

He Chose to Place Himself in Jeopardy

– written in the early 2000s by an unknown author

"Come on, come on, you can do it," Victor coaxed his sputtering Beamer's engine as it limped its way up and over yet another rise. "That's it, that's it. Just hang in here with me a little bit further, baby."

He couldn't believe what an idiot he'd been. Passing up that last gas station in Globe because its rates were just slightly higher than he liked to pay. What was he trying to prove? OK, sure, he and Susan were on a budget, but this was ridiculous. If he stalled himself out here in the middle of nowhere, he'd likely miss his meeting and where would that leave him. What good did it do to save a few pennies if it cost you in the long run?

"Shit, shit, shit," he chided himself, pounding the flats of his palms against the steering wheel.

Having flashed its frantic warning over the last several miles, his fuel gage had abruptly switched itself over to its solid, shiny red alert. If he didn't locate another station immediately, he was likely going to be stranded in this godforsaken place, facing nothing but this seemingly endless vista of trees, rocks and the occasional friendless cacti.

Ever since leaving Phoenix behind him, he'd been climbing steadily, the arid red desert gradually giving itself over to pine covered bluffs. But after passing through Globe, his ascent had sharpened dramatically in the Superstition Mountains, forcing his Beamer's engine to guzzle its remaining fuel like there was no tomorrow. With it cutting in and out the way it was, he feared it was only moments from dying.

Suddenly, in an amazing recovery, the Beamer lurched forward and smoothed itself out into a purr. His heart leapt with renewed hope. Perhaps his tank wasn't quite as empty as its gauge had made it seem. Perhaps he was going to make it to a station after all. Surely one had to crop up soon along this lonely stretch of highway. After all, it had been quite some time since he'd passed that last one. He couldn't be the only driver ever to need fuel around here. Encouraged by his engine's revival, he settled back against his seat for the climb up and over yet another rise.

But his renewed hopes were short lived. Before he'd even crested their latest challenge, his Beamer entered the final throes of its death rattle, lurching upwards in a series of violent fits and starts. They'd barely made it over the

top of the hill when it chugged one last enormous chug and died for its final time.

Guiding his stalled car off onto the road's shoulder, Victor braked it to rest over a few short yards. Shit! This unfortunate turn of events would likely make him late for his meeting in Show Low, if he were even to make it at all. His watch told him there were only a couple of hours left before his scheduled appearance. For a fleeting second, he considered how odd these westerners were, naming their town Show Low for Christ's sake.

Clearly it wasn't his wisest option to just sit here and await rescue. The quiet along this lonely stretch of highway had more than proven that. He could count on one hand all the other travelers he'd passed over the last hour.

Steeling his resolve, he stepped from the car, sweeping stray crumbs, remnants of his fat-free blueberry muffin breakfast, off the flat front of his dark blue suit pants. A nippy breeze instantly enveloped him, chilling him to the bone. Stooping back inside, he leaned across to retrieve his slick, designer label trench from the passenger's seat where he'd left it neatly folded. Catching a glimpse of his briefcase resting atop the back seat, he reached over to slide it onto the floor below where it would be less conspicuous. Fresh from the dry cleaners, his suit jacket, which he'd opted not to wear for fear of wrinkling it, draped fortuitously down the window, preventing passers from peering inside. Still, he couldn't be too cautious. All his necessary briefs for his meeting were inside and he didn't want to risk anything happening to them.

Satisfied he had his things as secured as was possible, he scooped up his coat. Stepping back out into the chill, he quickly slipped it on, buttoning it and flipping up its collar against the brisk wind. Praying for this morning hike of his to be a brief one, he thrust his hands deep inside its pockets and strode off down the side of the highway, grateful that he worked out regularly and was therefore in shape for such a jaunt.

Despite the cold and the trying circumstances which had dumped him here, he couldn't help being awed by the wild beauty surrounding him, the morning's sun reflecting rich, earthy colors off the Ansel Adams landscape; endless blue sky above, pungent aromas of evergreen cloying the air like Christmas. Quite a stark contrast to his native Ohio, where, until this recent offer from a Phoenix firm had brought them out west, he'd lived with his wife, Susan, and their two year old son, Josh.

For some thirty minutes by his watch, he trotted along, wishing he were sporting his running shoes instead of these slippery Cole Haan loafers.

Eventually his confidence flagged. Not a car has passed him in all that time, much less a roadside emergency phone or a gas station. Climbing up and up only to discover ever more trees, with each passing step his frustration mounted. As striking as it was, the natural beauty of this wilderness paradise wasn't going to provide him with the fuel he needed to be on his way. If he didn't make this meeting, he might lose this new position. And he really liked this firm, where he'd soon be in line for a full partnership.

Lumbering up and over yet one more slope, on the brink of despairing he'd ever find his way out of this mess in time, his ears suddenly pricked at a familiar rumbling coming from just up ahead. Pausing to listen closer, his spirits soared. The sounds he was hearing had to be those of an engine, portending someone was coming his way. As if to confirm his hopes, within seconds a green van crested the hill before him. He was saved.

Raising his arms high, he waved vigorously to attract its driver's attention. To his enormous relief, the van slowed, signaling its intent to pull over. Within seconds, it came to rest on the opposite shoulder.

Flashing his most winning smile, the one that had won over numerous judges and juries alike, he practically skipped like a schoolboy across the otherwise deserted highway to greet his saviors.

Rolling down his window, the driver of the van hollered out, "Need some help?"

Both the driver and his companion returned his smile with warm, friendly ones of their own. Each seemed on the tall side, though it was difficult to tell with them both being seated. He reasoned it unlikely that either was as tall as he was, however, as few men were. Both were blondish; the driver's hair closely cropped, his face clean-shaven; his passenger's a mop of tousled curls unfurling almost to his shoulders, with more than a day's worth of stubble covering his chin. Just a pair of nice, average guys.

Before he'd even finished presenting his case, the guys offered their assistance. Explaining they were on vacation and therefore in no particular hurry, they generously agreed to drive him to a nearby station they knew of and then return him to his car.

Gushing with gratitude, he trotted around the van. Upon sliding open its side door, he spied for the first time a third man seated in the back, slighter than his companions and considerably younger, with neatly cropped dark hair and a goatee. Sliding over to make room for Victor, the guy patted the seat beside himself invitingly.

Victor leapt inside, slamming the door securely, so grateful that he'd been rescued that he thought nothing of the van's driver automatically locking all its doors from his vantage up front. Breathing a huge sigh of relief, he settled back comfortably against the seat as the van pulled out and sped off with him inside.

As they cruised down the highway, the four chatted amiably, his saviors questioning him about himself and his family, displaying a warm and genuine interest in his story.

The passenger in the front, Todd, impressed him as being more than a wee bit high-strung. Continuously rapping out irregular beats against his window with his finger's nails and sweeping his stray, wavy locks back from off his forehead to run his fingers through his curls over and over, he just couldn't seem to sit still. Squirming anxiously atop his seat that way, he reminded Victor of a kid in urgent need of Ritalin. His two companions, however, appeared much more laid-back.

All three smoked, which annoyed him, but beggars couldn't be choosers and the driver of the van, Tim, upon noting Victor's discomfort with the smoke, courteously cracked his window.

Todd dominated their conversation, barraging Victor with a steady string of personal questions. The driver said little. Encouraged by their enthusiasm, Victor opened his wallet, proudly displaying photos of Susan and Josh and beaming when the guy seated beside him, Randy, noted that Josh looked just like his daddy.

Passing the spot where Victor's stalled Beamer rested, they continued along just a short distance further before coming upon a slight junction. Here the driver slowed the van and guided it off onto a narrow farm road.

Inquiring as to why they were leaving the highway, Victor was instantly met by an enthusiastic chorus, all three of his hosts chiming in simultaneously with assurances that the service station he needed lay just up this road a ways. Somewhat taken aback by their effusiveness, Victor nonetheless settled back into his seat, grateful at only being minutes from the fuel he needed to be on his way. Checking his watch, it pleased him to note that it was still possible he might make his meeting on time.

Several more peaceful moments passed in silence before the driver suddenly slowed the van, steering it off onto the road's grassy shoulder. Glancing quickly back in the direction from which they'd just come, he immediately killed its engine and announced, "This is as good a spot as any."

Todd bent forward, opening the glove compartment and reaching inside, just as Victor leaned forward to inquire why they had stopped.

In the blink an eye, Victor found himself staring down the barrel of a pistol, Todd brandishing the thing in his face and sniggering at his surprise. As the terse moment played out, the driver of the van anxiously studied the road up and down in both directions and the kid on the seat beside him sidled over close against his window.

Once he'd recovered from his initial shock, Victor swiftly opened his wallet, spilling its contents out onto the console that occupied the space between the two front seats. Assuming he was being robbed, he offered the guys to take whatever they wanted, assuring them it wouldn't be necessary to hurt him as he would cooperate. An excited Todd snickered that they were going to take whatever they wanted all right, but that wasn't his money, causing Victor to start wondering, if not his money, what these freaks did want from him.

He was only had a moment to consider their motives before, shoving the pistol in his face, Todd sneered, "Lose the Sunday shoes, man, and the socks!"

Perplexed by such an odd demand, but eager to keep these guys in check, Victor whispered, "Sure, whatever. Just don't hurt me." Leaning forward, he wriggled a lone finger down inside first one heel and then the other of his shiny size thirteen loafers, steadying each in turn as he slipped his big, black stockinged feet out of them.

As Victor did this, Todd bounced up and down on his seat, grinning and slobbering like an imbecile. This guy's moronic behavior, when coupled with the anxious stare he was receiving from the kid on the seat beside him and the furtive glances and stony silence of the driver, was making Victor nervous. He could feel thin trickles of sweat start to course down his spine. Without further pause, he slipped out of his dress socks, baring both his large, pale feet. Stuffing his socks down inside his shoes, he clutched his footwear atop his lap, anxiously rubbing one big, naked foot atop the other as he awaited his assailants' next move.

In a sudden, purposeful burst, Tim sprang from the van, racing quickly around it and sliding its side door beside Victor. All the while, Todd held the gun on him, studying him up and down with a big-cat-who-just-ate-the-canary grin.

Reasoning with his three assailants, Victor asserted his rights. He was an attorney, after all. He knew the law. If they continued this charade, he assured them there'd be some serious consequences to pay.

The driver, who was stronger than he appeared to be, yanked Victor roughly from the van and immediately threw him into a tight headlock, forcing him to bend at the knees and slouch back slightly because the guy stood some two inches or so shorter than Victor. Locking him in a tight clench, his attacker barked orders back inside the van to his little friend sitting there.

"Grab some rope, Randy, and get your butt out here and be useful!"

Instantly, the little guy sprang into action, as Todd climbed down from the van.

For a few seconds, Victor tussled awkwardly with the driver, before having his coat wrested from him and tossed casually back inside the van. Before he'd even had time to think, he was standing there in the cold, morning air, barefoot and shivering, clad only in his thin cotton dress shirt and immaculately pressed slacks, his silk tie dangling loose about his neck.

Tim released Victor to light himself a cigarette, but not before placing his armed companion in charge. Wandering over beside the road, the driver scouted it up and down for approaching cars, of which, much to Victor's chagrin, there were none. The juvenile gunman, overjoyed at being given control, leapt about him like a big, overzealous sheepdog, pushing and shoving him roughly off in the direction of the thick woods that sprouted just a few short yards from the road, taunting him as he did so as if they were kids playing cops and robbers.

"Give us any trouble and its lights out for you, big guy!"

Confused and growing more and more pissed with each passing second, Victor nevertheless restrained his urges to strike back, figuring it to be in his best interest to avoid angering this oafish freak. Obediently, he stumbled off towards the woods, all the while scanning the area for any sign of an escape route and struggling to understand what, if not money, these guys wanted from him.

His big, naked boat for feet squished down into the mucky, dew-soaked earth beneath them, blanketed all about by layers of dry, prickly pine needles, the sharp points of which attacked his tender city feet and stung like hell. He couldn't recall the last time he'd been barefoot even in his own well-manicured backyard, much less outside on some rugged terrain.

Treading as lightly as he could manage, cautious to avoid the occasional patches of dried up, skeletal cacti that laid strewn across his path, he half-skipped, half-hopped his way over to the edge of the forest, the snide gunman all the while nipping at his heels.

Once he'd slipped in under the cover of the dense forest, he could feel its carpet thicken considerably beneath his unprotected feet. The needles were now piled in giant mounds and mixed together with stubby pine cones, moldy leaves and the occasional loose prickly pear pad, all of which tormented his soles relentlessly.

Within seconds of entering the woods, he his right foot landed on something so sharp it pierced his skin, forcing him to squeal in surprise at the sudden sting. Leaping up onto one leg, he hopped about, frantically struggling to pry whatever it was that had lodged itself in his bare sole from it.

Evidently Victor made quite an amusing spectacle, because his attackers instantly erupted in guffaws. The brutish gunman in particular seemed to derive great satisfaction from his agony. Turning his misery into some twisted game, the bastard prodded and shoved at him as he hopped about, not being satisfied until he'd knocked Victor off balance and forced him to step painfully back down onto his impaled foot in order to avoid taking a spill. Boiling with rage, Victor resisted his intense urge to shove back, knowing that it would take only one squeeze of that trigger to end his life. Convincing himself that he had to cooperate for the sake of his wife and son, he merely gritted his teeth and limped on, favoring his uninjured foot.

Herded ever deeper and deeper into the shadowing recesses of the dark woods, Victor's heart was pounding so loud that he was convinced his attackers could hear it as well. Mustering every effort to calm himself in the face of their adversity, his mind couldn't stop churning to understand where these men were taking him and for what purpose.

Defining himself as straight as an arrow, the wildest corners of Victor's limited imagination could never have conceived what lay in store. Life had always come relatively easy for him and he'd seldom had cause to confront its dark underpinnings outside the scope of the law. The courtroom had always been his battlefield and nothing in his experience had prepared him for the depths of humiliation and degradation he was soon to suffer, nor for the dark revelations those sufferings might reveal.

Upon their reaching a small clearing in the woods, the man with the gun abruptly shoved Victor up against a large oak tree, demanding he hug it. With gun pressed to his temple, Victor complied without hesitating, fearful of

his assailants' reaction if he refused and failing to foresee the consequences of his doing so. With lightning precision, Tim looped one end of a long rope about his left wrist and drew it tight, then immediately whipped the other end of the rope around behind the tree and bound it around his right. He grimaced as the rope was yanked taut, unable to register any clue on his attacker's stolid countenance of where this was all leading.

Recent events unfurled so quickly that Victor was firmly bound to the tree before even realizing what he had allowed to occur. Suddenly struck by how vulnerable he'd become, Victor commenced squirming and tugging frantically against his restraints, trying their strength as he spewed forth threats of retaliation upon his captors if they didn't release him immediately.

The rough ropes sliced into his tender wrists and, being bound so close to the tree as he was, the sharp bark scraped painfully against his chest as he twisted about it, soon snagging his shirt. A single button popped off and the shirt's flimsy cotton ripped back, exposing his large, fleshy right nipple and suffering it a harsh prick. Wincing at the sudden sting, he instantly followed up with a groan as he felt a thin, warm trickle of what he assumed to be his own blood trail down his stomach. His shirt had just been ruined.

From out the corner of one eye, he spied the gunman toss his weapon to the ground, then burst out in with an apish war whoop about the tree, chanting like the freaky ogre out of a fractured fairy tale, "You sure are in deep shit now, fucker! We gonna have us a good ole time with your strung up ass! Stupid fuck lawyer, you really got yourself in a fix now!"

Growling, enraged and disgusted by these juvenile antics, Victor invigorated his struggle, thrashing and kicking and screaming threats that he was really going to kick some ass once he freed himself, threats he had no experience to back up, but nonetheless felt it necessary to make.

Obviously delighted at having roused Victor to such anger, his loutish assailant increased the vulgarity of his taunts, humping the air with his crotch and licking his lips lasciviously, obscene gestures whose implication eluded Victor.

Off to one side, he could see the slighter guy with the goatee shuffling nervously from hip to hip, his sheepish gaze every now and then lighting on Victor with a look of pity. The driver, composed and collected, his formerly friendly gray eyes now piercing cold and steely, but ever alert and darting, stood off to one side as well, taking all in and bringing mind a snake poised to strike at the requisite moment.

Suddenly leaping in close behind him, the gunman began frisking his rough, clammy hands up and down Victor's tethered body, groping and pinching and prodding it lewdly, taunting Victor under a stream of salacious compliments for his physique. Outraged by this disgusting display of faggotry, Victor bellowed further threatening protests, yanking even more fiercely against his bonds, lurching himself forward in shock when those two groping paws suddenly crawled up under Victor's shirttail and crept around onto his chest.

For several humiliating moments, this sick goon tickled and pulled and twisted on Victor's almost embarrassingly sensitive nipples until, despite his best efforts to resist such disgusting advances, they formed themselves into hard stubs and he blushed self-consciously.

Abruptly switching tactics, the savage oaf grasped Victor's pecs up into two tight fistfuls, sneering as he dug his sharp nails deep into Victor's fleshy mounds, massaging them about in rude circles and sending the buttons of Victor's shirt scattering to the four corners in the process.

Victor heard the man say, "Nice pair a tits." Gritting his teeth and wincing, Victor stammered forth with the argument that he was a man and therefore didn't have tits.

The lout responded by snatching both Victor's nipples up into brusque pinches and twisting them about so harshly that he couldn't resist crying out. Bearing down even harder, the brute wrenched away until he forced a scream from Victor, then released his hold.

"You got tits if I say you got tits, bitch!"

All of a sudden, both the assailant's hands shoved themselves down the seat of Victor's slacks. Shocked and disgusted at having a guy fondling his ass in this twisted fashion, Victor went ballistic, flailing himself about the tree in a frenzied attempt to shake off the freak, who cupped Victor's muscular buttocks up into those rough palms of his and groped them as if they were a pair of melons he was testing for ripeness.

"Nice juicy ass, too," the goon snickered.

Wrenching his hands back out, the guy smacked Victor sudden and sharp across his right buttock, forcing Victor to hop up onto tiptoe and squawk out an inadvertent ouch of surprise at the sting of the blow.

Several strained moments followed, during which Victor hugged the tree, his eyes scrunched shut, praying silently for someone to rescue him as he anxiously awaited his tormentors' next move. Behind him, he could hear the three men shuffling and whispering.

"Time to get serious," the driver abruptly announced.

The collar of his shirt was gripped from behind and, before Victor could respond in any way, given a fierce yank. Chilling breezes skimmed across his exposed backside. He dropped his gaze just in time to spy the tattered remnants of the shirt falling forward from off his shoulders seconds before being snatched away by a large hand, leaving him nothing but the shirt's shredded sleeves gathered about his wrists and his bright red tie incongruously swinging down his now bared chest.

Suddenly finding himself stripped from the waist up, Victor increased the fervency of his pleas, mustering all his wiles in a desperate attempt to convince his kidnappers to set him free. Someone's arms slipped about his waist and he knew his efforts at negotiation had failed. A pair of large hands were unfastening Victor's shiny new Coach belt, a birthday gift from his wife, and slipping it off out of its loops.

Suddenly, a sharp crack rang out! Peering over one shoulder, he spied the driver extending the now doubled belt between his clenched fists and snapping it harshly back against itself.

"Time you were taught a lesson, sissy boy," his assailant sneered.

Horrified, Victor instinctively clenched his teeth and squirmed as far off to one side as he could manage in a futile attempt to dodge any blows that might be headed for him. The sadistic bully scoffed at his fear and recoiled his arm. In the next instant, the doubled belt slapped down hard across Victor's bared back, sending him lurching forward so fiercely that he was slammed hard against the tree. He cried out as his exposed chest sliced once more on the tree's rough bark.

The brute didn't give him even a moment to recover, but immediately letting loose with a series of fierce, stinging lashes across his tender backside. With each searing blow, Victor instinctively pitched forward in a futile attempt to avoid the belt's path and found himself smashing into the tree. It wasn't long before his dress slacks were destroyed from so many repeated snaggings on its prickly bark.

After the first couple of blows, he resorted to sucking his breath in sharply between clenched teeth and holding it in an effort to minimize his agony. Each time the belt found its mark, however, he found himself forced to spit the air back out in an agonized, "Ah, shit," the belt sliding down his stinging flesh and off only to recoil itself and strike some more.

Not proponents of corporeal punishment, Victor's parents had never once lifted their hands against him and, since he had grown up to be six-four and weighed in at two-twenty, most men were too intimidated to give him any trouble. He'd never been in as much as a single fist fight in his entire life. This unexpected thrashing, was, therefore, a rude awakening, forcing him to realize that he was not as immune to violence as he'd perhaps imagined himself. Besides hurting like hell, the vicious pelting was making him sick to his stomach.

Lash after harsh lash, each more viscous than the one that proceeded it, seared its mark into his thin-skinned back and shoulders. In a frenzy of outrage and panic, he shrieked for the brute to stop, demanding to know why this was being done to him, pleading for answers as to what these bullies wanted. Counting off to himself a twelfth lash, every muscle in his body tensed in anticipation of that dreaded thirteenth. When, after several unnerving seconds, it didn't come, he released a huge sigh of relief. Perhaps these freaks had had their sick fun and would now release him.

But the pair of clammy hands suddenly fumbling at Victor's crotch quickly informed him that this was not to be the case. Before he had the chance to utter a single word in protest, a brisk, cool breeze swept over his thighs as his slacks were gone.

Casually tossing the belt aside, the savage bully replaced it immediately with a sinister-looking hunting knife. Victor flinched as the cold steel blade was pressed against his naked chest. Erupting in hysterics, he screeched forth pleas at this brute not to kill him, entreating for the sake of his young son. The vicious bully merely raked the blunt edge of the knife roughly back and forth across his already sore nipple, snorting deriding at him for abandoning his dignity and blubbering like a baby.

Victor promised all three men that he'd give them whatever it was that they wanted, if only they wouldn't kill him.

Every muscle in his body stiffened. He swallowed his sobs in the back of his throat as the knife was laid aside his cheek. Dangling there helplessly, he dared not move a muscle. With all his might, he struggled to still his panic. The blade slowly caressed itself down his face and off onto his neck, where

the bully held it, poised, for an eternal and dread-filled moment, during which time whatever resolve he might still have possessed collapsed in piteous, choking sobs. He was completely convinced by that moment that he was about to be savagely murdered.

Pressing his body against Victor's and drawing him close, the brute asked, in a tone that sounded more curious than sinister, "What's the matter? Am I scaring you?"

"Yes! Christ, yes, you're scaring me! Please stop! This is insane! You're scaring the shit out of me!"

Grunting, almost as if the brute were surprised by the power he held over him, the brute suddenly swept the blade swiftly across Victor's Adam's apple in an abrupt and threatening pass that narrowly missed slicing his windpipe by maybe an eighth of an inch. As the blade whooshed passed, every muscle of Victor's finely honed body tensed and he exploded in a bloodcurdling scream.

Seeming intrigued by the intense, fear-filled response he'd elicited from his victim, the brute trailed the knife sensuously up and over Victor's bare, trembling shoulder and tickled it down along his quivering, exposed ribs. Victor could feel the bastard's steamy breath coursing across the nape of his neck as he dangled there, quaking uncontrollably and fearful that he would piss himself at any moment.

Bringing the knife up short at the waistband to Victor's briefs, the brute paused it there just long enough to stretch the thin elastic band out by an inch or so, gripping it tight with one hand as he manipulated the knife in his other, swiftly sliced through it. Drawing the knife back, he immediately slipped it beneath the elastic resting across Victor's opposite hip, repeating his procedure, yanking the severed briefs off to unveil Victor's muscular, quivering buttocks.

Flushed with shame, Victor was forced to watch the shredded remains of his underpants being lifted high over the bastard's head, a banner of his humiliating defeat. The other two bullies cheered in triumphant admiration for their companion's conquest. Draped there, trembling, completely naked now except for his shirt's cuffs and his bright red tie, he was utterly confused.

In another frantic attempt at negotiation, he invigorated his appeal, frantically grasping for any inroad to a plea that might dissuade his captors from perpetrating any further indignities upon him.

Abandoned for a moment in his panic, Victor attempted to calm his nerves as he listened to the three bullies huddling a short distance off, his shoulders heaving for breath. He could hear the bastards whispering and chortling. This was so demeaning, so demoralizing, so utterly degrading. Victor never knew it was possible to be made to feel so exposed and helpless by other men. After a few moments, however, he mustered the courage to peer back over his shoulder and see if he could spy what they were going about.

His jaw instantly drop in horror and disbelief at what he saw, the oafish gunman standing in a puddle of his own sweat pants and just beginning to step out of his shorts, the other two with their flies unzipped and their cocks in their hands.

Other than a few casual glimpses in locker rooms and frat houses, he'd seen few men's privates besides his own. The few he had observed paled in comparison to this gunman's. Victor had always thought himself to be rather well-endowed, but this goon's prick shriveled his former opinion of himself.

As if he hadn't been panicked enough, he completely lost his nerve when the three produced a box of Trojans, each bastard taking one and rolling it slowly out over his hardened prick. In a sudden and blinding realization, it was now clear to him what these guys were preparing to do to him.

Instinctively, he clenched his buttocks tight, shrieking shrill demands at them to stay away from him, to keep their hands to themselves and to leave him alone!

Like a kid begging for candy in the checkout line of the grocery store, the juvenile gunman pleaded his case to go first, offering the size of his prick as rationale. Victor burned with shame as he heard the young man eagerly proclaim he could really open up the big ole bitch's asshole but good, knowing "bitch" was in reference to himself. Helpless, horrified—rage, terror, disgust and a zillion other conflicting emotions rocking him—Victor begged, sobbed at the top of his lungs for these bullies to leave him be, all the while purposefully yanking on his bonds in the desperate hope he'd somehow rip them free.

Despite his legal expertise, he wasn't a criminal attorney and had therefore never tried a rape case. His only personal experience in such matters had been through his association with a former fraternity buddy of his in college whose reputation had been ruined when a certain coed accused him of date rape. The girl had been known all over campus for her promiscuity. Watching his friend go through such hell, Victor had always held the girl responsible, secretly harboring the opinion that all women who were raped

somehow were responsible for allowing themselves to be in jeopardy, never believing the girl's tale that his friend had forced her. Moreover, it had never even occurred to him that a man--outside of possibly some criminal animal inside a prison who obviously deserved whatever fate befell him--could be so violated and penetrated anally, especially one who presented such a masculine appearance as Victor certain did.

Victor's heart leapt into his throat as he heard the driver calmly grant his young partner's request to "take first crack at that big sissy boy's pussy." Victor finally realized through observing the increasing lasciviousness of the gunman's taunts as he became more desperate, that the more terror he displayed, the more excited he was getting the bully. Even armed with this knowledge, however, Victor found it impossible to put up a courageous front. Flailing his naked body frantically about the tree, he howled out of control as the brute's arm wrapped around his naked chest and drew him close.

"Please! NO! Let me go! Don't! Don't do this thing to me! PLEASE! NO!"

Clenching his buttocks so tight they hurt, he was surprised when the lout somehow still managed to pry them apart and wedge several fat fingers up between them. While lewdly caressing Victor's butt crack, the young man assailed him under a steady barrage of snidely obscene remarks.

"Bet you got yourself one tight pussy, don't you dickhead?" the freak snickered, "Ever been fucked, bitch, or are you still a cherry?"

"PLEASE! I'm not like you! Oh, Jesus! You can't do this. YOU CAN'T! I'm a married man. I got a wife and kid. PLEASE, just let me go and I'll never say a word to another living soul about any of this. I promise! CHRIST! I'M BEGGING YOU! DON'T DO THIS THING TO ME...PLEASE!"

"Well, ain't that a stroke of good fortune," cackled the goon, "Straight man's cherry pie just so happens to be my favorite kind!"

Rocked by a sudden, intense burning sensation inside his rectum, Victor's face flushed with shame as he realized what was being done to him. The brute was boring his steely finger up inside Victor's ass. He twisted that nasty digit very roughly inside forcing Victor to squeal in so high pitched a tone that Victor did not recognized it as his own.

Pummeling himself against the tree over and over, Victor desperately tried to deflect the perverse assault. More fingers were wrenched up inside him, stretching his tiny rectal opening well beyond its intended limits. Fighting with every ounce of strength he could muster, Victor threw himself about the

tree, kicking and flailing, ever hopeful that he might somehow still break free, unable to accept this repulsive emasculation was happening to him.

From out the corner of one eye, he caught sight of the van's driver. The sicko was studying what was happening at the tree while masturbating. His stony face was the picture of calm. His gaze was icy and unfeeling.

More and more of his apish assailant's hand manipulated its way up inside Victor's distended ass hole. By now, Victor screams had melded into one long, continuous shriek of agony. An image of his wife at Thanksgiving, stuffing the turkey, suddenly flickered before his mind's eye in a flash of absurdity.

As abruptly as it began, the assault on Victor's ass ended and the brute withdrew. Clutching the tree for support, his chest heaving, Victor's heart sank into his throat at the sound of more raucous laughter from the three.

From behind him somewhere, he heard hawking and a hard, fleshy object was suddenly probing his anus. From its girth, he could tell immediately that whatever it was, it was certainly significantly larger than a man's finger.

His stomach twisted up in knots as, for the first time, he seriously entertained thoughts of what was about to be done to him. Clenching his buttocks together as tightly as he could, Victor prayed for a miracle. If, indeed, the thing poking at him were what he suspected it to be, he debated what was going to be worse, the pain he would suffer or the degrading shame of getting fucked by another man.

Victor's musings were brought up short as his never before breached anus, unable to stave off this assault to its gates any longer, suddenly collapsed. All thoughts of shame flew from his head as he was suddenly overwhelmed by the excruciating sensation of being brutally rammed in the ass. He would have sworn that he heard an audible ripping sound and, judging by the excruciating pain he was experiencing, he imagined that, much like a rubber band which had been stretched too tight, his anus had just snapped.

Unleashing a primordial scream from the very depths of his very being, Victor flopped around like a fish out of water, intensely conscious of every bitter inch of his attacker's massive cock pounding relentlessly up inside him. This violation of his ass seemed to go on forever before Victor finally experienced the shameful flapping of the brute's hairy balls against his own buttocks and knew the thick cock was in as far as it would go. The burning in his ass was so incredibly intense, his rectum suddenly crammed well beyond its intended capacity by this savage's enormous sausage.

For a brief moment, Victor was allowed to rest against the tree, stuffed but still. In that moment, he made a supreme effort to acclimate himself to the invasion in the hope of easing his own pain. During this brief respite, Victor's rapist barraged him under a string of lewd and lascivious taunts, accusing Victor of enjoying the feeling of having a real man's dick filling up his sloppy pussy. The man insisted that Victor was having the time of his life and that this was exactly what Victor had been looking for when he set off hitchhiking earlier in the morning. The man said that Victor made the choice. He chose to place himself in jeopardy because he was seeking sexual thrills that only a man can bring to another man.

Suddenly, the sadistic oaf ripped his cock out of Victor, only to brutally ram it back in full force seconds later. Before Victor could recover from the sudden raging shock of this second invasion, the brute let loose, fucking him fast and furiously, pounding Victor's tortured asshole into mush. Clawing his nails into the tree's bark, Victor hung on for dear life, screaming uncontrollably as someone in such jeopardy would do.

"Take my cock deep inside, bitch! Yeah! You love that, don't you! Love it! Love having' a real man-size dick up your tight ass! Don't you! Oh, yeah! Take it! Take that big ole dick deep inside that tight cunt of yours! Yeah! Oh, yeah! You're lovin' it! I can feel it! Lovin' the sensation of my big ole dick slammin' your hot pussy!"

Tears of rage and humiliation coursed down Victor's face, streaming their salty rivers into his shrieking mouth and off his chin. He tried to convince himself that this was all just some horrendous nightmare from which he surely wake at any moment. After all, he was a law-abiding citizen. A good husband and father. A big, strong man. It was simply incomprehensible that something like this could be happening to him on what started out to be such an innocent day.

But this painful, stabbing sensation in his ass was only all too real. It was happening. It was happening to him and it hurt like holy hell! As incredulous as it might seem, it was now excruciatingly obvious that this was why these sinister thugs had dragged him out here.

"Hang on tight, you big, ole butch bitch you," the brutal oaf grunted, "I'm about to send this horny ass of yours to the moon!"

In a violent, lustful frenzy, the bastard increased the rhythm of his thrusts, ramming in and out of Victor in a series of fast and sharp jabs, pummeling Victor's ass without mercy. Before long the thrusts dissolved into a steady, stinging blur of in, out, in, out, in, out, in, out, in, out. Victor could do little else but

dangle there helplessly, grunting and howling and groaning out his abject misery as he got fucked.

Victor realized that this man was using him like some sleazy porn queen in one of those videos he and his frat brothers used to watch. Holy Christ, his ass was on fire! That's what it felt like. Like someone had set his bowels on fire.

Suddenly, like a hose to that fire, Victor felt a warm, sticky liquid shoot into him—a sensation he had never even imagined. Victor heard the man behind him groan.

The man screamed out, "It fuckin' broke! Fuckin' bitch's tight cunt tore my rubber!"

Victor shrieked for the bastard to pull out, pain no longer at the forefront of his fears. Gratitude flooded over him when the brute abruptly ripped his cock out. He felt globs of the rapist's disgusting goop splash across his buttocks and splatter into the small of his back. In a daze, Victor clutched the tree for support as he felt dribbles of his attacker's slime trickling down his ass and dripping off onto his bare thighs.

The brute spat on him.

"You just got your horny punk ass queered but good. But don't you worry! I ain't got AIDS or nuthin'. Been tested and I'm clean. Course we don't know where that slimey cunt ass of yours has been!"

Dangling there, engulfed in a cloud of despair, Victor listened to his kidnappers debate their next move and his worst suspicions were confirmed. It was one down, two to go.

"What do you say, buddy," the driver asked the guy with the goatee, "Wanna take a crack at that hot pussy?"

"Sure. I'll give it a shot, Tim."

"Do your worst!" said the driver, patting Victor on his ass as he did so and adding, "Don't you worry none, lawyer. I'm saving the best cock for you for the very last!"

Victor felt the little guy's quivering fingers pulling his sticky buttocks apart. Atremble, his mind obscured by a fog of confusing emotions, he thought for

a second he heard a lost puppy whimpering somewhere, then realized that the forlorn sound was coming from his own lips.

Leaning in, the little fellow whispered, "This won't take long." Suddenly, another cock was cramming itself up his tenderized asshole.

His second rapist was so awkward that Victor's knees were knocked from under him almost immediately, sending him bashing down the tree. The kid was so frantic and artless in his fucking that Victor could only dangle there and take the thrusts, shouting out brief, pained grunts upon each bitter stab that seared him in the ass. It was an enormous relief, however, to find that this one's pecker, being much smaller than the first's, hurt considerably less.

Within moments, the little guy was grunting, "Oh, shit," over and over.

Hugging the tree tight, Victor experienced the odd sensation of his young rapist's organ twitching inside him, almost as if the young man's cock were suffering a series of electric charges. This time, luckily, the condom held firm, however, and he was soon breathing a hung sigh of relief as the little guy pulled out.

His poor throat was raw from all the screaming he'd done and now only able to croak out hoarse, feeble squawks in protest as the driver moved in to finish Victor off.

The brute swiftly scooped his ravaged asshole up on that steely boner of his. Sobbing uncontrollably, overcome by feelings of helplessness, frustration and despair, Victor was given no choice but to relinquish his manhood a third time.

The stoic brute gripped Victor's hips firm and quickly settled into what would soon prove to be Victor's horrifically stretched and aching hole's most prolonged wrecking thus far. Far more calculating than either of his companions had been, this third man alternated long, slow, even strokes with short, sharp jabbing ones in such random order that Victor couldn't anticipate what was coming and settle into any kind of rhythm.

For what seemed hours, Victor's swollen anus was given a savage gouging, driving him to the very brink of sanity as he splashed about in waves of overwhelming agony and shame. After what seemed to Victor like an eternity had passed, Victor felt himself drifting out of consciousness.

Victor dreamed of innocent times—his son's face at Christmas; his wife in the kitchen of their old home in Ohio; his fifth grade teacher, Mrs. Wright; playing football with his boyhood friends in their neighborhood park.

But, Victor was brought suddenly from the world of dreams when he felt his attacker's arms wrapping about his thighs. Victor was lifted up off the ground by the man, and supported suspended, puppet-like, in midair. Victor's beefy appendages instinctively batted the air beneath him.

The driver never skipped a beat in his pounding of Victor's sore ass to a pulp. Victor's rectum felt such searing pain that soon spread and engulfed his entire body, forcing Victor to erupt involuntarily with uncontrollable seizures.

Victor endured getting fucked by this tireless man because he had no other option. The whole unbearably shameful and emasculating ordeal was made all the worse when Victor's own cock unexplainably springs to life and press itself up against his stomach, betraying him.

This latest rape of his went on for so long that Victor began fearing it might never end. The pain was so incredibly intense that he feared the brute was going to fuck him to death. Certainly, Victor reasoned, a man's ass could only suffer so much before he died from the agony and shame of it all. It was excruciating, unbearable, indescribable; he felt as if his butt were being pulverized.

Before long, he was wishing he could die, certain he'd never be able to face the world again as a man after this, horrified that his cock could become so aroused by such perversion.

Just when he'd given up all hope of his violation ever ending, the brute slammed into him for the umpteenth time and yanked out, but didn't shove himself back inside. Victor dangled there for several terse seconds, waiting, listening to the grunt and groan. Suddenly he felt a rain of what he suspected was the bastard's come splatter across his buttocks and thighs. A flood of renewed hope that his ordeal might soon be over washed over him. Clinging to the tree for dear life, he suffered through the entirety of this final perverse debasement, until the beast had finally spent himself and backed off.

Lacking the strength or will to stand, Victor slumped down, limp and exhausted, off the tree, held there only by the tight ropes about his wrists, which in his struggles had been rubbed raw. Off in the distance, Victor heard birds chirping cheerily and what he took to be a chattering squirrel at play.

But, Victor knew only a tidal wave of shame and humiliation and despair that had suddenly welled up from deep within him. Victor was drowning in helpless and thoroughly emasculating sobbing especially as he realized he still had a very solid erection while his captors leered at him.

With a snide chuckle, the leering bully who had just fucked Victor says, "Shouldn't get into strangers cars. Didn't your mama teach you that?"

Victor responded with an impassioned rasp, "What do you want from me?"

"Don't you worry your pretty little head none about that," the frightening bastard smirked, "We've already started getting what we want. Question is: Are you getting what you want? Just be smart and do like I tell you. You're twenty-nine. Young enough to learn yourself a thing or two."

Victor was shocked by what the man said.

"Saw it on your license, shithead. Your name is Victor. You are 6'4" and 220. Nice, beefy body just ready for learning pleasure."

Victor instantly dissolved in sniveling pleas to be spared in further indignities, despite having coached himself that he'd somehow keep his shit together. Squirming anxiously, his mind fraught with a myriad of disgusting possibilities as to what this freak might do to him next as he watched in horror as the brute's rough hands reached for his crotch. With deliberate sadism, the bastard landed a thump into Victor's nuts very hard with his bony thumb and forefinger, forcing Victor to start and wince as his erection bounced up and down.

"Bet those boys hurt like hell!" the creep snickered. "You seem to be enjoying it, though."

"Oh, no...please...just let me go...I promise, I'll never say a word to anyone. Oh, please, don't hurt me! Christ! Let me go! You gotta let me go! I'm so scared...so scared. Let me go, please!"

The brute barked for Victor to be silent and he backed up his demand with a furious slap to the back of Victor's head.

Victor was shocked at the sensation of this blow to his head. He bit his lower lip to stifle back his sobs, and tears trickled down his dirt-smearred face. Scared shitless, he hadn't a clue as to what this brute was planning, if, indeed, there was any method to his madness. Victor carefully studied the

man, who was holding a plastic bottle of what appeared to be lotion of some sort.

Victor watched in silence as the bastard flip up the cap on the bottle, squeeze out a generous mound of the stuff into his large palm, then grasped Victor's balls, raising a threatening arm when Victor opened his mouth to protest. Silenced, Victor clenched his jaw tight, feeling his lower lip quivering. He trapped his sobs in the back of his throat as the perverted bully commenced lasciviously kneading the creamy lotion into his sore nuts.

At first, the stuff produced a cooling sensation and Victor found himself almost cooing with relief and Victor's erection remained firm and unbending.

His captor played Victor's calls and cock masterfully, seemingly knowing every pleasurable spot on his cock, slicking that big, rugged fist of his up and over and around Victor's manhood with ever increasing speed and dexterity. Burning with shame and disgust, Victor watched helplessly as his cock was at full attention under the grip of this creepy bastard.

Victor was astonished him that he could be so easily aroused, especially after all he'd been put through already this day. Suddenly, inadvertent shivers of ecstasy coursed through his tethered body. Helpless, dumbfounded, he found himself bucking and moaning despite his best efforts to resist, unable to control his body's response to being manhandled.

"Come on, you big, Homo! Give it up! That's right, I'm milking you like the faggot you are! That's it, bitch boy! You ain't never had it so good! You love it, queer bait, you know you do! That's why you were out here all by yourself today. Alone. Helpless. Now cream yourself for me to show me I'm right about you!"

Determined to humiliate him in this perverse fashion, the creep stroked away until Victor could no longer hold back. His eyes scrunched tight, his mind numbed, he bucked and groaned, overwhelmed by the evidence his rock hard cock presented and thoroughly unable to fathom how his body could respond to such perversion, especially given the fact that he'd not so long before been savagely and repeatedly raped.

It was at this precise moment that tiny, embarrassing doubts about his masculinity crept into Victor's conscious, reminding him of the fact that he and his wife hadn't made love in some time. That was because they'd been so busy, he argued with his doubts, what with their move and his new job here in Arizona and all. Still, with this sinister freak's taunts of Homo and faggot ringing inside his head, and shuddering under the incredible sensation

of the hand job he was experiencing, Victor found himself haunted by self-doubt.

Suddenly, his cock launched into its final climatic dance of ecstasy and he screamed, shamelessly, "No! No! No! No! Oh, GOD, NO!"

Arching his back and thrusting his pelvis forward, Victor exploded. His rapist was tugging fast and furious on him, forcing Victor to spew load after load, splashing his juices over his chest and splattering him on the chin.

Never in his wildest dreams would Victor have imagined it possible that a man could force such a response from him, let alone a man who had just fucked him. Waves of humiliation washed over Victor. His tormentor continued his furious yanking, assuring Victor that he was going to drain him dry. He kept grabbing and pulling on Victor's cock tightly while it spurted every last drop possible.

Victor discovered to his horror that even though he had no more juices remaining to shoot into the air, this creep was still torqueing away and displaying no intention of letting up. His exhausted cock was so sensitized by that point that the bastard's continual stroking of it sent seizures of painful ecstasy quaking through his entire body.

"This is why you were out here all by yourself today," he heard the rapist say very softly into his right ear. "This is fucking why. Any questions?"

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