

## SCOTTY JONES – by Clark Williamson

Shit, I thought. He was about the worst salesman that I had run into—ever. He had been avoiding the questions I was asking about the VCR I was interested in buying and was trying to sell me the one he probably would make the most commission on.

I don't like to be remembered by most people, as the work that I am involved can be called questionable. The snot nosed yuppie type young man had obviously forgotten that he was my paper boy three years ago when I had been stuck in the town where he lived, and I came from for a while.

As I walked out of the store I was wondering where he had stuffed the fat dick I knew all too well he had. I had stayed longer listening to him rattle on about this and that feature only for the opportunity to see the thing in his baggy pleated pants, where he was only showing a round pouch in the middle of the fly. I assumed he had learned about jock straps, and was putting them to use.

I was here for a short time staying at my parents' cottage. I was going to make a specialty film. My films never get beyond the person who commissions them because they are of a personal nature. I provide the technical know how, the equipment, the script, while actors are furnished by others, usually the person commissioning the film. That's how my trouble had begun three years ago. I had filmed some underage actors fucking and sucking like there was no tomorrow. The man who had commissioned the film got caught because he had made the mistake of showing it to some underage boy he was trying to turn on for sex, the kid squealed to the cops, and I was afraid that the idiot might implicate me, so I skipped from the city to wait for the trouble to blow over. I had changed my name, went to a gym and put on some muscle. Even my own mother didn't know me when we had a chance meeting in a store. Some of my former friends who I had tricked with in school remarked how much I resembled myself when they tricked with me in disguise. I don't know if that makes sense, but it's the best I can describe it.

I had met a particularly unhappy young man at the local lonely-hearts bar; he was bent on his own destruction. In the period of a week he had told his parents he was an old woman's boy-toy whore. They then promptly disowned him. Then that older woman dumped him because, at twenty-two he was now too old — she was a true chicken queen! He had tried to hang himself, but found that strangely erotic, and had stopped. Then a few weeks later he had tried to end his young life by slitting his wrists, but had been caught.

I had vaguely thought about trying to kill a trick, years ago after filming some snuff videos. They had really turned me on while making them. I had even strangled a few tricks, but never to completion.

At first I put the whole thing out of my mind with Tom. Besides this was a small town, not like the city where people disappear all the time without question. Even estranged from his family he would be missed. In the meantime there

was Scott, the beautiful brown haired, milk skinned paper boy to hold my attention—eighteen, a little old for a paper boy, but Scott was a little slow other ways too. At first there was just talk, and an occasional beer. Then some grass, then I got him to let me service his lustful needs after about a month of playing games, like a courtship.

When I showed him some of my legal films, which he complained were of old people, and I was sure he understood the problems of filming kids younger than him, and the attending problems of showing them to a youth, I dragged out my favorite non-lethal fuck film which had been commissioned by a mother who wanted to preserve her children's youth.

Now Scott was even more erotic looking. He had filled out. Even with a dress shirt and tie, I could see that he had a well developed chest, wide well defined shoulders and arms. His round firm butt still stood high stretching the soft pants fabric over the firm flesh. I could only assume that his cock was, if anything, larger. He still had the same little boy face, but now the freckles were gone, and he showed signs of shaving daily. Scott's dark brown hair was stylishly short which made a nice contrast against his summer tanned skin. I wondered if the contrast would be the same where the sun didn't shine against his milky white butt skin. I could see under the dress shirt his skin looked darker so I assumed since I could see no T-shirt that he had grown a good supply of body hair where there had been only smooth boy skin before. It was not out of the question that he should now be very hairy as a young man.

As the summer wore on, I was busy blowing Scotty, the paper boy, on Saturdays when he came to collect, and fucking Tom whenever we met. By the early fall I was becoming more demanding and insatiable with Tom, introducing some bondage and a little S&M.

We developed a pattern, I would fuck him doggie style, holding his neck in my hands, pulling his head back giving myself more leverage as I thrust my cock deep in his asshole. Before I would cum we turned around so he was on his back with his legs on my shoulders. I would place my hands around his firm muscular neck as I rammed my fat stiff cock into his shitter. When I was finished, I would blow him. He would hold my head down on his plump, long cock. I enjoyed this. His cock was long, not as long as Scott's, but long. It was however, much fatter than Scott's, so when it was all the way in my throat, I could not breathe because it was so wide.

Tom said that he was falling in love with me. He cautioned me not to worry though, for him it was a terminal love. He never asked for love in return, but he wanted me to love him the way he needed. I could tell from his suicide talk what he needed, and I did not try to persuade him from his stated goal. That was most likely the reason he loved me.

One night, as I was violently ramming my dick deep into his ass, which had become so damaging he would bleed, and I was pressing my thumbs slowly

down on his Adam's apple, so hard that his face was reddening he whispered in a raspy voice, "Do it, do it to me now, please."

I had never killed before. I had contemplated doing it to others. I was beginning to create a fantasy death for Tom. I also wanted to record my first one for future solo sessions.

"Why did you stop?" Tom asked when he regained his breath.

I stopped strangling him after I had shot my load.

"You nearly had me gone, and I do so much want you to do it for me since I can't seem to do it myself."

"It wasn't the right time or place."

"Then you really are not afraid to kill me."

"No," I said lighting a smoke, offering it to him. "In fact I probably will enjoy doing it to you as much as you will enjoy the dying."

"I almost think you have killed for sexual pleasure."

"Yes, but only in my mind. I want to feel life slowly ebbing in a man as I wildly fuck him, but so far I can only guess at what a thrill it will be."

"I don't want to wait much longer. The only time I'm happy is when we're together, and I know that you might do it to me. Each time you fuck me I pray that you will become uncontrolled and do me in."

"I can't do it without things being right. I must be in control."

"What can I do to help?"

"Make arrangements to go to the city next weekend. Buy the train ticket and tell everyone you are going."

"I do that once in a while. I hang out at the waterfront hoping I will attract a pussy-boy hater who will kill me. Then I chicken out because I fear that he will torture me before he kills me. Pain scares me."

"Don't you realize that when I really do kill you it's going to hurt very much. You will not be able to control yourself. Involuntarily you will struggle. That struggle is going to be terrifying and painful."

"I won't mind if you are doing it to me."

"Fine. Pack your bag and park your car by the station. Walk out of the station before the train gets there and walk south along the tracks. There is a dead end street with warehouses on each side a block beyond the station. I'll meet you there about noon. Just before the train gets there. No one will see you get in my car. We will go to a place in the country that will be safe."

"Good, I wouldn't want you to get caught."

"I don't intend to."

I called my mother up and rented the cottage as if I was someone else, for the weekend. I sent the money to her by Scott who was supposedly my son. When he returned Friday night with the key, I gave him his usual Saturday cock-sucking. Then I went to the cottage to place several cameras around the place; one on the balcony overlooking the whole living room, another on the main floor. Others were at the sides; a final one on the fireplace mantle to give yet

another view. I had the whole room covered. With a remote control I could zoom in with any of the cameras. There were monitors so I could see what was being recorded at any time. After I picked Tom up we rode along in silence for a time. Then he seemed to cheer and was humming to himself.

"I left a note saying I hoped not to return from the city if I was lucky. That was OK, wasn't it?" he asked.

"Sure. I told you my line of work was making videos that no one else would make. I have filmed death sex before."

"Are the victims all like me? Did they want to die?"

"I rather doubt it."

"Then you are an accessory to murder, aren't you."

"I don't do anything except get rid of the bodies. I don't see anything morally wrong. I don't do the killing. Someone else does that. That's his problem. Even so, I don't see anything wrong with killing — there are too many people in the world now as it is.

"You tape it even if they are unwilling?"

"Of course I do. It adds to the action if the victim is unwilling, or changes his mind and creates a struggle."

"You mean guys don't get into this kind of thing willingly, do they? I think I am an exception, wanting to die. Most people think I am crazy when I talk about it."

"There are many men who are like you. My clients find them, and help them, just like I am helping you. There are also victims who don't know what they are getting into until it's too late."

"It sounds like a cruel business."

"It's a matter of taste. I do not question my clients' morals. I film them strangling on a huge cock being shoved down their throats. I don't question my clients' fetishes any more than I question your desire to die."

"I see. If I change my mind at the last minute, will you stop and let me live?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Well, this is for our mutual enjoyment. If I am not enjoying it would you stop?"

"No. We have an agreement. I intend to keep all the terms just like I would with any client."

"I'm not a paying client."

"You're paying — with your life. My obligation is killing you. I have made all the arrangements. I intend to collect my fee."

"Good, I have to be sure. I don't like some of what you do. I wish you hadn't told me so much. I really want to go through with this, but if my resolve falters, like it has in the past, I want to be sure that yours won't. I guess that it takes a man like you to do what I need. Maybe I was naive to think you would do this to me, and still be someone of high moral values."

"Come on now, Tom. You know that you've been looking for me, and now that you have found me, don't try to make excuses. You are more responsible for your own death than I. You asked me to do it... let's start saying 'death and killing', not 'do it to me'."

"I see you are a cold and unloving person like you said you were."

"I am. You said you wanted a terminal love. I said that one day I might reciprocate your love by killing you. I intend to love you that way."

"That is the only love I want now. My parents have disowned me. Even my own little brother hates his sissy-boy brother. He was the worst of them all. I thought that he still had some feelings for me because when it all came out he still came to see me. Then a while back he told me to take a hike. It seems that he had found someone else who could give him better head than me. All those years I gave him blow jobs, anytime he asked — anywhere, as many times a day as he wanted. I never even asked the little bastard to even jerk me off. Then one day he finds some guy who can handle his cock as well as me, and make him feel better than I ever could. He called me 'queer', and a 'fag' — me, his brother, who had been taking care of his teenage hard-ons without question."

"Well, you can't be a fag, at least a total fag. The best you can be is a switch hitter. Even so, do you think that any of them gives a rat's ass if you live or die?"

"No. I'm getting even, though. In my note I am very specific about why I went to the city hoping not to return. I blamed my mom, dad and little snot nosed bastard of a brother. My brother and parents... they deserve it."

"Maybe I'll cut your dick off after your dead and send it to your dad from the city."

"Yeah, do it. The fucker would just shit. Send my balls to that son-of-a-bitch brother of mine. It'll gross him out."

"Anyone else on your hate list?"

"No, no one else. You are the only friend I have. You're going to kill me even if you are doing it more for your own pleasure than for being a friend of mine. Without you, my life would be miserable. God sent you to me to destroy me."

"God didn't send me. You found me. You have been looking for me for years before you knew you wanted to die."

"Would my life be enough payment for you to kill two?"

"Two? Who?"

"Well, you're going to kill me and that's one. If you would kill my little brother, that would be two. It would be real hard on my parents for the fucker to die. And I would die much happier if I knew that one day the bastard was going to feel the same as me — only worse because he would be unwilling."

"It would be difficult to get your brother. He lives at home, and there are too many people who would miss him. No one is going to miss you for a while. Everyone will think that you have gone to the city. No, it would be too dangerous for me to do it up here, now."

We rode in silence. I doubted I would have any trouble over the cameras and indeed he seemed to be excited about the fact I was going to film his death. I noticed that he got a hard on when he saw the rope hanging from the beam across the room in front of the fireplace. He studied the knot, and finally climbed up the stepladder and felt it.

Before dinner we walked in the woods. He started in again. "I rather suspect that you would like killing me if I was younger, and more vulnerable."

"Maybe. I've never killed before. This is a new experience for me too."

"You get off watching your clients kill, don't you?"

"Yes. Anyone into seeing another person die would."

We walked on in silence. Then I asked, "Tom, are you sure you haven't killed someone before?"

"No, but like you, I have fantasies. I have carefully planned it out. I see it almost every night since he called me 'faggot'. I know my little brother's body like my own." He paused on the path. Tears were on his cheeks, a pleading in his voice. "Please kill my little brother. Damn, it can't be too hard to fuck and kill an eighteen year old kid."

"No, Tom. I can't. But it must tell you that the idea is extremely exciting, but I just can't take that kind of a chance."

We walked back to the cottage. After dinner we stripped our clothes off and finished the wine. I casually explained what the cameras would do and where he should try to stay so that he would be in close up range at all times.

"You're not going to just hang me?"

"Oh, no. That would be too simple and appear to be thought out. I have thought out what is going to happen to you, but you must not know. There must be the element of surprise even for the willing. You will die, but when and how I want."

We lay on the floor and I began to lick his smooth hairless skin that was stretched over his well developed muscular body. He had shaved what little body hair he had so that he was as smooth to my lips as a ten year old boy. Tom's cock responded to the wet touch of my lips. Soon it was arching over his navel with pre-cum dribbling from his piss-slit. I sucked his hairless scrotum with its large egg sized balls and watched the veins in his cock grow red and large up the cock shaft from the thick wide base above his nuts to the fat pointed dick-head. His nipples were hard and they stood up long and erect to my pinching and soon he blew a large load of sperm into my mouth and down my eager throat, his hips thrusting upward fucking the jism down into my guts. As I devoured the last of his cum I crawled over him and forced my cock down his throat for lubricant so that I could fuck him. The way he gagged against it shook down the shaft.

I pushed his feet back to his shoulders and with an unusually strong thrust I violently rammed my bone hard shaft into him. I pushed all the way in. He grunted in pain at the extreme of my attack. As I started to harshly move inside

him I placed my hands around his neck and pushed down hard with my thumbs on his throat. He smiled at me and nodded. There were tears in his eyes for I had truly hurt him with my entry, and I was sure that now there was more blood than usual mixed with his spit lubricating my dick as it ravaged his shitter. He reached up and placed his hands around my neck, but exerted no pressure. As he continued to smile there seemed to be a pleasurable trance come over him.

"Please reconsider. Kill my brother. You can figure a way to do it safely. Please let me die knowing that he will soon join me in violent death." His voice was soft and watery. He almost gurgled in a whisper. "I love you... Thank you."

His voice cracked on the last words as I tightened my grip so that the air supply was almost completely cut off. I exerted more pressure now, and that was the last of the air for his lungs. The blood flow to his head was ceased as well. His face reddened to a deep dark hue as the veins on either side of his neck bulged with trapped blood. I pressed harder now as my hips rammed violently against his butt. He began to involuntarily struggle for air. There was a strangling sound I had not heard before in our death play and the gurgling gagging noise excited me as the sound emitted from his throat. Spit dribbled from his open mouth and splashed around as his tongue darted from side to side. His eyes now were blood shot, the pupils were rolling toward the back of his head. Then I felt his body convulsing beneath mine as I plowed my dick inside him. I realized his prick was exploding another load of juice shooting it over our bellies. My cock was ready and the feeling of his load shooting out massaging my belly was all I needed to blast my cum. My cum blasted harder than I can ever remember, spurting hard in forced little jets. His feet which had turned light blue from lack of fresh blood twitched on either side of my head as his whole body tremored.

I ripped my bloodied dick from his asshole and released his throat. He choked, and breathed in gasps. The color came back to his face and limbs. I rolled him over and tied his wrists behind his back securely with some of the same rope the noose was made of. He coughed and moaned softly.

"Why didn't you do it... I thought we had agreed."

"Hush, faggot! To die is one thing. You want to too much. You will be too calm. I want your death to be more painful than just a rope cutting into your neck — and much more violent."

"Please kill me quickly, now. I just want to die. Please kill me now—I don't want to be alive to suffer."

"You will die... eventually, but like I told you, in my time, in my way. I want to hear you screaming in agony, begging for death to come to you, I want your death to be more painful than your life ever was."

"I don't want to die this way. Please don't hurt me."

"You don't have any choice, do you?"

"Please... I thought you were my friend."

"You sniveling sissy-boy. You have no friends. You deserve no friends. What you deserve is the scorn of your family and all who know you. When you're found dead, they all will say 'Good riddance! He was just a no good queer anyway!' They will all tell your brother that he can hold his head up high — now that the faggot is gone, he will have nothing to be ashamed of. I think that I will cut off your cock and balls and keep them in a jar to remind me that you were nothing but a dick—a cock for me to use as a living dildo, and not a very good one at that." To accent my words I kicked him hard in the balls with my heel. He rolled over doubling up in pain, and trying to protect his nuts from future attacks as he loudly screamed. I kicked his butt hard which straightened him out some. With my left foot I rolled him over onto his back.

I stood on his shoulders and let a stream of piss out onto his face. He moved his head from side to side, to avoid the hot liquid. I twisted my hips side to side so that soon his brown hair was wet as his face. When my stream stopped I jumped in the air and folded my legs so I landed on his belly with my full body weight, my knees grinding into his gut. His scream was long and gasping as all the air had been blasted out by the force of my landing. He was terrified now, his eyes showed it. I smiled at him then spit a gob of saliva in his cheek.

"Who's the terrified boy now, you, or your brother? Your brother will be pleased to know that you were tortured before you died. The strain of the painful death you are going to receive will show on your face, and in the marks on your body."

"Please, please don't hurt me any more. Just hang me. I'll kick and wiggle lots please just don't make me hurt, I can't stand physical pain."

"Shut up, fag!" I slapped his face hard. Then I doubled my right fist and pounded his nose several times bending it both ways. The last blow flattened it. Blood spurted over the pale skin of his face. He raised his voice trying to form words, but it became an unintelligible groan. Next I picked him up by his cock, holding him in the air about a foot. He wriggled his legs, screaming as I chopped my hand onto his scrotum for a couple of minutes, delivering blow after relentless blow to the huge balls. Soon his sack would be swollen causing more pain. I grabbed his thick brown hair and yanked him to his feet which brought more loud noise from his now hoarse voice.

I pushed him towards the table and chair I had set under the noose. As he stepped up the chair to the table I hummed the beginning of the last movement of Berlioz's Symphony Fantastique. « *Dum dum, ta dum dee dum de dum dum. Ta da ta ta ta da de da ta.* »

I tied his ankles together then placed the noose around his neck. Next I delivered several punches to his belly and crotch causing him to try to double up which only tightened the noose causing him more pain. Finally he lost control of himself. Not only did he vomit, but piss started to dribble from his cock, and a brown liquid slid out his ass hole, then a loud fart and his bowels emptied.

I refocused the cameras as the last of the action would take place at that level. I wanted many close-ups of each section of his body. He was a rainbow of colors standing there looking scared, and ashamed of his condition. His forehead was covered with strands of piss saturated brown hair. There were blotches of blood on his face as a trickle still ran from his twisted nose over his lips and chin where it mixed with the vomit that had splashed down over his chest and belly. The brown stream dribbled down his thighs. All those colors accented by the stark fear white skin that glowed with sweat.

I stood face to face with him now on the table. Tears were streaming down his cheeks and he sobbed loudly begging me to end his life. "Jump! Fag, can't you even kill yourself right! You are a worthless piece of shit."

I tied a shoelace around his balls and then tied it to a twenty pound dumbbell that I dropped. That brought more screams from his cracking voice. His knees buckled and he slumped till the noose tightened and involuntarily he straitened up. His ball sack was swollen from the vicious attack I had delivered. The skin was shinny, and I once again slapped the trapped and tender testicles. He winced, crying for mercy, knowing there would be none.

I sucked each nipple till they were both erect and hard. Then I rammed a long needle down through each and twisted the needles around turning his nipples several turns as he screamed. He seemed to be losing consciousness from hyperventilating as I released the needles. They spun around like little airplane propellers. Blood poured from the holes which had been enlarged by the twisting. Then I rammed a needle through his cock-head which stood bone hard pointing out above his weighted balls. I took this needle and twisted it too. This operation took more time, obviously, since his cock was much longer than his nipples. As I turned the needle it tore into his prick-head, it made a large hole.

Now blood not only poured from this new cock-hole but also from his piss slit. Blood sprayed over my belly as I let the needle go, and his still hard cock spun. He was now constantly groaning and panting for breath as his head moved aimlessly from side to side. His eyes were darting madly around looking for something, and nothing. All his muscles seemed to be in a spasm as they bulged with an indescribable beauty smeared as they were with sweat and blood and other colored fluids. His heart was pounding so fiercely that I could see it pulsating through the ribs on his chest.

My cum was boiling inside me. I knew I was going to soon reach an orgasm so this must end, before I couldn't control myself. I jumped down from the table and yanked his feet out from under him, and pushed the table aside with my hip. There was a look of shock on his face. He must have thought I was going to torture him more because I was enjoying making him suffer so much. He evidently had not expected the end to come yet. His voice cracked as he gave a last scream before the soft cotton rope closed over his vocal cords.

I reached out and lifted the dumbbell high, pulling up on his scrotum. Then I dropped it. This made his whole body convulse with pain. A small, high pitched noise came from his open mouth as the rope crushed his Adam's apple into his wind pipe, crushing his vocal cords so no sound would ever come from them again. I could hear the wonderful gurgling noise from his mouth as his tongue poked far out between his lips. His face was dark red now, and the neck veins were pulsating slowly... slower... and then not at all — they just bulged.

He twisted around. Then the rope slipped up his neck, locking his jaws shut. His teeth were clenched, cutting all the way through his tongue, which was still sticking out. It now dangled from a small piece of flesh. His mouth oozed deep red blood. There was also fresh blood dribbling from his ears and nose as vessels in his head broke from the pressure. His eyes were glowing red with and no pupils showing at all. More blood drained over and down his chin from his severed tongue; it was almost undistinguishable against his dark colored skin. His feet were blue, and that color was creeping up his twitching legs.

I lifted the weight from his nut bag one last time. When it dropped, I was delighted to see there was a response as his eyes twitched — I knew he could still feel pain. His cock was bulging, and I knew he was going to shoot a load even with the needle rammed through his cock-head. His prick expelled streams of juice which I felt burning on my chest and belly.

The beauty of this well muscled young man twitching and convulsing before me was simply overwhelming, and my guts too started to churn and I shot a load of cum. My orgasm was immense, making my knees wobble.

I quickly grabbed the knife and stabbed at the base of his still shooting cock — I wanted to castrate him while he could still feel it — I wanted that to be the very last thing he ever felt. Blood poured from the wound as I sliced at the base, cutting his hard organ off completely, and then I pushed downward through his scrotum. The blade cut through the string, letting the weight slip and fall and hit the floor with a dull clang. He was still twitching as his balls fell free, cords and strings of flesh dangling from the jagged wound that I had made hacking his genitals off. There was a little gurgle from his mouth and a loud fart from his ass, then his heaving chest stopped heaving.

I held the dick in my fist and watched as his muscles slowly relaxed. There was a small twitch in his downward pointing toes, then a slow ripple over his belly. His shoulders moved ever so slightly. He was turning a little to the left, and then to the right as the rope turned. One last shiver rippled across his body, and then it was over. He was a beautiful corpse. Juice was still dribbling from my piss hole. Tom had never been so beautiful in life, though he had been physically almost perfect. Hanging there dead, he was perfect, more than perfect — from his contorted facial muscles with his lips curled back baring skull-white teeth clenched over what was left of his severed tongue to the blood and vomit colored streaks running over his taught muscles down to the gaping

hole where his large cock and balls had been. It was beautiful beyond description.

This new beauty that his body took on in death thrilled and excited me more than I could have possibly imagined. In my filming I had seen much more grisly deaths, but this one I had created with my own hands. It was special. I sat on the floor in a puddle of my own piss and cum and gently touched my dick. The piss and cum still trapped inside squirted out like milk from over full nipples. Now I could understand why men paid me thousands of dollars to film this. It was a beauty I had created. It was a beauty only a few chosen men like me could fully appreciate.

The next morning I scrupulously cleaned the entire place so that there would be no evidence that anyone had been there. I quickly cut Tom's body into small pieces placing the parts in twenty-five small white plastic garbage bags. It took me four hours riding around the town placing the bags in garbage cans and dumpsters.

When I got home I went through Tom's things. In his wallet was a picture of a young Boy Scout looking a lot like Scott. He looked very serious. In the overnight bag was a note. Apparently Tom figured that I would go through his bag and he had expected me to resist killing Scott.

'I was afraid that you might not like my ideas regarding my little brother, Scott. Everything that I may have said to you about my dislike for the little bastard was mild compared to my real feelings. I hate the guy so much; I am so frustrated because I haven't the guts to do anything about it. Inside here are some articles of your clothing that I have stolen over the past few months. I like your scent and needed it near me. If you like mine, I have filled this with my unwashed shorts. I hope you like them to remember me by. The pictures may stimulate you to change your mind about Scotty, if you refused my request. Thank you for helping me the way you did. — Thomas Jones.'

I pulled a pair of my shorts and a jock that both had been chewed and sucked on for some time. Under his wadded up shorts, jocks, and briefs was a large envelope. Inside there was a group of Polaroid pictures of Scott as he was growing up. Each picture had an explanation and date on the back. Most were of Scott. The shorts were nearly my size, so I kept them. The pictures went back in the envelope to be with the video after I had edited it. I actually had done a good job placing the cameras as I got everything I wanted in beautiful color and sound— even the softest gurgle as Tom strangled.

I brought that video with me each time I came up here, and would relieve the stunning evening even though now, four years later, I had several more videos made with my own actor victims.

The reason for this trip upstate from the city was to make a film on Saturday for an old man who had two studs on the string, as older men often will. He

had conned them into making the movie for him to remember them by. I filmed them both fucking at the same time, and separate.

The cottage was still in a very deserted place and I used it for films that called for outdoors woodsy scenes, and flicks that might have excessive loud screaming.

The studs collapsed exhausted after the four hours of video that was shot, taking most of the day. I did the editing so that they could take the tapes with them the next morning. I made a copy, as the blond young man, who was very tall and willowy was the type I like to use in my own personal death videos. I didn't want to forget him. He gave me this photo of himself

That night I fantasized the tape I might make of him. He would be sexually drained by me. As he resisted getting his ass raped I would use a garrote on him. Before he dies I would release the wire. When he recovers, he'd find himself sitting on a wooden arm chair that has a twelve inch dowel in the seat — he is impaled on this. His arms will be fastened to the arms, and his legs spread wide, his knees tied to the arms, his ankles to the legs exposing his crotch. When he wakes up I'll remove his nipples with a pair of vice grip pliers by twisting the pliers after they are attached. I'll twist them till each nipple is ripped from the surrounding flesh. This will make the blond youth scream so loud he'll lose his voice. Then I'll pull his enormous ball sac down, and nail each testicle to the seat of the chair. When I have them secure, I'll drive the nails down further so the nail heads will crush the balls, one at a time. When I'm finished, his scrotum will be a bloody oozing pulp. Then I'll take his extra long cock. With a carpet needle and wire, I'll sew it to his belly. I'll stitch up one side, around his prick head, then back down to the base taking a stitch every quarter inch. While I'm doing this he'll pass out several times from the pain, but the amy will bring him back for more fear, pain, and suffering. (snigger, snigger) He'll be bleeding from his butt hole where the rough dowel has torn his tender flesh open. There'll be blood still oozing from his crushed ball sack. Fresh blood will be flowing in little rivulets from the needle holes, forming larger streams flowing between his legs, and the place on his firm round chest where his nipples had been will have bled severely.

I'll move the chair so that the back is against the back of a sofa so that it won't move. I take a container of sodium nitric powder that I use for special effects in some films and I sprinkle the silver dust like substance liberally over the blond pubic hair. Then the full length of the young cock, and finally I empty the container on the puddle of flesh where his nuts were. I fasten an electrical trigger device to the wires I have sewn into the still hard cock. Then I stand back and watch as the young man shakes his head violently crying, and sobbing. "No... no... no... please no!"

He doesn't know what I have in mind, but the powder is burning the open wounds. When he sees the electrical wire he is terrified. When I throw the switch for an instant there is a jolt of regular current, and amperage flashing

through the young man's body. His eyes cross, he gasps. The jolt is strong enough that his body's convulsion rocks the chair. Then a split second later the flash powder is ignited, an explosion rips through the young man's crotch. Bits of flesh that were once his cock and balls fly upward, and to all sides. The flash is blinding bright, a mushroom shaped cloud rises from the screaming blond youth's crotch.

He has once again passed out. The wire is bent and still holding bits of flesh in place. The patch of blond pubic hair is gone and there is an odor of burned hair in the air. Nothing is left of his scrotum, and most of his cock is gone — in its place is a burned cylindrical shaped charred piece of flesh.

I must act quickly now as my own orgasm is near, and now he will bleed badly, and he will also suffer from shock. The amyl does its job. He revives, howling loudly.

I jump onto the chair and place my knees each side of his head and, thrust my dripping cock into his mouth, and throw my weight down on it hard. I can feel his lips pulled back away from his clenched teeth from the force. My tits tighten like hard currents and my guts churn and shivers jolt up and down my spine. I press my thighs together as hard as I can, forcing his jaw open. The harder I squeeze now, the more his jaw opens, the more I squeeze, the more my cum flows. He has to start slurping hard to keep from drowning.

I twist my thighs and feel his head being pulled up at an angle so his mouth is pulled up and the top of his head is pushed back. I squeeze really hard so he can't close his jaw. I squeeze harder again and he yells. It's delightful. His air has been cut off for a while now — mostly if not all. He can scream but his gasps just pull his cheeks and my thighs closer. He's struggling hard under my weight — it's delicious! I can't see, of course, but in my imagination I look down into his face and grin at his terrified eyes which are turning red because of blood trapped as I squeeze his neck tightly now. I squeeze my thighs as tight as I can and feel his tongue bloating inside his mouth, pushing out like a hard cock. I twist and squirm, twisting his head around, shoving my dick in harder. It's beautiful — and he can't do a thing to stop me. Stop me from killing him while I get off! Yeah!

I squeeze my arms together so my nipples point out like wall-eyed pupils. I cross my arms and grab my left nipple with my right thumb and fingers, ditto the others, and squeeze and twist them till they hurt like hell — so deliciously — and give me even more mule-kicks to my guts — such delicious pain, the thing that my most intense orgasm ever is feeding on!

In my imagination I can see his face growing darker, turning purple black contrasting beautifully with his curly blond hair matted and wet with sweat. One more hard squeeze and jerk to the side and I think I break his neck. His body jerks and trembles in a way totally different from the way it had been doing. The thought that I just killed him gives me a hard mule kick to the guts and I start shooting my cum harder than I can ever remember doing it — right

down his dead throat! I throw my head back and scream in delight. I jerk and twist and throe my body side to side. I'm now jerking his body more; sort of like a sack of sand between my thighs, like a Raggedy Andy doll; a really big one — anatomically incorrect since I had earlier fixed that anatomical monstrosity.

I don't know how long it was; only after several of the most intense cum spurts in my life, the most intense orgasm, I finally collapse backward, my thighs loosening, releasing his head to loll to the side, his eyes rolled all the way up so all I can see are the red mottled whites. There's blood running out his nostrils, from round his lips. His cock-hard tongue has pulled back inside, sort of like a cock-head when it gets soft and the foreskin slips back over it.

My juices are roiling again and I spurt another gush of cum — this time almost water clear — whatever makes it white is all gushed out! I catch it in my hand and rub it across his dead face, prying his mouth wider open with my thumb and palming some across his open mouth. I shove both thumbs into his mouth and grab his jaw and jerk really hard to the side — so hard I can feel his jaw break.

I sit back and study his face — how much like a little boy he looks now that he's dead. Such an innocent face; even if his jaw is broken and so twists the bottom part of his face in a strange way — sort of like a boyish grimace — one like he's practicing how to make faces the way little boys do.

When the last of my cum has dribbled out and my body just seems to slump from exhaustion, I sigh and laugh to myself, lolling my head back. I'm really exhausted. Fulfilled — fulfilled like never before; more than ready for sleep.

I force myself to get up. I half stumble from the bathroom and glance into the room where the actors are sharing a bed. The blond lays naked on his belly. His round butt is so perfect I want to run my tongue in the crack to moisten and pucker the hole before I violently attack it. I go to my room before another fantasy rises from the blond youth's body.

The next evening is Sunday. The house is cleaned. I have a few days left before I go back to the city. I am planning to see my parents on Tuesday. They think that I am with friends for a few days of relaxing when I rent the cottage. I will go into town to the bar to see if I can find a trick to help satisfy my lust since I know sex-killing the blond boy is out of the question — for the time being.

I had parked a few blocks away from the bar so to have the opportunity to walk a ways before driving after drinking. Just up the street from the bar are row houses abandoned for urban renewal. I was not really drunk. The walk would be unnecessary tonight, but it never hurts to plan ahead. I saw a form sitting on the steps of the last house. Quickly I recognized that it was Scott. He was slouched forward his head resting in his hands, elbows on his knees. It was warm tonight, and he was wearing sweat shorts, high-cut sneakers. The short cut shirt revealed a mass of brown hair on his belly. I could see some at his neck above the crew top.

"Hey bitch, got a match?"

"Sure do," I said as I leaned forward with my lighter. He nodded thanks and stretched out leaning back, his elbows on the steps as he inhaled the smoke. In the dim street light I could see he had a very hairy crotch. His ball sack was hanging down the left leg, and I could see his cock head outlined down the right. I guessed he was selling his ample prick for the extra cash he must need being such a lousy salesman. I stood in front of him obviously looking. He spread his legs wider realizing I was looking.

He grinned. "What ya doing out here?" he asked.

"I just came from the bar up the street."

I wanted him to know where I had been.

"Oh yea, I hear that the guys who go there are real swinging dudes, will do anything you want, and it don't matter to them whether you've got a cunt or a cock, just so long as you got the green." He moved his legs back and forth, making his cock extend down his pant's leg some.

"Oh yea, I'm always ready for a good time, but it all depends on what one calls a good time."

"For me a good time is getting drunk and having sex." Scott roughly scratched his crotch and smiled that same sneering smirk I had seen in the pictures.

"What kind of sex do you like best?"

"The kind that gets my prick hard, and then makes it shoot off," he said giggling.

"Most guys can do that with their hands," I said, still watching his crotch.

"Sure. But I do that too much." He reached down and massaged his lengthening dick.

"You like getting sucked?" I asked."

"Oh Jesus fuck, yea. Man that's the best. Fuck, kicking back and letting some guy do all the work... sure, blow jobs is the greatest." He looked up at me and smiled broadly. Then, as he stuffed the cigarette in his lips, he glanced up and down the street, then he reached up the short's pants leg and peeled the fabric back, exposing his sausage cock on one side, his hairy new potato filled ball sack on the other. He stroked his hardening dick and smiled again, "Sure do have a big one when I get it going, don't I?"

"Looks good sized to me," I observed. "Big is one thing but doing something with it is something else."

Scott dropped his cock, took the smoke from his mouth and laughed loudly. "If you got the cash to buy my services, you got the cash for a hotel room or a place to go. What do you think. I get \$50 for the night. I can cum several times, and if you get some beer for me, I might even stick it up your butt hole when I get loose." No one is really expecting me home till tomorrow because I don't work till Tuesday. I often get picked up on Sunday and stay the next day. Guys really like me when they get to chowin' down on my porker. You might like it too — some call it nursing on the bottle."

"I like that too. I'm staying at a cottage way out in the woods. I got beer there and could take care of that hard-on you have gotten playing with it."

"So the price is OK?" Scott rose and lifted his cock up to lay across his crotch. He stepped down the steps to the sidewalk and pulled down on the sweat short legs.

"I'll have no problem with that. I don't have to be anywhere. If you are as good as you say I might even want a second night of nursing on that bottle of yours."

"Fuck man, you can have my boner all day and night for the next week for all I care; all I want is \$50 bucks a night. I supply more cream than you can swallow. Your mouth or asshole will be drippin' round the sides for sure. Shit! Most guys have a sore throat after one night with me! And some can't walk for a week!"

We walked to the car. We were both relieved no one passed us or saw us. I quickly drove to the back roads. Even though it was a longer route, I was sure we would meet no one. I knew that Scott was never going to fuck another guy again. He would never sell his cock to a guy either. I thought to myself that he should look at the town again real good because he would never live to see it again. In fact the next time he was in the town would be in white garbage bags; a bunch of them, distributed in many locations. My cock was dripping. I was more excited than with any other guy I had killed, even Scott's older brother, Tom, my first victim. My mind whirled with the memories of the many deaths I had done by myself since that first one. Some had been here at the cottage and others at my studio in the city and some even on location. There were the screams echoing in my ears. The blond who shot two loads as he hung from a tree at a state park... a marine in his twenties who lost his courage as he hung from a beam and begged me to fuck him and keep him as a sex slave. The best were the runaways, just as Tom had said to me because they were innocent and they showed fear more as they died. Their young hard bodies twisting and convulsing as the air was punched out of their lungs. The beauty of killing was consuming me. And I wanted to be consumed.

As we cruised down the dark road Scott played with the radio finally getting a station with some good solid rock music. I always specify a bench seat in the rent-a-cars I get for just occasions like this. I reached over and began to grope his crotch. He slid over next to me and spread his legs wide.

"Like to play with your food before you eat?" Scott pushed the shorts down to his ankles and stripped off his shirt, "Fuck, I might as well get comfortable. No one is going to see us that's for sure." He slouched in the seat, his head resting on the back. The brown haired youth closed his eyes as I began to stroke his balls in their low hanging sack, and masturbate his long thick dick. He was much more hairy than muscular, so if he put up a good fight I had no worries about who was going to win. I hungered for a good fight, as it would be a good

excuse to really hurt him before I strangled the life from his lithe body — as if I needed an excuse.

Scott's nipples poked up through the thick chest hair that his brother Tom had never developed. I could make them hurt so much. Would Scott scream louder than his brother, louder than the boy his own age I had destroyed with electric tools before hanging what remained of his body? He laid so peacefully on the seat enjoying the feeling of my hand skillfully stroking his giant cock, and tenderly caressing his huge nuts, not knowing that soon my hands would be slapping at his prick violently, and squeezing his balls in the most pain producing way I could imagine using on his full round loose hanging scrotum.

His face was beautiful; its features were calm now, almost sleeping as his body thrilled at the touch of my fingers. It would soon be curled into grotesque shapes by the intense and never ending pain his body would endure before he finally would be able to receive relief by dying.

"Feeling good, guy. Keep that up and you are going to make my prick spit up all over my chest and belly. That's what I used to call it when I jerked-off when I was a little boy."

"How old are you now. You sure aren't old enough to drink even if you do have a nice hairy body."

"Just turned twenty. Been shooting juice since I was eleven. My older brother used to cocksuck me real fuckin' good."

"Doesn't he take care of you any more?"

"Naw, the fucker disappeared a few years ago. Left some fool note saying he was going to the city and hoped he would die there and not come back. He was a dick. He was all pissed off because my dad threw him out of the house when he found out he was a queer."

"He took it bad? That's too bad. No body ever found him?"

"Naw, he's getting his revenge though. My dad can't collect on the insurance for four more years 'cause they think he committed suicide, but, like they say, no body, no proof."

He was near a climax. I could feel the pre-cum oozing down his shaft. I pumped faster making his balls bounce up and down with each stroke.

"Maybe he found some guy who gets off on killing others and got himself strangled, or maybe crucified, or some other real painful slow death that a killer could appreciate."

"Yea, maybe... Oooh fuck! Stroke man... God Damn! Stroke my dick."

A flood of sticky juice spurted out over his chest and belly. Soon a dribble was over my knuckles. I licked the hot cream from my hand, and let the car slow to a stop on the back road. I leaned over to suck up the delicious boy juice from where it was draped over the hair on his chest, belly, and then I went down on his still bone hard cock cleaning the last of the scum that had come out, and sucked what was left in his piss tube. I wondered if it was just the motion of my hand sliding over the taught skin of his shaft that had got him off in such a large

load, or if the image I had painted for his mind had stimulated him. I held his cock deep in my throat. I was sure he had grown a little from the last time I had felt that head throbbing in my gullet.

"Fuck man, that was good. Especially you cock-sucking my dick after I was off. There was only one person who ever went down on me like that before — a butch guy, like you."

I started to drive the short distance left. "What do you mean?"

"Man, there was this guy I knew a few years ago who would blow me. Man, he had hot flicks too, and he'd give me beer, and smokes. I got off on it all. I was eighteen, and this guy could take me better than my own brother who had been blowing my cock for years. He would swallow me real good like you did. Others can try to do that, but the difference is, you and this other guy... he'd go down all the way and hold me inside so long he would lose his breath, and sometimes he would come off my cock choking and gasping for air. No guy can hold my cock all inside and swallow several times like you and that other guy did."

"He gone too?"

"Yeah. I missed him, I realized that, wow, this guy was a cock-sucker extraordinary."

"What about your brother?"

"That faggot? He could suck fair. He wanted me to fuck his butt all the time. He wanted me to treat him like a God damn cunt. He tried to get queer with me, wanted me to kiss him, and shit like that. Man I don't do stuff like that even with my brother. I punched his balls several times when he got too faggy with me. He said he was in love with me and wanted me to love him. Shit!"

"I guess your brother was a dreamer in a way"

"That's a cool attitude to take. That's good. I like you. We are going to be able to do lots of business together."

"I sure hope so, Scott."

"Hey, how'd you know my name? I never tell my real name to benefactors."

"Lucky guess. Not really. You gave me your card at the store. But I knew your name before that." I turned on the inside light. "Take a good look. Don't you get who I am?"

He studied me for a while and then,

"Holy fucking shit! You're Bob, the best fucking cock-sucker in the whole damn world! You lost weight, didn't you?"

"I was laying low for a while, went to a gym and toned up. Really weigh twenty pounds more, but it's all muscle. I wondered if you would remember me when I found out I was going to be here for a few days."

"Hey Bob, did you bring that hot flick with the two young guys banging that hot bodybuilder? Man, that was the fucking hottest fucking I ever saw. I learned a lot from it too. Jesus, man! I've tried every fucking position in that flick and they all feel good."

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I brought that because I thought that just maybe I might meet you. I brought another one too. We have some unfinished business and you'll dig this second film."

"Yea? What's it about?"

"That's for tomorrow. I just did a film here at this cottage. It belongs to a man who wanted a tape of him making it with two studs. We filmed it yesterday. Those two guys were hotter than pistols, and man they fucked that guy silly."

"You taped the whole thing, huh?"

"Sure did. You can see it. He had to go to work tomorrow so I got this place for myself till Tuesday. Tonight you can get drunk. I got lots of beer, and the flick you like. You'll like this new one too. While you're watching, I'm going to suck that baby bottle of yours so much there will be no cream left in your nuts, and that prick will be limp like jello."

"Never happen, I got a killer cock that never gets soft."

"Well I can have the fun of getting a sore throat trying."

"Damn, I might not even charge. God Damn, it's good to see you! Look at my prick, man, I got a boner just waiting for your throat!"

We got to the cottage. He walked in, naked except for his sneakers, and once there he kicked them off and collapsed in an over stuffed chair and flopped his legs over the arms. I got him a bottle and loaded the VCR.

"Here's the remote. You might like to freeze frame once in a while."

"Is this the new one?"

I nodded yes as I was already on my knees sucking his fat cock head. He watched each video — a full six hours worth and I was sucking his prong most of the time. He pissed regularly and got off seven loads. Scott was, if anything, hotter than when he was younger.

Daylight was coming up and my throat was raw from swallowing that twelve inch fat dick so much. He was drunk and exhausted. He flopped on his belly on the sofa, apologizing in slurred words for not being able to stay awake, but he pointed out he still had a bone in his dick. Soon he was snoring. I unpacked the cameras and set them up, preparing the room for the execution later on Monday. The last thing I did was to bring in an old picnic table from the yard and then I carried him over to it. He was snoring all the time and didn't even rouse when I securely tied his wrists and ankles to the hooks that had been put in it for another torture film I had made a few months ago.

I lay down for a nap so I'd not be falling asleep when the action got hot. It was half past nine in the morning when I snapped back awake. Scott was still lying on his belly, snoring loudly, bound so he could not escape. My balls ached for relief. I stood in front of the table and then hopped up in between the wide spread arms and lifted the punk's head by his ears. His mouth hung open. I slowly slid my cock-head between the virgin lips and gradually slid the shaft in deep enough so my pubes were pressed tight to his chin. His nose was buried

in it. He roused some, but was not aware of what was happening to him, and he seemed, as if by instinct, to be suckling me, like a baby sucks anything put in its mouth.

I came in his mouth but I was too tired to prolong this pleasure, especially when I had an ultimate sex scene to perform later. Then I pulled out and turned around. I sat back down and dozed some more. I was awakened a few hours later by Scott screaming curses at the top of his voice. He was struggling with the ropes around his wrists. I had left a little play in bonds to add to the frustration of his new situation.

"You God damn idiot! Let me loose you fucking God damn cock-suckin' pervert!"

"No one can hear you no matter how loud you scream. I have..."

"You fucking... I want to be untied now! I'm not into this kind of shit!" He was screaming himself hoarse as he wildly waved his elbows like chicken wings. I slapped him hard across the cheek. Spittle splashed from his mouth from the force of the blow. He stopped screaming and looked surprised, like he'd never been hit before.

"You do not interrupt me. Understand?"

"I've got to take a piss, let me up."

"That's a good idea."

I climbed up between his arms where I had been a few hours before, this time lifting high up so my crotch was above his face. He looked up at it as I sniggered, "I have to do the same. I can see nothing wrong with that."

He watched my cock incredulously as I let go a stream of piss into his eyes and gaping mouth. My stream started slowly and then, as it swelled and changed it from a stream to a spray I lowered myself down so the spray went into his eyes and nostrils. He clamped his mouth closed — I could feel that much with my thighs lightly touching his jaw. I'm sure he also squeezed his eyes shut, but I couldn't see — only imagine. He started to shake his head. I clamped my thighs on his head and held it still so my piss had to go up his nose. I know because I could hear and feel him snort at it. He inhaled so much of my vile piss he began to choke and he snorted. Suddenly he started to shake like he was going to puke so I let go real quick and pulled back, but still I got sprayed with it in my pubic hair. I continued my own spray of piss, trying to aim at his eyes and nose, the best I could. I twisted off the table and took his shorts to wipe my crotch.

"Hey, those are mine. I got to wear them home!" Scott's protest was weaker than I expected.

"Don't worry about what you will be wearing when you leave here. I think you should worry more about what you are in when you leave."

He looked at me, puzzled. I moved the TV to where he could see it and loaded the tape of Tom's demise.

"This is the surprise I have for you. You can watch while I sleep. I have a lot to do with you later, and I'm tired. I got some cat naps, but they weren't enough. And I do want to be fresh, and well rested. But watch — you don't really need the sleep — you won't need sleep after today. Besides, tired you may not feel it so much."

I took the sweat shorts wet with piss and puke and shoved them into his mouth, then tied them in place with one of his sneaker strings. He struggled as I forced the fabric between his teeth by holding his nose. That done I started the tape showing the part with Tom and me making out, but then I froze the tape right after Tom had asked that I kill Scott. Scott was white with fear for what I had in mind had come to him along with the reality that I might be just planning to do it.

"I want you to watch this film. It's a masterpiece even if I must say so myself. You watch and take note of what happens to the star. You, young man, are going to be a star. You'll know soon enough why you don't need those shorts. The machine will automatically re-wind and play the tape over till I shut it off. I want you to have the last painful minutes of Tom's life embedded in your mind before we start."

Scott's eyes were drawn back in terror. I grinned as I stroked the tears from his cheeks and added, "I've learned a lot since that was made three years ago. It'll be a lot more fun." I started the tape and watched his reaction for a while. He looked around the room and realized he was in the same room his older brother had met his end. I didn't stick around for too much of the torture — if I did I wouldn't get any sleep.

When I woke up I walked over to him and got over him and pissed again. He made little effort to resist the stream this time. I pissed right into his eyes, washing away his tears, making his eyes tear some more. When I'd pissed myself dry, I cooked myself breakfast and ate it in his view while he was watching his brother's screaming demise for about the third time. Done, I stopped the flick and removed the shorts from his dry mouth. He flexed his jaw and ran his tongue around his lips trying to get saliva flowing.

"You are evil," he said with a hoarse voice.

"Maybe, I hadn't planned on following through on your brother's last wish. Like I said, it was dangerous then. But now... now you're ready, and chance has brought us together."

"Let me out of here, please. I'll do anything you want. I'll give you the best suckin' and fuckin' time you've ever had... my cock is big enough to fill your asshole and then some — it'll give you the best orgasm you've ever had in your life. Just don't kill me, please."

"I really doubt you could give me an orgasm like I had last night, boy. Broke that boy's neck while he was bucking like a bronco. Your cock can't do better than that. Besides, you're not in a bargaining position now, are you. Your brother thought he could bargain too and look at what it got him. I'm going to

kill you the most painful way I can. You know, I like making 'pretty boys' hurt and scream. Your brother taught me that."

"Man, please... Oh God... please!"

"There's no god here! All that food has filled me up. I have to take a shit now." I grinned down at Scott lying there helpless. He looked pleadingly at me then the full meaning of my last casual remark registered in his mind as to what it meant to him in his particular position.

"No... fuck, no, I'm going to be sick."

"You can puke all you want — won't bother me. You must be hungry. I'll feed you. See, I am looking out for your well being."

I got on the table with two large sticks from the fire wood and propped him up under his shoulders. Then I took his ears and pulled his head back as far as it would go. Then I squatted over his open gagging mouth. It didn't take long for my turd to slip into his open hole and he responded by gagging and choking and retching then puking. Most of the shit stayed around his lips and face.

When I was done I turned around, to take his short hair in one hand, pulling his head back again so that I could hand feed my shit into his mouth. I slapped him each time he gagged and tried to spit it out. Soon his face showed red marks where my hand had made contact and there was a generous supply of blood dribbling from his nose because of the many hits. Finally after a long and difficult (for him) struggle he had eaten most of the brown slime.

I reached under his chest to take hold of his nipples, and after some massaging they were firm and erect. I had large spring paper clips which I placed on his nipples. As they snapped shut Scott gasped but refused to cry out even though there were sharp edges I had created by cutting the clips with tin-snips. The teeth cut into his hard nipple flesh. Since he didn't scream, I pinched one of the clips open and let it snap shut this time. The teeth dug in deep and Scott yelped most satisfyingly this time.

There was a decorative leather horse harness and reins on the wall. I disconnected the reins and wrapped the end around my hand, and started to whip his back and shoulders. The wide leather left nice marks on his tanned skin. At first he only grunted as the leather slapped his flesh then he began to make little cries.

His butt had little hair on the white untanned skin, and the strap was making bright red marks that soon became welts. By the time I had finished, there was blood oozing from some of the lash marks. I got the salt shaker from the table and sprinkled some over his back. The reaction was quick. He twisted and turned flexing his muscular shoulders and back as the body fluids, sweat, and blood from the welts soaked the salt into his open wounds. I took the top off and poured the rest out, then rubbed it and massaged his muscular body, as he sobbed with the pain.

"You see, Scotty," I sarcastically said in a soothing tone, "I can be tender and gentle when called for. Your muscles must ache from all that straining and the

whipping. Your flesh must be burning with heat now; that should soothe the ache."

I had an old jump rope which I wrapped completely round his neck once and then half another turn. I jumped on his back to straddle him like a jockey mounting a thoroughbred, then I pushed his round cheeks open and rammed my dick into his virgin hole. He screamed at the first assault, and then he groaned as my cock ripped at his asshole. When my cock was securely inside his rectum, I grabbed the rope and pulled his head back like I was ridding a horse. The tighter I pulled the harder I fucked. Now, between the fucking and the rope tightening around his throat, he began to howl and moan loudly without stopping. I yanked the rope hard with both hands jerking his head back, then allowing his head to bend forward, then violently jerking it back. His neck muscles were reddening and becoming stiff.

For a change-of-pain and to rope-burn his skin, I pulled on one hand only, causing the rope to slide over his skin. I would move the rope away, then with the other hand I would pull the rope back, rubbing his throat raw with the friction of the rope. He was thrashing under my body trying to escape. There was enough play in the ropes binding his hands and feet, so he could move around a bit, making the fucking more interesting.

I was soon ready to gush and I reared back ramming my dick in deep as I pulled on the rope with both hands strangling him. This caused him to choke and gag as I yanked on the rope mercilessly. I was sure I felt his body responding like he was shooting a load as my cum spurted out around my dick, into his ass. His face was deep red as the blood and air supply was cut off and he was thrashing around wildly when I released him. I pulled my dick from his hole with a loud popping noise. It was coated in his shit.

I crawled over him and shoved my dirty dick into his mouth, fucking his throat a few strokes as he gagged and gasped for air. The sensation telegraphed back to my groin and ass was beautiful. It gave me such a tit-twisting feeling of power with my rebuilding orgasm I can't even begin to describe it. The taste of his own shit made him start to regurgitate, making his effort to regain precious air all the more difficult. Delicious!

Satisfied that he had cleaned my dick enough I threw my leg over. I didn't want to give him a moments rest so I fisted his face several times, bending his nose and breaking his lips. The last few hits caused blood to splash over his shoulders and my belly. He was in a daze and I could easily untie him and roll him over so that he was face up for some new fun and games. He was coughing loudly and spitting up bloody phlegm from his lungs. When he was secured again I sidled around and caressed his temples and gently kissed his forehead.

"Please stop hurting me," he said softly. The words sent a spray of saliva and blood in the air. "I just want to die, make the hurt stop, please." He was pleading with me like a little boy who had been spanked for doing something bad. He was puzzled by my actions of fierce and violent torture mixed with tender,

gentle caresses to the wounds. His mind was spinning in an insane world he could not understand. His body's automatic reflexes for protection had started, but his mind could not comprehend the need. He looked inquisitively at me. There were tears rolling out of his lids over his cheeks diluting the blood. He was broken, and now any resistance would be an automatic response. That's fine, I thought, there will be physical response without the bitching.

"I rather like your growth of hair," I said. My fingers tenderly caressed his hirsute body lying before me. "But I also enjoy watching a muscular body twist, turn, and convulse with the painful tortures, like when I was whipping your back. You are very muscular; your back rippled beautifully as you strained to avoid the whipping... and more when I applied the salt. That was one of the most beautiful things I've done."

I went to the bathroom and brought in shaving supplies. "I'll be kind and remove your hair for you while you rest." I quickly shaved his crotch, cock and balls. I moved the razor with great speed and little care so there were several places where the tender skin was nicked and bled. "Hell, this is going to take all night. I know a quicker way — just rip it out."

"Oh please no," he whimpered still crying. Then he screamed loudly once again as I took a handful of the thick fur from around his navel and ripped it out. With each handful I grabbed he screamed. Soon I had turned it into a game, by grabbing some hair, but not pulling, watching him grimace and suck a breath as he prepared for the sharp pain when I pulled the hair out, but when it didn't come he released the air, then I yanked, causing him to gasp and scream loudly. Soon I had removed most of the hair from his belly and chest, but around his nipples with the clips still in place there was some, as well as between his ass cheeks, around his cock and balls where I had missed with the razor, and places where it was too short to get a good grip. There were just too many places where a hair was standing blocking the beauty of his smooth muscular body.

I spotted the revolver cigarette lighter on the coffee table. I pointed it at his head and he thought it was a gun. He squeezed his eyes shut and grimaced, waiting for the shot blowing his brains out. I pulled the trigger and adjusted the flame to its highest degree and discovered that I had a miniature flame thrower. His eyes popped open and looked to the side, at the flame, wide eyed, like a horse terrified by a fire. His screams blended into a loud continuous gasping shriek of pain as the flames lapped away the hairs from around the nipples which I burned till his flesh smelled and the clips began to glow, insuring that after I removed the flame there would still be burning pain. I singed away any hairs on the rest of his belly, chest, and then around his cock and balls. Then I made sure that every inch of his skin was fried well so that it was blistering.

I held the torch under his nuts, which I was squeezing tightly, mashing the firm round balls in my fist. Then I cleaned the hair from around his asshole. It emitted a strange smell as his shit and blood covered hair curled and turned to

ash. Then I quickly removed his ankle bonds and threw his legs up to his shoulders, and plowed his burning hot hole once again. This time he made no sound at my attack on his asshole. I stared down into his face gazing at his brown eyes open wide with fear as I fucked violently into his rectum.

There was a small stick lying on the table. I had contemplated using on his nuts. I held it in both hands and fell forward as much as I could with his legs against my shoulders. I pressed the stick against his Adam's-apple, bobbing up and down as he was swallowing blood and saliva. I struggled. His hips bounced in an effort to buck me off his body. He moved his shoulders too, trying to get me to raise the stick, but I just pressed harder and drove the stick deeper into his throat flesh. As the blood flow stopped, his face turned dark again. His veins were popping out from his temples. His eyes, which were darting wildly, were turning dark red and bulging from his face like golf balls. As he struggled to get air into his aching lungs he made the wonderful gurgling noises I have grown so accustomed to expect as a part of the slow killing by asphyxiation I enjoy so much. Then he swallowed and started to strangle. This made his head bounce up and down. He was straining at the ropes as my cock rammed deeper into his hole.

My dick was getting very warm — or maybe it was my imagination — no, it was. What was happening was his ass was bleeding. My cock was slipping in and out much easier. I knew I'd torn his hole open once again.

He was trying to make sounds but nothing came out of his mouth except saliva which flew all over, mixed with blood from his broken nose. His arms were just flopping now, his twisting was slower and his main body movement was a convulsion from lack of oxygen.

I was nearly ready to squirt again. I wanted him to survive a while longer, so I loosened the stick. He quickly sucked air loudly into his lungs, but then before he could exhale I cut the supply route off. This gave his starved muscles a jolt of energy. He shook violently as his cock spurted jism over both of us. My cum was ready, so I sidled up to his face and raised my body up so that I could squirt in his mouth. I held the stick tight as I pushed my dick between his black lips as my cum gushed and sprayed over his face, most of it into in his mouth.

I released him and watched as his body convulsed while he gasped for air. His legs flopped like he was a fish out of water, then he calmed down. The color slowly came back to his face. He made no struggling effort to escape. I played with his nipples which had been fried by the lighter. He only whimpered from the pain, but I wanted a scream. I punched his balls, unprotected between his thighs. This brought the music my ears were waiting for. His sheik was loud and very painfully hoarse.

"Please man," he gasped. "Please kill me now! Don't fuck with me any more like you did with Tommy. I want to just die."

I smiled and spit in his face. He cried, knowing that he was going to die, if anything, more painfully than his older brother had. He was not the first beaten,

once proud young man who had begged me to kill him when I had tortured his body.

I sidled back down his body and took the stick that I had used on his throat, broke it, then shoved it between his jaws holding his mouth open wide. I then took a pair of locking pliers and started to remove his teeth. His screams soon melted into a bellow, and that into a deep base howl of painful agony. His teeth were not the most solid, though they were straight and white, now streaked with blood. They came out fast, but when I got to the molars I had to work hard. When most were gone I shoved the shorts in his mouth to help staunch the blood flow.

I pulled gently on his scrotum and stretched his ball sack down between his legs. He was frightened and his testicles had withdrawn up to his body. After a gentle massage on the burned skin, though, they lengthened enough for my needs. I began to nail his scrotum down to the table top now. First two nails each side of the base of his cock where the sack began. I bent the nails over to prevent the balls escaping back up into his pelvic area. Then I took the rubber mallet and pounded the sack and the two large round mounds. With painful accuracy, I flattened those round nuts that the young man had been so proud of when they had dangled on guy's chins — the ones he charged for the use of his giant dick. Tears were flowing from his eyes. He was yelling, rasping through the shorts.

I took a carpet needle and rammed the fat curved steel through his cock at the base the point sticking up. I fastened some thin twine through the eye as I made a series of knots, then bent the point over so that the needle could not pull out. I grabbed his armpits and lifted him so that I could ease his head off the end of the table. This stretched his scrotum and began to tear the nails out of the sack. When his head was off the table I pulled the cloth a little from his mouth. I pissed, but not too hard, so instead of gushing it oozed down into his throat, with only a little dripping onto his chin.

When I was done I placed my thumbs on his jaws and pushed hard against the tender lower gums. I forced downward till I could hear the bone pop out of joint with that muffled pop stretched cartilage makes, sort of like popping your knuckles but a little louder. I then shoved my cock in to the hilt so my crotch was smashed against his mouth like before. I started to pump his throat slightly as he began to choke and strangle on my dick. I put the string that was attached to the needle in his cock in my mouth and held it tightly between my teeth, and reared my head back. This pulled on the needle, which in turn began to slice through his wilted dick, which, though soft, was still very large.

I took hold of the young man's neck and began to squeeze hard enough so that I could feel my fingers on my dick inside his gullet. He was not able to breathe any air because of my cock obstructing his trachea and the blood flow had been stopped by my hands.

I knew his eyes were bulging and darting wildly around even though all they could focus on was my ass cheeks flexing with each thrust of my dick into his throat. That would be the last thing he ever would see. I also knew I would be able to see this later as there was a camera focused on his face.

His chin and lower lip were dark now — almost black. There were signs of cyanosis in his lower limbs. His legs at first kicked high in the air, but that stopped when the motion ripped his testicle sac open. The red mush that had been his mighty balls spilled painfully out. I kept rearing my head back and tore his prick open further till the needle was at the base of Scott's dick head. His muscular body was straining against the bonds as he fought for air that was never going to come into his starved lungs again. I was thrilled by the sight of the muscular convulsions. As they subsided I knew his end was near.

I was ready. My cum gushed around the shaft, some spraying on his face, some into his mouth. He'd have swallowed it if he could swallow. Maybe. Anyway, he couldn't swallow and couldn't gasp for breath either. His body was quivering, his legs jumped erratically as death enveloped him. My orgasm churned and roiled and writhed through my body over and over and over while I pushed my cock as far in as I could. I made sure there was no way he could suck any air at all. Then after who knows how many orgasms, each getting a little weaker now, the excitement subsiding, replaced by a feeling of warmth and well being, his body now only twitched. His toes made no motion. Only his fingers were moving into painful arthritic like claws. His belly muscles were frozen in a strained pose that washboard like body builders try to show when posing. I rammed my head back, tearing right through that beautiful cock-head — final insult to injury.

I pulled my sloppy-slimed cock from his mouth and stepped back to survey the damage. His eyes were red and bleeding as the vessels had exploded from too much pressure, most likely blinding him before death. His face was black this time and the blood from his nose and eyes ran up his forehead in crooked rivers into his brown sweat and piss mated hair. It was done. I had fulfilled Tom's death wish and once again created a thing of beauty: death, torturous painful death, of a well built young man has a beauty all its own.

When the job is completed and there is no more struggle, no more life, the feeling I get is of overwhelming ecstasy. I stood viewing each square inch of mangled flesh and painfully contorted muscle for more than an hour, in a trance. Finally I removed the ropes, clips, nails, and needle from the young man's dead flesh. I tenderly picked him up and took him to the bathroom where I cleaned the blood and shit from his body and then placed Scott's corpse in the bed.

After I had cleaned the place up, packed away my equipment and made the place ready for my departure tomorrow, I went to the bed. I lay next to the dead youth's stiff cold body. I held him and warmed him with my own live warm flesh. Kissing the gaping hole where his shining teeth had once been, I whisper-

ed, "Scott, too bad you were such an asshole. You are so beautiful dead. Alive you could have been beautiful too."

The dead youth made no response. His eyes bulged madly, his nose bent from the blows and his lips curled open showing the ragged gums. I kissed the open mouth once more, my tongue sliding around the ripped gums. Then I rolled him over to make love once again. I just can't get enough fucking. I wished in a way that I had not mutilated his cock and balls so much. I still had Tom's genitals in a jar at home, Scott's would have been a fitting souvenir of the weekend, and I would have a set of brothers. As I cut him up and bagged the remains, my thoughts returned to the exquisite pain I had caused and the prolonged suffering Scott had endured for my exclusive pleasure. Had I saved his prick and nuts he would not have suffered enough.

The next evening after dinner I retrieved the bag with Scott's head and placed it in my mother's trash compactor. I felt my cock stiffening as I heard the snapping of the skull bones. I knew his face was now totally destroyed. I chuckled at the thought of Tom and Scott's father spending the rest of his life wondering what happened to his beautiful sons. Maybe one day, in a fit of hate, I could send him some clips of his son's last screaming moments on earth.

Tom and Scott are both very much alive for me to kill them any time I wish in the stop action, holding a view of particular intense pain, for me to satisfy my cock. They along with the many others in my library give me endless hours of pleasure.