Yes. The bit at the door."

"We have our moments. Just a bit of clowning. Sorry if it bothered you. It's just that we're both a little anxious about this and with your welcoming committee downstairs and all..."

"Then you've met Howard."

"And the rest."

"The rest?"

"Yes. There seemed to be a rather large group guarding the drawbridge."

"I trust you were able to run the phalanx unscathed."

"'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough."

"He quotes The Bard. Be still my beating heart. Is your friend equally inclined to the theatrical?"

"I don't know. Hey, Ed. Did you do any plays in school or anything?"

Ed had continued to wander and was busy trying to make sense of some of the artwork positioned around the room. He had been completely oblivious to the conversation and barely heard his name mentioned. Before him was a small piece of art; a sculpture made out of some kind of metal. It appeared to be several figures entwined around each other. There was no way to discern the end of one and the beginning of the other. Try as he might, Ed couldn't figure out what was supposed to be happening, but the overall effect of the piece gave him a wonderful buzzing feeling in his groin.

Ivan and Arnold both watched Ed try to unravel the mystery before him. Arnold had never thought Ed to have much interest in the Arts department. But then they really hadn't been in an environment that lent itself to such evaluations. Arnold realized now that Ed's ability to appreciate the more delicate qualities of their lovemaking and the essence of their intense relationship in the gym should have been proof enough of his friend's sensitivities to man's finer endeavors; for wasn't their friendship such a work of art. As each day had passed Arnold had felt less like he was 'taking care' of Ed; that the moment to moment running of their lives had become completely mutual. Arnold now realized what this visit to Ivan's office meant to their relationship. Arnold was calling this shot. If Ed didn't come along, Ed would end up feeling responsible for destroying their bond. This would have to be played very carefully. Ed would have to be as much a part of this decision as Arnold. He turned attention outward again and saw that Ivan had moved across the room to Ed and was studying him studying the sculpture.

"What do you feel?"

"Huh?"

"Does it do something to you?"

“Well...”

“You may be blunt. We are all friends here.”

“Gives me a hard-on.”

“You’re very perceptive. It’s Ed, right?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. Hi.” They shook hands. “You’re Ivan, right?”

“Yes. Ivan. Would you care for something to drink, Ed?”

Ed glanced back at Arnold but was answered with a look that spoke of Ed’s autonomy in the matter.

“Sure. What’ve ya got?”

“Why don’t you step over to the bar and help yourself. I’m sure you’ll be able to find something to catch your interest. Hard stuff is in the cabinet above, cold in the refrigerator below. Arnold?”

“I’ll take whatever you’re having, Ed.”

“Two whatever’s coming up.” Ed moved to the indicated wall unit and began to search through the well-stocked fridge.

“Arnold. Why don’t you make yourself comfortable over here.” He indicated a long, sweeping sectional unit that wrapped around the perimeter of one quarter of the room, a thick glass coffee table its focus.

Arnold walked over, but waited until Ivan had seated himself before taking a position one section further away than he thought Ivan would have preferred. Ivan’s eyebrows raised at this, but accepted the gesture of territory. Both their gazes turned to Ed as he came over to them, two glasses of ice and a couple of bottles of water in his hands. He set them down on the coffee table.

“Mister, er...”

“Ivan.”

“Ivan. You care for anything?”

“Please, be seated. I didn’t drag you all the way down to this God-forsaken hole so you could wait on me. Please forgive my rudeness at having made you serve yourself. As you can see, the larder is quite well-stocked. It’s more of a nuisance to run through the list of available beverages than to just let my guests fend for themselves.”

“No problem.” Ed sat down on the opposite side of Arnold from Ivan. There. Lines had been drawn. Ed indicated the sculpture he had been admiring. “What’s the name of it?”

“‘Laocoön’. Not the original, of course. This is an interpretation by a contemporary artist of a sculpture found in Rome in the late fourteen-hundred’s and dating back to the time of Caesar. The original depicts a father and his two sons being slayed by a serpent. This one, according to the artist, shows the three men involved in a far more intimate relationship. That you were able to grasp the erotic qualities of the work is credit to both you and the artist. Where are you from, Ed?”

“A little town about two hundred miles south of here.”

“Are you a corn boy.”

“Yeah.” Ed blushed and hung his head. Was it all that noticeable?

“I’m originally from down that way, myself.”

“Yeah?” The surprise and relief in Ed’s voice lifted the mood of the room to an almost joyous level.

“Yup. Couldn’t stand the thought of plowing under one more row. I left thirty years ago and never looked back.”

“I don’t think I’ll be doing much looking back, either.”

“Not surprising. It’s a tough life. The one’s who stick it out ought to get some kind of medal. It was never in me. I always thought I had been switched at birth with someone from a farm. I never felt like I belonged.”

Ed shook his head. “I felt like I belonged too much. That’s what scared me. I saw me standing in the middle of my ol’ man’s field forty years from now.”

“Well, welcome to the big city. Do you think you made the right choice?”

“If I hadn’t met up with Arnie, here, I don’t think I would have been around to answer that. A right choice and some real good timing. It’s been great, so far.”

“Ah. So far. And now the fates have grabbed hold of you and spun you into my sphere of influence. What will the future hold for you?”

There was a pause. Neither Ed nor Arnold seemed to have an answer to that question.

“Is it possible that the answer lies in your being here?”

Again, another pause large enough to drive two young men’s futures through.

Arnold ultimately responded, “I guess that’s for you to answer.” He chuckled at the man’s sense of the theatrical.

“And what about you, Arnold? Tom and Judy tell me you’re from the west coast. Is this your first time east?”

“It’s my first time anywhere. I left town the day after my graduation.”

“What could possibly have possessed you to leave the world of sun and fun behind for the dingy midwest?”

“I have some friends of a friend who live here and offered me a place for the summer. I didn’t know anyone else, anywhere else, so I jumped at the chance.”

“And what did you hope to find in your journeys?”

“Do you mean the meaning of life or fun, fame and fortune?”

“Two sides of the same coin, aren’t they?”

“For some, I guess.”

“And you?”

“Kind of hard to say, right now. I’ve been kind of focused inward, trying to get myself ready.”

“Ready?” Ivan’s voice dripped with anticipation.

“Yes. I don’t really know what for, but everything seems to be leading in a certain direction. I seem to have certain, ah...gifts. Talents.”

“Yesssssssss.” The ‘s’ flowed like hot oil from Ivan’s mouth. He sounded like a snake luring his prey. “My scouts were especially impressed with your, ah...gifts. Talents. In fact, it looks like you’ve been working quite hard to improve the packaging of them. You’re much more well-developed than Tom and Judy had led me to believe.”

“Like I said, I’ve been working. We’ve been working. Ed’s actually made more progress than I have. He wasn’t nearly as developed as me when we met. Now look at him.”

“How could I help but notice...”

Ed was feeling a bit uncomfortable at the sudden attentions.

“Arnie worked up this great system that’s made us both get real big.”

“I bet you both get real big.”

“Yeah...er, whaddya mean?”

“I think he’s talking about our cocks, Ed.”

“Oh, yeah. We get real big.”

“You two gentlemen seem to be some kind of a team. Are you partners?”

“We work out together.”

“We also sleep together, if that’s what you’re asking.”

“Thank you for being so forthcoming, Arnold. That particular point is usually a little touchy. Yes, that was exactly what I was asking. So you both are into men.”

“And women. I don’t think it has anything to do with the person’s sex. It’s just a matter of wanting to be with someone or not, no matter who they are.”

“Is this the way you feel, Ed?”

“I haven’t quite worked it all out yet. I know I like it with both, especially with both, but when I’m with a guy it feels like it’s really right, ya know. And when I’m with a girl, it feels just as good. Just as right. So I don’t know.”

Ivan moved his gaze back and forth between the two boys. The bigger one, Arnold, was incredibly beautiful. He had a presence that commanded attention far beyond just what his physical features could demand. And then there were the physical features. If those two kids down south were accurate about only half of what this stud had done with them, he was going to be quite a sensation. He seemed especially open to the adventure of it all.

The other lad was a bit of a puzzle. He seemed to be coming into his own, certainly had the physical attributes that would make him interesting to Ivan’s clientele, but there was something missing.

Ivan felt without Arnold, Ed would not be quite as interesting. There was a definite spark that jumped between the two boys, and they would make a remarkable pair. But how far was Ed willing to go with Arnold? And how far was Arnold willing to go without Ed?

“I think it’s about time you told us what this is all about, Ivan.”

Arnold’s steel blue eyes burned into Ivan’s, as if trying to extract the information by force. The eyes were so bright, clear, deep, penetrating...lulling...beautiful...Ivan shook his head, trying to clear away...what? The gorgeous boy had asked a question. What was it? Oh yes. Why were they here? Where to begin?

“I’m sorry, Arnold. I usually know the people I bring up here a little better and so am better prepared to approach this. I’m not quite sure...”

“Let’s try straight and honest. It’ll save us all a lot of time. We both know we’re not here applying for a job at a supermarket. Tom and Judy and I had sex. Incredible sex.”

“So the report goes.”

“You haven’t asked for my high school transcripts so it’s probably safe to assume academic achievement is not a qualification.”

“Not necessarily so, but I’ll accept your point. Continue. You’re doing quite well.”

“My guess is that you have some way of hooking up people who want to have sex with people like Ed and I. Tom mentioned lots of money. And fun. Right now that’s what I’m looking for. Especially fun.”

“Ed?”

“What?”

“Are you along for the ride, here, or should we let you off at the next stop, now that you know what bus you’re on?”

“I knew what we were coming here for. Fact of the matter is, and I’ve been doin’ some thinking on this, Arnie, that us two are probably the hottest thing to hit this city in many years.”

“Modesty becomes you, Ed.”

“It’s true, Arnie. Look at what we’ve done the last few months. Look at us. We’re both built like brick shithouses and got more cock between us than half a football team. We fuck like maniacs, cum forever, get it on with anyone that’s got the guts to get naked with us and really, really enjoy it. Christ, Arnie. Folks’d pay big bucks just to see that big cock of yours.”

Ivan looked un-customarily shocked. He had grossly misjudged this ‘corn boy’. Apparently so had his friend, if the blank look on Arnold’s face was any indication. Ed had lit up. He became animated and excited, a warmth and joy shooting out of his body and infecting the room. Ivan had a very serious policy of not messing around with the folks he dealt with, but the sharp stirring in his loins called powerfully. Would he get a chance to see these two boys in action today? Would he, perhaps, allow himself a bit of play as well?

“So, Arnold. Are you on the same bus as our ebullient friend, here?”

“I don’t believe I would have spread all our cards on the table on the first ante, but yes. That’s pretty much how I see it.” Arnold turned to Ed with a look of mock anger. “Remind me not to play poker with you.”

“Just following through on what you said, Arnie. Honesty, openness. Let’s put it all out there.”

“So, I guess it’s my turn, “ Ivan said. “Your suspicions, or should I say your deductions, are correct. I do, indeed, arrange for certain people to meet gentlemen so endowed as yourselves, as well as women. I have several ways to do that. The first is along the lines of the more traditional one-on-one meeting. Commonly known as escort services. I tend to think of it as a very exclusive dating service. The second is through a series of theatrical events where certain people pay money to watch other certain people entertain them with their bodies. The unusual part about all this is that everyone that I deal with is exceptionally well-endowed. Either physically, like yourselves, or financially. Very well-endowed.”

Arnold and Ed looked at each other and shrugged. No surprises there. They both felt that there had to be more, though.

“I can’t speak for Ed, though I think he’d agree, that I’m not interested in finding a date. I’ve been working on this body for a couple of years now. The main reason was to make people want to look at me. At it. I’ve had a few experiences these last few months that have involved people watching me. That’s what I want.”

Ed was silent. Ivan thought the jury might still be out.

“Very well, although I have to tell you that many of the people who work for me find it quite satisfying, financially, to do entertaining on a more intimate level. But we’ll leave that for now. I can see you’re both stage-struck. Everyone wants to be a star. Fine. My theatrical productions involve anywhere from one to thirty-five or forty people. We act out fantasies in front of an audience. A very exclusive, very private, very rich audience. During the course of the entertainment certain events are offered. Sometimes the audience is offered the opportunity to persuade the actors to initiate these events through financial contributions. If the amount is satisfactory to the

person or persons on stage, then they make it so. The money is split among the actors involved. The more sensational the event, the more evocative, the more the money pours in. Tipping after the event is also encouraged.”

“What kind of money do your ‘actors’ take home?”

“The amount varies greatly, as you can imagine. The average is around six hundred to one thousand dollars an event. The most any single person came away with was just slightly over seventeen thousand.”

Ed jumped to his feet. “Seventeen thousand? Dollars?” He realized what he was doing and sheepishly sat down again. Arnold grinned. This was just what he had hoped it would be.

“Would it be okay to ask what that person did to make that kind of money?”

“No. I’m sorry, but it wouldn’t. It was a private performance and the dealings between a client and actor are strictly confidential. I will say, though, and this is only to ensure that I snare you in my little trap, Arnold, that this person could not hold a candle to you. I’m quite excited to have you here. As you have probably surmised, I do not do this just for the love of it. I take a flat ten percent of all money exchanged. All money. Even tips that are given on the side. There have been several who thought they could walk away with a few hundred that was stashed in the waist of their pants on the sly. Ivan knows all, sees all. Ten per cent is not a lot. Most agents today get fifteen. I just require honesty.”

“And in return?”

“In return you have complete protection. My people work only under the safest and cleanest of conditions. I have many friends in high places. Many. And they all owe me. Should one of my clients

mistreat one of my people, they will find it very difficult to do any kind of business with anyone in the world. People who cross me have a way of finding themselves in precarious financial situations. Fortunes have been accidentally misplaced by people who have messed with one of my crew.”

“I assume that your clients come under the same protection from any overzealous employee.”

“You assume absolutely correctly. Only financial ruin is not as effective with an unruly employee. I sometimes find it necessary to turn a person over to ‘other authorities’ who are more in the habit of dealing with disloyalty.”

A brief pause and knowing look at the two boys assured them of his meaning. Arnold and Ed squirmed perceptively on the sofa.

“I am not in this business to hurt anyone or get anyone hurt, unless that’s what they want to do. Everyone I deal with comes away with exactly what they want. I charge very high fees. Only the very rich can afford my services. And they all know my reputation for operating completely above the boards. Everyone, and I mean everyone, gets what they pay for.”

“So how do you see Ed and I fitting into all this?”

Ivan stared at the two youths. Images and fantasies flooded his brain so quickly he couldn’t sort them. What couldn’t this gorgeous boy do? All he would have to do is stand naked on stage and the money and orgasms would come rolling in. Perhaps he could start these two as a doubles act. They seemed very comfortable with each other. He had a private function happening the following evening, he could stick them in as a warm-up, just to get them some experience.

“Several things come to mind. Immediately, there is a performance tomorrow night which I would very much like to involve the two of you in, if you are so inclined. The main act is already booked, but if you would like to do a little warm-up, get the clients juices flowing, I could arrange it.”

“What would we have to do?”

“That would be up to the two of you. What are you willing to do in front of people? I will tell you that the way this is set up, you won’t have any contact with the clientele. In fact, you won’t even be able to see them. Most of the performances are like that.”

“Ed?”

“After yesterday, I think I’m game, Arnie. Go for it.”

“How much time do you want?”

“I never put a crimp on creativity. If things get too slow or self-indulgent I just turn the lights off and get the next act on. Usually the cast wears themselves out before anyone starts losing interest, though.”

“Could we have a few things to work with?”

“Props?”

“Yeah. Some weights, some gear?”

“Certainly. You tell me what you need and it’ll be there.”

“Ed?”

“Same as last night?”

“That’s what I was thinking.” Arnold turned back to Ivan. “A bench press, two bars, four dumbbells, two thousand pounds in tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds, a couple of mats and drinking water.”

“Your wish is my command. Now I must back up here, just a bit. I’m afraid, with all the exuberance and *joie de verve* floating

around here I seem to have gotten a little ahead of myself. I'm not in the habit of buying product sight unseen. If you know what I mean."

Both boys knew just what he meant. Ed surprised the other two by getting to his feet first. He removed his shoes and socks, walked to the center of the room, turned his back to the sofa and began to unbutton his shirt. He pulled the two sides of it apart and slowly let it slip off his shoulders. As it lowered it revealed the deep, convoluted muscles of his back. His shoulders were capped with huge bulges of deltoid that spread out and wrapped around under the bulk of his arm muscles. The triceps swelled on the backs of his arms. He lowered them to his sides and allowed the shirt to slip to the floor, revealing the rest of his highly developed back and the lats that flared along his sides, tapering from broad shoulders to a narrow, muscular waist. He just stood there for a moment, ever so slightly moving this or that muscle on his back, causing it to leap and jump. His pants clung tightly to his ass, made all the more desirable because it was still covered.

He slowly turned around towards his audience. Ivan sucked in air. Arnold smiled. Ed had a hard-on that was making its presence known down his right leg. The belt was unbuckled and the long tongue of leather, hanging flaccidly from the loop next to the fly of his pants, served to accentuate the length of flesh outlined against his pant-leg. Ed's chest and abdomen were rippling with strength. The workout of the last two days, coupled with their strategic pump this morning had stayed well with him. Deep cuts divided the various plates of muscle. The belly of his pecs rode high, hovering over his tight, rigid abdomen. His nipples were hard and erect.

He brought his hands to his pecs and pressed them into the wonderful muscles. He moved them down across the nipples,

pinching the hard nubs of flesh roughly as he passed, and then along his sides. They crossed the boundary of his belt and his right hand continued down until it was moving right along the edge of the outline of his cock. He stopped when he got to the head, looked at Ivan, who nodded enthusiastically, and then violently grabbed the thick shaft of flesh and squeezed it as hard as he could. A look of ecstatic agony erupted on his face as though he couldn't stand it a second longer but would not be able to stop. Ivan actually moaned. He caught himself and stifled it, but not before both boys had heard. Ed dropped the agony bit like a dead fish and flashed Arnold a quick smile and a wiggle of the eyebrows so playful and out of context with the seeming agony he had just been in that the other two men burst out laughing.

When they recovered they saw that Ed was again in his 'it hurts so good' act. He began to rub the still encased cock harder, with ever-increasing urgency, until it seemed quite obvious that he was about to cum. At the last possible moment he stopped and crooked his finger at his friend. Arnold stood and walked to the center of the room to join him. Ed grabbed Arnold and turned his back to Ivan.

As he began unbuttoning Arnold's shirt he got very close to him and whispered, "Try not to get hard. I've got a plan."

Arnold chuckled. "Too late. You should have thought of that before. You almost made me cum a second ago."

"Well, try. Work with me on this, okay?"

"Whatever you say, C. B." Arnold was trying very hard not to laugh, but the whole thing had taken on such a surreal quality that he was having a hard time. He knew Ivan would take this all very serious, though. This was his bread and butter. Arnold took several deep breaths and calmed himself, thinking soft thoughts.

Ed had finished unbuttoning Arnold's shirt. For just a moment he stopped to drink in the sight before him. The huge pecs, the hard, flat abdomen with thick slabs of muscles running across. The thick neck that flared out to wonderful, wide shoulders that were capped with melon shaped mounds of rock hard muscles. He pushed his hands up under Arnold's shirt and squeezed those huge piles of flesh and sinew. Then back down and to the plates of strength that adorned his chest. Ed rubbed his hands over their surface and then grabbed each of Arnold's nipples and pinched them hard. Arnold's head flew back and a groan of agony rumbled from his chest. Ed released his friend, placed his hands on either side of the boy's face, pulled Arnold to him and pressed their lips together in a deep, hungry kiss.

When he released him, he glanced over Arnold's huge shoulder at their single audience member. Ivan was staring rapt while pressing the palm of his hand firmly into his groin. His hips were making small, circling motions against the pressure.

Ed winked at Arnold and whispered, "We're rich."

He grabbed Arnold's belt, undid the buckle and then pulled his friend's shirttails out of his pants and let the material fall free. He then reached up to Arnold's shoulders again and pushed the shirt off and to the floor. Ivan was met with the sight of this youth's muscular, broad back. It was etched and divided with a definition that came from plenty of hard, agonizing work. Arnold raised his arms and did a full biceps shot, crunching down on the muscles of his back and making them leap. He then slowly, tensely, lowered his arms to his side and flexed his shoulders and lats, expanding the girth of his back to huge proportions. A sigh from the couch signaled approval. Ed stepped to Arnold's side and began to unfasten the fly of his own

pants. He got down to the last inch of zipper and stopped, his gaze locked on Ivan's eyes. He would not move until Ivan gave the proper response.

Ivan was in great physical agony. His own substantial cock was trying hard to escape. He had never allowed himself to be seen in such a state, but the two boys before him were more than he had been prepared for. Usually new people would drop their clothes, show their stuff and get directions to the gig. These boys were hot. Plans and fantasies raged in his head as he tried to concentrate on the antics of these two studs.

He suddenly realized Ed was staring him right in the eye. What? What was he supposed to do? He was obviously waiting for something. Should Ivan take off his shirt, too? He started to unbutton, but Ed's head shook a subtle 'no'. What? Oh, shit. Of course. Money. Nothing happens without money. He had said it himself. How much did these boys want? And how far would they go? He reached into his back pocket and took out a billfold. It was very thick; all his transactions were handled in cash. He removed two twenties and laid them on the glass table. Ed snorted in derision. He had been insulted. Ivan chuckled at the boy's audacity, took back the twenties and produced a hundred. A small but disdainful smile spread across his lips. Ed had already decided that a hundred would not buy much. One cock. Maybe two.

He finished unzipping, reached into his pant-leg and slowly, agonizingly pulled his thick, aching cock up out of its confinement. It was dark and vein-covered. He shivered as he felt the hot tube of flesh travel up his leg. It hurt to bend it like that to get it out of his pants, but he knew that Ivan would know that as well, and appreciate the point. It bent, it twisted, it finally had to be coaxed up

under the pocket and out from across his hip. When it sprang into view it was aching and rigid, thick and dark. He grabbed it with one hand and squeezed it, watching the head swell. He glanced once more at Ivan and then gave a little squeeze to the head. A small pearl of juice appeared at the upper end of the slit. He took his index finger and wiped the droplet onto it. He began to raise it to his mouth but then stopped and offered it to Ivan.

The man nodded slowly. Ed's gaze flashed to the hundred on the table. Ivan quickly pulled the two twenties back out of his billfold and threw them next to the other bill. Ed thought for a second, shook his head and moved his hand back towards his mouth. Ivan quickly dug out another twenty out and tossed it to its mates. Ed shrugged and slowly walked across the room until he was standing across the coffee table from Ivan, his beautiful, thick cock swinging back and forth before the excited man. Ed's finger extended and Ivan leaned forward, his tongue extended, until he could just barely reach his target. Ed held, making the man lean in even further, awkwardly. Ivan's tongue touched the end of Ed's finger and slowly licked the tiny bead of juice from its tip. Ed held his position and Ivan's tongue flicked again. And again. He placed his hands on the table and leaned in further, taking a little of the finger into his mouth. He began to suck it as though it were a cock, all the time his eyes were locked on the real thing that hovered just before his eyes. Ed squeezed his bladder and rectal muscles and his cock leaped up and down hypnotically. A second drop of juice appeared in the slit. Ivan's eyes shot up to Ed's. How much? Ed shrugged. Name a price. Ivan's wallet opened and a second hundred joined the pile. Ed moved around the end of the table and stopped just out of reach of Ivan's hungry mouth.

Ivan began to reach for the thick shaft of man-flesh but Ed quickly backed away. No hands. Ivan's hands went back to the table and he leaned further towards the wonderful cock before him. Just as he was about to touch the tip of his tongue to the swollen head of Ed's cock, Ed flexed again and a second jewel appeared, this time in the bottom of the slit. Ivan looked up. Would the deal have to be renegotiated? Ed shrugged and thrust his hips towards the man's mouth. Ivan quickly flicked his tongue across the boy's cock, lapping up the two precious droplets. Ed held his position for a few more seconds and allowed the man to brush his lips across the fat mushroom-shaped bulb of flesh. He then stepped back, pushed his pants to his feet and stepped out of them. He was now completely naked.

The sight of him, his muscles, his tight, firm ass, his hard, jutting cock, were more than Ivan could bear. He quickly undid his own pants and pulled them off, flinging them off the end of the sofa. His briefs quickly followed, along with shoes, socks, shirt, tie, undershirt and jacket. He was nicely hung, had good muscle tone and a light covering of hair over his body. His cock looked very close to orgasm and he immediately began to grasp and stroke it. He sat back down on the couch and waited for the next round. There was still this huge stud with the reportedly eleven-plus inch cock. Could he hold off that long? Ed had already done a pretty good job of getting him all heated up.

Ed returned to Arnold, who had stood patiently with his back to the proceedings. He knew nothing of the money on the table or how it had been earned. He had apparently succeeded in thinking soft thoughts because, although his cock seemed to be trying to escape down his pant-leg, it didn't appear to be too inflamed.

Ed undid the button at the top of Arnold's fly and quickly pulled down the zipper, making sure that Ivan could hear the sound. The man was now working his cock with one hand and rolling his balls back and forth with the other. Ed dropped to his knees and slowly ran his hands down the length of Arnold's shaft, pressing the material of the pants hard against the other boy's leg so the shape of it could be discerned from behind. He made a point of rubbing the head to indicate the extent to which it reached. Arnold moaned as the hot length of flesh pressed against his massive thigh. He was getting very horny and wanted very much to have someone pay a lot of attention to his cock. He wondered who it would be.

Ed peered between Arnold's tree trunk-like legs and saw that Ivan could, indeed, tell what he was handling. Ed grabbed Arnold's feet and signaled that he should remove his shoes and socks. Arnold complied and Ed tossed each item away as he removed it. Now came the moment. The pants started to slide down. The waistband cleared the top of Arnold's ass, the crack just showing. With deliberate slowness more and more of Arnold's phenomenal body was revealed. The cheeks of his ass were striated with sinews of muscle. They bulged and jutted firmly, deliciously, seductively. As the waistband reached the bottom curve of those two sensuous mounds of flesh, Ed paused. From his side he could see the base of Arnold's cock. No matter how often he saw it, it still filled him with awe. So thick, even in its flaccid state, it was now a frightening object to contemplate entering any orifice of one's body. He stuck his head around to the side. Ivan was frozen in anticipation. His hand held the shaft of his cock in suspended animation. His breathing was short and expectant. But he wasn't ready yet. A bit more of a tease.

The pants dropped another few inches and the back of Arnold's scrotum came into view, the two huge testicles hanging low. Another inch and then the shaft of his cock appeared beneath the curvature of the balls in their sack. Two more inches and the shaft continued down the pant-leg. The waistband was already halfway to Arnold's knees and still the cock continued. Ed reached through and cradled the huge balls in the palm of his hand, hefting them, his cock leaping to even harder erectness as he contemplated sucking each of the huge egg-sized balls into his mouth. He glanced around Arnold and saw that Ivan was in the process of fishing more bills from his wallet. Several pieces of green paper fluttered to the glass, at least one of them, and possibly all, was a hundred. The pants continued their downward journey.

When the entire length of Arnold's magnificent cock was exposed Ed quickly pulled the pants down and off his friend's legs and Arnold stepped out of them. Ed leaned into the huge cock and licked the head, making sure that Arnold's legs were spread sufficiently to allow Ivan to barely see. The man had renewed his attentions to his own cock and was intent on bringing himself to orgasm. He was out of control. Ed stood up, his own cock sticking forward between Arnold's legs, running through beside the massive organ and the accompanying sack of eggs. He thrust his hips forward and the end of his cock emerged just below the crack of Arnold's ass. Ivan groaned. Arnold groaned.

"If you don't do something real quick I'm going to have an orgasm without even getting hard," he whispered. "You are very sexy."

"Thanks," whispered Ed. "We've already made over four hundred dollars."

“What?”

“Shh. Just stick with me.”

“Lead on, MacDuff.”

Ed backed up, reached out and grasped the end of Arnold’s cock. He held the boy’s shoulder with his other hand to signal that he should not turn around and then began to walk around to his side, pulling the length of flesh with him. The head of Arnold’s cock appeared on his hip, fat, thick, and still slightly flaccid. Ed marveled at his friend’s self-control. He rubbed the head against Arnold’s hip. A small pearl of pre-cum oozed from the slit. Then another. And another. The flow increased and Ed captured a drop on each finger tip until all the fingers of his left hand carried a small, glistening droplet of pre-cum juice. He let go of Arnold’s cock and walked over to Ivan.

Ivan was transfixed. He continued to slam his fist down along his aching cock, but as Ed approached him with yet another collection of delicious droplets, he reached for his wallet and extracted two more hundreds. On the table they went and Ed’s fingers were sucked hungrily into Ivan’s mouth. Again he began to treat each of Ed’s digits as though they were miniature cocks. When he had finished, Ivan’s gaze again turned to the projection between Ed’s legs. Ed was getting pretty hot, himself, and so tolerated a small amount of fellatio, just to break the tension a bit. Ivan’s mouth dove hungrily for Ed’s cock and consumed half the length, sucking and licking and biting and chewing and Ed grabbed Ivan’s head and began thrusting his hips forward, driving his hot, thick cock into Ivan’s mouth. Ivan’s right hand held the base of Ed’s cock. His left was furiously working the length of his own.

Ed sensed that the man was just about to cum and quickly pulled out of the man's mouth. The spell was broken. At least temporarily.

Ivan's voice was hoarse with lust. "You sonuvabitch. Get back here.

"Sit down. This is my cock. If you want to suck it you'll do it the way I want to. Now sit down!"

Both Ivan and Arnold were stunned with the commanding quality in Ed's voice. Ivan fell back into the sofa as if someone had pushed him there, and none too gently, either. Arnold's cock leaped. Something in Ed's voice had jammed itself hard against Arnold's psyche, nudging lustful feelings loose all the way through his brain, down his spinal cord and right out to the end of his cock. The pre-cum was really beginning to flow, now. He didn't know how much longer he was going to be able to hold off an erection. He glanced sideways at Ed who was trying very hard not to smirk. Arnold grinned. He was glad his friend wasn't taking this too seriously.

Arnold slowly turned sideways so he could see Ivan. He tried not to act too surprised when he saw the pile of money on the coffee table. He'd no idea this was what had been going on while his back was turned. Ivan was having trouble trying to figure out how to jerk off and dole out money at the same time.

When he finally got a good look at Arnold's cock, he threw the wallet onto the glass, bills of various denominations sliding from the pocket.

"Fuck it!"

Ed knelt in front of Arnold and, without using his hands, began to nibble on the length of his friend's magnificent penis. Arnold figured that Ed had gotten what he wanted so it was, blessedly, okay

for him to get an erection now. Which he did. In record time. The blood rushed so quickly to the shaft of his cock he actually got a little lightheaded. Ed knew every nook and cranny, every sensitive spot on Arnold's cock and he was hitting them all. Within seconds Arnold's hips were thrusting forward, driving the length of his shaft against Ed's face, slipping through Ed's lips as the boy licked and sucked on various areas of the huge member.

Ivan could stand it no longer. His moans became cries and his cries became grunts and suddenly he was heaving his hips hard against his enclosing fist and shots of cum were pouring from his cock. Some landed on him, some on the leather sofa, some splattered on the glass table, barely missing Mr. Franklin's cheek. He momentarily collapsed back into the sofa, but the sight before him brought him quickly back to life. Ed was kneeling before Arnold, holding the huge cock in both hands, offering it to Ivan, who tried to walk through the coffee table, banged his shins, swore, and hobbled around to Arnold. He knelt next to Ed and slowly, carefully, reached to the hot, raging shaft. Just before his hands made contact he glanced once more at Ed. Was this part of the deal? Ed nodded and Ivan dove onto the huge cock so fast that Arnold let out a loud yell. He tossed his head back and enjoyed the attentions to his neglected cock.

Ed walked around behind Ivan and began to rub his shoulders, his back, his hips, and finally his ass. The man pressed his ass back against Ed's attentions and Ed slowly insinuated his finger down into Ivan's crack. When his finger came in contact with the sphincter muscle, Ivan pulled his mouth off of Arnold's cock just long enough to hiss "Yesssssssss," and then dove back on, he legs straightening

until he was bending over at the waist to continue sucking Arnold's cock.

Ed looked at Arnold, who smiled dumbly and shrugged. He pressed his finger into the man's crack and slowly introduced it into his rectum. Ivan's ass squirmed back against Ed's finger which was soon buried up to the last knuckle. Ed began to work it in and out in time to Ivan's movement on Arnold's cock. He watched as the two men came closer and closer to cumming. He reached down between Ivan's legs and grabbed the man's cock and balls. Ivan gasped so hard he almost inhaled Arnold's cock, Arnold cried out in ecstasy. Ed's cock was really starting to hurt, it was so hard. After driving his finger into Ivan's ass for several moments he pulled it out and pressed the head of his cock against the man.

Ivan pulled Arnold's cock from his mouth and turned his head back towards Ed. "Yesssss," he hissed, and rammed his ass back onto Ed's aching rigid cock. Ed thrust his hips forward at the same time and imbedded himself deep within Ivan's tight asshole. Ivan screamed and then devoured Arnold's cock once again.

The three men started to move in unison and soon were approaching orgasm. Ivan had grabbed his own cock with one hand and was pumping it vigorously. His mouth sucked Arnold deep down his throat where he made swallowing motions that caused Arnold to pound his hips forward more and more quickly.

Arnold tried not to grab Ivan's head very hard, but the level of excitement he was reaching was hard to contain. His hands pressed against the sides of Ivan's head and he had to tense all the opposing muscles to keep from putting all the pressure on Ivan. This caused his body to explode in size. Blood vessels popped up under his skin. Huge mounds of strength bulged on every part of his body. Deep

cuts divided the individual muscles, emphasizing their size even more. Sweat poured off his body, running down his smooth, muscle-stretched skin in rivers.

Ed was straining equally as much and the two boys locked their eyes on each other, drinking in the beauty of the other's throbbing, muscular body. They watched as each other's cock slammed into the body of the man between them. Ivan would pull off of Arnold's cock every once in a while to gasp for breath and groan and moan and yell and swear and beg for deeper and deeper penetration. The two boys remained silent. Or as silent as they could. Small moans of pleasure were occasionally heard, their intensity growing as Ed and Arnold neared their climaxes.

Ivan seemed to be dedicated to devouring as much of Arnold's cock as possible and continually amazed himself and Arnold with the amount of thick, throbbing man-shaft he was taking into his body. Ed's nine inches were stretching his ass to the limits of his endurance and his body strained with painful ecstasy to accommodate it. Ivan's own cock was rock hard and aching. His fist flew furiously up and down the shaft with light, blurring motions. He had seen and been involved in many sexual encounters of a variety the two studs he was now impaled on would have a hard time imagining, but, had he been able to concentrate on the thought, and he surely would at a later time, he would have a hard time remembering being this filled, this involved, this turned on. He would realize, during this future introspection, that the boys were playing his own game. The same thing that turned him on with his theatrical presentations sparked his excitement now. The money, the dealing, the question of what was enough, what would satisfy.

Arnold's cock suddenly increased in girth and his thrusts became even more frantic and driven. Ivan grabbed Arnold's substantial scrotum and began to massage the huge balls within. Arnold let out a huge shout and began pumping large quantities of cum into Ivan's throat. Ivan swallowed as quickly as he could but it was too much for him. He finally had to pull his mouth off the wild, spewing cock and allow the hot, jetting shots of cum to splatter all over his face. He abandoned his own cock and grabbed Arnold's shaft and pumped it, milking out every last drop. He licked and sucked the head where the lava flow was erupting and the hot juice ran across his tongue and down his throat.

Every lick of Ivan's tongue brought an involuntary thrust of Arnold's hips and another shot of sperm. Ivan marveled at the capacity of the boy. If he could shoot like this on stage, there wouldn't be a dry lap in the house. When the flood had subsided he returned his attentions to his own cock and began seriously pumping it again. His balls were churning and he needed to cum very badly.

Ed was very close to achieving his own climax and his thrusts against Ivan's ass were becoming more and more urgent. Each penetration brought with it a loud, deep cry as Ed's hips slammed against Ivan's ass. His aching balls swung forward with each thrust and slapped against the back of Ivan's scrotum, making them sting and ache, increasing the urgency in Ed's movements even more.

Ivan's face was a contortion of pain and bliss. He continued to beg Ed not to stop while desiring his own resolution at the same time. Arnold sensed the man's distress and knelt in front of him, moving in close so that Ivan could lean over the top of Arnold's head and support himself. Arnold then took Ivan's cock into his mouth and rapidly slid it up and down the shaft. Ivan wrapped his

arms around Arnold's huge back and found himself with two handfuls of thick, muscular pectoral muscle. His fingers sought out the hard, rigid nipples and began to twist and pull them. Arnold reacted by doubling his efforts on the man's cock and within seconds was rewarded with several powerful volleys of cum. He also reached between Ivan's legs and grabbed Ed's heavy, swinging scrotum and began massaging the desperately full testicles. One squeeze was all it took. Ed slammed his hips forward one last time, burying his cock to the absolute hilt. Cum poured from his cock so fast he thought he was pissing in Ivan's ass. It was as though Arnold had reached inside him and pulled everything out of him in one handful. He had never felt his balls release their load so quickly. He ground his hips violently against Ivan's ass and, when the mad rush was completed, suddenly softened and slipped out of his repository.

Arnold took all that Ivan gave down his throat. Even when the man had finished cumming, he continued to suck his cock until he was completely soft. Ivan remained bent over Arnold's wide back, enjoying the feeling of his now exhausted cock and the huge muscles he fondled. There was no doubt in Ivan's mind that these boys' performances, and especially Arnold's, were going to be remembered by his clients for a long, long time.

And speaking of long, Ivan wondered about the exact measurement of the huge cock he had just had the agonizing pleasure of sucking off. When he finally recovered enough to find his way back to the sofa, with a little help from the two muscular studs, he managed to gather his thoughts around a couple of ideas for some upcoming events. Arnold and Ed remained standing on the other side of the glass table. The sight of these two huge hunks, their incredible cocks dangling down between their legs, their muscles

bulging even in their relaxed state, was enough to make Ivan's cock stir, if not stiffen, again. He knew a lot of people who would pay big money just for the privilege of looking at the sight he was beholding. He sighed.

"I don't suppose either of you found that little get together we just had in any way out of the ordinary?"

Arnold and Ed glanced at each other and shrugged.

"I thought not. I gather you have sex like that all the time."

"Well, usually it's just Arnie and me. But we've been lucky enough to have some really great partners."

"Are they into show biz as well?"

"I'd like to leave them out of this, if you don't mind. This is just something between me, Ed and you, okay?"

"Of course. I didn't mean to intrude. By the way, that green stuff on the table is yours. I haven't fucked and sucked like that in... well, the memory, if there is one, alludes me. Thank you, by the way."

"Thank you." Ed bent over the table and scooped the bills to him. He didn't want to be rude by counting it, but there seemed to be well over one thousand dollars. If this guy could throw away a grand on a few minutes of fun, he must be loaded. Either that, or he and Arnold were better than they thought. When he had it all together he suddenly felt silly, looking for a pocket to put it in. He finally shrugged and laid the pile down on the table again.

Arnold and Ivan watched him with amusement for a moment and then Arnold focused in on the business arrangements.

"I take it we passed the audition?"

“Arnold, if you two can perform like that in front of an audience, you are assured of many jobs.”

“What’s this thing tomorrow night?”

“You’ll be at the space we call ‘The Arena.’ The conditions are a bit peculiar to those who have never been there. It’s basically a large booth with glass that can not be seen through from the inside. Mostly to do with the lighting. There are several remote control television cameras which allow the audience the opportunity to see events up close. Sound is also piped out via strategically placed microphones.”

“And what is the audience doing while we’re in this fishbowl?”

“You pay me fifteen hundred dollars and you can find out.”

“Fifteen.... Holy shit. How many people do you get in an evening?”

“This is beginning to sound like an IRS audit.”

“Sorry, Ivan. I think Ed is thinking of the business end a bit too much. We don’t mean to pry. Do you ever have any problems with the authorities?”

“None.”

The answer was quick and succinct.

“Ah. I see. Fine.”

“Now I need to ask a few questions. How do you each wish to be billed?”

“Billed?”

“Listed in the programs and publicity.”

“Publicity? You mean like ads in the newspaper?”

“Hardly, my dear boy. Strictly in-house stuff. If I had more time I’d have some photos taken. Next show. Some of my actors prefer using stage names. Can you think of a tag that amuses you?”

Arnold and Ed shrugged. They hadn’t given it any thought, and the idea seemed pretty silly.

“Very well. Arnold and Ed. Easy enough. Everyone will think they’re fake names anyway. Great cover. Now what about personal data? The most interesting statistic is, of course, the size of your cocks.”

“Mine’s nine. Nine-and-a-half on a good day.”

“Arnold? And...be gentle. I don’t know how much more of this my heart...or brain...can take.”

“Eleven-and-a-half.”

“Angels and ministers of grace, preserve us. No wonder my appendix is sore. Two boys, over twenty inches of cock between them. We’ll have them cumming before you even walk into the pit.”

“How do you decide who does what? I mean with the suggestions from the audience and all.”

“I’ve been doing this for many years. That’s why I get the big bucks. If I were to tell you that, you’d be sitting on this sofa right now with a sore throat and an asshole you could drive a Mac truck up. And speaking of which, there’s a full bath with shower through that door over there...should either of you want to hose off before you hit the road, please help yourself. Not that I want to hurry the moment when you cover those magnificent bodies with clothing. I just thought I’d mention it.”

“Thank you. So we just walk into this ‘pit’ and go for it?”

“Basically. Yes. The inspiration of the individuals involved is usually the greatest source of ideas. For the most part I find it best to meddle only when interest is flagging. Other than that, we’re all there to have a good time. And that’s the most important part of all. It’s all just fun. This isn’t brain surgery. We’re not trying to change the world or write the Magna Carta. The whole object of this is to get as many people feeling good at one time as we can.”

“Is your audience mostly men or women?”

“I try to get an equal number of each. I do have special nights that appeal to specific preferences. The nice thing about you two is the broad spectrum you cover. My biggest problem is going to be keeping the rest of my crew away from you boys. Everyone is going to want to perform with you. I’d like to keep you under wraps until the show.”

“Where is this ‘Arena’?”

“You boys be here tomorrow at eight o’clock and we’ll get you over there in our van.”

“I’ve been noticing that you haven’t written anything down. You don’t forget, do you?”

“No, Arnold. Eidetic memory. A blessing and a curse. The blessing is there are no records. The curse is...well, there are no records.”

Ivan let his eyes wander over the two naked hunks standing before him. His right hand moved to his limp cock, seemingly of its own volition, and began to caress and massage the length of flesh. Arnold and Ed looked at each other and then grabbed their own cocks and imitated Ivan’s movements. As Ivan increased his efforts or changed his hand position, the boys did the same. Soon all three cocks were standing out, hard and aching, from their owners’ groins.

“I suggest, gentlemen, we adjourn to the shower room. We’ve already made enough of a mess here.”

Ivan led the way to a door that opened into a shower room as amazingly appointed and out of place as the office it adjoined. It contained a multi-nozzle shower, jacuzzi, a heavy wooden door which led to a sauna, a massage table and several bars, rings and benches the purpose of which was not difficult to discern. The lighting was indirect and the tiles which covered every wall, floor and ceiling were a range of muted tones from brown through deep, rich purples and umbers. The atmosphere was one of subdued sexual conspiracy. Both Arnold and Ed noticed their cocks begin to ache. Again. Something about the room triggered an urgency that lifted them to a higher plane of arousal. This was no accident.

Ed made a beeline for the shower to wash himself off. He had little intention of simply using this room for such a mundane purpose, but he wanted to get himself clean before getting involved again.

Arnold grabbed one of the cross bars and began doing reverse grip pull-ups. Ivan, after washing himself off, sat on a nearby bench and stared, unabashed, at the magnificent sight before him. He lazily ran his hand up and down the length of his own cock in time with Arnold’s movements. As the boy reached the top, squeezing the last drop of effort out of each rep, Ivan’s hand would reach the end of his cock and his hand would squeeze his cock until it ached with delicious agony.

Arnold’s huge cock was iron rod stiff. Its color matched the tones of the room and was throbbing painfully. As he lowered himself to the completion of his set he called out to his friend.

“Hey, Ed. You better get over here. I need your help. I’m really hurting here.”

“Can’t you see I’m busy, Arn? Do it yourself.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah. Go ahead. Unless Ivan wants to give you a hand.”

“Give me a hand? Very funny. Ivan?”

“I’m here only as an observer. I would like to see what inventive ways you’ve developed to alleviate your situation, though.”

Arnold smiled slyly and dropped his feet to the floor. He walked to a bench and sat directly across from and facing Ivan. Ivan’s eyes were locked firmly on the long, hard rod of man-flesh which he had so recently devoured. The memory of how it had filled his mouth, the taste, the smell, made his balls ache. He had no patience. He wanted to see what Arnold would do.

Arnold sat with legs spread. He grabbed his cock with both hands and began to stir it around through the air, putting more and more inward pressure on it as it ached to be pushed against something. He made larger and larger circles with it until it was scraping the edge of the bench he was sitting on at the lower arc of its travel and coming nearer and nearer to his torso in its upper arc. His eyes closed dreamily and he began to moan and hum.

“Ooo, yeah. Oh. My cock hurts so much. Ooo, it hurts, real good. Look at my balls, Ivan. See how swollen they are? They feel so heavy. So full. I gotta cum real bad, Ivan. I gotta make myself cum. Oh, it’s so hot. It’s burning my hands, Ivan. Ooo, it hurts. So good. So good. I want to touch my cock to my pecs, Ivan. You ever touch your cock to your nipple like this? Rub it along the bottom of

your pec like this? You see my big pecs, Ivan? Big pecs. Watch ‘em get real big. See? You see my pecs swell up like that? I like it when my nipple touches the head of my cock like this. And then I press my cock into my pec, so hard. Oooo. So hard. So big. I gotta cum, Ivan. Gotta cum. I’m gonna suck my own cock, now, Ivan. I gotta suck it and make myself cum. You see someone suck their own cock before. Mmmmm. Mmmmmm!”

Arnold opened his mouth and took the head and top two inches of the shaft into his mouth and began working it in and out. His tongue was licking and lapping around the head, drinking in the pearls of juice that appeared frequently at the deep slit in the head. The huge glans pushed into his mouth, stretching his lips open. Every time his mouth or tongue came in contact with the massive cock his natural reaction would be to straighten up and throw his head back in ecstasy, so he had to force himself to keep his head down. Every so often he would raise his head and take a deep breath, expanding his chest to huge proportions, his muscles tensed to increase the effect, both visual and sensual, and then dive back onto the dark, throbbing pole. His actions became more desperate, his moans and slurping more furious. His head drove down onto the shaft again and again, each time accompanied by a deep grunt.

The shaft, which his hands were rapidly sliding up and down in time with the motions of his mouth, was becoming darker and more blood-engorged. Huge veins mapped the surface and pulsed with the ever increasing beat of his heart. The thick tube, which ran up the back of the shaft and would soon be carrying the blasts of cum as they rocketed from his balls, began to dilate and the circumference of the entire shaft grew noticeably. Arnold lifted his head off his gigantic member and looked knowingly at Ivan. Ed was standing

just behind the seated man and was working his own substantial cock. The two boys locked eyes and with a small nod, drove themselves on to a joint orgasm. Arnold's hands flew up and down the shaft, his mouth sucking violently on the head. The pitch of his vocal efforts rose incrementally as he quickly neared his moment. He could hear Ed's breathing and cries matching his own. He locked onto the sound of it and gauged himself.

Ed opened his mouth and cried out as his orgasm began. Arnold scrunched down on all his muscles, tensing and causing them to bulge dramatically. The added sensual input was enough to drive him over the edge and he felt the first volley of white-hot sperm come soaring up the length of his cock. It seemed to take forever.

At the last moment he pulled his head up off his cock and aimed it directly at Ivan's face. He pumped and squeezed with his hands and shot after shot of sperm flew out in huge globs from the head of his cock and landed on various parts of Ivan's head and body. At the same time, Ed's own load of cum was pulverizing the back of Ivan's neck. This proved to be too much for Ivan to stand. Without even intending to, his own cock began to shoot long, gooey strings of cum out, several of which were propelled powerfully enough to land on Arnold. Back and forth the volleys went until all three were spent.

Ivan was overcome. He fell back against Ed, who caught him and laid him down on the bench. It had been many years since Ivan had cum like that (and cum like that...and cum like that). He marveled at how turned on he was, even now. These two boys were going to make an awful lot of people happy. They were also going to break a lot of hearts. He opened his eyes and was met with the cock stiffening sight of the two beautiful hunks standing over him, their

semi-erect cocks still grasped firmly in their hands. He raised his own hands and cupped the long, loose scrotums of this amazing pair. He fondled them, caressed them, squeezed them ever so gently, knowing, himself, how this felt. Arnold's huge cock hung down over Ivan's wrist. It was so hot. It trembled, as though with an energy that would make it ready to go again in an instant.

"You boys are going to have a homicide on your hands if you keep that up. You know that, don't you?"

"Arnold. I do believe our friend, here, is complaining. Perhaps we shall have to teach him a real lesson."

"Oh, Edward. Don't you think he's suffered enough?"

"I don't know. Look."

All three sets of eyes traveled to Ivan's groin. Ivan was the most surprised of all to see that he was, again, acquiring a raging hard-on.

"I do believe our observer has not observed enough. Arnold?"

"Personally, I could use a bit more relief."

"Such as...?"

"Ivan?"

"Don't look at me. There is nothing, and I mean nothing, that I could do to that monster of yours that you haven't already done."

"Oh, Ivan. You do flatter yourself. I believe my friend, Arnold here, was hoping that you might know of the existence of someone, female if I'm not mistaken. Arnold?"

"Preferably, yes."

"I thought so. Yes. Some female who might be interested in being impaled on Arnold's eleven-and-a-half inch penis. Am I correct, Arnold?"

“Why, I do believe you have hit it spot on, Edward. Yes. That is exactly what I had in mind. Do you suppose you might be able to assist us, Ivan?”

Ivan was laughing, so was unable to respond vocally. But he waved his assurance that he could make the arrangements. He slowly sat up and, with the help of the other two, made his way to a wall phone which was concealed inside a cabinet. As he was waiting for his call to be answered he asked

“How many should I have join us? One? Two? Six?”

“Edward, will you be interested in this?”

Ed glanced down at his own rigid cock and smiled. “Why, yes, Arnold. I do believe I could be persuaded to participate. Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome, Edward. Seven, Ivan.”

“Ha. We’ll start with two and see how you feel after that. I trust your tastes in women run parallel to your taste in men?”

“Just don’t bore us, Ivan. Just don’t bore us.”

“Hello, Carroll, Ivan here. Could you check around down there and tell me if Nancy and Barb are there? They are. Great. Could you send them upstairs please. And tell them not to shower. Yes, Carroll, that’s correct. Good. Thank you. Good-bye.”

Ivan hung up the phone and glanced back and forth at the two boys. The look in his eye told Ed and Arnold all they needed to know.

“While we’re waiting for their arrival, I was just wondering something. Arnold. How much weight do you use when you workout on the cable flies?”

“That depends on what I’m doing it for. Cosmetic pump or deep work.”

“What do you think your maximum would be?”

“I suppose if I didn’t have to do too many reps I could handle three hundred and thirty-four each arm.”

Ivan’s jaw almost dropped low enough to hit his constantly engorged cock. “What? Three hun...?!? Oh my God! I figured you were strong, but...”

Arnold was pleased but also a bit suspicious of Ivan’s reaction. “Why?”...with one eyebrow raised.

Ivan had to let his head clear of the highly sexual vision he was generating in his producer-mind.

“Errr...Well...” he stammered. “Seeing you on that pull-up bar reminded me of a suggestion one of my patrons had a couple of weeks ago. Did you ever see those Italian Hercules films?”

“Bad acting and worse script?”

“Exactly. If you’ll recall, the one thing they always had was Hercules hooked up to a couple of chariots with horses trying to pull him apart. Now I’m not into livestock on stage, but something along those lines would be incredibly interesting to the crowd I’ve got coming this weekend. How would you feel about being some ancient queen’s captive but non-compliant sex slave?”

“As in ‘If you won’t fuck me I’ll teach you a lesson you big, well-hung stud’?”

“Arnie, you’re making my cock ache,” Ed said in his best Scarlett O’Hara.

“Come here, you big well-hung stud.”

“Flattery will get you everywhere.”

Ed walked over to Arnold, who grabbed Ed's rigid prick, dropped to his knees and sucked it into his mouth. Ed let out a yelp and grabbed onto Arnold's bobbing head.

"Oh, yeah. Suck my cock. Suck it. Harder. Harder. Yeah. Oh, suck it. Oh, shit. Yeah. Yeah. Unh...unh...unh...unh...unh...unh... unh...unh...oh...oh...don't stop...don't stop...You...You stopped. Suck me. Suck me!"

"Now, Edward. I think it would be very rude if Ivan's two friends were to show up and you were not ready to entertain. Isn't that so?"

"My apologies, Arnold. I just can't imagine what came over me. Of course. We must think of our guests."

Just then there was a knock on the door. Ivan walked, or rather hobbled, over and opened it. In the doorway stood two very well-developed and very naked young ladies. They had apparently been tipped off to the reason for their being asked to come up. They also had obviously been called up in the middle of a workout session. Their bodies were covered with sweat, their breathing deep, their muscles pumped and huge. Their firm breasts rode high on their well-developed chests and thick, muscular legs rose from the floor and met at hairless, swollen cunts. They took one look at their intended sex partners and gasped. Then, for nothing better to do, the two women struck poses.

"Gentlemen. May I introduce Nancy and Barb. Nancy. Barb. This is Ed and Arnold"

"Pssst. Arnie? What do you suppose they're doing, there?" "I don't know, Ed. It must be some sort of local mating custom. I think it would be best if we responded."

The two boys struck similar poses and the women moaned.

“Ladies, these two young men have caused me enough misery today, with no sign of letting up. They are, as they say, inexhaustible.”

Barb turned to Ivan and said, “Sounds like a personal problem, Ivan.”

“So far it has been. I trust you’ll be able to take care of them for me.”

“We’ll see what we can do.”

“Good.”

“Well, Ed. It’s been nice knowing you.”

“But I’m too young to die, Arnie.”

“Don’t worry, boys. Barb and I won’t hurt you. Much.”

“Arnie. I have a sudden need to be hurt.”

“Me, too. Nancy?”

“Fine with me. Barb?”

“Like you’ve got a choice.”

“Enough stalling. Ladies. Finish them off.”

“This is going to be fun.”

CHAPTER 47: SAM

“Hi. Welcome to The Pump House. I’m Chuck, the manager.”

“Hi. I’m Sam and this is Ed.”

“May I help you two?”

“I hope so. We’re trying to track down an old friend. Some people I talked to yesterday said they thought he might have just become a member here.”

“What’s his name?”

“Arnold...”

“You just missed him. He left about five minutes ago.”

“Figures.”

“Said he’d be in tomorrow at nine, though. Are you related? You remind me of him.”

“Not in the literal sense, no. We do have common bonds, though. I don’t suppose you could tell us where he lives, could you?”

“Sorry. Not allowed to give out any personal information. He’ll be here at nine tomorrow morning. You can see him then.”

“Okay. Thanks. In case he checks in or something could you tell him Sam and Ed are looking for him?”

“Be glad to. You want to leave a phone number?”

“Good idea.”

“Why don’t you write it down here.”

“Sure. Thanks.”

“Okay. I’ll give this to him if he comes in. But you can definitely catch him tomorrow morning.”

“At nine. Right.”

“Anything else I can help you with?”

“Well...we were just wondering if he was...you know...”

“Beautiful?”

“Yeah. I mean, inside.”

“Didn’t get a chance to talk to him too much, but he seemed real friendly. As far as the outside; nothing but slack jaws and tight crotches around here from the moment he walked in.”

“That’s our Arnie. Good to know he’s still in top form.”

“When did you last see him?”

“Ten years ago.”

“People can change a lot in ten years. But I would have guessed right off that you two were friends of his. Like I said, you look related or something. Got a good aura or something.”

“Thanks. We’ll take that as a compliment. So tell him we’ll see him tomorrow, okay?”

“Sure thing. You two are welcome to hang out here for a while. His workout partner should be back soon. I think they went to grab a bite to eat. Peter’s due back in a little while.”

“Peter?”

“Yeah. Formerly ‘the kid’.”

“Figures.”

“What’s up, Sam?”

“Nothing, Ed. Just another one of life’s stupid tricks. I think we’ll just wait and see him tomorrow.”

“You sure, Sam?”

“Yeah. Thanks again for your help, Chuck.”

“No problem.”

“Thanks, Chuck. See ya.”

“Come on, Ed.”

“So who’s this Peter?”

“A guy I got involved with about a year ago. While you were back east. He reminded me of Arnold when we first met.”

“Were you two lovers?”

“We tried. But he was so confused about who he was and who he wanted to be with.”

“And the old Sam magic wasn’t able to crack the code, huh?”

“I tried so hard. I was so in love with his gentle heart. But I was at a loss to figure out what *he* needed.”

“Oh, Love. That must have been very painful for both of you.”

“I finally had to let him walk away. It was one of the most painful things I’ve ever done. Almost like having to let Arnold go after our first and only day together.”

“It seems letting go of Arnold is always a hard thing. Hopefully both of us will find some healing in this.”

“Oh, Ed. I miss him so much. My heart is breaking just knowing he is here and I can’t see him.”

“It’s gonna be alright, Sam. The one thing I learned from my time with him...”

“You were able to go so deep with him...”

“The one thing I learned is that, with Arnie, everything is always alright. Always.”

“Oh, Ed. I love you so much. Thank you for being my bridge to love. Yeah. It will be alright.”

“Come on, Sam. Let’s go home. I could really use some magic time.”

CHAPTER 48: FLASHBACK

“We’ve got a job.”

“Both of you?”

“Yup. Arnie’s not as untrainable as we originally thought. But we’ll have to start him off slow.”

“They even let me play with sharp, pointy objects and small furry animals at the same time.”

“You boys want to fill me in on this?”

“Actually, Mary, we can’t.”

“Can’t?”

“Yeah. We’re doing some...er, private contracting.”

“They made us sign NDA’s.”

“I get the feeling I don’t want to know about this.”

“See, Arnie. Beautiful *and* smart.”

“When do you start?”

“I think we started this afternoon.”

“You think?”

“Well, we drew our first paycheck.”

“You started today and got paid today. This is sounding like I can figure this out a bit too easily. Just tell me. Are you boys okay? There’s not any trouble here, is there?”

“We’re fine, Mary. We wouldn’t do anything to bring shame upon your household. It’s all fun. Nothing serious. It’s just better if we don’t talk about it too much.”

Mary glanced back and forth at the two boys. Aside from the fact that they looked just a bit worn out, they appeared fine. She

shook her head and resigned herself to the role of innocent bystander. Arnold and Ed laughed and closed in on her from either side, embracing her with their huge, thick arms. She snuggled into the hug, enjoying the press of their muscles against her own hard body.

“I hope your friends last night had a good time.”

Ed shrugged. “They seemed to enjoy themselves. I was a little worried, though.”

“How so?”

“After spending the last few months making love to and being made love to by the three hottest bodies in several states, I didn’t know if I was going to be too spoiled to enjoy a lover of lesser stature.”

“Are you saying that David, Arnold and I have ruined you?”

“Well, that’s what I was afraid of. But it turned out to be just the opposite. I am so much better at lovemaking that I scared myself several times. You three have really opened me up.”

“You’ve done a lot of work yourself, Ed. Dave and I were talking about it last night after we left you downstairs. As a matter of fact, we both had to admit to a slight tinge of jealousy. You two have spoiled us pretty bad, as well.”

“I think that has more to do with Mr. Spaceman here than me.”

“C’mon, Ed. You remember what happened last night. That was you, all the way.”

“What’s this about.”

“Oh, nothing, Mary. Ed just generated enough electricity last night to make us both pop our corks, no-hands style.”

“Ooo. Ed. What’s your secret.”

“You guys. I didn’t do anything. If anything I was just so busy looking at this hunk here I lost my concentration and it just slipped out. I don’t know what his problem was.”

“I think the biggest problem you’ve got, Ed, is getting used to how good you are. I certainly have had some wonderful times with you. And look who I’m married to. David says the same thing. After he makes love with you he comes and tells me the great things you do together.”

“Well, thanks. But you’re all crazy if you think I did this all by myself. I know what I was like when I first got here. Hell, I tried to get Arnie to slam his fist through my face ‘cuz I was too chicken shit to do it myself. Having you and Arnie and David to learn from has saved my life. I know. And I want to thank you for it.”

“Gee, Arnold. How do you think we should extract payment?”

“Actually, Mary, we’re on the wagon tonight.”

“What!”

“Come on, Ed. Tomorrow night is too important. We’ve gotta be rested up. I mean, you can do what you want, but I’d really like it if you were as ready as I am tomorrow.”

“This is starting to sound awfully suspicious, you two.”

“Everything’s fine, Mary. Trust us. Arnie and I have investigated this thing *fully*...”

“To coin a phrase.”

“Cool it, Arnie. And we’re both satisfied.”

“You’re just full of euphemisms tonight, aren’t you Ed?”

“Well, I’m satisfied. Aren’t you?”

“I’m pretty set. For a little while, anyway.”

The two boys tried very hard to stifle their laughs, but it only made it worse. They were laughing so hard they ended up falling over each other to the floor.

“Well, I hope you can tell me about this sometime. In the meantime, have you had dinner?”

“Yeah. We ate out!” It got worse.

“Well, there’s hot food in the oven. Just save some for David. He’s working late tonight.”

“Okay, Mary. Thanks.”

“Yeah. Thanks. Come on, Arnie. Let’s hit the gym for a little while before we go to sleep. My legs are feeling a little neglected after the last few days.”

“Fine. But it’s jock strap and gym shorts time. I don’t want any distractions.”

“Jeez, Arnie. You’d think all I want to do is get my hands on your body.”

“Thought never crossed my mind, Ed. Especially tonight. Say goodnight, Ed.”

“Goodnight, Ed.”

“You two boys take care. And if I don’t see you before you leave tomorrow, good luck. Whatever this is.”

She kissed them both goodnight, reaching down as she embraced them and running her hand up and down the length of each of their cocks which were still hanging free in their pant legs. Each of them pressed their bodies against hers and enjoyed feeling the power of her magnificent body. Several times today they had mentioned how they wished they could have Mary and David to

work with in Ivan's performances. They doubted Ivan had anything to compare to the show the four of them could put on.

"Mary?"

"Yes, Ed."

"I ever tell you I lie in bed sometimes and cum just thinking about you?"

"You're such a liar, Ed."

"I know, but it's a great fantasy. Good night. Come on, Arnie. Let's get big legs."

"Right behind you, Ed. I just need to talk to Mary for a second, okay?"

"Sure. See you downstairs."

Arnie turned back to Mary. The look on his face was not the carefree one of just a few seconds ago. Mary still had her hand pressed firmly against the hawser of flesh that ran down his leg. When she caught his expression she slowly pulled her hand away.

"What's up, my lovely man?"

"I got a letter from Sam today. School starts week after next. She'll be back in town a week from Tuesday."

"You don't seem as overjoyed as I would have expected you to be."

"It's too soon. I'm not ready for her yet."

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about. But this sounds like something between you two."

"I know. I can't even explain it to myself properly. It's just a feeling. Sam will be here on Tuesday. I'll be gone on Monday."

It took a moment for the news to sink in. But when it did, the reaction was overwhelming. Tears sprang from Mary's eyes and she

sat heavily in a nearby chair. Arnold knelt on the floor before her and took her hands in his.

“Mary? Mary? What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. I had suspected this was coming. We both did. It doesn’t make it any easier, though.”

“I’m sorry, Mary. I didn’t think you would take it so...so...”

“Hard? Yeah. Me neither. You’re just a house guest, right? Some poor slob we let sleep in our basement and work in our gym and eat our meals and have the kind of sex with you don’t even read about in books it’s so amazing. You know what it’s going to be like not having sex with you?”

“I assume just great.”

“Huh?”

“Well, if I I’ve been doing this right, you and David should be having the best sex together you’ve ever had in your lives. Right?”

“As a matter of fact, yes. And we both know it has something to do with you. But that doesn’t mean it’s going to be any easier not having you around. And it’s not just that big cock of yours, although, God knows it certainly is a crowd-pleaser. When we invited you to stay here we thought we would take you in and teach you a few things about life, about love, about sex. Turns out we were the ones going to school. I don’t know if I want to graduate yet.”

“I’ve learned so much from you and David. And Ed. The three of you have been so good for me. And what Ed said about his fantasies of you, that actually is the case with me. On several occasions I’ve had an orgasm without touching myself. Once I thought about Sam. But the first two times it was you. If I weren’t

committed to this thing tomorrow night I'd have both our clothes off right now, pressing my body against your incredible physique, my mind against your beautiful mind. I will never forget what you did for me my first night here. I know what I want now. You and David have helped make that very clear to me and there is nothing, absolutely nothing I could do to repay you enough."

"How do you do it?"

"What?"

"You've got me so hot right now I'm about ready to cum with you just holding my hands."

"You're a very sexy woman, Mary. I'm a very sexy man. That's all. It always runs close to the surface. Save it for David. He'll probably need a bit of a treat after his long, hard day at the office."

"Please, don't say 'long hard.'"

"Sorry."

"What about Ed?"

"Go ahead and ask him. This training table stuff isn't his idea. He'd jump at the chance."

"I mean what about Ed when you leave? Will he go with you?"

"Don't know. That's up to Ed. I haven't told him this yet. I wanted to see how this week goes. He seems to have jumped in with both feet, though. He could decide to stick with it and stay in town. We'll know more after Saturday night. I've been dropping hints to him about not overstaying our welcome, though. Let him get his head screwed on straight about me leaving first and then he can probably give you an idea about his plans."

"Where will you go?"

“Not sure. A little more travel, see more of the country. ‘I am but an egg.’”

“What are you going to do about money? I know you didn’t come here with a whole lot of cash.”

“I’ll be all right. If everything goes well on Saturday I should be set for a while.”

Mary studied him for a few minutes, drinking in the sight of his beautiful face; feeling the warmth of his hands on hers. His departure was going to leave a big hole in her soul. And David’s. They both had grown to love these two boys so much. Had she ever told them that? Better not wait until it’s too late.

“Arnie?”

“Yeah, Mary.”

“I need to tell you how much David and I love the two of you. Really love you. Physically and emotionally. You two have filled our lives with so much wonderful energy, so much joy. I love you, Arnold. David does, too.”

“I love you both, also. And I’m sure Ed would kick my butt if I didn’t say the same goes for him. When we’re lying in bed at night we talk about you two. You’re both such beautiful people. Inside and out. And no one has ever done as much for me or as much for Ed as you two. Ed meant what he said. You two saved his life.”

“How much of this do you want me to tell David?”

“As much as you like. I’ve got no secrets.”

“Except from Ed.”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. It’s just that he’s a little nervous about this job thing and...”

“You’re afraid he’ll get mad and ruin it for you?” Arnold nodded sheepishly.

“Yeah. I’m afraid he won’t want to work with me when he finds out I’m leaving.”

“Don’t you think that’s a choice best left up to Ed?”

“I guess so.”

“Don’t underestimate him, Arnie. He’s surprised us so many times in these past few months. He’ll probably surprise you again. Quit trying to protect him. If you’re leaving then he’s going to be on his own soon, anyway. We’re not his parents. Only his lovers. He’ll probably be able to take it a lot easier if he knows you’re leveling with him. If he gets the feeling you don’t trust him he’s liable to react much more irrationally. I know I would.”

“It’s strange. He’s only a few weeks younger than me, but I’ve always felt like he was my baby brother or something.”

“Ooo. Incest, huh?”

“Good point. I should know better. Okay. I’ll talk to him tonight. But don’t be surprised if you find me sleeping on the couch tomorrow morning.”

“If either of you need a warm anything, you know where our bedroom is.”

“Thanks, Mary. I’ve gotta admit, I’m not looking forward to life without you and David to smooth out the bumps in the road. To say you’ll be missed would be the understatement of the century. But you will be.”

“Same here.”

“I’d better get downstairs before Ed thinks I decided to keep you for myself. Good night.”

“Good night, love. Good luck tomorrow.”

“Thanks. But I think I’ll need more of it tonight.”

CHAPTER 49: PATTY

It hadn't been half as bad as she had thought it would be. But it was a million times worse than it should have been. Patty had said her peace to her sister, laid out what she thought of her getting involved again with a guy who had dumped her with a kid years ago. She ran down a quick list of the things she was fucking up by doing it and finished with Bob. She then had been very honest and open about her own feelings for her sister's husband and what she hoped would be the outcome of all this. It was at that point her sister had broken down, fallen against the front of Patty's car and began screaming and crying, kicking and swearing. She then launched herself against Patty, all ten nails bared and ready to rip skin. Patty calmly grabbed her sister's wrists, slowly forced her to her knees before her on the driveway and then kneeled down to face her.

"You don't have a prayer against me. Not with your stupid fingernails, not with your husband, and not with your kids. I suggest you do something right for once in your life, get your ass in the house, talk this out with Bob, make your move clean and quick and let the innocent get on with their lives."

"You cunt. How dare you tell me what to do. You don't have the slightest idea what this is all about."

"It's about people, honey. That much I know. It's time you started thinking about someone else besides yourself. The day you started making babies, that was the day you should have realized there was more in the world besides your own insecure need to force a man to take care of you by getting pregnant. You've been blowing off men and babies ever since. Well, Betty, times up. And, surprise. You've got a family to support. Bob's got a plan. Go talk with him

about it. Or better yet, go and just listen to what he has to say and then do it because if you don't, things are going to get real ugly for you and Bob and the kids. And if you have any thoughts about blowing off the kids, just remember how fucked up you are now. Because that's how fucked up your kids are going to be. Just like we were. Just...like...us."

Her last three words were each driven home by a sharp, painful jab of Patty's forefinger to the area of Betty's left shoulder. Betty crumpled in a sobbing heap against the door of the car. Patty's admonitions washed over her like a tidal wave, leaving nothing but searing truth in its wake. Patty almost felt sorry enough for her to give her a reassuring little hug, but decided it would seem condescending. She helped Betty to her feet and pushed her towards the front door. Betty went back inside without turning around to see her sister back out of the driveway and disappear around the corner.

Patty forced herself not to stop at the intersection to see if Betty was heeding her suggestion or not. She headed through the subdivision and made it out onto the freeway north. After several exits she pulled off at a gas station/grocery store and bought a soda just to have something to do. She was feeling very confused and needed to distract her attention from the storm brewing on her horizon. Her head was flooded with flashes and images of the present, past and future; none of which seemed to add up to anything she could make sense of.

Her relationship with her sister had always had an adversarial quality to it; both of them constantly jealous of what the other had. Was her seduction of/by Bob just one more aberration of that rivalry? She doubted it, simply because she could not recollect

having any desires for Bob before today. At least none that she was conscious of.

Certainly she liked him. He had always been so nice to her. They had always been very straightforward with each other. At least she had thought so. How could she have been so blind. Had she just denied what had been so obvious because he was married to her sister?

“That’s Betty’s husband. He can’t be looking at me like that. He can’t be thinking those thoughts. He only wants to see my body to admire the work I’ve put into it, to inspire himself in his own efforts.”

And what efforts! He was so hard. So cut up. So defined. So very, very hard. Her sister was an idiot. How could she not want to have him? Just the thought of his sleek, sinewy body pumping against hers, ramming his hot, hard cock deep within her, sent an overwhelming wave of energy screaming through her body, from her cunt outwards to the very tips of her fingers and toes. How fast. How powerful. How intense. She had been his fantasy, just as her new neighbor hovered on the horizon of her own sexual dreams.

And then there was that. She had been all set to get herself involved with that amazing hunk of sexuality, had been obsessing on it all day long. And now, here was this other man, someone she cared very much about.

Peter.

No.

Bob.

Oh, shit.

Peter.

What the hell was she going to do about him? Had she ever made such a fool of herself? There she was, trying to seduce a gay

man. But he had been so sexy, so open, so...there. Was that it? Had he just been 'there' after she had come under the spell of Arnold's eleven-and-a-half inch cock? That might be part of it, but there had been something else going on there, as well. Perhaps he had been subject to the same enchantment. She certainly hadn't forced him. He truly had enjoyed himself, up to a point. And the fact that he couldn't cum had made it all the more poignant. Her mothering instincts had definitely kicked in. Mama Patty was going to make everything all right. Just like with Bob.

This was getting crazy. There was no sense beating herself up about any of this. It had all happened, no one had held a gun to anyone's head. No one was hurt who hadn't already set themselves up for it (i.e.: Betty). And there were no secrets. That was the best part. She had done her best to be as honest as possible about this whole thing. And of course, that made everything okay, right? Hah. But there was that, at least. The bottle of soda had been drained long ago. She tossed the empty in the recycling bin and walked back to her car. She was suddenly very tired and very angry. So much had happened today there seemed no way to get a handle on it.

She was reaching for the car door handle when a loud, flashy car squealed its tires as it pulled around the side of the store. The driver honked the horn and shouted some indistinguishable but obviously lewd comment at her as he drove by. She flipped him the finger, wishing she still had the recently discarded soda bottle. Wonderful images of the glass breaking against the rear quarter panel and screwing up the obviously expensive paint job popped across her inner eye.

As she dropped her hand to her side she felt even more angry as the futility of her revenge occurred to her. Just one more thing in her life she didn't seem to have any control over.

So. Here she was. She had driven all the way down the coast to spend the night at her sister's house and now she didn't even have that. No bed, no dinner, no sister. There was little doubt in her mind she had seen her sister for the last time. At least for quite a while. She thought about how that made her feel and got mad again because she didn't feel mad. Her only living kin and she couldn't even feel mad about not seeing her again.

There was a plethora of bad road food to choose from at this exit, nothing came close to seeming appealing. Her stomach rumbled a bit so she went back into the store and bought a bag of corn chips. That would at least get her to a decent meal.

She heard the squeal of tires and the gunning of engine as she was heading back out to her car and knew what would come rounding the corner of the building. As the amazingly obnoxious vehicle came into view it slammed on the brakes and the driver, a large, slimy looking man about her own age and height but almost twice her body weight jumped out of the car even before the vehicle had finished rocking to a stop. Patty could see there was at least one other occupant in the front seat, the back seat was obscured by the heavy tinting which covered all the windows.

The sound system in the car was blasting away. The bass speakers unnaturally boosted; her stomach felt the impact of each stomp of the kick drum. For a moment the man leaned against the side of his car, running his equally slimy gaze over her body. Patty did the same, and made no effort to hide her disgust at what she saw. For some inexplicable reason the man interpreted her obvious

repulsion as some sort of invitation and waddled his way towards her. Patty had no idea what she could do that wouldn't generate some sort of confrontation; the jerk didn't seem to have very good social interpretive skills. And she, herself, had just about enough encountering to last her for a long, long time. She turned on her heels and headed back to the store.

She felt a large, moist hand grab her upper arm. She froze. Her gaze slowly dropped to the hand and then followed it up the arm and to the gaze of the man holding her. Having already appraised the physical aspects of her assailant, she had little doubt that she could do him major bodily harm with little effort on her part. The fact that he had been dumb enough to initiate contact told her he was a bigger fool than he was big. The hand was fleshy and soft, as was his face. The eyes were imbedded deep in flesh that lay in folds around them. She wondered if anyone in the store was watching what was going on, in case she needed witnesses.

Again, her look of disgust seemed to be misinterpreted and he began to pull her towards him. She held her ground and began to slowly flex her arm, causing her huge biceps to swell beneath the man's grip. At first he squeezed harder, but as the muscles continued to expand well past what he expected his grip slowly released and it dropped to his side.

A voice from inside the car yelled something which Patty could not understand and her assailant waved his hand behind him to silence his partner. He smiled at Patty with what he obviously hoped was disarming grace. The yellow of his nicotine stained teeth glowed oddly in the sodium vapor lights of the parking lot. Was there a woman in the world who would enjoy having this man's attentions wallowed on her? Patty doubted it. But still he persisted.

She had hoped she would not have to resort to actually speaking with this slob, but he just wasn't getting the message.

"There is nothing, and I mean nothing, you have to offer which would have the remotest chance of lowering the level of disgust and revulsion I am feeling right now. I suggest you go back to the car and tell your friends that I'm a man in drag so you don't lose face and then get the fuck out of my sight before you make me puke all over you."

"¿Que?"

Fuck!

Her best put down in years, wasted. Now what? The man continued to smile, waiting for her to what...translate? No such luck, compadre. She wondered what her award winning put down would sound like in Spanish. She also wondered if her assailant was faking it. She didn't want to get to know him that well.

She was about to reconsider her options when she saw a patrol car pull into the lot. It parked at the side of the building and the driver got out. It was a woman. She was nearly as tall as Patty and it was obvious that she was a bodybuilder, herself. Her thick, black hair was pulled back into a tight bun leaving her wide, oval face open for view. Her deep eyes were moving quickly back and forth, assessing the situation and her body language was shouting that she was not one to be messed around with. She came over to Patty and asked her if she needed any help.

"We seem to have a little language problem here."

The officer turned her attention to the man who had backed off several paces as she had approached. She seemed to choose her words carefully and spoke them extremely slow, as if she was not very familiar with the language. It had the desired affect, though.

The man said something to the officer, nodded his head in Patty's direction, said something which sounded apologetic and returned to his car. Patty and the officer watched the car pull out of the parking lot and drive away down the road.

"You okay?"

"Fine. Your timing is impeccable."

"We got a call from someone inside the store. I was just getting on the freeway at the next exit south. This isn't the first time this particular individual has tried to assault women at this location. Looks to me like he picked the wrong victim this time, though."

"I would have had an easier time if I'd been able to communicate with him. It's lucky you speak the lingo."

"Comes with the territory. You just passing through?"

"Yeah."

"You're name is Patty, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Do we know each other?"

"I went up against you at the South Coast Regionals last year. Name's June."

"Right. I remember you. You got best newcomer. You still in the biz?"

"Yep. Got even more committed after that contest. When I saw all those winning bodies, I got real fired up."

"Winning bodies. Right."

"You got screwed."

"No shit. I haven't felt that bad until just a few minutes ago. Did you sign the petition for all women judges?"

“You bet. It’s about time we started taking charge of our own contests. Men have been dictating how our bodies should look long enough.”

“So how’s your training going?”

“I’m coming along. Still not quite up to your standards, but I’m happy with my progress. How about you?”

“I decided not to compete anymore. The whole experience made me feel kind of filthy. I’m happy just maintaining my body and running the gym.”

“The Pump House, right?”

“Yeah. You ever make it up that way, you should stop in. Most people find it a fairly unique experience.”

“I’ve also heard that I shouldn’t be seen hanging with all you renegades if I’m serious about competing.”

“The outcasts of the outcasts. Do what you gotta do.”

“Speaking of which, what do you have to do?”

“Well, I was just contemplating that when our friend arrived on the scene. I guess I should think about finding a hotel. But first priority is a decent restaurant. Slim pickings around here. You got any suggestions?”

“Nothing but freeway food for miles. North *and* south. I’ve got a better idea. If you can wait a bit, I’ll be off duty. We can go over to my place and I’ll whip you up some real grub.”

“That sounds like too much trouble. I don’t want to bother you.”

“No trouble. I don’t get a chance to hang with other bodybuilders very often because of my job. And women bodybuilders even less. To tell the truth, I’ve been looking forward

to meeting you for some time. To a lot of us girls you're sort of the symbol of our independence in body building. We all saw what happened last year and it pissed us off. It would be great to spend a little time with you. No trouble at all."

Patty thought for a moment. She'd been dealing with other people on very intense levels all day. Now here she was, about to be deified again, and she didn't think she was up to it. On the other hand, there weren't many people in the world who could identify with what she had been through. Even at the gym all of her friends, including the other owners of the place, were men. Very rarely did she get a chance to sit down and air her gripes with someone who would know where she was coming from. And she had, after all, expected a home cooked meal at the end of her journey down the coast.

"That sounds great."

"You'll stay?"

"Sure. My life has been so overflowed with men recently, it'll be nice to do some girl talk."

"Great! I have to get back to the post and log out. Why don't you meet me at my place. I'll give you the keys and directions. No sense you having to hang out someplace stupid waiting for me. I shouldn't be much more than a half hour."

"You sure about this?"

"Hey. If we can't trust another bodybuilder, who can we trust?"

"The judges."

June let out a sarcastic chuckle. "Yeah. Right. Come on over to the squad car and I'll give you the pertinent data."

Patty followed June over to her squad car where she was given a set of keys and a detailed map of the county. June traced out the route to her house, explained about the layout of the subdivision (three hundred thirty-four units that all looked exactly alike) and how to identify hers.

“And the cat’s name is Barney.”

“Barney?”

“Rubble.”

“Ah. Got it.”

“He’ll probably yell at you when you first go in. You’ll find his food in the fridge on the top shelf. If you dump what’s in the can into his bowl by the counter he’ll leave you alone. For a while.”

“The least I can do. You want me to do anything about dinner while I wait?”

“That’s okay. I’ve got it down to a system. Just call me Microwave Minnie. There’s munchies in the vegetable drawer and some salsa on the door of the fridge. Chips in the cabinet next to it. Make yourself to home. I’ll see you in a while.”

“Thanks, June. Of all the weird twists my life has taken today, this is the most settling.”

“Bad day, huh?”

“Bad? Maybe. Weird? Most definitely.”

“Well, if you have any aggressions you need to work off, make sure you take a trip down to the basement. You’ll find just about anything you need there.”

“Thanks. So I guess I’ll see you in a bit.”

“Sure thing.”

“By the way.”

“Yeah?”

“I’m glad it was you that answered the call. If a guy had shown up he would have spent the past fifteen minutes explaining how this was all my fault.”

“Possibly. But you might be surprised in this town. My being on the force and having mild success in the sport has opened these guys up a bit. We talk about this stuff a lot. They’re still Neanderthal boneheads, but they’re coming around. I gotta get back to the station and sign out. See you at home.”

June got in the squad car and drove out of the parking lot. After watching the car disappear down the road Patty turned her attention to the map. She studied it for a few seconds to get her bearings and then headed back out onto the freeway herself.

Although the air was becoming a bit cool she decided to keep the top down. The breeze whipped up over the windshield and again her nipples hardened and pressed against the fabric of her bra. By the time she exited about two miles up the road they were aching with a brightness that sent shivers through her body. She thought of pressing her hands hard against them when she stopped at the light at the top of the ramp, but several cars pulled up next to her. The act of resisting made them ache all the more powerfully.

The directions were fairly uncomplicated until she got to the subdivision where June lived. At that point it was a matter of driving a couple of blocks, stopping to check the map once again and then continuing on. The roads twisted, turned and ended without any kind of pattern or an appearance of reason. Someone had taken all the wrong reasons for curved roads and thrown them into this one development. Twice she had to backtrack, and once she thought she found the house, the address was the same, but it wasn’t on a corner

as June had explained. Signs were no help as every street had the same name with only the type of thoroughfare changing: Lane, Road, Avenue, Terrace, Place, Way. Even Boulevard, though there was not a boulevard in sight.

When she did finally arrive at what she thought was June's place she cautiously rang the doorbell and waited a full minute until she was sure no one was home. She then slipped the key into the hole and was relieved when it turned easily and the deadbolt slipped smoothly into the door. She pushed the door open and was about to step inside when she heard a child cry.

June had said nothing about a baby.

And what was a baby doing at home all by itself?

Again the crying. Plaintive, pitiful, mournful. What was she getting herself into? June seemed like such a nice person. And a cop. But there was no doubt, there was definitely a child crying somewhere in the house.

Patty stepped inside and started to search for the child. Several times she heard the crying, but each time it seemed to be coming from a different place. She finally zeroed in on it and thought it might be coming from the area of the kitchen. One final cry of anguish convinced her of the direction and she headed that way.

As she entered the room, her hand sliding up the wall in search of a light switch, something brushed against her leg. She jumped back into the dining room and looked down. Sticking out from doorway was a long, thick tail; bushy and erect. It shivered with tension.

"Barney?"

"Maaaaaaaooooowwwwwww!"

The baby had been found. Barney did an about face and rubbed himself up against the doorjamb. Patty breathed a sigh of relief and moved into the kitchen. There was a hood over the stove and she was able to locate the switch for the light within.

“Maaarrrr?”

“Hi there. I’m Patty.”

“Maaaooowwww.”

“I guess I should feed you. Let me see if we can find your food.”

“Maaaaaaaawwwwwwwww!”

“Okay. Hold your horses. June said there’s some here in the fridge. Yup. right were she said it was. Now where’s your bowl. Oh, yeah.”

“Mrrrroooooowwww.”

“Hold on a second. I’m working on it. Where’s the silverware? Ah! I guess I just give you the rest of the can, huh.”

“Mrrooorrrroorrwww.”

“There you go.”

Patty set the bowl of food on the floor where she had found it and Barney attacked it as though he had been deprived of food for several weeks. His size indicated otherwise. Within seconds a loud rumbling noise began as he dropped into content mode, savoring his evening meal.

With her assignment complete she decided to explore the house. A drawer in the fridge yielded up a large selection of sliced vegetables. She grabbed a handful and began to wander, turning on lights as she went. The layout of the house was basic south-coast-efficient with small concessions to creativity. The living room

ceiling was cathedral, the stairway to the second floor ended in a balcony that overlooked the space. June had attempted to make the place her own with some ingenious ideas that included building a loft above part of the living room and a hammock strung below.

Bookcases lined the walls of almost every room she went into. There seemed to be no order to them, but each time you looked at a shelf you saw a book which begged to be taken out and examined. At least a dozen books lay around on various coffee and end tables, face down, spine up, in the process of being read. Patty wondered how June could find time to read so voraciously and still be able to dedicate herself to her career and sport as thoroughly as she appeared to. There was, of course, the possibility of another occupant, but Patty thought June would have mentioned that. At the top of the stairs were several doors which revealed two bedrooms, both equally furnished, a full bath and a closet for towels and such. From up here she saw it was an easy step off the balcony and onto the loft. Easy enough, in fact, that Barney seemed to have used that very method to get there. He was splayed out in the center of the bed, performing his after-meal ablutions. When he noticed Patty looking at him he promptly rolled over, arched his back and entreated her to rub his stomach. Patty couldn't reach him without stepping out onto the loft, so decided to forgo the invitation. As she started back down the stairs Barney yelled at her and then returned to the task of cleaning his tail.

The stairs to the basement were located next to the refrigerator so she grabbed a few more vegetable sticks on the way past. The light switch at the top of the stairs was a dimmer which she turned. A golden glow appeared below, revealing a carpeted floor. The slanted ceiling above the stairs presented even more bookshelves.

These, however, held a collection of trophies which all bore June's name.

Patty chuckled to herself. Nothing like a little reminder of what this is all about on your way down to the torture chamber. Most of the awards here were medals and smaller trophies. One especially caught her eye. 'Best New Comer'. That was the award June had won the night the judges had decided to slight Patty because of her 'inappropriate' breast size. The blood rushed to her head and she relived the anger and pain of that evening. It felt very similar to the way she had felt after having flipped the guy the bird tonight. Futile, inappropriate, useless. What would she have done otherwise, though? Now it felt better just to shrug it off and get on with it.

A sense of excitement rushed through her body and mind as she anticipated what she would find at the bottom of the stairs. Already her nostrils had picked up the familiar smell of sweat and other wonderful body odors which were linked inextricably with a gym. She hadn't done any work on her body that morning, rarely did on Sunday, so she smiled as her muscles tensed and hummed in anticipation. She diverted her attention from the memorabilia and headed downstairs.

Patty began to suspect that June had something against blank wall surfaces. Every square inch was covered with photos, some shelves holding larger trophies, racks holding smaller free-weights, the odd bookshelf or two which seemed to have every body building reference book currently in print, and different pieces of bric-a-brac which Patty hoped were odd joke gifts given by friends rather than purchases thought to be in good taste by her host. In the far corner of the room, beyond all the gear, past the huge universal set that filled the center of the room, was a water cooler, its inverted bottle

filled halfway, and a large metal storage closet. Next to that was an open door which led to what appeared to be a shower and toilet. Patty wandered around the room, touching, looking, feeling. When she got to the metal closet she tried the handle. Locked. How could she not help but be curious. Perhaps the key was on the set June had given her to get into the place. But that was upstairs on the kitchen table. She shrugged and continued around the room. Halfway down the wall she found a photo of the night of June's triumph and her own defeat. All the contestants had gotten together for a group pose just before the decision of the judges had been announced. She searched the photo and found herself.

"My God," she thought. "Was I ever cut-up that night."

The fact of the matter was that she had never looked so good. And in the opinion of almost everyone else that night no one else had ever looked that good, either. Everyone except the judges, of course. She continued to scan the photo, looking for June. She didn't have far to search. She was posing in a squat position, her left leg extended out to her side, about three feet to the right of Patty. Everyone in the photo was grimacing and crunching, muscles bulging, their eyes focused firmly on the camera. Everyone, that is, except June. There was no mistaking the point of her interest.

Her eyes were locked firmly on Patty.

She almost didn't hear the front door open and the footsteps across the floor upstairs. Her heart was pounding rather hard, her mind was racing rather fast, her clit vibrated ever so slightly. She had been around the block so many times today she hardly thought it possible she could be desirous of anyone short of her new neighbor.

She thought it might be nice just to cuddle up in his huge, strong arms and simply enjoy the pressure of his hard, thick, eleven-and-a-half inch cock against her spine as he made little thrusting motions in response to the great need for his cock to find release. His huge hands surrounding her breasts, squeezing, kneading, pulling and twisting her hard, firm nipples as they increased in length until they just screamed to be sucked.

“Patty?”

“Huh?”

“I guess you didn’t hear me. I said thanks for feeding Barney.”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. No problem. He’s quite a talker.”

“He’s my coach. When I get to a point when I can’t press another pound, he sits on the stairs here and yells at me. Actually, I think he just figures I’m finished and so it’s time to feed him, but the effect is the same. I see you found the right picture.”

“You should have paid attention when the guy said ‘watch the birdie’.”

June blushed just a bit and came over to join Patty at the photo.

“That would have been a much more interesting photo if they had taken it a few minutes later.”

June had changed out of her uniform and was now wearing a tight pair of jeans and a T-shirt with the sleeves cut off. And no bra. Of course. Patty’s own outrageous nipples were quite obvious through the fabric of her blouse, bearing witness to the thoughts which had been flooding her mind. She knew June would misunderstand the reason for her arousal. Or perhaps it was Patty, herself, who was not in tune with her own feelings of the moment.

She turned her attention back to the photo and focused in on the image of her host.

There was no doubt as to her right to her award for the evening. For a first timer at that level, June had shown herself to be more fully developed than many of the women who had been there several years running. Patty knew what that body would feel like. Knew the tense, incredibly sensual feeling of those hard, firm muscles lying just beneath the surface of her smooth, taut skin. She fixed her focus again on her own picture and suddenly saw herself with new eyes. The eyes of this (could there be any other word for it) adoring fan. She had been at her absolute peak that night. Many of the contestants that evening, both male and female, had expressed a desire to spend the night with her. She had, at the time, rejected their offers as mere sympathy, choosing instead the opportunity to wallow in her own self-pity for the evening.

Had June been one of those who had offered? She had little memory of the details following the contest. If June had, she would have been just another in the crowd. There was no question, though, of the thought crossing June's mind the moment the shutter captured this image for posterity. She turned back to June, not at all surprised to see the same look of desire now placed openly and unabashedly on her face.

"You were so beautiful that night. And I was so high on the success of my first big contest. I knew you were going to be there, knew I didn't have a chance against you, but when the final decision came down, all I wanted to do was grab you, hold you, try to make you know the judges were wrong."

Patty stared at her. There were no words to say. It seemed as though some huge bulldozer had come into her life and smoothed all

the usual bumps and hills away, leaving no place to hide. When you didn't think you wanted sex, usually there were plenty of excuses. Even when you really did want it, you usually could find a good enough reason not to in spite of yourself. And yet, here she was, so many orgasms to the good for the day that she had no idea how to count them and here was this young woman with a body as hard and firm and sexy and desirous as her own, who would know how to flip every switch in her libido because she would know just what she wanted, just what would make her incredible body sing and soar...

"Come with me. I want to show you something."

June took Patty's hands in her own and led her over to the corner where the locked cabinet stood. She reached around behind it and retrieved a key from somewhere on the wall. Just before she slid the key into the lock she again faced Patty.

"I don't know how or why you and I came to meet tonight. The odds of it are staggering. But I have been looking forward to this chance for more than just the past year."

She unlocked the door, swung it open and stood back. Patty's mind was overwhelmed by what she saw. She experienced a slight case of vertigo as she was suddenly assaulted with dozens of images of herself plastered all over the inside of the locker. Most of them seemed to have been cut out of various magazines but some were actual photographs, taken over the course of several years. The earliest ones seemed to place her at about the same age that June was now, seven to eight years her junior. There seemed to be little or no order to the way the photos were displayed, but together they showed Patty's progress from her first contest, where she, too, won most promising new comer, to the evening of her final competition.

And right in the middle of them all was a photo, larger than any of the others, fully eight by ten, of Patty in the nude. She immediately recalled the occasion where it was taken. She had known the photographer and trusted her discretion in not letting the photo be distributed. She was in the shower room of The Pump House. A thin, hard stream of water poured down on her. As it hit her head it sprayed in all directions, causing a halo of water to appear around her head. She had stood very still and the photographer had left the shutter open for nearly a half second. The effect had been stunning. The date had been just two days before her last contest. She had just finished her workout for the day and she was so ripped and pumped she could hardly move. Everything was big. When her friend had presented her with a copy of the photo along with the negative just before the contest she had swooned with the certainty that she would win that evening.

“Where did you get this?”

“You left it backstage in your locker after the contest. I tried to find you, to give it back, but you had left in such a hurry. I know I should have given it to someone to give to you, but I didn’t know who you wanted to see it, who you would have trusted. I’m sorry.”

“Where is the negative?”

June reached behind the photo and pulled the strip of film up. She handed it to Patty, her hand almost shaking with tension.

“I’ve never shown it to anyone. I’ve never made a copy. This is the only one.”

“I’m not used to being in this position. The different emotions from that night are still pretty confused in my head. It’s been a year, and I still haven’t dealt with it very well. I’m not sure how I feel about this.”

“You want to leave?”

Patty locked her eyes on June's. There was that same piercing look, her eyes flitting back and forth, taking in every detail, evaluating Patty's every move, every thought. Patty tried to do the same. She searched June's face, looking for some hint as to what this all meant to her, what her stake in all this was. Several possibilities cropped up. An adoring fan. A freaked out groupie. A psychopath with an eleven-and-a-half inch machete hidden behind the cabinet, ready to plunge it deep into her wide-spread vagina as she cried out for more.

Stop it, Patty!

One thing was certain in her mind; June was very sorry for what she had done, not just for getting caught. She had certainly meant no malice. Hell, she was a cop for godsake. That had to count for something. Besides, if she was going to pull anything funny, what could Patty do, call the police?

Patty stuck the strip of negatives in the pocket of her blouse. “Keep the photo. It certainly didn't mean enough to me. I had completely forgotten about it until just now.”

“Thank you. I hope you know what this is all about.”

“I'm not quite sure. I was hoping there would be some simple explanation.”

“I'm not fixated on you, per se. But look at these photos. Think of yourself when you were just starting. I know you didn't have a whole lot of role models back in those days. Today, those of us just coming up have you to look up to. I looked around at all the greats, checked out what they did and how their results worked. And, except for the noticeable difference in our cup sizes, I thought you were the one I could most easily identify with. Inspiration.”

“Inspiration?”

“For the most part, anyway. You see in that photo on the wall over there? I didn’t know they were going to shoot just then. I was looking at you because I was trying to match your pose. I wanted to be able to compare when I finally got the photo back. To see what kind of progress I’d made and where I still needed to go.”

“That’s why the serious, studious look of lust on your face.”

“Multitasking. I can study and fantasize at the same time.”

Patty stepped back a bit and ran her gaze up and down June’s body. She had made incredible progress since that night. The next time she got up on the dais, people were going to forget she had been a new comer the year before.

June was able to stand still for only a few seconds under Patty’s gaze. But she could not control herself for long. She quickly grabbed the bottom of her T-shirt and flung it up over her head and towards a corner of the room. She brought her arms back down to her sides and flexed her muscles. Deltoids, biceps, triceps, lats and pecs exploded on her upper torso. Her breasts, which had been full and round, flattened as they were stretched across the massive expanses of her chest. Her abdominals rippled into a flat, hard expanse of rock hard muscle that pressed at the snap of her jeans.

She quickly turned around and gave Patty an astonishing back shot that presented every fiber of muscle in microscopic detail. She bent and flexed in several different directions and then turned back around to see Patty’s reaction.

Patty was trying hard to be objective, but the effect of June’s body was overwhelming. Not that it was so big. She had several years to go before she caught up with the big names in the sport. What was so unsettling was that she felt as though she were looking

in a mirror. June had followed Patty's training routine so accurately, had rightly judged her body type so perfectly, that her body looked just as Patty's had maybe three years ago.

Seeing no apparent objection on Patty's part, June reached for the snap at the top of her jeans, undid it, unzipped it and quickly stepped out of them, taking her shoes with them. She was now completely naked. Again she began a posing routine for her idol, this time concentrating on her lower body. Her pubic hair was shaved completely off, as Patty's had been, to accommodate the minuscule posing suit worn in competition. But unlike the posing dais, the lights were much softer here. There was no body oil, no hard driving, almost-too-loud-to-stand-it-music. Just June pulling pose after pose, some looking very familiar, grunting, moaning, sucking in huge gulps of air to replenish the oxygen used to generate the huge muscles that continued to pop out all over her wonderful physique.

When she had reached the end of her routine, she stood full front to Patty, her chest heaving with deep breaths. And she just stared. Patty knew what she wanted. She could feel the desire, the lust, the animal energy. She stopped herself for just a moment to make sure she really wanted to do this. June was right. There had been just a few heroines in the sport when she was coming up. And if she had gotten the chance to go face to face with one of them when she was just getting started, nothing in the world would have been able to stop her.

As she undid the buttons on her blouse she felt an incredible sense of history repeating itself. She could hardly call it *deja vu*; this was no illusion. Here, again, was an amazing, sexy, hard, firm body poised before her on the brink of orgasm, eyes locked on her every

move as she slowly revealed the magnificent body beneath her clothing. Patty wondered if June would be as hard and fast, in her own female way, as her brother-in-law had been. Her long, hard nipples were aching to be touched again, as though they had not just been ministered to completely only an hour before.

The thought again crossed her mind that this sex thing seemed to be completely out of control. She had never been this horny, this insatiable. That was the only way she could describe it. Not once today had she passed up a chance for a sexual encounter; had, in fact, actively pursued most of them. As she studied June's reaction she imagined another hard, firm, hugely muscled body standing beside the young girl, his huge cock dangling between his thickly-muscled legs, long and rope-like, testicles heavy in their scrotum, a small drop of fluid glistening as it poised to drip from the...

She was obsessed. That's what it was. Everything she had done today had been in response to that eleven-and-a-half inch cock lying in the palm of her hand. And now she was submitting to it again. But the obsession was no illusion, either. Her cunt was flowing with juices. She was sure June could smell her. Or was that June she was smelling. She took a deep breath, felt the constriction of her bra, and quickly undid the snap. June was mesmerized. The tension in her body made every muscle stand out in dynamic relief. She even seemed to be getting a little light headed.

"You'd better breath, honey. There's nothing less impressive than a limp lump of flesh lying on the floor."

June's eyes flashed to Patty's face. It took a couple of seconds for her words to sink in and then she gasped for air.

"Your pictures don't do you justice."

"What pictures ever do?"

“Even now, a year later, you’re still so beautiful. There’s nothing wrong with being so female and so built. Please pose for me.”

Patty finished undressing and struck a few poses for her, including several she had recognized as her own from June’s recent performance. As she struck them, she shot June a look that said, ‘That’s how it’s supposed to be done.’ June blushed again as she got the message. Patty wished she would quit doing that. Every time her cheeks lit up, Patty’s clit would throb.

After several minutes, June could apparently control herself no longer. She moved closer to Patty, hesitated for a moment, then, with courage mustered, took Patty’s hands and led her to the bench attached to the Universal in the center of the room. She sat Patty on the edge then kneeled down in front of her, her hands still holding Patty’s. As with Bob, there seemed to be the feeling of some long-imagined fantasy being acted out. She chuckled a bit as the thought of hundreds, thousands, millions of sexy, frustrated humans around the world all lining up to act out their sexual dreams with the object of their desire, herself. It would probably get old after the first seven or eight million.

“What’s so funny?”

“Nothing, love. I’m just having a great day, that’s all. What do you want me to do?”

“What do you mean?”

“I get the feeling you’ve given this moment some...er, thought.”

“I did sort of have an idea or two.”

Patty smiled. June was trying so hard to play it cool, but the evidence of her body spoke volumes about her need, her desire. Her nipples were very, very hard. The staggering aroma of their juices mixing, mingling, making both of them light-headed. June was squeezing and kneading her hands almost to the point of pain so Patty pulled her hands away, leaned back with her arms propping her up, spread her legs and grinned.

“Yessssssss,” June hissed.

Just a lucky guess.

The young woman’s head slowly lowered until it was level with Patty’s crotch. She ran her hands up the hard, strong legs on either side, eliciting a soft moan from Patty’s throat. There was nothing better than a woman doing a woman. No man could know what this felt like, just as she knew she could never fully understand the amazing nature of a fully erect, hard, throbbing cock. June would know where all the buttons were, would press them in the right order, would not move on until everything had happened in its proper sequence. There would be no need to fill in the blanks left by an amazingly virile but understandably unknowing partner whose own desires sometimes brought him into conflict with what the female anatomy needed to find completion. What a perfectly wonderful way to end the day. Dessert at the end of an amazing seven or eight course meal.

June’s fingers were massaging the inside of her thighs, coming nearer and nearer to Patty’s full, pouting vaginal lips. As she made contact a shock raced through Patty’s body, causing her to arch her back, forcing her cunt up towards the source of her desire. Slowly she brought her ass back down onto the bench, but the energy was still flowing. As June fondled and caressed the outer lips her hips

began making small bumping motions. A small vibration began in the center of her cunt and spread outwards, enveloping her in a sense of urgency. Small moans bubbled up from her throat and her breasts, with their long, hard nipples, ached to be touched.

With her head thrown back, she pictured in her mind what June's actions were. She felt hot breath on the insides of her thighs. Felt soft, silky hair fall against her legs. The breath got closer, she sensed something touch the small tuft of pubic hair that guarded her hot, steamy cunt, and then...

"Oh, my God! Ooooooh! *Yessssssss*."

June's tongue began at the very bottom of her vaginal opening and snaked and slathered its way up to the top, slowly insinuating itself until it had burrowed deep enough to find the capo di capo, the coup d'état, the holy grail, the fount of all founts, that place where the world began and ended and where nothing else could exist except in connection with the amazing energy that rumbled and roared through her hard, muscular body. Her arms collapsed and she fell back onto the bench. Her hands shot to her breasts and she twisted and tugged, massaged and pulled at her own hard, firm mounds of flesh and the extraordinary nipples that capped them. Her mind reeled as she tried, for a brief moment, to hang onto reality, but that was futile and senseless. She let herself go and spun off as wave after wave of mind-boggling sensation wracked her body. June was doing exactly what she would have done, had she been so built. What woman hadn't dreamed of being able to do this to herself, knowing every move she wanted, meeting every desire. June came very close to fulfilling that dream.

There was no rush, no ulterior motive. She was not being primed, made ready to receive the golden lance. This was all there

was. Wave after wave of inexpressible pleasure. June changed her position and began to work her way up on top of Patty. She took over the attentions to Patty's breasts and Patty was free to let her hands roam over the hard, firm body which lay on top of her. She knew this body, had run her hands over it in the shower, in bed, standing before a mirror in her room. It felt so familiar. She knew where to squeeze, where to dig, where to grab and pull and caress and stroke. With each moment June became more aroused, her attentions increasing in speed and desire. Now she was completely on top of Patty, her hips grinding against Patty's, her breasts grinding against Patty's, her nipples pressed hard against Patty's. Her mouth pressed hard against Patty's. Her tongue pressed and pressed and pressed until she was so deep Patty thought she could feel her soul being licked.

Patty assumed the attack and dove deep into June's mouth, sucking deeply at her being. Hands ran through hair, pulled, tugged. Bodies rocked and Patty had to splay her legs even further to keep them from tumbling off their precarious perch. As June moved her head to the side to attack one of Patty's bulging deltoids Patty saw the bar above her and wondered how much weight it carried. Her hands wrapped firmly around the grips and she began to press upwards. Must be at least two hundred fifty, she thought. Her triceps and pecs flared and June's mouth was immediately all over the inflamed muscles.

Patty's clit began throbbing intensely with an energy which she had become quite familiar with during the course of the day. She increased her pelvic thrusts against June's attack. Her arms began to swell and pulse, ache and throb. Her clit did the same. She pumped her arms and her clit and drove herself higher and higher. June's

own actions spoke of increased desire and Patty wondered if the two of them were going to pop together. It became difficult to concentrate the energy needed to lift the weight, so she extended her arms one final time, her huge pecs and triceps screaming with the pump. She held it there as long as she could as June continued her pelvic assault. Her breathing became more labored, her cries increased in volume. Patty could stand it no longer. She lowered the bar as cautiously as possible, the weights still crashed and bounced, and then she grabbed on to June's hard, muscular back and drove herself right to the edge.

It wasn't enough. She hovered there for what seemed like an eternity, ready to take the big fall, but she couldn't take the last step. June, sensing Patty's distress, quickly slid back down between Patty's powerful legs. Her lips clamped down firmly on her idol's clit and sucked hungrily. That was all it took.

A bolt of electricity thrashed through Patty's body; her pelvis heaved powerfully against June's attack. She felt a huge opening appear and she was rushed down through a long, bright tube of pleasure that carried her out and away from herself. June exerted an heroic effort as she clamped her mouth down hard on Patty's heaving vagina, her tongue generating wave after wave of exquisite pleasure/pain with each attack.

Patty sat up straight, barely missing the bar with her head. Her hands were everywhere, kneading, pressing, squeezing, digging into June's hard muscles. She pulled June's face back to her own and dug her nails deep into the young woman's back. June's lips smashed against her own. One of Patty's hands dove between them and her finger found June's clit. Within seconds she could feel a river of wetness flowing down the inside of the woman's thighs. June cried

out loudly, matching Patty's own shouts of joy. It seemed they had more in common than just a work out routine.

Before she knew it, Patty was flat on her back again, June's hips heaving against her own, sending Patty over the top again. Patty, refusing to see the end of her joy, drove herself on through it, taking June with her. Her orgasm pushed her further towards the brink of some unknown chasm, the depth of which she could not perceive. She had completely given up control of her body to the moment and enjoyed the feeling of being on some massive amusement park ride, her destiny beyond her control. Her body's needs propelled her further and further beyond herself. Suddenly, a vast effluence of liquid pleasure poured from her vagina. At first, Patty thought she was voiding her bladder. But it felt different. It felt like cumming, but...more. It flowed. And it flowed. And it kept on flowing. And she found herself caught on a river ride, hurling towards some class four rapids, laughing hysterically. Her whole body shook and shivered as though it was being electrocuted. She was out of control. She could not stop. She could not unplug from the alternating current of this...orgasm was too tame a word. She was beyond any words. Beyond any thoughts. Beyond all planets and stars and galaxies. She felt so out of control but had no way or desire to make it stop.

After what seemed to be an eternity of this unbridled release, she sensed June's presence again and the beginnings of concern. The younger woman had not been ready for this kind of experience. It certainly had taken them both further than they had expected to go.

Patty's arms flew around June's back and she hugged her tight. Their mouths met again in one final, deep kiss and then June slid down Patty's body until she collapsed on the floor between Patty's

quivering, tense thighs. Patty shuddered uncontrollably as June's body rubbed across her aching clit and a series of small cries popped from her mouth. The room was filled with the sounds of their heavy breathing.

After a few moments Patty raised her head to see, through the canyon between her breasts, the face of her willing partner. Their eyes caught at each other's and they smiled.

June sighed and said, "I knew it would be something like that."

"How could it not be?"

"What do you mean?"

"We're two peas from the same pod. Our bodies drive us. When I pump, when I fuck, when I do anything, the single most important thing is how good it will make my body feel."

"It's good we're both in such good shape, otherwise I don't think either of us would have lived through that."

"Honey, after what I've been through today, it's a wonder I was able to even think about participating. I don't know who keeps track of these things, but I'm pretty sure I've set some kind of record today."

"Record for what?"

"Orgasms, my sweet. Multiple orgasms with multiple partners. I hate to say this, but you are the last in a long line of Sunday flings for me."

"Then you are in very good shape. I was going to suggest that you get out more often. I was under the impression you hadn't gotten any in several months, the way you let go back there."

“Just the opposite is the case. In fact, I haven’t had more than a couple hours between orgasms since I woke up this morning. And only one of them was self-generated.”

“Let me guess. The first one. Right?”

“Yeah. But even that was weird.”

“How so?”

Patty related the details of her meeting that morning with Arnold and his eleven-and-a-half in cock outside her apartment.

“Careful, girlfriend. You’re drooling.”

She then proceeded to sum up the day’s activities, leaving out the details about her sister. They had, after all, only met a few moments ago. She couldn’t tell her all her dirty little secrets.

“You’ve been a busy girl. The main reason I got into the sport, aside from wanting to hold my own with the ape-men down at headquarters, was to be able to physically support a sex life like that.”

“I can’t imagine you have much trouble finding willing participants.”

“It’s strange, Patty. Up in your neck of the woods a body like yours is, if not commonplace, at least acceptable. You get fifty or a hundred miles outside of the big city and, even though you may be in another big city, the idea still hasn’t sunk into a lot of people’s heads that a woman can be just as strong, as potent, as a man.”

“Tell me about it. And it’s not just outside the city, either. Look what happened to me last year. And those were people inside the sport. I just make sure I surround myself with folks who have their heads screwed on straight. Or at least don’t have the need to go screwing around with mine.”

“Down here, those kind are few and far between. I have to be very careful when I go out looking for someone to spend the night with. A lot of the guys, and gals for that matter, immediately assume I’m gay.”

“I think we all tread a thin line when we start investigating all that sex has to offer.”

“I don’t think so, Patty. It’s not like I don’t like men or women or neither or both. I just like sex. With everyone.”

“This is starting to sound very familiar. This guy, Arnold, has pretty much the same attitude. I know he’s got the hots for this guy who works at the gym. Plans on getting him to be his workout partner. But he’s also got a date with me tomorrow night and neither of us left any doubt as to what the main attraction was going to be. I’ll be mighty pissed off though if he shows up with a book of poetry and some old Charlie Chan videos.”

“Poetry’s nice. I can’t think of anything special about Charlie Chan, but you seem like an inventive person.”

“I’ll try anything once. Twice if you force me. But just don’t bore me.”

“Did I bore you?”

“Diving for compliments?”

“Yep.”

“It was like making love to myself. I don’t think I could give anyone a better mark.”

“I know your body.”

Patty laughed. “No shit.”

“I mean I know what drives your body. I’ve studied your routines, your photos, your schedules. I even cut out the interview

you did on diet last year before the contest. If the saying ‘you are what you eat’ is true then I’m you.”

“You know. Under other circumstances that could all sound pretty freaky.”

“I know. And I’ve thought about that. I guess in a way I have obsessed on you. But it was with a goal. You see the progress I’ve made in the last year. If I was after you I would have tracked you down a long time ago. Everyone knows where you work. Finding you wouldn’t have been a problem. What I wanted from you was what made you so successful as a bodybuilder. That’s just data.”

“I’m afraid I have to disagree with you, June. Or at least point out that you don’t have the whole picture. If I read all the law books, does that make me a lawyer?”

“No. Only cross-eyed.”

“Exactly. I have to need to be a lawyer. Just because you read everything about my routine doesn’t make you big and strong and horny. You have to be like me to be like me. If you get my drift.”

“I know what you mean. I was only trying to rest your fears that you had some nut on your hands.”

“I’m not entirely convinced that isn’t the case. Anyone who would want to go through what I did to get this body has to have a few screws loose. I usually wonder about myself, about the time I’m rolling out of bed every morning.”

“But all you have to do is take one look in the mirror, a couple of quick check poses, and you’re off to the gym, right?”

“You got it, honey. And with knockers like these, I’d be a fool not to want to keep the rest of the body up to speed. It’s like you

said before. If I wasn't in such great shape, I probably wouldn't be able to survive the sex."

"Ah. And there lies the great riddle. Does the sex drive the body, or does the body drive the sex?"

"Who the hell cares? As long as there's a good, solid orgasm at the end. And speaking of orgasms. I'm pretty set for now, but if you're at all like I am you probably need a little attention. I know if I had just spent the last fifteen minutes having to stare at this body of mine I'd be pretty damn horny right now."

"That's very considerate of you. There's an interesting collection of toys over in the closet there. Perhaps you'd like to take a couple of them for a spin."

Patty wandered over to the metal cabinet, trying very hard not to admire the collage of her photos too much. "You have any favorites?"

"I wouldn't have wasted money on them if they weren't good for something. You're the guest. You choose."

Patty fished through the selection of erotic devices and found several that caught her fancy. She, of course, couldn't pass up the dildo that was only slightly less impressive than Arnold's. It even had a switch on it which promised added entertainment value. She also chose a couple of padded leather straps that would make it very difficult for someone to move, were their hands tied to the press bar of the Universal. She turned back to June and presented her choices to her. June was already lying on the bench, her hands ready to be tied to the bar, her legs spread wide in anticipation of the huge dildo.

"Kind of takes some of the fun out of it when you already know how the movie ends."

“Oddly enough, I’d just replaced the batteries in that yesterday.”

Patty set the huge dildo on the floor next to the bench and tied each of June’s hands to the grips of the bar. She made sure that her fingers could wiggle freely, and waited a moment to see if there would be any discoloration indicating that the straps were too tight.

“How’s that feel?”

“You do that very well. Not too tight.”

“You think you could get out of that in an emergency?”

June gave a few tugs, but found that the straps held her securely. “I don’t think so.”

“Good. Now, if you’re as much like me as you seem to be, you probably don’t want this thing in your cunt.”

June’s legs began to scissor back and forth.

“I’ve never had it up the ass before.”

“You mean, never?”

“Never.”

“Good.”

Patty went to the shower room and found what she was looking for. The old familiar square plastic jar with the pop-off lid. She returned with it to the weight room and let June watch as she slathered a huge fingerful of the slippery stuff along the length of the dildo. When it was properly lubricated she took another fingerful and dropped to her knees between June’s legs and held it up so she could see it.

“Fasten your seat belt, girl. It’s going to be a bumpy ride.”

CHAPTER 50: FLASHBACK

Ed figured he could get real used to riding around town in taxis. After having reluctantly gotten into one following their meeting with Ivan and their subsequent encounter with Nancy and the incredible Barb, whose internals did things to his cock he had never even dreamed of before much less imagined were possible, he quickly warmed to the idea of having someone drive him around town while he enjoyed the view undistracted by the press of humanity.

Arnold had justified the extravagance of the first cab by noting they had over one thousand dollars on them and it would be foolish to expose themselves to the dangers of a mugging with such a large amount as the temptation. Ed noted that it would take an awful large group of really stupid people to try and mess around with two guys as physically formidable as they, but by that time the cab had pulled over to the corner and Arnold was quickly loading his half of the booty into the back seat of the car. Ed had no recourse but to follow.

So here they were riding in a cab again, this time in the opposite direction. Dusk was just settling on the city and a hazy, luxuriously orange sunset was tinting the widows of high rises and storefronts. Ed tried to enjoy the passing scenery but he was unable to put down the feeling of dread that sat high in his throat. He didn't know for sure, even at this late hour, whether he would be able to pull this off.

Things had moved pretty quickly in the last day and a half. Every thing seemed to be the most intense, most emotionally draining thing he would ever encounter in his life. Then the next thing would come along and surpass all by a mile. The capper had

been Arnold's announcement that he would be leaving town a week from Monday. He had appreciated being told, but wished that either Arnold had waited until all this was over, though that would have made it even shorter notice, or that he just wouldn't have told him at all. Not that he wanted Arnold to leave without telling him, but rather, he just didn't want Arnold to leave at all. Ed really liked the way everything was going right now. Why did Arnie have to go and fuck it all up? From a strictly selfish point of view, of course.

And so the ride downtown was a bit on the frosty side. He was not feeling good about this sex in front of a bunch of strangers stuff, anyway. And now Arnold was uneasy because Ed was uneasy. They did have over five hundred dollars each from just one afternoon's entertainment. The money would definitely be nice, especially as he would soon have to start looking out for himself. Arnold hinted that Mary seemed quite saddened at the fact that she might be losing both of them. But Ed had to agree with Arnold; they had stayed long enough. And without Arnold around, he knew he would feel uncomfortable about staying on with David and Mary. So out into the cold, cruel world he would go. Both David and Mary had persuaded him to stay at least until Sam arrived back in town for her fall semester. After that, though...Yes, the money would come in handy.

There was also the thought that, if things went well for them tonight and this weekend, he might be able to continue in Ivan's employ. If everything went well. The two boys had talked about it the previous night. "Come on, Ed. How could it not be okay? Look at you. Look what you did with me in Ivan's office. You were so hot you made him cum without even trying. These folks'll eat you up."

“That’s because you were there, Arn. I don’t see how I could do that stuff without you. I don’t even know if I could get a hard-on in front of strangers if you weren’t there.”

“Look. You started that stuff in the office. All he wanted was for us to strip, do a couple of poses and show up at eight o’clock tomorrow. Before we knew it you’d pulled your clothes off and there were hundred dollar bills lying all over the place. What was it, the money?”

“I just get upset when I have to prove something. I kind of did it out of spite. I wanted to show him how much he didn’t have to see what he was getting for his money. And I wanted to see the look on his face when he caught a glimpse of your cock.”

“Well you may find this as a surprise, but I wanted to see the look on his face when he saw yours. You put on one hell of a show, there, my fine, well-hung friend. Don’t worry. Something tells me when the lights come on and the gasps start gasping, that beautiful cock of yours is going to bust right through whatever you’re wearing. Now give me a hug and go to sleep. We’ve got a big, wonderful day tomorrow.”

And so they’d rolled over and gone to sleep. Or at least tried to. Arnold didn’t know if Ed did it on purpose, but about five minutes later he felt the head of Ed’s cock begin to press harder and harder against the crack of his ass as his friend’s penis grew stiff. He tried to move away without making it seem like he was rejecting Ed, but no matter how he rolled or scooted, the wonderful, thick length of man-flesh pursued him. Finally he spread his legs, let the shaft rise up and nestle in his crotch, lying hotly along side his scrotum and over his own shaft, and then clamped his legs together, trapping the insinuating rod of flesh between his powerful thighs. Ed seemed

satisfied with that and, draping his arm over Arnold's side so that his hand rested on Arnold's pec, fell asleep.

The cab bounced over a couple of bad joints in the concrete of the expressway. Arnold glanced over at his friend to see if his thoughts were at all readable. He would have given anything to know what was going through Ed's mind but didn't want to deal with asking him. It was enough that he was in the cab and going along with it so far. He, himself, was excited.

They'd spent the day in the basement gym doing easy sets, keeping the pump on. He'd felt his muscles slowly swell and begin to tingle as he'd pushed his body gently higher and higher. The last hour and a half had been spent in intense workout. They'd worked up a serious sweat, their cocks bulging inside the unaccustomed confines of jock strap and gym shorts. They'd pushed and pumped and bulged and taunted and screamed and psyched each other up until they were both ready to blow holes in their jocks. Then separate showers, just to lessen the opportunity of temptation, and a quick dinner.

Arnold felt fine. He hoped that Ivan would create the right atmosphere for them to interact in, but then figured Ivan had been at this long enough; he'd know what to do. Ed had voiced the same concern.

"Don't worry, my friend. He'll have the one important thing that'll make it all happen."

"What's that?"

"You and your gorgeous nine inch cock."

"I bet you say that to all the well-hung studs you're about to have sex with in front of a bunch of strangers."

“So far I’ve said it to every single one.”

“I thought so. You’re such a slut.”

“How dare you call me a slut. Why, if I weren’t saving myself for this evening I’d ram my dick up your ass and teach you a lesson.”

“Cut it out, Arnie. I’m already leaking here. And quit flexing your pecs like that. Come on. It’s here.”

The cab had come, so Ed hadn’t.

And now, they were now in front of The Body Shop. Arnold paid the driver and they grabbed their gym bags and headed for the door. It was almost a relief, certainly to Ed, to have the distraction of Howard to deal with.

“Now you girls behave yourself. We’ve got royalty. Well, well, well. If it isn’t the new stars. Honey, you are just too hot, from what I hear.”

“Hi, Howard. Someone been telling stories out of school?”

“Word has it you just about did in the irrepressibly potent Miss Nancy and Queen Barbara. And this after having scammed our glorious leader for every penny he had on him.”

“That was Ed’s fault. I thought we were just interviewing for clean-up positions.”

“Well, sounds like you cleaned up real good. Mmm, mmm. You two are just about the prettiest things Ivan’s had walk through here in a number of years. Just remember. Don’t give them everything they want. Leave ‘em wanting more. And...”

“Click our heels three times. We remember. Thanks, Howard. Is Ivan upstairs?”

“Honey, Ivan is always upstairs. These are his digs, you dig?”

“He lives here?”

“Ah. The darling Ed speaks. What a beautiful, deep voice you have. Do you give commands? I love it when big, muscular studs give me commands in beautiful, deep voices.”

“Later, Howard. We’ve got an appointment.”

“Yes. I see you’re on the bill tonight. Well, good luck, break a leg, *merde*. Run along. Mustn’t keep his highness waiting.”

Arnold and Ed started up the stairs, keeping to the far right side to ease the load on the precariously leaning structure.

“Hey, Arnie.”

“Hey, Ed.”

“What’s that mean, what Howard said? Mayrd?”

“Don’t know. Probably Italian or French. I wouldn’t go around using it, though, until you know what it is. Could mean something stupid like ‘shit’ or something.”

“Why would he say ‘shit’ to us?”

“I don’t know. I’m just guessing. Ask Ivan. I bet he’ll know. Come on.”

Arnold reached the top of the stairs and turned back to see that Ed had, again, taken to contemplating his feet.

“You know, Arnie, I was just noticing my shoelaces.”

“You don’t have shoelaces. Those are velcro tabs.”

“Yeah. I know. Maybe I should go home and get my other shoes on. The ones with the shoelaces in them.”

Arnold sat down on the top step and watched Ed carefully. He wasn’t going to do anything. He just wanted Ed to come to some sort of agreement within himself. Arnold knew what the problem was. Insecurity. Not knowing if he was going to be good enough.

Not knowing if he was going to be able to meet others' expectations. There was a name for it: Stage fright. He waited.

Ed finally came up and sat next to him on the step. After a few more moments of contemplation he turned and looked at Arnold.

"How come you're so sure of yourself here? What makes you so fucking sure this is going to turn out okay?"

"You really want to know?"

"Really."

"No bullshit?"

"No bullshit. Straight."

"You."

"Aw, fuck, Arnie. I knew you were going to say that."

"So how come you can't be as sure of me? You're making me feel real insecure, Ed. How come all I have to do is know you'll be there and everything is okay and you don't seem the least bit comforted by the fact that I'll be right in there with you?"

"I guess I'm just used to being let down. You know. Abandoned."

"Ed, I'm not leaving tonight. I'm not leaving tomorrow. I'm in this with you. I'm here because I want to do this. With you. What you said yesterday in that office there is absolutely true. We are the hottest thing to come down the pike. There aren't two better looking, more well-hung, well-built studs within several hundred miles of here. I don't know who we're doing the warm-up for, but I pity them for having to follow us. Either that or I want very much to see what they've got. You just give me what you give me every day in the gym and I'll do the same. We know each other's needs. Just let it happen. Man, I'm so horny right now I could cum just looking

at you. Just think of that. Just think of me looking at you and my cock shooting big wads of cum all over your hot, muscular body.”

“Fuck, Arnie.”

“Just think of me doing that because that’s what I’m going to do tonight. And there’s going to be lots of people watching and wishing they were in your place. And there’ll be lots of people watching and wishing they were in my place, too.”

The two boys looked at each other. A sudden warmth washed over them both and they hugged each other tightly, their mouths pressing together, passing energy back and forth between them. They pulled their heads back and studied each other again.

“Last night after you went downstairs Mary said something to me. It made me think. I don’t know if I’ve ever told you how much I love you, Ed. I do. I haven’t had too much experience with love in my life. I’m pretty sure I’ve been looking for it in all the wrong places. But I’m also pretty sure that I love you. No matter what happens after next week, I will always, always be able to say that I love you.”

Ed was dumbfounded. He knew enough to take what Arnold was saying as straight talk. This was no bullshit. They both knew their time together was limited. And they both had come from families where the possibility of expressing or experiencing true love of any kind was slim to none. So Arnold’s statement of his feelings resonated deep within Ed’s heart and soul. Did he feel the same? How could he know? What would he have to judge it against? Was this love that he felt?

Yes.

“I wish you hadn’t said that, Arnie, because now I feel if I do it’s only because you did. I do love you, though. At least as far as I

can figure out. I feel like I've been married for the last three months. I feel like everything we did fit together so well that it'll never feel like that again. Ever. That's why I'm afraid of you leaving. I'm afraid of how lonely it'll be."

"I can guarantee you have nothing to worry about. Between Mary and David and Sam..."

"Sam?"

"Yeah. She's coming back, remember?"

"But what's that got to do with me?"

"You don't think she'd let someone like you slip through without having the chance to experience you."

"But I thought you two were..."

"We are. I think. But that hasn't stopped you and me from loving each other. That hasn't stopped David and Mary from loving both of us. Which, by the way, they do. And I know they'll tell you so themselves. And Sam... Sam has so much love in her, her heart is so big that all four of us could swim around in it and never bump into each other. You'll meet Sam. You'll see. She'll be very lucky to have met you, too, Ed. Very lucky indeed."

Ed sighed and shook his head.

"What's the matter, Ed?"

"I don't know why I let you get away with this."

"Get away with what?"

"You're gonna make me like myself no matter how hard I try to fight it, aren't you?"

"I think it's too late, actually."

"I think you're right. Come on. Let's get big wallets."

Ed stood and walked to Ivan's office door. He looked back to see Arnold still sitting on the top step, chuckling. "We gonna do this or what?"

"What."

"What?"

"Just knock on the door, Ed."

"What?"

Arnold stood and marched over to the door. "You're making me crazy, Ed."

"Too late."

"Very funny."

Ed knocked.

"Come in. It's open."

"Now remember, Arnie. If you need to pee, use the toilet and if he offers you candy say 'No, thank you very much.'"

"Sage words of advice. And if all else fails, click my heels three times."

"I still don't get that."

"You've never seen...?"

The door opened and Ivan was again dressed in white suit and patent leather shoes.

"You boys seem to have a problem about coming through this door."

"I'm sorry, Ivan. I was dealing with a little culture gap. It turns out Ed has never seen 'The Wizard of Oz.' I don't know if I'm going to be able to work with him, knowing that."

"Why don't you come in, one at a time, and perhaps we can straighten this whole unfortunate mess out. Ed?"

“Why thank you, Ivan. Don’t worry. Arnie’s just being a snob. He doesn’t know that I know he’s never seen ‘Attack of the Killer Tomatoes.’”

Ed walked haughtily into the room and plopped himself down on the sofa. “Yeah, well, what Ed doesn’t know is that I know that he’s never seen ‘Gidget goes Hawaii.’”

Ivan raised his eyebrows in mock distress. “Ed? Is this true?”

“Well, I meant to. I tried to, really. But when I got to the movie theatre it was sold out.”

Ivan shook his head sympathetically. “And your mother wouldn’t let you stay for the later show. Yes. I know how that can be. Arnold, I think we’ll have to excuse Ed on that one, don’t you?”

“Well, okay. But I want his solemn promise that he’ll go out and see ‘The Wizard of Oz’ as soon as possible. I don’t think I could deal with such a deficiency.”

“Ed?”

“I promise. Man! The things I do to keep this relationship running smoothly.”

Arnold made his way over to the sofa and seated himself next to Ed. Ivan took a moment to study the pair. They seemed so unaffected by their gifts. He guessed that had a lot to do with the bigger one, Arnold. But they were very easy about their sexuality. Very relaxed about their gifts. And this little banter which they had pulled him into seemed more of a regular routine with them rather than some anxiety relieving device. He suddenly realized he was watching a married couple. Or something like it. But they were both so completely bi-. So open.

Ivan enjoyed playing both sides of the fence, occasionally, but could not clear his mind of little jealousies when a lover would become involved with someone else. He recalled the encounter yesterday between these two and the women he'd asked to come up. There was such joy in both of them as they worked back and forth between Nancy and Barb. They had shared, encouraged, worked to escalate the sexual energy of every moment. It was, without a doubt, the hottest foursome he had ever witnessed.

"Can I get you boys something?"

"Some juice for me, please."

"Ed? Anything?"

"The same, please."

Ivan went to the bar and dug a couple of bottles out of the cooler.

"I'm sorry to see you boys in such low spirits. Perhaps my news will cheer you up. Due to certain news leaks, completely beyond my control you understand, reservations for tonight's production, as well as for Saturday night, have gone out of control. As a result, I have been forced to double the cost of admission. This, of course, would be reflected in the earnings of everyone involved. I must hasten to add that there has been no official word regarding your involvement in Saturday's show. But the speculation has been fierce. In short, you two are instant celebrities."

Ivan returned with two glasses of juice over ice and a small tray of vegetables and dip. He set them on the glass table and joined the boys. A tall glass of cloudy liquid already awaited his attention. He raised it to the boys who, with their own glasses, joined him in a toast.

“I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship”

Arnold smiled ironically. “To coin a phrase.”

“Ed?”

“What is this, a movie quiz? You guys are starting to make me feel real inferior, here. Well, you think you’re so hot. I bet you don’t even know how many people Freddie Krueger killed in all of his films.”

“No, Ed. You’re right. You’ve certainly got me on that one. Ivan?”

“I’ll have to pass, Arnold. I’m afraid he’s just too good for me. Ed, you’re amazing. How do you do it?”

“That’s my secret. If you’re real nice to me tonight, maybe I’ll tell you. Maybe.”

“Well, Ivan. Looks like we’re going to have to be on our best behavior tonight if we want to unlock the secrets of the cinematic universe.”

“It’s almost a shame I’ve had to move your performance time back. Now we must wait that much longer before our enlightenment.”

“What’s this?”

“Oh. I’m sorry. That’s the other part of the good news. Although you may view it otherwise. It seems word of your activities has reached other quarters as well. The act I had booked as the evening’s main entertainment felt it would be to their disadvantage to follow your performance. They have asked to switch positions on the bill with you. It seems you two are now the headliners for the evening.”

Ed shot Arnold a quick look of dread. Just what he needed, more pressure. Ivan caught the exchange between the two and realized what the problem was.

“I’m very sorry, Ed. It should have occurred to me the additional responsibility that would bring upon you two. I will do everything in my power to change things back, if you so wish. Or would you feel more comfortable trying this another time?”

“No, Ivan. But thanks. I’ve tried to chicken out of this thing too many times already. It’s about time I got used to the fact that there’s something special going on here. I know I talked a big act when we were here yesterday, but I’ve been having a real bad time making myself fit into all this. Arnie’s a lot more sure of himself than me. It’s time I started to stick my neck out a bit and take some chances. Mother won’t be around for the rest of my life to pick me up every time I fall. I’ll be okay. Thanks, though.”

“Great. Well. Shall we? I’ll call down and have the van pull around back. Is there anything else you two boys want before we take off?”

“Actually, Ivan, yes.”

“What’s that, Arnold.”

“I was wondering if you could do us a favor and not call us ‘boys’ anymore. I think we’re past that. If you know what I mean.”

“I’m sorry. Yes. Of course. I was only referring to the obvious distance between your ages and my own. But you’re right. And thank you for being so up front about it. Better to clear these seemingly little matters up before they fester and infect our relationship. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ll phone the van and tell him to meet us.”

Ivan went to his desk and dialed the phone. While he was out of earshot Ed whispered to Arnold, “Thanks, Arnie. I was kind of getting tired of it, too. When you gonna tell him about leaving?”

“I’m not. Not yet, anyway. Let’s just see how this goes tonight. I don’t want to burn the bridge before I cross it, you know?”

“Yeah. Okay.”

“He’s waiting for us downstairs. So. Care to join me, gentlemen?”

“We would be honored. Ed? After you. Hey, carry your own gym bag.”

“Worth a try, anyway.”

The threesome went back out into the hallway but turned towards the rear of the building and descended a far more stable set of stairs to a heavily protected doorway at the bottom. The door swung open for them as they approached. A very large, very muscular man was holding it open. Ivan led the way into the van, the doors of which were open and waiting to receive them. Ivan took a forward seat and gestured to Ed and Arnold to make themselves comfortable in the rear. He then swiveled his chair around so that he was facing them. After making sure that the door to the building was securely closed, the large man shut the doors to the van.

And that was the last they saw of him. Or anybody. The van had no windows. Anywhere. They couldn’t see the driver or out the back or...anywhere.

Windows were, however, the only amenity that the van was lacking. There were two televisions, a complete wet bar, a small cooler, four very comfortable swiveling captains chairs and a sound system the likes of which would be found in very few living rooms.

Various cabinets around the van cap, which allowed the occupants to be able to stand up inside, were stocked with video tapes, books, cassettes and CD's, glassware and eating utensils including some very high style dish ware. The air smelled of a cross between roses and something dark, musky, and sensual that reminded both Arnold and Ed of the activities they would soon be participating in. Deep, throbbing music with a rhythm that pushed the heart rate at just a few beats above normal rumbled inside their chests and vibrated in their groins from speakers strategically placed around the interior.

"Why do I get the feeling I'm supposed to be having sex with someone right now?" asked Arnold.

"I'm sorry. Is it that blatant? I'll mellow things out a bit."

Ivan picked up a remote control device, pressed several buttons and the music changed to a swelling of strings and the sound of waves rushing across the interior of the van. High pizzicatos of wood blocks danced through the stereo image like a small bird flitting about the van. Again, the beat was there, but not as insistent.

"How's that?"

"I don't feel like I'm going to cum quite so quickly. Thanks."

The van began to move, winding its way through the evening streets of the city.

"You travel in style, Ivan."

"Thank you, Ed. I don't generally use this vehicle. It is saved for special occasions."

"Like us?"

"You might say that."

"Like driving someone to a location you'd rather not have them know about?"

“Again you have divined my intent, Arnold. Especially the first time, it is better that we keep things as controlled as possible until we all know where we stand.”

“You don’t trust us?”

“I trust no one, Ed. No one. At least not until I get to know them a whole lot better. Once we are on regular working terms all will become known to you. Until then, please forgive my idiosyncrasies and accept this humble hospitality as a sign of my appreciation for what you are going to do for us tonight.”

“Get your dander down, Ed. Ivan’s just covering his tracks. Don’t take it personal.” Arnold turned his attention back to their host. “You do a lot of movie watching here?”

“I have quite a large selection of viewing material. Unfortunately ‘The Wizard of Oz’ is not in this particular collection. However, I do have several items which might interest you. This particular tape is a recording of a performance given in the very space you will be working in tonight. Perhaps you would like to familiarize yourselves with the environment?”

“And, I suppose, the event was something other than a poetry reading.”

“Correct, again. Shall we?”

“Sure. You ready to get in the mood, Arnie?”

“I’m already in the mood. I’m ready to get to work.”

“Music to my ears, Arnold. Ed, just swivel the television out a bit so you both can see it. I’ll get the tape started.”

Ed adjusted the angle of the set outward to accommodate both of them. Ivan again commanded the pile of gear to behave via the remote control. The sound faded to the background, a whirring

sound was heard as the tape engaged and, after a few seconds of flutters and snow on the screen, an image appeared.

At first neither Ed or Arnold could figure out what they were looking at. Then the camera began to pull back and the image coalesced into the thrusting pelvis and heaving, bucking thighs of a male and female involved in the final stages of copulation. The woman was stretched out on a table with her legs suspended over the end by a couple of harnesses. The man stood between her spread legs and drove a thick, dark penis hard into her cunt. As the camera pulled back it became obvious that the woman was restrained with various bonds that wrapped around her body and kept her on the table. Both the participants were very well-endowed, their muscles highly defined and well-displayed due to their exertions.

The camera pulled back further and began to sweep around the room as though on a crane. From this vantage point it could be seen that the space was completely surrounded by glass walls that ran from the floor to a ceiling which was about fourteen feet high. Suspended from the ceiling was a lighting grid that held a vast collection of theatrical lights and special effects devices. Across the room could be seen another camera, also in motion. It traveled around the room on a track and rode up and down on a robotics arm. The whole thing was under remote control from somewhere outside the space.

The arena was oval shaped, about twenty-five by forty feet. The center panel at each end of the room was a door. Lights reflected brightly off the windows and, as Ivan had said, nothing could be discerned outside the glass.

The two men watched as the camera began to zoom back in on the couple. Suddenly the point of view changed and they were

looking down from directly above the duo. From this angle they got a good look at the man's penis as it drove into the woman's vagina. It was, indeed, quite thick and was obviously doing a good job of stimulating the woman. She heaved and strained against her restraints as she moved closer to orgasm. The man had his head thrown back, his hips thrown forward, his mouth thrown open in what must have been a loud roar. The sound was not turned up and so they were left to devise their own soundtrack. The man on the screen suddenly went crazy and began pounding his thick cock into the woman in double time. His hips were vibrating back and forth so fast it was hard to discern the motion. The woman arched her back up off the table, her hard, muscular arms bulging as they fought against her bonds. And then they were cumming, thrashing, heaving, crying out. The orgasm looked devastating. For both of them. The man slammed his hips forward again and again, each thrust met with a counter-thrust from the woman as she rammed herself against his thick, attacking organ in an attempt to extract as much pleasure from their efforts as possible. When it was all over the man collapsed forward onto the woman, his cock still imbedded inside her, and the scene faded to black.

Ivan pressed a button on the remote and the sound grew slowly in volume until it had returned to its original level.

"Gee, Ivan. Thanks for the...ah, tour. Hey, Arnie. Did you see a room?"

"Room? What room?"

"Those cameras are a neat trick. Who operates them?"

"The clientele. They drop tokens into a slot by their viewing positions. When it comes their turn a light goes on and the camera is controlled by a joystick. Each token is good for two minutes and

they choose which camera they want by depositing the token in one of three slots.”

“And lucky you if your light pops the same time the actors do.”

“Yes, Ed. Although there are ways to intervene on behalf of certain privileged clients. Sometimes I will take control of one or more of the cameras when I know a certain viewing angle would be to the advantage of all concerned. I have even been known to override the controls of one or another to get a view of my own choosing. Most of the time, though, I attempt to remain as invisible as possible.”

“Where are you during all this? Can you see the room from your control booth or are you isolated?”

“The booth is just above one of the doors that open into the space. Actually not one of the better seats in the house. But I had to forgo certain personal amenities to provide more seating for the paying public.”

“How long were those two going at it in there?”

“I believe their performance lasted between forty and forty-five minutes. They were the warm-up act for the group you’ll be following tonight.”

Ed and Arnold exchanged glances; they were both thinking the same thoughts. If the people who followed that pair were afraid to follow Arnold and Ed...It didn’t take a very vivid imagination to picture what their opening act was going to be like.

“Ah, Ivan?”

“Yes, Arnold.”

“Well, it’s just that, not that Ed and I are worried about our ability to deliver a fine performance this evening, but are you sure

you want to send a couple of rank amateurs on after a group of pro's? I mean, if this was *their* opening act..."

"You two have got to get it through your heads that I know what I'm doing here. I've got a waiting list for tonight a mile long, tickets going for double their usual price. I'm not about to let this thing get screwed up. You two just be your wonderful, sexy, muscular, well-hung, lascivious selves and let ol' Uncle Ivan take care of the rest. There is not the slightest shred of doubt in my mind that you are going to blow these folks away tonight. Not the slightest. Now I don't want to hear another word on the matter. You're going to talk yourselves into a deep, dark depression and no one is going to have any fun tonight. Me included. And when Ivan doesn't have fun..."

"No one has fun. Yeah. We get the picture. Ed and I were just a little concerned about playing out of our league."

"You two gentlemen are in a league all by yourselves. One of the selling points of this performance is the fact that this is your debut. The people who come to see my shows love to root for the underdog. By the way, remember that during any confrontation between you two in there. When the one at the disadvantage comes out ahead, the tips come tumbling in. It assuages their guilty consciences. But in your case, I think it would be best to play the camaraderie bit. The act that will precede you is pretty confrontational and the audience will be ready for something with a *happier* happy ending."

"I just hope I can keep from getting distracted by the audience. I mean, I know I can't see them, but just knowing they're there. What if they start getting bored?"

“Don’t worry, Ed. As long as the biggest thing on your mind is having another orgasm, then you can believe the audience will be thinking the very same thing. By the way, I’ve been meaning to ask you what’s in the gym bags?”

“We didn’t know what you would want us to wear or if you would have stuff for us or what. So we brought our usual workout clothes. What do you think?”

“Best stick with tried and true. This is just a quiet evening at home with Arnold and Ed. Don’t try anything flashy. It’ll probably just get in the way and besides, something tells me you two won’t stay dressed for long.”

“That’s another thing. When do we know when to take our clothes off and stuff?”

“When do you usually take your clothes off? When you want to, right?” The two men nodded. “Well? Any more questions you already know the answers to?”

“I think we’re getting the picture, Ivan. Sorry about being so dense. I know Ed’s and my instincts have always been good. We’ll just have to trust ourselves. Like we always do.” Arnold swung his chair around to face Ed. “Like the other night with Heather and Sarah. We just knew, right?”

“Yeah. We’ll just pretend it’s a bunch of Heathers and Sarahs peering at us through a giant fish bowl. That couple on the TV just now seemed to be able to get into it. And they weren’t nearly as hot as me and you.”

“That’s the spirit, Ed. Trust me. After what you did in my office yesterday; I can assure you your instincts are quite good. And you’ve got the goods to deliver. By the way, I trust you both have saved yourselves for tonight’s activities.”

“Cloistered like monks all day. In fact, that little video you just showed us has got me just a little too excited.”

“That’s okay. The shock of walking into the space usually calms everyone down at first. But even a little premature ejaculation is good for business. Lets the audience know you’re on the edge.”

“By the way, Ivan, you’re selling yourself rather short as well. What happened in your office yesterday was as much your doing as anything Ed and I cooked up. I haven’t had my tubes cleared like that for a while. That was real brave of you to take both of us on at the same time.”

“Again you prove my point. It just goes to show you what inspiration will do. It is my policy not to get involved with members of my crew. Especially newcomers. I hadn’t expected such a dramatic audition and found myself sucked up into your enthusiasm.”

“In more ways than one.”

“Yes, Ed. And don’t be so smug. I hold you personally to blame for my transgression. You and that striptease act. Blackmail, pure and simple.”

“Blackmail is such a dirty word, Ivan. I just got my feathers a little riled when you asked us to prove ourselves. I wanted to make you sorry for ever having doubted our qualifications.”

“Cut the bullshit, Ed. You just wanted to get at Ivan’s ass. He’s such a slut.”

“Well, I hope you’re satisfied. The word is out that I’m slagging the hired help and everyone wants a piece of the action. I haven’t been propositioned so many times in my entire life as I have in the

past twenty-four hours. I don't know what I'm going to do. I have a reputation to uphold, you know."

The van came to a halt and the engine shut off.

Before they disembarked, Ivan addressed the pair one more time. "One last piece of advice, my two well-hung comrades. I don't think I need to remind you that the male ejaculate drains the body of fluids. I don't want to have to drag your bodies offstage due to dehydration. Please start drinking lots of fluids immediately and continue to do so right through your presentation. *Capiche?*"

"Message received, *mon commandant*."

"I guess. When did everyone start speaking all these foreign languages, anyhow? And speaking of which. Ivan, what does *mayrd* mean?"

"Where did you hear that, Ed?"

"Something Howard said to us out front."

"It's a theatrical, or actually a dance tradition. Get someone to enlighten you after the show. But trust me, it's a good thing."

A few seconds later the side doors opened and the large, muscular man stood to one side. Arnold and Ed stepped from the vehicle into a small garage with a closed roll door at one end and a regular, household door at the other. Ivan led the way through the latter and down a series of blank-walled, cement-floored hallways lit by fluorescent lighting units recessed into the ceiling. They passed through a couple of other doors, down more hallways that bore no discernible difference from those preceding or following them. They finally reached a staircase and descended several flights, exiting into a very long hallway, the floor of which was covered with thick, plush carpet, and the walls done in a dark, hardwood paneling.

Warm incandescent light glowed from indirect lighting coves at the top of each wall. The ceiling was vaulted plaster painted creamy peach. Doors alternated every fifty feet or so and Ivan led them to one about halfway down. He opened it and stood aside to allow the two young men to enter. Again, as with Ivan's office, the two were astounded by what they saw. It was obviously a dressing room — two tables with large mirrors surrounded by lights stood along one wall — but the appointments looked like something out of a movie set for a five-star hotel. Including the bed. Both of them wandered, mesmerized, into the center of the room and gazed about.

"I assumed you two would prefer to share accommodations. If you need a little more room to spread out, the dressing room to the left is empty this evening."

"Ed? Would you like your own dressing room?"

Ed was too stunned to answer. Arnold took his silence to mean that all was wonderful, as is.

"I think this will be just fine, Ivan. Just fine."

"If you need anything, just pick up the phone, someone will answer. The gym is down the hall, this way. Last door on the left. Feel free to rummage through the drawers and closets. You should find everything you need. It's eight-thirty now. The first act will begin at about nine-fifteen. They usually run about forty-five minutes, so that will put you on at about ten-thirty."

"When do we get to see the space?"

"If you want, you can turn on the television to channel thirty-four. There'll be about a half hour between the act preceding and yours. The stage hands will be there to set things where you want them. Check out the gym. I think you'll find it very interesting.

Arnold especially. I may not see you again before you go on, so break a leg. See you at the end.”

Ivan shut the door behind him, leaving the two men to survey their surroundings. They drifted about the apartment, opening cabinets and drawers. Occasionally a discovery by one of them would bring the other over to share. Ivan’s hospitality was, as far as they could discern, complete. A full size refrigerator was completely stocked, the closet contained several thick, fluffy dressing gowns and comfortable slippers that seemed to be just their size. There was even an entire drawer filled with a wonderful selection of underwear. Ed took several pair out and held them up to his waist to model them. It was apparent that most of them would have trouble containing either Arnold’s or Ed’s huge penis. Then again, perhaps that was the object.

The furnishings were all hand-crafted furniture. The deep-pile carpet swallowed their feet and felt like walking on moss in the forest. The bed was a huge four-poster covered with piles of down pillows and a comforter. The firm king-size mattress stretched out before them like the plains of Kansas. Arnold went to an amour that stood against one wall and opened it to reveal a magnificent audio/video set-up. Drawers were filled with hundreds of CD’s and cassettes. A bookshelf to the right of the set-up was filled with video tapes whose titles ranged, in alphabetical order of course, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Including...

“Hey, Ed. ‘The Wizard of Oz.’”

“Don’t think I’m in the mood, right now, Arn. Maybe later.”

“Yeah. Know what you mean. Not bad, huh?”

“Like we died and went to heaven. This guy really knows how to put out a spread.”

“He treats us right, we treat him right. Just remember, a pampered well-hung stud is a happy well-hung stud.”

“And I’m feeling really pampered, Arn. If Ivan keeps this up I may just have to put myself up for adoption. You suppose he’s looking for some next-of-kin?”

“Don’t think you’d have to get so radical. It seems we’re part of the family already. What say we follow through on his well-dropped hint and check out the gym. He’s got my curiosity piqued.”

“Sure. I just gotta use the can first.” Ed went to the bathroom and flipped on the light. “Holy Shit. Arn. Come here.”

Arnold hurried over to join his friend. He expected only the surprising. He got the phenomenal. In the middle of the room was huge jacuzzi with steam rising off the still water. A spacious shower stall occupied a corner of the room. Shelves were piled high with thick towels as big as twin bed sheets. A sliding mirror revealed a huge selection of toiletry articles for every need and taste. Ed found the toilet in a recessed alcove around the corner. Next to it was different kind of toilet.

“Hey, Arn. Look at this. The guy’s even got two toilets. One of ‘em’s got no seat, though.”

Arnold suspected, and rambled over to the other side of the room.

“That’s not a toilet. That’s called a bidet.”

“Oh, that’s what that is. I’ve heard the word, but I never knew what it was. It’s a woman thing, right?”

“I don’t know. I think anyone can use it. It’s like washing up without having to use toilet paper.”

“Boy. This guy thinks of everything.”

Ed aimed his cock at the bowl and let fly with a powerful stream of piss. Arnold leaned back against the wall and admired the content of Ed's hand. His own cock began to stir as he anticipated the evening's activities. When Ed was done, he shook the huge rope of flesh and began to stuff it back in his pants. He glanced over at Arnold and saw him studying him. "Can't wait?"

"Nope."

"Me neither. But I guess we'd better, huh. By the way, that was real nice what you did with my cock last night. I tried to keep it from getting hard, but I don't have the control you do, yet. It felt real good pressed up against your balls like that."

"Sure did. You can bother me like that anytime."

Ed sighed and finished stashing his cock down his pant-leg.

"Come on. If he equips his gym as well as his bathroom, this is really going to be something."

As the two men headed for the door to the hallway the phone rang. Arnold answered it.

"Hello?"

A deep, sultry voice dripped from the handset.

"Is this Arnold?"

"Yes. Who's this?"

"I'm Carol, Ivan's assistant. I just wanted to check in with you to see if everything's all right."

"Don't see how it could be much better, Carol. Your boss has very good taste."

"The best. If there's anything, and I mean anything, you need, just pick up the phone. If I'm not here to answer, someone will track me down. We're all very excited about your performance tonight."

“It seems we’ve raised quite a stir.”

“That would be an understatement. Is Ed there?”

“Yeah, he’s right here. You want to speak to him?”

“I want to do more than that but it’ll do for now.”

“Hey, Ed. It’s Ivan’s assistant, Carol. I think she wants to have your children.”

Arnold held the handset out to him and Ed blushed. He walked over and took the phone from him.

“Hello?”

“Good evening, Ed. My name’s Carol. I just wanted to welcome you and check to make sure you’ve got everything you need.”

“Yeah...ah...I’m fine. Everything’s fine...ah...ah...how’re you?”

Carol laughed a dark, lusty laugh that made Ed’s cock jump in his pant-leg.

“I’m just fine, thank you for asking. Let me know if there’s anything I can do for you, okay. And I mean, anything. Maybe we can get together after the show tonight.”

“I don’t know. I may be a bit tired. We’ll see. Okay?”

“Of course. Just let me know. See you upstairs in a little while. Bye.”

“Uh...yeah...uh, bye.”

Ed hung up the phone and stared at the device for a couple of seconds. He shook his head and looked over at Arnold who was waiting by the door with a knowing look on his face. “That’s the first time I’ve ever been fucked by a voice.”

“What’d she want?”

“Wants to meet me after the show. Like I’ll have any energy left to do anything.”

“With a voice like that, it sounds like she could certainly help you find some.”

“Yeah. Shit. Look at me. I’m getting a hard-on. Come on. I need to work off some of this before I pop a cork in my nice new pants.”

They headed down the hall to the door at the end, clearly marked ‘GYM’. The door slid open in response to their approach and they found themselves on a landing, very much like Mary and David’s house, overlooking a vast array of hardware. Thirty people could very easily have utilized the gear spread before them without any trouble. As it was, the room was occupied by only two, a man and woman working on the pec deck on the far side of the room.

Arnold thought they looked familiar and, as he crossed the floor to them he realized it was Tom and Judy, his favorite motel sex fantasy. It didn’t surprise him in the least that they were both naked. Both their bodies were covered with a light sheen of perspiration. Tom was on the machine at the moment and his incredibly thick penis was hanging over the edge of the seat, swinging back and forth as he thrust his effort against the pads, squeezing his pecs together, making them swell on his chest. Ed walked up behind Arnold and was next to him before he saw the man’s enormous tool.

“Holy shit!” he whispered.

The woman turned around and saw the two of them standing there. Her body was ripped with definition. Her firm breasts sat high on her chest and her tight muscular waist narrowed down seductively to her amazing, firm ass and a hairless cunt with lips ever so slightly swollen with desire. When she saw who had joined

them she let out a ‘Whoop!’ and flew into Arnold’s arms, mashing her lips against his and flinging her taut, muscular legs around his waist. Her behavior shocked Arnold. It was far more carefree and spontaneous than the last time they had met.

Tom had deserted his workout when he heard Judy cry out and was walking over to the group. Judy was still occupied with Arnold so Tom introduced himself to Ed.

“Hi. My name’s Tom. You must be Ed.”

“Yeah. I take it you know Arnold.”

“Yep. We met a few months ago when he was driving across country. We let Ivan know about him and gave Arnold Ivan’s phone number.”

“Oh, yeah. I met Arnold later that next day. He picked me up hitchhiking a few hours after he left you. He’s told me about that night. I should have realized from the description...” Ed’s eyes dropped to Tom’s cock. Tom followed his gaze and gave his cock a little flex to make it hop. The two men’s eyes met again.

For a bit.

A while, actually.

A long while.

“Ahem!”

Tom and Ed broke the spell between them and turned to see Arnold and Judy looking at them and smiling broadly. Judy was still mounted on Arnold’s waist and was stroking his left pec.

“Hi, Ed. I’m Judy. I see you’ve already met Tom. Hey, Tom. You gotta check this guy out. We thought he was big the first time we met. Get a load of these bulges now.”

Tom smiled again at Ed and went over to see what Judy was referring to. Judy slid off Arnold and unbuttoned his shirt, spreading the front open so Tom could see the muscles of Arnold's huge chest and abdomen. Tom whistled appreciatively.

"Whew. You've been doing some major work there, Arnold. Man. That's some pectoral muscles you've got there. What've you been doing?"

"Just a lot of hard work."

"And not much else. That's amazing. You look real good, there, Arnold. Real good. It's good to see you again." The two men embraced and kissed. "I'm glad you took us up on our offer."

"Yeah. It looks like everything's going to be fine. I like Ivan's style."

"Hah. If there's one thing Ivan's got, it's style. I don't know if he's ever done anything wrong, but you can bet it would be the best 'wrong' ever done. He's amazing. You like your digs?"

"Yeah. Seems like a lot of trouble to go through for just one night."

"One night?" Tom and Judy looked at each other knowingly. "Perhaps he didn't tell you. That's your room. Period. For now on until you don't work here anymore. We've had our place for almost two years now. Whenever we come into town we always have a place to stay. Even if we're not performing."

Arnold and Ed looked at each other dumbfounded. Their own place?

"Aw, man. This is too much. Hey, Arn. We have fallen into some shit, huh?"

"I'm a bit overwhelmed, myself. Are you sure?"

“Yep. Judy and I had the same feelings when we first came here. But, yeah. That’s your place.”

“If we can ever find it again.”

“Oh, don’t worry. Ivan just likes to play that little secret agent game. By the weekend you’ll have your own keys and passwords to get into the place. But don’t ask us where we are, now. Ivan would get real upset if we blew his secret.”

“So what are you two doing here?”

“Ivan didn’t tell you that, either?”

“No.”

“We’re your opening act.”

“No!”

“Yeah. When we heard that he’d gotten you two to come in tonight we figured there was no way we’d be able to top you. So we asked to be put on first. Besides, that way we can watch you two and not have to worry about keeping our cool for the show. The word is out that you two make a very exciting team.”

“We have an awful big reputation to live up to. I hope certain parts of my anatomy don’t suffer from stage fright.”

“Ivan’s been pumping Arnie and me up all the way over here. But if we’ve gotta follow you two, I don’t know. Arnie’s told me all about your evening together. I wished I’d lived just a few hours down the road so he would have picked me up before stopping that night. I would have loved to have been there.”

“That was quite a night. You made a big difference in our lives, Arnold. I don’t know if you noticed, but we’ve changed almost as much as you have. Inside, that is. Something happened that night that untied a lot of knots inside Judy and I. We didn’t realize it at

first, but later we started noticing things about ourselves. We felt more relaxed, more easy with ourselves. I started to feel real good about myself and Judy. Found I didn't need another person around to subjugate myself to in order to get off. And Judy. Well, you saw for yourself."

Judy wrapped her arm around Arnold's neck and hugged him to her. She planted a big, wet kiss on his cheek and tousled his hair.

"I can't even begin to explain how different I feel from a few months ago. I don't think there's much left of the old, stuffed shirt, possessive, stick-up-the-ass I used to be. Look at me smile, for God's sake. I never used to smile. And Tom and I are married."

"No kidding. That's great. Congratulations."

Arnold threw his arms around both of them and hugged them to his huge chest.

Ed started to feel like a bit of an outsider and wondered what that thing between himself and Tom had been a couple of minutes ago. He wasn't sure now if it had been his own imagination or if Tom had been genuinely interested.

Tom saw Ed's discomfort and pulled away from Arnold.

"So. Let's get a look at the competition. What'd'ya say?"

"You take Ed, there. I get Arnie cuz I saw him first."

Judy slipped Arnold's shirt off his shoulders and stood, awe-struck, before him. He was so much bigger than just a few months ago. She looked over at Tom who was standing in front of Ed.

"Can I unbutton your shirt, Ed?"

"Uh, yeah. Sure."

Tom undid each button with a feeling of ritual. As he opened each one, revealing more and more of Ed's broad, well-developed

chest, his own cock became harder and harder until, by the last button, it was standing straight out from his groin, throbbing with the beat of his heart. His reaction was not missed by the other three and Ed was blushing terribly. He held his arms away from his body so Tom could remove the shirt. Then Tom stood back and scanned his eyes over Ed's torso. He shook his head.

"Ivan would be very angry if he knew what my thoughts are right now. You mind if I undo your pants?"

"Go ahead. Feeling kind of silly standing here with clothes on and everyone else naked."

Indeed, Judy had already succeeded in completely stripping Arnold. She, too, was standing back and admiring the view.

Tom undid Ed's belt and then the snap and zipper. Before pulling Ed's pants to the floor, though, he ran his hand down the outline of Ed's cock, his eyes closed, a smile of ecstasy on his face.

"Mmmmm."

"I think you'd better not do that too much, Tom. I'm having a real hard time keeping things under control, right now."

Tom grabbed Ed's pants about halfway down the thighs and pulled them to the floor. Ed's semi-erect cock leapt out as soon as the pants cleared the head and (accidentally?) hit Tom on the cheek. Tom's mouth quickly followed the head and, before anyone could, or would want to, do anything about it, he was sucking the long, thick cock into his mouth. Ed groaned deeply and enjoyed Tom's attentions for a moment before slowly pushing his head away. Tom looked up at him, his eyes filled with desire. Ed shook his head slowly and brought the man back to his feet.

"Hey, Arnold."

“Yeah, Judy.”

“I think we have a small problem here.”

“You think they’ve forgotten about us?”

“Who?”

“Just as I thought. Well, as long as we’re here, I might as well get some use out of this incredible equipment. What does he need all this stuff for?”

Tom was able to pull himself away from Ed and answer, a bit dreamily, “Some of the shows have big casts. Everyone’s down here pumping up at the same time. It gets quite thick in here. Everyone’s got hard-ons and stiff nipples. It can get quite wonderful. And you should see the cast parties afterwards. Anything you want, anywhere, anytime. Quite amazing.”

“So this is just a little show.”

“Not by the looks of you two.”

“You know what I mean.”

“We’ve got one more cast member who is being lazy right now. She should be here shortly. By the way, clothing is always optional around here, once you get down onto this floor.”

“What’s this ‘arena’ like. I mean, Ivan showed Arnie and me a tape on the way over. It looks kind of...ah...”

“Sinister?”

“Yeah.”

“Don’t let it get to you. When Tom and I did our first show here we were so scared Tom couldn’t get it up in the dressing room. And he can always get it up. But we got up there and, I don’t know, something happens when the curtain goes up. Some people swear Ivan’s got a secret scent he sprays around. Whatever it is, it works.

There's only been one time in my life I've been more turned on than when I'm up on stage."

She reached out and took Arnold's huge, flaccid cock in her hand and stroked it lovingly.

"Can't imagine when that was."

"In fact, Tom and I have used the memory of that night to generate some incredible stage fantasies. We figured we'd change the program a little tonight so the audience doesn't get too bored, if that's possible."

"Ivan said you get a bit, how did he put it, confrontational."

"Yeah. Actually, Tom's the bad guy. He's got these two helpless females..." all three men laughed at that "...locked in his room. He has his way with them but they get free and end up raping him. You should see it. Tom gets raped real good."

"Yeah. I really hate it when I'm forced to have sex with two unbelievably sexy, muscular women who make me cum until I pass out."

"I hate that when it happens. Why just the other night I was telling Arnie..."

A voice was heard over loudspeakers in the room. "Tom, Judy?" It was the incredibly sultry Carol.

Judy answered. "Yeah Carol. We're in the gym."

"Just wanted to let you know we're about fifteen minutes from getting started. You want to round up your crew and head up here?"

"Sure thing, Carol. Could you give Barb a call in the dressing room?"

"No problem. See you in a few."

Arnold and Ed looked at each other. The name Barb rang a bell. Ed asked if this was the same Barb he'd had an encounter with the previous day.

"Yep. I think that's why she's hiding out," said Tom. "I'm afraid you did some serious damage to her normally ice-cold libido. She's actually gotten sensitive on us. I hope she'll be able to swing the 'cold, ruthless bitch' act when it comes time."

"Don't you worry your pretty little head, you little cocksucker. You just get your ass up on that stage and let me get my hands on your ruddy little cock. I'm gonna kick your ass, worm."

The four of them turned around to see Barb, naked, ripped and beautiful, standing on the landing inside the automatic door. The smile on her face assured them she was just getting into character. She sauntered down the stairs, came over to Ed and pressed her strong, taut body against his, giving him a deep, long kiss and rubbing her hand up and down his semi-erect shaft.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't the dynamic duo. You boys' got a lot of nerve treating a lady like that." She turned to Tom and Judy. "I get called up to the office in the middle of a workout and the next thing I know I'm lying on the floor with this big, beautiful cock ramming up inside me, making me cum so bad I can't see straight even now. Buddy, I don't know where you learned that shit, but you are one bad mother. You ready for tonight?"

"I guess so. Arnie and I are new to this, so I'm not so sure what it's like."

"Just be yourself. Don't force anything. If it don't work in the bedroom, it don't work on stage. Be cool. And don't forget to hydrate. Everyone likes to see lots of white, gooey stuff when it

cums time. And I think you catch my drift.” She turned to Tom. “You got your tank all primed, hot shot?”

“You’re gonna need a bulletproof jacket up there, sister woman.”

Barb laughed deeply and then turned her attention back to her two assailants from the previous day.

“If you’re half as good tonight as you were yesterday you two are gonna walk outta here extremely wealthy individuals. You may even break my record.”

“You’re the one who...”

“That’s right, big boy. Seventeen thousand smackers. And *you* got it for free.”

“Worth every penny of it, too.”

“Listen, Tom, if I didn’t have to go upstairs and fuck your brains out tonight I’d punch your lights out for you.”

Carol’s marvelous voice flowed from the loudspeakers again. “Ten minutes. Ten minutes until curtain.”

“Is she as sexy as her voice?”

“Who? Carol?”

“Yeah. When I talked to her back in the dressing room I thought I was going to cum right on the phone. I think she’s got the hots for Ed, though.”

“So you haven’t met Carol, yet.” Tom’s voice held just the slightest bit of mischief. Arnold looked at Judy and Barb and they, too, were trying to stifle a laugh.

“Okay, what gives?”

“Never mind, Arnold. You’ll meet Carol soon enough. But as with everything else in Ivan-land, keep your expectations set on

‘wide open’. Come on, group. Let’s get the audience warmed up for our friends, here. Arnie. Ed. Have a great show. I know you’ll knock ‘em dead. We’ll be watching on the TV. See if you can catch some of our act, as well.”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world, Tom. You folks have fun.”

They all exchanged hugs and kisses which lingered on far too long to be casual. Arnold noticed that they were going upstairs without any clothes on.

“Hey. Where are your costumes?”

“Don’t have any time for clothes, mega-stud. We’re doing the short version so’s the audience can have more fun with you two.” Barb rubbed her hands across Arnold’s broad chest and then brought her tongue down to lightly lap at one of his erect nipples. “Mmm, mmm. Sure do like that white meat. If I got anything left tonight, you mind if I belly up to the bar with you two?”

“We’ll have to see, Barb. Ed and I aren’t planning on having much left, ourselves.”

That’s right, Arn...plan on leaving it all on the field.”

“Ivan wouldn’t want it any other way.” Tom spoke loudly as if knowing that Ivan would be listening. “Come on, ladies. The show must go on.”

Tom, Judy and Barb headed for the back of the gym and boarded an elevator which arrived as soon as they approached it. As the door slid shut, Judy could be seen dropping to her knees in front of Tom’s raging hard-on.

Both Arnold and Ed stared at the elevator door for several moments, waiting for...what? They heaved a collective sigh and then gazed around the huge gym, which they now had all to

themselves. It seemed very empty without the wonderful energy of the other three. Arnold sat down on the pec deck and did a few reps with the weight Tom had been using. Ed watched for a couple of minutes and then wandered over to a biceps station. Slowly, steadily they got into their rhythm and were soon grunting and heaving themselves into each exercise. They'd occasionally stop to check pose in the mirrors that lined one wall, and then go back to work, but they didn't say much to each other.

They were both very deep in their own thoughts.

CHAPTER 51: CHRIS

She had never been one for shower fantasies, but every time her hands touched any part of her body, it made her wish Arnold was touching her, getting ready to move his massive body against her, thrust his huge, swollen prick into her. She couldn't stop her cunt from flowing. Everything was a sexual turn-on. She very nearly came when she soaped up her breasts. And when it came time to rinse off her vagina, she had to resort to thinking it was the building manager, Mr. Howard, doing the evil deed so she didn't collapse in a puddle of orgasmic bliss.

Oddly, though, she had trouble conjuring up the disgust that, until that morning, she had felt for the older man. Suddenly he was a human being with a life and a cock and troubles and joys and a reason for being on earth. She could not find in herself the ability to identify with him, but she seemed less inclined to dismiss him outright.

Arnold.

If she ended up actually liking Mr. Howard because of Arnold's affect on her, she was going to be awfully mad at him.

That made her chuckle. When you had an eleven-and-a-half inch cock and biceps bulging and pecs swelling to satisfy your every sexual need, the whole world took on a different look. That thought was followed by the hope she wasn't so shallow a person that it was only Arnold's eleven-and-a-half cock that was having its affect on her. Her extraordinary experiences of the previous night had proved that something bigger than that was moving inside her.

Again she chuckled. She scrubbed extra hard on her hands to remove the last vestiges of chemical odor which always seemed to collect there when working in the lab. She had spent the time since Arnold left developing the shots taken in his weight room the previous afternoon. And if those photos weren't enough to put her down for the count, she also redid a couple of the spy hole series to use as teasers. Nicholas was going to cum in his pants, as she hoped every woman in the country would, when he saw the ad campaign she had in mind.

Just as she got out of the shower she heard a knock on her door. Wrapping a heavy terry cloth robe around her and a thick towel about her wet hair she peeked through the spy hole. Should she have been at all surprised to see Mr. Howard standing there? Well, there was no time like the present. She checked to make sure she was very decent and then opened the door.

“Good morning, Mr. Howard.”

“Mornin’, Miss Chris. I was sifting cigarette butts out of the sand in front of the building this morning and I found this. It matches the duplicate you gave me for the office.” He held up the key she had lost in her collision with the rollerbladers. The entire event had completely slipped her mind.

“Oh, thank you. That must have been an awful lot of trouble to go through all the keys for the building.”

“Not much. Besides, I recognized it as being the type of lock we had put in here the when you was broken into. Not a whole lot of them around. Held the two of them up, this one and the one in the lock box, and, sure enough; two peas in a pod.”

He extended his hand to her. She took the key, but he held on to it for just an instant longer than was necessary. A sly smirk spread

across his face. Chris decided that enough was enough. ‘Take the bull by the horns,’ she thought.

“Mr. Howard. I would like to have a little talk with you. Would you mind coming in for a quick cup of coffee?” His jaw dropped to his chest. The sly smirk became one of incredulity. Chris guessed immediately what was going through his mind. ‘Fine,’ she thought, ‘let him think what he wants. It’ll put him off his guard.’

She stood aside and welcomed Mr. Howard into her kitchen. She moved to the sink and began the process of making coffee. She started to ask if he liked decaf but the question seemed pointless.

“How’s your brother-in-law?”

“Huh?”

“You told me yesterday you were going out to the valley to your brother-in-law’s place.”

“Oh, yeah. Yeah. He’s...ah...fine. Fine.”

“Good. I hope it was a good visit.”

“It was all right.”

“How do you take your coffee?”

“Uh, black. Black, no sugar.”

“That’s easy enough. It’ll be just a minute for the water to heat up. You mind it made drip like this?”

“Uh, drip’s fine. Just fine.”

“Great. By the way, I noticed you fixed the light fixtures down in the laundry room. It sure makes a big difference down there with all the lights on. Thanks.”

“Yeah. We was waitin’ for replacements ta come into the hardware store. Took some time for ‘em ta git here.”

“I thought there might be something holding you up. It’s always nice when things get done around here as promptly as that.”

“Just tryin’ ta keep you folks happy.”

“I’m glad you feel that way, Mr. Howard, because I’ve got a problem I need to discuss with you.”

The sly smirk reappeared.

“Here’s your coffee.”

“Thanks.” He took a sip of it. “Nice cuppa coffee.”

It’d better be, at \$9.50 a half pound. Chris sat down in the chair across the table from him.

“What seems ta be your problem?”

“You may not believe this, Mr. Howard...”

“Please, call me Ben.”

“You may not believe this...Ben...but it has to do with you and me.”

Mr. Howard...Ben shifted in his seat, a motion halfway between expectation and discomfort.

“I hope there’s nothing wrong with your apartment.”

“Oh, no. Everything’s fine. No, Ben. It’s actually *between* you and me.” Ben made the same motion, this time swinging more towards the discomfort side. Chris smiled to herself. She had suspected that his bark was worse than his bite; when she actually got around to what she was trying to say, and she admitted to herself she was taking the scenic route, he would be so relieved he would probably melt right where he sat.

“You ’n me? I’m not gettin’ ya.”

“Ever since the day I moved into this building you and I have had certain...ideas...about each other. I don’t know about you, but

I'm pretty sure those ideas have made both of us pretty uncomfortable."

"Still not quite sure where you're goin' with this."

"It's just that it seems every conversation we have has a second layer to it. Kind of like an undertow down on the beach. My discomfort has come, partially, from the way I feel about you after we're done talking. But another part of it, and this is something I only recently discovered, is the way I feel about the way I feel about you. Now I know that's my problem, but I also know there's something you could do to help me get over this discomfort and, in the process, maybe make you a little more comfortable around me."

Ben's eyes glazed over. She'd obviously gone a bit too deep into the woods for him. He needed a few bread crumbs to find his way out. Very dry bread crumbs.

"Can I ask you a personal question?"

"Uh...uh...sure...uh...I mean...uh...it depends."

"You don't have to answer if you don't want to, but I think it'll help here. Yesterday afternoon, after we finished talking downstairs in the lobby, how did you feel about our conversation? And I mean really feel."

Ben thought for a second, started to speak, changed his mind. Finally he said, "Don't recollect feeling anything. Just thought you might be a little nicer, maybe."

"Good. And you want to hear something really amazing? That's exactly what I thought, too."

Clouds of thought raced across Ben's face. His eyebrows alternately raised as he scrunched down on the meaning of what Chris was saying. After a couple of moments, he shrugged.

“Miss Chris, I gotta tell ya, I’m not at all certain of where you’re goin’ with all this.”

“That sort of makes both of us. Maybe I’d better just tell you my side of it and how I see the situation. Then you can fill in your own details. When I walked out the door to the lobby yesterday after talking with you I had the distinct impression you hadn’t talked to me as a human being but as thing. An object. To be blunt, a sex object. Now I know I had on an exceptionally revealing swim suit, and I guess I shouldn’t be surprised when I attract the attentions of others. You included.”

“Well, you sure did that.”

“Thank you for being so honest. But there are different kinds of interest. And there are different kinds of reactions, depending on who’s doing the reacting. I’ll be perfectly honest with you. I was definitely trying to elicit a certain kind of reaction from my new neighbor, hoping he would notice me from his balcony. But he’s a young man, not much different in age from myself, and single, meaning available. The fact that I attracted your attention as well compliments me on my broad range of appeal. But you, unlike my new neighbor, are twice my age, married, meaning not available, and, in the end, not someone I would immediately choose to seduce with my racy swim wear.”

Ben had become more alert as Chris talked, gaining false hope as to where she was leading the conversation. But the last sentence she spoke deflated him as surely as sticking a pin into a balloon. Crestfallen, he slumped back into his chair, almost letting his cup slip from his grasp.

“And there, Mr. Howard...Ben...is our problem. It would be very nice to be able to like you. But every time I try, you

misinterpret my motives, or choose to see them in your own light. And so we end up feeling very dissatisfied each time we talk.”

Chris sat back in her own chair and crossed her arms, a motion she hoped would have its desired affect on the man: I’m defensive. Ben studied her for a couple of minutes, set his cup down on the table, turned it around a couple of times, picked it up and sipped, and set it down again.

“I don’t mean to make you think I don’t like you.”

“Ben, I know that’s not the problem. But just because you like me doesn’t mean you have to want to go to bed with me. This isn’t black and white. There can be a million shades of gray. Even an occasional color or two. Do you like your wife?”

“What’s that got to do with anything?”

“I’m sorry. I don’t mean to intrude. I was only going to make the point that if you did like her, you probably would know the feelings you have for her are different from those you have for me. And for everyone else you know. I appreciate the fact that I’m an attractive woman. Some would say exceedingly so, and I don’t feel like I’m bragging when I say that. I also appreciate the fact that you apparently have an eye for beauty that includes me, and I thank you for the compliment. But appreciation is one thing. Respect is another. I respect the fact that you’re married. I respect the fact that you’re a human being with feelings that can be hurt and emotions that flare and needs and wants and dreams. But it makes it very difficult for me to offer that respect when I get the feeling you’re not returning it. The respect, I mean.”

“You want me to respect you.”

“That’s kind of the idea, yeah.”

“And if I do, then you’ll respect me, too.”

“If you do, you’ll make it easier for me to do the same, yes.”

Clouds of thought gathered again. Finally he said, “I don’t believe anyone has ever sat down and talked to me the way you have. Not quite sure how to handle it.”

“Take it at face value, Ben. I’m not hiding anything from you. I’m not trying to kid you or make fun of you or put you down or even push you away. I’m just trying to see if you and I can find some common ground so we can start having a human relationship. Two humans relating to each other, not two people trying very hard to get what the other person is not willing to give. I promise. If you can make me feel like it’s worth knowing you, I’ll definitely be able to make you feel like it’s worth knowing me. But you have to respect my own needs and boundaries. I do not want to have sex with you, Ben. You’re just not my type. And there’s probably nothing that can be done about that. But I would very much like to be your friend. If you’ll let me in that way. You catch my drift?”

“You know, for a woman, you sure do have an awful lot to say.”

Chris considered hurling herself off the balcony. Then she considered hurling Ben off the balcony.

“But you sure do make a lot of sense.”

Then again...

“Ben, you make me very happy to hear you say that. I’m glad you can see me that way. It’s a start. A very good start.”

Ben studied his empty cup for a moment longer and then got up the nerve to look Chris in the eye. He studied them for just a moment, as if making sure she wasn’t about to say “April Fool’s” or something. He sighed. She was serious.

“You know, when my wife was about your age she used to get out of the tub and wrap her head up just like that. Bright, bright red hair. Just like yours.”

“Used to?”

“Don’t have to wrap nothin’ up no more. The chemotherapy took care of that.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”

“Well, we don’t like to talk about it much.” He paused for a second. “That’s why we was up ta her brother’s house. He lives near the hospital and she’s so tired after her treatments she can hardly stand the drive all the way home.”

“How long has she had it?”

“About six months. They think they’ve got it under control, but then, I guess that’s what they always say.”

“Lung Cancer?”

“Nope. Never smoked a cigarette in her life. Never did much of anything bad. Makes you go and wonder. I run around boozin’ and smokin’ and cuttin’ up and I’m never sick a day in my life. The Missus lives like a saint and they gotta go and cut her chest up and...and...”

Before Chris could realize what she was doing she had jumped to her feet, gone to Ben and kneeled at his side, cradling his head on her shoulder. He resisted for a moment, let his head be pulled to her and, within seconds, was crying softly into her neck. She rocked back and forth, stroking his sparse, gray hair, patting him on his back. He was a big man, his body was firm, strong for a man his age. He had born many griefs, many wounds, many faults on that back. And she suspected this was the first time anyone, besides

perhaps his own mother, had seen him cry. She said nothing, not wanting to inhibit him.

Ben tried to compose himself, tried to deal with the shame of letting someone see him in this condition. Chris felt she should say something to ease his embarrassment. She put her hands on either side of his face and gently forced him to look at her. She smiled, hoping he would, too. It took a couple of seconds, but a warm glow slowly rose up across his face and one corner of his mouth raised in a sheepish grin.

“I know it’s not easy for you to open up like that. I take it as the ultimate compliment that you did it here. This has been a very good visit. For both of us.”

“I’m sorry.”

“There’s nothing to be sorry about. It’s perfectly all right for men to show their emotions. You have to let it out or it just sits in you and makes you sick.”

“I mean I’m sorry about how I’ve treated you. It’s kind of hard to go around treating other people good when you can’t even treat yourself right.”

“Like I said. There’s nothing to be sorry about. We just needed to talk, that’s all.”

Chris looked at the wall clock. She had an hour to make it to her appointment with Nicholas and his yapping mutts.

“I don’t want to give you the bum’s rush, Ben, but I have to be across town for an appointment. You okay?”

“I’ll be fine. Fine. Sorry to hold you up. I guess you got better things to do than sit here baby-sitting an ol’ coot like me.”

“Ben.”

“Huh?”

“Cut the crap, okay?”

Ben chuckled. “Yeah. I guess I gotta stop doin’ that, huh.”

“Yup. Thanks for stopping by. And for finding my key.”

“You’re welcome. Oh, that reminds me. I was just wondering how you got into your place without it.”

Chris smiled slyly. Her eyes flashed to the balcony. Ben followed her glance, turned back and shrugged. He thought for a second and then: “Ah! I get it.”

“Yeah. Connecting balconies.”

“Long way down. I hope you weren’t too scared.”

“Only for a little while. I got over it real quick, though.”

Ben studied her face for a second to see if there was any more information forthcoming. He chuckled and headed for the door. As he opened it he turned back to Chris with the most honest and open face she had ever seen on the man, and said, “Thank you very, very much for the coffee. It was the best I’ve ever had.”

“You’re quite welcome. I’m certainly glad we had the chance to do it.” Ben started out the door. “Oh, Ben?”

“Yes, Miss Chris.”

“You were right, by the way. Those were mighty tight britches.”

She could still hear him laughing as he turned the corner into the stairwell.

It didn’t occur to her until she reached Nicholas’ office in just thirty-four minutes that there was anything unusual—until she realized she had reached Nicholas’ office in just thirty-four minutes. The elevator had run smoothly, the car had started promptly, there hadn’t been a single red light the entire way to the freeway, not a

single slowdown once on it, nor another red light from the freeway to his office, the entire distance being over ten miles. And she'd gotten dressed. Nicholas was sitting in his office, a set for some B-rated flick about a designer who thought he knew everything about taste. And didn't. Plaster cupids and vases with plastic flowers stood on plaster columns of various heights in all combinations around the room. Fabric in colors that had no right being seen in the same state with each other draped from ceiling to floor, column to column, vase to cupid to vase. It never ceased to confound Chris how a man with such abhorrent taste could come up with such a hot line of make-up.

Pillows of different sizes were placed on the furniture. On each one was a little fluff of hair, the collection of which erupted into obnoxious yappings and howlings the moment she walked into the room. Nicholas had to perform his ritual of going around to each of the nine (!) hairballs and assure them intimately that everything was okay. He spoke so sweetly to each of them Chris was not sure if she was going to keep a straight face or her breakfast.

When everyone had settled down Nicholas launched into a replay of their phone conversation of the day before. Chris thought she might want to cut him off, but realized she had missed some of this the last time, being otherwise occupied at the spy hole in her front door. The knowledge of what she carried in her portfolio and the affect it would have on this mad man helped her hold her tongue. She'd let him get it out of his system.

Finally, he wound down with a hesitant "So what do you think?"

Chris jumped in with both barrels blazing. She laid out her philosophy on sales, on make-up, on the woman he was trying to

target, on the pluses of the product, the amazing achievements he had made in the art of changing the modern woman's image of herself through this amazing new line he had created, ending with the point that, with such a stunning array of colors and styles he was ready to present, he certainly should see how his new line needed to have the most spectacular, amazing, provoking, maybe even controversial presentation ever put together in any make-up ad campaign.

Nicholas nodded as she stroked his ego, smiled with each compliment, even laughed a bit when she mentioned the word 'controversial.'

She felt she was on the right track. She also knew what she had in the black folder leaning against her knees.

"Nicholas. What we want to do is get your make-up on the face of every woman in this country, right. If this isn't what you want, then I'm outta here, because the only worthwhile campaign is the one that blows the competition out of the water. I know you have your ideas about presentation. I also know you have a certain budget to work with. But I also know that you're looking for the best campaign around. That's why you hired me. I want you to give me just a little leeway here. Indulge me for a moment and let me lay something out for you which I believe will accomplish the very thing we're both after. Blowing the competition away."

She reached into the portfolio and, before Nicholas could object, spread several dozen shots of Arnold in all his naked, natural beauty, across his desk. The effect was just as she had predicted. Nicholas was speechless. For several minutes. This was Chris' best indication that she was on the mark. He slid the photos back and forth over each other, not being able to find one to focus on. When

he finally realized he was just drifting above the sight of this incredible body he raised his eyes to Chris.

“If your intention was to give me an erection, you have succeeded. As much as I would enjoy looking over these photos for as long as you care to allow me, I must ask what this has to do with selling my line?”

Chris grinned. “Nicholas. If this man walked into this room right now and told you to put your make-up on your face, would you do it?”

“Without hesitation.”

“So would a very large percentage of the female population of this country. At least that’s what I’m willing to bet.”

“Who is he?”

“A friend. A very good friend. Shall I go on?”

“Please.”

“I am also betting we can make this campaign run so that magazines will pay *you* to run your ads.”

Nicholas’ eyes shot up from the photos for a second. He smiled in a way which Chris could only define as greedily.

“I have this image of women placing kisses with all your different colors, on various parts of his body. We run a series of ads featuring different body parts and therefore different colors. Perhaps have a special color which we place in a special spot that one of the more liberal-minded magazines carries. Maybe even a contest to guess which color it will be. How many women do you think would want to help place that special color?”

“All of them.”

“Any questions?”

“How much?”

“He has an agent. He also knows about this idea and has warned them. You’ll pay dearly. You’ll get your money’s worth.”

“Is he gay?”

“No.” A little lie, but not completely.

“I guess he’d have to be around a lot, though.”

“No doubt. In fact I was planning on it. Nicholas. Picture your hottest color hanging from the end of that amazing cock. It’s eleven-and-a-half inches long, Nicholas. Eleven-and-a-half.”

Nicholas stared at the photos and shook his head. He leaned in very close to the several taken through the spy hole.

“What’s going on here?”

“I thought he didn’t know I was shooting him. I was wrong. He’s quite a showman.”

“Perhaps the tea rose pink should go here, on his left biceps. It’s quite large.”

“You could be right. Maybe we should leave those details until after we’re sure the deal is set.” She thought she would have to get him to change the name of that color to something...*anything* other than tea rose pink.

Chris began gathering up the photos.

“Don’t you think you should leave those with me?”

“No, Nicholas. These are the property of the subject. Besides, I would think the image of his body is etched firmly in you mind. It certainly is mine.”

“Very well. What do we need to do?”

“I’ll have his agency draw up the contract. I’ll submit it to you next week with my own. I assume you’ve hired the proper press people.”

“Oh, yes. Sure. Here’s their number. He slid her a business card which listed the name of one of the most prestigious firms on the coast. Chris’ eyebrows shot up. “As you can see, I’ve hired the best. You. Them. Him.”

“Yes. Especially him. Now I just want to make sure we’re on the same track here. About your doggies and the ladies at tea...?”

“Just a passing fancy. I believe I can persuade my backers that you have presented the superior concept. Far superior. Mother will be a little disappointed.”

“Your Mother?”

“Yes. She was going to be the focus of the campaign. She was so excited about the tea rose pink. *Ç’est la vie*. I’m sure she’ll get over it when she sees your friend.”

“Your Mother?”

“Oh, yes. She’s quite the swinger. Seventy-eight years old and still goes to see the Chippendales every chance she gets.”

“I guess you’re never too old.”

“Dear God, I hope not. By the way, just how good is ‘very good friends?’”

“He’ll do anything for me. Anything.”

“I was hoping you’d say that.”

“For me, Nicholas. Not you.”

“Well, maybe I can watch.”

“It depends. Voyeurism is not in either of our contracts.”

“I don’t know. From the looks of those photos there, he might have different thoughts on the matter.”

Chris considered for a second. What were Arnold’s limits? Where did he draw the line? Was there a line? She’d have to investigate that with him. In the mean time...

“You’ll have to take that up with Arnold, himself. I can’t answer for him.” She was sure that’s what Arnold would want her to say.

“I look forward to that very opportunity. Very well. I think we have a good start here. When can I expect a proposal?”

“I’ll work on it this week and present it on Friday, if that’s good for you.”

“That’ll be fine. I trust you’ll bring Arnold, himself, along for the meeting.”

“If he’s available.”

“If he’s not, we’ll reschedule the meeting.”

“You are incorrigible, Nicholas.”

“No, my dear woman. You are. Did you think for a moment that waving nude photos of a man with a body like that...*sigh*...a face like that...*sigh*...and a cock like...*shudder*...would be in the least bit fair?”

“Of course not. This is advertising, for God’s sake.”

“Very well. At least we both know what kind of people we’re dealing with.”

“Yes. People with similar taste in men.”

“I look forward to seeing you both on Friday. Thank you for this most pleasant meeting. I trust you’ll excuse me if I don’t stand

up right now. I seem to be caught in a rather uncomfortable position.”

Chris laughed and shook her head. That seemed to be a common problem with Arnold. Was there a person on the planet the man wouldn’t turn on? Rhetorical question. At least she was betting on it with this campaign.

“I’ll show myself out. Just remember, Nicholas. You won’t be able to spend all your time behind that desk. We’ll have to see what you’re made of eventually.”

“Get Arnold in here and make it worth my while. Have a good day.”

“You too, Nicholas. See you Friday.”

As she got up to leave the hairballs rose in song and Nicholas had to go through his ritual all over again, this time from the relative discomfort of his office chair. She said a silent thank you to Arnold for having made that so easy. She then realized two difficult men had been handled with ease thanks to him. Was the traffic his doing, as well?

As if to prove that nothing was so predictable, it took her over an hour to get home. She didn’t know what Arnold’s schedule was, didn’t know what Patty’s was either, and so let herself into her own apartment. There were several messages on the machine, including one from Nicholas who was already spewing ideas. She would have to set him straight as quickly as possible as to who was running this show. If he wanted to run his campaign, then he could do it himself.

She called the press firm Nicholas had hired and found several friendly and familiar voices to talk with. They were all very pleased she was on the account and seemed genuinely excited as she ran down her ideas for the campaign. She left certain details out, giving

only a concept description. As she had figured, her name and reputation got around a lot of the crap that usually came with working with a firm. They may have had their ideas, but they shut up and listened. Maybe Nicholas had gotten to them first and told them to go along. He really wanted to meet Arnold.

The rest of the afternoon was spent working with some of the photos from the previous days shoot and an hour or two on the beach trying to get over the slight feeling of dread she harbored over seeing someone, anyone, other than Arnold that evening. There was also the smallest twinge of jealousy when thoughts of Patty came into her head. The thing that saved her was Arnold's comments on the matter. He was looking forward to their next meeting, when they would...how did he put it?...compare notes; bring the different experiences back and make a book report or something. She conjured up the image of Greg's cock bulging deliciously in the front of his swimsuit the previous day and sensed the tingling begin deep within her.

She knew she had gone through great changes since meeting Greg on the beach the previous day. She had, in fact, been going through them at that time, though she hadn't been aware of them, their extent or source. The thought of doing to Greg what she had done with Arnold the previous night began to excite her. If everything went as Arnold predicted, Greg was in for one hell of a ride. Should she plan? Lay out in her mind the way she would screw her neighbor into the next dimension? Or would spontaneity be the order of the day? As the buzzing within her grew she realized that she was very close to needing release. She decided to hold off. When she finally popped, she'd unload so powerfully the man wouldn't know what hit him.

She needed distraction. Her old stand-by, thinking of Mr. Howard...Ben, was no longer an option. The man had cried on her shoulder, for God's sake. How can you hate a man who cries on your shoulder? He certainly had a load to carry. And her lying out on the beach, thinking terrible thoughts about him, was not going to help him get through life. Maybe she should check in with him later and see if there's anything they needed. With his wife in the condition she was in, there was no doubt home cooked meals were few and far between. Unless Ben had taken to cooking. That made her chuckle. But he had surprised her already, no telling what other human qualities lay beneath that rough exterior.

The breeze shifted to on shore and carried the sound of the surf across the beach. Surge after surge bubbled in her head and Chris soon found herself fighting off sleep. She knew if she drifted off she might not wake in time to get ready for dinner at Greg's place. She had, in fact lost track of the time, anyway, and wondered how long she had been lying there. Raising her hand between her eyes and the slowly sinking sun, she saw she had forgotten her wrist watch. The sun was low enough that it caused some concern so she glanced around to see if someone was near enough to ask what time it was. Her eyes lowered to the horizon, towards the ocean, and gathered in a sight which made her heart jump.

At first she thought it was Arnie. The huge musculature, the distinctive burgeoning crotch in silhouette against the setting sun. Even something in the way the man stood, turning to look at her at the precise moment she looked at him, as Arnold had anticipated her every move the night before, said it was her massive lover. The beautiful man moved towards her, keeping directly between her and the sun so she was unable to see his features. As he moved closer

she noticed subtle differences which said it was not him. But who could remind her so much of her gentle giant?

She got the same vibes from him as from Arnold. She also noticed he had a watch on his wrist.

He moved purposefully towards her, as if he had been standing there all afternoon waiting for her to notice him. The walk, the swinging of the hips, the sure carriage of the Herculean shoulders all reminded her of Arnold, but...

“Hi.”

“Hello. Could you please tell me what time it is?”

“Ten minutes to seven.”

Even the voice. Not the tone so much as...what? The pace. The inflection. It felt frighteningly comfortable, as though she had just spent the night listening to it in her ear. Her heart trembled and her cunt hummed.

“Thanks.”

“Did you loose your watch?”

“No. Just forgot to wear it down here. No problem.”

“Okay.”

The man remained before her, his enormous torso blocking the sun. He seemed to be waiting for something and, although she thought she should be feeling uncomfortable, she was surprised by how unthreatening the situation felt. She could see, now, that it was not Arnold. What facial features she could make out confirmed this. And the bulge in his trunks, while formidable...quite formidable... still did not measure up to that of Arnold's. She chuckled a bit at the thought of being so adept at discerning the difference. A day ago,

something as big as the cock before her would have been classified as magnificent and huge. Now it was big and smaller than Arnold.

“You’re amused.”

“Just a little irony, that’s all.”

“I’m a big fan of irony.”

“It’s just that you remind me of a friend.”

“In what way?”

“Little things.” She paused and took in the straining fabric of his suit. “Big things.”

“How little? How big?”

“Just the way you walked up the beach. Something in your walk, I guess.”

“That seems like a little thing.”

“Yeah. I guess it is.”

“And the big things?”

“He’s quite well-developed. Like you.”

The man turned profile and the sun highlighted the tops of every bulge on his body. And his suit. His cock was held high and tight in his suit. His hard, firm ass pressed achingly against the fabric behind. His pecs swelled perceptively as he pressed his arms against his sides and the nipple furthest from her seemed to catch a ray of light and sparkle like a shot through a diffraction lens. He stood there with the same casual attitude she had seen in Arnold on the walkway the previous day, his huge cock cradled in his hand, his bulging biceps thrusting towards her view through the spy hole. The whole thing felt so unbelievably familiar, she could not help herself.

“I know this is going to sound strange, but you don’t happen to know a guy by the name of Arnold, do you?”

The man's head shot around to her. Suddenly the attitude dropped away. He was instantly on his knees in front of her.

"You know Arnold. I knew it. I knew I was right."

"Who are you?"

"My name's Ed. What's yours?"

"Chris. You act like you haven't seen him for a long time."

"I haven't. Not for ten years."

"Ten..." A chill ran up her spine and made her skin crawl perceptively. Something else about ten years. What was it. The image of a tall, hard, muscular blonde flashed in her mind. Sam.

"Sam."

"Sam? What do you know about Sam?"

"He talked about her."

"When?"

"Last night. I take it you know her."

"I guess you could say that. We share bed and our memories of Arnie when I'm in town. You were with him last night, huh?"

"Yeah. I just met him yesterday. I guess if you know him, you shouldn't be too surprised."

"Nope. Not at all. I'm just so happy to find someone who I can talk to about him."

"How do you fit into this Sam thing?"

"He didn't tell you about me?"

The tone in his voice carried such disappointment she could almost see him become physically smaller.

"Well, we didn't do much talking, if you know what I mean." A little lie probably wouldn't hurt, at this point.

“That’s very kind, but you don’t have to cover for him. I know him too well. Can’t shut the jerk up sometimes. He and I were lovers after he met Sam.”

“And now you and Sam are?”

“Yeah. He left town the day before Sam came back. Kind of like he was running away. I don’t know what he was afraid of. But I ended up with Sam.”

“And that was ten years ago?”

“Yeah. Sam and I tracked him down to the gym he’s working out at. But we just missed him this morning. I don’t suppose he told you where he lives, did he?”

Chris had to think fast. What would Arnold want her to do? She knew he was meeting with Patty for dinner and whatever. He had seemed genuinely excited about it. Could he handle meeting up with this old flame in the same evening? Then there was the whole issue of were she fit into this lengthening list of past and present loves. She had even gotten something of a vibe from Arnold that morning. He seemed to be eager to get to the gym in a way far beyond just a normal need to workout. Patty was out of town until that evening. Was there someone else, as well?

“I know he’s having dinner with a friend from the gym tonight. I’m not sure what time he will be home, but I could give him a message if I speak with him.”

“Great. Could you tell him Sam and I will see him at the gym tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow. Sure. I’ll tell him if I see him. So Sam’s here, too?”

“Yeah. She moved here a couple of years ago. Works at one of the big gyms here in town. She caught a glimpse of him down at

Norma's and the girls at the front booth told her he had mentioned The Pump House."

"Well, I'll give him the message if I talk to him."

"Great. Thanks."

Ed stood, his huge shoulders again eclipsing the rapidly setting sun. He gazed down at Chris and she could feel his eyes physically sweep over her body. The power and sureness of the man again reminded her of the incredible experiences of the previous evening. Her eyes dropped to the full load of cock meat that stretched Ed's suit. Mouth watering.

Ed stretched and flexed just a bit and then looked back down at her. "You're very beautiful."

"Thank you. So are you."

"Thanks."

"By the way, Ed..."

"Yeah."

"You knew before I even spoke to you that I knew Arnold, didn't you."

"Kind of had a good idea, yeah."

"How did you know?"

"Have you ever met anyone else who has been with him?"

"Only you."

"And didn't you know."

"Thinking back on it, yeah. I guess I did."

"Same here. You just...know."

"Our friend leaves big footprints, doesn't he."

Ed chuckled. “Yeah. Footprints.” He paused for a second, as if thinking. “I don’t suppose you’re busy tonight, are you? Sam would love to meet you, too.”

Now it was Chris’ turn to chuckle. Here she was, talking to Arnold’s past lover — a man at that — and the thought of running off and sharing memories and whatever with him seemed almost natural. Again her eyes dropped to the bulge in his suit.

“You know what I’m thinking, don’t you.”

“Yeah. You’re thinking how weird it is that it seems so natural to have me asking you.”

“Arnold, right?”

“Right.”

“I’ve got a date.”

“And then?”

“I don’t know.”

“Well, I guess we’ll have other chances.”

“I hope so. You are, indeed, very beautiful. In a guy kind of way.”

“Thanks. A lot of that has to do with our friend. I was just a ninety-eight pound weakling before I met him.”

“Yeah. I bet. And I suppose you only had three point three four inches, too.”

“Still do. I just carry my sock collection around with me. Never know when an extra pair of socks will come in handy.”

“Well, Ed. If you’re half as talented with your socks as Arnold is, then I’ve got something incredible to look forward to.”

“He’s still good, huh?”

“The best. Nothing...nothing...” Chris drifted off.

“I understand. I’ll be seeing you, Chris. It’s been a pleasure meeting you. Give our man my love and tell him I’ve been saving myself for him.”

“I have my doubts about that, but I’ll relay the message.”

Ed stepped towards her and offered her both his hands. She took them and felt an immediate sense of wellbeing, a sense of gentle power that she recognized as being very much like Arnold. He lifted her effortlessly to her feet and drew her to him. There was no fear or sense of intrusion. Instead, it felt so very...right. Their lips met and they enjoyed something so much more than a kiss. It was a right of passage. A greeting. A secret handshake of some club that was more than...The two entwined.

To the casual observer, it might seem the two were about to initiate coitus. The more astute observer might see something more than just physical union.

After a moment that seemed to be beyond measure, they parted enough to be able to dive deep into each others’ eyes. Chris shuddered. She then joined Ed in a deep, cleansing sigh.

“Arnold. Right?”

“Yup.”

“I’ll see you.”

They parted, not with a sense of the loss of each other’s presence but with a feeling of certainty that they could never be separated again.

Chris stood and gathered her beach towel and stuffed it in her bag. The straw stretched and creaked around the strain of its burden and she again thought of the tightly stretched material of Ed’s suit.

Greg had better be in very good shape, because she was going to want more than just dessert after dinner.

Ed headed off down the beach at a half trot, his tight buns and huge muscles bouncing. She wished he were running towards her so she could see the load in the front of his suit. Just at that moment he turned around and began running backwards, waving good-bye, his huge cock jumping back and forth from thigh to thigh. She was only mildly surprised that he would know to do that.

Had she ever, in her entire life, turned down a hunk that gorgeous?

Had there ever been a time when she passed over a cock that big, just because she had made another date?

But then, she knew that, sooner or later, that delicious piece of cock meat would be hers for the taking. He was of Arnold. Just as she was. And Patty would be. And Sam.

Sam.

What would happen to all this when Sam came back into the picture?

Would Arnold head for the hills with his first love, forsaking the crowds who hungered for his incredible body, his incredible cock, his incredible self? And what about herself? Now that she knew Sam was around, would she be able to handle it? She was very comfortable with the knowledge that Arnold and Patty were going to be pounding pelvises tonight. In fact, she looked forward to her next meeting with Arnold so they could each bring back the experiences of their other lovers. But Sam seemed different. She was already there. You could mention Patty's name and Arnold got excited. She hoped the same was true for her own name. But mention Sam and it seemed Arnold's world turned upside down.

And hers, as well.

She had seen Sam, for God's sake. In her head. This woman had a power over her powerful lover. And a power over herself, as well. Even Ed was in her orbit. Tides and moons and stars and planets and gravity stood aside when Sam was in the picture. Would Chris have to stand aside as well?

She was of Arnold. So was Sam. There was no problem. Arnold had talked of the effect Chris had on him. If he was hooked on Sam then he was hooked on Chris as well. No problem.

Ed had dwindled to a very well-proportioned speck at the other end of the visible beach. One final flash of the beautiful bulges that covered the man's body swam before her eyes. She picked up her beach basket, checked to make sure she had her key and headed for her apartment to get ready for her dinner date.

For the second time, the image of Greg's nicely shaped body and cock floated to the surface of her memory; the feeling of his hands lovingly massaging the oil into her skin on the beach. Strong hands. Smooth hands. Caressing hands. She would ask him to do that again for her. Only this time without any clothing to impede his progress.

Was that just a tiny sense of a tingle there? Did her nipples press ever so slightly against the fabric of her suit as she rode up the elevator? A hint of her scent? Maybe even a little pressure as her clit began to extend itself towards the outside world, seeking the attentions of whoever might be available? She mounted a supreme effort of will to keep from joying herself as she quickly jumped into the shower, rinsing off the slight sense of salt that one always gathered when spending time in the sea breeze.

The air felt especially fresh, the scent of ocean filled her nostrils as her entire body shifted to a state of heightened awareness. She pulled an especially sexy pair of panties and a hardly effective bra out of her dresser, thought about it for a second and then realized they were going to be a waste of time. What she really wanted, when the door to Greg's apartment opened to her knock, was to peel the clothes off the man and suck his cock deep into her throat and then offer her swelling clit to him in exchange. There would be no time for clothes. She wanted to share herself.

A barely opaque dress and a pair of her sexiest high heels were all that she allowed on her body. She pulled her fiery red hair back into a thick pony tail and wrapped it with a large, cloth-covered elastic. Four things on, four things off. A quick visit to the bathroom and a little make-up. Not too much, for she was never one for excessive war paint. Then a healthy serving of the most expensive, seductive perfume on the shelf.

At the front door she grabbed her key. The view in the full length mirror by the door made her want to fuck herself, she looked so hot. After locking the door behind her she walked up the flight of stairs at the center of the building and down the walk way to Greg's door, her heels clicking a staccato beat that sent shivers up her legs and made her clit hum delightfully. She thought she would conjure up a vision of Arnold's amazing cock just once more to send her into this tryst properly primed, but, to her surprise, the image that now came to her was of Greg, his swim suit valiantly containing his very rigid cock. It seemed she was going to be quite happy with the evening's diversion.

She knocked.

He answered.

The look on his face should have told her all she wanted to know about the effect she was having on him. And it should have, except that she was just as affected as he was. He was positively glowing with energy. He seemed to her more...more...just more. He was barefoot with a pair of tan chinos slung low on his hips. He wore a light blue polo that clung to his body, revealing round, hard pectorals capped by two nipples that pressed against the fabric. There was no doubt that he wore nothing under the pants, and the evidence was becoming more noticeable by the second. She stared as the length of his cock grew before her eyes, pressing harder and harder against the fabric.

Her own nipples began to ache as they forced themselves against the light silken dress that she suddenly wished she didn't have on. And her glorious, long clit was pressing itself into the world so hard she thought it might be as visible as Greg's growing penis. One of them had better say something or the whole universe was going to explode right then and there.

"I see we both dressed for dinner. Please, come in."

Chris felt herself moving into the apartment as though she were being pulled on a wagon. She had little sense of her feet moving at all. Suddenly, Greg was three point three four inches taller. She realized she had stepped out of her heels and left them just inside the door. She moved to Greg and ran her hands around his waist and then up inside his shirt, lifting it over his head and tossing to the floor. Her lips dove for the nubs of flesh that adorned his pectorals and hungrily sucked and chewed them, flattening Greg against the hallway wall. She pressed her body to his and ground her crotch against the bulge that decorated the front of the chinos. She pressed

hard, longing to rid herself of all the barriers between herself and this man whom she desperately wanted to fuck.

Greg's hands gathered the hem of her dress and slowly drew it upwards until her moist, warm cunt was exposed and she could feel the fabric of his pants stimulating her rock hard clit which was protruding out between her cunt lips. She increased the pressure and felt the nub of flesh sing and hum. Her fingernails raked his skin and her lips sought his.

Their mouths hungrily sucked at the soul of the other, their tongues entwined and battled for more and more of their mates'. Greg's hips began to heave against Chris's attacks and within seconds she felt him tense and a pool of warmth spread across her thigh as he violently came in his chinos.

Then he was a mad man. The dress was up over her head and flying away. His mouth devoured her aching nipples as she had his only moments before. His tongue circled one as his hand flicked and tweaked the other, sending sparks down through her abdomen, causing her hips to thrust against his thigh even harder. She desperately needed him to suck on her clit. She ran her hands up to the top of his head, grabbed hold of his hair with both hands and slowly forced him to kneel before her. His tongue continued to lick, his lips continued to suck, his hot breath continued to melt her all the way down her torso until she felt his heavy breathing against the area just above her cunt. She silently begged for him to take her, pressing harder on his head to force him to the point. She felt his tongue flick out and tickle the small trace of red hair that surrounded his target. His hot breath blew on the sensitive point of flesh which she knew was protruding out to greet him. One of his hands roamed up the inside of her thigh and slowly worked its way between her

lips, pressing, seeking, spreading the hot lubrication that flowed from within her. She shuddered and rocked from side to side, each time spreading her feet wider so as to gain him freer access. The other hand traveled up her other thigh, lightly dragging fingernails along her flesh. She sensed his destination, knew he was aiming with both his hands to reach and part her aching cunt lips, expecting to hunt for the prize. Slowly the lips were parted and a deep, rumbling sigh flowed from his lips as he came upon her magnificent clit. She felt him spread her lips and dive towards the erect finger of flesh. Now she was the one plastered against the wall.

“Oh, God!”

Was there ever anyone who had done this to her like this. She could feel herself slowly sinking to the floor as her knees gave up the strength to support her. He sucked. He licked. He teased. He drank. He kissed. He hummed, for God’s sake. The vibration set her to shaking, her knees flayed out as wide as she was physically able, and still she could not give him enough. She felt her hips begin to buck and thrust against his efforts and a flood of sensation consumed her, filled her, washed over her. The dam quickly burst and she let loose with a torrent of juices and screams, heaving, swaying, gasping, panting, crying. She was on the floor, he was on his knees, his face buried deeply between her thighs. He would give her no rest and there was none wanted. She would die if he stopped.

As her orgasm subsided she rocked forward and moved on top of him. Her hands quickly undid his belt, found the snap and zipper and pulled the pants from off his legs. His cock lay hard and ready on his abdomen and she watched it for a moment as it throbbed and bounced to the beat of his racing heart. Chris dove on top of him, locking her lips with his and backed herself quickly onto his steel-

hard member. As it filled her she felt him begin to thrust himself against her involuntarily. She pressed herself up to a kneeling position and placed her hands on his chest, stroking him, calming him. She didn't want him shooting off to the moon without her. She was going to enjoy this ride.

A look of intense wonder came over his face. He was suddenly so beautiful she was nearly moved to tears. His cock felt so good. His body felt so good. His hard, firm chest called out to be caressed and rubbed. As she reached for his pecs to massage them he reached for her breasts, standing proud and firm on her chest. His hands sent shocks through her as the flesh moved within his grasp. She began to raise and lower herself on his tool and the vibrations spread inside her. With each downward motion she felt him grow perceptively, pressing hard against her vaginal walls, setting her to shaking. One of his hands traveled down her abdomen and sought out the length of clit that still begged attention. As he found it, spreading juices from her hot cunt up onto its length, she felt waves of orgasm flow smoothly through her body. They increased as she picked up speed until she was flying up and down the length of his glorious cock, driving herself and him right to the brink.

Closer and closer he came to orgasm. His face contorted as he drove himself higher and higher. His body tensed and she thought she had never seen anything so beautiful as this man, heaving, thrusting, flying towards sexual release. She dove down and swallowed his soul through his mouth. They rolled against the wall and she suddenly felt herself flying.

Or lifting.

He never stopped his attack of her clit. He never stopped his heaving thrusts with his cock. But suddenly she was standing, her

back pressed against the wall of the hallway. She wrapped one leg around his waist, grabbed his shoulders and was transported over the chasm of reality as a nonstop flow of orgasms washed over her and drove her up the wall, through the ceiling, out the roof of the building and up to the moon. He was so big inside her mind. He was so complete. His juices flowed in cannon shots from his cock and each volley landed against her mind like an explosion. She grabbed him everywhere she could and pulled him with her, up over the moon. And still he thrust. Still he heaved and plunged. Her cunt continued to cry for more until she felt the last vestiges of orgasm drain from her body.

Just before she reached the point where she thought she would have to stop him, he slowed and pressed himself to her one last time. His cock stayed deep within her and he flexed its still rigid shaft, triggering tiny little eddies of pleasure deep inside. They tickled her mind and made her nipples hungry to be licked.

“Suck my nipples, please.” He obliged, lifting one and then the other luscious breast, taking each nipple into his mouth, worrying it to the point of distraction. She ground her hips against him and felt him flex again.

After several moments he raised his eyes to hers and stared deep. She knew he had questions. She knew he had never experienced anything like that. She also knew she hadn’t either. At least not until last night. She tried to judge his depth, his size. Tried to compare it to the magnificent lover who was, at that very moment, having similar experiences just one floor below, but somehow it didn’t matter. In a certain way, she knew that Arnold couldn’t have measured up to what she had right now. Partially because she had it right now. But there was something else. Even

without the eleven-and-a-half inch cock, even without the behemoth biceps and deltoids and rock hard abdominals and cantaloupe sized deltoids, Greg had driven her just as high, filled her just as deep, made her clit sing just as loud as Arnold had the previous night.

Her eyes flitted back and forth between his, probing for his thoughts. She felt she could use a little rest, maybe even a little food. His cock softened within her and he lowered her to the floor. She waited for the tiny wave of depression that usually hit when her partner's cock slid from within. She waited and then realized he was already out. She still felt filled. Still could feel him inside. She moved to him and this time their mouths met gently. They explored each other's face and neck, not hungrily, not like the starving maniacs they had been only moments before, but like two lovers who had known each other forever.

The plane of the bridge of his nose felt familiar to her tongue. As his lips sought out her chin she felt he knew its every secret and curve. She found that, even with her eyes closed, she could easily see each feature on his face as her mouth sought it out and identified it, explored it, categorized and named it in her memory. Her hands moved up his chest, slowly plowing through the wisps of hair that covered him, and up to the sides of his face. Their mouths kissed again, and then she held his face away from her to study it one more time. How could he be so beautiful? How could she not have noticed it before? How could he fill her body and mind so completely?

"So, what's for dessert?" Greg said as he continued to look into her eyes.

"What?"

“Nothing. Or everything. I don’t suppose you found that the least bit unusual.”

“Well, it wasn’t bad for a start. I think I’ll probably feel a little better once I get to know you.”

“I know this is going to sound crazy, but this doesn’t happen to have anything to do with our new neighbor, does it?”

“What makes you say that?”

“It’s kind of hard to say. It’s just that I had the weirdest feeling that I was, ah...”

“Bigger?”

“Yeah. I mean, I’ve got nothing to complain about, but I kept having these flashes like I was somehow hooked in with the new guy. You slept with him last night, didn’t you?” The tone of his voice was not accusing, only matter of fact.

“Well, we slept a little. He said something like this was going to happen.”

“What do you mean?”

“I told him we had a date tonight and he told me I would take my experiences with him along with me. It’s not like I was fantasizing about him or anything...”

“I know.”

“It’s just that, well, it was as good, if not better, than last night. Certainly as wild.”

“I got the feeling I was having sex with...that there was too much energy for just two people.”

“That’s what he said. And he couldn’t wait until he and I had sex again so he could taste the experience I had with you.”

Greg leaned back heavily against the wall. Chris pressed herself against him and nestled her face into his neck. She flicked her tongue across the heavy tendon that ran up the side and then nibbled on it. Greg's hands glided up her back, sending shivers and goose bumps coursing across her skin. His fingers moved into her hair and he slowly massaged her scalp. Chris' hand drifted down his body and found the heavy flesh between his legs. She tickled it lightly, delighted to feel it stir, and then slowly stroked the contents of his scrotum. He did not immediately grow hard so she took that as a sign that he needed a little rest.

"I could use a little fuel. I can't wait to see what you were going to seduce me with."

"Does mademoiselle wish to dress for dinner?"

"I'm as dressed as I want to be. I'd hate for something to happen to that dress. I'd be stuck up here without any clothes and no way to get home."

"Very well. I have a feeling everything is a few degrees cooler than it should be, but not unsalvageable. Actually, I fixed stuff that doesn't care too much about when it's eaten, just on the off chance. Come on, let's eat."

Chris raised her hands to his face again, drew him to her, kissed him deeply and then pushed his head down slightly. Greg smiled, knowing what it was she wanted him to have for dinner, and decided to oblige her. She felt his hot breath on her skin as he paused for a moment to burrow into her belly button with his tongue. She squirmed and giggled, marveling at how exquisite it felt. She caught a hint of her own odor floating up from between her legs and she groaned lowly, pressing down on his head. Within seconds dinner

was forgotten as the long, hard shaft of her clit disappeared, yet again, between the talented lips of her new lover's mouth.

CHAPTER 52: FLASHBACK

The phone rang.

“Hello?”

“Ed?”

“Yeah. Hi, Carol.”

“You gentlemen feel like coming up here and putting on a little show?”

“I guess. How’s the crowd?”

“Hanging from the rafters, as they say. Barb, Judy and Tom have them nicely warmed up for you.”

“Yeah. We just saw the last fifteen minutes of their act. That was pretty exciting. Is Ivan sure about this?”

“What’s the matter, Ed?”

“Nothing. I’m just nervous. Arnie says it’s stage fright. I guess so.”

“Well, there’ll be an awful lot of very disappointed people up here if you don’t get that gorgeous body of yours out on stage real soon. The general consensus is, as hot as the first act was, people tried their damndest to save themselves for the main event. I know I’m looking forward to it. To you.”

“Is someone paying you to say these things?”

“What do you mean?”

“It just seems like everyone’s been paying an awful lot of attention to me since I got here.”

“Ed?”

“Yeah?”

“Are you standing near a mirror?”

“Yeah.”

“Are you naked?”

Ed looked around to see if there was a camera watching him.

“Uh, yeah.”

“Take a good look at yourself. I know you see that every day, so it’s no big news to you. But the rest of us have just begun to lay eyes on you. You are big, and I stress the word *big*, news. What do you want me to do? Cum right here on the phone for you? Because I will. Right now. I’m that close.”

“Jeez, Carol.”

“Now get your beautiful, well-hung self and that partner of yours up here on the double so we can cure this crowd of blue balls. Okay?”

“We’ll be up in a second. Do we take the elevator in the gym?”

“That’s right. Just get on board, it’ll drop you off at the right floor.”

“Okay. See you in a second. Bye. And...thanks.”

“Just give us a great show. We’ll talk about thanks later.”

Ed hung up the phone and looked at himself in the mirror across the room. His body was glowing from the light workout he and Arnold had gone through. It was covered with high bulges and deep cuts between muscle groups. His huge cock hung loosely between his legs, just on the verge of becoming hard. Its thick, bulbous head swung back and forth like a pendulum and beat seductively on his muscular thighs. His scrotum was comfortably relaxed, hanging down behind his cock, his balls heavy with their pent-up energy. Not having cum for the past twenty-four hours had

been much more of a challenge than everything else about this evening. Everything, that is, until this moment.

“Arnie?”

“Time?”

“Yeah. Carol says everyone’s got blue balls waiting for us.”

“Good. The more they cum, the better they think we are. They’ll be so busy popping off they won’t notice how scared we are.”

“We?”

“Yeah. It just hit me.”

“Good. I was feeling kind of pissed that you were being so casual about this.”

“I’m sorry, Ed. I never meant to make you feel like this was nothing to me. I’ve just been busy keeping myself from getting too wound up about it. Comes from doing plays in high school. I guess we should get upstairs.”

“Carol says we take the elevator in the gym.”

“What’re you going to wear?”

“Oh, right. I forgot. Where’s my bag?”

“Under the table there. You think this looks pretty ‘everyday’?”

“Yeah. Except...what’d you do with your cock?”

“Oh, I tucked it up between my cheeks. Thought I’d keep them in suspense. It should stay there for a little while, I just have to make sure I don’t sit down too hard.”

“Or get hard.”

“Don’t get me started. In fact, I wish you’d get something over your mid-section. That cock of yours is starting to have an adverse affect on me.”

“Horny?”

“Could fuck a lamp post.”

“A sexy lamp post?”

“A plain, ordinary, run-of-the-mill lamp post, great personality, makes its own clothes, still lives with its mother.”

“That bad?”

“That bad. Come here. I need a hug, real bad.”

“Me, too. Mmmm. Feels good.”

“I like the way your biceps press against my sides like that.”

“Mmmm, you mean like that?”

“Yeah. Oh, shit, that feels good. Thanks. Now get dressed, impetuous youth. I mean to have my way with you.”

“Don’t you have that backwards?”

“Gotta get dressed so you can get undressed, me bucko. Nice jock strap. Simple, yet elegant.”

“You like the rhinestones and lace?”

“Nice touch. I’m especially enamored of the holsters and six-shooters with the mother-of-pearl handles.”

“And I think it goes especially well with the tea service, don’t you?”

“Absolutely. You’re the well-dressed host. Don’t forget your lifting belt.”

“Right. Thanks. A hernia’s the last thing I need.”

“Let’s go get big dicks.”

“Too late.”

“Goodness, how did that happen?”

“Goodness had nothing...”

“Trite, Ed. Very trite. Shall we?”

“After you.”

“No, no, no. After you.”

“Oh, no, no, no. After you.”

“Age before beauty.”

“You’re older.”

“Oh, right. Very well. To the dump.”

“To the dump”

“To the dump”

“To the dump”

“To the dump”

“To the dump”

The door to the gym slid aside before them and they paraded down the stairs, across the floor and into the waiting elevator.

“Magic Elevator...To the dump!”

The doors closed and the car rose rapidly. As there were no buttons or indicators to be seen, Arnold and Ed had no idea how far they traveled.

“Where are we going?”

“Beats me. To the dump?”

The car came to a halt, the doors slid open, and they found themselves at the end of a short, dark hallway. Arnold and Ed looked at each other, shrugged, and proceeded. As they neared the other end, a shadow appeared on the far wall. It moved forward and finally blocked all the light falling there. Suddenly the person turned the corner, the body enormous, full, round, tall, wide, filling the entire width and height of the passageway, silhouetted by the light behind. Arnold and Ed both stopped in their tracks as the person

approached, seeming to float with a buoyancy that came from years of moving such enormous girth through a world of devastating gravity. Each wondered what they would do to allow this person to pass. As the large shape loomed closer it passed into a pool of light from the ceiling. Light fell first on the leading edge of the waistline and slowly spread out and across the rest of the body until the person had moved forward enough so that the face was finally down-lit.

“Good evening, gentlemen. Welcome to our humble entertainment establishment.”

The voice dripped sex. In it was the sound of desire and completion, lust and fulfillment. The mouth that spoke was surrounded by a neatly trimmed goatee and impeccably trimmed mustache. Large, doe-brown eyes were magnified even more by thick glasses mounted in severe black frames. The hair was cut short, parted on the side and slicked back with a hair gel. The huge person was clothed in an expensive, precisely tailored suit which hung with surprising comfort on the shape of the body. A hand was extended in welcome.

“You’re Ed, right?” Ed nodded numbly and shook the proffered hand. “And you’re Arnold. A pleasure to finally meet you both ‘in the flesh’ as it were. You are both much more beautiful than we had been led to believe. As you probably have surmised, I’m Carroll. Two ‘r’s’, two ‘l’s’.

Ed looked to Arnold with a cocked head. “Two ‘r’s’?”

“I think that’s how he spells his name. C-A-R-R-O-L-L. Right, Carroll?”

“Yes, dear, sweet man. And please don’t be embarrassed. The deception is intentional, I enjoy the reactions of people meeting me

for the first time. Please follow me. They're getting all your gear moved into the theatre and we'd like to know where you want things."

The huge man turned on his heels with the grace of a *pirouette* and floated back down the hallway in the direction he had come from. Ed and Arnold stood, awe-struck, unable to take a step forward. They watched the retreating figure until he had turned the corner and his shadow had receded from the wall. Realizing they were standing alone in this strange place, they urged themselves to follow the gentleman. The hall made several more turns and they rounded each one just in time to see Carroll disappear around the next. When they finally caught up with him he was waiting at a door about halfway down a passageway, the ceiling of which sloped down from left to right.

"This is the door to the stage. The control booth is above us and the seating extends around the stage in either direction. There is another door like this on the other side and this hallway passes around all four sides of the stage. We'll go in and get things arranged. Shall we?"

He opened the door and stepped into a short vestibule at the end of which was another door. This one opened to the stage area. Arnold and Ed followed the man and stepped into a wonderland of lights and props, the air charged with huge amounts of electricity, both physical and emotional. The smell was of sex. The remnants of Tom, Judy and Barb's activities were being cleared through the opposite door by a crew of four. As they carried out the tables, chairs and other equipment that Arnold and Ed recognized from the show they had watched a few minutes earlier on the television, the crew would return carrying weights and a bench and bars and the

various pieces of gear they had requested Ivan to provide. This included a water cooler onto which was inverted a ten-gallon bottle once it was put in place. Several large sports bottles, already filled, were placed on top.

As the gear was brought in Carroll asked Ed and Arnold where they wanted things. He offered suggestions that would improve visibility or enhance the range of activities that each unit might be used for. Ivan had, not surprisingly, gone well-beyond the list of requested materials and had arranged for many other items to be provided. Several other exercise stations were brought in including a set of cable flies, a pec deck and a chin-up bar built into a scaffolding. Both Arnold and Ed recognized the significance of this last addition from their first meeting with Ivan in the shower room adjoining his office.

For the most part, the stage was made to look like a casual array of equipment in a home gym. Plates and bars were left lying around on the floor, several towels were hung across pieces of gear and a feeling of general disorder was given to the place. As the final props were being brought in, Ivan's voice was heard from a speaker somewhere in the ceiling.

"Welcome, gentlemen. I trust everything is as you require."

Ed and Arnold looked around in an attempt to discern the source of the voice.

"I'm in the booth above the door you entered through. Don't bother. You can't see me, just like the audience. And if you care to speak, I can hear you."

"Everything seems to be fine. Thanks for the extra gear."

"You're quite welcome. I'll be calling places in ten minutes. Until then, just settle in."

Carroll gathered the two young men to him and indicated a conversation which he thought should not be overheard.

“Although Ivan tends to have a *laissez faire* attitude about letting folks do as they please out there, I know it can be a bit disconcerting the first time. If you wouldn’t mind, I could offer a few suggestions which might help structure your events this evening into a more cohesive theatrical performance.”

“Anything you could suggest would be just fine by us, Carroll. Ed and I have been worried about this from the moment we started to think about it.”

Just then a tall, well-built man with hard eyes and angular, chiseled features came in carrying a small tool box. His striking appearance garnered both Ed and Arnold’s immediate attention. Carroll noticed the object of their distraction and introduced them.

“Gentlemen, this physically severe but ultimately wonderful person is Pascal, our audio/video wizard. He’s here to make sure all the various technologies are in working order. Just ignore him as he tends to not like being noticed.”

Indeed, Pascal immediately set to work without the slightest acknowledgment of there being another person in the room. His focus was on one of the traveling cameras which moved about the room at the command of Ivan or a patron. He pushed a series of buttons on a remote control device he carried and the arm carrying the camera responded smoothly, though apparently not to Pascal’s satisfaction.

Carroll proceeded to offer his suggestions for the evenings activities, from the opening through a list of several possible scenarios which Ed and Arnold might like to involve themselves in and which Carroll seemed to think the audience might especially

appreciate. He was uncanny about his evaluation of their sexual and physical abilities and they soon found themselves listening to an unusually accurate description of what they had done in the gym at home with Sarah and Heather the other night. When he got to suggesting that they might even be able to trigger orgasms without touching one another, Arnold stopped him.

“Excuse me, Carroll, but you seem to know an awful lot about the two of us. I don’t suppose you have two women in your employ named Sarah and Heather?”

“I was wondering when you would come to that conclusion. It just so happens that, completely independent of any hopes we had of establishing contact with you, the two women you spent the night with Monday reported your activities to us. This actually happened after your initial meeting with Ivan. They had no idea, and I believe still don’t, that you are involved with us already. They are always on the lookout for new talent for us, and, as you can imagine, were quite impressed with the little show you two put on for them. Of course they felt it important to relate the details of your encounter to us. It was strictly coincidence. How do you feel about this?”

Ed and Arnold looked at each other. Arnold shrugged and deferred to Ed whose emotions were running a little closer to the surface on this. “I don’t know. I guess it’s okay. I think it’s a little strange for people to be running around telling stories on us, though.”

“I can assure you, Ed, that neither Sarah or Heather told us anything about you other than your activities. If you hadn’t contacted us, then we would have waited until the women had gotten back to you with the same basic introduction that Tom and Judy had given Arnold. They would have given you Ivan’s phone

number and left it at that. It was only through their description of several of your more unique physical attributes that we realized the men they were referring to were the same ones who had devastated our fearless leader in his office the very next day. As I said, a complete coincidence.”

“So you think we should play it the same way, huh?”

“As you wish. The important thing to remember, actually one of several important things, is that there is an audience. Don’t worry about showing off, don’t worry about being in a certain position, just try to keep things open enough so that we can see the big moments.”

“What are these other ‘important things’?”

“Don’t get hurt, don’t hurt each other, unless that’s what the other person wants, don’t wave to the cameras, have a great time. And...”

“We know. Stay hydrated.”

Carroll pointed to the water cooler with the sports bottles. “Drink up.”

The two each grabbed one of the bottles and took a couple of deep swigs of the contents.

Ed’s eyes widened. “Wow! What’s in this?”

Carroll chuckled. “Just a little home brew we serve around here. Nothing bad, weird or illegal. Just some...encouragement.”

Arnold was equally impressed. “It tastes...or feels...like a hard-on wanting to happen.”

Pascal approached the young men but looked to Carroll to pose what seemed to be a standard question.

Carroll nodded to Pascal and turned to the stars of the show. “We will be adding music to the sound the audience hears from the stage. Do you want to hear it, also?”

“I don’t know. We never had music in the gym. What do you think, Ed?”

“Better not screw around. It might get distracting.”

“Fine. Will that be all, Pascal?”

“Yes, fine. You two should do quite well. You’re both very beautiful. Have fun.”

Without waiting for a response, Pascal grabbed his remote control and left the arena. Arnold and Ed watched him depart.

“You should consider yourselves honored.” Arnold and Ed turned back to Carroll. “That was two words more than I’ve heard him say to anyone in the four years he’s been with us.”

“He’s very beautiful, himself. Is everyone who works here so good-looking?”

“Why, Ed. I do believe I’m blushing. Surely you don’t mean to include me in that statement.”

“Hell, yes. I haven’t come that close to having an orgasm over the phone in my life. Both of us were hard when we got off the phone with you.”

“Ah, that was just my voice. I’m sure that my physical qualifications are a different matter.”

“Only if you want them to be.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing. Nothing more than what I said. I may not be able to work a person’s spirit up like Arnie can, but I know love when I feel it. Everyone here, including you Carroll, has got this incredible

energy that flies around here like comets or something. It's in the way Ivan runs the place, in the way Pascal treats his equipment, in the way you talk on the phone. I'm not talking about 'marry me and have my babies' love. But it's there. I feel it from you."

"Ed's right, Carroll. It's in the way you treat everyone. So if you don't feel like you fit the bill, then it can only be because you, yourself, have decided to be excluded."

"I think, gentlemen, that this is neither the time or place to be delving into my psyche. I talk a wicked game, but I can assure you I have never had the slightest inclination to involve myself physically with the other members of this organization. We each have our individual role to play here. Now is not the time to upset the apple cart."

"Ed and I aren't trying to upset anything. We just thought you should know how we feel, that's all. All of us have limitations, walls we put up around us to guard against things we can't deal with. Both Ed and I have spent the entire summer working through personal issues that have kept us from reaching our full potential. I don't know about your background, Carroll, but I would bet each of us has seen enough crap to keep us down for a long time. Ed's success, my success, has nothing to do with what swings between our legs. It has everything to do with how we have come to view the world and how we let the world deal with us. It's like I said before. You've put up your walls for your own reason. You can just as easily tear them down."

Carroll looked back and forth at the two gorgeous young men, expecting to see them burst into laughter at any moment, unable to carry on the ruse any longer. He was almost disappointed to realize they were dead serious. He wanted to get mad, get furiously angry

with these two for treating him this way. But they had a show to do and he knew if he upset them only a fraction as much as they had upset him just now, Ivan would fire him on the spot. He controlled his seething temper, took a couple of deep breaths and walked to a phone hidden in the wall and made a call to the booth to see if Ivan was ready to begin the evening's second act.

Ed leaned in close to Arnold's ear and whispered, "I think we might have touched a raw nerve or two there, Arn."

"Yeah. Looks like we've got some patching up to do after the show."

"That's okay. We did our best. That's all that counts."

"I think you're getting the hang of this stuff, Ed. You make me love you more and more every minute."

Carroll returned from the phone and spoke in an even, but continually sultry voice. "Ivan says the audience returned from intermission several minutes early in anticipation of your appearance. Are you ready?"

"Ooooh...Arnie."

"Yeah, Ed?"

"This is it."

"Yup. How're you feeling?"

"I'm not sure if I'm going to throw up or cum."

"Well, if I had my druthers..."

"Yeah I know. Well...Let's go get big...ah..."

"Right. Let's get started, Carroll. Before we both chicken out."

Carroll took a deep breath, reached out with both his hands and stroked each of their cheeks.

“I know there is nothing I can say to make this any easier for you. But you must know, absolutely, deep inside yourselves, that you are, without a doubt, the most amazing pair of people we’ve ever had here. Pascal was absolutely right. You two are very beautiful. And I think he could see a lot deeper than just your taut, vein-lined, muscle bulging, cock-stretching, hard-nippled skin. I’m not sure where you two were trying to go a few moments ago with all that talk about me, but I’ve never been talked to like that before. I suppose, until I get things sorted out in my head, I should just say ‘thank you.’ We’ll save further discussion on the matter until after I’ve had a chance to fully admire your physical attributes. I hope you give us all the chance to do that.”

“Carroll, I can turn your advice right back around on you. Believe in yourself. We’ll see you after the show. And thanks.”

“Okay, Ed. Let’s go get.”

“Couldn’t have said it better, myself.”

Carroll led the way back out to the stage entrance, signaling Arnold to follow. Arnold would wait offstage for a few minutes to let Ed set the mood. Just before he left the stage, Arnold grabbed Ed from behind, whirled him around and crushed him into his huge, biceped, triceped arms. They held each other for several seconds, rubbing each other’s back, patting each other’s shoulders and then pulled away. One last, long look at each other, one final squeeze of the shoulders, one last quick kiss then Arnold stepped through the door and into the vestibule just as Carroll closed the outer door behind him. He was alone. One wall was covered with television monitors which he had not noticed before because they were off. On them were images from the cameras deployed around the perimeter of the stage which were, ostensibly, controlled by the audience. All

three cameras displayed various views of Ed standing in the middle of the room taking deep breaths as though he were about to attempt lifting several tons all at once. At one point he looked around the room for something unseen, then said something as though responding to a question. Ivan, no doubt. He nodded, looked around the room, found a free-weight with eighty pounds on it and sat down on the edge of a bench.

Ivan's voice then filled the small vestibule. "Arnold? Can you hear me? There's a mic in the room there so I can hear you."

"Yes, Ivan."

"Remember. I'm right above you in the booth. If you need anything or something is not feeling right, I'm right here with you two. I presume you two and Carroll have worked through certain matters."

"You mean a plan?"

"Yes."

"Yeah. He thought it would be better to let the audience see us one at a time. Sort of spread out the surprise."

"You're going to be one hell of a surprise, Arnold. I wish we could videotape the audience so you could see the looks on their face when you walk on stage."

"I have a feeling they'll be just as impressed with Ed."

"With the two of you, they'll be beside themselves. So I guess I should get things rolling. Have a good show and I'll see you afterwards."

"Thanks, Ivan. For me and for Ed. Your people pumped him up pretty good."

"You are too perceptive, Arnold. I hope Ed doesn't suspect."

“I think he does, but he’s enjoying it too much to stop it.”

“Very well. Places, please, for act two.”

Darkness.

CHAPTER 53: ARNOLD

It had been a long time since he had been this frustrated. Not since the snubbing the judges had given him because of the bulge in his posing trunks had he felt this abused.

It had not started well. Both the photographer and the assistant, each women, had made it very clear that he was a piece of meat which they used every opportunity to touch and fondle. They had him in posing trunks even though it was obvious the shot would include nothing more than a portion of his torso and one of his arms. They insisted that he be oiled, to give the proper sheen in the lights, and then made a fuss about applying the oil themselves so they could get “just the right sheen.” They also insisted on adjusting his pose themselves instead of simply telling him what they wanted. Their hands were everywhere, turning him, moving him, brushing across parts of his body that had nothing to do with the shot.

At one point the assistant very blatantly let her hand slip down his torso and come to rest on his cock. She stared at him, as if defying him to say something. To her surprise, he did.

“Please don’t touch me there again unless I ask you to.” She pulled her hand off of him as though she had been burnt.

“Thank you.”

Finally, after one extended encounter between the assistant’s hand and the huge mass of his pectoral which, no matter how hard she tried, refused to conform to the shape she pretended to mold it to, Arnold had enough. He probably would not have minded all the physical attention, but he was very much in the mood for getting the job done and getting out of there. His mind was focused on his plans

for the evening and he had no intention of wasting an ounce of sexual energy before his encounter with Patty's powerful, sexually charged body.

The next annoyance was when he found out all the posing and fondling and comments and stares and not-so-casual-brushing-up-against-his-body's were only preparations. The client hadn't arrived yet and he, of course, had to be present for the shoot, to approve the work. Arnold asked when the man might be there and they answered "soon and we should take a few more test shots just to be sure."

"I'll be in the dressing room. Let me know when the client gets here."

As he sat on the sofa in the dressing room, a thigh-length dressing gown barely covering his massive physique, he reflected on his reactions to their treatment. The attentions of the women at Norma's the day before also came to mind. He compared them to the way he had felt when he had first encountered Patty on the elevator. It wasn't just that Patty was a body builder. There was something else. Patty had made it very clear that she was willing to accept Arnold at whatever level he was comfortable with. She had made her intentions known and then stood back and let Arnold respond as he wished.

These women, and the one's at Norma's, on the other hand, had left him no choice. They had been explicit in their demands for his response and had not left him any options. Though the word was time-worn and old-fashioned, it was the key to what he felt from Patty and what was missing from the others: Respect.

He was not mad at them. He had come to terms with the way people treated him a long time ago. From the very beginning, the development of his body had been the key to making people pay

attention to him, admire him, love him. As he grew he realized the reactions of others were not something he could control. He had learned to live with the demands others would put on him. He understood their reactions. Every time he looked in the mirror at his naked form, or caught a glimpse of his huge pecs bulging under the fabric of his shirt as he passed a store window, he would feel his own sexual stirrings.

Even now, just thinking about how turned-on he made people, he could feel his own mammoth cock begin to tingle and buzz as it laid nestled in the tight, form-fitting cup of his posing trunks. He was constantly reminded of the huge size of his body and cock. Every move he made brought some enormous muscle into play, pressing it against the fabric of his clothing or another part of his body. And there was no ignoring the sheer weight of the magnificent cock that hung so heavily from his pelvis, nor the size of the two testicles that swung ponderously behind it. If he turned himself on so much, how could he fault anyone else for desiring to touch him, feel him, caress him, fuck him.

The fault did not lay in their desire. It lay in the way those desires were manifested. His size, his beauty, his being did not give others license to violate the personal barriers which were his to build up or tear down. One knocked on the door. If entry was granted, fine, but the decision was his. Somehow, people equated his physical appearance with a lack of barriers.

If he didn't want to be molested, he shouldn't make himself so desirable, right?.

This was not the first time these thoughts had crossed his mind. Nor, he knew, would it be the last. If it weren't for the prodigious benefits, both to himself and each person he encountered, he

probably would not have been able to carry on this long. Why else would he put his body through the torture he faced each time he approached a workout session? At first it had been a generic longing to be noticed, to be ‘loved’. It wasn’t until he had met Sam that he found the true reason for his drive. Sam had brought it all out in the open. It was more than just sex. He had found, in her, the answer to so many deep longings and yearnings. Sex was the way to become close; so close that separation became a non-existent concept. And building his body, and his will, was the way to achieve the closeness of sex, giving him the opportunity to meld with others. Once he had done it with Sam, there was no turning back. He could no sooner cut himself off from that union with others than he could separate himself from himself.

But to achieve that union required great strength and a physical presence which allowed his partners the freedom to abandon their ties to themselves. He knew when people approached him, they were already lowering their defenses, surrendering their barriers. They had accepted the fact they were in for something, at the very least, unusual. Once they had given themselves over to that, the rest was easy. It wasn’t until they had been completely filled by Arnold’s huge physical and spiritual strength that they would realize, too late, they had entered and been entered by a whole new level of existence. Just as he had been with Sam.

But he had known, from the moment he and Sam had parted on that day, ten years ago, he had a different road...no, a further road, to travel. He felt the teacher in Sam, but not the sharer. That was okay. It was just as it had needed to happen. But it wasn’t until he had finished his journey, come to this point, this moment of

reflection, that he would be able to face his teacher once again, this time, ready to take the teacher further down the road.

As he thought about Sam, about how he remembered her, how he saw her now in his mind, a cool wash of calmness, combined with a delicious sense of tension, washed over him. His nipples hardened and pressed against the dressing gown. He sent his thoughts elsewhere to keep him from becoming physically aroused. As amazing, as fantastic, as mind-blowing as he knew his evening with Patty was going to be, Arnold knew his next encounter with Sam, only hours away, was going to make it all worthwhile. But first they would have to get passed Sam's anger.

But first he would have to get passed this stupid photo session. What the hell was taking them so long?

He stood, stretched his huge body in several directions to increase the blood flow, found the dressing gown too restrictive and removed it, hanging it on a convenient hook. Again he stretched, each sinew and muscle flashing into rigid relief beneath his darkly-tanned but translucent skin. Veins popped out all over his body and pressed against the inside of his glowing armor. He felt the pressure of his muscles as they cried to burst free of his unblemished, smooth and silken sheath. How could he help but look in the full-length mirror and appreciate the sight before him. With his back arched, the huge bulge in the front of his posing trunks pressed dangerously against the fabric. The edge along the sides of the cup were pulled away from his legs and he could clearly see the wrinkled skin of his scrotum and the full, round shape of its contents. He hooked his index finger under the cup, pulled it away from his leg, allowing his right testicle to fall into view.

He knew he shouldn't. He would have one hell of a time controlling his huge cock. But he couldn't help it. He cupped his hand and lifted the object, as large as the a chicken's egg, in the palm of his hand. How many men and women had taken this huge object into their mouths? Sucked on it? Licked it? Kissed it? He had many times wished he was flexible enough to be able to do that himself. It wasn't enough that he could take the head of his own cock and suck himself off. What man didn't look with envy at the dog licking his own balls?

But here it was, this magnificent, swollen, tingling shape, filled with the fuel of many orgasms, ready to propel him through an astounding evening with one of the hottest bodies he'd had a chance to be with since...since he left Ed. And Sam. And David and Mary. He had stayed clear of relationships with other bodybuilders for a long time after that, as though making love with another well-developed body would somehow be an act of infidelity. Slowly he had worked his way back into the sport, meeting more people, becoming more involved with them on a physical basis. And each time he stepped up to the plate he learned it didn't matter what the outside wrapping was. He was able to hit each ball out of the park. So now he was ready to confront his past. And his future.

Sam and Patty.

And Ed.

And Peter.

And Chris.

And Greg.

And everyone else that his new and old friends would bring to the bed with them.

And here he was, his right testicle resting comfortably in the palm of his hand. He wanted very much to give it a squeeze. To let it roll around in his hand, across his fingers. The loose, hot skin of his scrotum yearned to be stretched and fondled. His cock stirred at the thought and he quickly stuffed his testicle back into his suit and went to the sink to splash his face with cold water. A little shock to the system, just to help him check back into reality.

After he dried himself off he stuck his head out into the hallway. Voices were heard coming from the direction of the studio. There seemed to be some disagreement between the photographer and a male voice. Could this be the client? Why hadn't he been told he was here so they could get on with the shoot? He walked towards the studio, stopping before the end of the hallway. The voices had become much clearer.

"Mr. Potts. We've gone over this many times. You, yourself, came up with this concept of strength and beauty."

"Yes, I know," said the male voice. "But I just don't think this model is the appropriate person to represent our product."

"How much more strong and beautiful do you want? You approved his headshot last week."

"That was before I saw this. This just is not an appropriate image."

"But we're not using that. You don't see his full body in the ad. Just chest, arm and head."

"I know that. But what happens when it gets out what he looks like. I don't want this to turn into a tabloid shoot. You remember what happened with that damned Lovelace woman. Ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths percent porn. All we need is for word to get out about how this guy is equipped. He looks like some freak,

for God's sake. Look at him. Although I can see by these photos you've been doing plenty of that already,"

Arnold had heard enough. He returned to the dressing room, quickly changed into his street clothes and packed his gear into his gym bag. Something tugged at his heart, a small jolt of rejection. How could someone not like him? Not love him? Look at him.

He turned to the mirror and saw his huge, strangely proportioned frame. The outline of his enormous cock pressed against the leg of his pants. He could hear Ed's words echo across ten years of separation and silence:

"Fuck you. And your big dick. Fuckin' freak. Your fuckin' donkey dick and your fuckin' muscles and your fuckin' gorgeous face and your fuckin' weird head."

Those words had hurt him more deeply than anything his parents had ever or never said to him. And every once in a while something happened, some word was said, some glance was given, some stare was made and he saw himself as others did. A freak. And he felt sad. Sad for himself, of course. But sad for the other person as well. All they had to do was want him, love him, appreciate him, and he would be able to show them such wonders. He would take them away from the ugly, futile world and show them a new way, a new plain of existence. But, instead, he was a freak.

He didn't need that. Especially not today. He was going to have to be strong to match Patty's energy, Patty's needs, Patty's drive. He knew she had probably spent the last twenty-four hours thinking of nothing much besides his huge eleven-and-a-half inch cock laying in the palm of her hand. She was like him. He knew. It was all for the sex. All the pain, all the misery, all the long, aching workouts when it didn't seem possible to lift another ounce. But when the bodies

met. Fire! Thunder! Earthquakes! Novas! Galactic cataclysms! Orgasms that made the formation of the universe pale in comparison. But nothing like what she was going to experience tonight.

So to hell with Mr. Soap Bubbles. He would find many other eager young and virile men to entice the women of the world into using his product. Arnold had universes to shake.

He grabbed his bag and went to the studio. Mr. Potts was sitting in a chair with several photographs of Arnold spread out before him on the floor. Though an older man, possibly in his late fifties, he was handsome and well-groomed in the way that people with money and time to spend it were. He stared down at the photos, not really focusing on any one of them, but sweeping his gaze back and forth. The photographer and her assistant were flipping through a notebook of photos of other well-developed men, looking for someone who did not possess as huge a penis as Arnold. As he entered, the look on all three of their faces fell. They had not realized he had heard their discussion. Arnold went to the photographer.

“I’d like to get the rolls of film you took earlier. As your client has expressed a desire to find someone other than me to represent his product, you will have no need for them. I posed for those shots under the impression that we were working. It seems clear to me now that my talents and time were being exploited for your own use. The contents of the film are mine.”

The woman stared at him for a few seconds, not quite believing what she was hearing. It finally sunk in and she shook her head.

“I’m sorry, son. You were on the clock. We had an agreement.”

“Our agreement was to create an ad to promote this gentleman’s product. This gentleman does not want me to do this. In addition, not one frame of that film contains any reference to his product. You and your assistant got your thrills. Now I want the photos.” They locked stares. “Or I pass the word to my agency just what kind of an operation you’re running here. You won’t see another person from my agency or any other once the word gets out. I want the film.”

“Now just a minute here, young man.”

Arnold turned to see Mr. Potts stand and walk towards him. It was quite obvious the photos of Arnold were having an affect on the man that would not have done his product’s image any good.

“You have no right placing any demands on this woman. The decision to use you in this ad is not hers. She hired you in good faith. It is no fault of hers that you are not the appropriate person for the job.”

“That’s right. You don’t hire freaks.”

“I’m sorry. I did not know you could hear me.”

Arnold turned back to the two women. “The familiar and intrusive way you’ve been treating me since I arrived here had nothing to do with promoting this man’s product. I hope you got your jollies. I want the prints and negatives. All of them.”

Arnold stared at the photographer with an expression which was as non-threatening as he could make it, but still carried the feeling of revulsion he was feeling at the way he had been treated. He was not going to move until the film was in his possession.

After several tense moments, the photographer nodded to the assistant who gathered up the prints and then went to the dark room

to return with a folder. She pulled out a handful of negatives in sleeving and gave them to Arnold who made a quick inventory.

“There only are enough negatives here for one roll. You took two.”

The assistant shot the photographer a look of resignation and handed Arnold the rest of the contents the folder, including an additional stack of eight by ten prints. Arnold looked at the prints on the floor which Mr. Potts had been contemplating. The older man bent over and retrieved them, handing them over to Arnold as well.

“I will report my treatment and your initial refusal to turn over these items to my agency. By the time word gets around town, you won’t be able to get Pee Wee Herman in here to push your client’s product. Have a good day.”

On his way down the elevator he had the deep, sickening, sinking feeling of anger and futility. He had stooped to their level, had argued with them where no argument was necessary. Just as he had been sucked into taking a swing at Ed ten years before. He didn’t want to be a freak. He didn’t want to be different. Not that way. He just wanted to be loved. To love. But how could he love those people up there who had treated him like so much beef on the hoof?

And was he ever going to be mad if this screwed up his evening with Patty.

Mr. Soap Bubbles didn’t really count. He was the paying customer with his own agenda, his own needs. If Arnold didn’t fit them, then so be it. But the two women...they were another story. If they had decided they would try something with him when they picked him out of the agency’s headshot book, they were now long past seeing their dream become reality. The elevator jerked to a stop

at the lobby. The doors opened as the thought crossed Arnold's mind: Now what? It was still several hours until his dinner date with Patty. He didn't want to go back to the gym; didn't want to run into Patty yet. He thought of going to the beach, but was suddenly filled with a feeling of anxiousness. What if he ran into Sam? Not today. Not now. One thing at a time. His head buzzed with the residues of the adrenaline his anger at the women upstairs had generated. He needed some way to work it out of his system. He might as well go back to his own place and work out on the home gym. Peter's parting words about Patty's fascination with odor made him want to go somewhere and sweat. A lot. At least this way he wouldn't have to worry about traveling to Patty's un-showered. In fact...

Half way home he began to feel the stirrings that always announced the arrival of an erection. When he could, he allowed his mind to wander to an image of Patty in her halter top the previous morning. His desire to feel the power of her body moving under, over, against, around, and through him increased the urgent feeling in his genitals. He delighted in denying himself any relief; was, in fact, quite happy to let the delicious pain distract him from thoughts of the uncomfortable situation at the photographer's studio. He'd never be invited back there again. Or at least not until they realized what idiots they'd been by letting him get away from them. He made a mental note to call the agency tomorrow morning and tell them to keep an eye out for unauthorized shots of him. He suspected the photographer had had other plans for those photos.

The pain in his crotch was becoming demanding. Now the game began. How long could he go without touching himself, squeezing himself, rubbing himself, pressing the palm of his hand hard against the head of his enflamed, blood engorged penis in an

attempt to relieve the screaming ecstasy/agony, the need to press, to drive, to fuck. He had to chuckle a bit. If it took this much will-power to keep from touching himself, how could he expect it to be any easier for someone else? He wanted to grab his cock right here in the middle of seventeen lanes of traffic and bang it against the steering wheel, whacking it into orgasmic frenzy. The more it hurt the better it was. The better it was, the more it hurt.

He almost cheered when the signs for his exit began to tick off the miles until his escape from the tedium of the freeway. As he neared the exit ramp, traffic began an inexplicable slow down. His cock ached, his head was swimming with visions of Patty's magnificent body. He glanced over at the car next to his and was met with a look from the female occupant that left no doubt in Arnold's mind as to what she would want to do if the traffic came to a complete standstill. There it was, the first intense feelings. The first drip. His balls churned in response to the unspoken invitation. The essence of the word 'fuck' stood hard and firm between him and the woman next to him. He wished he could see what she looked like below where the car door blocked his view. He imagined and his cock ached and leapt. He wished she could see him below where her view was obstructed.

Her nipples ache. Her skin tingles. Her cunt flows. She rams her car into the side of his and forces him onto the shoulder. She then flies across the car seat, hurls open the passenger door and dives across into Arnold's front seat. With one swift, heated motion she throws herself upon his aching crotch and, through the material of their clothing, swiftly rides herself to an orgasm that hurls her over the windshield of his car and lands her on the hood. Still wanting more, she rips her panties off, or better yet, she would have

no panties on. Her finger dives deep inside her cunt and she begs, entreats, pleads for him to climb out of the front seat of his car, bare his mammoth cock and slam her on the hood of his sportster until the shocks give out and the car collapses to the roadbed.

The traffic had begun to move and his new-found anonymous sex partner was now several car lengths ahead of him. She pulled into the space in front of his car as vehicles behind him honked in impatience. He accelerated and pulled off at his exit. As he dropped down the ramp the woman quickly swerved in front of him and took the ramp as well. The light at the bottom was red. They locked eyes in her rear view mirror. Her body began to make little vibrating motions, her shoulder hunched forward and her head dropped back against the headrest. As the light turned green she raised her head, gave him a final look in the mirror that spoke both of fulfillment and further need and then turned right, obviously hoping he would follow.

He turned left. Had his intentions been that vivid? Was it possible she could have sensed him so exactly, that his thoughts could have had such an effect on her? She had known. No question about it. And now he was in serious agony. He didn't know how much longer he could hold out. He wanted to come to Patty fully primed. He wanted to unleash the full fury and power of his drive and need within her. Then he remembered his sexual experiences of the past twenty-four hours and knew there was little to fear. The only reason to hold out was for the pleasure of it. The agony of it. The divinity of it.

As he got out of the car in the parking lot he thought for a second about what the neighbors would think about the condition of his pants. Aside from the humongous bulge, his cock was leaking

severely. A large wet spot was spreading out from the end of the large column of flesh prominently displayed on the inside of his right thigh. He glanced up at the building and fantasized Patty standing there, her naked body flexed hard and firm, waiting for him to come and relieve his painful situation. He was only slightly relieved to see that, not only was Patty not there, but neither was anyone else. He took the trip up the elevator and the quick walk to his front door unobserved.

As he passed his bedroom door he threw his gym bag onto the bed without really looking or caring whether it hit its target. His body was crying, screaming for the next room. As he turned out of the hallway he was already naked from the belt up and he was able to take both his shoes off and search for the light switch at the same time, ducking a bit to miss the chin-up bar that hung within the door jam. The light came on revealing his image in the large mirror against the opposite wall. It was enough to make him want to cum. In that first moment, as he glanced at himself, he saw his form through new eyes.

His cock jerked in his pant-leg and the sight of it doing so made his cock jerk in his pant-leg. He wrestled with the sock on his right foot and the muscles in his arm exploded as it pulled against it, fighting to remove it. The sight of it made him want to grab the mound of muscle and squeeze it in his hands, feeling the power and size of it, its thickness, its density, its mass, its heat. Again, his cock forced itself against the restraint of his pants and his eyes caught the motion. It was impossibly big. It demanded his attention, both itself and its reflection. He removed the other sock and was then left with only his pants and ill-fitting briefs. He watched as the man in the mirror ran his hand up his left thigh after discarding the sock until it

reached the prominent bulge that represented his bloated, aching balls. This bulge, alone, would have satisfied many a crotch watcher. Here it was only a subsidiary, a side comment to the real show. The hand gently caressed the bulge, slowly pressed into it, making the separate contents of the scrotum reveal themselves. Even at this distance from his reflection, twice the width of his room, he could discern the size and weight of the enormous testicles. Again his cock swelled and his own hand cupped his balls harder. If only the man would remove his pants, free his enormous genitals so he could see them. He wanted to run to the man, rip off his clothing and smash himself against the painfully distended equipment. The thought sent a shiver down his spine and out to the end of his cock. The wet spot on the man's pant-leg spread even further; his balls sending more fluid as they overflowed. Arnold knew the man would be in great pain now. He raised his gaze to the man's upper torso and his mouth watered as he imagined licking and sucking the swelling pectorals with their hot, hard nipples. Arnold's nipples ached and he knew the other man's would, too. The man sensed his thoughts and raised his hand away from the contents of his scrotum, across the hard, ridged surface of the abdominals, coming to rest on the pec, his fingers lightly flitting across the pebble of flesh which distended from the lower outer curve of the swelling pectoral. Again, Arnold's cock jumped and he felt another dose of wetness spread across his thigh. The man obliged him and pinched the nipple hard, his body cringing in pleasure/ pain. The harder the man pinched, the steadier the flow on Arnold's thigh became. He could stand it no longer. If the other man was not going to undress, then Arnold would have to take the initiative. In a flash his belt was unfastened, his fingers grabbed the waistband and he was stepping

out of his pants, throwing them out into the hall. Arnold returned his gaze to the mirror and very nearly came. He was big. So big. And not just the cock. Everything was too much. And beautiful. He knew he would never see a more beautiful man. He longed to...ached to... was dying to...get his hands on this man. And there, protruding from the right leg hole of the man's briefs, was a rigid, hard, throbbing, aching, blood-engorged-until-it-was-purple penis sticking straight out before him, reaching for him, extending across the room, begging for him to come and touch it, rub it, press it, suck it. Arnold grabbed his cock with his right hand, cupped his still imprisoned balls in his left and walked across the room. The man did the same. They met in the center and pressed the heads of their two immense cocks together. It wasn't enough. They pressed harder. And harder. Oh, God! he need to push against something. Harder. His cock cried out for more. He knew he would have a difficult time working out in this condition. He wanted to watch the other man suck himself off. Could he do it? Could he let the man know this was what he desired to see? They both moved to the bench press. Arnold swung his bench around to face the other man who had done the same. Their muscles swelled with the effort and Arnold's cock ached in reaction to the sight. With great difficulty the two men bent their cocks down against their leg and were able to slide their completely useless briefs down to the floor and then kick them off into a corner. Arnold and the man took up position and together they drew their bodies into a curl until the tips of their cocks were mere centimeters from their lips. They wet them. They extended their tongues and flicked the engorged heads of their cocks. The thick columns of flesh responded by crying out for more. Neither of the men could deny themselves any more. Each of them dove down onto the enflamed

head of their penis, took it in their mouth, and, together, began sucking, drawing the blood up into their enflamed shafts, heightening the sense of urgency that burned and roiled in the base of their shafts. In just a very few seconds, Arnold knew, there would be no return; no stopping it. With supreme effort he pulled his mouth off the aching, rigid shaft and released it from his grip. No one was more disappointed than the tortured man in the mirror.

He hoped Patty would appreciate what he was doing for her. He still didn't know what he was going to do about getting his cock prepared for a workout. There was no way he would be able to do much with this monstrous cock swinging back and forth. And he needed to get a jock on.

He stood to go back to his bedroom to get something on but made it only as far as the door to the hall. Turning to look in the mirror again, the head of the gargantuan phallus knocked against the door jam sending a huge jolt of sensation through his body. All thoughts of getting dressed for a workout session left his mind as his cock cried out again for relief. Arnold began to get concerned.

He knew if he were to touch the shaft it would be all over. He wanted, needed to cum. What was he to do? His hands grabbed hold of the chin-up bar and he gradually put more weight on it until his arms were bulging painfully and his feet began to float off the floor. He pulled himself up and the muscles along the sides of his chest flared out. He suddenly remembered the man at the pool, so many years ago, with the two women running their hands over his body as he lifted himself the same way. And just a few minutes before that he had made himself cum for the first time. And the second.

He flexed his arms and his biceps and lats swelled, raising him towards the bar. He bent his legs, spread them, and brought them up

against his chest, the massive thighs each pressing against a hard, firm pectoral. He curled his abdominals and the hot, aching steel-hard rod of man-flesh pressed itself against the hard surface of his sternum. And then he brought his legs together, closing around his cock.

He lowered his legs...slowly...clasping his hot cock between them. His body shivered with the exquisite feeling of sex and effort. He could feel the heavy sac of his scrotum swing beneath him, tightening as his legs reached the bottom of his shaft. Spreading his thighs and raising them again, he brought them back up to capture the swollen head of his cock once again. It had been years since he had done this: climbing his cock. He had grown so much, gotten so big. And he was as insatiable now as he had been back when his balls had first started pumping the hot, sticky liquid that filled his mouth, filled others mouths, others cunts and asses and anything else he could stick his wanton, aching shaft into.

He increased the pressure, increased the speed, pulled harder on the chin-up bar, increasing the ache in his arms and lats. His cock began to buzz, his balls began to churn. He could feel a steady stream of hot liquid flowing from the slit of his enormous glans and down the cleavage of his pectorals. He remembered that first time and tried to make it happen again. Just like the first time. So magic. So scary. So fulfilling. So new. So...so...so

“Oh, shit. Oh, yeah. Gotta cum. Gotta cum. Hunh. Hunh. Hunh. Hunh.”

Arnold's legs scissored and raised, clamped and dropped repeatedly until the wonderful, familiar feeling wound through his body, lighting off the amazing chain reaction culminating in orgasm. His head became light, the pressure built in his balls, and a sudden

sense of urgency took over, a rush of adrenaline and a call, from deep inside, that could not be denied. An incredible feeling of warmth and something close to anguish spread from his middle, took over control of his body and mind and drove him, legs flaying and climbing around the hot, rigid shaft, to the top of his orgasm. His eyes were clenched closed, but in his mind he could picture what he would look like, were he standing off to one side. He knew his muscles would be tensed and massive, his skin covered with the traces of thousand of veins and arteries mapping over his body. He flipped himself over so his legs were now above him, felt the hot flesh of his cock pressing against his pecs. Again he thought of Patty, of how he wanted to be ready for her, able to match her every orgasm. The compelling sensation in his cock was just below the threshold, once again. And, once again, he released his cock just seconds before orgasm. He dropped his feet to the floor. His huge chest heaving with each breath, his arms and pecs pumped and swollen, he knew there would be little hope of calming things down. There was only one recourse.

He stopped in his bedroom for a moment on the way to the bathroom to pick up a tank top, jock and a pair of gray fleece shorts. He would have only one shot at getting his equipment packed properly for a workout and he wanted to be ready. He threw the articles of clothing on the toilet tank and stepped into the tub. In one swift motion, before he could think about it, he whipped the sheet he was using as a shower curtain closed and cranked on the cold water tap, at the same time pulling up the little stem that stuck out of the top of the faucet.

“AAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHH!”

His nipples tightened so fast they ached. His scrotum contracted, yanking his balls up into his abdomen; his cock quickly tried to disappear. Having accomplished his goal, he turned off the water, threw open the sheet, grabbed his jock and quickly loaded his genitals into the cup before they could realize what had happened. He then grabbed the fleece shorts and pulled them on.

He was still panting from the exertion of just a few moments ago. He checked himself in the mirror, felt his cock leap again, felt his mind fill with thoughts of sex and orgasm. He was as excited about how he would affect Patty as he was about how she would affect him. The reflection of his crotch showed that, for the moment at least, things were under control. There was a definite sense of pressure there, he thought it might even develop into that sweet sensation of uncomfortable agony as he went through his paces on the gym, but for now the monster was leashed in. Now he could direct this incredible power and drive towards pumping his body and getting the sweat glands juiced up for Patty.

Arnold grabbed the tank top, putting it on as he ran down the hall to the workout room. He didn't have to think, didn't have to plan; this part was automatic. He instinctively grabbed the right gear, moved it the right way, took the right turns at the right stations and left his mind to dwell on the hard, rigid, steamy body that waited for him on the other side of his bedroom wall. He knew she would be walking back and forth, going from living room to kitchen to bedroom. And each time she walked past this part of the hall she would hear the weights, the groans, the cables, the screams. She would know what he was doing. She would know he was making himself big for her, hard for her, smell for her. And she would be so

hot by the time he knocked on her door at seven o'clock she would cum as she opened the door.

Biceps, biceps, biceps, biceps, biceps, biceps, biceps.

Pecs, pecs, pecs, pecs, pecs, pecs, pecs, pecs, pecs.

Deltoids, deltoids, deltoids, deltoids, deltoids.

Triceps, triceps, triceps, triceps, triceps.

Lats, lats, lats, lats, lats, lats, lats.

Thighs, thighs, thighs.

Abs, abs, abs, abs.

Traps, traps.

Forearms.

Calves.

Gluts.

He finished the cycle and started again. He didn't stop for a moment but dove right into the next exercise. And the next. And the next. His body began to hum, to sing. The muscles of each group swelled and filled with blood as his system rushed to repair and detoxify the muscles. Each time it got a little harder to go all the way through the reps. The muscles swelled a little more each cycle, making their movement a little more difficult. The veins and tendons of his anatomy stood out in sharper relief with each movement. And when he got down to the last set his whole body felt like it was going to cum. Everything was so big, so full, so hot, so pumped. And his head was buzzing and filled with thoughts of what it would feel like to take this incredible physique and press it, push it, drive it against the hard, hot physique of his neighbor.

He stood before the mirror one last time. He flexed and posed, checking to see if there was a group that needed just a little more

attention. The straps of the tank top clung to the inside curves of his swollen pecs. His rock hard nipples scraped deliciously against the fabric that passed under the hyper-developed mass. The front of his fleece shorts was grossly distended with the bulge of his enormous cock crying for release. It would be angry, dark and wicked looking. It demanded that he smash himself against something to relieve it. It didn't care to wait for just a few more blessedly agonizing minutes. It wanted to ram itself against the upright of the universal, the door jam, the reflection of itself in the mirror. Anything. It screamed. He screamed.

He couldn't stand looking at himself any longer. He was too horny. He walked out of the room and headed for the balcony. The clock on the bookcase said six fifty-four. This would be the longest six minutes of his life. He would enjoy the agony, swim in the restraint. He wanted to swing his massive body over the railing and surprise Patty, his huge form silhouetted against the luscious, deepening sunset. Better yet, he wanted to punch his way right through the wall that separated their two living rooms just for the sheer pleasure of releasing the energy pent-up in him. But instead, he stepped out onto the balcony and took several deep, calming breaths and let his mind drink in the beauty of the view. The colors of the sky, the smell of the fresh salt air, the sound of the waves as they rolled up the beach. The lingering smell of the spray lubricant. The tools he had used to remove the partition between his and Chris's balcony were still there, waiting for their next job. His heart warmed as he recalled watching Chris, herself, spraying the loosening agent on the hardware of Patty's partition. What a wonderful moment of realization and acceptance that had been for both of them.

His eyes were again drawn to the view beyond the balcony rail. He scanned the expanse of sand and his heart felt like it jumped a good distance up his throat.

There was no mistaking the fiery red hair, even at this distance. Just twenty-four hours before he had seen the very same sight. The difference, this time, was that Chris was talking to someone. And there was no doubt in his mind who that someone was. He stepped away from the railing in case the other man's eyes would wander up the face of the building and see him there. Just as Arnold could readily identify the man on the beach, he knew the man would be able to do the same. Would Chris give him away? Would they even know the connection between them; the common bond?

Ed.

Of course, it all made sense when he thought about it. If Sam was here, then Ed should be, too. He had known they would be drawn to each other when they met back east. Why didn't Peter mention anything about him when they talked about Sam earlier in the day? Was he out of the picture?

Was Peter's involvement with Sam somehow different than what Arnold was led to believe? Or was it just so natural to have Ed and Sam together and still have Sam make room for Peter in her heart that Peter hadn't noticed or thought that it mattered?

Arnold doubted this. He knew Ed. In many ways he was Ed. And Ed was Arnold. Arnold was deeply attracted to Peter. Ed would be, as well. If Peter and Ed had met, Arnold would not have been Peter's first, that was certain.

But now was not the time to dive back into a ten year-old relationship. If he would be seeing Sam soon, then he would be seeing Ed soon, too. It just figured that, of the thousands of yards of

beach with the thousands of people laying on it, Ed would be talking to Chris at this very moment. Half of him wanted to shout and wave and celebrate. He wanted to tear out the door to his apartment and race down the stairs, three at a time, and fly, soar across the stretch of sand between his apartment building and the man who meant more to him than any other man alive.

And then there was Patty. He had focused all his energy towards this meeting. He was so primed for the encounter he was leaking like a faucet. And here was Ed. And Chris. And now she was getting up and packing her stuff. And now Ed was moving away, trotting down the beach, turning to wave good-bye. They had made contact. Arnold knew if she hadn't had a date with the guy upstairs tonight the two of them would be on their way to sharing themselves and comparing notes. He chuckled. How different was he after all these years? Would the Arnold Ed remembered be anything like the Arnold Chris met yesterday?

He sighed. These and all other questions would be answered for him very soon. Of that there was no doubt. He would have to get all his lovers together, past and present, and have them run an evaluation.

He would also have to deal with the pain and sadness he had caused Sam and Ed by walking...no...running out of their lives so many miles and years ago. Arnold had hoped their lives would be so full it would have made no difference. He hoped, but doubted.

Chris was walking back to the building. He checked the clock on the bookcase. Seven-oh-one. Oh, well. He didn't want to seem too eager. Not that the huge, aching, painful bulge in his cotton fleece shorts would be any kind of a give-away. Again it cried out to

be grabbed, squeezed, hurt, released. Soon. Patty would take care of all that.

Soon.

His body was still covered with a sheen of sweat. He took a quick sniff of his armpits. The deep, dank, musty smell of his body rammed itself up his nostrils. He could feel the deep wetness of his crotch and knew what his jock strap would smell like. If Patty wanted odor, she'd get odor.

He promised himself he would not look in the mirror as he passed the door to the workout room. He even tried closing his eyes. He just wasn't quick enough. A quick wink of a glimpse made him horny enough to want to ram his crotch against the door jam. Anything. Patty had better be very ready, he thought. He certainly was.

He wanted to be in Patty's apartment before Chris came up from the beach, otherwise this was going to be a very complicated evening. Patty would be enough. Once he had them all down individually he would be able to take them on as a group. After.

He started to put his apartment key into the hip pocket of the shorts then thought of how he had met Chris. And of the partition. And the tools, ready to perform their task. He would forget his key.

Out the door, making sure it was locked behind him.

Turn right.

Five giant steps down the walkway.

Turn right.

Knock.

Cum.

Almost.

Patty answered the door in a pair of barely existent shorts, a cut-up, sleeveless T-shirt and a glassy look in her eyes that told Arnold she was as close to exploding as he was. The outer curves of her extraordinary breasts were visible. In fact, the T-shirt was not able to contain those magnificent structures, the long, hard nipples barely covered by the fabric. The bottom of the shirt hung a few scant inches below her breast's lower curves. She was breathing deeply and each time her chest expanded the shirt would rise just enough to reveal an inch of breast. The effect was staggering.

As he stepped through the door he heard the elevator arrive at their floor. Chris would be stepping out just as Patty's door closed behind him. He silently wished her as thrilling an evening as he was about to have, then turned his mind and energies to the orgasmic body before him...

And never looked back.

CHAPTER 54: FLASHBACK

Darkness...

The screens before Arnold went blank and there was a whirring motion as the electric motors lifted the curtain which surrounded the stage.

A clanking sound could be heard and, as a single light threw its beam straight down, Ed could be seen hunched over the edge of the bench, curling the weight. He completed fifteen reps and then sat up and changed hands. He then hunched back over and ran through fifteen on his other arm. When he was finished with those he set the weights down on the floor, sat up again and flexed first one arm and then the other, running his opposite hand over the crest of each biceps as it swelled.

Still, the only illumination in the room was the single shaft of light shining directly down on him. He looked around the room, spotted something outside the pool of light and went to retrieve it, disappearing into the darkness. He came back with another identically loaded free-weight and began triceps curls, the weights held behind his head, his upper arms sticking straight into the air. He raised his forearms, pressing the weights up until they were fully extended. The huge muscles exploded. With each rep they grew bigger and bigger. When he was done with these, he again flexed his arms and checked the condition of the recently worked muscle groups.

Ed worked his way through a series of exercises that involved the bench and these two weights, ending with an agonizing set of

shoulder presses that made his deltoids swell so large they looked as if the skin would split.

As he set the weights down the lights on stage got brighter until the entire room could be seen. He walked around, touching things, kicking things, drying off with a towel, running his hands over parts of his body as he flexed different muscle groups. He was obviously killing time, waiting for someone or something. Every once in a while he would absentmindedly reach down and scratch or squeeze or move his genitals around in his jockstrap. As he pressed against them it would be evident just how much flesh there was being contained there. He finally made it over to the chin-up bar and did a few sets with different hand holds. By the time he was finished his tank top was very wet and sticking to his chest and abdomen. Already his nipples were hard, peeking out on either side of the material as it clung to the inner curves of his pecs.

He straddled the bench and sat down again, the opening in the leg of his shorts revealing the distended fabric of his jockstrap to one of the cameras. His right hand reached across his chest and began to stroke the outer curve of his left pectoral. His finger wandered up around the nipple and he suddenly grabbed it between the nails of his thumb and forefinger and pinched it hard. His face erupted in a storm of agony, but he continued to clamp down on it. He threw his left arm behind him, leaned back and began arching his back, lifting his hips as though some invisible force was hoisting him by his cock. The higher his hips went, the more pronounced the huge bulge in the front of his gym shorts became. His right hand suddenly deserted his nipple and dove for his crotch. He grabbed the bulge violently, ground his hips against the pressure of his hand for several seconds and finally collapsed back on the bench, his hands

dropping to his sides, his huge chest heaving, his head fallen forward onto his chest.

Arnold stepped through the door, the two men acknowledging each other's presence with a short nod.

Arnold completed the same set of exercises that Ed had just performed with the chin-up bar and then moved over to the cable flies. He routed the cables under the floor pulleys, set the weight and began cross lifts. His huge shoulders immediately swelled and threatened the tensile strength of his own skin. About halfway through the set, Ed looked up and fixed his eyes on his partner. When Arnold was through with this set he sent the cables through the second floor pulley and started a set bent over at the waist. Now the huge bulges on the backs of his deltoids and the muscles of his upper back began to leap and swim under his skin. Ed moved into Arnold from behind and pressed his crotch against Arnold's hard, firm ass, grinding it against the other man's crack. Arnold continued his efforts unaffected by Ed's attentions. When he was finished he moved to the bench, his absence revealing an increase in the proportion of the bulge in Ed's shorts. Ed again pressed his hand hungrily into his crotch and ground it against the load there. Arnold sat down on the bench, took the same free-weights Ed had worked with and set himself to the same tasks.

Ed stood back and watched until Arnold was finished. He then moved towards a barbell with several hundred pounds of weight on it. Arnold stepped to the other end and together they lifted it into the cradle above the bench. Ed loosened his lifting belt, pulled his tank top off, threw it in a corner and then refastened his belt. His firm, flat abdomen and hard, curved pecs stood out proudly. He did a few stretches which caused every muscle on his body to swell and then

laid down on the bench. Arnold moved to the top of it and prepared to spot him. Ed rubbed his hands on the sides of his gym shorts, grabbed the bar and nodded to Arnold, who grabbed the bar as well and, together, their muscles bulging, lifted it out of the cradle and waited until Ed's control of the weight had stabilized. Again Ed nodded and Arnold removed his hands from the bar, his huge muscles relaxing slightly.

Ed began to press the bar. Pecs and triceps swelled larger with each rep. Each lift became harder until the last one set his arms to shaking, his face locked in a grimace of determination. His lips were pursed and he forced a thin stream of air out between them as he centered his concentration and got the heavy bar in the air one final time. Arnold grabbed it at the top of Ed's motion and helped him move it back into the cradle. Arnold leaned against the cradle, his eyes drinking the sight of his partner's muscular torso thirstily. Ed's arms hung for a moment from the bar and then his hands wandered to Arnold's thick, beefy thighs. He ran them up to the bottom of Arnold's shorts and then his fingers snuck up inside. Arnold's head fell back and a low, delicious groan flowed from his throat. Ed reached inside Arnold's jockstrap and rearranged the huge load there so Arnold's cock was no longer tucked between his legs. He stretched the fabric of the cup around the massive cock and gave it one final pat. Then his hands came out, pressed hard against the fabric on his thighs so that Arnold's cockbulge would be displayed prominently. He encircled it with his fingers so that it pressed out even further.

Arnold ground his hips forward against Ed's attentions for several moments and then moved to the side of the bench. He repeated the ritual of removing his shirt, stretched and flexed and

then lay down to take the weight. Ed spotted him through the exercise, helped him replace the bar when he was finished and then was subjected to a rearranging of the genitals which included his thick, semi-tumescent cock being released from its confines and allowed to hang free for a moment, the heavy, pendulous head appearing below the leg of his shorts. Arnold stroked the exposed glans and ran his fingernail around the slit. He then lifted his upper body, opened his mouth, took the very tip of Ed's cock in and gave it a quick suck. Slowly, he lowered himself to the bench, re-imprisoned Ed's cock in the jock strap and then stood up.

The two men locked gazes for several seconds, lust dripping between them. Each of them allowed one of their hands to move to their own crotch and press against the outline of their cocks which were becoming more prominent. The harder they pressed, the bigger the bulges got until it was evident that they were both in a great deal of discomfort. Their eyes never left the other's. They dared each other to be the first to back down, the first to rip their clothing off and free their massive cock. Their agony became more intense, their bodies strained against the pain of their hard, confined cocks, their muscles swelling as well. When it became obvious that neither would succumb they tore their hands away from their crotches simultaneously and launched into a rapid fire, high-powered, no effort spared, muscle bursting, heart throbbing series of exercises that increased in intensity until they were both completely dripping in sweat. Their cocks got no softer, in fact they became even more painfully erect. Several times during their efforts each of them had to stop to make adjustments to their genitals to keep them from getting in the way of their movements.

Finally, while Ed was lying on the bench pumping his already inflamed pectorals with a couple of free-weights of one hundred pounds each, Arnold could stand it no longer. He walked around to the foot of the bench, grabbed the buckle of Ed's weight belt, unfastened it and, grabbing the waistband of Ed's shorts and jockstrap, ripped them off his body, throwing them across the room. Ed's painfully huge erection, released from its confinement, flapped up and landed with a thump on his hard, rigid abdomen. Small droplets of fluid flew across the room as his cock sprayed its pre-cum in an arc that matched its travel. Several drops landed on Arnold and the huge man scraped them off his skin with his finger and licked and devoured the precious fluid. Ed continued to press the weights together over his chest, his biceps and pectorals swollen. Arnold moved slowly to his friend, dropped to his knees between Ed's spread legs and grabbed the huge cock that lay before him. Ed was in the middle of a rep and, as Arnold's hand encircled his cock, he let out a loud scream that could be heard by the audience without the aid of microphones and speakers. His pectorals contracted, the weights bashed together in the air over his chest, his hips bucked into the air and cum came exploding out of his cock and flew everywhere. Each flight of the hot, sticky substance was accompanied by another ear-shattering scream until, when the last of his orgasm had subsided, he fell back into silence and continued the exercise.

When he finished, he set the weights on the floor beside the bench and stood. His cock was as hard, as dark, as vicious, as hungry for release as it had been before his violent orgasm. He grabbed its huge length and began pumping the thick shaft with a desperation that told of a incredible need to release yet again.

Arnold again moved, on his knees, to the crotch of his friend and took the enormous phallus in his mouth. He drove his head forward and, in one sudden move, swallowed the entire cock to the hilt. He mashed his face against Ed's hard abdomen, nuzzled his nose into the bush of pubic hair and then pulled all the way off it. Ed's cock was so engorged with blood it was almost black. The huge mushroom-shaped glans was swollen and painful. Arnold licked at it a few times with the tip of his tongue and then dove onto it again, taking it fully down his throat. He repeated this several times, each attack greeted with a deep grunt and powerful hip thrust from Ed.

Finally, Ed could take the irregularity of this attack no more.

"Come on, Arnie. Suck me. Suck me good. I gotta cum again, Arnie. Suck me. Now. Yeah. Oh, yeah. Oh, so good. You suck me good, Arnie. Real good. Come on, make me cum. I gotta cum, Arnie. Ooo, my cock hurts, so bad, Arnie. Make it cum. I feel like my whole body's gotta cum. Look at me, Arnie. Look at my whole body gettin' a hard-on. I'm gettin' real hard, Arnie. You're makin' me real hard. Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. Yeah. Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh... Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh shit. Yeah. I'm cumin' Arn. Faster. Faster. Oh. Oh. Shit. Suck me. Suck me. Suck me. Suck me. Suck me. Aw. Oh, God. Oh, fuck. Fuck. I'm cumin'. I wanna see me cum. Lemme see. Lemme see. Oh. Unh. Unh. Unh."

Arnold pulled his head off Ed's cock as he felt the first shot of cum travel up the shaft. He backed his head away from Ed's crotch, aimed the thick monster straight ahead and took the several wads on the face. Ed's powerful hips flung the loads of cum hard against him and each landed with an audible 'splat'. As soon as the fierce salvo dissipated Arnold dove back onto the cock and licked and sucked and kissed and nibbled the huge penis in an effort to keep it from

getting soft. Ed threw his head back in abandon, grabbed two handfuls of Arnold's hair and moaned in ecstasy. By the time Arnold removed his mouth from his friend's genitals he was, again, raging hard and ready for action. Arnold abandoned him to his agony. He quickly wiped his face off with a nearby towel then took his place on the bench, free-weights in hand. He started to bring them up to meet over his chest but Ed was in too agitated a state to allow him to work. He undressed Arnold in the same manner as he had been. Arnold's enormous cock repeated the sudden appearance that Ed's had made. This time the audible noise heard was coming back through the glass that surrounded the stage area. It was a mixture of gasps, applause and several people achieving involuntary orgasm. Ed moved up beside Arnold, straddled his chest, facing Arnold's crotch, plopped down on the man's huge torso, his own swollen cock and balls pressed into the flat, rigid expanse of Arnold's abdominals. Ed grabbed the gigantic, swollen cock and began to devour it with such abandon that Arnold couldn't even hold the weights in his hands. They dropped to the floor and Arnold's hands flew up and grabbed Ed's waist. Ed's mouth stretched open and sucked a good length of the cock in, his one hand controlling the remaining section that he could not take, his other grabbing the huge sac of testicles and massaging them, rubbing them, rolling them back and forth. Arnold reached his climax as quickly as Ed had. Within seconds, huge globs of cum were propelled from the large slit in the end of his cock and splattered all over Ed's face and torso. Ed was able to get the almost uncontrollable shaft aimed and took several shots straight into his mouth. He swallowed, licked, swallowed again and licked some more.

When Arnold's pelvic thrusts had subdued, signaling the completion of this first orgasm, he took the dropped weights and began the exercise he had been forced to abandon. Ed moved off Arnold's body, grabbed the same towel Arnold had used to wipe himself off and stood aside, watching as Arnold pumped the weights into the air. His enormous pecs swelled and bulged, his biceps inflated with each rep until the huge vein that ran across the length of each one was a throbbing rope. His unbelievable cock was as erect as ever and lay stretched out across the expanse of his muscular abdomen, reaching well passed his navel, even in this position. He completed his reps and sat up, eyeing Ed. Ed stood away, slowly milking his still erect cock. Arnold grabbed his own and began to masturbate himself, his expression begging Ed to come over and get him off again. Ed remained where he was. Arnold became more desperate. His hand moved faster and faster on his shaft. He brought his other hand to it. This left only his bulging abdominals supporting the upper half of his body. Still Ed stayed. Arnold became even more desperate and began to contract his upper body as his hands worked his cock with greater sense of purpose. Still Ed refused. Finally Arnold obtained a full sitting position and turned his full attention to his cock. It hovered inches from his mouth. He moved closer. His lips parted. His tongue extended, straining, flicking the air before it. Closer still. An inch. Half an inch. The tongue extended from his mouth even further as it strained to reach its goal. And then, 'flick', it made contact. Arnold's whole body spasmed in reaction. He pulled himself closer and flicked it again. Another spasm ravaged his body. Again he strained closer and this time was able to place his lips on the very tip of his cock. A shudder rumbled through his huge body, every muscle exploded as

he tensed his entire massive physique, and then, with a seemingly Herculean effort, pulled his upper body forward one last time and devoured the top three point three four inches of his own cock. His mouth went wild. With one hand he began to jerk himself off. With the other he grabbed his huge scrotum and rolled the gigantic, swollen testicles around between his fingers. His head bobbed up and down on the top of his cock which, as he occasionally straightened up to take another deep breath of air, appeared extremely inflamed.

Ed watched this for a few minutes and, finally, could stand it no longer. He took up position at the base of Arnold's cock and began to suck and lick his balls. His hands cradled and caressed the enormous spheres. After a time he lifted the huge sac and began to explore Arnold's asshole. Arnold rocked back onto the curve of his lower back. Ed ran his finger around the rim of the sphincter muscle which had an immediate effect on Arnold; he stopped sucking his own cock for a moment and locked eyes with his friend. Desire oozed from him. He locked his eyes with Ed's and the message was obvious. Arnold's abdominals contracted as he curved his body into a comma, further exposing his asshole. Ed straightened his forefinger, placed it against the opening to Arnold's ass, wormed it around for a second and then rammed it in to the last knuckle, jamming his hand up between the bench and Arnold's painfully bloated balls. Arnold screamed in joyous agony and then renewed his efforts to suck himself off. Ed began to pump his finger in and out of Arnold and returned his attentions to the scrotum and its contents with the other. He took to licking the base of Arnold's shaft and, as he felt it begin to expand for its next eruption, bit and nibbled on it, throwing Arnold into a frantic state from which

orgasm was the only escape. As the cum flew out of his cock he fell back onto the bench, allowing the cum to shoot straight up in the air and land back on his abdomen and chest. His free hand rubbed the sticky fluid into his skin and spread it over his hard, mountainous pecs. He pinched and pulled his nipples to increase the sensation and, as the last shot drooled from the tip of his cock, he collapsed, breathless, his huge arms dangling at his side.

Ed pulled his finger from Arnold's asshole and went to the water cooler to wash it off with a towel. He filled one of the cups with water, returned to Arnold and lifted his head to allow him to drink. The two men shared the cool refreshment, alternating sips, until they both seemed revived. Ed stood, walked several steps away from Arnold and flung the rest of the water on Arnold's crotch. Arnold jumped off the bench, flew across the room towards Ed, tackled him and pinned him to the mats that covered the floor. The two men rolled around and wrestled with each other, their huge bodies straining and bulging with the effort. Each took turns allowing the other to win the advantage, enjoying the feeling of the other's powerful body conquering their efforts. The wrestling match finally dissolved into a common effort to press their bodies together as much as possible. They ground their hips against each other and their hard cocks began to ache anew. When they were so hard they felt they would cum any second they suddenly stood up, went about the room, and assembled identical pairs of free-weights.

They met in the middle, stared at each other for a very pregnant moment, and then began to reenact their final exercise from the other evening. Arms and weights flew up and down. Fifteen reps. Deltoids swelled. Chests heaved. The plates, two by two, were

peeled off. Cocks strained against the leash of concentration. The process was repeated.

One hundred sixty pounds.

One hundred forty pounds.

One twenty.

One hundred.

The sweat poured off their bodies like rivers swollen in a torrential downpour.

Eighty.

Sixty.

Forty.

The two took a short break, their eyes never leaving those of the other.

Twenty.

The last plates and locks were removed and a single short iron bar remained clasped in each hand.

Five pounds.

They forced their arms into the air again and again, each time the effort became unbearable. Their huge bodies shook with fatigue. Their deltoids were now so big they restricted the movement of their arms. Blood flowed into the muscles at an alarming rate in an attempt to remove the huge deposits of waste and poisons that were rapidly accumulating there.

Three more reps.

Two more reps.

Their arms slowly raised in unison, their huge chests heaving in sync with each other. It took forever to force their arms to the top of their movement. Their hearts were pounding so loud they could each

hear the other's heartbeat. Even the shake of fatigue in their bodies seemed to vibrate at the same frequency.

Their arms reached the top, they both held for a moment and slowly lowered them to their sides.

One more rep.

Ed and Arnold were completely oblivious to the huge cheers that were ringing through the glass that surrounded them. Fists were beating, feet were stomping, cocks and clits and nipples were aching with erectness. Slowly the rhythm of all the spectators efforts coalesced into a beat that matched the beating of their hearts.

The two lovers shrugged their shoulders together. They swallowed with dry throats together. They shuffled their feet in the same direction to reposition themselves for the final rep. Their eyes blinked together and together they began to raise their arms the final time.

Up.

Up.

Up their arms traveled. Their delts and traps were already so swollen that, no matter what the effort, what the strain, their size was at their maximum.

Higher.

Higher.

Higher.

Their hearts beat faster.

The audience's feet beat faster.

The hands clapped and banged and masturbated faster.

Twenty more degrees.

Ten more degrees.

Five.

Four.

Three.

Two.

One.

As their arms reached the upper limits of their travel they straightened their bodies, their cocks moved towards each other, and with one final, simultaneous thrust of their hips, the huge, swollen glans collided and every occupant of the building, whether they watched through a pane of glass or on a television monitor, contracted in a violent, body-wracking orgasm that spilled enough bodily fluids of different varieties to lubricate and populate several average size galaxies.

The huge, engorged heads of Arnold and Ed's cocks were seemingly welded together. The huge flow of cum that erupted from each of their cocks was indistinguishable from the other's. Their bodies vibrated as though they were being electrocuted. The cum sprayed from their cocks, not in rapid-fire shots, but in a steady stream that drained their aching, swollen balls of all the pent-up energy and delicious, agonizing sexual tension they contained. As the last energy bolt of sex shook their bodies they collapsed into each other's arms, fell to the floor and the lights went out.

Literally and figuratively.

The curtain dropped, the monitors went dead and four muscular stage hands entered with soft, comfortable dressing robes and wrapped the two exhausted men in them. They escorted the two semi-conscious behemoths out of the arena, through the vestibule, down the corridors and elevator and back through the gym to their

dressing room. They laid them both on the bed, pulled the covers up over them and turned out the lights as they left.

“Ed?”

“Yeah, Arnie.”

“You all right?”

“Depends on what you mean by ‘all right’.”

“You just answered my question.”

“Arnie?”

“Yeah, Ed.”

“You gotta promise me something, Arn.”

“What’s that?”

“Never, ever let me do that again, okay?”

“Never say never, Ed.”

“Thanks, Arn. A bunch.”

Their breathing slowly returned to normal. Their heart rate followed, eventually. Ed rolled over towards his lover and managed to raise his arm high enough to stroke Arnold’s cheek. It was wet. Ed moved his body closer and hugged Arnold to him. The contact shattered Arnold’s control and he let loose with deep, soul-wracking sobs. Ed rocked and cooed and hummed and stroked his hair, letting Arnold’s emotions have their way. He felt odd in this reversal of roles. He almost felt gypped. Wasn’t he the one who was supposed to be emotionally confused, overdrawn, exhausted, scared? Here was his pillar of strength, his source of energy and direction, shuddering uncontrollably in his arms. He loved this man so much it hurt him deeply to see him so out of control, so distraught. He also felt angry, frustrated, mad, at not being able to do anything. He knew if things were reversed, if he were the one being cradled in

huge bulging arms, as he knew he should be, then Arnold would know exactly what to do, what to say, to make the hurt go away.

What would Arnold say? What would he know that would be the key to all this? He would know what was attacking him. What was it? It had been a physically and emotionally draining experience, true, but they had faced that before. What was different this time? Everything. But most important was that Arnold had decided to leave. What did he need?

To be set free.

And there was only one thing that could do that. Ed's love for this amazing man.

Ed waited until Arnold had calmed down a bit.

"Arn?"

"Huh?"

"I love you, Arn."

Arnold rolled over to face his lover. "Oh God, Ed. I love you, too. So much. So much."

They kissed deeply, stroking and caressing each other's face.

"You're not gonna lose me, Arn. You know that, don't you? We'll be apart, but we won't lose each other. I'll die loving you."

Arnold pulled himself tighter to Ed's body and raised his head until their lips met again in a hard, hungry kiss. In that kiss they transferred their energies, their minds, their love for each other and drank so deeply of the depth of the other that they lost themselves and would not, could not, separate one from the other. Their universe spun around them and their dizzy souls fell through the void which filled with their being, their essence, as they passed through it until everything they knew, everything that was around

them became filled with all that they were. When they finally parted, a glow suffused the room and they could easily see the look of wide-eyed wonder on each other's face. In that moment they both had seen, both knew, and would carry with them forever, the memories, the pain, the joy of being each other. They were now the same person, ready to set off on two separate journeys. The world was theirs to conquer with their love for each other.

There was a knock at the door; soft, easy, but insistent. Ed rolled over and switched on the lamp on his bed table.

"Who is it?"

"Ivan. May I come in?"

Ed turned to Arnold. "Are you ready to receive?"

"I guess. I just hope we don't have to raise our arms and wave."

"Come on in, Ivan. Alone."

There was a brief huzzah of voices at the door and then Ivan slipped in, closing the door behind him against the press of bodies. He pushed the button on the door knob and then walked over to the foot of the bed.

"Well."

"Is that a question or a deep hole in the ground?"

"Do you two ever quit?"

"Sorry, Ivan. I guess we're just a bit too frazzled to keep the quick wit under control. Ed, try not to offend our host again, okay?"

"Sorry Arn. It just slipped out. But he didn't answer my question."

"That was neither. Or all. Just a statement. An evaluation. A quick release of tension and an attempt to ascertain you physical and

mental condition all in one. I see, at least, that you're mentally able to deal."

"I gather the troops were entertained."

"Not as entertained as you two are going to be."

"What's up?"

"The final tally is not in, yet, but, including your piece of the gate and receipts, plus the tips, it seems you will rake in an amount in excess of twenty-one thousand dollars. Each."

"Each?"

Arnold and Ed both generated enough energy to throw the covers back, toss off their robes and jump up and down on the bed a few times before becoming aware that:

A) They were both naked.

B) The bed was not going to take too much of this abuse.

C) They both were completely hard.

D) Again.

They stopped, stared at each other's cock, looked at Ivan, who was staring with his mouth wide open, and collapsed back on the bed in disbelief at their own insatiability, their huge erections grasped firmly in their grips.

"I see you two are obviously ready for the *après-theatre* activities. That's 'after-theatre activities' for you, Ed. But before we get to the festivities, there are a few things I want to talk to you about."

"Aw, Ivan, can't we take just a little break from the business?"

"I'm sorry, Ed. But you're about to meet some very powerful people and certain things have to be decided before you do. First of all, you must not, under *any* circumstances, acknowledge that you

recognize any of them. They value their privacy even more than their fortunes. In addition to the revenues from this evening, certain offers have been made for your services. I know, when we met yesterday, you said you weren't interested in finding a date. I have explained this position to the individuals concerned. They were, as you might expect, not convinced. You would probably be equally as unsurprised to know that these people are used to getting what they want. *Anything* they want. I am not in the slave business. Everyone on my staff makes their own decisions about their own lives. But it will be very difficult to convince some of these people, especially in the afterglow of your amazing performance, that they should respect your wishes. They will be throwing some very big money around out there and they will be good for it. Either one of you, or both, if you wish, could become very wealthy doling out your talents and favors to just the small group waiting for you on the other side of that door. Expand that to the rest of this evening's audience, most of whom were not allowed down here, and you would both be set for life. On the other hand, not taking these folks up on their offer will be a very tricky situation, indeed. I will be perfectly frank with you. I sense that you are both intelligent, sensitive, incredibly pleasing young men. But you have never experienced anyone like these people. Never. Do you catch my drift?"

"I think you would like to handle this for Ed and I, right?"

"My faith in your abilities to grasp the situation is constantly confirmed. Yes. But, to do that, I must know for certain what you do or do not want to get involved with. Ed?"

"I'm gonna let Arnold handle this. I can't seem to keep my head from spinning. Arn?"

“I think the best thing would be to let Ivan field all requests and just tell them that we’ve obviously had an exhausting night and would be glad to review our options in the morning. And would they kindly let their intentions be known to Ivan or one of his staff.”

“An excellent deflection tactic. Kick it down the road. In this particular situation, stalling would seem to be the best plan of attack. I’m impressed. I trust you will be able to uphold that stand throughout the evening. I will tell you that you will be accosted by some very beautiful people of both sexes. Should you seem to favor one over another, things could get dirty. Hold your ground and this evening will be a social *and* financial triumph for us all.”

“Ivan?”

“Yes, Ed.”

“Thanks. For everything. This has been a real important thing for me. I was so scared when I got into this. I feel like a different person now.”

“Ed, after what you two did upstairs a while ago, I would dare say there isn’t a person in this building who wasn’t changed. Never, ever, in my life have I experienced anything like what you two did to us tonight. I hesitate to tell you this, but suffice it to say the next time you two appear on stage we will have several ambulances on call.”

“Oh, shit. Is everyone...I mean did anyone...?”

“Everyone’s fine. You two took us a bit by surprise, that’s all.”

“I think we took ourselves a bit by surprise, as well. Huh, Ed.”

“I don’t know, Arnie. I’m not so sure that I didn’t know what was going to happen. I guess this just seemed like the logical next step.”

Ivan looked back and forth at the two muscular youths reclining before him with their huge erections laying across their stomachs. “What do you mean, ‘next step?’”

“Nothing, Ivan. Arnie and I have just been working up to something like tonight since we met. I don’t think I would have expected anything less from him. Or me.”

“Well, if you have any inkling as to what the effect of your next performance will be, I hope you’ll at least inform me of it so I can post the warning signs in the lobby, okay?”

“Sure thing, Ivan.”

“And speaking of our next performance?”

“I suppose that will depend on what you decide about the offers that have already begun to pour in tonight.”

“I’m pretty sure we won’t want to get involved with anything at least until after the weekend.”

“In that case, I believe you will be interested in my thoughts for Saturday night’s show. I’d like to have a rehearsal tomorrow and a run-through Saturday afternoon. Are you available?”

“Do I get to be punished for being an uncooperative, well-hung stud?”

“Arnie, you’re making me horny again.”

“Suffer, stud. For a while, anyway.”

“Yes, Arnold. I plan on building the entire show around that event. So you’re both game?”

“Count me in. I can’t wait to see this hunk get his comeuppance.”

“Good, Ed. Because I’ve got you cast as the evil queen’s bad guy accomplice.”

“Ooo. Ivan. I think I’m gonna cum right now.”

Ivan looked at Ed to see if he was serious. If he was...

“Go ahead, Ivan. Give it a good suck. Please.”

Ivan moved onto the bed, grabbed Ed’s huge, raging hard-on, took it into his mouth and was only slightly surprised to find that this huge, muscular, incredibly sexy young man was, indeed, on the very brink of cumming.

Again.

CHAPTER 55: PATTY

It had only been twenty-four hours, but she was having trouble fitting all the pieces together. As she woke she found herself trying to remember where she was. That was okay. It happened a lot when she woke up in a strange bed. She felt a body move against hers and her hand reached out to investigate.

Hard.

Firm.

Muscular.

Breasts.

June.

Then the rest of the previous day's events started to swim up to the surface of her memory. Lots of cocks. Lots of orgasms. Lots of travel and faces and pecs and hard, thrusting abdominals and her sister trying to scratch her eyes out in the driveway. Yesterday would go down in the record books as one of the most confusing days of her life.

She felt June's hand wander up her side and lingered on the outer curve of her right breast. Slowly the finger moved in a lazy circling motion as it zeroed in on the nipple. When it reached its target the thumb joined it and gently began pinching. The nails of the fingers turned inwards and the nipple was caught between them; the pressure increased imperceptibly until, without any way to tell it had happened, the sensation crossed over from pleasure to pain. The nipple hardened against the attack and Patty arched her back, pressing her breast against the fingers. Energy shot out from the point of pain and made a bee-line for her clit. Within seconds she

was rising from sleepy, dreamy languishings to full-blown sexual arousal. She threw the covers away and reached for where she knew she would find June's head.

June had obviously been awake for some time, waiting for Patty to surface. But she was still taken by surprise with Patty's swift attack. June tried to put up a struggle, but the powerful woman soon had her under control. Patty dragged June's head down until she was positioned just above Patty's cunt. Her legs were spread wide and the look of determination let June know there would be no respite until June finished what she had started.

June still hadn't let go of Patty's nipple. Patty had made sure she would not loose her grip on the lengthy nub of flesh. Now June's hand opened and grabbed the entire mound, squeezing it, pressing it, massaging it. At the same time she lowered her face to within an inch of Patty's musky cunt and teased the labia with her tongue. Patty wriggled her hips down the sheets to press against the aggravating torture. She pulled up on June's hair and forced her lips against her lover's. It was too much to stay quiet. She let out a loud, low moan that dripped of sexual desire. And this, first thing in the morning. Within seconds Patty found herself driving her hips hard against the attacks of her lover. She tried to hold off, to let the tension rise, to savor the effect June was having on her, but she was still drowsy, not quite up to the surface. A slow, easy orgasm melted over her like hot cheese on nachos. Her jalapeños popped and she drifted, floated back into a sleepy, dreamy siesta

June drew herself up between Patty's legs and onto Patty. She let her weight go, lowering herself down onto her and then let her hands roam over the hard, powerfully muscled body she had

worshipped and yearned for since first having seen it in magazines back at the beginning of her own body building career.

She and Patty had fleshed out the extent of June's attraction to Patty during the course of the previous evening's activities. Patty let her know that whatever had drawn June to her was okay, as long as she could see it for what it was and live with it. There was nothing wrong with wanting Patty's body. There was nothing wrong with wanting to use her as a role model. The only problem would be if it was done without regard for Patty's own wishes. June had told Patty how much better she felt now that everything was out in the open. She was also happy to know that fact far surpassed fantasy.

Patty allowed herself to be mildly flattered.

She also liked the idea of being able to make love to this copy of her body. They both talked about the slightly narcissistic feeling it gave them. But even better was being able to lay back and experience all the wonderful things they had done to each other, just as though they were doing it to themselves. Many times in the past Patty had wondered what it would feel like to grab her biceps and experience it only from the outside. She always enjoyed running her hands over her various body parts, especially when they were bloated and full from the pump. But there was always the wish she could separate the feeling of her muscle from her hand. As June's muscles came under Patty's scrutiny, Patty got to know just what the sensation was. Although June was several years behind her in her development, it was not so far that Patty's imagination couldn't make the leap.

Now she surrounded June's back with her own powerful arms and hugged her tight, her fingers tracing the convoluted musculature of the other woman's back. As June moved to explore various parts

of Patty's body her back muscles contorted and bulged, increasing Patty's need to explore even more.

It was going to be hard to give this up. It would take a lot to make her want to move past the joy she was experiencing, her fine, full breasts pressing against June's, each of their potent bodies hungering for the attention of the other. About the only thing that could make this more perfect would be to have her new neighbor standing over them, trying desperately to decide which of these magnificent women he should offer his eleven-and-a-half inch cock to first.

That did it.

She knew she had to do something about this. Arnold's cock had been haunting her ever since yesterday morning

(Oh my God! Was it only yesterday?)

Here she was, lying beneath a body with the power and presence to fulfill her sexual desires and fantasies, a beautiful, caring woman who fit her like a matching piece of a very well-crafted puzzle. Her nipples were hard and erect. Her clit was hard and erect. Her mind was humming on the edge of sexual joy. And suddenly it wasn't enough. Again. It was just another step towards the ultimate fantasy.

Arnold.

"June?"

"Hmmm?"

"June, honey. Could you come up for air for a second, please?"

The cool air of the room made her wet nipple crinkle with delight as June's mouth came off it in a Cheshire cat grin.

"What's up, Patty?"

“I know this is going to sound really crass and unappreciative, but I’ve got to think about getting on the road.”

“I know. I was just trying to see how long I could distract you.”

“You know it’s not because I’m not enjoying myself here.”

“Listen, love. If I had an eleven-and-a-half inch cock waiting for me at the end of a long drive, I’d be wanting to get on the road as soon as possible, too.”

Of course Patty had discussed Arnold with June. He was, after all, the assumed reason for her heightened state of arousal. Even June, who was as familiar with the augmented sexual appetite of people in the business, had commented on Patty’s devouring drive. In addition, Patty had passed several comments about Arnold during June’s introduction to anal sex. It was very sweet of June to be so understanding; happy for Patty’s good fortune.

“Thanks. I’m gonna hop in the shower. Alone. I’ll see you in a few minutes.”

Patty placed her hands on June’s shoulders and lifted the woman off of her, allowing her to roll to one side. She slid out of bed and headed for the bathroom. At the door she turned back to June. She was stretched out on the bed, the fingers of her left hand toying with her right nipple, her right index finger circling her clit.

“It’s kind of hard to look at you and not want to cum, you know.”

“Thanks for the compliment. You’re really making this leaving thing difficult.”

“Yeah. I know. A shame, isn’t it?”

“You are incorrigible, little sister.”

“Oh, incest, now, is it?”

“June, dear. You are a lot closer to me now, after just a few hours, than my real sister has ever been after all my life. And stop doing that.”

“Doing what? This?” June’s left hand moved to her clit as well. She doubled her efforts and was soon writhing on the bed in exaggerated expectation of an orgasm.

Patty began striking poses, her thrilling body suddenly covered with bulging muscles, her skin lined with veins. June gasped involuntarily and her attempts to lure Patty back to bed suddenly became an honest drive to bring herself off. Patty locked eyes with the desperate, horny woman and, with just a few more poses, witnessed June’s shuddering, shaking body as she drove herself over the edge. Her muscles tensed, her back arched, her fingers whipped back and forth across her clit, and then she collapsed back on the bed, her chest heaving with deep breaths.

Patty smiled triumphantly. “Look ma, no hands.”

June just groaned as Patty made her way to the shower.

While waiting for the hot water to come up, Patty turned to the mirror and studied her reflection. She tried to see it from the perspective of someone else; someone who could appreciate the effort she had put into forming her body into the finely honed sculpture she saw before her. Surely June could do that. There was no one who had a better idea of what it was like than June. That had a scary feeling to it, even after having worked through the issue last night.

Then there was Arnold. This was who she really wanted to affect with her body. Would it be enough? Surely he must have had so many amazing encounters in his life. She wondered if he went

around dropping his eleven-and-a-half inch schlong into every woman's hand.

"Hi, my name is Arnold and this is my cock."

Would she be the most recent in a long line of conquests? Even now she knew he would be at The Pump House working out with Peter. What was that going to be like? Would she be able to compare with Peter, even? She figured Arnold would see a younger, male version of himself in Peter. Would she be able to be a more mature, highly developed female version of himself? Was that even what she wanted? Was it what *he* wanted? She thought of the devastating woman in the other room. Was June *her* Peter?

She became aware of the mirror again, but the water had finally gotten hot and the bathroom was filled with steam. She closed her eyes and ran her hands up her sides to her breasts. She squeezed them, pressed them, rubbed them the way she wanted others to. June had known what she wanted and was very good at guessing how to give that to her. Should she take June along with her for her encounter with Arnold? That would be too much. Besides, Patty had to know that she could handle this guy on her own terms.

Why was she suddenly so filled with doubts? After the trail of sexual devastation she had left behind her over the past twenty-four hours, was there any question that she wasn't the most sought after body in the state? Besides Arnold's, of course.

It was June. Not that she had done anything on purpose, but just knowing there was someone else striving to be as much her as possible seemed a bit threatening. Could June walk into the same places Patty had the past day and leave the same trail of carnage? Patty doubted it, but didn't like the fact that she could even ask the question. Then there was the issue of why it mattered in the first

place. If what Peter said about Arnold was correct, then it couldn't, shouldn't matter one bit. She adjusted the water temperature and then quickly gave herself the once over with a bar of soap from the rack hanging off the shower head. Patty shuddered as she recognized the shower hardware as being the same one she had at home. What were the chances? The soap had a familiar smell to it as well, though it was well passed being identifiable. Maybe the towels on the shelf were the same as hers. And the deodorant in the medicine chest. And perhaps they even used the same tampon and hair spray and gym shoe inserts and...

Give it a break, Patty.

She was quite relieved to find that June's towels were, indeed, quite different from her own. She didn't bother trying to find out what else matched up or didn't. It really didn't matter, did it?

Did it?

There was a soft knock on the bathroom door.

"I'll be finished in a second."

She had just spent the entire night naked with this woman. What was wrong with letting her see her now? She opened the door. June was already dressed in something she might go jogging in.

"I'm heading out for a morning run." Patty finished drying herself off. She turned to ask what she should do with the wet towel. The look on June's face was a study in adoration.

"I can't wait."

"For what?"

"Until I look like that. Like you. It was great being able to make love to you last night. Now I'll know what other people will be experiencing when I get closer to looking like you."

“It’s funny, I was just thinking that very thing. It was kind of nice being able to get to know my body through you. And I’ll tell you, you’ve got a lot to look forward to. If it feels half as good to someone else as it does to me, then your lovers have a lot to look forward to, also.”

“I bet you can make men cum just by looking at you.”

“It’s been known to happen, yeah.”

“I’m looking forward to that. I want to be that hot.”

“I’ll tell you, June, it has as much to do with the other person as it does with you. And it’s not something you can fake. You’ve got to want to make them do it as much as they want to. If those two things are there, there’s nothing to stop the fluids from gushing. I made two guys do it yesterday, would have been three if he hadn’t been hung up on something.”

Poor Peter. Arnold would be able to get that straightened out, no doubt.

“What should I do with this towel?”

“Just leave it, I’m doing laundry later today, anyway.”

They looked at each other again. June shook her head and stepped out of the way to let Patty pass then went into the bathroom and closed the door behind her. Patty did not miss the distinctive odor that trailed behind June as she went.

Her clothes were strewn all over the basement, so she dug through her overnight bag and got out the change of clothing she had brought with her. The blouse was one her brother-in-law had given her for her birthday this year. She had been so happy to get something that fit her so well. So very well. Looking back on it, there was little doubt as to his reasons for wanting her to look this

good. And she did look this good, too. It must have tortured him to have her model it for him as she had, so eager to show him how it hugged her in all the right places. It was a good thing she hadn't worn it on her way down the day before. It would have been one too many nails in the coffin for her sister.

There was something she hadn't given enough thought to in the past several hours. Not that she wanted to. Not that her sister really deserved it. But, sooner or later, that whole mess was going to have to be worked out.

After tonight.

After Arnold.

She was tucking the blouse into her jeans when June came out of the bathroom. And here was another moment Patty was not looking forward to. Although this had been a very pleasurable experience in many ways, it had also been a very weird finish to a very weird day. Did she want to see this woman again? Did she want to give her the address to her apartment or just leave it at making sure she knew how to get to The Pump House? Did June expect Patty's apartment address or even her phone number?

Actually, the whole thing seemed rather silly. She was in the phone book; June no doubt knew where the gym was, and if not could easily find out. And, bottom line, it was always nice to know there was a cop around. Especially one with such great taste in female body builders. Patty wished she wasn't feeling so out of sorts, so awkward. June had a questioning look on her face. Patty asked her what was up.

"You seem rather disconnected this morning, Patty."

"I know. You gotta believe me when I tell you yesterday was, without a doubt, one of the strangest days of my life. I kind of put it

all on hold last night, but I think the dam just broke and I'm trying hard to figure it all out. And then, on top of everything else, I cap off the evening by making love to a very close approximation of myself. Good or bad, it was all very bizarre. And most of it delightful. Thank you for a great time and some wonderful hospitality."

"This sounds more like a 'good-bye' than a 'see-ya-later.'"

"Don't mean it to. You know where to find me. Play your cards right I might even introduce you to my next door neighbor. If you could handle it."

"I'd like to see if we have that much in common. Thanks. I don't get up that way much, but I guess a weekend in the big city wouldn't hurt. I'll give you a call at the gym sometime and see if you'll be around."

"Oh, I'm always around. About the most I can manage is a day or two like this to zip down the coast. Of course, I guess that will be out of the question for a little while, at least. Come on up. Even if you don't fit a size eleven-and-a-half, there are plenty of healthy young studs who'd love to show you around the joint."

They stared at each other for a few seconds, each wondering if there was anything more to be said. They both shrugged their shoulders. Guess not. There was a quick hug and June walked Patty out to her car. As she was getting in, she remembered the clothes thrown off in a frenzy the night before downstairs. Then she laughed. It had worked once, already. She decided to leave them and give June a reason to take that trip to the city. There was nothing she really needed. Not even the negative, really.

Getting out of the subdivision was only slightly less complicated, the only advantage being that the sun was up and Patty

was able to guess her way back to the freeway. As she accelerated down the entrance ramp her stomach rumbled its disapproval for having left June's without stashing some calories. Nothing for the next couple of miles looked remotely interesting and she decided she could hold out until she reached home.

She didn't have to be at the gym at all today, but visions of June's body drove her to decide to get some pumps in. A quick, albeit late, breakfast at home and then she'd hit the weights for a while. There was also the thought that she was coming very close to the event which had been driving her life for the past twenty-four hours. She marveled at the fact that it had only been yesterday morning when she had met Arnold and his presence had begun its amazing effect on her. And in just a few more hours she would be experiencing this frightening man first hand.

Her anus trembled.

The traffic on the freeway was only moderately heavy, but it was enough to give her thoughts of bailing out and taking the coast road back up. She checked where she was and mentally calculated where the next exit would put her; just south of the little gas station she had stopped at the day before.

No way.

Even as she thought this her whole body began to hum as though she were about to be entered by cock; that wonderful moment of suspension just before the head presses against the lips of her cunt, that instant when you prepare for the invasion, the lowering of defenses, the tensing, then relaxing as you spread yourself to accept the hot, hard shaft of flesh which fills and presses and sends your mind sailing off on such wonderful journeys.

Patty realized she had paid little attention to the road for the last several moments and made a quick survey of her surroundings. The car to the left of her was being driven by a young man with long blond locks of loosely curled hair. His sharp features gave him the look of a modern sculpture. He was busy trying to drive and keep an eye on Patty at the same time; his head did quick little jerking motions back and forth as he looked first at the road ahead and then out his right window. Although Patty was in no mood to get involved with anything less than eleven-and-a-half inches, she enjoyed the attention.

Concentrating on the warm feelings being generated between her legs, she pressed her arms together on the steering wheel, arched her back slightly and felt her lengthy nipples press against the fabric of her shirt. She had no doubt the effect she was producing was visible a lane away. She thought harder about Arnold's huge cock resting in her hand, imagined the moment of suspension just before he would press it into her. Her nipples ached even more. She wanted desperately to press her hands against them, to squeeze them, pinch them. The memory of June's attentions that morning was brought back to her as well. She moaned. She glanced back at the sculpture to her left. His right hand had left the steering wheel and was below her field of vision, but the look on his face left little room for doubt about what he was up to.

What was his cock doing? Was the head slowly creeping down his pant-leg? Or was it painfully pressing against the zipper. Had he cum in the last day or two? Was he so horny that a small spot was appearing on the front of his chinos? She imagined it pressing up against the zipper, hard, painful, threatening to burst through the front of his pants. She would be turning him on so bad the zipper

would be no match for his need. She flexed her upper body harder and was rewarded by the sculpture's car almost ramming into the side of hers. Horns blew, traffic swerved and slowed as everyone tried to avoid this accident waiting to happen.

And she knew - just knew - that there was a small pool of hot, salty liquid slowly spreading out from the huge aching bulge in the front of his pants.

Six for seven. Look, ma. No hands.

She had to wonder, though. Was the whole world that horny? Or was it just her?

She vowed to behave herself the rest of the way home and settled in for a long, boring ride made even less bearable by the low-level hum that now coursed through her rock-hard body. Occasionally, thoughts of what she wanted to do to her neighbor's body floated to the top of her mind and she had to deflect them with inventories of cleaning supplies for the gym and completely unwarranted worries about Peter's closing up the night before. She wished that thought hadn't crossed her mind. It was very possible the two of them, Arnold and Peter, were, at this very moment, having their first session at The Pump House. Would they go straight to work or get to know each other a little before hitting the weights?

Screech.

Honk.

"Sorry."

A case of cleanser, two mop heads, a couple gallons of bleach...She decided to go directly to her apartment and change into fresh clothes before going to the gym. She also thought she would

rather not see Arnold (with Peter) before the appointed time this evening. It was quite wonderful, this hot, hummy feeling she got inside her every time she thought about the two men together. It was also a little amusing. How many people would have been overwhelmed with the thought of having sex with Arnold, and here she was desiring not only his beautiful, well-hung talents, but also those of a man she wasn't even sure would be interested in having sex with her. Would Peter let her get close again? Would he let her participate? She remembered what Peter had said after Arnold left the gym the day before. Sharing, wanting it all. How close would Peter come to having the same philosophy? Or, once having had Arnold, would he not want to share at all?

The car almost drove past her apartment and on to the gym of its own volition and she had to remind herself of the trouble she could cause if she didn't reign herself in. It would also be good for her to practice a little restraint today, build the tension. She wanted to be a volcano for Arnold that night. She knew she could match him in every way. The thrill of having sex with another body that would be as dynamic, as high-pitched as her own...she moaned softly.

She was able to control herself only until she got into the elevator. As the doors slid noisily closed she grabbed one of her breasts and squeezed the nipple hard. Her other hand forced its way down the front of her pants and pressed against the fabric of her panties, rubbing herself violently. She didn't want to cum. She only wanted to drive herself higher. She was going to enjoy the torture of the day, so close to exploding, so energized, so horny. She knew by the time she finished working out she would be ready to fuck a flagpole. She also knew that, tonight, she would.

By the time she had gotten something to eat, talked herself out of masturbating a couple dozen times and dressed to workout it was well into the afternoon. She decided to walk over to the gym, having spent the morning sitting in the car.

Chuck greeted her from behind the desk with a “*well look what the cat dragged in*” look. She countered with a “*you are not worthy to lick my toes and wouldn’t you just want to fuck this incredible body right here on the countertop you big, muscular hunk of man-flesh*” look. Chuck tried to come back with a retort, but finally responded with a “*you win, O possessor of that which I ache desperately for*” look.

“In your dreams, stud. Anything interesting happen while I was away?”

“Where do you want me to start?”

“Oh-oh. Good or bad?”

“Good mostly, I guess.”

“Let me guess. Peter and Arnold, right?”

“You got it. They just left a little while ago. I think Arnold was taking him to lunch.”

“Lunch and dessert?”

“Hard to say. I’m pretty sure they took care of dessert before getting to work this morning. They certainly spent a lot of time down in the locker room before they started.”

“So what’s not to be good?”

“Nothing, I guess. We’re all just getting used to losing ‘the kid’ and gaining Peter, that’s all.”

“Yeah. We’ll have to figure out a schedule for him. Who knew he had become so valuable around here?”

“And the place is still buzzing in Arnold’s wake. Where the hell did you find him?”

“Next door neighbor. Can you believe it? A lot of stretched out jockstraps, huh?”

“Yeah. And then, just after they left, this couple came in looking for Arnold. I thought they were related or something. They looked alike.”

“Oh, God. You mean there are more of them walking around?”

“Yeah. There was something about the guy especially; his stance, his eyes, his...”

“Jockstrap?”

“There was that. Anyway, the two of them, Ed and Sam...”

“Ed and Sam? Two guys?”

“Sam’s a woman. Samantha, maybe. They had the same...I don’t know...power? They had a feeling about them.”

“You should have asked them to stick around.”

“Things were crazy enough after Peter and Arnold left. I’m still waiting for my turn back in the employees bathroom, if you know what I mean.”

“So what did you tell these folks?”

“They wanted to know if I could give them Arnold’s address. I got the feeling they would rather have met up with him someplace more...private. I said I was sorry but it was against our policy and they understood. They left their phone number just in case he checked in. I told them he would be back tomorrow morning at nine and they left.”

Patty started to say she would give the message to Arnold that evening, then decided she didn’t want him distracted from her own

selfish aims. That didn't seem right, either. She went with her first instinct.

"I'm going to see Arnold tonight. I'll give him the message."

"Here it is. Everyone here has been asking for that number. Very hot. Put it in a safe place."

Patty pulled out the front of her sweatshirt and pretended to stuff the piece of paper into her cleavage.

"I said safe, Patty."

"Honey, I told you, I'm seeing Arnold tonight. And I mean 'tonight'. Today we abstain. Tonight we soar." She put the message in her pocket.

"Maybe I should have told those two he would be here tomorrow afternoon."

"Maybe you should have told them he would be a drooling, blithering, pussy-whipped sex slave by tomorrow."

"Maybe I should take you in the back room and knock your ego down a few notches."

"As much as I would like to see you try, and believe me, I'm really in the mood for a little conquering of my own, I'm here to hit the weights. You need to take a break before I get started?"

"Yeah. Peter took off and said he'd be back later. I know he's not on any kind of schedule, but I hadn't counted on him leaving."

"Things are changing rapidly around here. I'll have to talk to him about hours and such. It's just never been an issue before. He's always just been here."

"People have been asking for him all day. Several were a little peeved he was spending so much time with Arnold."

“Well, we’ll just have to get used to that. He expressed an interest in being his partner. Looks like that’s already settled.”

“Yeah. It’s just that a lot of people will be disappointed.”

“We’ll work it out. Besides, if these boneheads can’t get through it without having a babysitter, perhaps we’ve been too easy on them.”

“Let ‘em eat cake, huh?”

“Something like that. Go ahead and take a break, I’ll hold down the fort.”

“Thanks, Patty. I shouldn’t be too long.”

“Honey, you’re never *too* long.”

“Gee, Patty, you say the sweetest things. Haven’t even had your first date and already you’re spoiled.”

“Spoiled, no. Just raising my standards a bit. Besides, it’s about time we got some new blood in this place. It was starting to look like some royal court in here with all the in-breeding. Now get lost.”

Patty busied herself with trying to find something to busy herself with for a few minutes until Peter walked in the door. Patty didn’t know what she should have expected, but it wasn’t what she got.

“Patty!”

Peter ran around the front desk, planted a great big brotherly kiss in the middle of her forehead then lifted her by the waist and spun around twice. The stunned look on Patty’s face sobered him a little, but only a little.

“I’m sorry for taking so long with lunch. I got down to the beach and lost track of the time. It won’t happen again.”

“Peter?”

“Yeah?”

“Could you put me down, please?”

“Oh, sorry. I mean, no, I’m not sorry. I’m not anything. I’m not late or bad or stupid or weak or dumb or sick or anything.”

“Well, it’s nice to know we can shorten the list. In the meantime, could you put me down, please?”

Peter lowered her slowly to the floor, her body sliding down the front of his. As her crotch met his she felt a decidedly un-brotherly bulge which he subtly pressed against her. If this had been any other time, any other place, she would have had this young man on the counter, committing the closest thing to rape she could imagine a woman doing to a man. Instead, questions filled her mind. What had happened? This was definitely not the response she had gotten from him the previous day. The look on her face must have been obvious in its meaning. He ran his hands to her shoulders, held her at arm’s length and peered deep into her eyes.

“Look close, Patty. What do you see?”

Patty studied him. She knew the answer wasn’t obvious. She also knew one of her volleys of quick repartee was not what was called for here. There was something more than an infantile infatuation with eleven-and-a-half inches of cock at work. Something deep had changed. It might not even have anything to do with Arnold. Or, at least, very little.

“Does this have anything to do with what we talked about yesterday?”

“Yes. Of course it does. It has everything to do with it.”

“So Arnold has had quite an affect on you.”

“There you go again, Patty, being dumb.”

“I’m sorry? I thought we were talking about your little ejaculation problem.”

“We are. But it has very little to do with Arnold directly. It has everything to do with you.”

Peter’s eyes were welling up with tears. The broad smile on his face bubbled with joy. She wanted to pull him to her, crush him in her arms and feel him do the same. Another place, another time

Chuck came up the stairs and cleared his throat. “I’m not interrupting anything, am I?”

“Yeah. But it’s probably a good thing.”

“Hi, Chuck. I hope it wasn’t too much trouble me being gone so long?”

“Everything’s all settled. That’s one hell of a workout partner you’ve got there. Looks like you both got the better deal.”

“Thanks. Now I just have to figure out how I’m going to keep from disappointing every one else around here.”

Patty could feel her mother hen instincts kicking in and so she counted to ten before making her next move.

“I think we need to talk, my friend. Would you feel all right about stepping into the office?”

Peter smiled.

Patty hoped he would understand her concern for this gesture and how it would be perceived. She mentally gave them both a brownie point for sensitivity. Peter preceded her into the other room and she shut the door behind her. After a brief, awkward moment he took a seat in one of the chairs on the ‘visitors’ side of the desk. Patty decided to let him call the shots and sat in the large armed recliner on the business side. She had been sure of what she wanted

to say to him, had been sure of how she wanted this to go. She was also reminded of the last time they were in this room together and how things had taken an unexpected turn. Besides, Peter seemed to have something he wanted to say first. She waited.

“He told me to fuck him in the ass, Patty.”

“Holy shit, Peter! Why is it every time I let you start, I end up feeling like the room is spinning around me?”

“Just a spinnin’ kind of guy, I guess.”

“So?”

“So I fucked him in the ass.”

“So now you’re big man on campus.”

“Trying not to be. What’s the matter, Patty? I thought you’d be happy for me. This doesn’t have anything to do with your date with him tonight, does it?”

“I guess it’s not supposed to. But how do you expect it to affect me? You just told me you dorked the guy I’ve spent the last twenty-four hours obsessing over. The guy who, just yesterday, introduced himself by dropping his eleven-and-a-half inch cock into the palm of my hand. And so now I’m just supposed to throw my arms around you, shout congratulations and go home to knit a sweater or something. Right?”

“Wrong. And you know it, Patty. At least about the sweater. He is so hot for your bod he was having a hard time keeping his cock soft all afternoon.” Peter paused for a moment and blushed. “I... ah...told him about your thing for smells. He’ll probably work up a bit of a sweat before you get together tonight.”

Patty didn’t know whether to climb over the desk and kill him or kiss him. She would have been unhappy with either result, but

she felt like such a shit just sitting there. What had she in mind when she'd asked him to come in here, anyway? Oh yeah.

"It sounds like your status here is changing. There are rumblings among the ranks. I know we've never set any kind of schedule before, but that's because you were always here. Couldn't get rid of you." She chuckled. "It's about time this turned into a real job for you. You know what I mean?"

Peter shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know. It's just that, before, I was here because I wanted to be. Now you're making it so I have to be."

"That was before. This is now. You've made a commitment to Arnold. But you've also made a commitment to a lot of other people out there who have come to value your time and energy. I'm just trying to make the best of all worlds here."

"What do you have in mind?"

"Actually, the question is 'what do you have in mind?' It's your life. And, at least for the moment, you hold the advantage."

"Advantage?"

"Yeah. You've got the supply, out there is the demand. Let's talk turkey. It seems to me you have a couple of choices. You can either walk out the front door and come in tomorrow and buy a membership..."

The look on Peter's face was like he had just swallowed something very distasteful.

Patty reached into a deep drawer and pulled out a very official governmenty looking form.

“Or...this is a W-4. It’s required for anyone who works here... officially.”

Peter shook his head for several seconds, his face reflecting a series of internal discussions. Finally he looked back at Patty and shrugged his shoulders.

“I don’t know anything about this, Patty. It’s all kinda new to me.”

“Okay. Maybe this is taking things a little too fast. Let’s lay out the facts, then you take some time to work on them.” Peter nodded in agreement. “Good. First, if you’re gonna stick around here, we need to figure out a salary for you. We also need to figure out a schedule. Both have to do with what it’s worth to you. What do you need to live? Time and money. You need to make a budget and a schedule. You tell me how much money you need and how much time you can give us. We’ll match that against what I’m willing to pay you and how much time I need you here. Both of us are going to have to be reasonable. You’ve been giving it away for free for so long we’re all used to that. On the other hand, don’t price yourself out of the market. Maybe you should do a little research. Ask around at some of the other gyms and find out what folks are getting. Okay?”

“Yeah. Sure.”

“What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know. All of a sudden it seems so...so...”

“Grown-up?”

“Yeah. Oh well, I guess it had to happen sooner or later. Peter Pan gets a job. Film at eleven.”

“Don’t worry. It happens to the best of us. All of us, actually. Some adjust to it better than others, that’s all. If you want to play with the big boys, you gotta learn the rules. Relax, it’s really a lot easier once you get some structure. With all the hours you’ve been putting in here, it’s going to feel like a vacation.”

“I think that’s the trouble. I don’t want a vacation. I don’t want to have to worry about filling up a lot of spare time.”

“Peter.”

“Yeah, Patty?”

“Look who you’re working out with. You won’t have anything to worry about. Except maybe fending off everyone who’s going to want to get into your pants.”

“Aw, Patty.”

“Cut the bashful stuff, stud. If I weren’t prepping myself for some serious pelvis smashing tonight I’d have you pinned to the carpet right now. And I don’t give a flying fuck how you feel about women.”

“Arnold told me I shouldn’t be surprised about who I see in the mirror tonight. The more this day goes on, the more I feel different. How do I look? Anything changed?”

Patty thought of a million comebacks, but decided to give him the straight answer. She studied his face, looking for signs that something had changed inside him. Her gaze traveled down his torso and he opened himself to her.

“You’re very pumped. Arnold must have put you through your paces.”

“He kicked my butt. I’ve been spending all this time getting everyone else to max out. Now I know what it feels like.”

“What goes around comes around.”

“He was pretty beat, too.”

“No doubt.”

Patty continued her appraisal. Nothing else seemed to be obviously different, so she returned to his face. That was it. The smile. It made Patty grin.

“What are you smiling at?”

“You. *You’re* smiling. You haven’t stopped since you walked in here.”

“Come to think of it, I haven’t stopped since Arnold walked in here. My cheeks are starting to hurt.”

“No pain, no gain.” Patty sighed. “You’re really quite handsome, you know.”

Peter blushed. “Aw, Patty. Now don’t start.”

“Really. And I don’t just mean outside. It’s your vulnerability. You’re kind of child-like. It leaves people defenseless. That’s how you get inside these folks and push them. They can’t believe such a sweet, disarming person could be such a drill sergeant. You get ‘em going before they have time to say no, and by then it’s too late. Sneaky fucker.”

“I don’t mean to be. I just see what I think they need and help them find it. I’m not trying to trick anyone.”

“Sometimes the only way to get someone to do something is to make them forget their doing it. Like now.” Peter raised a questioning eyebrow. “You don’t even know you’re doing it, do you?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I don’t know. Maybe I’m just excited about tonight. I should be mad at you for getting to Arnold before me. I should be pouting and firing you and throwing hundred-pound plates across the room. If I were acting true to form. Instead I’m sitting here trying very hard not to jump across this desk and drive myself down on that sweet, innocent, gorgeous cock you are so innocently thrusting towards me.

Peter sat up straight in the chair and crossed his legs, his hands dropping down to his genitals in a protective gesture. Patty laughed. Peter smiled shyly. Patty growled in frustration and spun the chair around to look out over the floor below.

After a couple of seconds Peter cleared his throat. “Patty?”

“What?”

“When I’m ready, I want you to be my first. When I’m ready.”

Silence hung between them for a long time. Patty didn’t want to respond because she couldn’t predict how she would act. She hoped he would just get up and politely leave the room. She listened for movement, but all she could hear was his deep, even breathing. Finally, she could stand it no longer.

“Take the rest of the day off, Peter. We’ll see you tomorrow and talk about all of this.” She swung her chair around to face him. “Tomorrow afternoon.”

“Arnold said he’d be in at three thirty-four.”

“Smart man. See you then.”

Peter stood and went to the door. As it opened it he thrust his pelvis forward and the door caught against the bulge in his pants. He slowly pulled the door past it, pressing into it as it went, and then turned to Patty, giving her an exaggerated eyebrow wiggle. The

nearest thing to Patty's right hand, a pink rubber erasure, came sailing across the room and bounced off the door as it closed behind him.

Holy shit was she horny.

Her hand begged to be allowed to grab herself between her legs. Her whole body started to vibrate in frustration. She recognized the signs and knew there was only one thing, short of masturbation, that was going to solve this. Good thing, too, because that was exactly what she had come here for.

She came storming out of the office and headed for the gym floor with such determination that everyone cleared a path for her. On the way, Chuck yelled to remind her to warm-up first. She told him to go fuck himself and then quickly went through a set of stretches. For the second time that day the room was filled with the sexually charged vibrations of someone under Arnold's influence. She approached the first person she saw.

"You alone?"

The girl, the guest of a member, having never been exposed to the full-blown Patty, shook her head but said nothing.

"I need a partner. You available?"

A non-verbal nod was response enough. Patty grabbed her arm and dragged her across the room.

Two-and-a-half hours later the poor girl, whose name Patty hadn't even bothered to learn, collapsed in the corner behind a pec-deck draped with two spider plants. A hanging ivy extended down from a shelf along the wall and ended inches above her head. When Patty turned to her she cowered, fearing what might come next. Patty walked to her, took her two hands and lifted her to her feet.

Her muscles, pumped beyond anything this girl had seen, strained the skin to the bursting point.

“Thank you. You did pretty good, sticking with me. You keep that up and there won’t be a woman on the beach who won’t have to look out for you.”

The girl just shook her head in disbelief and sat down on the seat of the pec-deck, stunned beyond communication.

Patty headed for the shower pulling off articles of clothing along the way. She was naked from the waist up by the time she got to the locker room door. A quick stop at the entrance to the shower room as she stepped out of the rest of her clothing, left her completely free. The shower nozzles lined opposite walls. She walked to the center one on the left and turned it on as well the one to the left and right of it. Turning the outer nozzles to face her, she spread her arms and legs wide and let the hard, biting spears of sensation hit her full force.

She was so full, so big, so pumped. Every muscle shrieked and yelled. She wanted a hard, firm, strong, muscular, well-hung body to grab her, crush her, fight her, test her strength, press against her, fill her. She’d thought the workout would be enough, but it only fueled her desire. She wanted more.

Turn the center nozzle to a hard, driving, solid stream.

Move so it hits the left nipple

Oh, God.

So hard.

Hold it.

Hold it.

Gotta move.

Hold it.
Harder.
Harder.
It's so long.
So hard.
Can't stand it.
Now the right.
Already erect.
Hard.
Don't touch.
Stay there.
Harder.
God, it aches.
Hurts.
Now.
Slowly move to the left.
Hard on the breast bone.
Drumming.
Slowly now.
Move back.
Down.
Flex the abs.
Hard on the abs.
Move back.
On the belly button.
Hard.
Move back.

Back.
 Slow.
 On the top of the pelvis.
 Hold.
 Wait.
 Wait.
 Oh, God.
 Back an inch.
 Another.
 Another.
 In the pubes.
 Sway left.
 Sway right.
 Back an inch.
 Oh, so close.
 Lean back.
 A bit.
 A bit more.
 Oh, yeah.
 Oh, shit.
 Oooohhhhhh.
 Unnnnnhhhhhhh.
 Mmmmmmmmm.
 Oh, God.
 Oh, God.
 Oh.
 Oh.

Oh.

Oh.

Hold.

Hold.

Hold.

Can't.

Hold.

Don't.

Oh.

No.

No.

Hold.

Ho

Ho...

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

Yeah.

Oh, yeah.

Oh, shit.

Patty sank slowly to her knees in front of the onslaught, turning her head as the stream of water approached her face. She let it drive into the top of her skull for a few seconds and then pulled away. She had been so close. Just a few more seconds...

Her clit hadn't been able to stand the intense attack. And she wanted to save it for tonight.

“That stud better be in rare form.” Patty's voice echoed off the tiles of the room, mixing with the sound of the water.

“That stud better have life insurance.”

Patty turned quickly to see her workout partner standing at the entrance to the room. Her clothes were laying in a pile next to Patty's and the visual evidence said she had seen enough for it to have a profound affect on her.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know this was a private affair. It's just that, well, after what you put me through out there, I was a little, ya' know, sweaty."

It took a second for Patty to straighten her head around. There was nothing wrong with this girl having seen her self-torture session. What she was having trouble with was the fact that here was a young, firm, muscled, sexually stimulated body standing within striking distance and Patty's whole being was vibrating on the edge of a volcanic eruption.

"You need some, ya' know, help?"

It took another second for Patty to process the invitation. The girl obviously took the delay to mean she had not made herself clear.

"Can I, ya' know, like do anything for you?"

Patty stood and moved toward the girl. She leaned up against the wall, reached out and stroked the girl's cheek with the back of her hand.

"What's your name, darlin'?"

"Julia. You're Patty"

"Yeah."

"After you left I asked the friend I'm with out there. They told me. About you. Who's the stud?"

"New guy. Just moved in next door to me. Has some rather special attributes."

"I guess. You always get psyched up for a date this way?"

“Darlin’, this is just the tail end of it. You wouldn’t believe what I’ve been through the past twenty-four hours.”

“If you have to let off that much steam, it must have been pretty intense.”

“Sweetheart, if I could write a book...”

The two women stood face to face for a moment, the tension between them becoming thicker by the second. Julia made several starts at moving towards Patty but hesitated each time. Patty waited, wondering just what her admirer had in mind. Finally, Julia got up enough courage to raise her hand to Patty’s left breast and lightly graze it’s exquisite nipple with the back of her index finger’s knuckle. When Patty didn’t object, she became more bold, turned her hand and pressed the palm against the hard nub. Again, Patty’s reaction neither encouraged or discouraged. Julia’s other hand found its way to Patty’s opposite breast and pressed into it as well.

Now Patty began to react. Julia’s actions were still reticent so Patty grabbed her hands and mashed them against her, pressing her hard, firm breasts into the attention. This was all the encouragement Julia needed. Suddenly she was down on her knees, her mouth open and seeking the hot, moist pit of Patty’s passion. She pulled her hands away from Patty’s breasts and used them to spread the swollen lips of her vagina. With the precision of an expert marksman, she dove for Patty’s clit.

Patty found herself plastered up against the wall of the shower, the woman’s tongue lapping viciously at her hard, swollen clit. She knew she was very close to cumming and almost gave into her overflowing desires. At the last minute, though, she reached for Julia’s head and pulled it away. The other woman’s eyes stared up at her, filled with question and desire.

“You, my dear, are enough to make me stray. But I made a pact with myself. No cork popping until this evening. This guy is going to be enough to handle. I want to be able to keep up with him.”

“He must be very special.”

“Yeah. Eleven-and-a-half inches of special.”

Julia stood, her mouth agape, the smell of Patty’s musk on her lips.

“I don’t know. Something that long...Is it thick? The few guys I’ve been with who were even a little longer than usual, it’s been skinny like a spaghetti noodle.”

“It’s gonna hurt real good.”

Julia’s hand moved to her own clit and began to work herself. Patty moved to her and offered her own finger in assistance. The offer was accepted and within seconds cries of succulent torture were echoing off the tiles of the shower room. Patty sucked on one of Julia’s nipples and then the other. Their positions switched and Julia was the one pressed against the wall. She shoved her pelvis hard against Patty’s hand and, with the help of her own manipulations of her nipples, soon found herself leaping into orgasm.

As her bliss rumbled through her body, she lunged at Patty and pressed her mouth to Patty’s in a desperate kiss. Her arms flew around Patty’s neck and dug into her muscles, seeking to grapple with their strength, plumb their extent. Patty felt the woman’s crotch pump against her thigh as her passion took over. She flexed her legs and the explosion in strength and size drove the other woman even higher. Her hands were a flurry of activity, seeking out every rock-hard bulge of Patty’s body; crushing and pressing, squeezing and kneading. A corner of Patty’s mind yelled for restraint, but she

feared the battle was lost. Her body cried out for release, yet again, and she tried desperately to maneuver her cunt to bring it to bear against Julia's own thigh. Several times she found herself straddling the hard muscle of the upper leg, but each time Julia's excited movements took her out of range. Patty became increasingly frustrated until this emotion over-powered her need and she pulled away.

Julia's face was plastered with ecstasy. Her own hand worked at her clit and she was in the process of finishing herself off. It was moments before she realized Patty had abandoned her. As she returned to earth, she opened her eyes and saw, finally, the hard, bulging, frustrated, angry woman facing her. She froze. Patty locked eyes with her, the strength of her gaze matched by the formidable size of her bulging muscles.

"What?"

Patty continued to stare.

"What? What did I do?"

Finally Patty shook her head and chuckled. "If I yank this guy's cock out by the root tonight, it's going to be all your fault."

"But you said you didn't...I mean...didn't you...?"

"Yeah, honey. I did. And let that be a lesson to you. Be careful of what you wish for. It just might come true."

"I mean, if you want. I mean, I want...ya' know. You."

"Ditto here, kid. But I've got other fish to fry. Thanks for the priming. You certainly know how to get a girl's engine running."

"I think yours was, ya' know, already in like high gear when I walked in here. I just like grabbed hold of the steering wheel, ya' know?"

Julia studied Patty for a few seconds, the look in her eyes telling the question on her mind. “You, like, set on this holding out thing, huh?”

“Yeah, I guess so. I’ve kinda got the feeling this guy’s doing it as well. I guess it’d only be right.”

“Like, okay. Well, thanks for the lift. And the workout. Just like give me a little more warning next time, ya’ know? I’ll, like, bring my army.”

Patty touched her cheek and patted it gently. “Sorry to get you involved in this. I should know better than to loose control like that. Under any other circumstances, I would. Come on back and visit again. It stays pretty crazy around here, most of the time.”

“Like, see ya.”

Patty gathered her clothes from the pile near the shower and wandered back to her locker. Her nipples were so hard they smarted. She flexed her pecs to keep her breasts from bouncing too much, thereby decreasing the stimulation. Under normal circumstances she loved the feeling of the weight and movement of her large breasts as they swung back and forth, bounced up and down, but now they were just reminders of how revved up she was.

Patty used extra care in drying herself between her legs and didn’t even attempt to get the water off her nipples. Even putting on her clothes was almost enough to send her over the edge. The fabric of her halter pressed against her nipples and made her yearn for lips and tongue there.

On her way out the door she chatted with Chuck for a minute, but found her gaze drifting towards his nicely shaped biceps each time he made a movement with his arm. It did her little good when

she glanced away, only to be captivated by the delicious bulge in the front of his shorts.

“Patty, if you’re going to have a conversation with my cock, I’d appreciate you referring to it by name instead of just staring.”

“Sorry, Chuck. I’m just not doing very well, socially. I’ve gotta go home and take care of this business. Hopefully I’ll be okay by tomorrow.”

“If not, come see me. I’ll see if I can help you out.”

“You don’t give up, do you?”

“Am I supposed to?”

“Not on your life. But it ain’t supposed to be easy, either.” She gifted him with a quick peck on the cheek and hurried out the door before he could retaliate.

“That sonuvabitch better be as horny as me, after all this, or I might just rip it out by the root, anyway,” she mumbled under her breath.

It was a very good thing she had walked over to the gym. The fresh air and distractions of dealing with traffic as a pedestrian were enough to take her mind off her plight. She enjoyed it so much it was almost too much of a shock when she saw, from a block away, Arnold’s car pulling into the parking lot. Without thinking, she burst into a run and tried to catch him. As she crossed the parking lot she saw him coming out of the elevator vestibule on the sixth floor. Even from this distance she could make out the huge bulge in the front of his pants along with its accompanying stain.

“Ooo, baby.”

He was in a hurry, and Patty hoped it wasn’t to wank himself off. He dashed down the walkway and burst into his own apartment,

barely stopping to put the key in the lock. He was a man with some kind of mission, anyway. Perhaps he just had to take a leak real bad. Patty chuckled. With a hard-on like that, the only leaking he was going to be doing was the kind already obvious on his pant-leg. So where was he going in such a hurry. Maybe he just didn't want to be seen in his current state. That was understandable.

The image of his huge cock pressed against his pant-leg made her start to get hot and mushy all over again. If she wasn't careful, she was going to be in the same state as her neighbor.

It then occurred to her she had invited him for dinner. With all her thoughts on getting his eleven-and-a-half inch cock into every orifice of her body, she had completely forgotten the original plan. She was pretty sure neither of them would be thinking too much about food in the beginning, but sooner or later their stomachs would start grumbling. She made a quick mental inventory of the contents of her refrigerator and cabinets and decided there was enough there to present a suitable repast. And, if not, they could easily order something in.

Tomorrow's news report:

Chinese take-out delivery boy

Ravaged by sex-crazed, muscle-bound freaks.

Mumbles: "They tipped good."

Film at eleven.

She still had a couple of hours, so decided to go up to the apartment and get things in order. Whatever she was going to fix, it had to be something that would keep. Who knew when they would actually get around to eating. Food.

Then there was, of course, the thought: why wait? He was home. She was home. Perhaps a little before-sex sex. What should she do? Just waltz up to his door, knock and throw herself at him the minute the door opened. “Hi. I know I’m early, but I didn’t think you’d mind if I dropped in unannounced and rammed myself down on your eleven-and-a-half inch cock.

Naw.

Besides, half the fun was in the waiting, tho’ she realized this was a strange definition of ‘fun’.

She had held out this long, surely another couple of hours wouldn’t matter.

Hah!

This was like getting all her birthday, Christmas and Mother’s Day presents (Mother’s Day?) for the rest of her life on the same day and being told not to open them until the appropriate holiday in the appropriate year.

Patty took the stairs up to the sixth floor. Five minutes of rummaging around in various kitchen cabinets and refrigerator shelves revealed enough supplies to create a meal that would serve their needs. She knew she had worked up a hunger with her session at the gym. There was no reason to believe Arnold hadn’t done the same during his encounter with the indomitable Peter earlier in the day.

She found she actually enjoyed assembling the evening’s meal and was surprised that an hour-and-a-half had passed by the time she put the last of the food under wraps and headed for the living room. As she walked down the hallway she heard sounds coming through the wall between hers and Arnold’s apartment; sounds that were all too familiar to her not to be recognized. Metal against

metal, cables running through pulleys, the grunts and groans of physical exertion. He was pumping up for her. He obviously had a good supply of hardware. From the sounds of it he was pumping up for her real good. Her own muscles were still humming in the afterglow of the pump. Thick and hard, they were filled in the same way she imagined a man's cock must feel as it stiffens. Especially the cock dangling between the legs of the man she could hear beyond the wall.

Would it be dangling? Or would it be hard, as hard as a lead pipe, long and mean, getting in the way of every movement, every rep. Would he be waving it around in front of him, enjoying the momentum of it as she enjoyed the feeling of her own breasts swinging free? Or would he have it tightly bound within the confines of some device of torture, aching to be released, soaking up the smell of him as he sweated and groaned through his reps? Oh, the smell. Crotch and sweat and musk and cum.

She pressed herself against the wall and tried to breathe him in through the drywall. Was it her imagination, or could she feel the heat of his body radiating through to her? He was so hot. So sexual. So...so...Much. Pressing harder, she tried to pass through the wall, to join him, be with him, fuck him. Her nipples ached as she mashed them against the barrier. Just a little harder, she felt, and they would push through to the other side. He would come to the wall and take them into his mouth, sucking them, and her, down his throat, down his soul.

For the umpteenth time today she felt the rumblings of an orgasm within her. Only this time she wasn't even touching herself. If he would just press his hard, aching cock against the wall on his side, she was sure she would cum. God, this was delicious. By the

time seven o'clock rolled around, they wouldn't even have to move. Just the sight of him would drive her over the edge. After twenty-four hours of build-up, the pay-off was going to be devastating.

For both of them.

There seemed to be a lull in the activity next door so she pulled herself away from the wall, chuckling at the sweaty imprint of her body she left there. She felt a little light-headed and thought maybe she should get some food in her. There were some vegetables in the fridge which she took out to the balcony and munched on. The evening's off-shore breeze had kicked in, carrying with it the salty smell of the ocean. The surf was up a bit and each roar of each wave breaking on the shore made itself felt inside her. It would not be hard to imagine the pounding surf translated into the driving, pounding need of her neighbor's cock as it drove into her

Again...

And again...

And again...

And again...

And again...

It took all her will power to break the hypnotic spell. She shook her head and looked around to distract herself from the lulling rhythm. Looking left and right, she followed the course of the asphalt bike path as it ran along the length of the beach. Her gaze continued north, then up the outside of her building to Arnold's balcony. Then she noticed the divider between his and the next apartment's space had been removed and leaned up against the far end, leaving only the frame. Glancing further around her own divider she noticed a small Japanese garden built on a huge boulder,

several tools and a can of spray lubricant. These last items were set on the floor next to her own divider and she could tell the bolts on Arnold's side had been sprayed, as if in preparation for its removal.

What the hell was going on here?

She had met the other neighbor several times. Once when the woman's apartment had been broken into. She was some kind of photographer, did layouts, and had even approached Patty about doing some work. She was also very beautiful, in a softer, non-muscular way, and never seemed to be wanting for company in the evening hours. Perhaps Chris (Patty recalled her name) and Arnold had been introduced last night while she, herself, was down the coast fucking half the population of the southern counties. And now...what? They were cohabitating? Already? There certainly seemed to be a dropping of barriers, so to speak. And more to come, if the drips of spray from the bolts in her own divider were any indication.

This didn't make any sense. At least it didn't until Peter's words of the past day came back to her, summing up his feelings about Arnold and how he figured Arnold was into everything and for everyone and Patty guessed that included vibrant, red-haired beauties who took photographs...

Arnold's warning in the parking lot the previous morning about them being watched...was this who he'd suspected? Had she taken photographs of her 'helping' him pull his car? Removing the divider between their apartments certainly was a strange way to extract retribution for invasion of their privacy. And whose idea was it? And once the divider was down, then what? And finally, who the hell was Arnold pumping up for?

She looked out over the beach and saw the woman in question laying out. Her body was slathered with sun block and she was attracting a lot of attention from people walking the surf. Her classic female curves and lines were as obvious from this distance as had been Arnold's cock pressed against the leg of his pants. Round, ample breasts, flat, unstriated belly, full, shapely hips. Every dimension, every radius seemed to define, rather than be defined by, femininity.

Again, the question was begged: What did those shapes, those curves, so at odds with Patty's own hard, chiseled body, have to do with the drips of lubricant on the bolts holding the divider between her own apartment and Arnold's? Who had put them there, Arnold or Chris? Who's idea was it, Arnold's or Chris's? For, surely, Patty had run into a certain number of Chris's overnight guests on her way out for her morning run, and not all of them were male. Patty's gaze wandered over the form lying on the beach mat. A certain tingling inside her spoke of unfulfilled thoughts. Several rides up or down the elevator with Chris had supplied her with a shower fantasy or two.

It wasn't that Chris was out of shape. She was, in fact, in very good shape. But she wasn't 'one of them.' Patty also harbored secret fears that she, herself, would be far less desirable were she not as built as she was. She tried to stay clear of the 'they only want me for my big tits and muscular cunt' syndrome, but every once in a while she'd have to face these things, and she didn't like the answers she supplied herself. But this was her own fault.

In the meantime, she knew what she was up against, or at least what she was dealing with. Someone wanted freer access to her apartment, meaning her. The man she was about to make love to had

most probably spent the previous evening with the woman she now saw on the beach. The man she was about to make love to had also spent a portion of that morning having his ass pumped by another one of her sexual obsessions, Peter. And then there was her own track record over the past twenty-four hours.

Take all those, add them up, try to find some average, divide, subtract, multiply,...orgasm. The final answer was that her whole body was still perched on the edge, waiting to jump on Arnold's cock and pulverize him.

Maybe she should make sure all the breakables were put away.

She turned back to the living room and checked the clock. Six forty-five.

Sounds of equipment moving, metal plates clanking, could be heard from Arnold's apartment. He was in there busting his ass for her. Working up one hell of a sweat for her. She turned back to the beach and was shocked to see who she thought was Arnold standing between Chris and the water. But if he was there...

The man on the beach was looking straight at Chris, not moving. Patty squinted her eyes against the setting sun, shading them with her hand. With the light blocked, she could tell this was not her neighbor, but the similarities, very obvious similarities, were striking. What was it Chuck had said about the two people who were looking for Arnold? Was this Ed? After a few minutes Chris raised her head and said something to him. He moved closer, looking at his watch. She needed to know the time. She had a date. Even more curious. They talked for another moment and then the man made a sudden move towards her, dropping to his knees before her. His actions were very excited as he obviously tried to get information from her. Once or twice he glanced up at the building, his eyes

scanning it for something. Patty knew who he was looking for. And he seemed to have known that Chris would know. This was getting freaky.

She sensed movement on Arnold's side of the divider and moved back into her apartment. Someone stepped out onto the balcony. She peered between the frame and the wall.

Arnold.

She almost groaned out loud.

Even from this angle she could tell he was pumped beyond belief. The fleece shorts clung tightly to his ass, the straps of a jock visible through the fabric. Big shoulders. Deep, cut up back. Thick thighs and calves. It didn't take much imagination at all to envision what the front of those fleece shorts looked like. And if he was half as turned on as he had appeared a few hours ago, and there was little reason to doubt that his level of need had increased rather than decreased, he would be putting the construction of those shorts through a stress test she was sure they weren't made to withstand.

Patty's nipples began to harden again, pressing against the fabric of her shirt. All she could think about was getting out of the clothes she had on. If this was how he was going to come calling, then she wanted to dress for the occasion, as well. And she knew just what to wear.

Every once in a while she'd have someone over who would enjoy having her put on a little show. Norma's ex-, Mark, had been especially keen to see her in something skimpy and sexy. Nothing too frilly. In fact, pretty utilitarian, but she found the attraction was that it wasn't anything special at all, until she put it on.

They were rolled up and stuck in the back of one of her dresser drawers. A pair of cut-offs that rivaled the ones Arnold had worn the

previous day and a T-shirt with the sleeves removed and the body torn off so it hung just below the curves of her breasts. In seconds she was changed, the old clothes thrown in the back of her closet. She then dropped to the floor and vowed to do push-ups until Arnold knocked on the door. She wasn't sure how long that would be, but her body tingled at the thought of pushing herself past some point of endurance.

Twenty.

Forty.

Sixty.

Eighty.

One hundred.

One twenty.

One forty.

One forty-five.

One fifty.

One fifty-five.

One fifty-six.

One fifty-seven.

Where the hell was he?

One fifty-eight.

Oh, shit.

One fifty-nine

Goddammit, get your hunky ass over here.

One sixty.

One sixty-one.

Knock, knock, knock.

‘Bout time, asshole.

Patty’s chest was heaving. Her pecs were swollen. The combination thrust her gorgeous breasts hard against the fabric of her minuscule T-shirt. She glanced in the mirror. Not being able to help herself, she grabbed her incredible nipples and pinched them hard. Shit! She was about to cum.

She had seen a lot in her years in the business. Every bulging muscle made her tingle, no matter whose it was or where it was pointed. She loved muscle. And there had always been plenty of naked or half-naked bodies around, making her get all moist and hummy between her legs. Although it became the norm, she never got tired of it; never grew old.

But there were times when nothing she had ever seen or done or tasted or felt could prepare her for what life had to offer.

As she opened the door she realized this was one of those times.

All the plans, all the preparation, all the desires and needs of the past twenty-four hours dropped from her memory. She couldn’t move. She couldn’t speak. And though her lungs were heaving in great gulps of air, she felt she couldn’t breathe.

It was the same body she had just seen on the other side of the divider one hundred sixty one push-ups ago. It was the same beautiful face she had seen lighting up her young assistant’s life yesterday at the gym. It was the same huge bulge he had greeted her with in this very spot the day before, the same bulge which she had spent orgasm after orgasm dreaming about. But none of that mattered. Because here it was; all in one package, standing in her doorway, breathing, throbbing, swelling, lusting.

Oh, yes. There was lust. He dripped of it. And so did his cock. The leak from earlier hadn't been fixed. She suspected he had been as abstinent as she. He took three steps forward into the hallway, closing the door behind him. As he did, his eyes glanced over his shoulder, distracted by a sound. It only lasted a second, and then his crystal blue gaze swung back on her, climbed up her body with a tangible, palpable caress she felt in the core of her being.

He hadn't touched her yet.

She was cumming.

CHAPTER 56: FLASHBACK

The days following Ed and Arnold's debut were filled to the bursting point. Neither of them had a chance to catch their breath. Even the party following the show hardly felt like relaxation. Ivan could not have warned them enough about the type of people they would meet out in the hallway. Time after time the two of them were approached and were either asked (or demanded) to participate in some activity right then and there or were pressured to commit to something in the future.

And the money! All the time, money. Numbers so large it made their heads spin. It didn't take Ed long to get nervous about it. Finally, he figured the only way to get these folks to leave him alone was to become permanently attached to Arnold. He made it known that to approach them was to interfere with some activity. Soon the attendees wandered off to their own separate trysts, each scheming to catch one or both of them at a later date.

It wasn't until well into the morning hours that the two of them got to sneak away and spend time with Tom and Judy. Ed finally got his wish and discovered what it would have been like to live a couple of hours down the highway. Although he was truly exhausted, he spent the rest of the night being made and making love to the newly effervescent Judy and the ever-erect and incredibly thick Tom.

Arnold seemed preoccupied and begged off from most of the festivities, claiming Ed deserved the reward of their undistracted attention. He stayed in the room for a while, watching his three friends get to know each other's desires, but an hour or so later, one of them noticed he had left.

Arnold wandered down to the gym and spent an hour working on a small muscle on the inside of his left thigh which he had noticed was slightly smaller than its mate on the right. He also had some details in his mind to work through.

Sam was on her way back east. He had already decided to split before she returned, but it seemed to be a knee-jerk reaction. He needed time to delve into the instinct to leave, making sure he was doing it for the right reasons. By the time he finished his mini-session he had snaked his way through convoluted fears, hopes, desires, needs and come up with some idea about what Sam would mean in his life right now. Also about what Sam would mean not in his life right now. He was satisfied with his decision and the reasons for it. Now it was time to put it to rest.

When he got back to the suite he found Judy, Ed and Tom sleeping together, spoon style. Arnold thought of crawling in with them, but figured they were probably connected. He went back out in the hall and picked up the phone, not really knowing if anyone was still on duty. Within seconds, though, Carroll's sultry voice oozed from the ear piece.

"Hi, Carroll. Sorry to bother you at this hour, but I seem to be in need of a place to sleep."

"Ed's being a sheet hog, huh?"

"More than just the sheets."

"I'll come down and let you into one of the spares. Be there in a minute."

While he waited, he tried to figure out how to make this all work without hurting anyone, though that seemed impossible. An awful lot of people had come to expect his strength and power. Maybe it was best if he let them alone for a while, made them find

their own strengths, their own power. It sounded good. He just hoped he wasn't using it as a convenient excuse, justifying his selfish motives.

The door to the gym slid open and Carroll's hallway-filling frame appeared and ambled towards him. He carried a large key ring. He was dressed in the same clothes he had appeared in earlier in the evening, so Arnold figured he was still on duty. Carroll went to the door next to their assigned dressing room and expertly picked the proper key on the ring.

"This room has been closed up for a few weeks, so everything may not be as fresh as we like it."

"I'm sure it'll be fine, Carroll. The way I'm feeling right now, I could probably have conked out on the pec deck."

Unlocking the door, Carroll stepped through and turned on the light, giving the room a visual once over perfected with years of service. It seemed to be all right, though Arnold could see from his reaction he would have preferred something closer to perfection. Carroll trundled his large frame over to the door to the bathroom and flicked on the light. Arnold came in and collapsed on the bed, dropping the robe he was wearing on the nearest chair. This left him with nothing but a pair of boxer shorts which were not quite long enough to cover the end of his cock as it hung down the leg.

Carroll turned to leave, but was caught short by the sight of Arnold's body, Arnold's face, Arnold's cock. Indecision made him falter. He hesitated. He decided to leave, but found he couldn't. Arnold raised his head and saw Carroll staring at him. Having forgotten just what he did or didn't have on, he chuckled, pushing himself up onto his elbows.

“I know you’re going to find it hard to believe, but a lot of the time I look at myself just as you are now. Sometimes, I can’t believe I actually look this way,”

Carroll moved a couple of steps towards the bed. He stopped and sighed heavily. “There is no question, my young friend. You are the most beautiful man I have ever seen.”

“Considering the talent I’ve seen running around here, I take that as high praise. Thank you.”

A pause. A painful pause. A troubled, aching, hurting, hopeful pause.

Arnold waited.

Carroll waited.

One raised eyebrow told Carroll it was his move.

“I was wondering...”

“I know you were.”

“I was just...just...hoping.”

“Make a wish, Carroll.”

The huge man moved closer to the bed. His left hand reached out and touched Arnold’s right knee. He pulled his hand quickly away, but then returned, laying it tentatively on Arnold’s thigh. Arnold spread his legs a bit and the gap between his leg and the material of the boxer shorts widened. The head and several inches of his cock were visible. Carroll’s hand moved slowly towards it. He was about to stop, to touch the cock, but Arnold shook his head, indicating he should go further.

Puzzled, Carroll moved to the side of the bed and continued moving his hand until he had reached the waistband of Arnold’s shorts. Now Arnold nodded. Carroll pulled his hand away as though

he had received an electric shock. The look on his face was both pained and excited.

“Carroll.”

His hand went back to the waistband. Arnold lifted his ass off the bed.

Another pause. Carroll took the elastic in his hand and began to pull down. He wanted to move faster. He wanted to move slower. He wanted to be somewhere other than where he was right now. And then the pubic hairs. And then the thick root. And then the shaft. And more shaft. And more shaft. And...

Arnold dropped his ass back on the bed and flexed his abs, lifting his legs up to allow Carroll to remove the shorts completely. Never once did Arnold’s eyes leave Carroll’s. Never once did Carroll’s eyes leave Arnold’s cock. When the shorts cleared his feet, Arnold slowly lowered his legs back to the bed and spread his knees wide, giving Carroll an unrestricted view of his cock and balls.

“I want you to hold my cock, Carroll. I want you to take it in your hands and squeeze it.”

Carroll responded as though he were in a hypnotic state, doing exactly as Arnold said.

“Squeeze me hard, Carroll. Harder. Yeah. See? I’m getting hard for you, Carroll. Can you help me get harder? I need to get harder.”

Carroll lowered himself to his knees at the foot of the bed and Arnold scooted closer. He lifted his legs and dropped them over Carroll’s back on either side of his head. Carroll was holding Arnold’s cock like it was a vial of nitroglycerin. Arnold pulled him closer with his legs until his face was hovering over Arnold’s pelvis.

“Can you help me, Carroll? Make me hard, please. Suck me.”

Carroll's eyes shot to Arnold's. Thousands of emotions played across his face. It took him a moment, but he finally conquered them. With a huge mental effort, he pulled his mouth and the head of Arnold's cock closer together. Arnold couldn't tell if he was afraid or toying with him. Either way, the effect was the same.

"Suck me, Carroll. Suck my dick. My balls are starting to hurt. You gotta suck me. I'm hurting really bad, Carroll. Suck me."

Mouth open as much from awe as from the need to suck this man's phenomenal cock, Carroll lowered his head and flicked his tongue at the slit. Arnold stiffened, moaned, then relaxed.

"Yessssssss."

Both Carroll's hands were working the shaft of his cock, kneading it, stroking it gently. His mouth began to salivate and he let it dribble down the shaft, using the moisture as lubricant. He made a few more tentative swipes with his tongue, each time eliciting a slightly more desperate response. One last lick and Arnold thrust his pelvis forward, forcing the top four inches of his penis into Carroll's mouth. No more encouragement was needed. Although gentle, Carroll devoured Arnold as deeply as he could. If he hadn't actually done this himself, he had certainly had the opportunity to learn by watching the best. Several times Arnold had to readjust his position to encourage Carroll to move on to other activities, but all and all, Arnold could tell he was on his way to a very fine orgasm. He lowered himself back to the bed, closed his eyes and, in his mind's eye, watched his friend fulfill his wish.

Occasionally one of Carroll's hands would roam up and down the rest of his body. At one point, he even abandoned the cock with both his hands and explored as much of Arnold's torso as he could reach. Arnold took Carroll's hands and ground them, palm down,

into his pecs, showing him that he wanted his nipples pinched. Carroll complied for a time, but soon returned to the column of flesh before him. He licked the shaft. He licked each ball, taking them, one or the other, into his mouth and massaging them with his tongue. This caused Arnold to drop all pretenses at control. He let himself go and began bucking towards his orgasm. His hips bounced up off the bed, trying to force his cock against whatever Carroll would offer. He soon felt the other man's mouth around his shaft again and the bed began to bounce in another direction. Carroll was ramming his pelvis against the end of the mattress. The motion got more violent; Carroll's breathing became more labored, grunts and moans accompanying each exhalation. Arnold worked his hips faster, harder against Carroll's mouth, pushing himself higher, tensing his body tighter, soaring further. He sent all the energy of his sex down to his cock, up the thick, turgid shaft and out the end of it. Carroll threw back his head for a moment, cried out a call that made Arnold's pubic hairs stand on end. When Carroll ran out of breath he took one final gulp of air, dove back down on Arnold's cock, sucked it into his mouth like a piece of pasta, and with it came Arnold. Carroll squeezed Arnold's huge balls and Arnold shot load after load of cum up and out of his cock until he lost count. The bed continued to be pounded by Carroll's pelvic thrusts until both of them had spent their load and Carroll fell back on the floor, either from losing his balance or passing out.

It took Arnold a moment to muster up the strength to move. Sitting up, he saw that Carroll had, indeed, passed out. His chest was still laboring to breathe, but his eyes were closed. Arnold got up and went to him, sitting him up and leaning him against his chest. They really had to remember to breathe.

Several seconds later Carroll's eyes fluttered open. It took him a moment to realize that Arnold, whom he couldn't initially see, was behind him. When he finally focused on him, he brought his hand up and stroked the young man's face. His mouth tried to move, tried to say something, but the words wouldn't come. Arnold shook his head and shushed him.

"Thank you. That was the perfect end to this day. Better than I could have hoped. Thank you, Carroll."

The large man nodded weakly, then, with Arnold's assistance, got to his feet. His hands wandered aimlessly across Arnold's chest, his stomach, briefly brushing against the root of Arnold's semi-erect cock, each time sighing deeply. Arnold took Carroll's face in his hands and moved their mouths closer together. The other man pulled back for a moment, not sure he was ready for this. Arnold waited. Although he didn't want to force him, he wanted very much to seal this event with his soul. He didn't let go of Carroll's face and, eventually, Carroll gave in. Arnold remembered the way he and Ed had come together earlier that night. There wasn't as much to share with Carroll, but he wanted to give him something that would allow this man to see himself differently from now on. Arnold thought strength. He thought power. He thought love. And he felt Carroll take it from him, not really knowing what the gift was, but accepting it on faith. Sooner or later, Carroll would be okay.

"Arnold..."

"No, Carroll. Don't worry. It'll be all right. In fact, everything will be all right. Soon. Take care of yourself, now. I'm okay."

"You'll be okay here?"

“It’s kind of funny. The last thing I expected from this evening was to be sleeping alone. But that’s okay. I’ve got a lot on my mind, anyway. I’ll sleep a lot better having been with you.”

“Okay. Good night. And thanks. For everything. Everything.”

Carroll glided out the door, closing it behind him. Arnold took a quick shower, hoping his cock would soften up completely before going to bed, but it didn’t. So, after all he’d been through, he was alone, semi-erect, but kind of happy.

The bed felt good as he climbed under the covers and turned out the light. He was right on the edge of falling asleep when he heard Carroll’s key ring in the door again. The door opened, a shaft of light split the room for a moment and then was gone. Soft, bare feet padded across the floor with a lightness that said it wasn’t Carroll. There was movement on the bed, the covers behind him lifted and he felt a body move up against him. Long fingernails were lightly dragged along his arm and then down around his pec. Two very hard, pointed nipples pressed into his back and a leg came up across his, bringing a moist, shaved cunt in contact with the back of his thigh. The knee bent, the foot moved up, the heel stroked his cock and Barb’s husky voice said, “I see that lech saved some for me.”

The next day Arnold and Ed found expanded boundaries to Ivan’s hospitality. In a large dining room on the next floor up all the members of the cast and crew of the previous evening’s show, in addition to some early arrivals for that day’s rehearsal, were provided with a sumptuous feast bordering on decadent while still providing the nourishment their hulking bodies required. Ivan floated among the members of his extended family, making sure

their needs were being met. It wasn't until halfway through the meal that anyone mentioned Carroll's absence.

Ivan explained: "Carroll has decided that, after his years and years on the job, he is going to take a day off." Gasps from around the room conveyed the weight of this announcement. Everyone's eyes turned to Arnold who, not knowing if they knew the facts, silently toasted the group with a glass of orange juice and played dumb.

He wasn't fooling anyone.

Ivan actually seemed pleased and, several minutes later cornered Arnold and said a private thank you for his having opened up Carroll's humanity. It seemed that, as efficient and indispensable as Carroll was, many had found his aloofness a bit off-putting. It was Ivan's hope Carroll might now open up a bit and partake of the *joie de verve* which Ivan tried to make the lifeblood of the place.

When everyone had eaten their fill, Ivan announced that the first meeting for Saturday evening's show would begin in a half hour up on the stage. The small group here would meet with the rest of the cast and parts would be assigned.

Arnold and Ed simultaneously sought out Tom and Judy for guidance. They were not only curious in regard to the process about to take place, but as to its location as well. Since their entry into the building the previous evening, they had been completely at a loss to identify their whereabouts.

"Don't worry," Judy assured them. "Just stick with us. In a few days you'll be getting around like a pro."

A darkness passed over Arnold's mind as he thought about his decision to leave. No one here except Ed knew of it. Shouldn't he tell them? Judy and Tom, at least? Even Ed shot him a knowing

glance. The knowledge of Arnold's departure had apparently been weighing on more than one mind.

Tom interrupted their thoughts. "In the meantime, we need to get something on besides these robes. I know when we start flingin' around what's gonna get flung I'll need something to keep the grand gesture in check. It's jockstrap time."

Arnold and Ed groaned sarcastically. "Oh no. Not jockstrap time!"

"That's right, boys," Judy mothered. "We don't want you tripping over your cocks while we're trying to work. And besides, you could put someone's eye out."

"But, Ma?"

"Gee whizzikers."

"Now, boys. Don't go givin' your Ma no trouble now. You just get dressed like she tells ya or I'll have to tan your backsides."

Ed and Arnold's faces lit up with glee.

"Now Pa, what kinda threat is that. Boys, either you get dressed or we *don't* tan your backsides."

Ed and Arnold over-desperately tried to get through the hallway door at the same time. They finally busted free and ran for their suite.

Judy and Tom turned to Ivan who was nodding his head. "Yup. They'll fit in real good here. Might even liven you bunch of corpses up." No sooner were the words out of his mouth but he was dodging a barrage of bagels. "I get no respect around here. None!"

Judy moved into his side, seductively wrapping her leg around his waist. "If you'd stop being the virgin queen and let the rest of us

play with you like those two, we might be able to change our minds about you.”

“I was coerced, plain and simple. I knew them varmints would be nothing but trouble the moment they rolled into town.” Others around him registered their skepticism. Several even harrumphed. “What was I supposed to do? The man’s got an eleven-and-a-half inch penis for godsake.”

Judy pressed herself harder against Ivan. “I always knew you were a pushover. Such a slut. And a size queen.” Her hands began to massage his chest and it took Ivan several minutes to muster up enough will power to disengage her.

“You, my dear, are despicable. I can assure you all that my little diversion with our new friends was merely a momentary aberration. You will find I have returned to my usual, haughty, aloof self. Now let go of my crotch, young woman, and get ready for rehearsal.” A sea of grins greeted his order. “All of you.”

As the group left the room they each approached Ivan and touched or kissed him somewhere. Even Barb, who seemed to be even more subdued than after her first meeting with Arnold, gave him a kindly pinch on the cheek.

Of his ass.

“And none of you are innocent in this. I’ve seen where your attentions are. You are *all* size queens.”

Ivan followed the last of them out of the room muttering, “All I asked them to do was pull down their pants. That’s all.”

A few minutes after Judy and Tom arrived at their suite there was a knock on the door.

“It’s open.”

Arnold and Ed came in, dressed for rehearsal.

“Hello, strapping, muscular youth. Make yourself comfortable,” Judy said as she flopped backwards onto the bed and spread her legs wide, indicating where she thought the most comfortable place might be. All three of the men exchanged glances and, together, flung themselves towards the bed and Judy’s open, waiting thighs. Arnold’s crotch ended up in the middle and the other two had to content themselves to pumping their pelvises against her sides.

Judy threw her arms around them. “The ultimate fantasy. It’s like I’ve died and gone to heaven.”

All four of them hugged and kissed, but made no real attempt to initiate anything serious. They all knew they had work to do; that they would have to save their strength and energy for the next evening’s entertainment.

Ed was the only one who felt the need to comment. “I guess this is the closest any of us is going to get to getting our jollies for the next two days. I suppose the cold shower usage will go up pretty high from now until Saturday night.”

Tom rolled off Judy onto his back. He stared at the ceiling and spoke wistfully. “It’s really the only part about this job I don’t like. It kind of makes the sex seem like it isn’t for us. Like it belongs to the audience or something.”

Judy frowned at the next thought in that train. “Does that make us prostitutes?”

No one answered.

After a few moments, Arnold asked, “Tell us about this rehearsal. Do we actually go through the show?”

“No,” said Tom. “Everyone gets a synopsis of the plot; a basic description of what happens in each scene. At the top is a list of who’s playing what part and what scenes they’re in. We all read it over then talk about each scene, what each of us can do in it, any special ‘talents’ we might have that would give the scene a boost. Ivan takes notes, straightens out conflicts and then assigns everyone a costume call.”

“Costumes?”

“Yeah, Ed. Most of these things are period pieces. Like the one we’re doing Saturday. Kind of a fall of the Roman Empire setting. Lots of togas and short, revealing loincloths, no doubt.”

“Gee, Judy. I can’t wait to see you in a short, revealing loincloth.”

“Actually, Arnold, *you’ll* be seeing me in a lot less than that. I already got my bid in to Ivan.”

“How much do you know about this play?”

“Enough to know where to place my bets. Actually, Barb gets the best of the parts. She’s been with Ivan the longest and is a real audience favorite. She’ll usually end up having sex in one form or another with half the cast before the evening’s through. I kind of like saving it for a special scene.”

“Sounds to me like someone’s been bribing the teacher.”

“I wouldn’t say that. And I’ll have to pay for my good fortunes.”

Tom chuckled mischievously. “Oh oh. Sounds like a torture scene.”

“Nope, just a little bondage. Ivan always thinks he’s making me suffer. He still doesn’t get it that it really turns me on.”

“Or, he may know exactly that. I think he likes you very much.”

“Did he say something to you, Arnold?”

“He just spoke of both of you very fondly the other day in his office. He, ah, respects your talents.”

“How coy of you. Now why don’t you boys let this girl get her face on. We’ve got to be up on stage pretty soon. Tom, darlin’, take these two he-men upstairs. I’ll be along in a few.”

“Come on, guys. Let’s let her satisfy her feminine side. I can’t seem to convince her that she doesn’t need all that crap. Besides, it tastes awful.”

“That’s what you get for being such a lousy aim with your tongue. Now git!”

Judy chased the three men out of the room, closing the door behind them. She listened at the door for a second to make sure they were gone and then wandered over to the bed. Being in the room with the three of them, together, was more than she could stand. Within seconds she had all her cloths off and was well on her way to bringing herself off, her finger working rapidly on her already aching clit. Conjuring up memories of their monstrous cocks each hanging heavily between hard, muscled thighs, rigid, rippling abdomens above stretching up to bulging, potent mounds of pectoral, Judy found it quick work to siphon off a chunk of her need to pound herself against one or, better yet, all three of those amazing bodies.

And they all were so nice, too.

“Ladies and gentlemen. Please. May I have your attention. I know this is old home week for some of you, but we’ve got a show

to do and with two of the main characters being new-comers, we'll need a little extra time to put this together. Thank you. Now I'm sure all of you are aware of our recent good fortune. Last night we had the honor of observing what will probably go down in the annals of this organization as the most awe-inspiring debut performance of all time. Not only did we have to take several members of our audience to a place of recuperation, but, as you probably have discerned by the fact that I am giving this little speech, one of the more steadfast members of our staff as also deemed it necessary to take an absolutely unheard of day off."

(Low susurrations, suppositions regarding the previous evening's activities)

"At this time I would like to introduce to you the two gentlemen who were responsible for all the hubbub around here last night. Gentlemen, please. If you wouldn't mind stand up. Thank you. Arnold and Ed waltzed into my office two days ago and changed the course of several major bodies of water, created a cure for most of the known dreaded diseases of the day and rewrote the laws of the land giving everyone the rest of their lives off with pay. I think you get my meaning. For those of you who are not already familiar with this pair's prodigious talents, I refer you to the video of last night's show. But please, try to refrain from viewing it during the warm-up period prior to Saturday's performance. We want you in top form and their performance has a way of bring the best out of everyone, if you catch my drift. Thank you, gentlemen. You may be seated."

(Rapid-fire comments amongst the group as the myth is promulgated.)

“We are passing around copies of the scenario for Saturday’s show. For those of you who have been here a while, most of the scenes will be familiar to you. I expect you to take the uninitiated under your wings and guide them. Those of you assigned to the ranks or hand-maidens, you all know the drill. Be there, but keep out of the way. When we’re done here, head on up to costumes and get outfitted. Once you’re clear you’re welcome to make use of the facilities. Walk-through will be Saturday afternoon at two p.m. For the principals, we’ll have our talk-through as usual and then get you up on the stage here to work out the technical aspects.”

Ivan’s tone changed. “To all of you: I cannot stress the importance of keeping a clear head during all this. I know things will get hot and heavy here during the show. I’m counting on it. But we have a show to do, first. You all have a generous dose of common sense - otherwise you wouldn’t be here - but if Saturday is anything like last night, we’re all in for the show of our lives. The more we help the principals create a proper atmosphere, the more diligent we are about doing the job so no one gets hurt, the bigger the pay-off will be for everyone. Any questions? Yes?”

“What does Carroll do on a day off?”

(General laughter and discussion of what that might be)

“I suspect you’ll have to ask Carroll that when he returns. At this point, I would imagine even he doesn’t know. Now, if there are no more pertinent questions...Good. Plebeians, report to costuming. Principals, move down front and let’s get to work.”

After rehearsal with the rest of the principals, Arnold and Ed expressed the wish to spend that evening at David and Mary’s.

“How do we get out of here?”

“You guys still haven’t figured it out, have you?”

“Figured what out?”

“Where we are.”

“I don’t get you.”

“Never mind. You all packed and ready to go?”

“Yeah. Got my gym bag here. Arnold, you ready?”

“Just a second. I can’t find my pants.”

“Try the other room.”

“Okay. Be back in a second.”

“So, Ed. I haven’t had a chance to tell you how much I’ve enjoyed your being here. Your performances both on and off the screen were pretty earth-shattering.”

“Thanks, Tom. It’s been real nice getting to know you and Judy, too. It seems like everyone I’ve run into since I met Arnold has been real nice. He has good...What’s the word?”

“Karma?”

“Yeah. Karma. I guess it rubs off.”

“Just remember, Ed. Your karma led you to Arnold. You must be doing something right, yourself.”

“I know. I have a hard time remembering that.”

“Those pants look real good on you. You’re not wearing any shorts, are you?”

“Nope.”

“It’d be a shame if you got an erection.”

“Something tells me when all these people start getting naked around me, I’m going to have a hell of a time keeping this thing from reacting.”

“Don’t worry. By Saturday evening you will have seen all of us naked for so long, it’ll be like walking in the park.”

“What do you mean?”

“Ivan has us rehearse in the nude for just that reason.”

“Well, I see I can’t leave you two alone without something dastardly happening. You okay, Ed? Do you need me to defend your honor?”

“Nah. My honor’s okay, Arn.”

“How about you, Tom? Honor holding up all right?”

“Just fine, Arn. Sorry.”

“Oh, well. I guess this old boy scout will just have to hit the trail.”

“You find your pants?”

“It took some doing. Seems a certain soon-to-be slave queen wanted them for a souvenir.”

“Barb. She’s such a celebrity hound. My first night here she chased me around half the night until I let her clip off some of my pubic hair. Now what the hell does she need with pubic hair.”

“Boggles the mind.”

“Kind of scary, actually.”

“How are you guys getting home?”

“I thought we’d call a cab. We can certainly afford it.”

“Just a second. We’ll get the front office to deal with it. Hi, who’s this? Hi, Michael. This is Tom. Arnold and Ed would like to be driven home and picked up in time for rehearsal tomorrow. Is a car available? Good. They’re ready to go right now. Can they meet it out front? Yeah. They still don’t know where they are. Yeah, I’m

going up just to see the look on their faces. Thanks, Michael. We'll be right up."

"I still don't get this bit about where we are."

"Come on."

"Ah, Tom."

"Yeah?"

"Don't you think you'd better put something on?"

"Shit. You kind of forget those things when you're down here for a while. Thanks. There, that ought to keep the hordes from rioting. Ready?"

Up an elevator at the other end of the hallway to a floor marked 'G'. Turn right, down a hallway as undecorated as those they had entered the building through the previous night. A door. Through it, another short hallway, this one looking like a movie set for a tenement. At the end, another door to the left. Open it.

Before them, a dingy, uninspiring fluorescent lit gym. To the left, a rickety staircase, leaning precariously, going up. To the right, the sidewalk, the street and...

"Well bless my soul. Look who's back from the looking glass."

"Hello, Howard."

"I was wondering who this was for."

A limo. A stretch.

"It looks like we'll be seeing more of your beautiful selves around here."

"We'll be back tomorrow afternoon. Tom, this is nice, but...a limo?"

"Yeah, well, the Lear jet couldn't get landing clearance. Sorry."

“So we were here all along. I should have guessed. The old theater. What better place to hide a theater.”

“You probably just drove around the block a few times. The garage is in the back, right next to the door leading up to Ivan’s office. All in all, a distance of about fifteen feet.”

“Ivan.”

“Yeah, Ivan. Well, your carriage awaits. Tell the driver what time you want to be picked up tomorrow. He’ll be there. You got Ivan’s number, just in case?”

“Yup. Still have the note you two left me in that motel room.”

“Seems like a long time ago, huh?”

“A lifetime. Thanks. Come on, Ed. You ever ride in one of these before?”

“Ah...er...”

“Me neither. Let’s check out the swimming pool.”

“Swimming...”

“Just kidding. See you tomorrow. So long, Howard.”

“You children have a good time and hurry back. I’ve got tickets for Saturday night.”

“Say thanks to Ivan for us, will you, Tom?”

“Sure. See ya.”

“Hey, Arn. We’ve fallen into some shit, huh?”

“Yeah, Ed. Some shit.”

Chapter 57: ARNOLD

It took a supreme effort, more so than any workout he had ever put himself through, to just stand there. There had been lust, there had been desire, there had been soul-searing need. But never, ever had there been Patty. And every time her lungs sucked in more air and the bottom of her shirt rose up revealing a flash of flesh, a sparkle of a curve, it felt like a stake being driven deep into his soul, it hurt so good.

He had no way to appreciate her beauty, no way to contemplate the loving, caring spirit that resided in this woman. There was only - first, last, and only - the sex -- hot, blatant, overflowing sex. And though he had contemplated this meeting many times over the past day, had fantasized what he would do with this woman's amazing body and his own when the moment arrived, he was paralyzed with expectation, overwhelmed with possibility.

And, it appeared, she was having an orgasm. Right there in front of him.

Curious.

Curious that the word 'curious' should come to his mind. It was a word he thought might occur to him under other circumstances. So curious that it should now.

But it was, indeed, curious. It never occurred to him that something like that could happen to a woman. He certainly had imagined having such an effect on a woman, certainly had seen it happen to men, himself included. If he hadn't known any better, he might say that Patty was actually swooning.

And now she was moving towards him with a ferocity, indicating that what had just happened was only a little blowing off steam. He instinctively backed up until he found himself against the door.

Wham!

He hit the door. Thank goodness it was closed, otherwise he would have been over the railing and on the express route to the parking lot.

Bam!

She was down on her knees in front of him, her face plastered against his groin. Thank you, ma'am!

Deep breaths pulling the scent of his crotch into her lungs. Hot breaths heating his cock, driving it to a higher state of readiness, painful in its confines. The sensation of chewing as she tried to eat her way through the cloth of his shorts. Now it was his turn to swoon.

Her left hand moved up his right leg. When it reached the bottom of his shorts she dug under and continued pushing her hand up the inside. There was no question as to her goal and Arnold drew a deep breath as he anticipated the contact. He felt her fingertips touch the jockstrap. They burrowed deep and made their way into the cup. His own breathing became labored as he fought down the urgent need to cum. She worked her way around one of his testicles, so sore, so bloated, so heavy, and found the shaft of his cock. His head spun. He couldn't look down, for fear he would fall over. He just clamped his eyes shut and began muttering, "Oh, shit," over and over again. Patty's fingers squirmed and searched in the painfully cramped quarters of his jockstrap until she located the head of his penis. He let out a long, low moan at the same time she sucked in a

deep breath. Her grip tightened around the glans, she twisted her wrist to the right and began pulling on the end of his cock, dragging its length behind her as she extracted her hand from his genitalic pit. The shaft rubbed against his balls as it was hauled down his right pant-leg. Slowly, so very slowly, she extended his length towards freedom. Further, ever further, each unbelievable inch growing rock hard as it stretched to the bottom of his shorts. And when it was straight, when it had been completely pulled clear of cup, the thick, rubbery head peaked out several inches, deep red, swollen, aching, swelling, monstrous, so very, very hard.

Patty dropped her hand, leaned back to get the whole view, her breasts still heaving, the intense erectness of her nipples thrusting even harder against the totally useless, totally devastating T-shirt. Arnold dared to look down, her head appearing between the massive mounds of his pectorals. She waited. She just waited. Arnold knew he wasn't to move. He knew that to do the very thing he needed to do, grab his cock, touch it, squeeze it, press it, was wrong. Patty's gaze was locked on the point where he knew the end of his cock would be. He waited as well.

And then it began: The heat.

Slowly, steadily, a hot, roasting sensation began at the tip of his cock. It spread upwards, centimeter by centimeter. Up the inside of his shorts, moving inexorably towards his bloated, turgid balls. He could feel them begin to move in a way he had never felt before. They seemed to be at once attempting to retreat from and press themselves towards the advancing inferno. His heart was beating in his ears, deep bass thunders that slowed as the fire approached. It seemed to take seconds for his heart to crank out another contraction, sending yet more blood to his already over-inflated

cock. The rest of his body seemed to swell in sympathy to his aching member and, as seconds dragged on with no sense of their proper duration, he felt each muscle begin to contract, tense, bulge, inflate. His entire being became an erection, unable to move, blood pumping powerfully into every available space. And the heat drew nearer. He felt his cock begin to pull away from his leg, straining at the fabric of his shorts. Although he knew it would be extremely painful, he tensed his muscles there and the cock heaved against the restraint.

The fire made one final leap towards his balls. There was a loud ripping sound as the material of his shorts gave way. At the same time his chest expanded and the tank top, already stretched across the huge expanse of his ponderous pectorals far beyond the limit of its weave, flew to pieces, baring his magnificent chest and abdomen. His cock, having found its freedom, now stood straight out from his groin, the huge glans fearsome in its size. Arnold threw his arms open against the opposite walls of the hallway, his head back against the door and cut loose with a roar that rattled the windows of the living room. His cock jerked mightily in front of Patty's face and an orgasm of such ferocity came spewing from its huge slit that he was physically pushed back against the door.

Patty tried to get her mouth over the head but Arnold's movements were so violent she was unable to catch him without risking damage to the back of her throat. Arnold felt her grab on with both hands and attempt to aim him towards her. She pulled the end of his cock down and was bathed in a steady stream of hot, pumping cum. He bucked and jabbed his hips as though he were being electrocuted and Patty's attempt to control him only made it more intense, stimulating him further. His balls began to ache and

cramp, his muscles began to ache and cramp, and he feared this would drain him completely. A small corner of his mind laughed ironically. He had spent all day preparing for this, only to blow it completely the moment he walked through the door.

He had, as it turned out, nothing to fear.

His hips thrust forward once more, releasing a final, powerful shot, and then he dove for Patty and lifted her in his massive, pumped-up arms. Another small corner of his mind expressed the wish that he would be able to recall the ensuing events with great detail, but the rest of his body told his little corner to go fuck itself and let us run things for a while.

Later, much later, Arnold would recapture what had happened. Certain moments would stand out in glowing, minute detail. Other moments would only come to him as smears of sight, sound, taste, smell and, of course, touch.

Minute detail:

A director's chair against the wall of the living room. Patty is in the seat, curled in a ball. Arnold's huge cock is moving swiftly in and out of her cunt while his hands press into her breasts. He feels the point of each of her inch-long nipples jabbing hard into his palms. He moves his hands, takes each nipple between thumb and forefinger and gently rolls them left and right. Patty screams and her body contracts around his cock, sending them both to orgasm.

Minute detail:

Arnold is on his back in bed. Patty glides up and down his cock above him. Her breasts are dancing as their incredible mass sails through the air. Her powerful legs raise and lower her body and a small muscle on the inside of each thigh begins to grow and swell. Patty throws her head back as she approaches an orgasm and Arnold

presses his thumbs into those two muscles. Patty screams and drives herself down on his cock, her body shaking uncontrollably, letting loose with a dam break of fluids that flow down over his balls and soak the sheets beneath him.

Minute detail:

Arnold is on the floor in some room, Patty's cunt thrust down upon his mouth. His tongue is working feverishly on the entrance to her vagina and she has her hands and, sometimes, her mouth wrapped around his cock. She licks it, kisses it, devours it, licks it some more. She twirls it around in front of her and lets it hit her on the forehead. Her breasts are pressed against the rigidity of his abdomen. His hands begin to explore the wonderful, muscular ass perched over his oral explorations of her vagina. With one finger, he begins to tease her pucker. Patty freezes for a moment and expels a long, desire-filled 'yessssssssssssss' Arnold jabs his finger into her asshole up to the second knuckle. Within seconds, he is presented with a small deluge. She presses her breasts into the ridges of his rock-hard abdominals. The nipples are rock hard and, as she leans to the left to get around the shaft of his cock to work on his balls, one of her nipples slips into his belly button. His cum-laden egg enters her mouth and cum rockets up the length of his cock and lands in the middle of Patty's back.

Minute detail:

They have been supine for several minutes, both their chests heaving with the exertion of some recent orgasm. He is hard inside her. She presses her mouth to his and insinuates her tongue. He opens himself to her and he feels her teeth against his. Her tongue coils around his, pressing it, tickling it. He opens his eyes and she pulls her head back to look at him. For a moment he can't tell what

she is seeing, her eyes don't seem to focus anywhere. Finally she zeroes in on his forehead. She moves up a bit, a few inches of his cock sensing the cool air outside her body. Her lips lower and, one then another, she places a light kiss on each of his eyelids. He feels a flowing inside him and gentle tears run down his cheeks.

Minute detail:

Patty is leaning over the seat of the director's chair, the cloth back removed. Her hard, firm ass is pointed directly at Arnold's erect cock which is, in turn, pointed directly at her hard, firm ass. It has been a long time since he has had a woman this way. And although he understands the need to be delicate, his body is straining to release a pent-up fury driven by the wanton, lustful desire of, and for, the woman before him. As he moves his lubricated shaft towards her asshole he sees a small mark on her otherwise blemish-free skin, just a few centimeters from the valley that divides the two glorious, rock-hard, globes of her gluts. It is most likely an abortive attempt at a tattoo. Just a single dot, one needle jab, a design cut short in a flash of realization. What would it have been? An eagle? A dragon? A bunch of wild flowers on the top of these gorgeous mounds of muscle? He grasps them in his hands, squeezes them in his powerful grip and remembers his first. Billy. Patty. How much alike they are. And now they will have one thing more in common. He moves to her, presses against her and, with a slow, agonizing groan, moves into her.

Minute detail:

Patty is on her back on the sofa, her legs hanging off the front, feet on the floor. Arnold is on his knees before her, his tongue gently lapping at the warm juices that flow from her. Patty is somewhat pensive, enjoying the low hum his activity is generating. Every once

in a while she runs her fingers through his hair and pulls his head to her a little more, silently asking him to increase the pressure. When he has fully stimulated the lips, he begins to raise his mouth, his tongue, his efforts, until he is seeking out her clit, briefly, haltingly, seductively, maddeningly. He reaches for her lips and separates them to get a look at his goal. Droplets of honeyed-dew cling to her and, hidden, deep under its hood, he finds his goal of joy. He flicks his tongue. She cries out with a small chirp. He flicks again. The chirp raises a pitch. Two flicks and he gets two more notes, each successively higher. He flicks hard and fast, Patty slides up the scale until the tension in her voice can take no more. She holds the note, exhaling slowly, the sound just a tickle on the ear. She takes a deep breath and hums again, each tease of his tongue triggering a little crescendo. He presses in harder and the note becomes strained, filled with delicious tension. Her breaths become gasps and her notes become machine gun fire. Her hips press up against his mouth and she grabs his hair to pull him harder to her. His tongue works faster, spurred on by her staccato. In her final seconds, she contracts her body, presses her hands against the sides of his head, pulls him deep against her and releases a long, high, wailing note that slowly drops in pitch as the orgasm is wrung from her.

Minute detail:

They are standing in the middle of the living room, the sound of surf rolling through the opened sliding glass door that leads to her balcony. In turn, they are flexing their bodies for each other, enjoying the touch of a hand, the press of a breast, the wet coolness of lips or tongue. They press against each other just to feel the strength, the power of each other. They pull against each other, strain, push, fight, flex, feel. Arnold flexes his right thigh and Patty

presses her cunt against it. He squats a bit and Patty straddles the huge leg. She rubs herself back and forth against him, her moist cunt leaving a cool trail of juice along the length of his upper leg. His cock becomes hard and soon is caught between his own leg and Patty's as she rides back and forth. Arnold takes her breasts into his hands and holds them, molds them, presses them, squeezes them. His hands move to the outside of the firm flesh and press them together. Patty moans and pulls herself to him, riding up to the top of his thigh. She is toying with his own massive chest, flicking the nipples, dragging her fingers across the expanse of his pecs. She reaches behind her and grabs the length of his cock as it sticks out. Arnold lowers himself to the floor and, as his shoulders touch, Patty lifts her body, directs the head of his cock to her, and presses herself down onto him.

Smear of sight:

Muscle. Bulging, burgeoning, bulbous, bulky, beautiful muscle.

Smear of sound:

Loud screams. Soft moans. Long, drawn out sighs. Hard, jabbing cries of pleasure/pain. Deep, staggering breaths, gulping for air.

Smear of smell:

Patty pulling his jock strap out from under her for the countless hundredth time, diving into it, face first, breathing in so deeply it adheres to her.

Smear of taste:

The salty, musk-filled taste of his own cum as he curls around the end of his cock and drinks himself in, mixed with the taste of

Patty's own mouth as she joins him at the top of his cock to help him.

Smear of touch:

Light tickles. Hard, heavy heaving. The hot, firm embrace of Patty's cunt around the full length of his gloriously hard, eleven-and-a-half inch cock.

And sleep.

Deep inside each other. No fears, no misgivings, no powerful experiences to scare them and keep them up all night wondering what had happened. Every now and then, a tentative rising to the surface, pressing into her a little deeper, her muscles contracting around him.

And, once, the soft, whispering flow of a gentle orgasm just below the surface of their consciousnesses that neither knew was there.

She was doing it again.

The light tickle of her eyelashes fluttering against his cheek. He knew not to open his eyes because there would be nothing to see but hair. As soon as she knew he was awake, she'd stop.

He'd wait.

After a while his hands sought out the deep, flowing muscles of her back. As his hands ran across them he could see, in his mind's eye, the exercise used to work each one. Hundred's of tons of cold, hard inertia had been moved to create the pattern of rippling energy he felt beneath his fingertips.

He swept his hands into the hard bowl of the lower spine and then onto the glorious mounds of her gluts. For the hundredth time

he grabbed them, squeezed them, pressed them, massaged them, remembering his groin pressing against them in the fury of a bright, blistering moment of anal copulation. So tight, so firm, so energized. He had only been able to thrust a few times before the orgasm had ripped through him. Finally, it was he who had forgotten to breathe. And, like Billy and Peter or so many others whom he had either backed his own ass up against or had been received by them, he had collapsed on top of Patty's broad, muscular back, to be lowered to the floor, his still erect cock clamped deep inside her. And when he had come back to the surface, she was still pumping herself up and down his persistent shaft.

When the attack of the eyelashes had finished, what room would he find himself in when his eyes finally opened? He figured it was the bedroom. The surface under him felt very much like a bed, although he knew the sofa in the living room was a futon as well. The sound of the waves, the noises of a beach just coming to life with the early morning activities of joggers and beach combers and the distant crescendo of traffic, seemed a bit too distant to be coming from a nearby window.

She lifted her head. His eyes met hers and a smile flowed onto each of their faces. He placed his hands on the back of her neck, pulled her to him and drank her into his soul. She was tender where she needed to be, formidable and challenging where he needed her to be, alive and fresh where he wanted her to be. Nothing had been left undone. In the course of it all they had done everything to each other that either of them had wanted to do. Each desire had been met with absolute acceptance, each action met with total compliance. He hoped she was feeling as fulfilled. Only one way to find out, though.

“What can I do for you?”

“Huh?”

“Is there anything you want to do? Anything. Name it.”

“What do you mean?”

“I was just thinking how completely satisfied I am. I was hoping it was the same for you. I don’t want to stop until we’ve done it all. Everything. I want to be your fantasy. Your deepest, most secret desire.”

Something stirred in Patty’s mind. Something so private, so hidden, so stimulating, the mere thought of it made her crush her groin against Arnold’s massive thigh. She rubbed herself up and down and he flexed to increase the sensation.

“What?”

Patty smiled mischievously. And was she blushing?

“What is it? Tell me. As long as no one gets hurt, I want to do it.”

Arnold’s cock was growing stiff in contemplation. What covert reverie could elicit such a reaction in her? She felt him grow and ran her fingers down the length of his shaft to his scrotum. She toyed with one ball and then the other, lifted them, let them slide back down into their sack. Arnold got harder. The suspense was as good as the fact. Finally, she raised her eyes back to his.

“Peter.”

Arnold’s hips made an involuntary thrust against her hand. He was almost instantaneously and completely erect.

“Do you think he’d mind if we called him at this hour?”

Patty’s raised eyebrow put that question in its place.

“All right. Next stupid question. Do you have his phone number?”

“It’s in my address book.”

“Do you want to call him or should I?”

“He’s still a little iffy on this girl thing. Maybe you should talk to him and break it to him slowly, guy to guy. But...”

“But...”

“I think we should call him from your apartment.”

“Huh?”

“From *your* apartment.”

It took him a moment to figure out what she was really getting at. Then he remembered the can of spray lubricant, the screwdriver and wrench, the divider leaning against the far end of Chris’s balcony. Of course Patty had seen all of this.

“I was kind of wondering when you’d get around to asking about that.”

“I was kind of wondering when you’d get around to telling me about that. You certainly didn’t waste any time increasing your living space.”

“Chris lost the key to her apartment. The lock on her door requires a key on both the inside and out. So it was the only way for her to get into of her place.”

“And now that she has her key...?”

“I suspect the divider will probably stay down. We seem to have hit it off rather nicely last night. Very nicely. Very, very nicely.”

“I get the drift. Was she the one you thought might be watching us in the parking lot?”

“I knew she was. She took lots of photos of me, but I don’t remember seeing any of you.” Arnold chuckled. “It’s funny. I purposely forgot my own keys so I’d have an excuse to remove your

divider, as well. I should have just let things take their natural course.”

“No keys, huh?”

“Nope.”

“So you’re kind of at my mercy, huh?”

“Well, I could hop around the divider like I did with Chris, but that would be very uncomfortable, seeing as I don’t have my shorts anymore.”

“Yeah. Real uncomfortable. So I guess you’ll just have to disassemble my wall as well.”

“Yeah. What a shame. You mind?”

“That depends.”

“On what?”

“At the gym on Sunday, after you left, Peter made a couple of observations that I felt were rather insightful.”

“He’s a very bright man. He doesn’t give himself enough credit.”

“Peter seems to have been hiding a lot of candles under his basket. Anyway, one of the things he said was that he got the feeling from you that there were no barriers between people. It was you and whoever you were with at the time. Kind of a share and share a like thing.”

“And...?”

“I was just wondering how accurate that was.”

“Like I said, Peter is very bright.”

“And if, say, you happened to find yourself in bed with two women, each of whom shared a balcony with your apartment, how would you choose?”

“I wouldn’t.”

“But if you had to?”

“I wouldn’t. I wouldn’t have to. There’s no choice to be made. Throw Peter in there, too. And Greg. And anyone else you want. I won’t choose. No need. Haven’t you ever felt yourself so full you thought you could take on the world?”

“Well, last night comes to mind.”

“Exactly. Didn’t you want the whole world to share what we had last night, cry out your joy, wrap your arms around creation and hug it to you.”

“I don’t quite see the connection.”

“That’s what I want to do. I don’t want to hide the love I have for you in some deep, secret pocket. I want to throw that love around everyone else; let them share the magnificent experience of last night. You said you want Peter here. Look at me. The thought of it has made me so hard, it aches. But why stop there? Why just Peter?”

“I hadn’t planned on a big affair, just the immediate family.”

“That’s okay. And I asked you what you wanted. Fair enough. But after that, what? Are you afraid of losing me?”

Patty couldn’t answer that, either with words or with her eyes. Arnold pulled her face back to his. His gaze engaged her and he silently dared her to answer to the affirmative. Finally she shook her head.

“All right, Mister Eleven-and-a-Half. Tell me how this all works.”

“How what works?”

“Stop playing dumb with me. This. You. Me. Peter. Chris.”

“Don’t stop there. There’s Sam and Ed. Old friends whom you’ll be meeting soon. And I don’t know how long I’ll be able to keep my hands off the guy Chris slept with last night. Don’t you see how big this can get? I’m so proud of what I did with you tonight, I want to share that with the entire world. One or two at a time. And then they’ll take it and spread it. Each time we come to each other, we will be the sum of all those we will be with before. I have been so very blessed in my life. The trail that leads me to you here is peopled with such marvelous, loving souls. And each of them is here, in my soul. I gave them to you last night. And you’ll give them to the next person you’re with. Just as you did to me.”

“What do you mean? You saw everyone I’ve ever fucked?”

“Not individual encounters, no. I saw the energy of them.”

A look of relief washed over her.

“But I do have one question. Who’s Bob?”

Patty froze. “How could you possibly know about him?”

“You *might* have mentioned him once or twice in the throes of orgasm.”

“Oh shit.”

Arnold’s face got serious and he stressed his next words with a slight tightening of his grip on her face.

“Don’t be ashamed of what you have here. And don’t be selfish, either. Because I know you’re not a selfish person. Take my love because I love to give it to you. Give my love because I gave it to you. Bring me the love of others and share it with me because you love me, and I you, and let me feel the love they have filled you with. I have loved you this night because you are so very worthy of

it. Please, think the same of all those whom you have and will share yourself with.”

After a moment, when she realized there was nothing to hide and no reason to hide it, she let silent tears weep from her eyes as she took his smile for her own.

“I hope I will be able to understand this fully one day. For the moment, I guess it’s enough to feel it. I don’t always consider myself the sensitive type. But I’m just beginning to realize how shallowly I’ve seen myself.”

“When held up to the mirror of true, uninhibited passion for your fellow human, your little worryings should seem to pale in comparison. You have a long way to grow. I think the hardest part of all this is going to be dropping the ‘tough broad’ persona. I guess it has to do with letting people in, huh? Really in. But even tougher is letting the real you out. Really out. Every time you feel yourself fighting to let someone in, look to yourself. You can’t control how the other person reacts. But you can let yourself open up so they have an easier time. We build our own walls, and they limit not only other people’s movements, but our own as well. I move through other people’s lives because I have no walls, therefore I have nothing to stop me. But I also respect the fears of others, sensing what I can do to make their getting to know me easier.”

“You are very easy to get to know.”

“I’ve built myself that way. I make it so people want to get to know me on the physical level. Once I’ve got their attention, the rest is easy. Their guard is down and I’m inside them before they know it.”

“Sneaky fucker.”

“Yeah. Literally.”

Arnold's stomach gurgled demonstratively, causing them both to laugh.

"Do you think it's too late for dinner?"

"Probably just as easy to call it breakfast by now. I can't believe I haven't even thought of food."

"I'm not. I haven't had my physical being so wonderfully distracted in many years. You have filled my needs completely. But now, it's time to turn to more practical matters."

"Tell you what. You work at getting that fiberglass piece of shit removed, I'll whip us up something decent. I heard you knocking those weights together yesterday before you got here. You must be famished."

"I'll be all right. Then, once I can get to my apartment, we'll call Peter, okay?"

"Mmmmmmm."

"I'll take that as a 'yes'."

Patty pressed her full breasts against Arnold's chest, ground herself against his groin, slid down his body on the way off the bed, lingering for a moment to spend some time with his huge erection, and then moved out of the room.

Arnold watched her go, the cool trail of her kisses leaving shivers in their path. As she released his cock it flipped heavily up onto his abdomen where it slapped down with a solid thump. He felt the weight of it as it lay on him, the heat of it, the hardness of it. It would be so easy to keep this all for himself; so simple to just fall in love with his own body, not bothering to seek anyone else out. He truly loved his body, felt every moment with it as a glorious gift. But then he would open it up to someone like Patty and the experience

of his body would be multiplied a thousand-fold. She was so strong. So firm. So determined to enjoy herself as much as he was. He had wanted to masturbate for her last night, had wanted her to watch as he sucked himself off, but she had enjoyed it too much, had gotten so much from his joy, understanding the feelings in his body, that she was unable to sit by and watch. She wanted so much to help him, be with him. And in her own way, with her own grand proportions, understood the physical, tangible ecstasy of having such a remarkable physical being.

And now his cock was rock hard. It demanded attention. Should he wait? Should he call her back in, go to her? Or could he enjoy the moment by himself, giving himself what he needed, what he could not express to, or expect from, any other person?

As he rolled back on his shoulders and curled his body into an upside down comma, he grabbed the rigid mass of man-flesh before him, drew it to his mouth with one hand and reached for his scrotum with the other. Balls in one hand, cock in the other, he wished someone would thrust something deep into his ass. Even onanism had its shortcomings. And, shortly, he came.

“Thanks for dinner or breakfast or whatever that was.”

“Better late than never. You want so more juice?”

“Sure. Peter should be here any minute. I hope he isn’t as powered as he sounded on the phone.”

“Come on, Arnold. How do you expect him to react, getting a phone call at this hour from you? Besides, he must know that I’m involved, too. The question is: are you ready to handle him?”

“All I have to do is remember the past twenty-four hours. I haven’t been this horny since the day I lost my cherry.”

“That’s this Sam you were talking about, huh?”

“Yes.”

During the meal, Patty had given Arnold the message with Sam and Ed’s phone number on it. Arnold felt it a convenient enough time to discuss that portion of his past and what these two people meant to him. In light of their previous conversation, Patty had taken it all pretty much in stride. He had hoped she would, though he had worried that the idea of these two major influences on his life reappearing right now, combined with his recent union with Peter, might have put her over the edge of her tolerance. As it turned out, he had nothing to fear. She seemed to be enjoying the ever-widening circle of possible sex partners. This amused Arnold just a little. Never had he met anyone as hungry for raw, unbridled sex as this powerful, loving woman. Never, that is, except for Sam.

“You know that Peter knows her?”

Patty was only half surprised.

“Sam? Yeah. He was telling me about her the other day. He said you reminded him of her. Small world.”

“Reminded him? How?”

“I think you know the answer to that. Besides, that must be him. You can ask him yourself.”

“I’ll get it.”

Arnold pulled the robe closed around him, tightened the cloth belt, pulled Patty’s hand off the head of his cock which was dangling over the edge of his seat, and headed for the door. He hadn’t been very specific about why he was inviting Peter over, but

the odd hour of his phone call probably gave Peter enough to figure it out for himself.

CHAPTER 58: PETER, ARNOLD & PATTY

“Hi Peter.”

“Hi, Arn.”

Peter was dressed in a pair of cut-offs and a well-worn sweatshirt from which the sleeves and approximately half the material of the body had been removed, as well as the collar. The neck had been split open to halfway down. And under these clothes, his whole body was bulging with a fresh pump. Everything. Arnold stretched out his arms and gave the young man a deep, encircling hug. From the feel of him, he had been at the weights quite recently, and for a fair amount of time.

He had jogged over, not owning a car, and a sexy, moist sheen of perspiration coated his body. Arnold remembered Peter’s hint about Patty’s affection for smells. Yes, Peter knew what he was here for. His chest expanded with deep breaths. He pressed himself hard against Arnold’s body, one hand reaching between them to stroke the long, thick length of man-flesh which was becoming stiffer with each moment of their contact. Arnold gave into the openness of the young man and their lips found each other as their hands explored the hard definitions of their bodies.

“Can I get you something to drink. You’re putting off a lot of liquids there.”

“Yeah, sure. Some juice?”

“Fresh squeezed?”

“Great.”

“Got a nice pump on there. You just come from the gym?”

“Yeah. I was too wound up after yesterday, so I got there just as Chuck was closing up. Told him I’d take care of locking the door. I hadn’t been home too long when you called. Kinda had to, ya know?”

“Yeah. I know. Why don’t you go into the living room. I’ll bring the juice in.”

“Ah, sure. Thanks. Um...Patty there?”

“Yeah. I’ll just be a second.”

“Ah...okay. See ya in a second.”

Arnold made himself busy with the juicer, pulverizing some oranges and demolishing some carrots. By the time he got done it looked so good he drank it himself, and had to make another for Peter. By the time the second juice was ready he figured he had given the two of them enough time to sort things out. He spent a few moments cleaning the machine then headed into the living room with Peter’s drink.

As he reached the end of the hall, he stopped to listen. There was no sound. He moved forward a step and saw Peter facing away from him. His young back tapered wonderfully from broad, promising shoulders down to a tight, solid waist. The cut-offs hugged his muscular ass, accenting the curves of those muscles. Arnold could see the definition of his various muscle groups starting to take shape. He subtly flexed and tensed his own muscles, remembering what it was like at that age, the pump just beginning to have real meaning, real effect.

Peter still hadn’t moved, so Arnold took another small step into the room. Now he could see Patty, who was standing, facing him. She was waiting for something and her eyes flicked over Peter’s shoulder to Arnold, a slight smile flashing on her face.

Peter, sensing his presence behind him, said, “You in on this, Arn?”

“Depends on what you’re talking about.”

“Patty says you two have some sort of agreement that seems to involve me.”

“Here’s your juice.

Peter turned to take it and Arnold could see that his cut-offs were fighting valiantly to restrain a raging hard-on. Peter followed his gaze, looking down at his own crotch.

“Guess it would be kinda hard to say I wasn’t interested.”

Patty reached out and lightly touched his shoulder. “I told you before. Don’t play poker. Although, I do like your ‘tell’.”

She dragged her fingernails down his arm with agonizing slowness. Peter’s eyelids dropped, his head fell back and a long, soft moan escaped from his lips. Arnold moved to him and ran his hand down Peter’s other arm. Although not massive, the muscle was hard and shapely. He grasped the bulk of the biceps and tightened his grip around it. Peter bent his arm and flexed the muscle against Arnold’s hand. Arnold knew what this was about; the feeling of hot, pumped muscle under the strong, firm grip of another. Arnold lifted the arm up until Peter’s hand was even with the glass of juice he was still proffering.

“You’d better drink this. You’ll need it.”

Peter took the drink. As he consumed it he turned back to Patty who was still waiting for an answer to a question Arnold didn’t know had been asked.

“Well?”

Peter finished the drink, handed the glass back to Arnold without turning and, when his hand was free, moved to Patty and pressed his young, muscular body to her. In that moment, Arnold recalled a time, ten years before, when he had moved into the arms of a woman older than him. Mary. She had also been so hard, so firm, so loving. And that evening he had gone past everything he had known about love and physical union, had found a secret in himself, answered questions about his own needs and life and then moved beyond Mary to the greatest adventure of all, truly falling in love. Would Peter receive as much in Patty's loving arms? Arnold hoped Peter would find in her the ability to love a person regardless of their sex. For with his ability to read other people, help other people, see the needs and sense their feelings, Peter was well on his way to being able to fill other people's lives as Arnold, himself, tried to do. And then Arnold's job would be a little easier.

He moved to the other two, dropping the robe to the floor as he went. Peter seemed not the least bit startled by the amount of naked flesh that pressed against him. Within seconds, Patty had disrobed as well and was working on the zipper to Peter's cut-offs while Arnold was pulling the tattered sweatshirt up over the top of his head. The shorts dropped to the floor, leaving Peter in socks, shoes and jockstrap. Patty and Arnold each took a foot and slowly, ritually, removed the footwear.

Now there was only the jockstrap. Arnold moved away slightly and indicated this was between Patty and her fantasy.

"You okay with this, Peter?" she asked.

"It seems okay, so far. I know it would feel a whole lot better if I didn't have this thing on."

"May I?"

“Please.”

Patty pulled the front of the waistband away from Peter’s hard abdominals and then pulled it down to reveal a raging, turgid erection, painfully twisted inside the cup. As she lowered it, his cock snapped free and bounced up and down before him. Arnold could see Patty’s desire and relieved her of jockstrap duty, finishing the removal of the garment.

“I want to suck your cock, Peter. I really want to.”

“I think it’s okay. I don’t feel any of the scared stuff like the last time. Just take it slow, okay?”

Patty dropped to her knees in front of the youth and gingerly placed her hands around his shaft. A brief intake of air seemed to be related to passion rather than pain, so Patty continued. Arnold moved up behind Peter and pressed his ever-hard cock against the back of his legs and ass. Peter reached down with one hand and held the top of Patty’s head. With the other he reached up over his shoulder and pulled Arnold’s head to his own. Arnold looked over Peter’s shoulder and watched Patty’s progress. She had a firm hold of his cock and was lightly licking the very tip with quick, flicking motions of her tongue. Arnold pressed harder against Peter’s ass and Peter spread his legs just a little. Arnold’s huge cock swung up between his legs and Patty was now confronted with two shafts of cock meat. She wrapped her hands around both of them, pressing them together. Peter became very distracted and started pumping his hips. Arnold felt the heat of Peter’s cock, the weight of his scrotum as it lay on the top of his own shaft. He began his own motions, counter to that of Peter’s, and Patty was soon licking and sucking the two men as fast as her mouth could travel.

Peter drove himself harder against Patty's mouth and Arnold's groin. He squeezed his legs together to increase the pressure on the cock trapped between his thighs. His moans became more labored, more desperate and, for a moment, Arnold feared that some of the old trouble was coming back to haunt him. There seemed to be some moment of panic on Peter's part, a fight for control, but then his internal workings took over and he had no choice.

He was cumming.

He was pumping cum into Patty's eager mouth, pressing her head against his crotch, frantically trying to satisfy powerful urges so basic to his needs that even his ghosts couldn't fight them. Arnold leaned over Peter's shoulder again and watched as Patty sucked the last of Peter's orgasm out of his cock. She was paying attention to Arnold's cock, as well, but her focus was on their young friend.

When she had finished, she stood, spread her legs, and pressed herself hard against Peter, trapping both cocks between her legs, as well. She gently kissed the youth on the lips. Arnold was not sure how the youth would respond; thought this might be bringing it too close to home. But Peter took it all in stride, pressing his kisses back to Patty with increasing desire and need.

"Can we go into your workout room, Arn?"

"It's okay with me. You'll have to talk to the guy who's got my cock trapped between his legs, though."

"It's fine with me. Anything particular in mind?"

You just come with me, my fine young stud. I'm taking a trip down Fantasy Lane."

"Mmmmmmm. My favorite address."

The three separated unwillingly and moved to the room containing Arnold's home gym. Peter walked around the central piece of gear, stroking it, rubbing it, lifting and pulling its various cables and bars. Patty had opted for the separate bench press. She set a barbell with one hundred twenty pounds on the stand then sat down on the bench.

"Come here, stud."

Peter moved towards her. She reached out and took his cock in her hands. He was still very stiff and a little manipulation put the hard edge back on his erection.

"How you feel about having some real sex?"

"You mean..."

"Yeah. I want that sweet cock inside me. I can promise you I'll make it worth your while."

"I'll give it a try. Never had too much luck before."

"You never had two hot bodies like ours to get you running before. Arnie, give him some pec action, will ya?"

Arnold alternately flexed his pecs and they bounced up and down on his chest. He reached up and grabbed both nipples, twisting them until they were sore and inflamed. He moved behind Patty, his still rigid cock pressing against her back. She squirmed back against it and Peter seemed to be overcome. He started to sway as he watched the two incredible bodies before him. Patty gently yanked on his cock to bring him back to reality. He looked at her, glassy eyed and lustful.

"I think I need to do something here."

"What's that, Peter?"

“I think I need to fuck something. I think I want to do some sex stuff.”

“Peter? You want to try it with me? You want Arnold to help?”

“I don’t need no help, Patty. I need to...to...”

“Fuck?”

Peter looked down into Patty’s eyes and grabbed her with an intense gaze.

“Yeah. Fuck.”

Patty laid down much lower on the bench than normal to allow Peter better access between her legs. Arnold took the bar off the stand, handed it to Patty and then stood by to spot her. Again he remembered another first time for him. He was on the bench press and Billy had just measured his cock. And now he was pumping the free-weights and Billy was giving him his first man to man blow job. And Peter was moving between Patty’s legs, grabbing each of her thighs and lifting her until his cock was poised at the opening to her cunt. He looked at Arnold, then at Patty. His eyes were filled with the wonder of the sight before him. There was so much awe, so much desire and lust, leaving no room for doubt or fear. Arnold swung a leg over the bench, bent his knees enough to bring his ponderous scrotum in contact with Patty’s mouth, and slowly flexed all his muscles until he was so tight, so big, so ripped, Peter had no choice. His need to pump his cock against something overtook the last vestiges of doubt. Patty lowered the bar to her chest, sucked one of Arnold’s balls into her mouth, rolled it around with her tongue for a few seconds, pushed it back out and began to press the barbell into the air. Her pecs exploded with the effort and Peter moved his cock forward until he was pressing at her gate. As Patty’s arms became fully extended Peter made his move and slid inside her. Arnold was

ready and quickly spotted the bar until she could get her strength back. Before she could even regain control, Peter was driving his cock in and out of her with wild abandon.

It occurred to Arnold that, though Patty might ultimately be thankful for Peter's quick work, considering the difficulty she was having managing the barbell, it might be a shame to have this all end so soon. Peter's arms were bulging as he supported the weight of the lower half of Patty's body. His abdominals flexed and rippled as he thrust his pelvis. Patty took the bar from Arnold and resumed her exercise. Once Arnold was certain she had it under control he sat on the bench just above her head and pressed his hands into her magnificent breasts, worrying the nipples, feeling the power of her pecs, running his hands up the backs of her arms to increase the sensation in her triceps.

Again, Peter's cries became desperate, but this time it was a desperation for release. His head was back again, wagging left and right. Arnold tried to watch the young man and still watch for Patty's needs. Her massive, bulging muscles lead him to believe she was in control. The weight, after all, was nothing compared to what she would use in the course of a regular session. And she was taking it nice and slow, enjoying the sensation of the effort, rather than going for some muscular result. Patty, herself, was beginning to moan, and although she probably wasn't going to cum before Peter, she didn't seem to be lacking for stimulation. She cursed and cried and groaned as she fought to push the barbell into the air against the attacks of her lover. The battle for energy was quickly being won by the lower half of her body and she pushed the bar up one last time and thrust it into Arnold's hands.

Arnold placed the bar on the floor next to the bench and sat back to watch his two friends. What he had thought at first to be Peter's eminent orgasm turned out to be just the beginning. Arnold sensed Peter's focus turning from his own driving need to that of Patty's. His rhythm changed. His speed changed. The power of his thrusts changed and Patty suddenly found herself being driven up a very quick ramp towards an explosive orgasm of her own. The surprise of it was as stimulating as the actual event. Peter was paying very close attention to the needs of his sex partner. Arnold saw him make minute adjustments in response to the way Patty was acting. Deeper and deeper, higher and higher. Arnold's own cock was getting very hard just watching these two. He thought about cumming, felt it happen in his mind; how Patty's talented internal muscles would feel on the length of his shaft and felt the driving need to be deep inside her. Patty reached up and grabbed his cock, more out of desperation than anything. She pulled it to her mouth, licked and sucked it and Arnold felt the surge in his balls. He grabbed the end of his cock, beyond where Patty was holding it, squeezed it hard and flexed again.

Peter saw Arnold's body explode, saw the massive cock turn dark red and swell. He saw Patty desperately licking him, raking her fingernails over the length of it. Arnold could see Patty's abdominals begin to work as she focused her strength on dealing with the cock that drove into her. The movements of all three muscular bodies reached a fevered pitch, a vibration beginning to resonate between them, and then the release.

Arnold's cock spewed hot globs of cum across the space between himself and Peter. Peter felt the hot splat on his abdomen and reacted by driving his first orgasm into a woman's vagina. Patty,

feeling the release of the two amazing men around her, pushed herself against Peter and felt the flow of her own lava rumble through her body. She licked and sucked on the huge cock suspended above her face until she felt the driving actions of her two lovers subside.

Peter lowered Patty's body until her feet touched the floor. He then sank to his knees and leaned forward, laying on Patty's body, Arnold's cock dangling before him. He teased the tip of it with his tongue while his hands played across Patty's upper torso. Patty threw her arms around Peter's chest and held him to her. She gazed up around the shaft of Arnold's cock and smiled at him. Arnold knew she was thanking him, but also knew there was no reason. Peter was there because he wanted to be. Peter had done everything because he had wanted to. And Patty had been loving enough, unselfish enough, open enough, to allow Peter to go at his own speed, in his own way.

"Hey, Arn?"

"Yeah Peter."

"Don't think this gets you out of workout this afternoon."

"Thought never crossed my mind."

"And don't worry. We can still be friends."

Patty was laughing so hard she almost fell off the bench. Peter stared at them both as though he didn't understand what was so funny. The other two tried to stop laughing, afraid they were hurting his feelings. But soon a smug, knowing smirk crept over Peter's face and Patty grabbed him and pulled him to her.

They spent the rest of the morning testing each other's strength, each other's needs, each other's depths, until Patty announced that her fantasy had been fulfilled.

Peter and Arnold washed Patty in the shower and then each other. And it wasn't until just shortly before three thirty-four in the afternoon that they all finally made it over to The Pump House.

Chuck was again at the front desk and asked Arnold if he had gotten the message from his friends.

"Yeah."

"They were in again this morning, looking for you."

"Oh, right. Can I borrow your phone, Patty?"

"You want to use the one in the office?"

"I guess I'd better. Thanks."

Patty grabbed Peter's right biceps and pulled him towards the stairway.

"Come on, Peter. It's about time the boss lady started tapping into your expertise. Let's hit the weights."

"Hello?"

"Sam?"

"Arn...silence...Hi. How are ya?"

"Great. Just great."

"Where are you?"

"I'm at the gym. Sorry I missed you. My schedule's been kind of messed up these first few days."

"That's okay...Your voice is a little lower than the last time."

"Yeah, I'm no longer a soprano. How are you?"

“Great. Now. When can we see you?”

“Ed?”

“Yeah. He flew in last night.”

“I know. I saw him on the beach talking to a friend of mine yesterday.”

“When I told him I thought I’d seen you at Norma’s, he canceled a show at Ivan’s and caught the next plane here.”

“Did I just miss you at Norma’s?”

“Yeah. I guess it wasn’t the right place for us to meet.”

“No, I guess not. How about dinner tonight?”

“Sure. You want to come over here?”

“Why don’t you come to my place. I just moved in yesterday.”

“Sure. What time?”

“Seven.”

“Okay, Arnold.”

“Ed knows the place. Just tell him it’s where he met Chris yesterday. Apartment six-oh-seven.”

“He told me he’d met someone who knew you. Funny how it didn’t really surprise either of us. You want us to bring something?”

“Yes. You. Please. I’ll see you at seven, okay?”

“We’ll be there. See you.”

“Sam...?”

“Yes, Arnold?”

“I love you both very much, Sam. You and Ed.”

“Ten years is a long time, Arnold.”

“I haven’t changed that much. I promise.”

“See you tonight.”

“Bye.”

“G’bye.”

It had been nothing like he thought it would. So tentative, so reserved. There seemed to be too much unresolved. But how could he expect a decade of issues to be fixed by a simple phone call?

Still, he had hoped it would have been more...more...

The tears came unbidden.

After a while he felt himself move past the pain of his hurt expectations. It was enough that he would see them again. Once they were together, once the energy was flowing between himself and all the amazing people he would gather around him, there would be no more need for pain. He could feel the circle of his life moving towards closure. Soon, there would be no more sadness.

Soon.

There was a knock on the office door. Arnold went to open it but before he could reach the doorknob, the door opened and Peter and Patty swiftly moved in. Together, they embraced Arnold with an extension of love and support they knew their friend needed in that moment.

“We’re having dinner tonight at my place.”

Peter and Patty each kissed him on the cheek and hugged him deeply until the tension was soothed from his body.

“I’ll see how things go, but would you two like to join us?”

Patty turned his face to hers. “No, Darlin’. We are not what this evening’s about. You three need time. We can tell. There will be plenty of dinner parties in all our futures.”

Peter chimed in, “*Wild* dinner parties.”

He took several deep breaths, feeling a strength move in and through his body, drawing it from the two mighty companions with whom he was bonded right now.

He then filled his life with Patty and Peter for the next two hours, focusing on the basics and, in doing so, remembering the path he had chosen.

And how the path had chosen him.

CHAPTER 59: FLASHBACK

Darkness.

The faint beating of a drum. Deep and throbbing. It becomes louder until it is the heartbeat. In rhythm with it is the heaving cries of two people thrusting against each other. The volume of their voices climbs until it matches that of the percussion. They move quickly towards climax, ending with simultaneous screams of unbridled ecstasy. Lights come on, revealing the figure of a muscular young man, his back arched as he drives his pelvis towards the spread legs of an equally well-developed woman, on her back, spread-eagled on a raised platform, her body forcing itself toward the man, consuming his final lunge.

The yell and drumbeats end abruptly and the young man staggers backward, away from the woman. He turns, revealing a huge erection and a visage of horror on his face, wavers for a moment, then collapses on the floor, motionless.

The Queen sits up and casts a look of loathing upon him, shakes her head and then claps her hands twice. Two guards ascend the stairs at the rear of the platform. They are clothed only in leather loincloths, revealing finely honed musculature above and below and prominent bulges within. They lift the limp body from the floor, drape the arms over their shoulders and wait for instructions.

“Take him down to the pits and put him to work. He’ll be of little use up here for quite some time.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

“And get someone to suck him off. We can’t have him running around like that. It’ll give others the wrong idea.”

“Very well, Your Highness.” The look on their faces tells of a fight to see which one of them will perform the Queen’s command. They descend behind, dragging the lifeless man with them.

The Queen rises up on her knees, wraps her hands around her breasts and presses them together, the two small fingers flicking back and forth across the hard, erect nipples. One hand then drifts down across her abdomen, lingering for a moment on the hard, rippling surface. It then continues, finding its way to her crotch, where she begins to manipulate her clitoris in an effort to relieve some need that was not appeased by her recent encounter. Her body arches against her own hand, the look of effort on her face reveals her desperation. Her body writhes; hard, bulging muscles swelling ever more as she throws herself toward her goal. Moans that lie across the border between pain and ecstasy escape her lips, increasing in pitch and frenzy until she finally is consumed with a release which seems at once shattering and unfulfilling.

She collapses forward onto the platform, her full breasts pressed hard into the surface. She shifts her body back and forth in an effort to further stimulate them. It is apparent that even her latest orgasm was not enough to satisfy her. Her eyes flick back and forth, as if seeking some source of satisfaction within the room. She is alone. Unconsciously, her hand finds its way between her legs and begins to stimulate her again. She suddenly realizes what she is doing and jumps off the platform, disgusted and frustrated.

“This is ridiculous. I have used every talent of magic I have, but I find no satisfaction. Why can I not fashion a creation which is able to meet my needs?”

The air is filled with an otherworldly laugh, something between a crow’s caw and the death-rattling cough of an old person dying.

The Queen freezes in horror at the sound, then, quickly donning a sheer robe which does nothing to hide her naked body, she heads down the stairs at the rear of her chambers.

The lights shift and the main area of the stage comes into view. Directly under her chambers, there is a door, formidable in its purpose. Two guards, bare-chested and huge, are caretakers of the prison. As they see the Queen approach, one of them releases a key ring from his belt and unlocks the door, swinging it open in time for her to step through. The section of the stage which is her chambers and this door rotates, revealing a dungeonous space with rings and chains attached to the walls and various pieces of equipment whose nefarious purpose can easily be determined.

The guards close the door behind the Queen as she enters the space. Chained to the far wall is a lump of rags containing a body which does not move in response to the Queen's entrance. The Queen regards the person with disdain, insulted that her arrival should go unnoticed. She waits as long as she can, her patience quickly waning. Her necessity finally wins over her ego and she rouses the person with a kick. She is rewarded with the same crackling laughter. The rags fall away, revealing a woman, perhaps, old as old, the very life sucked from her being. The hate in her eyes is the only sign of a reason for life. The hate is for the Queen.

"Well, aren't we looking frustrated. Having a hard time finding something?" Again the old woman laughs, but her joy is interrupted by a thick coughing spasm which rattles her body.

"Shut up, you old carp. You know very well what's wrong. Now tell me what I need to know, or I'll put you through so much pain, you'll beg me for death."

“You waste your time and mine. I have begged you for death so often, I have given up hope of such kindness. You have taken my power, my castle, my life; I have nothing else to give.”

“You have knowledge. You must tell me why I can not create a man who can meet my needs.”

“That I will tell you, because the knowing of it will be far more painful than what you are going through already.” The old woman falls to coughing once again and the Queen waits, growing more irritated by the moment. Finally, the old woman regains control. “You have taken my beauty and power and turned it against me. Because of that, there is no longer a tie between these things and the magic. It is no longer powerful enough to create something that potent. The thing you seek is more powerful than the magic you stole. It must be from without you.”

“Does such a person exist?”

“Oh, yes. Very much so. But I will tell you this: As your magic — my magic — can not create something more powerful than itself, the magic you seek will be beyond your control.”

“I’ll worry about that when the time comes. Tell me where to find this person.”

“You need not worry about that. Fate has already dealt that hand. Time will move toward that end. Time will...” Again, she is wracked with a coughing fit.

“Great! And what do I do until then?”

With a supreme effort, the old woman regains control long enough to utter, “The same as you’ve been doing so far. Go fuck yourself.” Her uproarious laughter triggers another coughing spasm which incapacitates her.

The Queen can stand her insolence no longer. She hauls off and kicks the woman brutally, sending her colliding into the wall. Although there is obvious pain, the pile of rags continues to laugh in a semblance of triumph. The Queen turns in frustrated impotence and calls to the guards to open the door. She bolts through as door opens, pushing the guard out of her path. As he closes the door behind him, the cawing and coughing of the old woman echoes through the halls of the castle once more.

The set revolves to reveal the front of the dungeon again. The Queen is moving away from the door, but turns back to the two guards. As she walks up to one of them they stiffen in apprehension.

“Remove your uniform.”

The guard quickly complies, but his speed is obviously due to fear rather than arousal. His belt and loincloth drop away, revealing a thick cock hanging loosely between two egg-sized balls.

The Queen turns to the other guard. “Suck him hard.”

The second man drops to his knees and immediately takes the man into his mouth and proceeds to stimulate his cock until it becomes rigid. When it is hard, he stands and backs away. The Queen moves towards him, her demeanor quickly changing from haughty overlord to sexually stimulated female. Her eyes are locked on the man’s swollen organ and she lets the ineffectual robe drop from her shoulders to the ground.

Contrary to the Queen’s attitude, the guard is growing more fearful. He is like a mouse caught in the hypnotizing gaze of a poisonous snake, just before it strikes. His fear is deathful, but he can not move. His companion is also frozen, his body tense, as if he is trying to do something to save his friend, but unable to react.

The Queen flexes her body, the muscles bulging large and hard. She thrusts her pelvis towards the guards hard penis, brushing the tip of it. A shock jumps through the man's body and he is driven against her by some unseen force. The Queen wraps one leg around his waist, pulls him to her, grabs his cock and drives it deep within her. As the contact is made, the guard is transformed. Every fiber of his huge body swells with tension and he becomes a vibrating, driving machine. He pounds his cock hard against her, and she soon finds herself pressed to the dungeon door. He is lifting her off the ground, his hands grabbing her hard, firm ass. For a moment, the Queen is transported by his vigor. She begins to call out, her voice filled with desperation and longing. Her cries signal an approaching climax, her pleas beg for him to continue. Both their bodies strain, their huge muscles bulge. Their hands are everywhere, clawing, digging, squeezing, pressing. The guard begins to cry out and his hips thrust even harder. The Queen's eyes open wide as she seems to see the end of some long, frustrating tunnel. She forces herself harder against the man, which increases his own passion. Just as she is moving upwards to a higher plane, the guard lets loose with a holler and, with two deep, shattering thrusts, unleashes his torrent within her. She cries out in agony as he drops her to her feet and, with the same look of horror as the man in her chamber, he collapses on the floor, his thick cock still erect and dribbling the last vestiges of his orgasm.

The Queen is left standing, her back against the door. She stares murderously at the fallen man, then turns her eyes to his partner. With fear in his eyes and a desperate "No, no, no!" on his lips, he runs off through the arch at the center of the back wall of the space. She watches him go, then shakes her head in amused defeat. Her

gaze returns to the body before her, the still erect cock throbbing. She moves as if to take it, perhaps to straddle the body and use the hard organ to push her over the edge, but in the end it seems like too much trouble.

She returns to her chambers, the lights shifting focus to her new location, and goes to a table. On it is a bowl, a large book supported on a stand, and several vials of potions and jars containing ingredients of magic. The various items attract her attention as she considers their use, but she turns away, as if resigning herself to her fate. She sits on the edge of the platform and then lays back. Her hand moves, once again, to her crotch and she begins to toy with her clitoris in an attempt to relieve herself. After several moments of this, she sits back up, her anger overcoming her need.

“This is insufferable. I have mastered the most powerful magic in the world. There is no reason why I should not be able to find satisfaction. I always was able to before. I must be able to.”

She returns to the table and, occasionally glancing at the book, measures several of the ingredients into the bowl. As each item is added, she mutters an incantation. Wafts of smoke begin to rise from the bowl, becoming thicker as the potion reaches its completion.

*“Fire. Steel. Hard and strong.
Long of thrust. Slow to cum.
Deep and firm. Soul of iron.
Bring fulfillment to my desiring.
Match my strength with power and need.
Give my hunger a place to feed.
A man to last. A man to fuck.*

Big arms, big chest, big legs, big cock.”

With the final ingredients combined, the smoke from the bowl becomes dark and ominous. She places it on the center of the raised platform and moves away. The space darkens except for the area around the bowl, which emits bright shafts of light, flashes of color which give the smoke the appearance of life. The cloud thickens and begins to take on a form from within. Shadows of arms and legs, torso and head can be seen. Color catches on a biceps, a pec, a thigh, a flat, rigid abdomen. And a cock. Long and loose, hanging between two powerful legs. A sudden flash of lightening backlights the huge body and triggers a wind storm, blowing the smoke away. When it clears and the light returns to normal, a man is standing on the platform, naked, oiled, pumped, hung. His eyes scan his surroundings seeing everything for the first time. He discovers his own body. Slowly he flexes and stretches, testing the strength and feel of it. Each muscle expands with his efforts and he runs his hands over the swelling muscle, sensing its mass, enjoying its power. His huge cock, measuring nine inches in length, swings back and forth as he turns to work his various body parts. The thick shaft and heavy head beat against the full load of his scrotum.

The Queen stands to one side, watching her creation. She has seen this behavior before, with each creature she has made. There is an eagerness, an excitement, a flood of lust and desire which is taking over her thoughts. She steps before the man and faces him, tensing her own magnificent body.

“You are my creation. You have been conjured to satisfy my need. I seem to be getting the hang of this stuff.”

The man turns his attentions to the Queen, seeing her for the first time. His cock immediately begins to thicken, his hands move to it and massage the hardening shaft of flesh.

“You gave me this body?”

“Yes.”

“You gave me this life?”

“Yes.”

“You gave me this cock?”

“Yes.”

“What am I here for?”

“I told you. To satisfy me.”

“What needs do you have?”

“Sexual fulfillment.”

“Why are you not fulfilled?”

“The magic I use increases my power, but also my need. I seek to create something that can surpass that need.”

“But if your need is as strong as your power, how is that possible?”

“I reach further. Each time I create, I bring more power into the creation.”

“That is why I am here?”

“Yes.”

“I will attempt to fill your need.”

The Queen grabs the thick shaft of his man-flesh, pulling down on it until the man is forced to kneel before her.

“I am not interested in attempts,” she spits vehemently. “You were created to serve me. You *will* satisfy me.”

Although the man is in pain, his continually growing erection signals his arousal at being treated as he is. The Queen's face is inches from his own, their eyes locked as tightly on each other's as her hand is locked on his hard, aching cock. He throws his arm around her neck, pulls her mouth to his and presses his lips against hers in a brutal kiss. They hold this for a moment and then the Queen pulls the man's cock toward her until he is forced to step off the platform. She pulls the length of flesh towards her crotch and he arches his back as she guides his huge shaft into her. Every muscle on each of their body's tenses upon contact and he thrusts his hips forward until he is completely inside her and then continues to push until he has lifted her off the ground, suspended only by the contact between his rigid, aching cock and her cunt. He grabs her ass and raises her up until only the head of his massive organ is within her. He holds her there for a few seconds, his biceps bulging with the effort, and then releases her. A shriek of pleasure/pain erupts from her throat as she hits bottom, the man's cock again buried deep within her. He lifts and drops her again with the same shattering results. The third time he lifts, he holds her aloft until she is squirming, crying, trying to force her way down onto his swollen prick. His mouth begins to work the nipples that adorn her breasts, nipping and biting them into erection. She pushes herself against his attack to increase the pressure. When her hips begin to heave themselves against his chest, he drops her one final time, eliciting a shattering sob and unleashing a fury of movement. The Queen throws her hips against him with blinding speed.

He moves to the platform and lowers the Queen's body until she is sitting on the edge. She lays back, throws her legs around his waist and pulls him to her. His thrusts are brutal, shattering. She

cries out with each heaving onslaught as his huge organ rushes, time and again, into her cunt. Her voice becomes strained, her cries become anguished, as she moves closer to her orgasm. The creation, himself, is fighting to reach his own completion and the urgency of his actions tells his desperation. He cries out that he is cumming.

“Oh, God, not yet. Not yet,” she yells. “Don’t stop. Don’t... Stop...I’m...Not...Not...”

His thrusts double in speed, he cries out ferociously and unleashes his torrent inside her. Within seconds he is finished, exhausted, depleted. He falls back to the ground, his huge cock quickly deflating. The Queen is both furious and frantic. Her hand dives for her vagina as she screams at the lifeless form below her.

“You worm. You piece of trash. How dare you leave me like this. Who said you could cum? Who told you to finish before me? Get up and finish me. Get up.”

Her demands fall on deaf ears. He is passed out. She jumps off the platform, drops to her knees over him and takes the huge, flaccid penis into her mouth, sucking it back to erection. When it is semi-tumescent she stands over it and lowers herself onto the shaft. She then begins to raise and lower herself, using the hard, thick shaft to make herself cum. Within seconds she is back where she was just before he came. She screams, moans, curses, cries her way to an orgasm that strains through her body, her huge muscles bulging, flexing, pumping herself to her final pleasure.

When the last vibrations of her climax finish wracking her body, she stands and looks at the body lying at her feet. The huge, muscular man is still out cold, but he now has an enormous, aching erection which looks like it could explode any second with torrents of cum. She slaps his face several times to bring him around. He sits

up, shaking his head, his hands immediately going to his aching hard-on. She grabs his wrists and pulls him to his feet.

“Oh, no you don’t. You don’t cum again until you find me someone who can last as long as I want him to. I want a cock I can fuck until I say I’m done. You understand me?”

“I am sorry I was not able to satisfy you. Your need is too great. Perhaps the power you seek must come from some other source.”

“That’s what the old crone said.”

“If your power cannot create what you need, then perhaps there is no one.”

“There is. I know it. Just once I want to fuck someone who can do me by himself. This orgasm by committee sucks. I want a cock and a body that will give me what I need and then still give more. And until I get it, you had better get used to having blue balls.”

“What do you mean?”

“You will not cum until I get my cock. I want to see yours aching and dripping until I find my man. In fact, no one here may find release until my needs are met. I want to see nothing but hard nipples, aching cunts, stiff cocks and swollen balls around here”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

“I will hold you personally responsible. Spread the word. I offer one thousand pieces of gold to the person who brings me what I need. Somewhere out there is a man with the power to meet mine.”

“I will leave at once.”

“No. You will stay here. I need a good, stiff cock around to keep me occupied.”

“But if I can not cum...”

“Then you had better be as optimistic about this as I am, because I plan on making those gorgeous balls of your ache. Real good.”

The Queen moves closer to him and drops to her knees before his hard, throbbing cock. She opens her mouth and draws the thick shaft inside her. Deeper and deeper it goes until her face is pressed against the wiry pubic hair. The man throws his head back, trying to abandon himself to the pleasure, but it quickly turns to agony as he finds he can not cum. The Queen slowly draws her head back, slowly releasing his cock from her mouth. As she does, a low, wailing moan pours from the man’s throat, increasing in volume until his cock is completely free. When the contact is broken, the moan becomes an agonizing yell. With his body bent backwards in tortured distress, he grabs his cock, squeezing it as hard as he can. The stage is plunged into blackness as the yell echoes and reverberates, seeming to go on forever, as will his agony.

The set revolves until the Queens chamber is out of sight. There is now a window in what appears to be a shack. In front of the window is a bed; a sleeping body moves under the covers. The light through the window becomes a sunrise and the covers are thrown back revealing a waking, naked Woman. The outline of her body shows it to be hard and thick with muscles. Her firm, cone-shaped breasts ride high on her chest as she stretches. The nipples are erect. She sees something outside the window and waves.

In a moment another person, a Man, comes into the shack through a door to the right of the bed. His large body is draped in a rough blanket with a slit for his head to stick through. It hangs down to his knees and is fastened around his waist with a leather strap. He

moves to the end of the bed, his form also silhouetted. As he looks at the Woman, the front of the fabric, below the leather strap, begins to rise, indicating an enormous erection. His cock grows until it is sticking straight out, holding the blanket up.

The Woman leans towards him and reaches under the front of his garment, taking the huge erection in her hand. As she grasps his cock he moans loudly and his huge body shudders in anticipation of ecstasy. She pulls him by his cock and he crawls up on the bed, pressing into her. As he moves his body over her, his enormous but unseen cock moving within her, she cries out passionately. Before he has completed his first thrust she is vibrating, moaning, overwhelmed by the pressure within her. Pulling and raking at his back, her muscular arms bulge as they strain to join her body to his. He now covers her with his own massive frame and begins to draw himself back for the next thrust. She cries out and shivers, her body tensing with inflamed pleasure.

The distance his hips travel is lengthy. At the furthest point from her, he gives his hips some short, rapid thrusts. She sighs loudly, and, wrapping her arms around his neck, lifts herself off the bed, swinging herself against him, driving herself down on his cock. He shouts in surprise and throws himself into her with purpose. Within seconds they are moaning, crying out, reaching for the their common goal.

The light has increased enough during their activities to allow their faces to be seen as well as the details of their bodies. The huge Man holds himself above the Woman and drives against her with long, powerful thrusts which she absorbs. She heaves her body towards him as only someone familiar with her lover's moves could do. Every now and then one of them makes a little change in their

rhythm or movement and the other reacts with surprise but immediately matches the effort and they are soon back in sync, their pleasure heightened by the other's spontaneity.

Just as they are about to reach their peak, as their bodies move headlong towards what appears to be a massive release of energy, a group of men burst into the shack and grab the Man by his shoulders, pulling him off the Woman. They are dressed in identical loincloths, some sort of uniform. Their bodies are covered with large, bulging muscles. Two of them hold knives at the Man's throat while two others quickly fit him with a large yoke, almost too heavy for the two of them to handle, to which they manacle his hands at the extreme ends. At first he tries to fight his way free, but the sharp blades pointed at him are persuasive; resistance is futile. Once the yoke is secured, the other two men also draw knives and place them near the captive Man's throat.

Two other men have grabbed the Woman by her arms and laid her across the top of a table. They slip loops of rope around the table legs nearest her arms and then wrap the other ends around her wrists, tightening them so she can't escape. The naked Woman and her lover are still breathing hard from their activities and the Man's erection has yet to subside. It still forces the front of his blanket to rise far out before him. The six men, obviously waiting for the arrival of someone else, begin to comment on the Man's condition and his physical attributes.

It can be seen that the captive Man's arms are heavily muscled. His shoulders are wide, his waist narrow. He bears the heavy yoke with greater ease than the two who placed it on him. Bare legs below the blanket are thick and strong and the other men talk about what a fine catch he is. The Woman struggles against her bonds, but

one of the men guarding her wields his knife close to her throat. She freezes, her eyes locked on the object. The captor slowly strokes the point of his knife down her throat to her breast, the tip barely making contact with her skin. When he reaches her nipple he holds the knife directly over it and flicks it gently. Though she is scared, she is still aroused. Her hips jump. He flicks the knife again and she responds the same. Her assailant flashes his partner a look and is about to take some other action when a seventh man enters.

He is obviously the other men's leader. This can be told by his dress and the way the others behave upon his entry. His chest is bare, his pectorals large and round. His abdominals ripple with strength. The loincloth he wears is of fine leather and his waist is wrapped by a large leather belt from which hangs a scabbard containing a short sword. His upper arms are wrapped with leather straps worn at the division between his deltoids and biceps. He surveys the occupants of the room, turning his attention first to the Man. He walks around him, keeping his distance so as to not be caught by surprise. He prods and pushes at the Man's body, checking his size, his shape.

"Well, men. Looks like we've got us a real money maker here. I'd say we've hit the jackpot. Anybody take a measurement yet?"

The man who had been toying with the Woman's nipple responds, "No, Captain. We've only just gotten them restrained."

"Ah, yes. Well we seem to have interrupted something. Seems to be some unfinished business here, by the looks of it. And a lot of business, at that." The Captain goes to the captive Man. "I see you have been persuaded that resistance will get you nothing but a slit throat. It would be a shame to waste such an amazing body just for one final taste of freedom." The Captain now moves closer to the

Man and wraps his hand around the blanket-encased erection. As he squeezes his hand around the huge member its dimensions become more obvious. The captive's knees weaken as he cringes in agony. The Captain delights in his predicament and crushes the huge cock in his grip. The Man falls to his knees, unable to withstand the torture. The Captain releases the cock as the other Man falls. He lifts the Man's chin, studying his face.

"This certainly is our lucky day. Wish I could say the same for him. And he's beautiful. My God, look at him. And with the passion still burning in him, too. Get him back on his feet. There'll be time for groveling later."

He turns his attention to the Woman bound to the table top. Her hard, firm body arches against her bondage. The thick chest narrows to a hard, trim waist, leaving a gap between her lower back and the table. The Captain moves to her side and runs his fingers lightly, teasingly across her breasts. She struggles hard against the ropes, but her guard's knife, brought quickly against her cheek, convinces her of the futility and danger of her efforts. The Captain toys with the nipple of one breast then leans down and flicks his tongue across it. She attempts to pull her breast out of his range and the captive Man, who is just regaining his legs, lunges toward The Captain.

"Get him out of here. Tie him to the front of the wagon, he can help the horses pull. He's certainly strong enough. I've got a little business with this one." He runs his gaze and a light finger down the length of her majestic body.

The four men guarding the captive take him out the door. The Captain signals to the sixth guard who moves to him and drops to his knees. He pulls aside The Captain's loincloth, revealing a monstrously thick cock hanging heavily between his legs. The

kneeling guard takes it into his mouth and begins to suck it to erection. The Captain throws his head back and enjoys the ministrations of his minion, his hips thrusting as he loses himself in the feeling for several moments. When he is fully erect the guard pulls away. The cock which is revealed is awesome in its thickness. The master grabs its length and begins to stroke it.

“I’d hate to leave you in such a state. That big cock of his must have had you going pretty good. Let’s see if this will take care of you for a while.”

He moves to the end of the table, grabbing the Woman’s ankles. He attempts to move into her, but she flails her legs to avoid his attack. His muscles bulge as he holds on to her, keeping her from damaging him.

“Yes. A fighter. Yes. Go ahead. Makes me harder. That’s right. Put up a good fight. Yes. She’s strong. Look at her. So strong. Makes me leak just to look at her. That’s good. Make me ache. I’m going to split you wide. You ever have anything this big? This thick? You two, come hold her feet. I’ve got a real need to push. Hold her.”

The two guards stand on either side of The Captain and take her feet. She struggles some more, but he moves towards her, pressing his huge phallus inside her, slowly, inexorably, relentlessly. She cries out as the thick shaft enters. Her back arches, her breasts thrust into the air. Her hard abdomen contracts as if trying to expel the intruder. Her biceps and pectorals thicken and bulge as she struggles and strains against the straps.

The Captain finally embeds his cock completely within her. He waits for her to adjust to his size, enjoying the sensations of her struggle. The two guards each display signs of arousal as their muscles bulge against the strain of their efforts. The master reaches

outward to them and grabs the pectoral of each man which is closest to him. As he digs his fingers into the solid mounds of flesh the two guards cry out in pleasure/agony. Each of them rip off their loincloth with one hand, revealing hard, erect, aching, blood-engorged cocks. The Captain grabs them and squeezes. As the men heave their pelvises against his enclosing fists he thrusts his own against the formidable, unwilling sex partner restrained before him.

She cries out. He is big. She is angry. But he is big. Ultimately, she is forced to submit to the massive sensations which the thickness of his cock is generating within her, making her an unwilling participant. Her breathing becomes regular, her motions purposeful. She meets his every movement with a countering one as she moves closer to her impending climax.

The Captain still grasps the guards' hard-ons, allowing them to drive themselves against his encircling fists. The three men move in unison, their efforts climbing to a common summit. As they approach their goal their bodies become more driven by the energy of the union. Their muscles bulge, their faces strain, their cries increase, their bodies are coated with sweat which begins to run off them in rivers. Suddenly the Woman screams. She jerks her legs away from the guards' grasp, wrapping them around the waist of The Captain who mistakenly perceives this as a movement of ardor. His huge arms bulge more as he bears down on the two guards cocks, themselves only seconds from orgasm. As he throws himself into the grasp of the Woman, she locks her legs tightly around his waist and, lifting him, throws The Captain over her head. He does a flip and lands on a pile of straw in the corner of the shack. She continues her movement, performing a backward somersault off the end of the table, ending up on her feet. She turns the table on end,

slides the straps off the legs, then heaves it toward the two befuddled, orgasming guards. Their cocks are erupting with cum which shoots out in all directions making them unable to control themselves. The Captain is winded by his fall and torn between anger and desperation. There is a flash and a cloud of smoke consumes the Woman. When it clears, she is gone.

“After her. Don’t let her escape. Get her back here.”

The two guards regain control and head out the door of the cottage.

The Captain lies on the pile of straw, his muscular chest heaving. He angrily grabs his aching, rigid cock and pumps his fist up and down the thick, dark shaft. Within seconds he is transported to uninhibited release and he is rewarded with a powerful climax, shooting thick wads of cum across the room. Just as his cock erupts, one of the naked guards returns to report, sees what is in progress and hurries to swallow what is left of The Captain’s orgasm, sucking the cock until it softens. The Captain falls back into the straw, distracted by the moment. When his hips stop thrusting and his cock softens enough to fall from the guard’s mouth, he sits up and pushes the man off him, sending him sprawling on the floor.

“Where is she?”

“We could not find her, sir. It’s like she has vanished into thin air. There’s no place around she could hide.”

The Captain leaps upon the man, grabbing him by the throat; the anger in him paralyzing his lackey. He rattles the subordinate’s head as he yells in rage.

”I will not be treated this way. No one does that to me and gets away. She’ll pay for this, that is sure. I’ll catch up with her one day, and when I do, she’ll be sold so deep into slavery, she won’t

remember ever having been free. A body like that is good for the mines. And anything else the right paying customer might have in mind.”

He releases the man’s throat, letting his head drop to the floor. “That’s okay. We’ve got her lover. Something tells me she isn’t going to let him go so easily. We’ll make sure we leave a trail so she can follow us. She won’t be able to resist. She’ll have a hard time giving up a body, a face, and a cock like that.”

He looks down at the man who lies between his legs. “What are you waiting for? Get up, you worthless sack of shit. We have to make it back to the castle before someone else shows up with a cock that can please The Queen. Come on.”

The Captain leaves the shack as the guard climbs to his feet, gathers up his own and his partner’s loincloths and wraps himself, pressing his hand against his semi-flaccid organ as he draws the fabric around him. As he leaves, the lights fade and the set revolves back to the palace.

The Queen’s chamber is backlit, revealing the outline of the Queen kneeling on the raised platform. Her back is arched, her head tossing from side to side, her muscles bulging with tension. As the lights grow brighter another woman can be seen kneeling before her, her mouth vigorously working on the Queen’s genitals. the Queen thrusts her hips repeatedly against the other woman’s ministrations, her cries increasing as her climax nears and she grabs the woman’s head, forcing it tightly against her. The woman wraps her arms around the Queen’s hard, flexing ass and pulls herself closer. The Queen keens in exquisite agony, her body vibrates violently, her muscles bulge and then she bends forward, pulling the other

woman's mouth to hers as they dive into a deep, pressing kiss. Their hands probe and dig at each other's muscles, pressing hard. As the maid encircles the Queen's breasts with her hands, the Queen forces the maid's mouth to one aching nipple and then the other. After several moments, they part.

"Yes. Oh my God, yes. That's good. So good. Now if I only had a good cock to go in and finish the job."

"I'm sorry, Your Highness. I wish I could oblige you."

The Queen looks down at the kneeling woman, seeming to have forgotten her. She laughs deeply, viciously. "Yes, my sweet. I'm sure you do. But the fact of the matter is that there doesn't seem to be cock around that can do the job."

"I understand the Captain is arriving today. Perhaps he will have something for you."

"Doubtless the conniving worm will attempt to convince me of that. So far, he has yet to supply me with what I want."

"I hope, for all our sakes, he succeeds this time."

"Yes. Things are getting far too tense around here. We're going to have to stop running around here without any clothes on. The way most of the men are looking, the dam could burst any moment."

"Many of the women are starting to feel the strain, as well, Your Highness."

"Not the least of which is me. If I don't get some cock to fulfill me pretty soon I'm going to explode." She looks down at the woman and sees the look of hurt on her face. "Don't worry, my dear. You did just fine. It's just that my needs are more demanding. It's not just a cock. It's more. The feeling of a huge, muscular body

moving over you, under you, inside you. A talent for knowing when to push, when to pull, when to stop, when to go and go and go.”

She sees the woman’s hand move towards her own crotch and clears her throat. The woman realizes what she was about to do and stops.

“I’m sorry, Your Highness. I...didn’t realize. It was just...what you were talking about. I’m sorry.”

“That’s all right. I’m even getting myself worked up. You certainly did a fine job here. Would you like to get some release, yourself?”

“Oh, yes, Your Highness. Being here with you, you’re so beautiful, and the way you talk. I think I might explode.”

“Stand up.” The woman rises to her feet. The Queen steps off the platform and trades places with the woman, sitting her on the edge. “I could use a little diversion, myself. Lay back.”

“You mean...?”

“Back.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

The woman complies and the Queen dives for her crotch. Instantly the woman’s hips heave off the platform and she grabs her breasts, squeezing and mashing them with her open palms, crushing her nipples and pressing them together. Within seconds she is writhing in orgasmic agony as the Queen drives her mouth hard against her. Then it is over as suddenly as it began, but the Queen does not stop. She reaches up and takes the woman’s breasts, firm and large, and begins to work them, pinching the nipples, pulling the nipples, pressing the nipples. The woman’s hips begin to thrust again and she flails about on the platform. Shortly, she is crying out

again. The Queen continues to lick and drink at her cunt and she is rewarded with yet another orgasm. The woman's chest is heaving from the exertion of the two orgasm but the Queen does not stop. Now she is pulling the woman's vaginal lips apart, forcing herself deeper inside. The woman screams, shouting that she can not stand it. The Queen ignores her pleas and pulls herself against the prone woman's cunt. Again, the woman thunders to a massive orgasm. Her back arches, her body lifts off the platform, her voice sounds in a long, wailing cry, her body suddenly wracked with violent convulsions. She then collapses.

The Queen rolls her off the back of the platform and down the stairs behind.

"Can't have anyone running around here telling people I let her get off. Bad for morale."

She claps her hands twice and most the recent creation appears up the rear stairs, his thick, nine inch cock hanging loosely between his legs. He walks slightly bull-legged to keep his heavy, swollen scrotum from beating against his hard, muscular thighs. Every few seconds a drop of pre-cum oozes from the tip of his cock and falls to the floor.

"Get rid of the body."

"Yes Your Highness."

"Are the Searchers assembled in the Great Room?"

"They have been arriving all morning, Your Highness. They await your pleasure."

"Any news on the quality of their wares?"

"Very little has been seen, but it is said there is one slave pulling a Searcher's cart along with the horses."

“Poor brute will probably be wasted by the time he gets here. Never mind. Deal with her and then tell them I’ll be down shortly.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

When she is alone again she sits on the end of the platform and strokes her genitals with one hand while toying with the nipple of one of her breasts with the other.

“And if they have no one who will do the trick, then I’ll have one of their thick cocks do me, instead. Filthy, sweaty, thick, hard cock.”

She drives her middle finger deep within her cunt, arches her back, her body shuddering.

“Yesssssssssss.”

The lights fade. There is the sound of chains being dragged and the occasional whip-crack. Lights come up on the throne room as a line of men, each with wrists manacled and ankles fettered, enters through the central arch. They all wear poor clothing, worn and tattered from travel and mistreatment, but it is obvious they each possess well-developed physiques. Each is lead by a Searcher and two guards, one of whom has a whip. As one of the captives falters, a guard cracks his whip against the man’s back. The slave turns to the guard defiantly, but thinks better of retaliating.

The Queen’s creation enters from the arch. He has put on a tunic which just barely doesn’t reach to conceal the huge head of his cock as it hangs heavily. He exchanges greetings with the Searchers.

“Looks like a pretty motley bunch.”

“They’ve just been on the road for a few days. They’ll clean up real nice.”

“I’m to tell you she is on her way down right now.”

He then turns to the captives to explain their situation.

“As you know, you have been brought here for a very special purpose. The mistress of this palace has found herself in a predicament. It seems there is no one who can relieve her in the manner to which she wants to become accustomed. You fine, young men will get the chance to prove yourselves capable. And I will tell you that he who does, will find himself with a much brighter future than just pushing heavy gristmills or rowing sea-going galleys, which is what your highly developed muscles are truly suited for. It would behoove each of you to put on the finest performance you can. Not only will it greatly improve your lot, but it will bring great credit to The Searcher who provides the Queen’s relief.”

There is a fanfare of trumpets and the Queen enters, accompanied by an entourage of scantily clothed guards and handmaidens. A throne is moved into place by two bulging attendants who strain at the effort, their muscles exploding. The Queen walks to her throne, runs her hands over the torso of one of the attendants, her fingers lightly tracing the lower curve of his pectoral. He shudders and rams his crotch against the side of the throne. She sits.

One of the Searchers approaches the throne and bows low to the Queen but never takes his eyes off her magnificent form.

“Your Highness is looking especially aroused today. I hope it would not seem out of place to tell you what a pleasure it is to see you...right now.”

“As you can see, things are a bit tense around here. It is hoped one of you will provide the source of our relief.”

“We have all traveled to the far reaches of the known world to bring to you the finest quality in male flesh. As you will see, each of the slaves we will present to you has premium physical qualities and, as I’m sure you will want to be shown, the stamina and drive to put it to good use.”

“Let me be the judge of that. Show us your wares.”

“I can assure you that each has been taken from the finest stock to be found anywhere.”

“I have no interest in idle claims.”

“Truth is not idle, Your Highness. The poor condition of these men is due only to their many days’ travel.”

“Let’s see what you have to offer.”

“Very well.”

The Queen’s Creation moves to the first captive and directs his Searcher to undo his manacles. A key is produced and the chains drop heavily to the floor. He then signals to one of the guards to remove the man’s garments. The guard lifts the tattered clothing over the man’s head, revealing a body wrapped only in a poor, linen loincloth. His physique is swollen with muscles, bulging and huge; the content of his loincloth presses hard against the fabric. Sounds of approval murmur through the Queen’s entourage.

The Creation signals to the next Searcher who removes his captives manacles as well. The captive grabs the front of his own garment and tears it open with a fierce tug. The ripping sounds of the material along with the grunt of his efforts triggers a reaction in the onlookers. With his clothing torn completely asunder, he drops them to the ground. His body is as huge and swollen as the man next to him. The process is repeated as each man’s magnificent body is

revealed down to the spare girdle covering each of their straining cocks.

Obviously affected by the sight before her, the Queen rises from her throne and goes to the first Searcher. As she talks to him, her hands wander over the surface of his muscular chest, pausing to tweak and worry his nipples.

“I hope that what remains to be revealed is as spectacular as what has been shown already.”

The Searcher, quickly falling under the spell of the Queen’s manipulations, answers dreamily, “We have spared no effort in our duties, your highness.”

The Queen looks about the room and notices someone missing. “Where is the Captain of the Searchers?”

“It seems he is having a problem with his captive. The insolent fool did not take kindly to the fact that he was made to pull The Captain’s wagon along with the horses. He was ultimately punished by being made to pull the wagon by himself.”

“He toys with my time. We shall not wait for him. If my source of fulfillment is found among these men, he will know it was his foolishness which defeated him.”

She returns to her throne and sits with a petulant flop, her hand idly stroking the hard, rippling abdominals of the attendant to her left. A quick nod to her Creation signals for him to begin.

“You will now remove your loincloths.”

He claps his hands and the five captives each grab the sides of their loincloths and pull them loose, dropping them to the floor. Moans are heard throughout the room as five long, hard, achingly rigid, dark, blood-engorged cocks are revealed. Each is

accompanied by a full, heavy scrotum filled with large, swollen balls. The five men begin to pose, flexing and pumping their muscles up larger and larger, each trying to outdo the others. Biceps and triceps, pectorals and deltoids, lats and traps, calves and thighs and gluts swell. They are quickly covered with a shiny coating of sweat which makes their skin gleam seductively. It is obvious the proceedings are affecting the five men as much as the observers; their movements become more lascivious, their intentions more blatant, their hard, thick cocks sway and dance before them above the retracted weight of their large testicles.

The Queen allows this display to go on for a few moments, but realizes she is about to lose control of both her subjects and herself.

“Enough!” she shouts.

The five captives drop their poses and return to more neutral positions, though they continue to keep all parts of their bodies hard and swollen.

“I have chosen women to test the efforts of your men. But first, I assume they have had little or no pleasure since their capture.”

“None, Your Highness.” answers one of the Searchers.

“Then I want each of them to make themselves cum before they are put to the test. The first to achieve orgasm will get to choose his partner from those here. The rest will be assigned a mate.”

“Very well, Your Highness. Shall they begin?”

“Yes!” the Queen responds, a bit too eagerly. “Yes.”

The Creation turns to the five men. “You heard the Queen. The first to cum gets to choose.” The five men are glancing at each other, indicating they had not expected this to happen. They are a bit uneasy, but the crack of the whip convinces them to comply.

A handmaiden, her hard, well-proportioned body clothed only in short, filmy skirt, passes before the five men and spreads a quantity of lotion along the length of each of their cocks and then into their hands. Each trembles at her touch and one of them reaches out to her full breasts and presses his palms into them. She responds by moving against him, rubbing her thigh against his swollen shaft.

“Get away from him, you fool. You’ll ruin the contest.”

The maid bows to the Queen and finishes distributing the lotion.

“Now men, begin.”

The five men each grab their own cocks and begin to work them, at first tentatively, embarrassed at having to jerk off in front of everyone. But as they become more aroused, their attacks become hard, vigorous strokes. Their bodies tense as they quickly climb towards their orgasms. Abdominals flex and pump as they drive their hips hard against their gripping hands. Their cocks become even harder, the heads of their penises become inflamed. Faces strain with effort, veins and muscles swell under taut, tight skin. Biceps explode, thighs swell, balls retract, and cocks grow darker. The head of each cock expands as it prepares to spew its load. One by one, the men begin to cry out, signaling their imminent release. Their actions grow more and more frantic as they lose their inhibitions, driven by their desperate need.

The Queen reaches out to the crotches of her two attendants and begins to work her hands against their swollen condition. They, in turn, each take one of her breasts and manipulate and worry the nipples until they are painfully erect. Just as the actions of those around the throne begin to move to a higher level the five men complete their mission, firing thick shots of cum from their cocks.

Some goes up, some cross the room, some splatters on the bodies around them, triggering even more frantic reactions from all.

When the five are complete, they return to their neutral positions, their massive chests heaving in huge gulps of air. The prisoner who had involved himself with the maiden wears a triumphant grin. He is the winner.

The Queen, somewhat dismayed that the contest is over so quickly, forces herself to break away from her attendants. She approaches the winner of the contest and regards him with a mixture of disdain and admiration. She runs her hands over his huge muscles, across the tops of his deltoids, down the length of his biceps. She stands behind him and presses her hands into his full pectorals then drags her fingernails up over his shoulders and down his back. He shudders violently and his cock jerks, its head drooling. She clenches his hard, firm ass in her two hands and squeezes the muscles, her own body tensing with the effort as she jams her firm breasts against his back. She then reaches between his legs with one hand and grabs his balls. Gently, she rolls and fondles the two swollen organs in her hands. The man sways from side to side, on the verge of passing out. She reaches further and runs her fingernails up the underside of his persistently erect cock. The man moans painfully; his hips thrusting back and forth, actuated by the Queen's inciting ministrations.

A wicked laugh escapes the Queen's lips. She grasps the man's cock and pulls it back between his legs. The man bends over at the waist to lessen the pressure. The Queen pulls up harder on his cock, wedging it between the cheeks of his ass. Not having any other escape from his agony, the man leaps in the air and performs a forward flip. The Queen is forced to release his cock as the chain

between his ankles strikes her arm. Several guards move in and grab the prisoner as he pivots around to confront his torturer. His anger almost gets the better of him, but he realizes he would not outlive his actions. His huge shoulders slump as he surrenders to his better judgment. The Queen regards him with disdain, then returns to her throne.

“I had hoped there might be a little more spirit in him, but I can see he has already given up. I doubt he would be able to fulfill me. Coward. Give him his woman and let’s see if any of these hulks have what it takes.”

The Creation walks over to the prisoner and pushes him towards the group assembled around the Queen.

“You heard the Queen. Select your partner for the judging.”

He hesitates and then walks up to the foot of the throne. The Queen laughs. “Don’t even think about it, fool. You’ve lost your chance this go around. You’ve got plenty to prove before you get this far.”

The prisoner looks around at the rest of the people and sees the maid who distributed the lotion. He nods in her direction. The Queen follows his glance and sees who he has chosen.

“Very well. She shall be the decider of your fate. Don’t be so sure she will be sympathetic to your cause, however.”

The prisoner nods again in the maid’s direction, confirming his choice. The maid smiles and moves to his side.

“Now, for the rest of you.” she indicates the remaining prisoners. “We have a selection of my hardest, firmest, toughest female gladiators. Each of them, I can tell you, would just as soon

cut your nuts off as look at you. There'll be more to survive here than just a little copulation." She claps her hands.

Four enormously muscled women, each girded with a leather thong, enter through the central arch. Their hard, firm breasts project proudly from their pectorals and their thick, muscular thighs give little doubt to their power. They are preceded by a male slave who carries five iron rods, four feet in length. Each ends in a 'T' handle a foot long. He inserts them into holes in the floor spaced four feet apart. The four gladiators and the maid move to the 'T' bars and, standing several feet away, lean over and grab onto the handles. "There is no object to this next contest. I will simply observe the reactions of these women. If any of you are able to offer them satisfaction, I will make note of it. Have them choose one."

The Creation pushes the captives towards the women. They scuffle across the floor, dragging their chains along. Each moves up behind one of the women, their hot, hard cocks looking like they would jump right off their bodies and plunge deep within the enticing depths looming before them. The women point their asses at the men's cocks and weave back and forth, as if hypnotizing them with their actions. One by one, the men remove the minuscule garments of their intended and toss them aside. The sight of bare flesh, the deep crease between full, firm cheeks, the full lips of each vagina pull the cocks towards the women as if by magnetism. Each man grabs the length of his shaft with one hand and places the other on the back of the woman before him. They all face the Queen and await her command.

Now the women become agitated as they await their opportunity to have their cocks. They twitch and shake, using all their will-power to keep from plunging themselves back against the

waiting rods of man-flesh. The Queen holds her hand in the air, casually, almost forgotten as she enjoys the torment to which she is subjecting them. She turns her eyes towards The Creation and beckons him to her. She will not drop her hand until he joins her.

He knows that he will find release with the activities which are about to take place. His huge cock presses firmly against his tunic. He crosses to the Queen and stands before her. With one hand still suspended in the air, she reaches with the other to the front of his garment, pulls it off his body in one motion, revealing his hard, swollen member. She drops her hand, signaling the group to begin, as she grabs the thick monster before her and draws it towards her cunt.

Her hips raise off the seat of the throne and thrust toward The Creation's long, hard penis. Six distended cocks slowly slide deep inside six moist, hot cunts. Twelve pairs of hips thrust toward each other and twelve throats roar with the power of all their pent-up fury. When each cunt has accommodated itself to its contents twelve bodies covered with straining, bulging, swelling muscles begin to pound against each other, racing toward a common goal as if their lives depended on it.

The five prisoners are having varied, yet positive, effects on their mates. Each has a different technique and is attempting to arouse the woman before him to the highest peak. For the moment, the Queen is very involved with the thick cock thrusting powerfully inside her. As The Creation leans towards her, she grabs the back of his neck and pulls herself to him. He lifts her, his biceps bulging, and begins to lift and drop her off and on his cock. Within seconds the Queen is shuddering with her first orgasm. Seconds later, The Creation screams as his cock fires its hot load within her. the Queen

does not want him to stop; she forces herself against him and continues to fuck his cock. At first The Creation thinks he will rest, but the Queen's actions soon have him thrusting hard against her once more. He lowers her back into her seat, grabs the arms of the throne and begins slamming his pelvis hard to her, eliciting short, sharp staccatoed cries which straddle the line between anguish and elation.

Each of the five prisoners have been driven to achieve an orgasm a piece, but their partners still are wanting for relief. With a sense of desperation that seems to override any desire to elicit data for the Queen's need, they each strain hard against their mates, expending great amounts of energy to attain their goals. The men are uninspiring lovers, their performance a hindrance rather than beneficial to their cause. The women's efforts are Sisyphean, for the harder they push themselves, the more aroused the men become, causing them to orgasm, which breaks the rhythm and forces a period of recovery, and the long climb up the mountain begins again.

The activities of the twelve have an effect on the other members of the group. People begin to partner off with who ever seems to be closest and within minutes the whole room is a heaving mass of thick muscles, full breasts, lunging hips and swollen cocks filling various orifices to various depths. If The Creation has had another orgasm, he has given no sign of it. The huge penis continues to drive forcefully inside the Queen, her cries becoming more desperate with each succeeding orgasm. It is obvious she is climbing towards some peak of experience which has been her goal all along. The closer she gets, the higher she gets, the more frantic she becomes.

Pleas and cries now fill the air. Not only from the Queen but everyone else, as well. The five captives are having moderate success with their efforts and several of the women are giving signs of actual enjoyment. A rhythm seems to overtake everyone and soon the thrusts of each body lock together and the cries and grunts and moans and shrieks hit a common pace. The tempo increases. The sound increases. The pitch increases. The Queen seems close to her desired goal.

Suddenly, the Creation breaks step and flies off at such a frenzied pace that it is certain he is near his end. In desperation, the Queen yells at him not to stop. He can't help himself. His hips begin to pound against her so fast they can hardly be seen. A sound comes from deep in his throat, grows in volume and pitch and then explodes from him as his hips jerk and flail in one final, violent, orgasmic paroxysm which lasts for several moments. The Queen tries to drive herself toward her goal in spite of his loss of control, but before she realizes her own end, the Creation's body stiffens, sways forward for a moment and then falls back to the floor. His amazing, long cock quickly deflates, droops over his balls, and hangs between his legs.

The Queen is frozen for a moment, not able or willing to accept her partner's abandonment. She suddenly screams like a banshee and leaps from her throne onto the man's body. Her hips thrust against his helpless cock as she swears oaths.

"Get up, damn it. You can't stop. Not now. Finish me, God damn it. Finish me or I'll finish you."

She pounds her fists on his massive chest. She pounds her hips on his massive cock. She shakes him and slaps him, but it is to no avail. After a few minutes, she calms down, realizing everyone is

looking at her. They are all frozen in the act of various forms of copulation, cunnilingus and fellatio. In a second wave of fury, she runs about the room pulling partners apart.

“Who told you to do that? Who gave you permission. No one. I mean no one. No one gets it until I do. Worthless. Let go of her. Get away from him. Spit that out. Now. Now. Now.”

Her anger drains from her as she finds her way back to her throne. She stands between the legs of her fallen lover and shakes her head in disappointment.

“Too bad. You could have made us all very happy. Very happy.”

She reaches out with a foot and gives the Creation’s cock a gentle kick. His body trembles. She pulls her foot back as if to swing wildly at his testicles, but at the last instant decides otherwise.

“Get a bucket of water,” she commands.

Two guards disengage themselves from their partners and run off, returning quickly with a wooden bucket.

“Throw it on him.”

They comply.

The Creation jerks back to consciousness, sitting bolt upright, having no knowledge of his close brush with injury. He shakes his head and looks up at the Queen. At first he grins with satisfaction, but her expression of hate and disdain makes him realize his failure.

The Queen turns to the group of Searchers who are, themselves, entangled in various activities. She decides to vent her rage on them, instead.

“You call these men? I’ve whipped up better in a bowl of soup.” She indicates the soaking wet form of the man lying at her feet. “You have wasted my time and my resources, and I am fed up

with the lot of you. Not one of these could make a gnat cum, much less myself. Get rid of them. Send them to the caves and yourselves with them.”

Several of the Searchers move as if to protest, but the Queen swells her body and dares one of them to defy her. In the end, the Searchers exit with their guards and captives.

The Queen casts her eye around the room. “Where is the Captain of the Searchers? Has he not found a way to tame the beast he has brought me?”

No one responds. She turns to one of her throne attendants. “Go see what’s keeping him. If he has failed to bring me one who can satisfy me, at least his fat cock will make for some interesting diversion.”

The attendant moves to obey, but there is suddenly a huge commotion outside the center arch. Several voices are heard yelling, and then there is the sound of a fight. It sounds as though several men are receiving the brunt of someone’s anger. In the end, the Captain’s voice is heard ordering others to “hold him down, but don’t damage him.” The scuffling subsides and then the Captain enters through the arch.

He approaches the throne and bows low before the Queen. She barely acknowledges his presence. He notes the slight, but does not seem to take offense.

“Your highness.”

“Where have you been?”

“As you might guess, I’ve had certain difficulties bringing you the fruit of my search.”

“Perhaps I should have sent someone more suited to the task.”

“Your highness humbles me with her concern. But I would not have expended so much time and energy if I were not sure you would be pleased with the results.”

“Results? You talk about results? It is failure that you now present me with. Is this how you show your respect for your Queen?”

“I had hoped that the assemblage of muscularity which my men had presented to you would have been sufficient enough to please you. I fear I have misjudged your capacity.”

“Misjudged? Misjudged!? You dared to hold the measure of my needs against those of the sexual worms your men have presented here? Perhaps a quick bit of surgery would bring your ego back into line.”

“Your Highness. I have only tried to do my best. The fault is not in my ego, but only in my understanding. We travel long and hard to bring you the finest the outer territories have to offer. We are all road weary and exhausted.”

The Queen’s anger is diffused by his ingratiating manner. “But I have yet to be fulfilled. Is there not a man in this world who can satisfy me?”

“Your Highness, as I said, I am guilty of having misjudged your needs. There is one more offering I have. If you will allow me, I know you will be, at the least, intrigued.”

“If the slaves your men have brought me can’t even satisfy my women, how can you hope to provide me with even an intriguing diversion?”

“That, Your Highness, is all I can do. Hope. Will you allow me?”

“What do you have?”

“I’m afraid I know very little about him. He will not speak. He is actually rather defiant. I have had to keep him with the horses, day and night, for fear he would cause trouble with the others.”

“He is the one seen drawing your cart?”

“Yes, Your Highness. He is quite powerful.”

“Power is one thing. It is fulfillment I seek.”

“May I say that, all modesty aside, even my rather prodigious assets pale in comparison.”

“You intrigue me, Captain. But all the power and glory in the world is still not enough. There must be something more. Something deeper.”

“If Your Highness will allow me, I will show him to you and let you be the judge.”

“Very well. But be mindful of my patience. It has been worn fairly thin by insufficient goods and deeds. I will tolerate no more disappointments.”

“Just take a few minutes to see for yourself. If you are still uninterested, I shall depart without further *adieu*.”

The Queen turns to her throne and sits with a haughty plop.

“Very well. You have this one last chance to redeem yourself. If you fail, do not be found within the boundaries of my land again, for it shall be the last time we shall encounter each other. Of that you may be sure. And of that I shall be sure.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

The Captain claps his hands. There is a commotion from behind the arch and four of The Captain’s guards escort in the prisoner at knife- and spearpoint. He is again wearing the yoke, his hands

chained to the ends of it. He is disheveled and filthy, but there is an energy which everyone senses immediately. He stands in the arch and sweeps the room with his gaze, taking the measure of each person, weighing them against himself, determining his future against those around him.

His bright, penetrating eyes, so at odds with the state of his appearance, rest finally and firmly on the Queen. He knows this is where his future will be decided. And it is against her that he judges himself. In a flash, he sees there is no one present his equal. He has already won.

The Queen is fascinated, unquestionably. She is also insulted by his attitude, though she does not realize the extent or source of it. His body is as large as most of the men present. The shoulders that support the yoke are wide and powerful. The arms that extend from within the fabric of his simple tunic are thickly veined and muscled. His legs, hard and massive, are only teasingly visible. His tunic hangs down almost to his knees.

She turns to The Captain and gives him a look, "This is fine. A handsome specimen, to be sure. What makes you think that a pretty face and a few large muscles will be able to fill my needs?"

"Your Highness! Would I have wasted the valuable time of your gracious self along with all those here in attendance, not to mention my own, just to show you a lump of well-developed muscles? Certainly you can see that here, every day, in your own collection of servants. No, Your Highness. Not only have I captured for you a staggering assemblage of highly developed musculature, but, contained within the meager garment this man wears, I have provided for your perusal a specimen of man-flesh which will attempt to reach the deepest reaches of your desires."

The Queen gets caught up in his words. She presses her crotch against one of the Captain's thickly muscled thighs, sliding up and down its thickness. Her hand tarries on his hard abdomen and wanders across the front of his bulging loincloth.

"Tell me, Captain. When you reveal this man to me, shall I see anything which might compare to your own prodigious shaft?"

"Your Highness flatters my unworthy self with your memories of me. But as you know, it is my policy to let the merchandise speak for itself. Surely you do not think I would compete against my own product?"

"Let's put it this way, Captain. If I don't find what I want over there, I may just have to go looking here instead." Her last words were accented by a painful grasp of The Captain's crotch.

"Your Highness honors me with her attentions." He gingerly pulls her hand away from his cock and kisses a knuckle, stroking it fondly. "I hope that, one way or another, you will not be disappointed."

The Queen flashes him a look laced with too many emotions not to be staggering. The Captain cringes as he reflects on the nature of her feelings.

"If Your Highness will permit me?"

"You try me too much."

"Please indulge me for one more minute. Then, I am at your command."

The Queen nods condescendingly. The Captain signals to his men. One of them produces a key which releases the Man's hands from the yoke. It is lifted off his shoulders and suddenly the weight of it is apparent as two men struggle to support what the enslaved

Man had borne with little difficulty. He rubs his wrists to regain circulation and the motion makes his pectorals and upper arms swell in size beneath the tunic. He shakes his hands a few times and assumes a pose of restful readiness, his eyes still fast on the Queen. The Captain signals again and two of his guards reach up and grab the tunic at the neck hole. With a sudden jerk, they tear the material away.

The other prisoners had been pumped and bulging. Their veins pressed against taut skin. They sweated and trembled as they held themselves tense, attempting to impress their potential mistress. Here is none of that.

This Man stands tall and proud, relaxed and alert. But even in this state he is bigger. He is more powerful. He is seething with power.

And, hanging from his pelvis, where the others had been so hard, so ready, so eager, is a rope of man-flesh, thick, dark, perfect in every proportion, loose and long. So very, very long. Its large head hangs just inches from the top of his knee caps. Behind it, two massive testicles are suspended in a loose, smooth scrotum that extends almost halfway down the length of the gigantic cock.

He does not move, except to breathe. His huge chest and abdomen expand to fill with air and silently expel it. There is not a tense muscle on his body, and yet he is still as big, as defined, as well-proportioned in this state as any of the others were when at their tensest.

The Queen approaches him. She reaches out to touch his left pectoral, but something in his gaze stops her. She pulls her hand away and then becomes angered for having let him affect her thus. She walks around him, trying to judge him more critically, but with

each passing moment she becomes more taken by him. She is, finally, humbled.

“There is, of course, the offer of...wasn’t it one thousand pieces of gold, your highness”

“That is correct.” she responds hoarsely. She can not take her eyes off the Man before her.

“Perhaps I might sweeten the deal.”

“If that were possible.”

“There is a girl.”

For the first time the Man reacts. His eyes flicker momentarily towards the Captain. It is quick, but they both notice it.

“Go on.”

“When we captured this one, he was, how should one say, involved. With a most exquisite creature whose talents I had the pleasure of sampling. As you sense, there is something about this Man. It may be said that birds of a feather...If you catch my drift.”

“And this Woman? Where is she?”

“She escaped my guards. It seems she has some magic, for she vanished before our eyes. I would suspect she has designs on rescuing her lover. I have heard of bonds between such lovers. They hold great magic in their union. Their downfall is that they cannot resist each other. Their strength and power comes from their coupling. Can you imagine possessing two such fine specimens? Quite a source of entertainment.”

“Very well, Captain. You have your reward. We shall keep an eye out for the other half of the matched pair.” She claps her hands. “Bring the Captain his gold.”

A sack is brought and The Captain peers inside. Though not wanting to anger the Queen by impugning her honesty, he does try to ascertain that the contents are somewhat close to what was promised. Feigning satisfaction despite his distrustful nature, he thanks the Queen and withdraws to join the crowd, himself curious as to what will transpire.

The Man gazes about indifferently at the people assembled, as though their presence means nothing to him. He returns his gaze to the Queen and continues to take her measure, as she does his.

“What are you called?” she asks.

He acts as though she had not spoken. She becomes angry at his insolence.

She slaps his face. “I asked you a question. What is your name?”

Again he refuses to respond, and his lack of concern for her reaction angers her even more.

“Perhaps you do not understand what has happened here. I own you.”

He finally speaks. “I am owned by no one.”

“You did not see me give The Captain one thousand pieces of gold for you?”

“You gave him gold. But you did not buy me.”

“I could have you killed.”

“Then you would have wasted your money and my time.”

“How dare you.” She slaps his face again. “No one speaks to me that way.”

“You are wrong.”

“I...” she sputters in anger. “He said you were difficult. But better men than you have been brought to heel.”

“Then they were not men.”

“And you are?”

“I am only myself. I need no measure to know my worth.”

“It is not you who should be concerned with your worth. You have been brought here to please me. And it is my measure which will determine the value of your life.”

“Then you have already lost your money.”

The Queen turns from him in anger and paces towards her throne. She starts to sit, but is too agitated. She continues around the back of the throne and towards the Man again.

“I will not argue with you. I have only one thing I need from you, and it is not your insolence. You are here to serve me. To satisfy my needs. If you will not do it willingly, then we shall show you ways of making you do it anyway.”

The Man has returned to silence. They stare at each other for a time, he remaining cool, she becoming more riled by the second. She finally breaks free of his gaze and calls to her guards.

“Bring in the weight. There is little need to waste time on more subtle measures.”

Two low platforms are wheeled in, each holding a large stack of heavy metal plates. Out of the floor before the throne rise two tripods, three point three-four meters apart, each two meters tall, capped by a pulley. The platforms are placed on the outboard sides of the tripods and two guards each attach a cable to the top of each stack of weights, then run it through the pulley.

The Man is shoved forward by the guards until he stands between the tripods. As he walks, his long cock swings wildly, slapping against each thigh as he steps. A short chain and shackle is attached to the floor beside each of his feet and then secured around each of his ankles, holding them apart enough that his long cock and pendulous balls swing free between his legs. The guards fit special gloves over his hands, each having a metal loop on the back of them. Two teams then pull the cables taut and attach the clip on the free end of each cable to the loops on the gloves. When they release their hold, the stacks of metal hang only a few inches off their platforms.

The Man now stands with his arms outstretched and, for the first time, the massive size of his muscles can be seen. He tests the weight, pulling the cables together, and his biceps and pectorals explode in size. The weights move up a small distance and then he relaxes. The Queen approaches and walks triumphantly around him, surreptitiously admiring the sight before her. She returns to her throne and sits.

“Perhaps you are not familiar with what we are doing here, so I will tell you. By holding your arms outstretched we will, eventually, make it very hard for you to breathe. The reason we put you on weights, instead of just attaching you to stationary points, is so that we may watch the futility of your struggle against this weight, as breathing becomes more difficult.”

The Man bends his arms and easily brings his hands together. He extends them again, showing very little strain, though his muscles have swelled to the bursting point.

“So I see we need to add a bit more persuasive power. Thank you for showing us our oversight.”

More weight is brought in and placed on the top of each stack.

“We will continue to add weight until it either becomes too difficult for you or you decide that you would rather perform your duties.”

Again he tests himself against the weight. It is more difficult, but he still manages to touch his hands together. The Queen angrily commands that twice as much weight be added as the last time. Four men enter with plates and place them. The Man’s body begins to strain, and he flexes his muscles against the added burden. After taking a couple of deep breaths, he closes his eyes and, with one slow, smooth motion, again pulls his hands together. He extends his arms and looks at the Queen with complete lack of concern.

All this time his enormous cock is hanging loosely between his legs, swing hypnotically back and forth, to and fro. It does not change its state, but there is no doubt as to the dimensions it would attain, given the proper stimulus. Already many of the onlookers are beginning to become affected by the sight before them. Men’s loincloths are becoming distended yet again, women are rubbing their thighs together. And all around the room, there is not a single nipple which does not ache with erectness.

“One more plate on each arm ought to do it. Then we shall only have to wait.” She claps her hands and two more plates are brought. When they are placed, the Man tests himself against the weight, but this time does not bring his hands together. After straining against the mass, he relaxes and a look of finality and resolve rests on his face.

“I see we have discovered your limit. Good. I suspect it won’t be long now.”

He looks at her one final time, then closes his eyes. His breathing becomes deeper and fuller. He draws in huge breaths through his nose and exhales them through his mouth. With each breath his muscles swell larger and larger until they appear to test the strength of his skin. Veins and tendons and sinews press hard from within and his whole body seems to double in size. With one final breath, he tightens the muscles in his arms and across his chest, on his shoulders and down the sides of his torso, across the expanse of his abdomen and down into his massive thighs. Almost imperceptibly at first, he begins to draw his hands together. Centimeter by centimeter they move towards each other. And with each passing measure, the girth of his muscles grows more and more.

At first the Queen thinks he is only straining to maintain, but it soon becomes obvious that he is succeeding, once again, to bring his hands together. She tries to be angry, but the incredible sight before her holds her in awe. He is so large, so powerful, so sure. And so long. And getting longer.

“Oh my God! He’s getting hard,” someone whispers.

A murmur runs through the crowd of people and several of the gathered can no longer control themselves. Though no one dares defy the Queen again openly, they furtively press their hands against the various parts of their bodies that are beginning to crave attention. His breathing is regular and deep. His abdomen expands and contracts as the diaphragm draws precious oxygen in and expels the waste. His huge cock, until recently a loose, dangling rope of flesh, is slowly becoming stiff. It’s girth increases with each breath he takes. It swells quickly, becoming huge and dark, rising slowly, as though seeking out some prey. His pectorals are now swollen to

twice their relaxed state and the nipples on the lower, outer curves are hard, long and erect. With each passing moment he becomes more and more...everything. His face, relaxed and calm, holds a visage of beauty the dirt of the road cannot hide. Sweat begins to drip from his forehead, carrying away the grime that covers him. Dark streaks run down his body, passing over huge mounds of muscle. Soon he is covered with sweat and his body shines. His pecs continue to swell as his hands come closer. This time, he does not bend his elbows completely, but keeps his arms extended before him. This causes his pecs to swell even more.

His cock is now completely rigid. As he adjusts the position of his body against the weight it sways back and forth like a swordsman taking the measure of his weapon before the attack. The head is now almost twice the girth of the shaft and is turning a deep, rich vermilion. His scrotum is tightening, drawing his balls up against the base of the shaft.

A small drop of moisture appears on the slit of the Man's cock. It grows larger and then drops to the floor to mingle with the pools of perspiration pouring off his body. Another drop appears immediately, grows quickly and drips to the ground. And another, quicker, larger. Before too long his cock is leaking fluid which tells of a great pressure building up within. And, though it was thought his cock could get no larger, no harder, no more potent, it now appears to be doing just that. As his biceps and pecs swell under the strain of the effort, his cock becomes so erect that it begins to rise towards his abdomen. Soon it is raised to a forty-five degree angle; a smile fights at the edges of his lips. The Man's cock begins to throb and bounce and the fluid now runs from the slit and down the length

of his cock in a steady stream. It flows down the front of his scrotum and then drips to the floor beneath him.

The Queen, as well as every one else in the room, is transfixed. No one is making the slightest attempt to hide their desires. People are pulling their clothes off left and right, revealing erect cocks, swollen lips, aching balls and hard nipples. Some find relief by rubbing against the nearest solid object. Others attend to themselves with their own hands. Some merely stand and watch, even their own painful condition forgotten as they watch the Man before them.

The Man's hands are now closer together than the width of his massive shoulders. His pecs are now two swollen melons of strength divided by a deep ravine of straining sinew. His huge biceps bulge towards the outer edges of his pectorals, their peaks beginning to brush the hard nubs of flesh that hang from the lower curve of each. He now begins to bend his arms at the elbows, bringing his hands closer together. The huge piles of weights sway from the cables. The pulleys creak with the pressure of the weight.

The Queen gasps. His scrotum is beginning to churn ferociously. The skin expands and contracts in waves as if massaging the huge balls within. The base of his cock swells larger and his hips begin to thrust back and forth. She tries to speak, but is mesmerized by the sight. Though it didn't seem possible, his cock has expanded once again, filled with so much blood it is almost standing straight up against his stomach. The tip reaches to just below the curves of his pecs. His abdominals begin to flex and writhe as his hips move faster. The steady stream of fluid from his slit now starts to run like a faucet.

Just as his hands near each other, the Queen shouts, "He's cumming!"

There is a loud clap as his hands meet. It is followed by a deep roar that grows to a deafening level. At its loudest, his cock explodes with huge torrents of cum that fly far across the room, some of them hitting the Queen. It seems to go on forever, as his huge balls churn out volley after volley of hot, sticky liquid. At the same time, every cock in the room spews forth with a load and every cunt swells and runs with proof of their own attainment.

When the roar subsides and the flow of cum dwindles to a trickle, his body shudders one last time, bringing up one final load of the pearly juice.

No one moves. They're not sure what just happened. The Man's cock is still as hard as before. He slowly bends his arms until his elbows are fully extended to his side, his hands against his pectorals. Then, with great effort and biceps swelling, he extends his hands out fully, allowing the weights to again hang almost to the floor. When he has completely relaxed, he smiles. It is only then that his massive cock begins to soften.

The Queen is the first to break the spell. She is livid.

"You will not have sex with me, but you will shoot off into the air? How dare you insult me. There will be no comfort from your labors. That cock will drive me to fulfillment or you will die, do you hear me?"

She is again met with the calm, steady gaze which continues to infuriate her. She marches over to him and steps right up to his face.

"I will not have to ask you. You will soon be begging me for my favors. Then we shall see who is the winner."

With a slight shrug of the shoulders, the Man begins to draw his hands together again. She stares in amazement for a moment, but his actions only add fuel to her fire.

“Enough! Lock him up until we decide the proper course of action. Let me know if he has a change of mind.”

The Creation approaches her, making no attempt to hide his own swollen member. “Yes, Your Highness. And if I may be permitted, perhaps I might find some way of persuading him.”

“Do as you like, but don’t damage him. Scarred or broken, he’s of no use to us.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

The Queen scans the room and sees the Captain of the Searchers. She signals for him to approach.

“Yes, your highness.”

“For the time being, it seems our guest will not be as accommodating as we had hoped. That leaves me somewhat... unfulfilled. I have need of your thickness. You will accompany me.”

“Shouldn’t her highness be resting up for her anticipated encounter?”

“Her Highness should be doing whatever she pleases. And right now she pleases to have your fat cock and hard body. You will accompany me.”

She leaves the room, followed by her entourage and a slightly anxious Captain of the Searchers.

The Creation summons four guards who release the Man from the apparatus, leaving the chains attached to his ankles. His arms, swollen from his efforts, drop heavily to his side. His pectorals are now filled with blood, the muscles pumped to their limit, full and round and powerful. His cock hangs, semi-soft. It swings back and forth, the sound of its mass making slapping noises as it beats against his thighs and swollen, low-hanging balls.

The guards escort him at spearpoint to the door beneath the raised level of the Queen's chambers. The Creation follows them. As they pass through the door, the lights fade.



CHAPTER 60: REUNION

This isn't funny. I'd better get ahold of myself or this is going to be a much more interesting evening than I thought. And that isn't necessarily good.

Six-fifty

Twenty-four hours ago I was trying hard not to ram myself against the nearest available upright. Now I'm too nervous to even get an erection. What about the food? Stop worrying about the food. These are your friends, you're not opening up a restaurant. They're here to see you. I hope they are. God, I can feel myself slipping away here. I've got so much anxiety about this, I can't just let it happen. Just let it happen. It will just happen. Go for the now. Don't try to tell it what's going to happen.

Six-fifty-two

Shit! Maybe I should make some more ice cubes. Was it Sam who took ice or Ed? Must have been Ed. I never knew what Sam took. Hours. That's how long we knew each other. Not days. Not years. Not centuries. It just seems that way. Cool it. Take it easy. Just like you tell everyone else: Don't forget to breathe. How do I look? Forget how you look. When have you ever worried about how you look? These people don't care what you look like. Or rather, they all ready know what you look like. Really look like. And what about them? Are they still wonderful? Do they still care? Are they still angry? Were they ever angry? Got to get that out of the way first thing. Whatever it is they think, I've got to know.

Six-fifty-four

This is worse than yesterday. Yesterday I wanted to slam my way through the wall. Today I want to melt my way through the floor. I wonder who lives downstairs from me? Think they'll mind extra company dripping through their kitchen ceiling for dinner? And I'm not going to look out the window again to see if they're here. I don't even know what direction they would be driving from. Maybe they're walking up the beach. Or down the beach. Which is which, anyway? Probably from the south. That's the way Ed headed yesterday after talking to Chris. And Chris. What about her? She seemed awfully distant on the phone. Said she had one helluva headache. Maybe just the residual affect from her date last night. Was he that good? Lucky her. Lucky him. But she didn't seem like I thought she would. There I go, telling everyone what they should be feeling.

Six-fifty-seven

How do I look? Stop it! The food. The drinks. The music. Music. Forgot to put the music on...The door. It's them. Never mind the music. They're here. I'm shaking. For God's sake, now I'm getting a hard-on. Great! The door's stuck. No, it's locked. No, the other way. Slow down. And breathe, for God's sake.

Sam sure has been quiet. I hope she's all right with this. After all these years. I'm not even going to ask how she knew what building he lives in. But how did she know? Looks like we're going to be a bit early. I hope Arnie doesn't mind. Of course he doesn't. That's the one thing I remember most about him. No rules. I feel like I'm about to get on some roller coaster or something. Did I bring the video tapes? Yeah. They're in my backpack. I wonder if he'll even remember all this stuff. So long ago. But Ivan made me swear

to make sure he got them. Can't believe he even let me walk out of the building with them. Never let anyone else. But that's our Arnie. And I can't believe all the people who still remember him, too. Not that our performance wasn't memorable; our record still stands. It's a good thing I learned so much of this "holding people inside me" stuff from him. Sure is crowded in here with all those memories everyone sent.

"How you doin', Sam?"

"I'm okay. Just excited, that's all."

That's the third time Ed's asked me how I'm doing. Is it that obvious? Or is he just trying to cover up his own feelings? He really hasn't said much about this since Arnold called. I don't know if he's hiding something or just trying to stay out of my way, emotionally. I guess the fact that he hopped on the first plane and came home from Ivan's is a pretty good indication of how he feels. I just wish he would talk about it more; their time together. He was never real clear, either to me or himself, how he felt when Arnold left ten years ago. Of course, neither was I. Hell, I'm not sure if I'm real certain about how I feel about it now.

"Sixth floor, right?"

"Yeah. That's what he said on the phone."

"How was his voice?"

"He sounded a little nervous; a little anxious."

"Well, he's got nothing to worry about from me."

I hope.

"Or me."

I hope.

"Funky elevator."

“It’d be weird to get stuck or something, being this close,. After all this time.”

“Yeah. All this time.”

This is too weird. I feel like some kind of dam is about to break and I’m standing there with my thumb stuck in the hole, unable to pull it out. Like that little Dutch boy. What was his name? Hans Brinker? Or was that the kid with the skates. Who was that cute guy who played him in the movie? Kurt Russell?

“We’re here.”

“Huh? Oh yeah. Look at that. The door opened and everything. You sure it stopped at the right floor?”

“Ed?”

“Yeah, Sam?”

“I love you very, very much.”

“That goes for me, as well. I love you, Sam.” Just needed to say that, I guess.

“I just needed to say that.”

“Me, too.”

Mmmm. She kisses so good. Have I ever told her how much I love the way she kisses? She can probably guess. Ah, man! What a stupid time for an erection. After all these years and the first thing Arnie’s gonna see is my big dick trying to make the great escape. I think she’s doing this on purpose. Probably thinks I’m trying to keep my distance here so they can get reacquainted.

“You doin’ that on purpose?”

“What?”

“That. Making me look like some eighth grader staring at the boy’s shower at gym.”

“You used to do that, too?”

“Yeah, but only ‘cuz I couldn’t get the key to the girl’s. We’re looking for number six-oh-seven, right?”

“Yes. This is it. Hold my hand please, Ed.”

“Only if you hold mine, please.”

“He...ah...seems to be having a little trouble with the door knob.”

“Just moved in. Probably not used to it yet.”

“You don’t suppose he’s nervous or something, do you?”

“Arnie? Nervous? Not Arn. There, see? It’s opening.”

Oh, my God, he’s got a hard-on.

Oh, my God, he’s got a hard-on.

Oh, my God, I’ve got a hard-on. They’re both so beautiful. Someone say something...please. I can’t...So beautiful. Sam. Ed.

Arnie.

Arnie.

Maybe if I step aside, they’ll be able to come in. Yup, that worked. Should I ask them if they want something to...Oh, God. Yes. Oh, so strong. So hot. I can’t...I’m crying.

I’m crying.

They’re both crying. Two grown men. And me, too. Why are we wearing clothes? Get these silly things off. I want these guys. Now.

“Hey, Stud. Is that a swimming pool on your pant-leg or are you just happy to see us?”

“I ruin more clothes that way. Let me go change.”

CHAPTER 60: REUNION

“I’ve got a better idea.”

“Yeah. Allow us.”

CHAPTER 61: FLASHBACK

Lights up.

The portion of the set beneath the Queen's chamber has rotated, again revealing the cell beneath.

Four guards enter with the massive Man between them. They attach the Man's ankle chains to the floor so that he faces the door, then gather his hands and lock them into a pair of manacles attached to a chain. This they attach to a hook imbedded in the ceiling.

The Creation enters and watches the proceedings. When they are completed he gives them a curt nod.

"Leave us."

The guards go, shutting the cell door behind them.

The Man's broad shoulders and back taper down to a narrow waist and hard, firm ass. Below and between his huge and widely spread legs hang the Man's massive testicles and long, flaccid cock. His huge thighs are swollen with muscle and the backs of his calves are full and round.

The Creation walks around the Man twice, studying him, prodding him, feeling him. Each exploration becomes more insistent until he is engaging his entire body. His own huge muscles, as well as the huge cock which rigidly protrudes from his groin, enlarge as his actions become more vigorous. Soon he is pressing himself into the Man's powerful physique. He digs and claws and rubs and slides himself against the thick muscularity. When he has gone on for several minutes, he stops and looks at the Man's enormous genitals. They still hang loose and flaccid between his massive thighs. He pushes himself away in frustration.

“How do you do it?”

The Man does not acknowledge his presence, much less that a question has been asked.

The Creation walks to the front of the Man and stares him straight in the eye, as if looking for his answer there. He realizes he will discover nothing, so he drops his eyes again to the massive tool which hangs before him. He reaches for it, takes the shaft in his hand and raises it. The motions of his arm indicate that he is attempting to stimulate it. He tries for several moments, but when he releases it, the huge cock hangs as loose and unaffected as before.

“Your control is quite admirable. But you must know that, in the end, it will get you nothing but dead.”

There is still no response.

“I shouldn’t admit this, but many people here are affected by your actions. In that way, you have great power.”

“Power is not had, but given.”

“And at this moment, the Queen has given you a good deal of it. Over her. Over me. Over all those out there. And over you.”

“Perhaps the Queen should not be so generous.”

“Ah! It is one of her faults, I’m afraid. Especially when she gets these urges which she can not seem to satisfy.”

“She places too much value on the efforts of others. It is only herself who can reach the goal she has set.”

“But she has determined that you are her goal. And so, you see, the power rests with you. For, until the Queen has her way, none of us may find any relief.”

“Why do you let her command you to do this, if no one wants it?”

“It is not a matter of wanting or not. Her magic, while not powerful enough to conquer her own problems, is quite potent enough to control us. You will have noticed, I’m sure, the only time the rest of us were even able to move towards some kind of release was when she was directing her energies towards your own amazing display.”

“Again I say, power is not had, but given. Why do you give her such power over you?”

The Creation pauses for a moment, then shrugs his shoulders. “Because she is the Queen.”

“And...?”

“She is the Queen.”

“Then you are lost.”

The Creation thinks on this, but sees no solution, and so passes over it as though it were something on his plate he would not like to eat.

“None of this has anything to do with your situation. The fact still remains that until you get that big cock of yours hard and send Her Highness soaring to what ever heights she imagines you can send her, we are all suffering.”

The Man returns to silence. The Creation shrugs again, seeing that his line of reasoning has had little affect on the huge Man.

“Very well. Whether or not anyone else gets any around here, I’m certainly not going to put up with it much longer. The Queen thinks I’m down here trying to persuade you. She has told me I may do anything as long as I don’t damage you. If I can not persuade you to change your mind, and I am not stupid enough to think that I can,

then I shall, at least, make your stay here in our little dungeon as interesting as possible. For me.”

He moves to one side of the room and pulls a lever on the wall. A turntable on which the Man is standing rotates ninety degrees so he is now facing sideways. Next the Creation gets a ‘U’ shaped bar and sticks it into two holes in front of the Man. It stands only slightly higher than the Man’s groin.

The Man watches with interest. When he is sure the Creation is otherwise occupied, he glances at the pile of rags chained to the floor. As if in response to his attentions, the pile moves and a face, hidden in the shadows of its coverings, peers out at him. At first, he is curious, but then he seems to understand something. He smiles in the same way as before. He perceives a victory. He even affords himself a little chuckle.

The Creation turns to him. “Something in all this amuses you?”

The Man shakes his head. “Only that so much effort should be expended for so little return.”

The Creation approaches the huge Man, reaching once again for his massive genitals. He hefts the weight of the huge shaft in his hands, wraps his hand around its length and begins to squeeze. The muscles of his forearm expand, the veins on its surface press out against his taut skin. The Man tries valiantly to deny the pain, but it is too much. His knees buckle and he is suspended by the chain from above.

“You are too modest. If your little display out there for the Queen was any indication, I have little doubt the experience which I am preparing you for will be quite satisfactory.”

He releases the Man’s cock. It has begun to harden again.

“I see now what makes you react. The strain of your efforts against the weight. The pain I caused you here. That is the stimulation you can not resist. All the better. Let me see if I can create an irresistible inducement. I may have found the answer to the Queen’s dilemma. And mine.”

He removes the chain from the hook overhead and attaches it to a cable and winch on the opposite wall and begins to turn the handle. It’s gear ratio is low and it slowly takes up the slack chain until it is pulling the Man’s arms forward. It forces him to bend over the bar placed before him until his upper body is parallel to the floor. His semi-rigid cock extends out just below the bar and his hard, finely-shaped ass is held high.

The chain is drawn more taut until the muscles of the Man’s arms are straining. His huge deltoids pull against the force, becoming swollen in their effort. As the pull of the chain increases, his body swells as well as his cock. The Creation gives the winch one final turn and the Man lets out a groan of pain. His gigantic cock is now fully erect and presses against his abdomen. The Creation, whose own massive cock is painfully swollen, checks the connections between chain and Man, chain and winch. Satisfied with their security, he moves slowly around the Man, his hands running over the massive musculature.

He explores the Man’s bulging arms, the biceps and deltoids, the vast expanse of his back, the crevasses and valleys within the convolutions of his strength. He works his way around to the Man’s ass and, in a moment of desire, grabs each of the Man’s ass cheeks and squeezes them brutally. His body swells against the effort and he rams his cock against the two mounds of muscle. He pumps the head of his cock against the Man’s ass with no effort to penetrate,

but merely to feel his huge cock press against the strength and massiveness of this Man. His face is contorted in a grimace which straddles the boundary between agony and release. After several minutes of this, he releases himself from his self-created ecstasy. As he pulls away from the Man, he grabs his own cock and begins to milk its length. His face is a picture of agony. He stands before the Man, grabs his long, brown hair and pulls it back until the Man is looking directly at the head of the Creations swollen member.

“The Queen has cursed me. She says I will not find release until she is satisfied. It is magic which she is depending on. It is you she believes will have that magic. I intend to find out just how much magic there is here.”

The Man does not respond. The huge cock wavers before him. He waits for the Creation’s next move, though he is already certain as to what it will be.

“Does it make your mouth water?”

No response from the captive.

“What is it you want? How would you take me?”

After a pause the Man says in measured syllables, “Far less than what you desire.”

The Creation drops the Man’s head and reaches, instead, for the eleven-and-a-half inch shaft of flesh protruding from the Man’s groin; hard, dark, throbbing.

“Your body contradicts your mind. I see you are not beyond arousal.”

Fluid leaks from the head of the gargantuan phallus in response to its handling.

“Let’s see just how much you don’t want this.”

He grabs his own rigid member and slaps it hard against the Man's upturned ass. A shudder of pleasure rumbles through the Creation's body. Again he beats his aching cock against the full mounds of the Man's ass. He lets go of the Man's cock, positions himself behind the Man and swings his hips back and forth, beating his cock repeatedly until fluid is flowing from the slit in the dark, thick head and flying around the room.

The Man is becoming aroused by this aggression. His member is growing visibly thicker, as well. He pulls hard on the chain leading to the winch causing the muscles of his back and arms to pump and swell. Both of the massive bodies are soon covered with a sheen of sweat. The Creation jams his cock into the crack of the Man's ass and begins to rub himself back and forth, his hands pressing the hard ass cheeks around his cock causing his pecs and biceps to flex and bulge. His actions become more frantic until he reaches a point where mere friction will not do. He pulls away from the Man's ass. His cock is now so dark and swollen it is obvious how much agony he must be in. He grabs his own shaft, guides the head to the Man's ass crack and presses it to him. There is resistance, there is a moment of suspension, and then an instant of release. His cock sinks several inches into the Man's ass. His victim screams a mighty roar and thrashes about, trying to dislodge the intruder.

The Creation holds on with all his might and presses himself deeper. The effort of his attack along with that of fighting not to be unseated demands great effort resulting in his huge body swelling even more. He has the advantage, however, and presses further until his groin is firmly against the captive's ass. As the Creation's hips touch the skin of the Man's ass, the victim realizes that this round, at

least, has been lost. He now looks directly at the mound of ragged clothing chained to the wall. There is movement there again, but the Creation is too involved in his own efforts to notice.

The nine inch cock begins its thrusting drive towards satisfaction. At first the journey is slow and paced, the effect being relished for its own. But as the Creation becomes more involved, his thrusts become more frantic. He is thick. He is hard. He is very horny. He is close to release. He strains at the moment of orgasm, but something holds him back. His efforts become more labored, his breathing ragged. Thrust after pounding thrust drives him closer to agony, further from release. He gives one final shove against the huge Man's ass and collapses forward, onto the back extended before him. His chest heaves. His hips continue to flex against the imprisoning ass.

"Damn the Queen's curse. Damn her. My balls ache. My muscles ache. My mind aches. I will not be denied. I feel it. You have the power to release me from this curse."

He stands erect and slaps the Man's ass with his open hand. The Man shudders. His huge cock wavers in mid-air. It is leaking profusely. He pulls harder against the chain, a moan of pleasure escaping his lips. The Creation realizes what he is attempting. He grabs the Man's hair and pulls his head back.

"Oh, no you don't. You're not going anywhere without me. I don't know how you're doing this, but you're going to take me along for the ride. I've got two aching balls that say you will not live if you shoot without me."

"You forget the Queen's conditions."

"That matters not. If I don't get relief, I'll die anyway." He thrusts his hips hard against the Man. "You feel that? You feel that

power? I know you do. I was created by the Queen's magic. You feel it inside you? That power can go both ways. You want to cum? You want release? Then you had better do something for me, as well."

He releases the Man's hair. His hands caress the huge back, ass and thighs before him. "You are now as much a prisoner as I."

He reaches between the Man's legs and grabs the huge scrotum and its swollen contents.

"You think these ache now? Think how bad it'll be tomorrow. Or next week. Or next year. You may be outside the Queen's curse. I give you that. But your only way out is to bust it for both of us. Only that which is stronger than the Queen's magic can do that."

The pile of rags moves again. An arm extends upwards to where the chain holding it captive is attached to the wall. It pulls hard on the chain, its withered skin shaking loosely with the effort. It disappears back into the cloth.

The Creation again thrusts against the hard ass before him. He sets a rhythm for himself and drives hard and steady towards completion. Soon his eyes are closed, his head thrown back as he wills himself to experience release. A hand emerges from the pile of rags, but this time it is young and strong, thick with muscles. It tests the ring embedded in the wall, pulls once, twice, and then, with a mighty jerk, removes it from the wall. The Creation's grunts and moans indicate he will observe nothing.

Now the pile of rags begins to rise as the body within stands. When it is fully erect, the rags are shed revealing the Man's lover; naked, hard, glowing. She walks to the Man, confident that the Creation is too involved to see anything. She drops to her hands and knees and crawls forward until she is beneath him. With one hand

she grasps the huge cock and pulls it down. Her mouth opens and takes the shaft deep into her mouth. She begins to suck the cock. The Man groans. The Creation groans. His efforts double, moving to a new level of arousal. The Woman takes the cock in both hands and begins to slide them up and down the shaft, adding to the efforts of her mouth. Her attentions become more deliberate, her own body more involved. The nipples on her hard, firm breasts thicken and lengthen until they are painfully swollen.

Eventually she becomes so aroused that she finds her own body desirous of attention. She releases the cock from mouth and hands, leans back and wraps her arms around the Man's thick neck. Next she wraps one leg and then the other around the Man's waist and pulls herself up to his chest, her breasts crushed against his huge pectorals. The movement of her hips leaves little doubt as to her intentions. After several attempts she succeeds in getting his mammoth cock inside her. She drives herself onto the length of man-flesh, eliciting a thunderous shout. She now hangs from the Man's neck and waist and begins to swing herself back and forth along the achingly thick shaft.

The Creation is beginning to feel the approach of his own release, not suspecting that he is being aided there by an unknown accomplice. His own vocal activity is becoming louder, masking the sounds being made by the other two. His thrusts become harder, longer, body-wracking attacks which cause his huge muscles to jump and dance on the surface of his body. Sweat pours off of him, running down his legs, dripping from his huge, heavy scrotum. If he hears anything, he assumes it is the result of his own efforts on the magnificent Man before him.

Each of the massive bodies push towards their own release, moving in increasing frantic abandon. The Man and Woman press their lips together and drink hungrily at each other's mouth. Soon there is little control and no desire to conceal their efforts. The Man's body pushes hard against his partner's to the extent possible in his bound state. The restrictions to his movement cause his muscles to swell even more. Their efforts break loose of any control and with a physical fury that drives them to the ultimate state, they throw themselves against the wall of orgasm and burst through.

At the same time, the Creation feels himself drawn to the same destination. His hands grab hard around the Man's hips to keep himself held firm. Just as his body erupts in orgasmic release, he grabs the Woman's calves. The surprise of finding a pair of legs wrapped around his captive's waist brings him back to reality.

"Guards!"

The door bursts open and the four men who escorted the Man in earlier appear. At first they only see the Creation pounding his cock into the Man's upturned ass. They do not recognize this as a problem situation and so are confused as to why the Creation summoned them.

"The Woman. Seize her."

It takes a moment for them to realize the Woman is hanging beneath the Man's chest, riding herself to climax. They finally see her and each grab an arm or leg and pull her forward, off the massive cock. She, as well as the other two, is still in the thralls of orgasmic release and is not fully cognizant of her predicament until she feel the huge phallus leave her body. The four guards wrestle her about until they have her pinned against the far wall, her huge

muscles bulging against their restraint, her chest heaving, her nipples swollen and hard.

The Creation shoves his cock deep within the Man several more times as he completes his own orgasm. The guards watch the scene, making no attempt to hide their own interest. The Man's cock, now free, swings loose and heavy beneath his bent-over body. His testicles hang low and pendulous from the base of his shaft. As the Creation removes his own swollen organ the men gasp. The sight of these two huge cocks, one so long and dangling, the other so very hard, so very thick, so very distended, both extending from massive, muscular bodies, is too much for them not to react to. Each of their loincloths begin to bulge, causing them to readjust their own prodigious genitals into a less painful position.

“Don't let her go. I suspect this is the Woman who was with this Man when he was captured by the Captain of the Searchers. As long as she is restrained, she cannot use her magic to escape.”

He moves in front of the Man and grabs his hair once again, pulling his head back.

“Perhaps there is magic enough for the Queen's needs between the two of you. Certainly something to investigate. The Queen will be quite pleased with my discovery. We will take them to the throne room and restrain them.”

He drops the Man's head and crosses to the Woman, his huge cock still stiff, swinging to and fro. The guards can not take their eyes off of it.

“Just one question remains. How did you manage to enter this chamber unnoticed? There may be greater power in your magic than we suspect. Take them away. Use the metal frames and lock them down.”

Two guards remove the Woman, the other two release the Man from his chains and escort him from the room. They do not resist, but rather, seem to be fulfilling some plan. The Creation gives the pile of rags a kick, unaware of their function or the fact that they had ever held a body. The chain which had restrained the body within them rattles. He lifts it out of the pile and then realizes it has been pulled from the wall. He is puzzled, suspicious. He exits the chamber, closing the door behind him.

The set revolves as the Creation exits the door. As he enters the throne room he calls for more guards. When they appear he instructs them to retrieve two restraining frames. These are brought promptly and the Man and Woman each have their hands and feet attached to the corners of the frames by ropes. The frames are locked into place, the two captives facing each other, their bodies separated by only a couple of feet. The Creation tests the various restraints and the mechanism which locks the frames in place. Satisfied as to their integrity, he dismisses the guards. He now stands between his two prisoners. Their arms and legs are extended to the four corners of their respective frames. Their bodies are thick with muscles, their chests wide, waists narrow, asses full and round in profile, legs heavy and powerful. The three of them seem to form some sort of whole, each body complimenting the size of the other two. A certain energy seems to form between them and the Creations hands are drawn to the captives' bodies.

At first he explores their arms and torsos, one hand on each; the Man's pectoral fills his right, the Woman's hard, firm breast his left. He moves to their deltoids, their biceps, back to their chests and down to the hard, rigid muscles of their abdomens. He lingers there,

seeming to fight against the next move, as though he is being drawn there against his will. The two captives begin to undulate their pelvises in sync with each other. The Creation's own hips pick up on the same rhythm. Three solid, muscular abdomens flex and bend in unison. Three heads fall back in abandon. Two huge cocks swing wildly and beat against swollen, hanging scrotums. The Creation's hands move closer to the captives' genitals. They circle, retreat, advance. Something in him is causing him to struggle, but he eventually succumbs to the couple's magic.

One hand moves down to the Man's thick organ and grabs the shaft. The Man's body stiffens at the contact. The other hand then moves down over the mound of the Woman's pubic hair. He presses against it and then extends one finger down between her legs, seeking out her cunt. There is a moment of exploration, a brief contact with her clit, causing her to shudder violently against her restraints. The Creation then finds his goal and his finger disappears within. A bright light envelopes the three bodies as they go rigid. They are caught in a rapture which consumes them. There is a loud noise like some great power arcing across a space. The Creation seems to be a conduit for some force passing between the two prisoners. The muscles of all three of them are flexed to their maximum size and the huge cocks of the two men quickly swell to full erectness. The two prisoners bodies are actually lifted off the ground by their flexing biceps and their lats swell with the effort. They are all huge in every way. Nipples harden, cocks harden, bodies harden. The Creation begins to vibrate between them, his pelvis thrusting at an unbelievable frequency. He is quickly approaching an orgasm.

The loud arcing noise suddenly goes silent and the two captives break free of the Creation's grasp. For a moment the Creation stands rigid, suspended by some invisible force, and then his legs give way and he slumps to his knees. Voices are heard approaching. He shakes his head and tries to remember what had just happened. The thoughts do not come.

Two female servants enter through the main arch. They see the Creation on his knees between the two captives and rush to help him.

"Are you all right?"

The Creation shakes his head to clear it.

"I'm...I'm fine. Something just came over me. Not sure what."

"Perhaps an effect of the Queen's curse on you."

"You look like you're really hurting there, not being able to cum."

"Yes. That's it. It must be. I just got a bit dizzy, is all."

The two servants support him as they walk over to the throne. The Creation sits heavily and tries to regain his balance. The women are curious about the two captives.

"Who is the Woman?"

"She seems to be the partner of the Queen's recent acquisition. The one the Captain mentioned."

"How did she get here?"

"Not quite sure. I suspect there is magic involved, but I think the Queen should have a better idea. I must inform her of this."

One of the servants crosses to the couple and admires the Man, his massive cock, still achingly erect.

"Seems he can't get enough, doesn't it?"

“I guess so,” replies the Creation.

The woman reaches out to stroke the huge organ. Just before her hand makes contact the Creation yells, “Stop!”

Her hand jerks away. Something in the Creation’s face tells her of danger, though even he does not realize the source of his alarm or its extent.

“I don’t think the Queen would tolerate anyone getting involved with him. She does, after all, have very specific plans for him.”

“You think he can fulfill the Queen’s desires?”

“I don’t know. There seems to be something about him. Both of them, actually. Let’s put it this way: If not, then she’s probably beyond help.”

The other servant notices the Creation’s condition. “Looks like you could use some help, too.”

“What duties are you performing at the moment?” asks the Creation.

“Our duties are completed. For the moment.”

“I require bathing before seeing the Queen. Will you accompany me to the baths?”

“I was just mentioning to my companion how I thought it might be nice to freshen up after the excitement of this afternoon. Are you sure the Queen will not mind us tending to her personal bondsman?”

The other servant chuckles knowingly. “I suspect the Queen is fairly occupied with the Captain of the Searchers. Though he is probably not able to quench her needs, I have heard he has enough to keep her entertained.”

The Creation stands and looks down at his own massive organ.

“If this is not enough to fill her needs, then I doubt the Captain will be any more successful. However, the Queen has been noticeably lacking in concern for my own requirements. I believe I have found a way to circumvent her control over me.”

Both servants look at each other with knowing glances and move to either side of the Creation, slipping their arms through his. Their other hands move to his pectorals and rub them seductively, each toying with one of his nipples.

“I believe it would be our duty to make sure you are properly bathed before going to the Queen. She would, in fact, be very angry, should we allow you to appear unbathed.”

“A trip to the baths is required, I believe. Follow us. We will make you presentable.”

The three of them exit through the main arch, leaving the two prisoners facing each other in their frames. For the moment, they are calm.

The lights fade on their exit and the wall on the opposite side of the stage from the entrance to the dungeon and Queen’s bedroom rotates to reveal the bathing room. The rear wall is a mass of rough stone work over which falls a gentle stream of water. At various locations across the wall the water collects in pools and then pours forth from a spout, creating a shower of sorts. The colors are muted earth tones, matching the sounds of the gently splashing water. The surfaces of the floor and wall are spackled as if light were passing through dense vegetation above.

Into this scene comes the Creation and the two servants. The two women lead their charge to beneath one of the water spouts. They are all immediately drenched with water. He is nude, the water

glistening on his taut, vein-mapped skin. The women's clothing is plastered to their bodies, confirming the condition of those parts of their bodies which had only barely been concealed before.

One of the women reaches into a nook in the wall and extracts a handful of some thick liquid. She pulls the Creation out from under the stream of water and applies the pearly substance to his still blood-engorged cock. A thick lather quickly builds as she cleans his cock. Her ministrations are, at first, gentle, tentative. The Creation's body relaxes and stands open to the experience of this union. As she gets to know the extent of him, as she gets over the initial experience of having such a cock in her hands, she increases her speed until her hand is fairly flying up and down the nine inch length of man-flesh.

Her partner has already removed her clothing and is pressing her crotch hard against one of his massive thighs. Her body strains towards his, using all her strength to crush herself into him. The first woman takes her partner's hand and directs her to take over her duties on his cock. She does so, allowing her friend to remove her own clothing.

The Creation is becoming more aroused. His pelvis begins to thrust against the actions of the hand which slides up and down the length of his shaft. Just when they sense that he might be getting close to orgasm, they both move off in a different direction, grabbing handfuls of soupy liquid and covering various parts of his body with the same thick lather. When they have completely encased him in soap suds, they pull him back under the stream of water and the bubbles pour off his body, leaving the sight of him completely unimpeded.

His cock is now raging in its hardness. It is almost vertical and is a deep, rich purple. The women again pull him forward, away from the water. They reach for his magnificent shaft, this time with their mouths. Together they consume opposite sides of his cock, nibbling and sucking in tandem the entire length of him. One then concentrates on the head while the other moves to his heavy scrotum and begins to lick and suck his balls. Again he is brought quickly to the brink of orgasm. Again they stop their actions before he can reach completion. He grabs the hair of the woman who had been attending to his balls and pulls her face to his. She dives for his mouth and they press their lips together, their muscular bodies totally involved in the contact. His thick cock lunges for her pelvic region several times until he is able to press himself directly against the swollen lips of her cunt.

The contact is electrifying. The woman wraps her arms around the Creation's neck and begins to slide her vagina up and down the cock pressed tight against her. The Creation grabs her ass in his two hands and lifts her high above the end of his cock. The other woman grabs the shaft and aims it at her friend's eager orifice. He slowly lowers her, biceps swelling deliciously, to where contact is made. The woman holding the Creation's shaft directs it to its final mark. Both the Creation and the woman in his arms recognize the instant. He lowers her slowly onto the engorged glans of his penis as she strains to accept him. Deeper and deeper he penetrates her until she has consumed most of his cock. She pulls his face to hers, roughly kisses him and begins to heave herself up and down the burgeoning tool.

The Creation's arms swell and bulge with each movement. He moves to beneath one of the waterfalls. His partner reaches up and

grabs the lip where the water pours forth. She adds her own efforts to her travels, pulling herself up and letting herself drop back down. The effect this has on the muscles of her arms and torso is staggering. Her finely shaped breasts move firmly to accent the action of her body. Each lift causes them to float momentarily before her bulging pectorals. Each downward thrust sets them to dancing in reaction to the sudden stop at the bottom of her travels. Water pours over her body, splaying out around them like a fine curtain.

The other servant stands aside to observe their actions. One hand reaches purposely for her clit and begins to worry it. Initially she is more interested in what is taking place before her, but her attentions to herself finally win her over and she places herself beneath another water fall, a fine spray which barely wets, and commits herself to her own pleasure. Her own physique swells in response to the strain of her efforts and the streams of water run down through deep troughs between thick bundles of muscle. Her nipples swell and lengthen until they appear painfully large.

The cries of the three begin to mingle and climb and soon they are crying out in unison.

The light shifts. The bedroom above the dungeon is illuminated, revealing the Queen and Captain of the Searchers. He stands before the end of the bed. She is kneeling on the bed, one hand holding his gigantically thick cock in one hand. She opens her mouth widely and takes in a good portion of the shaft. She works her mouth up and down expertly. Within seconds the Captain is thrusting his pelvis towards her. Removing her mouth, it can be seen that he is now fully erect, fully thick. She swings her body around until her

legs hang off the bed on either side of his. He grabs her hard thighs, pulls her to him and slowly embeds his thick cock inside her. She has trouble at first accepting his girth, but manages to open herself enough. Now he slides in more easily. The Queen shouts out at the top of her lungs as he fills her. As his pelvis presses close to her, a long, sibilant *hissssssss* escapes both their mouths and they lock eyes with each other. He readjusts his grip on her thighs and then begins rapid thrusts which elicit staccatoed grunts from both of them. Their rhythm increases until they set a fast, even pace.

Lights dim on the bedroom and come up again on the two prisoners in the throne room. The energy which they communicated to each other before, through the Creation, still fills them. They strain to close the gap between their bodies. The Man's eleven-and-a-half inch cock increases in hardness until it is thrust straight out from his body. The Woman flexes her abdominals until the lower part of her body has bent forward against the ropes. It is almost enough. The head of his huge cock floats an inch away from her. She strains more, closing the gap slightly. Now the Man flexes his striated stomach muscles and gradually forces his cock forward until it touches his counterpart's vaginal lips. She strains once more, spreading herself to take him. He thrusts forward and enters her. She flexes with all her strength to hold him within. They each take several deep breaths, preparing themselves for the effort they know they must put forth. Starting very small, they begin to thrust toward each other. Each of them working against their restraints, causing their muscles to increase in size. The effort, as well as the visual effect it is having on them, raises their energy even higher. Their bodies seem to be drawn together by some other power, forcing their

pelvic thrusts deeper and deeper. Now their backs are arched in an unnatural way, as though being pressed together from behind. He is deep inside her and their bodies are vibrating as though connected to some current of energy.

The lights come back up in the bathing room. The woman currently mounting the Creation's cock immediately lets out a shriek and her body suddenly convulses in orgasmic rapture. Her muscles continue to dance and swell as she rides the cock. With one final shudder, she drives herself down hard on the shaft, her body shaking violently. The Creation waits until she stops, then lifts her up off his cock. It is harder, thicker and darker than before he started. Quickly the other woman replaces her friend, who is resting on a stone ledge beside them. The Creation's shaft disappears within the second woman and he increases his thrusts until he has reattained the speed he had with the first.

The lights come up on the bedroom. The Captain and Queen are locked in seeming mortal combat. They have moved so that both are lying on the bed. As the lights brighten, the Captain is on top. But the Queen quickly switches positions and begins to heave herself up and down on top of the almost unmanageable girth of his cock. The Captain reaches forward and fondles the Queen's breasts, pressing his palms into them, pinching the erect nipples and twisting them, eliciting loud moans of pleasure from her. As stimulation increases, so does passion. Soon their bodies are writhing and tumbling about on the bed as the need to press themselves against their desire completely overwhelms them. As the Queen gains top position again, it can be seen that she is straining painfully towards relief. It

is equally obvious that something is preventing her from attaining it. The frustration makes her even wilder; her actions become incomprehensibly frantic. The Captain can no longer keep up with her. His body collapses and he simply lies there, allowing the Queen to assault his cock with her driving, yearning cunt. He collapses.

The lights brighten on the throne room as well. The imprisoned couple below reach a point of ecstasy, their bodies frozen, backs arched, the Man's long, thick shaft buried as far as it can reach inside the Woman's body. They vibrate with almost imperceptible movements, shaking on the edge of an orgasm neither is willing to give in to.

Lights brighten on the bathing room, as well. At the same time the Creation and the women attending him have increased their efforts. The woman who had been his first now is on her knees between his splayed legs licking and sucking his testicles while her partner continues to float up and down the length of his cock. At the very moment that the imprisoned couple freezes, the same bright light which enveloped them before now consumes all the participants, each group illuminated by their own shaft of light. It is as though they are trapped within. They each struggle to move or be free of the power that surrounds them, but within the struggle to achieve satisfaction, they are held bound.

It is the Queen who first figures out what might be happening. She continues to drive herself against the Captain, but to no avail. Finally she drops down on the huge man's cock one last time and shouts in frustration.

“Damn. Damn, damn, damn! This is all that old hag’s fault. I know she has something to do with it, that bitch.”

The Captain, still reeling from the Queen’s onslaught, tries to comprehend what is happening, but is just a bit too far gone to grasp the significance of the Queen’s anger. The Queen looks down at the impotent form beneath her.

“Bah! I knew you would be a waste of time. End up with nothing but blisters.”

She lifts herself off the still-thick penis. It stands hard and throbbing on the Captain’s groin. The Queen is about to abandon him when she gets an idea. She leans towards the cock and takes it in her mouth, quickly sucking it in as far as her lips will allow. A shock pulses through the Captain’s body. After only seconds of contact, the Queen pulls her mouth away just as huge torrents of cum fly out of the huge head. The thick substance flies up in the air and lands with noisy little splats on various parts of the Captain’s anatomy. His hips barely move, so completely drained is he of energy after the Queen’s vigorous mounting of him.

“Just as I suspected. There is magic at work here. As long as I was on you, there would be no relief. As long as I am not looking for relief, then there is no problem. There is only one person who can have that kind of control over this. And it’s about time she and I had a little talk.”

She storms down the steps at the back of her platform. The lights dim on the bedroom as the Captain grabs his cock and milks the last vestiges of his orgasm up the length of his achingly thick shaft.

In the bathing room, the Creation is having the same difficulty. The woman in his arms has gone limp. He flings her up and down his huge cock with great speed, his bulging biceps swollen from the effort. Still, he is no closer to orgasm. The woman tending to his balls has doubled her efforts in an attempt to help him cum, but the futility of their struggle is becoming evident. Finally, more out of boredom than anything, the Creation lifts the woman off his cock and sets her down on the floor. As soon as she is free of him she regains her vitality and joins her friend in a renewed attack on his swollen genitals. The Creation already knows that it is a lost cause; he gently pulls them away from his cock and pats them on the head.

“I suspect there is more at work here than just the Queen’s curse. It must have something to do with that couple I left bound up in the main hall. I think I need to have a talk with them.”

He departs, his nine inch cock, hard, thick, dark, aching, jutting straight out from his body. The bathing room revolves out, revealing the wall of the throne room again.

The Queen and the Creation reach the main hall simultaneously. He is furious with the couple. The Queen is surprised by what she finds there. It only takes a moment before recognition strikes her. She is so angry she does not even notice that the Man’s eleven-and-a-half inches of cock are reaching powerfully for the Woman’s cunt. The Queen marches straight up to the Woman and slaps her face. The force of it, as well as being disturbing to their efforts, causes the Woman to disengage from the Man. She is mad at first until she realizes who it was slapped her. Her rage turns to a bemused smile and then she laughs; long, full laughs of ironic revenge. This makes the Queen even more furious.

“You. I should have known you were behind this. That withered old crone routine was just a ploy to make me think I had drained you.”

For the first time, she takes in the set up and who else is present. She turns to the Creation.

“Are you responsible for this?”

“Yes, your highness.”

“What did you think you were doing, leaving them this close together?”

“I thought it would be *interesting* to see them suffer with frustration like I have been.”

“You forgot just how well-endowed this specimen is. Seems they were able to transcend the distance.”

She turns once again to the Woman.

“And it seems as though we might be witnessing a bit of a reunion.”

The Queen thinks for a second, then turns to the Creation. “Go to my chambers and waken that fool in my bed. Tell him to appear before me without delay.”

The Creation leaves. The Queen claps her hands and four servants attend her.

“Un-anchor the lower corners of these frames and spin them out so they are unable to interact.”

The servants do so. Now the Man and Woman are facing forward. The Queen then turns her full attention to the Man. She wickedly teases his rigid cock, running fingernails along the length, tickling the full, swollen head, lightly stroking the huge, pendulous balls. He strains at the ropes which hold him within the frame. The

Woman looks on with mild amusement, as though there is some secret the Queen still does not yet comprehend. The Man prisoner twists his hips, his huge cock swinging widely and wildly. Small drops of pre-cum fly from its head and land on whatever is in its arc of travel.

The Queen grabs his cock roughly, causing him to cease his motion. She finds herself drawn to the enormous shaft, her hand pulling the shaft upwards, her mouth widening in anticipation of taking it in, her tongue wetting her lips, her eyes locked on the immense glans that caps the lengthy phallus. Her lips are inches from the huge slit which is now drooling an ample supply of juice before she realizes she is being drawn in. She slaps the cock, eliciting a loud groan of pain from the Man.

“This is ridiculous. I am the one to be served here, not you.”

Just then the Creation returns with the Captain, both still naked, both still huge, muscular, erect. The Captain sees the Woman tied to the frame and his reaction confirms the Queen’s suspicions.

“This is the Woman you found when you captured this huge cock of a Man?”

“Yes, your highness. Though I must say, I don’t think I was able to enjoy her presence as much as I can now. How is she here?”

“The answer to that would also be the solution to my dilemma.”

He moves to behind her and encircles her chest with his thickly muscled arms, his hands cupping and pressing the magnificent breasts which adorn her chest. As he draws her closer to him, his hips begin making small thrusting movements against her ass. The Man becomes calm, his muscles relaxed, as though waiting for some event or cue. The eyes of the two prisoners never leave each other; a palpable link of communication riding the air between them.

The Queen misreads this as desire for each other. She pushes the Captain away from his thick cock's target.

"I think I might have a way to get all that I need from these two."

The Captain can not seem to keep his hands, as well as the rest of his body, off the Woman. He presses his huge cock against her thigh while wrapping his leg around hers from behind. The thick shaft crushes into the definition of her powerful thigh muscle. His hand strokes her breast, her stomach, her groin; finally finding the opening to her cunt. His finger disappears, but it has no visible effect of her. The two are still in visual contact, gaining strength just from the presence of the other.

The Creation, delayed in his own release for far too long, has assumed the same position and attitude with the Man. His cock is crushed against the Man's side, his hand strokes the huge cock that still stands frighteningly erect from his groin.

The Queen allows this to continue for a few moments, her own hands finding her royal depths and working herself into a state of arousal, higher than that which she had already found herself in. When she is very agitated, she halts the proceedings.

"Enough. It's clear we are all ready for a little satisfaction here. And I will be satisfied." She turns to the Woman. "You have been draining off my power and using it to fuel this Man's existence. This is where my satisfaction has been going. You let me think you a withered old crone while you spirit away and give what is rightfully mine to your own creation. No wonder I can not get enough energy around here to create what I need."

For the first time, the Woman speaks. "You still don't get it."

"What do you mean?"

“That Man was not created by me. His gifts are natural. In fact, they *are* nature, a force you have not yet learned how to reckon with. The power you have been ‘taking’ from me has been nothing more than a bunch of parlor tricks. The power we hold between us is the real power. The secret which holds us together is something you will never know, for you can not, will not see.”

“Parlor tricks? Look at that Man over there. You call him a parlor trick?”

The Creation steps away from the Man and flexes his muscles, his hard, long cock jutting out before him.

“It is not a matter of power in the creation. The power is in the employment. No matter what you do, your creations will only be extensions of yourself. You believe yourself to be separate. As long as you think this, you will never succeed in joining with anyone to your fulfillment.”

“What are you talking about. How can you talk about power when you stand here, held in ropes, at the mercy of my very whim?”

“No rope has ever held me before. What makes you think that I am being held now?”

Smoke begins to rise from beneath the Woman. The cloud thickens until she and the Captain can not be seen. There is a loud shout, the cloud clears and the Woman has been replaced in her bonds by the Captain. The former occupant of the frame is nowhere to be seen. But the Captain’s restraints seem to be manacles of iron rather than lengths of rope.

“Get me out of these. Release me, immediately.”

The Captain is struggling against his imprisonment, but to no avail, although his muscles do bulge effectively with the effort; his huge cock wagging up and down.

The Queen is bemused by the Captain's plight but she soon turns her attentions to the Man, still held captive.

"I don't suppose she has taught you how to do that."

"It is not yet my time."

The Creation still works his groin up and down against the Man's thick thigh, his hand up and down the Man's lengthy cock. Aside from sustaining the Man's erection, it does not seem to be having any other effect, neither on the Man or the Creation.

The Queen finally breaks up the action.

"Oh, stop that. You'll both get friction burns."

The Creation stands away, in obvious discomfort with his huge, dark penis projecting from his hips. He grabs himself and begins to massage his own aching organ. The Queen glares at him, but he shrugs his shoulders as though he has no control of the situation. She growls in frustration and turns back to the Man still roped in the other framework.

"Do you know what she was talking about before she popped out of here?"

The Man stares directly into her eyes for a moment, as if to ascertain that she is asking the question in sincerity. He apparently sees what he is looking for.

"Yes."

"Does it have something to do with you?"

"No."

"With her, then?"

“No.”

“What is the key to all of this? She seemed to be intimating that there was a solution to my dilemma.”

“There is. But you must rethink what she said. The key is in the distance.”

“You didn’t seem to be having any trouble with the distance when I came in.”

“The distance is not physical. It is not corporeal. It is not even of this realm.”

“This is the level of magic I have been attempting to attain. If you hold the secret to this, I command you to reveal it to me instantly.”

“Again, you have lost.”

With that, the Man lowers his head in contemplation.

The Queen is furious with frustration. She throws herself at the Captain, climbing his body until her legs are wrapped around his waist. She reaches beneath her, grabs the huge cock and aims it at her cunt. In one movement she has lowered herself onto it, eliciting loud groans of passion from both of them. When she is secure in her position, she attacks him with all her might, flinging herself up and down the bulky organ. Both their bodies strain and writhe with the effort of their union. With muscles bulging, they fly towards some goal. But as their passion turns to effort, their effort to frustration, it is obvious the Queen will not find her relief here. At the very last, just before the Queen is about to give up, the Captain yells loudly and achieves orgasm within his assailant’s vagina.

This angers the Queen even further. She detaches herself from the quickly softening Captain and approaches the Creation.

“Someone’s going to make me cum around here. It had better be you.”

She leans over backwards before the Creation’s throbbing organ, reaching out her hands to support her arched body. The Creation needs no encouragement. His painfully distended cock approaches, engages and is consumed by the Queen’s cunt. It is the Queen who moans loudly. Her breasts, full and firm, the nipples very erect, jump on her chest with each thrust of the nine inch cock. The Creation reaches around her waist and lifts her off the ground. Her body is still parallel to the floor, but now the Creation can thrust against her without knocking her over. He continues to thrust as he repositions himself in front of the prisoner. The Queen reaches for the massive cock before her, takes it in her mouth and begins sucking on it. Her hands massage the lengthy shaft; cup and cradle the swollen balls. The Man throws his head back and releases himself to the pleasure. The Creation’s thrusts become more powerful. His body is swollen with the effort of holding the Queen in this position. His face becomes more determined as the effort begins to take its toll. It is obvious he can hold neither himself or the Queen much longer. His back arches as he thrusts into her deeply and a roar rumbles from his mouth. He cums violently, almost dropping the Queen in the process. Only his need to keep fucking the Queen to reach his own completion prevents him from releasing her.

As soon as he is spent, he sinks to his knees, lowering the Queen to the floor, out of reach of the huge shaft she has been sucking on. She is now violently frustrated. She jumps to her feet, her chest heaving, her eyes wild, her muscles bloated as she flexes in rage. The Captain and the Creation are both out cold. One on the

floor, one still hanging from the frame. Both their cocks are as limp as their bodies. There is only one hard cock left. She turns to it and stares, as a cobra about to strike a rat. A great big fucking rat, with an eleven-and-a-half inch tail. When she looks up, the eyes of the Man are locked on hers. There is a moment as they both try to find the depths of each other's need. The Man is obviously willing to wait a lot longer than the Queen. She finally gives in.

"All right, damn you. Tell me. Whatever it is, I will do it. Show me what I need to do."

Again, the Man shakes his head in dismay. She still hasn't gotten it.

"What? Tell me what I'm doing wrong."

"Nothing can help you outside of yourself."

"What are you talking about? I've been masturbating for the past three years. It doesn't help."

"There is nothing there that can help you. Stop trying to help yourself. It has nothing to do with what you want."

"Well, what else matters? I'm the Queen. I'm the only thing that matters around here."

"Then you are lost."

"You two keep saying that!"

"It is time for me to go."

He flexes his entire body, pulling against the ropes on his wrists. His biceps swell larger and larger, the veins which cover his arms press against the inside of his flesh. His pecs grow. His lats grow. His neck thickens. His abdomen hardens and becomes a rippling sea of strength. He suspends himself for a moment, hanging by the ropes, the ones around his ankles extended to their limit.

There is a pop. First one wrist is free, and then the other. He reaches to the ropes at his ankles and breaks them as well. He is free. A glance at the Queen leaves him bemused. She is stunned at this show of strength. He turns to leave.

“Guards!” screams the Queen.

He stops, but does not turn back to her. His huge back narrows down to a slim waist then falls to finely shaped ass cheeks. Shoulders are capped with thick mounds of deltoid, neck muscles are thick and broad. His legs display huge mounds of strength, both above and below the knee. He does not move, but waits for the response to the Queen’s command.

Within seconds he is surrounded by a dozen huge men, each bearing a sword or spear. The sharp tips of each weapon dance dangerously close to his body. Now he turns to face the Queen, revealing his still erect penis. She approaches him through the forest of weaponry.

“We have tried several methods of persuasion. You have not been convinced of my need nor my command of this situation. It is now time for you to believe me when I say that I will be given satisfaction. Clearly you are the one who can satisfy me, for you would not have been the companion of my nemesis if you could not. If you will not offer yourself to me freely, or at least under proper persuasion, then you shall be *forced* to submit to my needs.”

She turns to two of the guards and commands them to retrieve a bed and have it brought back there to the hall. As the men leave, she notices that the prisoner’s cock is becoming soft.

“Oh, no you don’t.”

She turns to another of the guards and commands, “Suck him. Keep him hard or you will pay with your own genitals.”

The guard instantly drops to his knees before the huge cock and begins to lick and stimulate it back to erection. The bed is brought in through the main arch and placed in the center of the room.

The Captain, who has been completely ignored, shouts, “Will someone get me out of this thing!?!?”

The Man, having no concern for the amassed weaponry surrounding him, moves to the frame and, with a show of enormous strength, pops each of the manacles open. The surrounding guards are amazed and a bit intimidated by this feat of strength.

The two frames are removed and the Captain moves to the throne to sit, having no concern for the Queen’s feelings about that. Before the Queen lies down on the bed to receive the Man’s huge cock, she gives the guards present one last warning.

“If this Man is allowed to leave here before I have been satisfied, then each of you will be called on to service me until I have had my fill.”

The reaction of all the men assembled is one of fear. They have seen what happens to the men who are called on to fuck the Queen. Each are apprehensive. The guard sucking on the prisoner’s cock stands and moves aside. A dozen sharp blades corral the Man towards the end of the bed. The Queen lies down on the bed and prepares herself for her involuntary lover. He stands at the end of the bed, his eleven-and-a-half inch cock swaying before him. The guards first raise one of his knees and place it on the bed between her spread feet and then the other. He leans forward, persuaded by swords pointed at his back, and places one hand on the bed next to her chest. His other hand grabs his cock. Slowly he lowers himself until the tip of his penis is just inches from her cunt. He holds there for a moment, his eyes locked on hers.

“Damn it. Fuck me.”

He guides his cock to her and presses forward. There is no sense of hurry or impatience from him. He fills her and fills her and fills her.

As she is filled, she cries out in joy and then, as the pressure increases, in exquisite agony. When he is in as far as he can go, he places the hand that was guiding his cock on the other side of her and lowers himself down on top of her. His ass flexes several times as he fits himself to her, each adjustment being met by a soft cry from the Queen. When he is settled he pushes himself up off her by his arms, draws his hips back until he is almost out of her, then sends his cock sailing back into her depths, generating a loud cry of shock, pleasure and fear from her. He draws out again, his huge arms and pecs swollen with the effort of supporting himself. She reaches to his chest and grabs each of his nipples. As he drives back into her, she twists his nipples, provoking a loud cry from him.

The challenge has been set. He draws back again, returning with greater speed. Again he pulls back, his return faster and deeper. Soon his hips are thrusting at her with huge, rapid sweeps. The Queen is very quickly transported to a plain of experience she had yet to attain before. Her cries become louder, more passionate, more pleading.

“Oh, God. Don’t stop. Don’t...Don’t...Don’t...Oh...Oh... Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh my God. Oh. So big. So deep. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oh, I’m...I’m...Oh yeah, right there. There. There. Oh yeah... Big. Big. I’m...I’m...Cuh...Cuh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh...Oh... Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

The Queen throws her arms around the huge Man's neck, pulls herself up to him and sinks her teeth into his shoulder. He roars with pain and drives his cock into her even harder. The Queen throws her hips against his attack, her body vibrating through a powerful orgasm. She screams, cries, yells, laughs, cries again, then collapses on the bed.

The guards are in a confused state. They are very happy they will not be called upon to service the Queen. At the same time, each of them is sporting an enormous erection, and the completion of the Queen's joy is a bit of a let down for them. But their disappointment is short-lived.

The Man's huge cock has not been satisfied. He continues to drive himself into her, his stride broken not a bit by the Queen's orgasm. At first she does not realize what is happening, her head lolls back and forth as she comes down off her orgasm. Gradually she becomes aware that she is still being fucked. She enjoys the additional stimulation and brings her body to life. She is returned to the same orgasmic state of just a few moments before and yells that she is cumming yet again.

The Man's body is covered with sweat, his skin glows. Every muscle bulges and flexes as he throws himself into the effort. She shudders, screams, cries and collapses at the end of her second orgasm.

He does not stop. It is as if he has not even noticed that she has found relief, not once, but twice, at the end of his massive cock. Now the Queen shows concern. She tells him to get off her, to release her. He increases his speed and she is transported once again up the ladder of ecstasy.

The Queen's cries have been heard throughout the castle. A crowd is beginning to gather. Soon the room is filled with dozens of hard, muscular bodies, getting harder and more muscular by the moment. By the time the Queen has been driven to her third orgasm, most have, themselves, become involved with a partner or two. The guards have laid down their swords and spears. Mouths and cunts and cocks and nipples and tongues and assholes are taken and filled and used and erupt with juices. On the bed, eleven-and-a-half inches of cock drive the Queen to yet another orgasm. And then another. And then another. And then another. They come in quick succession, each one closer on the heels of the one preceding it than that had been to its predecessor. She writhes and grabs, flexes and flails. Instead of becoming exhausted, the Man is driving her to an almost constant state of orgasm.

The various couples around them find their own level of satisfaction and begin to retire to various areas. They have lost all interest in guarding or caring for the Queen. It is as though the power of the Queen has been dissipated. She no longer controls them.

The Queen's cries now become a constant song of fear and ecstasy. The air surrounding the bed begins to glow and a thick cloud of fog forms around the bed, enveloping the couple; they are soon obscured. The sound of their union continues, but the voices change. The Queen's head appears above the fog as though she is now on top of the Man, riding his huge cock. It drops down into the cloud and then appears again, and again, and again, as she drives herself down onto his massive shaft. The air is filled with the sound of the old crone's cough-choked laughter, this time not filled with pain, but with joy of release. It changes in tone, becoming that of a

younger woman. A head appears again, but this time it is that of the Woman; she has taken the place of the Queen. Her head is replaced several thrusts later by the Queen again. They alternate in appearance until the Queen's presence becomes less frequent. And then she is there no longer. The fog clears, revealing the Woman now atop the Man, his cock appearing and disappearing as it is consumed by the Woman's cunt. She begins to shudder, her head is thrown back and forth, the orgasm consumes her and she erupts in violent spasms of pleasure, finally falling forward and devouring the Man in hungry, wanton kisses.

As the rumblings of her orgasm subside, she draws herself up off the huge cock, revealing that it is still steel-shaft hard. He is breathing deeply, his thick chest rising and falling, thrusting his thick pectorals high into the air. She steps off the back of the bed and runs her gaze up and down the magnificent form before her. His immense cock lies on his rigid abdominals, reaching almost to the curve of his rib cage. It seems to be throbbing with an energy inside it.

"You have suffered enough from proximity to this false queen's torment. You are released from the curse that has held sway over her people and herself."

The Woman takes his painfully erect cock in her hands and pulls it upright. She licks its thick head, eliciting huge shudders from the Man's body and a copious amount of fluid from the slit in the glans. She licks again, this time from the heavy sac of his scrotum to the tip. His body contracts, causing huge muscles to explode in size. Again she licks. His hands reach for his cock and together they begin to masturbate the immense cock. Within seconds, huge volleys of cum are flying from the head and shooting

in all directions. The Man's pleasure continues for an amazing amount of time, his body writhing with the agonizing release of his pent-up fury. His hips buck, his head rocks back and forth, loud screams of pleasure/release burst from his throat. And then he is done. His body collapses following an effort greater than any he had yet sustained. The Woman again floods him with passionate kisses. His huge arms surround her back and draw her to him; he finds comfort and sustenance.

The Woman, the True Queen, draws him up to a sitting position. He swings his legs off the front of the bed and stands. The True Queen moves around the bed and they embrace, their thick, muscular bodies being explored by the hands of the other.

Their efforts become more devoted to passion. Their naked hips begin to drive against each other. Their mouths lock in passionate kisses. Just as the Man is about to lift her to him, allowing his huge cock to once again enter her, the Creation appears from behind the bed, a broadsword in his hands. He gets up on the bed and presses the tip of the sword into the Man's back. The couple halts their lovemaking and turn their attentions, without fear, to the Creation.

"Where is she?"

"She is no longer a power here." answers the Woman.

"What have you done with my Queen?"

"She is returned to her proper place."

"Where is she?"

He presses the tip of his sword harder to the Man's flesh, but the Man does not react. The True Queen steps towards the Creation and places her hand on her chest between her two magnificent breasts.

“She is here. Where she belongs. She was a part of the magic which could not suffer the oneness which makes it powerful. She had to have it all.”

The Creation is bewildered. His glance moves from Man to Woman and back. Though he may not understand the concept, something in the True Queen’s words seems correct. The end of the sword slowly lowers to the bed and the Creation sighs in despair.

“Does this mean I must disappear, too?”

“No. Your part is already played. You are now free to walk your own path.

“What does that mean? I have no place else to go.

“The path is there for you. You may decide how to walk it.”

The Creation looks back and forth between them. He is lost. The Man and the Woman begin to walk away. The Creation realizes they are leaving and gets desperate. He again raises the sword and threatens to swing at the Man.

“Stop!” They do. “What am I going to do? What about me?” They turn back to him but do not answer. “You can’t just leave me here alone.”

“You are not alone. Ever.”

“Sure. You can say that fine. You’ve got your magic and your people and your stud with the huge cock. What have I got?”

Both the Man’s and Woman’s eyes drop down to the crotch of the Creation and chuckle.

The Creation follows their gaze. His own nine inch cock is achingly erect again. The Man and Woman again turn to leave, but he threatens them with the sword again, although not with quite as

much resolve. They again stop, this time with just a questioning look on their face.

“What do you really want?”

The Creation’s eyes move to the Man’s thick rope of flesh and then to his eyes. The message is clear. He lays the sword down on the surface of the bed and extends his hand to the Man who takes it. Huge muscles explode as the Man steps up onto the bed. The Creation drops to his knees and sucks the huge cock into his mouth, working it until it is raging hard again. He then stands. The Man’s expression is one of curiosity until the Creation turns his back on him and bends over at the waist. Now there is no question as to the Creation’s desire. He grabs the shaft of his cock with one hand, the Creations’ ass with the other and presses himself to the hard globes of his ass. There is pressure, there is a moment of suspension and then, with a scream of release from both huge men, the eleven-and-a-half inch cock disappears into the hard, muscular ass of the man before him.

The True Queen steps up onto the bed and stands before the Creation. She thrusts her pelvis toward his upturned face and he wraps his arms around her waist, pulling her crotch to him. She bends backwards until her hands are on the bed behind her. The Creation drives his face into her cunt and begins to lick and drink.

Now all three bodies are swollen with their efforts. Their muscles writhe and swim beneath the surface of their skin. The Man’s thrusts come faster, driving the Creation’s efforts with the True Queen to a more desperate state. She shudders in orgasm and then, with her body still bent over in a bridge, moves further under him until his nine inch cock can reach her cunt. Using one hand to guide himself inside her, the other reaches for her hard, firm breasts

and begin to squeeze and mold them, twisting and worrying the long, aching nipples which crown them. As he moves inside her, she strains her body to consume him completely. When their positions are settled, the Creation begins his own thrusting motions, countering those of the massive Man behind him.

A low fog again flows in from the wings. The walls and other features of the castle slide away, leaving an empty stage. The fog builds in depth until it is almost to the level of the bed. The backdrop becomes illuminated and all the rest of the lights go out, leaving the three thrusting, driving, muscular bodies in silhouette.

Their efforts increase. Their cries increase. The size of their bodies increase. Slowly, bodies begin to rise out of the fog that surrounds them. They are also huge, bulging and erect. They begin to couple and triple and group and grope. Huge arms and necks, thick backs and legs, hard cocks and nipples are sucked and consumed. Bodies drop to knees and take other bodies. Bodies climb other bodies and press together. They drop into the fog, only to emerge elsewhere, coupled with others. They all lock into the rhythm of the massive forms on the bed in the center of the bare stage. Their cries become one cry. Their moans become one moan. Their thrusts become one thrust, increasing in speed and desperation. They strain, moan, flex and bulge and then they cum. As one. They drive into each other as though the efforts of all were affecting each. Pecs and breasts are grabbed and sucked. Mouths clamp around cocks and lips and clits and nipples. Bodies are lifted and thrust in an effort to increase the stimulation.

The three on the platform reach their moment as well. The Man arches his back, throws back his head and surrenders to a massive release. The True Queen swings her legs up around the Creations

waist and drives herself hard against him. The Creation heaves his hips back and forth against the two-fold attack and gives himself to the double sensation. The outlines grow in size as their bodies swell with their efforts.

The profile of the Man's cock, backlit in the fog, shows its incredible length just before diving back into the Creation's hard, muscular ass. Although they are orgasming, their labors increase, their speed increases, their effects increase as they go for a level of attainment higher than simple sexual release. Though they should be tiring, their exertions seeming to go far beyond what even their highly developed bodies can stand. They actually drive further towards their unseen goal.

A glow builds around them as the frequency of their bodies vibrations increase. It lights them from behind with a growing intensity that matches their efforts until it seems to be as agonizing as their straining bodies show. Their cries grow louder and louder until, with one final surge of strength, their bodies drive together, arching and straining. The light reaches its limit, the trio reach their limit, the bodies surrounding them reach their limit and the stage plunges into black.

 CURTAIN 

CHAPTER 62: CHRIS

“I think she’s coming around.”

“Here. Lift up her head. I’ll see if she’ll drink some.”

“Probably not a good idea to move her until we find out what’s wrong.”

“Whatever you say, Sonny.”

...soft, fuzzy images of movement, swimming...

...the pounding again...

...couldn’t someone answer the door...?

...the world’s spinning...

...who’s there...?

...the door is open...?

...what’s pounding...?

...it’s getting louder...

...pounding...

...It’s my head...

...A hand on my head, stroking my hair...

The kitchen table is above her. She is stretched out on the floor, its hard surface against her head, back, legs.

She tilts her head up, but the sunlight from the kitchen window is too bright, hurting her eyes, making her head pound even more. A sudden jolt of something in her neck tells her she shouldn’t move around too much. She raises her right hand to cover her eyes and it passes across a thigh, very large and solid. She goes back for a second check. Bare skin. Higher up, the frayed edges of a pair of

cut-offs. And just a few centimeters higher, a huge bulge beneath the fabric.

“Not sure what it is you’re looking for, but I don’t think you’ll find it there.”

Wanna bet?

“I believe you fell and hit your head. I got the super to let me in. Can you hear me okay?”

Nice voice. Feels like a deep, clear mountain spring pouring over her mind. And is that just the hint of a British accent?

“Are you all right?”

Give me a second to get the mouth working.

“I’m...I’m...okay.”

“We’ve called the ambulance.

Ambulance!?

“They should be here in a few minutes. What’s your name?”

“Uh...Chris.”

“Good. Do you know where you are, Uh-Chris?”

“Yeah. In my apartment. Number...six-oh-eight. You?”

“I’m your new neighbor. I was moving my stuff in when I heard you fall.”

“Arnold.”

“Who’s Arnold?”

“You?”

“No, sorry. Arnold’s not here. I’m Jerry.”

“Jerry.”

“Short term memory’s working. That’s a good sign, too. Do you have anyone you’d like us to call? Anyone you want to meet you at the hospital?”

“Jerry.”

“That’s me. Any family?”

“Jerry. You come, okay?”

“Okay, Uh-Chris.” Followed by a deep, pleasant chuckle.

Her right hand wanders up across the bulge beneath the denim, lingers on the ripples of the abdomen, traces the lower extremity of the pectoral and then explores the mound of deltoid.

“Where’s Ed?”

“Ed? I don’t know. I just moved in today, so I don’t know anyone here.”

“Ed. Your Ed.”

“Maybe you’d better relax and not try too much activity. We’ll get you to the hospital, then we’ll find your friends for you.”

Her hand drops back to her head, rolls off and again lands on the bulge within the cut-offs.

“Eleven-and-a-half.”

“I’m sorry. What?”

Amusement. Slight incredulity.

“Eleven-and-a-half, right?”

Again a warm chuckle, good-natured and full. The monster stirs beneath the fabric.

“Whatever you say, Uh-Chris. Whatever you say.”

Well...he didn’t deny it.

EPILOGUE

“You, know, Ed. There’s only one thing that bothers me about this whole deal.”

“What’s that, Arn?”

“How come I gotta wait until almost the last chapter to finally get that gorgeous cock of yours up my ass?”

“Hey. Don’t talk to me about it. You don’t like the way it turned out, go knock your own head against the ice box. Speaking of...”

“Uh-Yeeees?”

“What happened during those ten years between when you left Mary and David’s and turned up back out on the coast?”

“I left the city and went back to the Patterson’s for a couple of weeks.”

“Who?”

“The Patterson’s. The people I was delivering the car to when I picked you up.”

“Oh, yeah. Did you ever go back to that gas station to get your oil checked?”

“Hah hah. Very funny, Ed.”

“So, after that...?”

“I bought a car, took my time making my way back out west. Before the money we made at Ivan’s ran out, I decided I needed a marketable skill so I went to a cooking school. Figured I could get a job just about anywhere with that.”

“You coulda done that without having to run away.”

“Sam still scared me, Ed. Or at least the *idea* of Sam. I felt like I could lose myself in Sam, or the sense of myself, my ego. I wish I’d had a better handle on that at the time.”

“Come here, Love.”

“You still know how to hug.”

“I had a good teacher. Teachers, actually.”

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmm...”

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmm...”

“And what about all those amazing folks we met along the way? What’s gonna happen to them? Hell...what’s going to happen to me?

“Funny you should ask. Chris and Greg hook up and finally get married. You and Sam really hit it off although you continue your relationship with Mary, David and Ivan. That is, until you meet up with Peter. Who knew you two would make such a cute couple?”

“Me and Peter. Huh? Then I assume you and Sam patch things up and carry on with shaking the universe to its core, right?

“No. Or I should say ‘not quite’. I remain the spoon that stirs the pot. It’s me and Sam. Me and you. Me and Patty. Me and Peter and Chris and Greg and Bob and...you get the idea.”

“Arnie stew.”

“Yup.”

“Well, glad we could wrap that all up.”

“I know a lot of folks were wondering. I figured it was the right thing to do.”

“So now what? We all live happily ever after, right?

“Not so fast, Mister. First, we all have to meet Cory and Michael.”

“Who?”

“Just wait. You’ll see.”

“Sounds ominous. Is everyone going to be okay?”

“I think we’d better just walk quietly into the sunset, Ed.”

“Is this where you say ‘I think this is going to be the start of a beautiful friendship?’”

“That’s fog, Ed, not a sunset.”

“Click our heels three times then. Right?”

“Yes. Click our heels three times.”

“Well. After you.”

“No. After you.”

“No, no, no. After you.”

“Oh, nooooo. After you.”

Click

Click

...

AFTERWORD

Here's a sneak between the covers of Feats of Strength: The Intense Edition and Cory & The Machine, both of which are available at raywilderbooks.com

Feats of Strength: The Intense Edition

When I was young I would wait with great anticipation for the old Muscle Man films to come on television on Saturday mornings. Every once in a while no one else would be home, so I'd take off all my clothes except for my underpants and lay on my back in front of the television with my head on a pillow so I didn't have to hold my head up. On either side of me was a large, over-stuffed armchair with fat, wooden legs.

Invariably, someone (usually a woman who obviously had the hots for Muscle Man's muscles...and other supposed attributes) would try to persuade Muscle Man to do something he didn't want to do. This persuasion usually, but not always, took the form of the Muscle Man being tied between two sets of horses or chariots or the like, sometimes with his friends buried in the dirt so they would be trampled if Muscle Man was unsuccessful in his might. The horses would be whipped and they would attempt to run off in opposite directions and Muscle Man's huge biceps and pectorals would bulge. He would grimace and groan as the horses tried to pull him apart but the mighty Muscle Man was always just too invincible for the poor animals.

Also, invariably, the aforementioned horny queen or princess or high priestess or daughter of Evil Queen would be so impressed with Muscle Man's prowess that he would be spared death by [*fill in evil plot to defeat Muscle Man*] and would either be re-imprisoned or put under some spell with a potion of some sort. And a good thing, too. Otherwise the movie was going to be unfortunately brief. After all, Muscle Man still had to kick butt and prove his might, usually by pulling down some temple.

As the feat of strength commenced on the tv screen, I would grab a leg of each of the armchairs and begin to pull them towards me, relishing in the way the muscles on my arms and chest felt under the exertion. And I would get hard. Real hard. My cock would stick straight up through the hole in my underpants and the head would be throbbing, right in the line of sight with the television.

During one of these movie episodes I noticed I was making progress with moving the armchairs. In fact, they got so close that I wasn't getting the feeling I normally did. I decided to lift up on the chairs instead. My own pecs suddenly jumped in size and an incredible feeling washed over my body. I was working these muscles harder than I ever had before. And there was this Muscle Man on the television moaning and groaning and pulling and bulging. And I started to moan and groan, but it wasn't because I was being pulled apart by horses, though I wished I were. I noticed a small amount of fluid beginning to seep out of the slit in the head of my cock. I pulled on the chairs even more. They began to actually lift off the floor.

I had never really equated this kind of effort with the development of large muscles. But at that moment, something surprising happened. Just as the back legs of the chairs lifted off the

carpet and my pecs were aching so much I thought they were going to split right through my skin, I achieved my first orgasm by shooting a wad so big that when it came back down and splattered on my chest, it covered my torso almost entirely. It was followed immediately by another one almost as big and then several others that drooled down my rock-hard cock and soaked into the fabric of my underwear.

In that moment, my future was locked in place. I began to study the process of body building and the sexual enjoyment which physical exertion beyond the normal endurance of the body brought me.

That was quite a few years ago. I kind of have to laugh because, as big as I thought those Muscle Men in the movies were, I am so much bigger than them now that I wonder what I could do with a couple of teams of horses. Or who needs horses?

Cory & The Machine

“Errrrrch...”

“Twenty and a half.”

“Aw, c’mon, man!”

“Well, pump it, man! C’mon. Squeeze.”

“Ah, shit.”

“Yeah, man. Twenty and three-quarters.”

“Arrrrrch!”

“Just a little more. One more pump, Cory.”

“Ah, God, man. I’m startin’ to cramp.”

“Little more. Yeah! Twenty-one!”

Cory dropped his arm to his side, but the swollen biceps seemed determined to maintain its size, now that it had been abused for the sake of attaining the magic number. Twenty-one inches. He shook his upper arm and pressed on the release point just below the deltoid until he could bend his arm freely.

“Man, Cory. That was beautiful, all pumped up like that. Big block’a biceps sittin’ there. How’s it feel?”

I could tell what he wanted to say. I knew what he was feeling. Like it was going to cum. Like the muscle was going to just up and spurt right there on his arm. But Cory wasn’t that way. He kept it all to himself. So I almost mouthed his reply, the same reply he always gave.

“Feels alright.”

“Yeah. Alright.”

I could tell he would need a little time to put things right in his head again, after such an effort. So I left him to brood, or whatever it was he did when he wouldn't talk to me, and went over to the pec deck. I think he was a little jealous. I had hit the magic mark about a month ago and hadn't even had to cramp up to get it. But, man, you should see this guy compared to what he looked like just twelve months ago.



He'd walked into the gym wearing long sweat pants and a jersey-hooded top. In the middle of summer, yet. I don't know what he thought he was hiding or why he thought he had to hide it. What showed, though, would have been enough to catch my attention even if his clothes hadn't. His face was beautiful. Hard, chiseled features just sharp enough to make you hope the body was the same without being severe. Though the clothes were baggy, you could tell they hung on a solid frame. The front of the sweat pants were molded around what seemed to be a rather lengthy protrusion which hung a considerable way down his right pant leg. I thought I just might have found a match for my own ten inches.

Everyone else in the place was hunkered down on a machine, too wrapped up with their efforts to worry about what walked through the door. I was working the desk that morning, so it was up to me to see what this walking sauna wanted.

“Hi. Can I help you?”

“Ah, just looking, actually.”

“Lots to look at. I'm Michael.”

I extended my hand but was met with a look which asked why. I'm not the type to get annoyed easily, so I figured I'd just wait and let him make the next move.

“Anything you might be interested in here?”

He ran his gaze up and down my six foot three inch frame and his eyes told me all I needed to know. He wasn't cruising me. He wanted to have a body like mine. They all did. Everyone who walked into the place started out wanting to have my body. For their own, I mean. Most of them who stuck around ended up getting what they wanted, though it took a while for them to accept the body they were born with.

But this guy was different. I tried to see through the layer of fleece to what he had beneath. Hard to tell. But one thing was for sure, except for a little difference in hair color (mine is brown, his blonde) and eyes (my blue to his...God, what was that? Green with little flecks of gold in them...easy, Michael) we were definitely cut from the same mold. If there was anyone who had ever walked through that door who could have my body with the proper amount of work, it was him. And I mean 'have' both ways.

“How much does it cost to join?”

I reached behind the front desk and pulled out a membership agreement which had all the prices on it. As I turned back to hand it to him I saw his eyes zip back up to eye level. I wondered how far down he'd gotten before getting caught.

“Here. This will tell you all the membership options. You can have a seat and look it over now, or...”

His eyes were locked firmly on mine.

“I have severe perceptual dyslexia.”

I guess the blank look on my face must have told him...

"I can't read."

No fear. No embarrassment. No remorse. He just couldn't read, that's all.

"Have a seat. I'll go over everything with you. You want me to read this to you, or just answer questions."

"Go ahead and read it."

I did. It took about fifteen minutes, with all the 'thou shalt's' and 'thou shalt not's.' At the end, I asked if he had any questions or if he wanted me to go over anything again.

"No, thanks. I can remember it all."

I didn't know what that meant. I mean, if he had an eidetic memory and all, why couldn't he just read? That dyslexia shit must be a real bitch.

"Why don't you look the place over a bit. You're welcome to use any of the gear. And most of the folks here are happy to answer questions."

"Okay."

And with that, he headed out onto the floor. He spent the next hour, and I mean a full hour, watching each station be worked by a person. He had a few questions, but seemed to sense the need to let the members get on with their work. But it wasn't hard to see that each encounter was a pleasant experience for each person he interacted with. It must have been the gold flecks.

I sat back down at the desk to do paperwork, glancing up occasionally to see how he was doing. I finally decided he was going to behave himself and got lost in my duties. At one point I looked up to find him standing before me at the desk. I had no idea

how long he had been there. His eyes locked onto mine and wouldn't let go.

"So?"

He looked like he had already made up his mind.

"I'll start with a six-month membership without the classes option. I'll provide my own lock and I've got insurance already."

"Well, that doesn't leave me much to ask except how you want to..."

"American Express."

Now what's a guy who can't read doing with an AMEX card? I was quickly learning that this "can't read" thing was more of a big deal for men than it was for him. He took it out of his wallet. Platinum? What the hell's going on here? I ran it through the verifier and entered an amount double of what his membership would cost; standard practice to cover incidentals and such. He caught my look of amazement when it came back with an approval code. He signed the credit slip with a scrawl that looked only slightly less decipherable than most people's signatures.

We filled in the forms together, him supplying answers, me the pen work. I thought he would clam up when it got to the personal data, but he fed it to me like it was my business to know and his to tell.

"What's your first name?"

"Cory."

I wondered if his folks had known he would grow up beautiful enough to carry that name proudly. I knew it had to be either Cory or Stefan.

"Middle initial."

“S.”

I didn't ask. We finished the form — I have to admit I was disappointed that the address he gave was a post office box — and then I took him back to the locker room, assigned him a locker and showed him where the towels and such were. Each time I indicated a location of something his eyes would flick to the spot for an instant and then back to me. His eyes hardly ever left mine. But instead of feeling threatened or uncomfortable, I felt like he was really interested in what I had to offer him. I straddled one of the benches that ran between the lockers and indicated he should do the same. He didn't hesitate for an instant but joined me, facing me; his knees just inches from mine.

“Look, Cory. I don't know if this is any of my business, but in a way, I guess it is. I gotta ask. You ever had any experience with this stuff? Y'know. Working out?”

“I had a friend who did it. I used to watch him. He had some equipment in his basement that he and his wife would use.”

“But you've never done this, yourself?”

“I tried some of his stuff once in a while.”

“I don't know if you noticed, but most of the folks out there, especially the ones who are really serious, have someone to work with.”

“Like my friend and his wife.”

“Yeah, though I don't know too many boy/girl teams.”

“They did it just for fun. Said it made the sex better.”

I barely was able to keep my eyebrows from hitting the ceiling. I was dying to know what his part in all this was. With surprisingly little effort several scenarios came to mind.

“Yeah. It does that, alright. Are you thinking of getting your friend to join the club, as well? Be your workout partner?”

“He’s dead. They died in a car crash a few months ago. His mom said I could have the gear if I wanted it, but I didn’t know what to do with it.”

This was getting weirder by the minute. Cory narrowed his gaze just a bit.

He asked me, “Do *you* have a workout partner?”

My old partner — partner in workouts, partner in business, partner in just about everything else in my life — my old partner had decided life on the coast was too much, or too little, or too — something — for him. Six months ago he’d split, leaving an envelope with a terse note of apology and the papers to his half of the business signed over to me and notarized. He had even taken care of having his mail forwarded, so I didn’t even have the pleasure of NOT forwarding anything to him that might have appeared in my mailbox — not that I would ever have stooped to such a petty act of revenge, but he didn’t even leave me the opportunity to decide that. So it was as if I’d written:

**ASK ME IF I HAVE A WORKOUT PARTNER...
AND WHILE YOU’RE AT IT,
ASK ABOUT MY SEX LIFE, TOO**

in bold letters across my forehead with a red indelible marker.

No, I had no workout partner.

“It seems to me that if I were to work with you, it would be easy, us being so similar in build, and all.”

I wondered just how similar ‘similar’ was. I had on a pair of cut-off sweats that reached down to just above my knees and a tank

top, so he had little trouble seeing what I had. He, on the other hand, was still wrapped up like Nanook of the North. I figured I had to take a chance.

“Kinda hard to tell, with all that clothing you have on.”

Cory immediately stood up and unzipped the jersey top, allowing the front to fall open. There seemed to be a brief moment of decision, then he pulled the two sides apart and shrugged it off his shoulders. It fell to the floor.

So did my jaw.

Chiseled. Like from a block of translucent marble. I mean, we’re talking individual fibers of muscle glowing underneath nicely tanned, flawless, blemish-less, hair-free skin. And did I mention the veins? Big fat ones over each biceps. Thick over his hairless forearms. Millions of them all over his hairless pecs. And did I mention his pecs? Hard. Flat. Very solid. His nipples were long and thick. And very erect. Not a lot of bulk on his frame, but not a lot else, either. I guessed maybe three or four percent body fat. Not starving or anorexic. Just hard. Like my cock.

And did I mention my cock? My cock began to stir and I wondered if I should even pretend to be worried about him seeing me get hard. His eyes were still locked on mine, searching for something. I waited to see if he would flash a look at my crotch, but they stayed even, steady. I tried to be as polite, but curiosity got the better of me. I intended to just let them drift down, as though I was professionally appraising his body for future reference, but by the time I got to the flat, rippled surface of his abdominals, I had given up all pretense. And, sure enough, as my gaze ran down to his waist, I could not help catch a glimpse of what was steadily, very dramatically, becoming an insistent bulge in his pant-leg.

And did I mention thick? I mean, like mine thick.

Cory's cock grew harder, thicker, quicker than I had ever seen a cock grow hard and thick. I thought he might pass out from the loss of blood elsewhere. I mean, I've gotten a little light-headed when my tool started draining off too much blood too quickly.

Like now.

It was a good thing I was sitting down. Or at least it was until I started really getting hard. Then it became really uncomfortable really fast.

When I finally pulled my eyes away from the swelling that decorated Cory's leg, I found myself still locked in his gaze. No irascible smile. No mischievous grin. No sly raising of the eyebrows, asking wordless questions, raising unthinkable hopes. Just that same, steady scrutiny. I didn't even know if he was waiting for anything. What was I supposed to do?

Strip, as well?

"Nice."

Cory's head cocked to the side a bit.

"What?"

The question startled me. Didn't he know what he looked like? Didn't he know what affect he was having on me?

"Your body. Nice. Good foundation there. You set your mind to it and I could have you big as me in a year."

I was hoping to get him to extend his membership.

"One year?"

"Yeah. I think so. You gotta be ready to work, though."

"I work. That's not a problem. When do we start?"

How about tonight? My place?

“How about tomorrow morning? I’ve got a guy that comes in and covers the desk in the morning so I can get my own routine in.”

“That’s fine. What time?”

“Eight o’clock?”

“Fine.”

My eyes dropped intentionally to his erection which was pressing with great persistence against the fabric of his sweats. This guy was hung. Thick, long, and...and...leaking. Man, I couldn’t believe the size of the wet spot which was spreading out just a couple of inches above his right knee. And he seemed to be completely unconcerned about it. Not the least bit uncomfortable, either physically or emotionally. Did he walk around with a ten inch hard-on and a gallon of pre-cum dripping down his leg all the time so that it didn’t even matter?

“You seem to have developed quite a leak there.”

“Yeah. Happens all the time.”

“You ever, uh, take care of it?”

“Sometimes. Sometimes I just leave it alone and it goes away after a while.”

The guy gets a ten inch iron rod down his pant-leg and doesn’t even want to do anything about it? Man. I mean, I’d heard of self-abuse, but this was ridiculous. And here I was, my own cock so hard and throbbing it was beginning to peek out from the bottom of my shorts. I could feel my rather considerable balls begin to churn and I thought I was going to cum in sympathy for what this guy must be experiencing.

Finally, I couldn’t stand it any more.

“You want me to take care of that for you?”

“Sure. If you want. Can you make it hurt?”

That did it. The floodgates opened and three feet of bench before me was suddenly slathered with a thick coating of my hot, unexpected cum. Look, ma. No hands!

And Cory was just as suddenly down on his belly on the bench, licking up every last drop of that sudden deluge. I mean, I’d seen lines of coke disappear slower than that. And he didn’t stop there. His lips grasped the head of my still protruding cock and licked and cleaned it, allowing me the opportunity to admire the knotted, rigid muscles of his back at close range.

When he had completely drained my cock of its contents and licked the exposed portion of it clean, he stood back up and made a motion so swift my eyes could hardly follow it. One second he was clothed from the waist down. The next he was completely naked.

Hard thighs. Hard calves. Hard abdominals and obliques. Hard, firm ass. And hard, hard, hard, hard cock. I mean a mean-kind-a hard. It didn’t look like I would need to do much to make it hurt. It was already doing a pretty good job on its own. And the reason I knew that was that I was staring right at a duplicate copy of my own prodigious tool. He’s cut were I’m cut. He’s veined were I’m veined. His balls hang down where my balls hang down. And he is thick — and I mean thick — where I’m thick.

I knew exactly what this cock wanted. I knew just where to chew, just where to suck, just where to lick and tease, and just how much it wanted to be squeezed.

And squeeze I did.

I grabbed it with both hands and wrapped my fingers around as far as they would reach. And then I squeezed. I squeezed and pulled it down, forcing it to bend until it was pressed against his bloated

ball sac. And then I grabbed that sac and its contents and began to squeeze them as well. I pulled and squeezed and looked up to see what he was feeling.

Cory's eyes were clamped shut, his face screwed up in silent suffering. But there was a look of such joy beneath that exquisite agony I knew he was getting exactly what he needed. And his body was becoming more tense by the minute. Corded muscles, sharp and defined, began to press against each square inch of his skin. His arms raised and reached out, each hand grabbing a lock on a locker and pulling against them. He was not huge, not like me, but he was so cut-up, so hard that I couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy.

Yeah, kid. You want to look like me. Well that goes the same for me. I want to feel the pain you're feeling; the agony, the pressure, the extreme, pulverizing, ecstatic bliss. I want my mind blown like yours is. I want to not think twice about getting a hard-on and letting my huge balls leak all over whatever I'm wearing. I want to walk up to the nearest guy and tell him to hurt me, knowing — somehow really knowing — the guy will know exactly what it is I need.

I bit hard on his shaft. I clamped down with my hands, my huge forearms bulging with veins and muscles. Then I took his balls in my mouth and began to chew on them, as well. I didn't want to kill the guy. I wasn't out for blood. But I knew exactly how far to go with this.

Cory's cock grew darker. As mine would. It began to throb. As mine would. It began to leak again. As mine would. As mine was. And then it began to spurt. As mine surely would have, had I not just come a few minutes before, myself.

And through it all, he didn't make a sound. Not a grunt, not a cry, not a whimper, not a plea. And when I had drunk down every last bit of what was one of the biggest loads of jiz I had ever been attacked by, he grabbed my hair, pulled it back, and looked into my eyes.

“Feels alright.”



Help yourself to the complete versions of both these stories at raywilderbooks.com. And come back often. I am constantly fiddling around with all three of these stories; editing, revising, sometimes even completely rewriting whole sections. You never know what you will discover on your next visit.

R.W.