

by Sean Scott

Staring [David McAllister](#),

[Author's note: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for ADULTS ONLY. If you are not an adult who wants to read this kind of smut, please do not continue. The characters in this story are played by professional, fictional actors and are not intended to represent any real people. Any similarities with actual people are unintentional and should be ignored.]

David rolled over in a groggy sleep, waking late in the morning from a long night of passionate sex with Austin. His eyes still closed, he extended his arm to the other side of the bed as he rolled, expecting it to land somewhere on the muscular body of his new-found love.

But instead, it fell onto the sheets where Austin's body should have been. He opened his eyes; the room was lit dimly, only by the light that crept around the sides of the closed window shades.

Maybe Austin was in the bathroom.

David's mind returned to the bathroom, where, hours earlier, he and Austin had shared the shower, then the bathtub. It had been one hell of a sex night.

"Hey man, you in there?" David called out.

No response.

David sat up, put his legs over the edge of the bed and got up. His beautiful, naked body pulsed with muscle as he ventured into the bathroom. The bathroom was huge. He walked through it, around a tiled partial wall, into the shower area, which took up the size of a normal bathroom all by itself.

No one.

Back at the twin sinks, David rubbed his sleepy eyes and looked at his image in the mirror. God, he was gorgeous; but he didn't let it go to his head. He flexed for himself-- a side biceps pose. Unbeatable.

Back in the bedroom, David looked around for signs of Austin. The blond's clothes were gone. David picked up the phone and dialed Ivan's room, but got no answer. He called down to the dining room. Again, no answer.

"Hmh," he mused, returning the phone to its cradle. He grabbed his boxers and pulled them on. He took his bathrobe, but didn't put it on. He certainly didn't mind being seen in just his boxers-- it was kind of fun to walk the halls of Ivan's mansion with most of his muscular body exposed. But he held his bathrobe, just in case he found a reason to put it on. He ventured out into the hall, walked toward the two-story entryway, and stopped when he arrived there. He looked down, over the balcony railing, into the large entry, then into the great room. The house seemed abandoned. He walked down the wide, curving stairs, across the tiled entry and into the dining area. The table was bare, save a beautiful, large centerpiece. If the table had been used so far this morning, it obviously had been cleared long ago.

David walked out onto the enclosed patio area and surveyed the beach through the large windows. There were only a few souls out there, braving the intense wind and rain in their bundled-up rain gear. He walked the length of the patio and entered the huge kitchen. The breakfast nook on one end had not been used either. The kitchen was spotless.

Where was everyone?

David's puzzlement turned to concern. This was very odd.

"Anyone home?" he called out as he returned to the entry area. He picked up a phone and dialed "zero" hoping to be possibly connected with someone on the grounds who was in Ivan's employ. The line rang and rang, but there was no response.

"Hello? Anyone home?" he called again, this time a little louder. He walked into the great room. Ivan's home was just strikingly beautiful. Huge. High ceilings. Large windows with breathtaking vistas.

He returned upstairs to his room and fetched his cell phone from his pants. He dialed Ivan's cell number.

Straight to voicemail.

"Hmmm, that sure is strange," David pondered. "Where the hell is everyone?" he asked himself.

The house was rambling. He was surprised at how many rooms and suites there were. He searched out the entire place-- returning to the south wing where he had originally met Austin the day before, looking throughout the suite and attached weight room.

He stopped in the entry way once again. He pulled on his bathrobe. His heavy frame moved down the steps to the basement floor. It was a full basement, taking up as much floor space as each of the three floors above it; consequently, searching through the game room (complete with numerous flat-screen TVs, billiard tables, game tables, and fully stacked bar), other guest suites, and studios (one of which is where he had met Ken, the previous morning), took quite some time. He even ventured into what was obviously a servant's area-- laundry room, quarters for maid and butler, as well as chauffeur's residence. No one. The place was completely deserted.

Back in the big game room, he pulled the cell phone out of his bathrobe pocket and called his manager in the city.

NO SERVICE.

He probably needed to go back upstairs to get enough bars. Just as his right foot hit the first step to return upstairs, he heard a sound. It sounded like voices. Or furniture moving, perhaps? Whatever it was, it came from somewhere downstairs, where he was-- but from somewhere far off, in the bowels of the house.

There it was again.

David moved down a hall toward the noise. He heard something again; a low rumble, or a bang of some kind. He continued down the hallway, where he found a door. He had walked right past it before, without opening it. He turned the handle and pushed the door inward. It was a heavy door. It opened into a huge room that was actually below the basement level. A metal staircase led down from the door, against one wall, to the room below. It was dark-- eerie. What little light there was down there, seemed to come from a very large fireplace at one end of the room, and-- if you can believe this-- torches that were placed on the walls as sconces. It looked like a kind of dungeon out of some old "B" horror movie.

David frowned in disbelief. This was just too much. I mean, who was supposed to believe this. Torches and a horror chamber?

Gimme a break, he thought.

But apparently, the only life in the whole house was coming from this "dungeon," and David's curiosity got the best of him. "Is anyone down there?" he called out.

He half expected to hear spooky organ music, but there was none. Instead, all he heard was a muffled voice. It sounded panicky.

"Hello?" David called.

More muffled noises. It seemed to come from a part of the room that was blocked from David's view. The muscle giant stepped inside the door for a better look. He still couldn't see the whole room. Much of it was blocked by what seemed like furniture, or maybe equipment of some kind. He stepped down the stairs. His steps echoed throughout the cavernous room. The fireplace crackled. Torches flickered. David's eyes adjusted to the dim light as he made his way to the bottom of the stairs. There were also spotlights nestled with the ceiling rafters that illuminated focussed circles of light.

The bottom of the staircase terminated on the left side of the room. To the right was a long pool, possibly a lap pool. Cutting slightly into the pool was what looked like a hot tub, with steam rising from its bubbling water. Much metal, and rock work, cut in large square blocks, was used in the design of the dark room.

As he stepped onto the floor, he turned and saw at the other end of the room, the figure of a man.

Holy shit! The man was in chains! His outstretched arms were chained to two pillars, and his legs-- also stretched wide-- were also chained to the same pillars. A closer examination revealed that the muscular man who was bound by the chains-- was-- Austin! His unmistakable physique was splayed wide-- muscles bulging everywhere-- and his luxurious blond hair was shaking back and forth as he seemed to be struggling to free himself.

He was gagged.

The noise David had heard was Austin's frightful cries for help.

Austin was on some kind of raised stage area-- at least it looked like that to David. He was illuminated by spot lighting and torches that were placed on either side of him, outside of the pillars. There were also torches in large bowls on the floor; it reminded David of a photo shoot he had been in.

Austin's naked body actually looked pretty hot from where David stood. But of course David, at present, wasn't concerned with the arousal factor. He immediately moved through the room to Austin. As he approached, he saw

Austin's wide eyes. The man was hysterical. He seemed to be yelling, despite the gag in his mouth. He shook his head like a madman. He dripped with sweat; his appearance was ashen-- he looked like he was exhausted.

David rushed to him. And yet, Austin didn't seem to settle down, in spite of his imminent rescue. David ripped the gag out of his mouth.

"Get out of here David!" Austin hissed. "He's coming back!"

David tested the strength of the cuffs and chains that held his new love.

Solid.

"Who did this?" he cried. "Who did this to you?"

"David! Listen to me," Austin pleaded. "You HAVE to get out of here! He's going to be back in just a minute! PLEASE!"

"WHO!" David demanded. "WHO is coming back?"

"Goliath! --or, at least that's what he calls himself! He's huge! And he's horrible! He'll be back any second! PLEASE, David. I'll be okay here! This is a trap for YOU! Get the hell out of here!"

"What do you mean, a trap?" David yelled. "I'm not leaving until you are safe! What the hell happened? Who the hell did this to you?" David demanded again as he looked around the room. He searched for a key-- a crow bar-- anything that would help him in freeing Austin.

"David! You've GOT to listen to me!" Austin pleaded. "The only reason I'm here is to lure you down here to this-- this torture chamber! You HAVE to believe me. You are in danger! This is all some kind of plot by Ivan! He has this-- this-- giant! And this monster wants YOU! Please! David, DAVID-- listen to me! --you HAVE to believe me!"

But David would hear none of it. He was intent on finding a way to free Austin. He finally found a large bar-- about the size of a barbell. He grabbed it and tried to work against the anchor of the chains on one of the huge pillars that held Austin.

But the bar was too thick. The muscleman couldn't get it inside any of the chain links, nor the anchors on the pillars. He searched the room once

again. Sweat poured from his face. He shed the bathrobe and threw it on the floor, exposing his muscular body-- wearing only his boxer shorts.

"DAAAAVID!" Austin shouted.

David looked up at Austin to see the blond man staring in horror across the room at--

...at...

David turned to see what was terrifying Austin.

At the other end of the room, near the base of the stairs, a very tall door opened slowly. There appeared a silhouette of a man-- a man built like no one David had ever seen-- save maybe in the mirror. The man was bald. He was huge. Bigger than life. He stepped through the large door and into the light. He was black.

Gigantic muscles everywhere.

More muscles than possible.

He walked into the room where the light illuminated his massive physique. Holy fuck-- he was big. Easily taller than David by half a foot-- definitely pushing seven feet. And his body-- it was enormous! He was naked, except for a cock-hugging leather cuff which encased his penis like a very thick condom. Above the cuff, at the base of his dick, was a cock ring that sat against his torso, with both his cock and balls hanging through. The cuff was linked to the ring by two thick chains, one on each side. There was an inch or two of visible cock between the ring and the cuff, where the chain links were. His cock hung almost to his knees. And thick? Yeah-- the thickest, longest schlong in the room-- and that was saying a **lot**.

Gigantic muscles everywhere. Oh yeah, I already said that. But the reader will forgive me if I run out of adjectives to describe this giant. His huge, defined body rendered any thesaurus utterly useless.

If he was taller than David by half a foot, he HAD to outweigh him by fifty pounds-- at least-- maybe a hundred! And it was all muscle. ALL muscle! This black behemoth was every bit as lean as David, but his legs-- his arms-- his chest and shoulders-- they all were thicker, more muscular and more powerful-looking than David imagined possible. Gigantic pectorals. Just unbelievable size, with a cleavage that you could hide a rolling pin in.

His large nipples pointed straight down, forced into that position by the incredible mass of his chest. Shoulders wider than Texas. Arms that could have easily been mistaken for automobiles. Just fuckin' huge guns-- bulging with rippling waves of muscle with every step he took. Shit, his FORE-ARMS would have made for great biceps on the average bodybuilder!

But easily the most striking feature of this behemoth's physique was his legs. Just fuckin' bigger than life itself. Rippling quads moved in waves as he walked-- shit, they looked like they could squeeze the life out of an oak tree. They were easily the largest human muscles David had ever seen-- so freakin' thick and massive that they jutted out nearly as far as his freeway-wide shoulders.

And despite all of that excessive muscle mass, his waist, which sported two rows of deeply defined abdominal muscles, was at least as narrow as David's, if not even smaller. Even with all that mass, he almost had a long, slim look to him when you looked at his waist. Just no fat anywhere. Sensual; the ultimate definition of power and grace. He was gargantuan in his musculature, yet strikingly proportioned and symmetrical. You'd think those over-developed legs would make his upper body seem small, but there's no way a person could call *that* upper body small.

David had a hard time believing what he was seeing. Where the hell did this guy come from?

The huge man continued to walk toward to the two men-- his enormous, long penis swaying like the clapper in Big Ben. He had a serious, grave look on his face.

For the first time in his life, David felt intimidated-- maybe even scared. Certainly, Austin's panicked hysteria didn't help. Obviously the blond hunk had experienced some of this guy's wrath-- Austin was terrified, as attested by his wide-eyed panic as the black man approached. "David! Please get out of here!" he screamed.

But of course, David wasn't about to leave his friend in the face of this... this... monster.

"What the fuck---" David started. "What the fuck is going on here?" he demanded. He looked up into the darkness of the huge dungeon, searching. "Ivan, what the hell is going on here!?" he yelled. "Ivan!"

The black giant moved closer. And as he did so, his expression turned from intimidating to a grinning evil.

God, he was huge.

And muscular.

Throbbing muscles beyond belief.

David's eyes grew wide; behind him, his love panted with terror. He stood between Austin and the black giant-- in an attempt to protect his blond friend. He held the barbell tightly, ready to strike the monster if needed.

"I don't know who you are, but you'd better let Austin go right now..." David demanded.

The black man stopped right in front of David. His hyper-muscular body was hairless-- and very black; perfect, spotless skin. He was gorgeous. His face was just so strong and beautiful! And now that he was within arm's reach, David examined his physique even more closely. It almost made David's gut ache with envy. He had the most vascular web of veins imaginable. His forearms were lined with freakish veins-- his legs, too. Just unreal leanness.

The giant had sparkling brown eyes that brimmed with life, they looked like agates, glowing with fire from within. "I am Goliath," he said, breathing down onto David.

David had to work to hide his annoyance. *Goliath?* he thought. *Give me a break. What is this, some kind of joke?* "Goliath? As in Goliath Advertising?" he sneered. "Or... as in 'David & Goliath'?"

There was no response.

"Listen, man," David said. "I don't know who you are, or what Ivan has put you up to... but it's not going to work. We're not going to play along with your little game here." He turned to Austin, and then back to the black giant. "You need to let him go. NOW."

Goliath started to smile. "Sorry to disappoint you, David," he said, "but that's not going to happen." His speech was refined and articulate; and when he spoke David's name, David found his knees weaken just at the sound of this hyper-masculine muscleman using his name. The intimidating muscleman continued, "Your friend here..." he looked at Austin and smiled,

"has already served a very important purpose. But I'm not done with him yet," he grinned. "Not by a long shot."

David stepped forward. His eyes met Goliath's chin. He looked up, into his eyes. "Look, man. Whatever it is you're doing here. It's over. You're going to have to come through me to get to him. Stand Down, bucko." His eyes flared with rage. "Back off and give me the key to his chains."

"Ivan was right," Goliath smiled. "You *are* quite unbelievable." He looked down over David's muscular physique, enjoying every ripple, every bulge.

David was undeterred. Sure, this "Goliath" was bigger, and looked much stronger, but David's strength had never been successfully challenged, no matter how big the guy was. He drew on his inner confidence and stood his ground.

As the two men stood there, David tensed-- gripping the barbell hard. He was so tight with determination his strong hands could have bent it. Then, he started to feel something at the leg of his boxer shorts. He looked down to see Goliath's gargantuan cock growing. It was becoming erect, and it was starting to rise between David's legs. The leather that encased it held the mammoth cock so tightly that you could almost see the ridges of the veins. You could certainly see the entire smooth outline of the apple-sized head, along with the rim that separated it from the thick shaft. If he weren't so filled with adrenalin, David would have shuddered at its size. It was hard to imagine that thing fitting into *any* kind of orifice.

The two huge men stood so close to each other that Goliath's cock had started to poke into the leg of David's boxers as it engorged with his desire.

Goliath grinned.

David took a step backward. This had the effect of giving him a better perspective of Goliath-- at a little more distance like this, with a larger field of vision, Goliath actually looked *more* unbelievable. As his mighty cock rose, his taut stomach moved with each easy breath, giving his abdominal muscles a sensual, powerful motion.

Fuck-- those legs! *Shit those things are Unreal!* David thought.

If Goliath weren't so intimidating, the absurdity of the situation would have made this whole interaction comical. In fact, David had to force himself to

assess the situation dispassionately, not allowing either his fear nor his sense of humor to sway his judgement.

Regardless of what was going on, Austin was genuinely afraid. David had only known him for one night, but he felt he had a pretty good read on him. If Austin was indeed acting (still a definite possibility), the blond was giving an Oscar[®]-winning performance. David set aside any fear of Goliath for just a moment, and turned to Austin to try and learn more. He stepped toward the bound muscleman and leaned the barbell against one of the columns. "Austin," he said softly as he held the man's face in his hands, "what is this all about? I want you to calm down and tell me *exactly* how you got here!"

"David!" Austin panted, "I don't remember how I got here! The last thing I remember was going to sleep in your bed. But instead of waking up next to you, I woke up-- or regained consciousness-- right here!"

"Where's Ivan?" David asked.

"He was here, with Reed! They were standing there, watching the whole thing-- while that beast--!"

"Watching *what* whole thing?" David interrupted.

Austin was getting more agitated again as he attempted to tell David what had happened. "He-- he--" Austin looked over at Goliath... "He forced himself on me-- He..." Austin turned his head in disgust and shame.

"What!?" David demanded. "What did he do to you!?"

Austin broke down, crying. "He... raped... me," he sobbed.

David turned to Goliath, who was grinning. "He raped you?" he asked, looking back to Austin, trying to read him better. David's facial expression belied his skepticism about Austin's claim. Well, even if this was an act, Goliath's truly imposing presence-- and that evil grin-- gave credence to the possibility of Austin's story.

Austin, for all his trauma, could tell David wasn't totally convinced. He started to speak, wide-eyed, "David. If you don't believe me..." he fought to control himself. "If... you don't... then take a look at my..." he broke down again, bawling.

David put his hand on Austin's shoulder, trying to comfort him. Warily, he stepped to Austin's side and tried to look at his back side. The bodybuilder's outstretched physique had been through a lot-- there was no act being put on about that. His muscles quivered and twitched with fatigue. Upon closer examination of Austin's buttocks, David could see the skin was reddened from abrasions-- around his anus. There were bruises too-- even blood. And on Austin's thick, muscular legs, David could see clumps of what looked like caked-on semen. It didn't take a forensic scientist to see that Austin wasn't kidding.

David filled with rage. He turned to Goliath and, perhaps impetuously, lunged at him, grabbing the huge black man in a bear hug. He lifted Goliath off the ground. God he was heavy. "You bastard!" he yelled, squeezing him tightly. His eyes filled with fury. "Let him go NOW!"

Goliath didn't retaliate.

David pushed Goliath away, throwing him to the ground. He jumped on top of him and drew his arm back to take a punch, but Goliath grabbed David's wrist and held it still. David's arm froze in mid air. Goliath started to squeeze his grip on David's wrist. David could see Goliath's arm come alive with tension-- his vascular skin rippling with unreal musculature. If he hadn't been in such a horrifying situation, David would have found himself popping a boner at this guy. God-- he was so much more muscle than David had ever conceived. Even *in* this situation, as David's huge arm was held helplessly in the air, David started to feel his penis inflate. Just being so close to this much muscle made David feel weak. And being *controlled* by this African musclegod was quite intoxicating indeed.

Shit, it started to hurt. Fuck, this guy was strong!

Goliath smiled. He held David there for a second, and then threw him backward, forcing him onto the floor on his back. With amazing speed, Goliath pounced on top of David, grabbed both wrists and proceeded to hold him down. He grinned, his bright white teeth sneering at his prey. "Your mighty muscles are not quite so mighty, are they Davey," he snarled.

David squirmed from side to side and started to flail his legs in a valiant, yet ineffective effort to free himself.

"Okay, okay. That's enough," a voice from the far end of the room said loudly.

Both David and Goliath turned to pierce the darkness with their eyes-- David, trying to see who it was; Goliath knowing. Goliath released his grip on David and moved off him, slowly standing, at ease.

"Goliath, why don't you take a break for a moment," the voice said. As he talked, David realized who it was. It was Reed.

David, still stunned, took longer to recuperate, but eventually also stood.

"Well, Austin," Reed said as he approached the three musclemen, "I have to thank you for drawing David down here. You did a fine job-- not to mention the wonderful job of entertaining Ivan and myself earlier, as Goliath enjoyed himself on your beautiful ass." Next to Reed walked Ivan. The two men stopped below the stage area, not far from the hot tub.

"I must say," Ivan broke in, "Reed and I haven't seen anything so sensual in a long time-- you provided Goliath with one very *hot* orgasm, and Reed and myself with the best fuck show we've seen in years." Ivan looked at David and said, "But I have a feeling it will pale in comparison with what's to come," he grinned.

"He nearly killed me!" Austin screamed, breaking down into sobs again.

"Tsk, tsk," Reed clucked. "We wouldn't let anything happen to you, Austin. You're no good to us dead-- how else would he have lured David down here?"

"Ivan," David said. "What's the meaning of all this? What the hell is going on here?"

Ivan took a step forward. "What's going on here, is some live entertainment for my partner Reed and myself. You and Goliath are the stars of the show, Austin is the supporting cast, and Reed and I are the appreciative audience."

David shook his head. "I don't understand. Why would you need to use Austin to lure me down here? You could have easily just told me that this was a set for a photo shoot. You didn't need to kidnap--" he looked back at Austin's haggard body, "--and *rape* Austin!" He glared back at Ivan, looking like he was ready to pounce on the advertising magnate.

Ivan smiled broadly. "Ah... but you do have to admit, it was much more entertaining this way."

David lunged forward at the pair who stood at the base of the small stage area, but Goliath stepped in and held him back.

"Now, now," Reed chimed in. "Just relax Mr. Muscles. You'll probably want to conserve your energy-- for later."

David, unable to get past Goliath, relented. His entire body was tense with anger.

"You're really not in a position to object to any of this, David," Ivan said. "Not that it doesn't turn us on when you do..." he smiled as he looked at Reed, who returned the grin. "Relax for a minute while I explain what's going to happen here. We're going to play a little game. Reed and I love games, so here's what we're going to play: It's called 'Muscle Test,' and we think you'll enjoy it quite a bit." He paused for a second and added, "well, maybe 'enjoy' isn't quite the right word. But you get the idea." He looked at Goliath. "Our big black friend here is going to go up against you, David. And the winner not only gets the spoils of the other giant's muscle body-- to do with as he pleases-- but he also gets Austin here-- likewise, to do with as he pleases." His face was wide with a grin. "It should be quite entertaining."

David wrestled against Goliath's mighty arms. "Forget it, Ivan. If you think I'm going to go along with your perverted, twisted torture show here, you've got something else coming!"

"Oh, I think it's Goliath who will be coming," Reed interjected. "Not that I'm biased about the outcome, of course."

"We thought you might be-- shall we say-- *less* than cooperative, David," Ivan said. "But have no fear, we've taken that into account. I think you'll agree, we've got quite the motivation for you." He looked at Goliath and nodded. Goliath released David and walked over behind Austin, his huge black body dwarfing him. He started feeling out Austin's bulging muscles-- chest, shoulders, abs-- and then his penis. He pushed himself against Austin's back side. Austin coiled in fear.

"Get back, you asshole!" Austin screamed.

"Actually, Austin, it's *you* who is the asshole," Reed laughed.

Goliath bucked his hips, running his mammoth leather-wrapped cock between Austin's spread legs.

Ivan snapped his fingers twice, and Goliath stepped back, and returned to stand next to David. "And if that's not enough to provide you with a reason to cooperate, perhaps this will be." He looked to Reed, who took a remote control device from his pocket and pressed a button.

Austin shrieked in agony, his body flailing with a buzzing electrical charge.

David's eyes bulged in horror. He jumped toward Austin, but then stopped abruptly when he realized that if he touched him, he'd only be drawn into the current. He turned to Reed. "STOP IT! STOP IT!" he demanded.

Reed let up on the controller, and Austin's body went limp. He wasn't unconscious, but he had clearly been hurt.

If there had been any question in David's mind that this whole situation was fake, it had just been made shockingly clear that it was not.

"You'll want to be sure to cooperated fully with us, David," Ivan said in his eastern European accent. "If we feel that you're being difficult, Austin will be the one to suffer."

"What is it you want me to do," David said reluctantly.

"Well," started Reed, "our first little contest is called, 'Who popped the boner.' It's very simple, really. We will give Goliath 30 minutes to show you his... well, his *assets*. You need to *not* sprout an erection. If you don't, we move onto the next game. If you do get hard... well poor Austin over there is in for a rather shocking experience."

David felt sick to his stomach. *I can't believe this Ivan is such a perverted man*, he thought. He looked at Goliath, who was grinning right at him. "And if Goliath becomes... 'excited?'" David asked.

"David," Ivan said, "you don't need to worry about Goliath. I am making the rules here."

"In fact," Reed added, "I expect that Goliath will undoubtedly become erect when you two 'get it on,'" he smiled. "That's part of the fun!"

Ivan and Reed moved over to the pool area and stood next to the hot tub. Reed picked up a phone and said a few words, then hung up. They stripped off their clothes and stepped into the hot water. Moments later, Houston, the butler, came out with a tray of drinks. He served the men and left.

"Go ahead, Goliath," Reed said. He looked at a clock on the wall. "Time... starts... now."

Goliath wasted no time. He moved in front of David and just stood there, smiling, allowing David to take in the mass and definition of his physique. David had never really pondered his attraction to black men vs. white men; but that issue aside, Goliath's imposing body-- bigger than David had ever encountered-- was causing him to stir with desire. He had never been the smaller-- the weaker. His life was full of episodes of freaking other muscle-men out with his astounding development. And now, for the first time in his life, he was on the other side of that equation.

Of course, in this situation, he knew it would be easy to ignore Goliath's overtures. All he had to think about was Austin-- or to even look over at him-- and he filled with rage. It was hard to get aroused when you're so full of anger.

Goliath lifted his arms slowly and flexed his biceps. They grew into heads of peaked muscle-- each one with a freaky split of the muscle. The skin looked as thin as plastic wrap around the muscles. Holy fuck! Goliath's arms were incomprehensibly huge! Easily bigger than David's massive guns. Easily. Goliath held the pose, intimidating David like never before (well except for that one dream episode with Hercules). David's eyes grew larger, despite his efforts to contain his awe.

Goliath flexed harder, and his arms peaked even more! A cantaloupe-sized ball separated itself from the lower, triceps part of the arm. His arm twitched with the effort. Veins ran all over the fuckin' thing. The ball of muscle wasn't round, though. It formed a peak that pointed upward like it had a baseball stuck inside the cantaloupe. Simply the most amazing, powerful-looking set of arms David had ever laid eyes on. He wanted to touch them.

Think about Austin.

David looked over to Austin, who had also been watching the muscle display. He had regained some of his strength, and was standing firmly, despite having his four limbs held wide by the chains. Of no help to David, was the fact that Austin, seeing only this preliminary show of muscle, was already beginning to get hard. Not fully, by any means, but his staff was definitely rising.

David could hear Ivan and Reed mumbling something to each other, and then Reed called out, "David. Turn back to Goliath. Don't look at Austin."

David glared at Reed.

"If you turn back to look at him again, he gets a shock," Reed asserted.

Goliath kept flexing his huge arms, moving his forearms out and then back--very slowly. The insane muscles bulged and flexed, taunting David.

"David, don't you want to touch them?" Ivan asked.

David couldn't tell if that was an order or a request. He hesitated, watching Goliath continue his flexing. Indeed, the spectacle of Goliath's arms, under any other circumstance would immediately require a feel by David. If he looked at them for any length of time at all, he was filled with an almost uncontrollable urge to put his hands on them. That urge translated into a bulging and thickening of David's cock. His desire for Goliath's unmatched body was getting to him.

How could someone have arms more muscular than David's? This new experience was really getting to the big guy.

For some reason, David thought of his mother, in France. He gazed off behind Goliath and started thinking about his last visit to her there. It had been a month ago, during late autumn. She had made him his favorite dinn...

"David," snapped Ivan. "Put your hands on Goliath's arms. You're not afraid of what you'll feel, are you?"

David decided that thinking about his mom wasn't what he wanted to do. Just imagining her-- watching him in this situation-- made him shrink with humiliation. As ordered, he slowly lifted his hands to Goliath, who began to smile again at the anticipation. Fuck-- it was a lot more sensual than David had expected. Goliath's massive muscles bulged and bunched under his hands, and David had to fight back trembling. Thoughts of Austin, his mother, of resisting at all, seemed to flee. As he moved his hand all over the things-- fuck, he didn't *have* to be this enthusiastic about feeling Goliath out!-- his mouth opened, and he had to consciously tell himself to shut it.

"Feel the underside," Goliath smiled.

David didn't know whether Goliath had the authority to command him, but just the suggestion was all he needed. His hands moved down-- they were shaking now-- and he spread them out wide, cupping the gargantuan triceps in his palms. Of course his palms weren't big enough to encompass them, but that goes without saying. Goliath straightened his arms and the triceps muscles shortened, bunched and grew-- bulging with insane definition-- their size overwhelming. Goliath dropped his arms and in so doing, forced David's now willing hands to his enormous chest. The hairless black skin was like no man's he had ever touched. He gasped. Goliath started to slowly ripple his pecs, and David's fingers and palms began a ride like they had never experienced.

Over the next few minutes, Goliath expertly took David through a muscle posing routine that had David lost in lust. Goliath had moves and poses that David had never thought of. And every one of them was designed to bring David further and further down the road toward full sexual stimulation. Fuck, David never wanted it to stop. Just the thought of having his huge man---

Goliath relaxed, and stepped toward David. Their massive bodies almost touched. The giant black man took the giant white man's hands in his own and, smiling, placed David's fingers on the leather encasement surrounding his horse cock.

Fuuuuuck. Overwhelming. David wanted to step back-- to let go of it. But instead he stood there and gripped it more firmly. It was the most impossible situation David had ever found himself in. Goliath's cock was starting to grow. David moved his hand up-- and down-- it. Slowly. Feeling its weight, its mass. Feeling its hardness through the warm leather.

Think about Austin. Before that thought finished forming itself in David's consciousness, he instinctively turned his face to his blond lover-- stopping himself when he realized what he had done. But it was too late. He had glanced at Austin long enough to see a fully-erect man standing there. He was oozing with shiny precum-- his whole cock seemed to glisten with it, and it poured down his shaft, onto his balls, and then onto the floor. That sight was erotic, but the image was short-lived. Immediately Austin began to vibrate and shake as a buzzing sound filled the air. David could see sparks of light emanating from the cuffs on Austin's wrists and ankles. Austin convulsed violently.

"Stop it!" David demanded. "I won't look again! I won't!"

David panted in fear as the electric current continued. Then... it stopped. David heard the chains jingle and clank as, presumably, Austin slumped in exhaustion. He didn't know for sure, because he was afraid to look. He looked up at Goliath's eyes, almost pleading for mercy.

But he got none there.

What he did get was a kiss. Goliath bent down and began to kiss the giant man. Initially, David resisted, trying to push away.

"David."

That was all he needed to hear to stop resisting. Reed's hand was still on the remote controller, and he knew that if he didn't cooperate, Austin would be subject to more pain.

Goliath wrapped his powerful arms around the giant David, and David-- forced to comply-- relaxed. He didn't resist, but he didn't reciprocate the embrace either. But as Goliath's warm tongue penetrated his mouth, and the black man's muscular arms pulled him close, David found himself lost-- lost in a world of muscle that he never believed existed. All it took was for David to place his hands on the outside of Goliath's embracing arms, and he was filled with a libido drive that had as-of-yet been untapped. He groaned as his hands moved up onto Goliath's incomparable shoulders, then down over the mountainous landscape of his back. He was almost riding on Goliath's cock, which was stiffening more and more every second, between David's huge legs.

David's hands felt Goliath's herculean lats. He was beginning to understand the effect he himself must have on other men-- other men who thought they were the biggest, until they had met him. Now, with the shoe on the other foot, he appreciated even more his own masculinity and his own hyper-muscular physique. This-- this being the tempted one... it felt... it felt-- good. He leaned his face on Goliath's pecs and surrendered his lust. Goliath felt David's back-- his butt.

Then Goliath released David. He looked down at David's boxer shorts and ripped them off, letting them fall to the floor. David was getting hard. Fast.

David's renewed awareness of the danger made him panic. He closed his eyes tight and searched his mind for something to think about. The first thing he came up with-- his investment portfolio, for some reason-- is what he latched onto. He began calculating rates of return on his stocks and

bonds. He tried to remember his bank balances-- his account numbers-- the name of the teller at the bank. Heck, when was the last time he actually went IN to a bank and saw a real person? Oh yeah, it was that cute male teller, who obviously had it bad for David. Yeah, the guy was *really* cute. Couldn't keep his eyes on his work whenever David came in. David had made a mental note to get this guy's business card next time he was in, and maybe send him an e-mai... *Wait! Stop thinking about sexual situations!* He started to go over his taxes from last year, but...

David's penis found itself being touched. Goliath's masculine hands-- his fingertips, really-- caressed it-- tenderly-- not grasping it hard at all, but almost-- tickling... it... with... a slow... sen...sual... stroke.

Oh fucking christalmighty.

David shuddered, then tried to push Goliath away.

Nothin' doin'.

Goliath was unmovable. He just stood there, stroking David into a hard-- painfully hard, erection. He put one leg forward and with his free hand started to rock his mammoth quadriceps muscle back and forth-- freezing and tightening it into the most amazing rock of quad muscle on the planet. The striations and vascularity were bested only by the sheer mass of the thing. Unable to resist, David put his hand on the massive leg and felt it. Goliath kept it hard. He knew that his legs were easily bigger and better than David's, and that David was hopelessly lost in envy and lust.

David ran his hand back and forth over the flexing leg. Shit, there was so much real estate to cover! He felt like he could explore it for hours and not *begin* to comprehend its power and musculature. He continued to feel it, while his ever-throbbing penis grew higher under the expert touch of Goliath's gentle hand. Goliath walked his fingers down to the base of David's dick and fondled his pubes; then crept them farther down and weighed the long, droopy sacs of fruit with his fingers. Slowly, he touched David's perineum.

David went crazy. He gasped and tipped his head back, giving out only a token push of resistance on Goliath's quadriceps muscle.

With calculated inevitability, David's cock pulsed to full-mast. Goliath took one long finger and put it to the slit head, moistening it with David's silvery-

clear precum. He brought it to his lips. God, there was a lot on it. Sensually, he inserted the finger into his mouth, smiling.

"Thanks, David," he smiled. "Glad you like the show." He looked behind David, to Austin, and continued talking, "...too bad your friend over there won't enjoy it quite as much." He grasped David's broad shoulders and turned him around abruptly so Ivan and Reed could see his fully erect state. David moaned with despair, knowing what was coming next: A crackle, then the low buzzing of the charge, and Austin's convulsive yell.

David's body tightened. He turned to see Austin jerk uncontrollably.

The giant sobbed. "Please... please stop. I'll do anything. It's my body you want, not Austin's!" he cried.

But the buzzing sound continued.

David cried out, "Please Ivan! Please stop! You pervert!" His pleading turned to rage. He jumped toward the two men in the water, but Goliath's hands were still firmly planted on his shoulders. He couldn't move. "Oh please," he sobbed. He turned his face to Austin, just in time to see the electric current stop. "Oh Austin, I'm sorry!" he moaned. "I'm sorry I wasn't strong enough. I'm so sorry!"

Ivan took a sip from his drink. Reed took a shot of something in a shot glass.

Austin's limp body hung-- seemingly lifeless.

"Austin!" David cried.

Austin moved-- then groaned. He was still alive. Barely.

David turned to Ivan and Reed. "What do you want!?" he demanded. "Whatever it is-- I'll give it to you! I'll do what ever you want! Just let him go!"

Ivan took another drink. After a long pause he said, "What we want, David... is to watch you cower while you see your lover there being tortured. We want to see you lust after Goliath, unable to control yourself, even in the face of punishment for Austin. What we want... is to see exactly what you're giving us: the huge muscleman unable to save himself or his friend-- facing

someone more powerful, more muscular, more virile than even yourself. We want to see you, David... you."

At this point, Goliath's erect cock was resting against David's back and buttocks. He pulled his hips back, bent his knees, and inserted it between David's thick legs, pushing it forward so that the leather-bound penis jutted forward, right underneath David's erection. Although David's boner had subsided just a bit in the wake of Austin's torture, Goliath's actions-- and the sight and feel of that *thing* jutting up between his legs-- right in front of him-- made him stiffen fully, as before. Goliath pushed his cock ring against David's ass, forcing his rod forward as far as it would go. It stuck out, directly beneath David's cock. At this point, a full comparison of the two pile drivers was unavoidable. David's lay literally on top of Goliath's-- his drooping sacs hanging on either side of Goliath's cock like two saddle bags. Sure, Goliath's base was inches behind David's, since the black giant was standing behind David, but even with that taken into account, the huge black rod ended up just about a half inch farther out than David's! And since David's was on top of Goliath's, it was easy to see that Goliath's was obviously thicker-- much thicker. David had never seen anything like it in his life.

Renewed in his lust for the bigger man, David's dick spewed more and more precum. It dribbled down, out of his piss slit and began to moisten and stain the leather cock jacket of Goliath. Goliath wrapped his hands around David's torso and began feeling his hairy chest. Slowly. He brushed his fingertips over David's nipples. Sensually. David stiffened-- in every way. Goliath's hands gently massaged David's hairy pectorals. Goliath moaned, obviously enjoying himself. David allowed his head to tip back onto Goliath's chest. He was totally unable to fight temptation. Goliath pinched David's nipples. More groans from David. More precum oozing from his dick, onto Goliath's.

Ivan and Reed conferred about something, and then Ivan spoke to David, "Our next little contest is going to be a test not of sexual control, but rather of physical strength. Think you're up to it David?" he teased.

As Ivan spoke, Goliath continued to massage David's pectorals.

"I enjoyed very much your demonstration in the weight room yesterday, David," Ivan continued. "And it occurred to me, 'I wonder what David would feel like if he were in Austin's place.' So, fortunately for you-- but maybe not so fortunately for your blond friend over there-- I've come up with a little scenario that will allow you to experience what it's like to be the weaker one." He smiled and took a sip of his drink. He turned to Reed and said softly, "You know, this hot tub is getting a little warm. Let's cool off in the

pool for a minute.” The two men slipped over the wall that separated the large, gurgling tub from the clear blue water of the swimming pool.

David opened his eyes from his erotic trance just long enough to see Reed’s muscular physique gracefully slip from one pool to the next, and Ivan’s wrinkled, skin-draped frame do the same. Reed’s body was poetry in motion. Ivan’s was emaciated and sickening.

Goliath pulled back from David, sliding his cock out from between David’s legs. He took a position next to David, smiling down on the smaller giant. David, fully erect, felt embarrassed and small.

“Now, gentlemen,” Ivan continued, standing in the shallow waters of the large swimming pool, “...we have the test of strength.”

Reed motioned to Goliath, who walked to the edge of the small stage area where the three musclemen had been positioned. He pressed a button on the wall and massive panels on the long side of the room-- parallel to the long pool-- began to move, opening up a larger raised “stage” area. This area was lit with dim blue lighting that was punctuated by spotlights that shown on various equipment and machinery-- weights, and what looked like torture equipment: racks, cables, bizarre weight machines, even nooses! On one side of the stage was an oversized bed, furnished with mattresses, blankets and pillows-- and even mirrors above it, optimizing the view for the “audience.”

“David. Join him,” Ivan ordered.

Hesitantly, and full of trepidation, David obeyed.

“Aw, come on now,” Goliath taunted as David finally approached, “this is going to be fun. A big strapping man like you shouldn’t have any problem with this.”

The two men walked to center stage, where they were illuminated by spotlights.

“We’re going to have three strength contests,” Ivan said. He turned to Reed and giggled, “Oh, I just love this, don’t you?” Reed smiled in agreement, his white teeth visible to David even through the glaring spotlights. Directing his attention back to the two musclemen, Ivan continued. “The first contest will be the boulder lift.” He nodded to Reed to continue the description of the test, while he moved to the edge of the pool, where Houston (appar-

ently) had left another large tray of drinks-- mixers, wine, etc. He began to serve himself as Reed began talking.

"You each have a machine there, which is basically a lat pull-down machine," Reed said. "But instead of weights, like in a gym, you'll be lifting those boulders there."

There were two machine-contraptions next to the two men. They did look something like lat pull-down machines, but they were heavier-- and bolted to the floor with massive rods. Attached to each pulley was a square block, about five feet away. It wasn't really a boulder-- it just looked like one. Imprinted on the side of each block was: "500 lbs." Much more than any man would do in a lat pull-down exercise. But then, David was no mere man.

And neither was Goliath.

Reed instructed each man to take a position on their respective machine. They sat with their back to the "audience"-- facing the huge boulders.

"You need to do each rep simultaneously. Take your time so you stay together. Whoever fails first loses this test. You whoever loses two out of the three tests loses the contest-- and that's when Austin gets the shock," Reed smiled. "That's assuming, of course, that you lose, David," he smirked.

The backs of both men were truly unbelievable in their size-- and beauty. Goliath confidently reached up and grasped his bar widely. He positioned his upper legs under a padded beam and twisted himself into a comfortable position on his chair.

David did likewise.

The arms of the two men were stretched wide. Goliath took the initiative and started to pull down on the bar, causing the cable to tighten, and then the boulder in front of him. David followed suit. Both men's tremendous bodies tightened into rippling mountains and the boulders lifted off the floor.

Ivan began to touch himself. He watched in lust as the wide "V" backs of the two muscle giants tightened and pulled down on the bar above them. It was an orgasm waiting to happen-- just watching all of this muscle power!

They both pulled their respective bars down to their chests-- which, if they weren't facing away from Ivan and Reed, would have provided quite a show as the pec muscles of both men rose to meet the bar. The backs of both

men tightened and their latissimus dorsi hardened, rippling with power. The definition of their back muscles would have blown anyone away. Just insane muscle.

Arms rippled; chests quivered; lungs froze; eyes squinted. And finally, they both exhaled and with great control, lowered the blocks by allowing the bar to move back upward.

Of course, as they did so, the lats of both men flared wide once again, and two enormous "V" shapes dominated the stage.

And Ivan continued to touch.

The second rep was just as methodical, just as powerful. And the third was the same. Neither muscle monster seemed to have any problem at all lifting this unheard-of weight. It truly was a muscle show to end all muscle shows. The competitors of "The World's Strongest Man" on TV would have been lost in envy.

On the fourth rep, David actually had to slow down to match his pace with Goliath's. The dark giant seemed to be tiring! He had to take a few loud breaths before he attempted the fifth rep, and David could hear him struggling. Yet he forced the rep to its full range of motion, pulling the bar all the way down to his chest.

But on the sixth rep, Goliath began to falter. David, although not on a picnic of any kind, was handling the weight okay-- possibly bolstered by the fact that his opponent seemed to be weakening.

The seventh rep is when it ended. Goliath moaned and hissed loudly as he pulled, writhing and quivering. He could only get the bar down as far as his nose. He froze there, unable to force it any farther. He wrestled with it-- his huge arms struggling with rippling effort. He must have held the bar in that position for five or six seconds, unwilling to admit defeat. But it was to no avail. He relaxed, allowing the weight to straighten his arms, causing the block of weight to pound to the ground with a loud, heavy thud.

David, however, had completed the repetition handily-- if not with ease. He pulled down on the bar again, and completed another rep, and then stopped when Reed suggested that he might want to conserve his energy for the next test of strength. He could have done more.

David stood and looked at Goliath, who was leaning forward, panting. David hid any sign of satisfaction or smugness. He knew this was far from over. Goliath recovered and stood as well. If David had gotten any satisfaction from his win on the lat contest, it was diminished substantially once he found himself standing next to the larger giant once again.

"Well done, David," Ivan said. "You've made this into an actual contest."

David glanced at Goliath, who didn't return the look.

"Now, gentlemen," Ivan continued, "...let's see how strong your legs are."

David's heart sank. If there was one area of Goliath's body that was particularly intimidating it was that pair of redwoods that comprised his legs. David found himself looking down at Goliath's legs again, and yes-- it was confirmed; those babies were *big*. Goliath now allowed himself to look at David, and a very slight smile formed at the corner of his lips.

The stage area started to move, behind the men. The boulders and lat machines circled away, and in their place a large squat rack took center stage. The lighting changed as well-- the blue lights transitioned to a muted red, and spotlights shifted to highlight the rack.

The rack, although very large and heavy, looked very simple.

Ivan gave the men their instructions. He was particularly pleased with this contest. David would go first. He would do as many squats as he could-- but in addition to a barbell with 400 pounds on his back, he would also have the added weight of Goliath sitting on his shoulders. Afterward, it would be Goliath's turn. But for Goliath, more weight would be added to the bar, to compensate for the difference in body weight between David and himself.

But David had a sickening feeling that the added weight wouldn't matter.

The two musclemen walked to the rack.

"David-- you're first," Reed said.

Goliath climbed up on the rack and David bent under the barbell that had been loaded with 400 pounds. After he stood up with the weight balanced on his muscular shoulders, Goliath lowered himself down, placing his massive legs around David's head, draping his calves and feet in front of David's chest. His taut butt nestled onto David's trapezius muscles. David could

feel the mass of Goliath's python cock at the back of his neck. David's hands were raised onto the barbell, balancing it. Goliath balanced himself by placing his strong hands on David's bunched-up deltoids.

"Proceed, David," Ivan smiled. "And remember-- no cheating. We want to see full, deep squats. If we feel you're not going down far enough..." he looked over at Austin, "...well, you know what happens."

David shifted his, and Goliath's, weight-- plus 400 pounds, from leg to leg, positioning his feet for the squat. As he prepared, he looked over at Austin, who was standing strong, obviously fully recovered from his latest shock. Austin's cock was at full mast, hopelessly probing the air as he watched the muscle match. What other response could he have?

David's legs twitched as he bent his knees. Slowly, he lowered himself. Goliath sat comfortably, enjoying the smooth ride. David went deep-- lowering into a full squat; his upper legs were parallel with the floor. If David knew how to do anything, he certainly knew how to do a proper, full, squat. He tightened his legs and raised upward. The 400 pounds plus Goliath's body-- David estimated it to be maybe 450 pounds-- was a weight that he had squatted countless times; although the distribution of the mass, with Goliath riding so much higher than the barbell, took a little getting used to. It required more balance, more control.

After the preliminary squat, David felt better about this. He inhaled deeply, and then exhaled slowly as he went down again. Yes, it was difficult to concentrate, what with Mt. Everest and K2 on each side of his head, but he completed the second squat with deftness.

During the third squat, Goliath slowly flexed his ass cheeks on top of David's traps.

Oh god.

David faltered at the sensation, but quickly recovered. He could hear Goliath chuckle.

At the sixth rep, David began to tire. He slowed. The reps came with much more effort now.

Fuck, that monster is heavy. And the high distribution of the weight was taking its toll on David's balance. Balance takes a lot of work.

By the eighth rep, David's legs were quivering uncontrollably. His quad muscle fibers were vibrating like boiling water, and he was unable to make them stop. He pushed laboriously to straighten his legs, and he groaned loudly. At the top of the rep, Goliath massaged David's shoulders again with his powerful glutes. David fought to concentrate.

Slowly, he lowered himself for a ninth rep. He didn't feel very good about this. He bent his legs cautiously. The two men moved downward. David settled into the bottom of the squat, but he knew he was in trouble. With all his might, he pressed his feet into the floor. He gritted his teeth. His upward progress was minimal. He stopped. He inhaled, and then panted. Then inhaled again for one last push. "Aggggggrhgggg!" he yelled. Still, barely any movement.

Goliath reached up and grabbed a bar above his head. He pulled himself off David's shoulders, bending at the waist, raising his legs in front of him. He did a pull-up to put even more distance between his body and David's.

At this relief of weight, David pressed himself all the way up, and then racked the barbell. He grabbed the side of the rack, nearly falling to the floor-- but not quite.

Goliath gymnastically moved and dropped his beautiful body to the ground, landing on his feet, standing.

David was exhausted.

Both Ivan and Reed applauded. "Fine, just fine, David," Ivan said.

"Very good effort, David," Reed confirmed.

Goliath immediately grabbed some discs and added their weight to the bar.

"Make it an additional 75 pounds, Goliath," Reed ordered. "That's about the difference between you and David."

Goliath added 37 and a half pounds to each end of the barbell; David felt like he was going to puke. He remained bent over, breathing hard. He was also still having a hard time controlling the twitching in his quads.

As soon as Goliath was ready, he ordered David up onto the top of the rack. David climbed up, and Goliath positioned the bar on his thick, wide shoul-

ders. David sat down on Goliath's shoulders. His mighty cock began to grow, just being in this position. Goliath was so firm, so strong below him.

Goliath did his first squat purposefully. David steadied himself on Goliath's delts, as Goliath had done with him.

Down-- all the way down again. It was a deep squat; and Goliath held it there more than enough time to make it a legitimate squat. Then he pressed his legs into a straight position. David seemed to rise effortlessly.

Down again, and up again.

David remembered what Goliath had done with his ass muscles, and decided to return the favor. He flexed and rippled his powerful glutes, massaging the massive shoulders under them.

"Ahhhh," Goliath sighed as he completed a rep. "That feels really good, David. Do that some more," he taunted.

David kept it up, hoping Goliath was only using reverse psychology. But it didn't seem to be distracting him. Indeed, with each repetition, David's muscular massage of Goliath's shoulders did in fact appear to invigorate the black giant.

"Ohhh, yeah," Goliath laughed. "Your ass feels so good on my shoulders."

Finally David stopped in disgust.

Goliath didn't seem to be slowing down at all. He had gotten to eight reps, and was easily settling into his ninth.

Then the tenth.

Eleven. Twelve. Thirteen. Four-- tttteen. He was slowing down now. But it didn't matter. He had already done many more than David had done-- and with more weight, to boot.

Goliath stood and racked the bar. "I know you probably don't want to get off, David," Goliath said. "But try and force yourself."

David reached up to the bar lifted himself up, jumping down behind Goliath. Goliath turned around and grinned. "Sorry, 'bucko,'" he smiled. "Guess you need to do some work on those puny legs of yours."

"As you do on that back, man," David sneered.

"Well done, Goliath," Reed applauded.

"Very impressive, indeed," Ivan joined in.

"Come give us a kiss, Gol," Reed smiled.

Goliath walked down to the pool and bent over to lay a sensual, wet kiss on Reed. Again, the blood rushed to David's cock, causing a stir.

"Now Goliath," Ivan admonished, "...careful with the leather. You don't want to get that wet."

But Goliath was careful. His kiss with Reed was long, and David found himself fantasizing about what Reed was feeling with that powerful god's face in his hands, and his thick, long tongue in his mouth. As they kissed, Reed ran his hands over Goliath's mounds of muscle-- everywhere. And David became even more aroused.

When the kiss ended, Reed whispered something into Goliath's ear. Ivan obviously heard what Reed had said, because an evil grin formed on his mouth. Goliath stood and walked toward David.

He looked down at his legs and put his hands on them. "Reed wants to see a little more what these babies can do," he smiled. With that, he pushed David to the floor and quickly maneuvered him into a scissor hold. David tried every move he knew to prevent the hold. But even though he knew what was coming, he was unable to stop it. Goliath was simply too powerful.

Goliath's gargantuan legs wrapped around David's torso. He played with his heel on David's calves, running his feet up and down David's lower leg, teasing him. He flexed his quads.

David's hands were on Goliath's quads, trying to push them away. But quickly, as they began to feel the boulder-hard striations of huge muscle, his hands faltered, opting instead to feel out the massive trunks of human rock. Goliath locked his ankles and began to tighten his hold. His legs grew and hardened into the biggest vise grips on earth.

David wailed.

Goliath squeezed the air out of David's powerful lungs. With unrelenting force, his legs tightened their grip even more, bending David backward. The pain was excruciating. David didn't know where he found the air to do it, but somehow he yelled out in pain again. His lungs were being expunged of all air. He began to feel faint.

Just when things looked like they were fading to black, Goliath repositioned his massive quads, locking his ankles together once again, and squeezed even harder-- waking David with unbelievable, sharp pain.

David pounded Goliath's quads with his fists, flailing.

But Goliath seemed to enjoy the pitiful effort of the huge man.

Still the powerful legs squeezed. David felt his back crack as his vertebrae were reorganized by Goliath's relentless crushing. He started seeing stars.

When he awoke, Ivan was standing over him-- nude and wet. "He's coming to."

"Come on back in the water," Reed called. "I told you he'd be okay. He *is* a strong young boy."

Ivan's look of concern fell from his face, and reluctantly he returned to Reed in the pool. As he walked, he told Goliath to help David back up to his feet. "And take it easy on him. We have a lot more planned, and if you seriously injure him... well, just be more careful, that's all."

Goliath, for the first time, seemed... almost-- tender. He bent down to David and slipped his hands under David's lats, lifting him gently. David regained more of his strength and looked up into Goliath's eyes. They were actually... warm. His face... it was so gorgeous. "Sorry about that, buddy," he said.

Buddy?

"Guess I just didn't know my own strength," the gorilla continued.

David was confused. Certainly he was dazed from having his consciousness literally squeezed out of him, but Goliath's demeanor had changed dramatically. He wondered what had transpired while he had been unconscious.

David rose to his feet, with Goliath's help. Yet, as soon as both men stood erect, Goliath seemed to stiffen again. Almost imperceptibly, his countenance-- and his disposition-- changed back to the tyrant.

"There's one final contest for this particular game," Reed announced. "Biceps."

Goliath smiled and assumed a double-bi pose. David stood still, trying his best to keep his game-face.

The contest was very straightforward: Each contestant had a weight lifting machine in which to stand; handles were at the side of each man, at about eye level; attached to the handles were cables, which in turn were attached to weights. It was a simple biceps exercise, really. "Your cables are attached to 100 pounds on each side," Reed explained. "You will pull the cables into a double biceps pose and hold it there. The first one to succumb to fatigue and drop the weight will lose. Right now, you've both won one of the three contests, so this will be the determining test."

The tantalizing aspect of this contest was that the weight machines were positioned so that the two giants would be facing each other. David and Goliath moved to the machines, and grasped the handles. They stood facing each other, their huge arms stretched wide by the weight.

"One... two... three... GO," Reed said.

At that, both men tightened their powerful arms and bent them, raising the weights off the floor. Their thick muscles bulged. It was a pretty easy weight to hold-- there weren't any reps in this test, the only task was to keep their arms bent. Both men knew it would be a long contest.

David tightened his arms and bent them farther, almost touching the sides of his head with his fists. (He *could* have, if his damn biceps weren't so big.) Then he relaxed them and extended them wide-- making sure to not allow the weights to hit bottom. He bent his beautiful arms again, and brought his forearms back to a 90 degree angle with his upper arms. He smiled at Goliath.

"Don't waste your energy, son," Goliath chided. "You'll need it to compete with these babies." He looked at his left arm, and then his right, grinning.

But David wasn't showing off; he was making a calculated move to keep his arms from failing. An occasional tightening and loosening of his biceps muscles would stimulate them to longer endurance.

Goliath flexed his massive guns, without changing their angle. His biceps were unbelievable. And his forearms, tight and strong in this position, were striated with muscle fibers and lined with veins.

After about five minutes, both men started to show some wear. They both began shifting their weight. David had looked restless the whole time, because of his occasional bending and straightening, but now Goliath was starting to move more too-- especially his feet.

David's breathing became more labored.

Goliath renewed his intimidating grins; David continued to ignore them.

Beads of sweat began forming on David's brow. He tensed his arms once again, then outstretched them, then brought his forearms back to upright. The massive muscle on his forearms wasn't quite as evident as Goliath's, because Goliath had no hair on his-- A fine dark hair softly covered David's.

Goliath took a deep breath, closing his eyes. He was tiring.

Maybe he's got some size, but that doesn't mean he has my endurance, David thought. Nevertheless, time was taking its toll on David's muscular arms as well, and the pain was becoming more and more intense. The beads of sweat on his brow coagulated into drops and started dribbling down his face.

Goliath, too, was sweating, but not as much.

David dropped his head back, straining against the weight.

Goliath squinted his eyes, focussing his concentration.

Both men were breathing hard-- David, almost panting.

Ivan and Reed watched, now embracing each other in lust as they gazed at the muscle show.

More seconds passed. The weight was becoming unbearable for David. The pain centered in the peak of his biceps-- it was an intense cramping. And it

was getting to the point where David didn't know if he could hold on much longer. He thought of pulling up the weight again, but at this point that seemed like too much effort. Besides, he was afraid that if he extended his arms like he had done before, he might not be able to bend them up again.

Goliath winced. The his huge arms looked like they were trembling. David's definitely were. Vibrating. Shaking. Jiggling.

David's whole body began to tremble. He started to pant through his clenched teeth, his eyes closed for maximum concentration.

"Looks like... you're... gunna break... big... guy," Goliath taunted. Yet, for all his bravado, he himself didn't look like he had much more in him. He took three loud breaths through pursed lips, sounding like a woman in a Lamaze class. The veins on Goliath's arms seemed to be squirming like snakes.

David cocked his head from side-to-side, his eyes closed. He was in obvious pain-- it was quite something to see him like this, struggling for all his might. He shifted his feet again to find a better position. But his feet could not minimize the excruciating pain his arms were enduring, no matter what position they found on the floor. David wailed, then he hissed repeatedly. "Psshhhhhhh-- psshhhhhhhhh-- Aguusshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

As the the sweat beads on Goliath formed into rivulets and started to fall to the mat under him, David's arms started to move outward.

Trying with all his might to stem the outward progression of his fists, David gritted his teeth again and stepped backward to give his massive biceps a new, hopefully less strenuous, position. His forearms throbbed, and seemed to grow. With renewed effort, David grunted.

Goliath held firm, but not without visible stress. He was loud, he sweated profusely, he shook with determination.

David's renewed attempt to keep the weights from falling to the floor seemed to be failing. The cables continued to pull his arms apart. It felt like they were being ripped out of his shoulder sockets.

Wider.

David's whole body shook. His fists were red. His forearms felt like forged metal being bent like putty. His biceps were ready to explode. Finally, David's worship-worthy arms moved wider, past the point of stopping.

Slowly they splayed away from his huge body. The 100 pound weights smacked to the floor on each side of him. He released the handles and they slammed to the metal supports on which the cables were mounted. David fell to his knees, extended his arms slowly-- painfully-- and then bent them just as slowly. He hunched forward and collapsed onto his elbows. His forearms pressed against the mat.

Goliath watched, and slowly relaxed his arms. He leaned to his left and let that weight go gently, then did the same with the weight on his right. He flexed and relaxed his pumped arms, working out the almost debilitating pain from his biceps. He shook them like a dog shakes his body after getting wet. Walking over to David, he bent down and put his hand on this opponent's back. "Tough luck, muscleman," he chided. "Looks like we have ourselves a loser here."

Reed and Ivan broke their embrace and applauded the victor. It was apparent that Ivan had cum sometime during the contest, for his limp cock was oozing with his white milk and Reed's abdominals were stained with very small amounts of semen. Very small amounts. Reed's cock was still at full mast, obviously not having spewed forth any ejaculate-- yet.

David stretched out his arms again, shaking them not unlike Goliath had just done. He stood slowly. Goliath wrapped his arm around David's shoulder and said, "You might not like this next game at first, buddy, but I think if you give it time, you'll find that it'll be more enjoyable than anything you've ever experienced." His demeanor wasn't friendly at all. It was scary. He squeezed David's shoulder tightly, and chuckled. He escorted David over to the front of the stage, right in front of Ivan and Reed.

"Very good, Goliath," Ivan smiled. "You won that game two-out-of-three-- fair and square. Time for the punishment." With that, Austin began shaking violently again, and the buzz of the electric charge could be easily heard. David dropped to the floor again, in horror, as his friend and lover was tortured. It seemed to last forever.

When it was finally over, David lifted his head from the mat, tears streaming down his face. He looked at Austin, who was limp. The only thing holding him in a vertical position was the two chains on his wrists connected to the top of the columns. He was unconscious.

"Don't worry, don't worry," Ivan said in a very condescending tone. "He'll be fine-- once he wakes up," he laughed.

"Now, David, it's time for the final game." He turned to Reed, smiling, and then back at the two monster musclemen. "We call it... Well, we call it... Sex," he laughed.

It didn't need an explanation. David didn't need to know the rules-- he pretty much knew what was coming.

"Basically, it works like this," Ivan continued. He was giddy now, rubbing his water-wrinkled hands together in kid-like anticipation. "Each of you will try and rape the other muscleman. The first one to have an orgasm inside the other will be declared the winner!" Ivan giggled. He tried to contain his glee, then added, "Oh, and-- you get extra points if you can get your opponent to cum while you're fucking him."

"Lots of extra points," Reed grinned.

Like yeah-- David thought. Extra points-- what, we're going to win a trip to The Bahamas or something?

The equipment on the stage moved again, automatically. The lights returned to their muted blue color; the large bed mechanically moved to center stage, complete with the mirrors above so that Ivan and Reed could have an unobstructed view-- of *everything*. At the side of the bed was a very big floor mat-- like a wrestling mat.

"Take the stage, gentlemen," Reed ordered.

As they turned, David spotted Austin again-- he was waking now, shaking his head, standing chained between the posts.

David and Goliath assumed the stage, in the center of the mat. Suddenly a bell rang-- like in a boxing match-- and Goliath immediately pounced.

But David was ready. He met Goliath with a round-kick to the stomach. Goliath doubled over. And David wasted no time in utilizing this advantage. He clasped his fists together and came crashing down on the black beast, dealing a devastating blow to Goliath's bulging trapezius muscle.

Goliath wailed and leaned to one side. David crawled onto Goliath, pried his arms into Goliath and began to put a full-nelson on him. He pulled Goliath backwards and forced his muscles on him, flexing them and hardening them with unbelievable power. But at the last possible moment before David could lock the hold in, Goliath seemed to awaken. He bent forward violently, flip-

ping David feet-over-head onto his back. Stunned, David flopped his arms outward, dizzy with pain.

Goliath jumped on top of David and pinned him down. He grabbed David's wrists and put the full weight of his upper body on them, while spreading David's legs with his own mighty tree trunks. David squirmed from side to side. Regaining his bearings, David's arms began to lift from the mat. With his unreal strength, he forced his hands upward. If he could bench hundreds and hundreds of pounds for reps, he surely could press up the 450 pound body of Goliath.

Goliath pressed harder, adjusting the center of his weight forward to keep David down. But his efforts were useless. With a yell and one mighty heave, David threw Goliath off him. Goliath's huge body ended up smashing against the side of the bed.

But he was unfazed. As David stood, Goliath rushed upon him once again, and the two inhuman masses of muscle tumbled to the mat with groans and moans. It was an erotic display of muscle wrapped in muscle.

Now it was Goliath's turn to muscle his way into advantage. He dug into David and pried him open, forcing him onto his stomach as he locked his powerful legs around his torso in a scissors hold. David pounded the mat with his fists. Goliath was out of reach. His huge arms flailed while he yelled in agony. Goliath squished David's body with seeming little effort, his massive legs-- bigger and more powerful than anything that had ever held David, plied and manipulated David's mighty torso, cracking his cartilage and constricting his powerful chest.

Goliath's ankles locked like they were welded together. He jerked his legs, as well as his whole body, with a slow, meticulous rhythm-- squeezing then pausing, squeezing again... and then pausing for half a second before he ramped up the unbearable pressure once again.

David became light-headed. But just before he got to the point of passing out, Goliath released him. As the white giant tried to recuperate, Goliath grabbed him, and pulled him to his feet. Now it was Goliath's turn to apply a full-nelson. David's arms were forced straight out to his sides. Goliath's arms wrapped under David's arms, in front of David's shoulders and his hands grasped behind David's head, forcing it forward. Goliath held him still. He put his lips next to David's ear and whispered, "I hope you're ready to lose your virginity, David. Because my cock is going to open you up. Just imagine, my huge phallus is going to be the one-- the one to ram you with

pleasure like you've never experienced. Prepare yourself, muscleman. It's minutes away," he sneered.

David fought back, jerking himself in a futile attempt to free himself. Goliath lifted David and proceeded to walk around the stage, hauling his conquest to and fro. David, although tormented by being out-muscled like this, actually found himself being slightly aroused by the huge man who overpowered him this way. Being treated like a rag doll like this-- fuck, Goliath had muscles that wouldn't end! David's peripheral vision was book-ended with the imposing sight of Goliath's mighty, rippling, vein-filled forearms. They were thick, black muscles. Unlike any forearm David had ever seen. Despite the horrifying circumstances, David liked what he saw. A lot.

Goliath roughed David up, squeezing him and ultimately throwing him onto the large center-stage bed, face-up.

Goliath jumped up onto the bed and straddled David, facing him-- sitting on his thick, hairy chest. His leather-wrapped cock was already stiff. Fuck, that thing was huge! David looked up at it hovering directly over his face. He was entranced; it seemed as if all of the muscle in the world was on top of him. Sensual, powerful, masculine muscle.

David had little strength to resist; but with the close contact with this huge African muscleman, he was finding more and more that he really didn't *want* to resist.

Goliath moved backwards, edging himself down David's powerful body. He straddled David's legs and looked down onto David's penis, which, at the sight of Goliath's huge member, had also become erect. Goliath reached down and began touching it, tenderly-- almost *lovingly*. His fingers walked up and down it, feeling it, fondling it, energizing it with his erotic touch. David resisted at first, moving his legs in an effort to get Goliath off, but as soon as Goliath began to tease him with those touches, he fell still and silent. God, Goliath knew how to touch a man! David went wild inside, but fought with everything he had to hide his pleasure.

"Like this?" Goliath grinned. He fingered David's long, thick schlong, rubbing it slowly, driving David mad with stimulation.

David looked up at Goliath and lusted-- lusted for those muscles, for that overwhelming power, that sensuality, that confidence and raw manliness.

Goliath lifted David's cock into the air, pulling it slowly and gently upward. He held it and admired it. Aside from his own, it was the longest and thickest cock he had ever seen. He pushed down on the skin, and the head blossomed with the pressure. David panted. Precum spewed from his slit, slithering down his long pole. Goliath brought his face down and stuck out his tongue, lapping up the clear honey. Again, David reeled. Goliath's tongue slithered up and down it, wetting it, mixing his saliva with David's precum, covering it in gloss.

And then the real torture began. Goliath bathed David's penis in long, wet tongue licks that went on forever. David was being driven crazy with pleasure. The amount of saliva Goliath was able to produce and deposit on David's cock was just amazing! And his technique was unreal! David's fists were turning white. With each sensual lick, Goliath drove pangs of lust deeper and deeper into David's body.

Put it IN! Put in IN! Swallow it! David found himself silently begging. Of course this begging was in thought only. Outwardly he remained silent. It was the longest tongue bath you can imagine. Usually the licking leads to a blow job pretty quickly, but this was just nuts!

And then Goliath would bring his lips forward and kiss it. They would be long lip massages. Then more licks. Licks up to the head. Goliath kissed that, too. He curled his big lips around it, toyed with the piss-slit, with his tongue, and then make like he was going to put it in.

David held his breath in anticipation. Goliath held his lips on the head, pulled in inside a little more, kissed it for a long time, and then moved back to lick some more.

All the way down the shaft. Down to David's plump, wet ball sacs. Goliath inserted one testicle into his mouth and sucked on it. He rolled it around his mouth. One of his fingers came up and touched David right behind the balls.

David flailed.

Goliath licked again, moving slowly-- wetly-- up the shaft. Licking the head, he wrapped his tongue under the cut. He kissed it again. He kissed the piss slit. He kissed the "G" spot right under the head.

David was going mad with desire.

Then Goliath moved back to the piss slit. He kissed it. He tongued it. With his right hand, he held the mighty penis in the air and with his left hand he massaged David's balls and tickled his perineum.

"Uuuughh... Mmmmmghhh..." David moaned. How he wanted that mouth to devour his cock! How he wanted those huge muscles to envelope him, to hold him and flex for him.

Goliath's lips parted. His mouth opened. Wide. He stuck his tongue out, teasing his prey.

David watched, wide eyed.

Goliath moved his head downward. His mouth was wide open and it didn't touch David's phallus, it just moved downward around it. It drove David into a frenzy. Then, Goliath slowly closed his mouth over it. Its hardness and thickness was a marvel to Goliath. The evil giant moved his lips over it, around it-- slowly. He began to go down on David.

Of course, David went nuts. "Ohhhh gggggoddddd!" he cried. He panted and jerked with pleasure. Goliath went down on him farther than anyone had ever been able to go. All the way to the hilt, he went, massaging the giant's dick with such tenderness, passion and unbridled sensuality that David nearly blew his wad right there during the first seconds of Goliath's possession of his cock.

Goliath moved down farther, opening his throat and allowing his neck to expand to receive the thick, stiff, elongated meat.

David froze now, experiencing a technique that was other-worldly. He could learn a few moves from this guy, and learn he did. But of course, this was not a lesson in academics. This was the hottest blow job he had ever received.

David could feel the semen in his balls boiling, readying for release. His cock was more stiff and excited than it had ever been. Goliath's masterful tongue, lips and mouth was sending him to places he'd never been before.

Just when he felt he could hold back the orgasm no longer, Goliath pulled his head back. He moved his lips up the shaft-- sucking softly the whole time. As David's dick gave a preliminary jerk-- a final prelude to orgasm, Goliath's mouth came off.

David's cock stood in the air-- naked from all stimulation. He bucked his hips, stabbing the air for more-- more touch... more *anything*. But there was only air.

And Goliath's mad grin.

David's eyes silently pleaded for more.

But Goliath wasn't in the mood to satisfy.

Goliath laid down on David, smothering David's huge body with more muscular mass than his own. Goliath rubbed his cock into David's. He looked into David's eyes and smiled. Then he brought his face to David's and began kissing him. The two men kissed passionately. And it wasn't clear now *who* was being more attracted to whom. Whatever the case, it was absolutely passionate-- lust on top of lust.

Reed came. He had been pushing on himself in the hot tub, and moved to the edge, sticking his long cock up above the waterline. He held it over the cement edge and began spewing copious amounts of semen onto the floor in long strings and blobs. His redheaded, muscular body convulsed as he watched Goliath kiss David.

Seeing Reed's reaction, Austin-- still in chains with his arms stretched wide-- also started cumming, despite having no way to stimulate himself. He shot long and hard.

Back on the bed, David and Goliath were enjoying each other to no end. Finally, Goliath pulled back and moved downward. He put his hands on David's ankles and opened the giant's legs wide.

By now, David's defenses were nearly gone. He had the strength to resist, but not the will. He had always wondered what it would be like to be penetrated...

Your feedback is **TOTALLY** encouraged!

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Thanks!