



# 1. Getting Acquainted

Ninety-degree days working on a construction site in Manhattan can make anyone sweat just thinking about it.

Esteban was no exception, and he was quick to remove his shirt, revealing a thick, ripped, twenty-three year old sculpture's ideal of a torso. The pride he exuded for his fine frame was extreme.

Esteban Garcia loved the feel of his salty sweat as it dripped down his deeply tanned and handsome face, past his enormous biceps steaks, bulbous filet mignon pectorals, and especially his eight pack, cordy thick, fat-free, rock hard strip steaks he calls abdominals -- Esteban especially loves his and other muscle dudes abs -- more than anything.

The moment he meets a guy the first thing he does is strip him to the waist in his mind to visualize the dude's gut beef, trying to guess just how well those belly muscles could take a serious pummeling.

Ab pain is Esteban's thing. Ever since he was a boy of twelve he got off on applying pressure to his upper abs, directly above the navel. Then he moved on to gut punching. And man can he TAKE it. No dude has yet to break his belly beef.

But Esteban always wanted more. Of course, he thoroughly basked in being made to cum by a good gut pounding. But he got more enjoyment from the thought of more dangerous abdominal abuse. His fave moments of a movie or TV show were when a muscular slab of meat took it fatally in the gut -- especially if he took it well -- gladiators, kung-fu fighters, medieval jousting ... hand-to-hand knife and bayonet fighting.

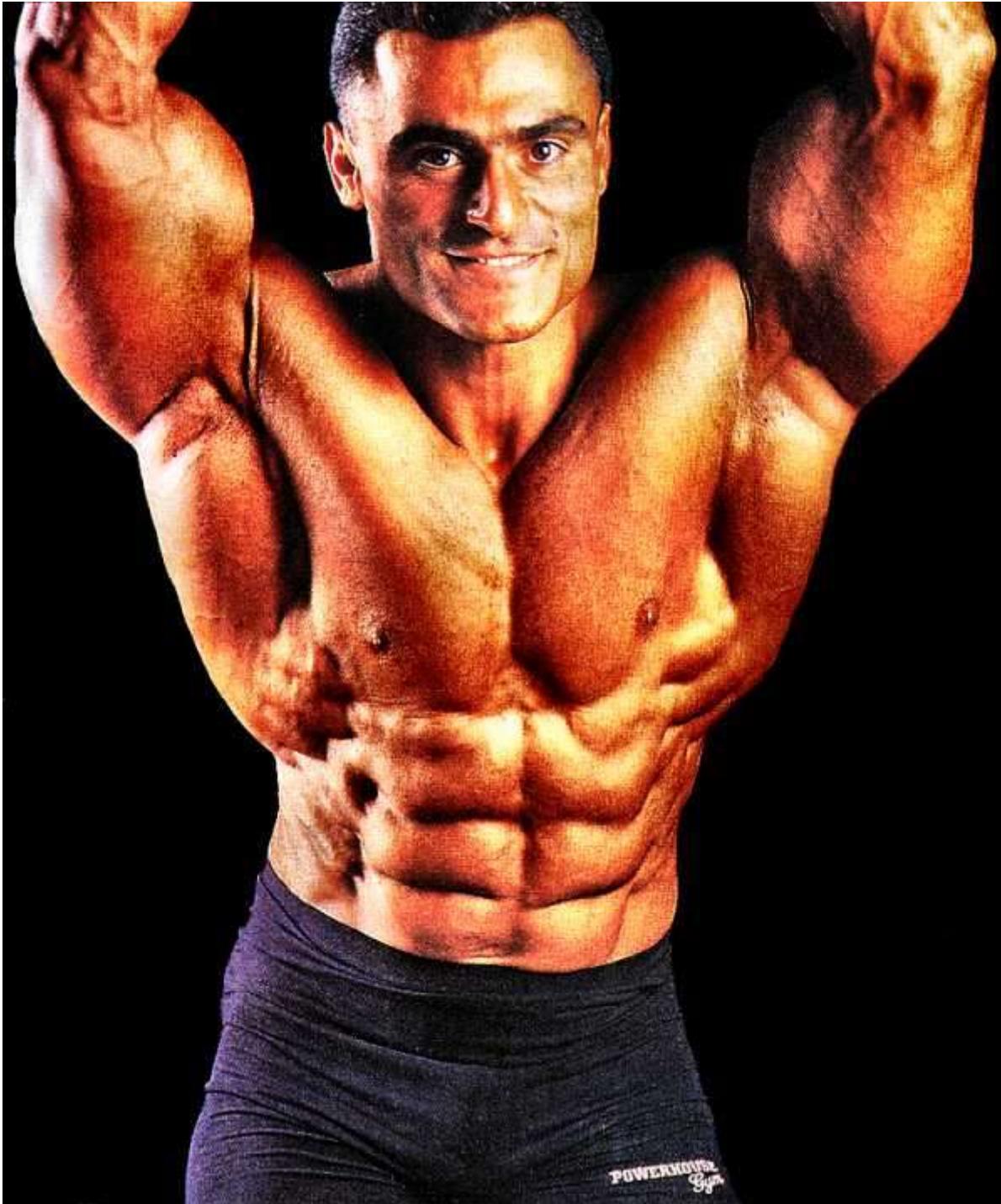
Esteban's lust was growing with the thought of a particular moment from a movie he had seen the previous night when a thick flash of gray, lugging a huge piece of equipment strutted past him. The enormity of this muscular slab was impossible to ignore. His long blonde hair jutting out from underneath his hard hat, his almost disgustingly cute face, the hugeness of his pectoral steaks, the thinness of his waist for such a prized muscular torso ... what a beautiful sight! But the thing that most caught Esteban's eye was the fact that, in this heat, this obviously spectacular specimen was wearing a thick gray sweatshirt. The sweat was soaking through it everywhere.

All day long Esteban kept sneaking glances at that prized but puzzling form. As the five o'clock whistle blew he decided he had to find out more about this slab. Esteban, still shirtless, pumped and dripping with sweat, followed the object of his lust into the as yet empty lockers. He was directly behind the stud when the stranger suddenly stopped and turned around, almost causing the two fine torsos to slam into each other.

"Saw you starin' at me all day dude. Take it you're ah ... interested."

Esteban, totally taken aback by the unexpected moment, stumbingly replied,

"Uh, yeah ... uh ... what do you mean, interested?"



He snuck a glance down towards the stranger's abdominal meat.

He definitely noticed and in return took a lusty LONG stare at Esteban's slowly expanding and contracting thickly muscled and shirtless gut.

Still staring at Esteban's stomach beef, the stranger responded.

"Fine set of ab beef steaks there dude. Bet you know how to take a real slam in the gut."

***Oh shit!*** thought Esteban as his gut steak tightened revealing his eight pack to its fullest. ***This is unreal! He's into exactly the same thing as me!*** He was getting ready to pinch himself when the stranger again spoke up.

"Well?"

They locked eyes.

"Wanna see whose beef can take it like a REAL man? Think your gut is tougher than mine?"

"Shit yeah. I'd love to see you try and fuck up my ab steaks."

He reached out his right hand and offered it to the blond stud.

"Name's Esteban. And I think your abs are gonna be mine."

"I'm Cody. This is gonna be a fuckin' A battle dude."

They were both developing rather obvious hard-ons by this point.

"I know a place. Let's go."

The two gut pain lovers strutted out the door and toward the subway. Esteban gave Cody's twenty-four year old body the five hundredth looking over of the day as he finally asked,

"So what's the deal with the shirt? Looks to me like you ain't got nothin' to be ashamed of."

"I got my reasons dude. You'll find out soon enough."

They approached the entrance to the subway. Esteban reached behind him to retrieve his shirt when Cody suddenly stopped his arm and said,

"Leave it off. I love watching the reactions of people to slabs like us on the subway. It's a hoot."

***So why don't you take your shirt off too?*** thought Esteban. They remained silent as they waited for their train. All the both of them had on their minds was gut pain, and talking about it in public in an enclosed place like this was a little awkward.

As they stood waiting, Cody noticed a cute eighteen year old wrestler type eyeing Esteban's huge pecs. Cody leaned over to whisper in his new buddy's ear,

"There's a young high school jock slab in jeans and a Yankee T-shirt starin' at your pec meat. Give him a show."

The two bodybuilders continued to stand in silence for another minute or so when, as the kid made an obvious turn to better ogle the huge chest, Esteban began to continuously, forcefully and with rhythm, pop his thick pectoral muscles. The jock seemed caught in a trance for a moment then fell back suddenly as he realized he had been noticed and was being made fun of. Cody and Esteban never cracked a smile.

The train finally arrived and they took their seats. They gave each other a slight glance as Cody said,

"That was fuckin' cool dude. I think I know what that young steak is gonna be dreamin' 'bout tonight."

"Es la verdad, dude. Don't I know it," responded Esteban as he started to pop his mighty pec steaks again.

Cody joined in.

About ten minutes later they reached their stop. They walked up into daylight and turned right.

"So what are you into?" requested Esteban.

"Lot's of different things. One of my fave's is giving or taking a small sledgehammer."

Cody felt up his own ab meat through the sweater as he talked.

"Never tried it dude. Let's see if we can work that one in."

The image of taking the sledgehammer suddenly became vivid in Esteban's mind. It was truly something he needed to experience.

"How far ya willing ta go?"

"As far as you want to dude. When I give my ab beef to a dude I mean I GIVE my ab beef ... It's his to do with as he pleases for as long as he wants.... And he can DO whatever he wants... ANYthing."

Cody made another of his sudden stops. Esteban turned to face him as Cody asked,

"How far are YOU willing to go .... Slab?"

There was a brief silence as the two sides of beef again sized each other up. As he responded, Esteban slightly sucked in his abs.

"All the way dude. ALL the way."

They started to walk again as Cody said,

"Fuckin A, dude! This is gonna be THE experience of your life. It's what you've really been waitin' for."

Esteban was slightly wary about how to take all this in. But his curiosity and, more importantly, his lust was making him continue without hesitation.

Suddenly they were in front of a lonely three-story townhouse whose direct neighbor buildings had been torn down. It was a drab gray and all the windows were painted black. The faint but obvious sound of clanking barbells could be heard from somewhere upstairs as they climbed the front steps.

When they entered the building a brown haired, handsome, muscular young bodybuilder, also wearing a gray sweatshirt, came to attention as Cody walked in. Cody ordered,

"Rebner, go tell the Herd I'm bringin' up a visitor."

With only the slightest nod of his head, Rebner immediately ran up the stairs and disappeared. Suddenly the barbell noises stopped. Just as Rebner reappeared at the top of the stairs the clanking started up again.

"They're ready for ya," stated Rebner.

He immediately went back into his attention mode.

"Is Kemper here yet?" asked Cody of Rebner as he walked past.

The response was a quick negative shake of the head. The two new bodybuilder buddies headed up the stairs. They entered a large fluorescent-lit room filled with weights and sweatshirt clad bodybuilders. The stench was thick. Esteban, totally excited and confused, loving it.

The room was also very hot, but these dudes, all into intense workouts, showed no sign of perspiration. That meant that they must have just now put on the shirts, thus the brief lull in barbell noise a few moments ago. As Esteban and Cody got to the center of the room one of the bodybuilders approached the entrance and planted himself there, hands behind his back. Esteban was too busy taking everything in to notice.

"Got a new side of beef for the Herd here men," stated Cody.

Slowly, the slabs stopped their workouts, got up, strutted over to Esteban, and proceeded to seriously ogle his beef. One of the steaks asked of Cody,

"You gonna take him on first dude? If not, I'd love to be the one to fuck up his virgin gut meat."

Esteban stared ferociously into the bald nineteen year old's eyes. His shaved head made him really hot to look at.

"No Scott. Think I'll take on his virgin gut first," responded Cody.

**Virgin gut?** thought Esteban. The phrase was used twice in just a minute. He should have been scared shitless by this point. But he was so full of lust he just truly did not care what happened to him. He wanted to show these slabs he could give or take **whatever** just as well as they could.

Cody turned to Esteban.

"This is serious time dude. We are into some serious shit."

He stared with a burning intensity into Esteban's beautiful brown eyes.

"We are into ultimate gut pain. No limits. All weapons. Before I tell or show you more you got to tell me if you wanna be part of the Herd. If you say Yes, you can't back out later."

There was silence for a moment. Then suddenly and furiously Esteban rifled his fist into his upper gut.

"I'll fuckin take anything dude. I'll give anything. Let's stop this chit chat and get into some REAL gut pain."

"Shit dude. You're gonna love this," said Cody with a mischievous grin. "You wanna be one of us? You wanna join the Herd?"

"Fuckin A, dude! Do your worst."

Esteban's beef was pumped and ready.

"Initiation time, Herd!" shouted Cody.

With Esteban standing rigid and bulging in the middle of the room, the rest of the beef began to strip off their sweat-shirts amongst a chorus of

"All right!"

"Fuckin A!"

"Fresh beef!"

and the like. Esteban said a loud

"Oh Shit!"

to himself as the beef was revealed.

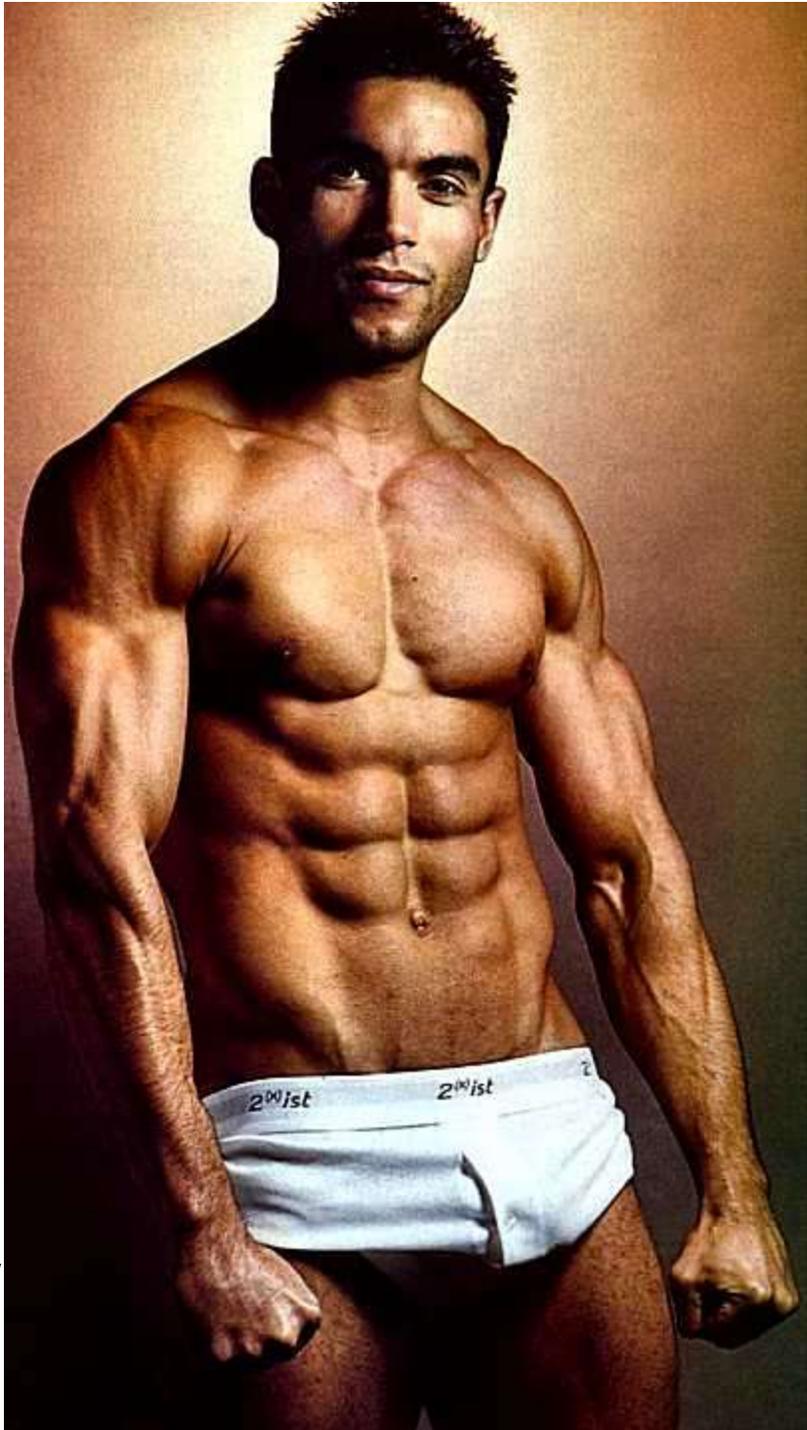
Each was a perfect specimen. But almost all of them had long, deep scars on their pecs, abs and bicepses.

And every fucking one of them had a deep hole an inch or so wide, one to two inches deep, and several inches long directly above the navel in the cartilage area in between their two finely sculpted rows of upper stomach meat.

Everyone in the room was now wearing nothing but jeans.

A long cabinet against the far wall was opened to reveal a vast assortment of weapons and torture devices. Cody, standing directly in front of Esteban, bulging with thick warrior muscle, gave a nod to Scott, who moved behind Esteban. Scott grabbed the initiate's arms, and held them behind his back.

Just as Cody prepared to give the first blow, Esteban's eye's lustfully fixed on a serrated dagger in the recently revealed cabinet. As he felt the first of thousands of gut pounding blows in his rock stomach, he stated to himself,



"All right! FUCK me!"

It was ecstasy. Pure gut painful joy. Esteban Garcia was going to come very close to his ultimate gut torture fantasy.

THUD...  
THUD...  
THUD...  
THUD!!!

The sound reverberated throughout the room as Cody continued the relentless gut pummeling, sticking his blows entirely to the upper abdominals between the navel and sternum. Man fist thrusting into man GUT beef.

THUD...  
THUD...  
THUD THUD THUD!

As the ecstasy was beginning to stiffen his cock, Esteban noticed the other slabs of beef had lined up behind Cody. About five minutes after the gut pounding had begun a timer went off. Cody stopped his pummeling, stood aside and went to the back of the line. The next stud, about six-five and two-forty pounds of thick rock beef with long dark jet black hair stepped up to Esteban.

As the new gut puncher prepared to give the first blow, the "punchee" noticed something in the dude's fist -- it was a set of brass knuckles.... He just barely got off another `oh shit!' in his mind as the first solid blow struck.

Esteban had slightly untightened his abs and showed the barest flinch of pain, but quickly "rocked up" his belly steak in time for the second strike. Solid steel in solid GUT meat. YEAH!!

When the timer went off again his belly was already quite red. The next stud was so beautiful Esteban almost lost it. The dude was only about five-six but he was a gorgeous red-head. Esteban has a BIG thing for beautiful muscled red-heads, and this slab was VERY, almost DISGUSTINGLY cute. His hair was cut short. His abs were thin but rock hard. And his pecs ... MAN! His pecs were ENORMOUS ... especially for a guy this size -- they jutted from the young man's chest like two bowling balls. And making it all the more beautiful, he had a policeman's nightstick in his hand.

***I ain't gonna make it through all these dudes!thought Esteban. But I gotta give them a good show. Just gotta keep from losin' it!***

SLAP...  
SLAP...

SLAP...  
SLAP!!

Damn but that thing was loud as it struck the gut meat! And VERY painful. It stung Esteban's already well-bruised stomach steak with a certain unrelenting ferocity he had never imagined.

SLAP...  
SLAP...  
SLAP!!

He REALLY liked this. Painful joy!

SLAP...  
SLAP!!

His belly was still a rock, taking each blow with only the slightest movement, as yet being held with his hands behind his back by Scott.

The redheaded stud suddenly changed positions with the nightstick and rammed the hard wood head first into Esteban's stomach, almost knocking the air out of him.

RAM...  
RAM...  
RAM...

The initiate's dick was now completely stiff and well defined through the jeans.

RING!

The redheaded cutie got in one good strong blow with his fist before stepping aside. The next dude steps up. No weapons except his large hard fists -- powered by two enormous piston-like biceps.

Esteban held up his ab beef well for the next few dudes. But as the seventh gut slab stepped up to him, his jaw almost dropped. The five-ten two hundred pound brown-haired stud had a small sledgehammer in his left hand and a decidedly evil grin on his lightly tanned face.

The dude stood to Esteban's left, looked up at Scott and said,

"Hold the gut meat steady man. Don't wanna break any ribs ... by accident, that is."

Scott reinforced his grip. The hammer was swung behind the stud's back, then brought up close to Esteban's very battered stomach meat. The hammer was lifted back again,

was swung hard, but stopped short of striking the initiate's belly. It was then placed with the heavy broad head of the tool on Esteban's stomach. It was cold. VERY cold. And a REAL turn-on. Esteban was going to have a hard time keeping himself from cumming too soon.

The dude tapped the hammer lightly on the bruised belly. Then swung a little harder, struck a little harder ... then harder ... and harder some more ... till he brought it way back over his left shoulder and RIFLED the sledgehammer into Esteban's tenderized gut sirloin steak. The initiate doubled over slightly, but Scott kept him up.

RAM...

RAM...

RAM...

RAM...

RAM...

Esteban could barely stand on his own now. His abdominal muscles were VERY rapidly losing their ability to tense and flex. It was excruciating for him to keep them that way. He thought to himself, ***I'm fucked*** and softened his gut meat.

RAM!

It GRINDED into him cold and without mercy. Bile was creeping up his throat.

RING! Mr. Sledgehammer had to stop...

Next up was a very cute dude who couldn't have been more than eighteen or nineteen but had a thick neck and a completely shaved head. It looked REAL good on him. His weapon ... more brass knuckles.

Esteban took it well but almost up-chucked as the dude finished. The next guy also used brass knuckles. Esteban puked on him.

The bell rang again. It had been a full forty-five minutes since the initiation had begun. Esteban looked up to see Cody step up to him with a big nasty grin on his cute face.

"You've almost made it dude. Just one more thing. You gotta feel the ***ultimate*** in gut pain."

Scott dragged Esteban's beaten belly steak over to a table. The others gathered around. Cody took a bottle of hydrogen peroxide and poured some on the well-beaten gut. Then he did the same with some alcohol, also dousing his hands with it. Cody then took the lid off of a plastic tray filled with alcohol and several ***items***. Cody pulled a knife with a three inch handle and a blade two inches long, one half inch wide from the table.

"Fucking cool," Esteban thought he had said to himself, but had actually spoken out loud.

Cody made Esteban stand directly in front of him and then placed the handle of the knife into his deep gut hole. He then flexed his abs, which enveloped the handle holding it in place without assistance. What a warped but erotically beautiful sight Cody was like that -- a knife sticking out of his belly....

Cody maneuvered the tip to a point about three inches above the initiate's navel and in between the two rows of abdominal meat. The cartilage area was quite large on Esteban and Cody was lustfully thinking about all the pain the dude was going to experience there. When he thought he had found the right spot, **the** spot, Cody pressed it in lightly.

"How's it feel dude?"

"Cold. Sharp.... REAL nice, man. Thanks dude.... DO it."

"All right then.... Time for your FIRST gut fuck.... No more bein' a virgin stud."

The red head shouted out,

"Yeah. DO it man. Show him what GUT meat is meant for!"

Cody suddenly but carefully wrapped his arms around Esteban and squeezed their torsos together simultaneously, giving him a long deep passionate kiss. The weapon could no longer be seen, their abdominals apparently pressed totally together. Esteban had also embraced Cody....

After more than two minutes the two slabs released each other. Cody stepped back from Esteban. But the blade handle was still in his stomach.... The barest dot of blood on the initiate's gut meat.

"Shit!," stated the red head. "That's one tough gut slab you got on you dude!"

Everyone was astonished NOT to see the blade in the newcomer's belly, especially Esteban who was REALLY lusting for the feel of cold steel inside his ab beef.

"Looks like we're gonna have ta use a more direct method here guys," said Cody.

He quickly retrieved the weapon from his stomach, placed the point on the dot of blood at Esteban's gut, and PRESSED it in.... steady ... relentlessly ... pressing ... pressing....

"Suck in your gut dude. You'll enjoy it more," requested Cody.

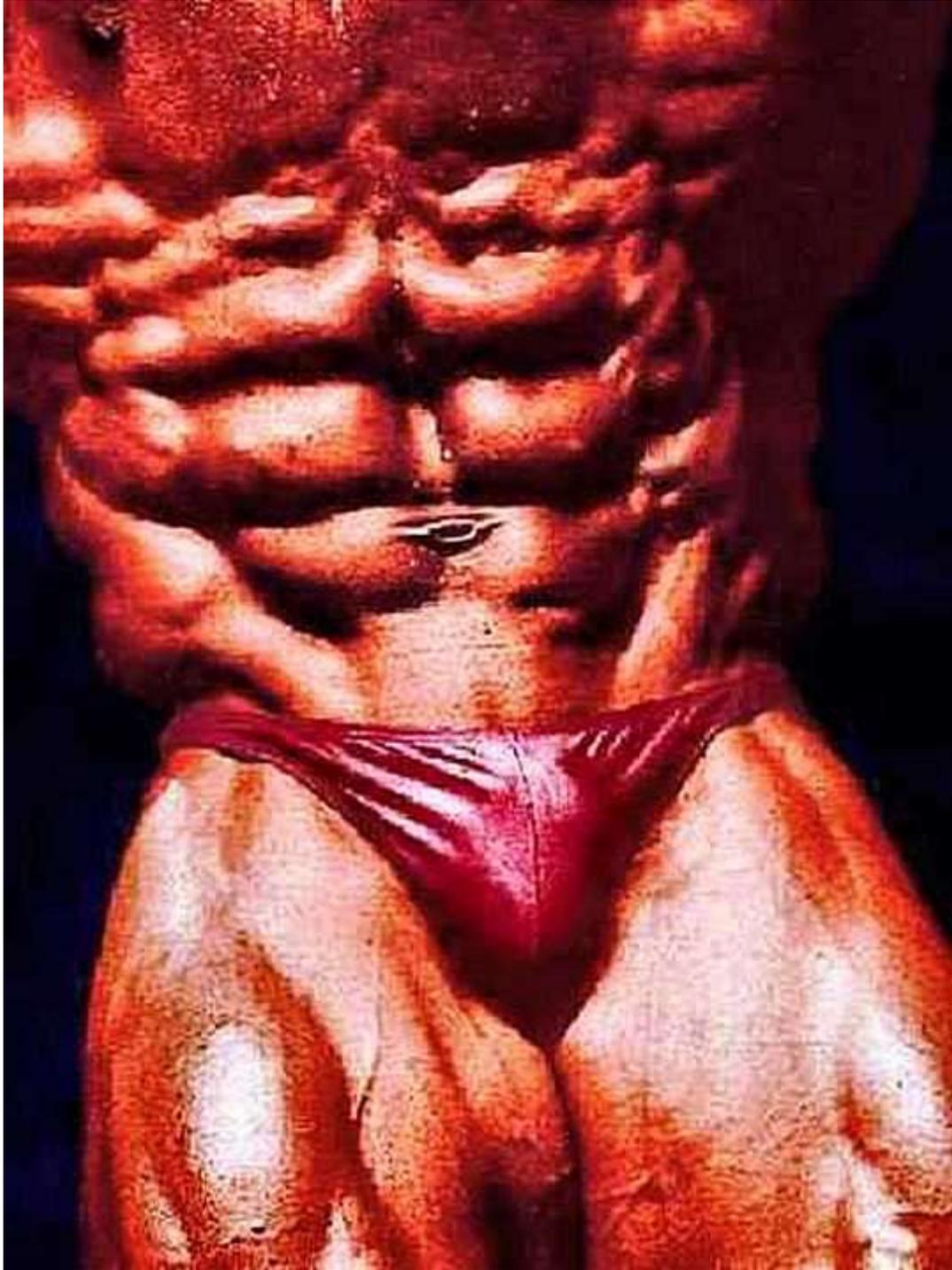
Just as Esteban complied. With silence from the rest of the room's occupants, the blade SLICED to the handle into the initiate's gut meat. Everyone heard the sound quite well -- something like a knife sinking into an apple.

Cody then forcefully twisted the blade and pulled it out.... He placed it on the counter ... and then RAMMED his fist in to Esteban's bleeding belly. Blood splattered the two of them as it continued its slight but steady stream down towards the newcomer's jeans. He wanted it in him again. He wanted to cum with the blade being moved in and out of his stomach ... FUCKING his gut....

"Welcome to the Herd dude," said Cody.

He then handed Esteban a gray sweatshirt.

"Now let's see how well you work the weights."



## 2. Muscle Camp

Esteban had never been in such ecstasy. The past two weeks as the newest member of the gut-pain bodybuilder club called ***the Herd*** had been beyond his wildest fantasies. Everyday each member of the Herd got off by some means of upper abdominal torture -

- usually gut punching was the preferred method, but every once in a while one of them would insist on something more dangerous like a small knife, hammer & nails, or that a razor be used on his gut meat till they all got off.

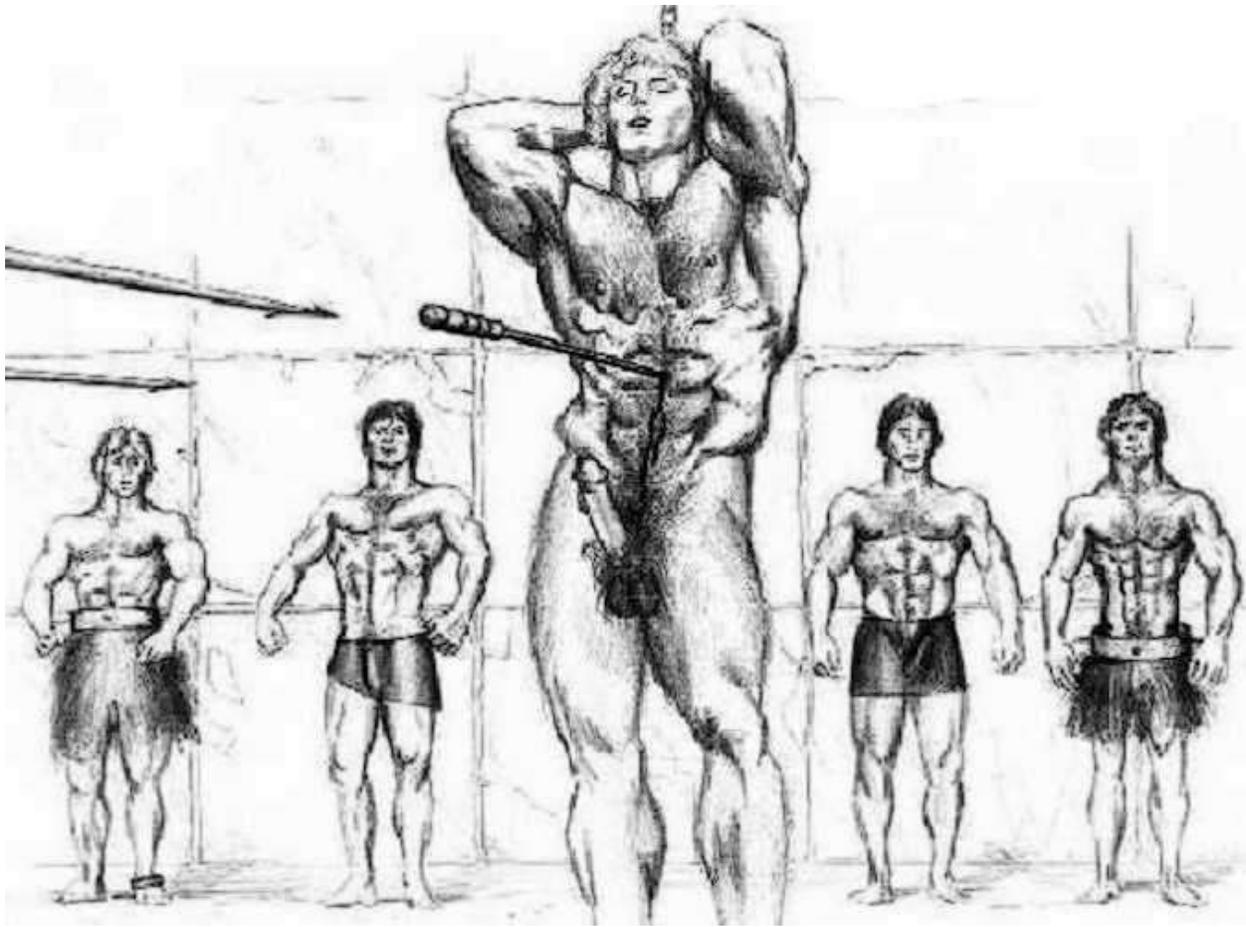
Their's was a closed world. There was no fraternization outside the group. They were more than a cult -- they were a unique group of men with unique desires that could only seriously be understood by others like themselves. They ALL actually would have preferred something more than gut punching to get off on, but they had to save themselves for their ultimate ecstasy -- for those very special moments. One of these moments, a very important event, was quickly approaching.

Esteban soon learned that there were about a dozen herds throughout NYC. There were actually almost one hundred of them throughout North America. Every two years all the Herds gather in a secret place out in the vast emptiness of the desert southwest for a special competition. The man voted by his Herd as the one with the most outstanding abdominals has to fight to the death with a slab from another Herd.

The weapon is a steak knife -- with a five inch blade ... serrated ... penetration is allowed ONLY in the upper gut. Slashing is permitted on the abdominals, pectorals & bicepses ... fists can be used ANYwhere.

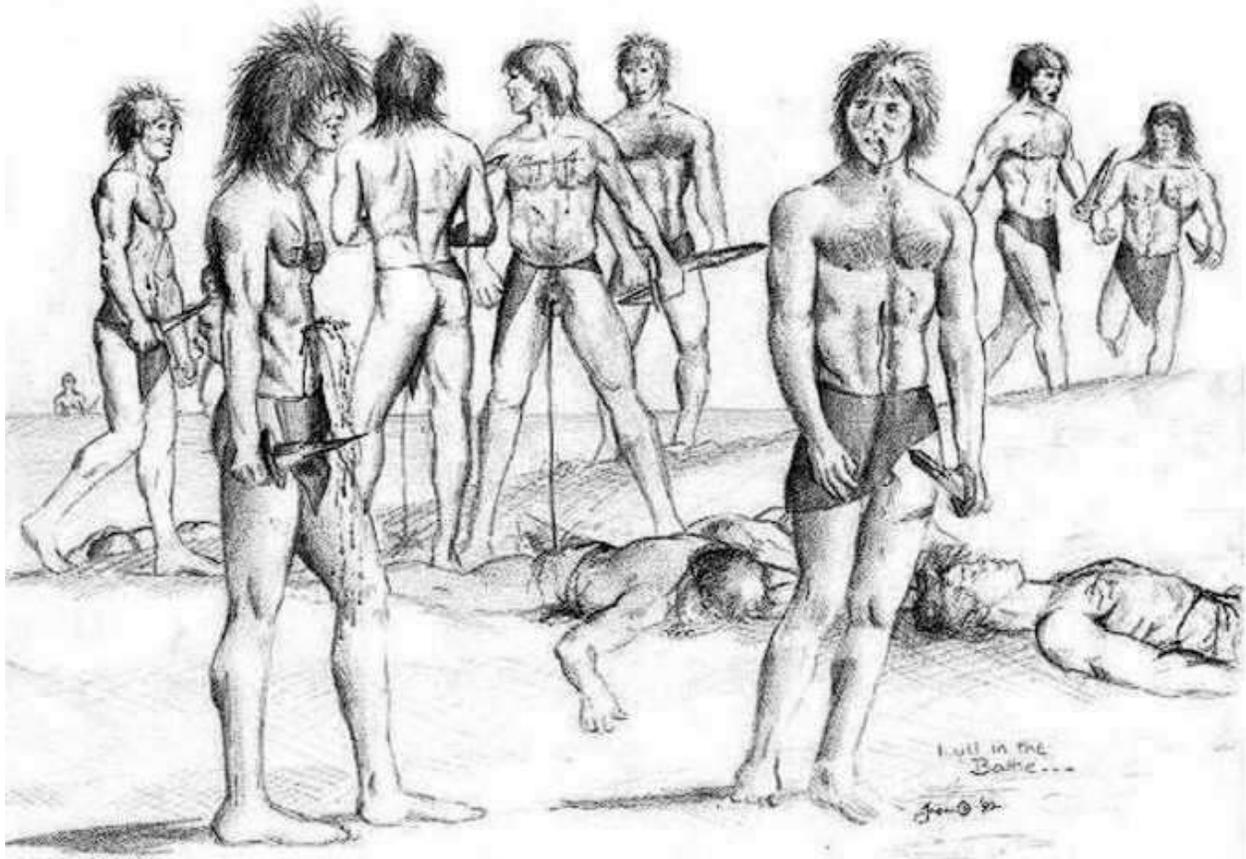
If one of the fighters should either accidentally or on purpose strike or slash in an illegal area, the fight immediately halts, the offender stands at attention, and the opponent is allowed to slowly run the blade completely across the other's upper abdominals.

One member of the loser's Herd must also be surrendered for a ritualized execution as well, his beef to be utilized by all later. It is considered an enormous honor to be chosen. EVERYone volunteers lustfully.



The fighting continues for several days until there are just two muscle warriors remaining. These last fine specimens must fight to the death with shortened ice picks ... chosen because they can cause much more pain with less IMMEDIATE chance of death. In other words, the fight usually lasts much longer thus giving the crowd an extra thrill.

But one more thing about this final battle ... the Herd of the loser ... the ENTIRE Herd except for one who will return to his home to try & build a new Herd, is ritually sacrificed at the last evening's meal.



They arrived in the desert in a rusting old Greyhound bus three days after leaving NYC. Other vehicles littered the lonely dirt road as far as the eye could see. There were shirtless sides of beef everywhere -- everyone with nice deep gut holes, pectoral slash scars and the like. They were chatting, gut punching, working on their vehicles, joking, setting up tents and scaffolding ... a sight beyond awesome.

Esteban's Herd snatched a choice clearing & set up camp. Upon completion of the task, it was time for one ever so much more important. It was time to choose who would fight for them. And it was done very simply ... by drawing straws ... short straw "wins."

To Esteban's delight it was Simon, the short cute red-head he had lusted after since the moment he saw the fine rock slab back at the House.

There is DEFINITELY nothing finer than young adorable red-headed slab beef.

Simon proudly strutted to the front of his Herd, turned, put his hands behind his back, & rocked his gut.

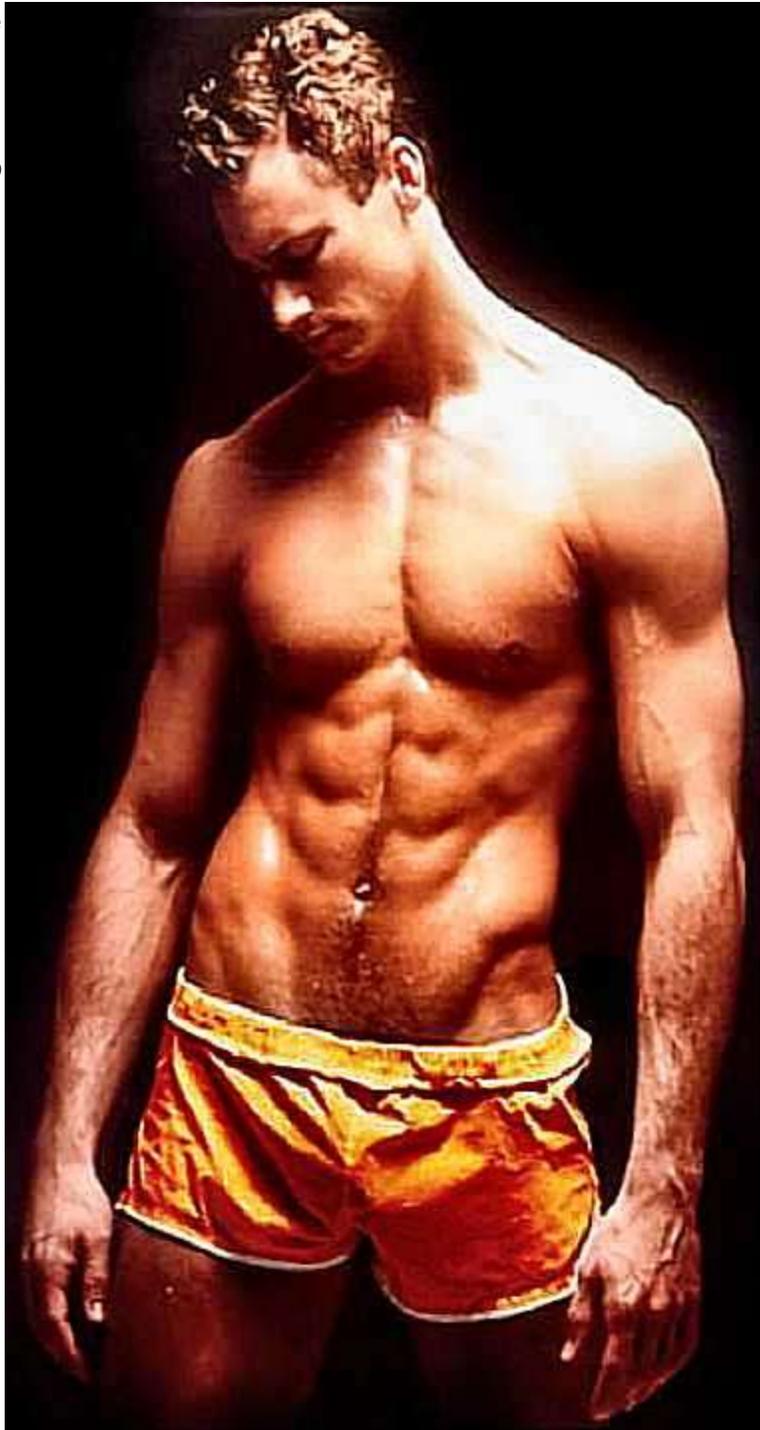
Without a word the NYC Herd lined up in front of their warrior & took turns hammering relentlessly into his upper stomach strip steaks.... They toughened up that fine slab for over an hour....

Then it was time for his battle to the Death.

Simon led our Herd to the fighting arena -- a simple clearing with sufficient encircling boulders to allow a number of spectators a fine view of the proceedings.

He was signaled to enter the center of the area.

There was a slight commotion from the opposite end of the fighting zone -- his challenger had arrived. And the lust in Simon's eyes was simultaneously betrayed by the growth under his jeans.



The red-headed hero stared deep into the other's gut meat, imagining how hard it would be to thrust the blade into him good and deep. He was beyond cute, and very tall. His muscle was thick & rock hard. His dimpled smile on a drop-dead gorgeous face did not hide the intensity behind his beautiful blue eyes.

"Dennis Newman of Milwaukee Herd #1, and Simon Rourke of New York City #7, approach!" demanded the referee.

The two slabs, each stripped to the waist wearing only jeans & boots, came pecs to pecs at each other, their nostrils flared, snorting like mad bulls.

Although Simon was a good five inches shorter than Dennis, they maintained eye contact, their lusting lips & eyes just a few inches from one another.

"Separate and take your weapons!" ordered the referee.

They each quickly grabbed the five-inch nicely serrated blades in their right hands, and impatiently waited for the order to begin.

The spectators were silent. The combattants stood just ten feet apart, and then...

"BEGIN!"

They slammed into each other as both tried to jab at their opponent's gut meat. But neither struck beef.

Simon quickly turned and lunged at Dennis who used his left fist to strike the Red-Head in the jaw, knocking him back.



The Milwaukee slab then quickly drove the blade across Simon's left pectoral, making a slash four inches long and about an eighth inch deep in it's center. Blood was drawn! The blood was now flowing, and the crowd's excitement surged as the flow increased -- especially for the Milwaukee herd and ours -- and the rest of the New York City herds -- we were screaming ourselves hoarse -- and deaf!

Simon tried to thrust back immediately, but Dennis caught his opponent's right hand, the knife in it, and pushed him back while rifling his left fist into the smaller red-head's lean yet thick rock gut steak, lifting him up in the air slightly. Newman then forced Simon back, tripping him as his foot caught a small rock.

It looked like Simon had lost his grip on his weapon, so Dennis lunged into the air to land on top of the red-head. But Simon was able to retrieve his steel & RAMMED his fist at the charging slab, DRIVING it the FULL FIVE INCHES into Newman's upper middle gut, right TO THE HANDLE. But Dennis seemed not to be fazed. He immediately stood up, ripping Simon's knife from his grip -- the stabbed slab's gut muscles holding hard to the blade so deeply imbedded within his upper gut meat.

Dennis glanced quickly down at the blade handle sticking out from his gut meat, looked up at Simon's adorable young face, and, with a HUGE grin taunted,

"Come and get it, you wuss! Let's see if YOU can take it this well!"

Simon unhesitatingly popped his bleeding pectoral steaks and walked straight at Newman to retrieve his blade, his hands at his side. Dennis held his knife point out, aiming straight for the red-head's prime belly beef.

THRUST!

Dennis rammed the blade in ... but to his dismay it only sank in about a half to three-quarters of an inch about one inch directly above Simon's navel -- just below his gut hole.

Simon quickly grabbed his own blade, still inside Dennis, and twisted it all the way around so the sharp end pointed down into Newman's bowels. He leaned his full weight on his wrist, sliding the blade out slowly so it slid down and out, making the wound almost four inches long.

Dennis Newman's huge prime slab meat was in shock. He stood there like a bullock being slaughtered as Simon again rifled the blade into his opponent fine strip stomach steak ...

THRUST ...

TWIST ...

TWIST ...

JERK OUT ....

The crowd was fight-maddened with blood lust, screaming their excitement and approval as Simon continued killing his larger, defeated opponent,

THRUST ...  
THRUST ...  
THRUST ....

Simon rammed his blade deep into the Dennis' gut almost thirty times before he sagged to his knees. Simon then opened his fly, pulled out his throbbing-hard eight inches, bent his knees, spreading them to each side so he could line his dick-head at the biggest belly wound, then grabbed the still sentient dying muscle-god's thick love-handles and jerked him while shoving his hips forward, ramming his stiff-cock sword all the way into the fresh-cut belly-cunt -- to the hilt -- red bush hair and faded blue denim soaking up bright red blood as our smaller slab gut-fucked the larger demi-god ...

IN  
OUT  
IN  
OUT

for more than five minutes as the living-dead muscle-slab weakened more and more, his head bobbing back and forth on his thick bull-neck as his whole upper torso now flopped like a landed fish -- he would have collapsed, falling onto his back from the fucking if it wasn't for Simon's strong grasp.

Then Simon stiffened, his belly freezing, his back muscles knotting, his cute, boyish face freezing in a mask of ecstasy as a glow flushed his skin -- he was spurting his victory load into his near-dead foe. After another minute of biceps-balled hard holding the barely conscious Dennis to his deep fuck, Simon suddenly let go and shoved the sweat-slimed still living carcass back so it slowly crumpled onto its back, arms flopping to the sides, flaring Dennis' lats wide.

Simon stood up to prepare for the final deathblows. Newman's perforated intestines suddenly started to bubble out of the largest wound, oozing green-brown baby-shit slime. Dennis slowly twisted his hips, turning his ripped-open belly to the side, opening the wound even more, forcing larger links of gut-sausage out the hole.

Simon stood over his beautiful prize, our Herd cheering ourselves even hoarser and deafer, eagerly anticipating what would soon come. Simon put his foot on Dennis' upturned love-handle and applied weight, pushing it down so the near-dead demi-god was flat on his back, several handfuls of pinkish-gray gut-sausage spread across the slightly softened cords of thick belly muscles like a rope of soft ice cream slowly melting and sliding off hot pie.

Dennis looked straight up at his executioner, his face blank like a sleeping boy's, his eyes fixed. Simon looked down, gazing back, grinning. A trickle of blood oozed out of Dennis' still flared nose and the corners of his full lusting lips.

Simon's grin widened as he knelt and placed his blade into his fresh kill's upper gut and started jerking it up and down, carving out strips of abdominal steak.

Newman was dead by the time all the left strips were pulled from the carcass. Dennis kept carving till the right ones were on the platter too.

Dennis stood up, holding his knife overhead in a Nixon-V, turning round, basking in the raucous adulation. The rest of the butchering would be done by someone else.

