



The Assassin
**VEGAS
ASSIGNMENT**

There were several Marines waiting for a bus back to camp and only one, a raven haired youth with a strange, almost manic half-breed look about my age, was waiting for the civilian bus when I got to Barstow. He had several pieces of luggage and was dressed in very tight civilian clothes showing off his considerable muscles and body, especially his crotch muscles.

Everything was going according to plan, he was alone, and looked relieved when the bus arrived, like a prisoner seeing the gates opening. He was more handsome than the photo, this job would be a pleasure. I checked the picture again, then set it afire, letting the flaming paper fall to the bus floor where I crushed the flames out.

Strangling. Playing with a like minded muscle hunk then going after the soda jerk flirt. Bet he doesn't know what he's getting into! Vicious ... like all of the Assassin's confessional anatomies.

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There were fewer passengers on the bus going on to Las Vegas, most of them

gamblers sleeping, saving all their energy for the tables and slot machines the next day, all I had was three more hours on the bus to trap him.

This young man was suppose to be more than just your average horny young Marine -- this one liked getting his dick sucked off by queers. Otherwise he was ardently heterosexual. He spotted me and made a bee line for the seat.

The Marine quickly started up a conversation, and he produced a whiskey bottle, and being the friendly type he offered me a swig. We shared the bottle, at my seat.

In the dim light I could see he indeed possessed a large cock. The head was fat and the outline of the soft cock-head could be seen in his Levis. I wanted to see it all -- and feel it fucking me, of course. Before I finished the job I probably would.

He had a great in shape body too, strong arms, big chest, narrow waist, bulging biceps -- and, best of all, a strong neck, with deep cords and high standing veins. I was stiff between the thighs.

Gordon -- that was his name -- was headed for home, somewhere just west of Chicago.

"I'll get there in a couple days or so. Can't wait to get back to my girl. Soon as I get off the bus -- bang! Won't wait till we get home ... there's an alley right round the corner we got to -- she stands against the wall and pulls up her skirt, I pull it out, and we go right there. Bang, bang, bang -- ten times the first hour. *Then* we go home and do it all over again."

I listened intently, ignoring the things I already knew about him from the report. He was eager to talk to anyone after a year being where he had been isolated, but that was something he would not tell me.

He continued talking, telling me he had not seen the girl friend in a year. He had just gotten home from overseas duty -- the cover lie he must tell me. Said,

"I'm fuckin' tired of those call girls in Manila -- and the whore boys too. I'd swear there're more boys than girls -- you'd think the whole damn country's queer."

That perked my ears up, and I questioned that, knowing that he had never been to Manila.

"Really? Everyone like the boys?"

"Yeh, most of the guys. They've got tighter asses than the whores -- they don't get sloppy when you fuck 'em. And they give better head. Most guys say they don't go with them because it's just too damn queer, but they do."

"Did you?"

"Fuck, yeh! As I said, the cunts were too sloppy. And girls just can't give head like a guy -- no way. I'm not queer, but when you want head -- there's no substitute for another guy's hot mouth."

I decided to play along with his fantasy,

"So the boy's were really better cock-suckers?" I asked.

"Sure the fuck are," Gordon said between swings, getting drunker. "They'll swallow your whole pole and say nothing about it, then drink all the scum you shoot. The fuckin' girls might go down on ya, but they spit out your spunk."

"I can see you got quite a fuck pole there," I said.

I was just stating the obvious. As he talked about sex he had turned himself on and his cock was straining the tight jeans.

"Man, I got a dick that's almost a foot long -- and fat as a beer can. You bet your ass it's big -- so fucking big even my girl can hardly take care of it. But by the time we are married she will be trained to do me right -- in her mouth and both God Damned holes."

"And guys can take it all."

"Sure 's shit. Ever since I was in junior high and growed I been letting guys swing on my dick. But it's was only since I was overseas that I let a fag take it up his ass...."

He smiled slyly at me.

"You queer for my dick?"

Gently stroking the throbbing bulge straining the denim fabric, I answered,

"You bet your foot long fuck pole I am."

"Hot damn! I'm so fuckin' horny I'm fuckin' wet like I was some virgin smelling his first pussy."

He quickly popped the button and unzipped the straining material and his boner sprang up from the green broadcloth boxers. It was every inch of that foot if not more -- and at least as big around as a fucking beer can -- even more. It was **MASSIVE** and beautiful.

He doused the reading light and now the bus was in total darkness. I didn't need to see what I was doing -- the taste would be enough. I lowered my face and I could feel the warmth of his crotch; there was a rich man scent as well, which made a surge in my own balls.

I licked the circumcised cock-head. It was indeed wet and delicious. I swabbed my tongue about the fat smooth surface, then curled it under the corona and about the head again. Then I closed my lips about the massive dick-head.

My mouth was wide open -- as wide as it would go -- and I have been told I have a big mouth! The staff stood straight and hard like a steel pipe. I slobbered about lowering my head, feeling the massive cock push back across my tongue, feeling the thick throbbing veins on my tongue as it passed.

He sighed and caressed my hair as I slowly downed his dork -- the fat head soft yet hard, like a foam covered hammer head as it pushed down into my throat. It was all I could do -- even after years of training to relax my throat muscles -- to take the giant without gagging on it.

The young Marine moaned softly as my throat opened and took him with a sudden rush. Then my nose was buried in the pubic bush peeking up in the green cloth. My chin found his fat nuts and I pressed down on them, simultaneously savoring the feeling of the giant sausage which had stopped my breathing.

He clutched my head as he neared loosing it, wanting to prolong the pleasure of my mouth as the saliva washed over the burning surface of his cock, and the tissue inside my throat massaged the sensitive cock-skin.

My throat ached. I was out of air and none could pass. My own prick was stiff, straining at the jock I had worn and the Levies covering it. He was firm in his holding of my head, but shaking as the enormous ejaculation was about to erupt.

I swallowed as best I could hoping to bring him off. And it worked -- he grunted and raised his hips in a painful jerking thrust as cum spewed into my throat. I gulped loudly and felt the wonderful feeling of my own cock blowing off as I was beginning to see stars and pass out from suffocation.

The Marine bucked again in the seat and this dislodged the prick from my throat, but I sucked hard not loosing the wonderful instrument from my lips. Now I could taste the wonderful flavor of his man juice rolling across my tongue.

My own juice was still shooting out of my cock and filling the jock making a wet feeling which ran down over my nuts and between my legs, I was sure making a stain on my jeans. I quivered as breathing returned to normal, the youth was still panting and held me firmly in his strong grip.

We stayed that way for some time, then finally he released me and I laid with my head in his lap, feeling the still stiff dick laying against my face, the wet surface sliding against my cheek as the bus moved and turned along the road.

After what seemed a long time his cock began to soften and I raised up and laid my head back against the seat, he looked at me and smiled as he lit two smokes and place one in my mouth in a most romantic way, especially for a straight boy to treat a queer boy who has just blown him.

"You are the fucking best, man ... think you can handle it up your butt-hole?"

"Sure, probably better."

It hurt to speak, but I didn't really have to talk too much to anyone for a time so who cares.

He produced the bottle and we swigged from it several times, my own head began to swim a little, but he was far ahead of me in the drinking department, so I took small swallows allowing him to get far drunker.

"I want to thrash your ass in a way no girl can take, but an experienced guy could."

His words were beginning to sound slurred.

"I like getting fucked in the ass rough," I softly said.

I'd humor him for now, and in the bargain get some pleasure.

He was a massively strong young man, maybe a year younger than me, and probably stronger, and better trained at hand to hand combat. He might have as much practical experience at defending himself as I have gained.

Then an interesting thought crossed my slightly drunk mind, what if he has killed several times, suppose he has discovered there can be a sexual thrill in killing, suppose when I do attack him, his sexual button as well as a defense button is pushed. Killing this guy was going to be a real fucking scrap. I was glad I was in the top physical condition I have ever been.

Gordon slept after he drained the bottle. I dozed some too, hoping to sleep off the effects of the liquor before him, needing to be completely sober when the time came to kill.

The bus got into Las Vegas, which had been glowing in the distance for several miles, then gradually the hotels and signs became obvious, then we turned off the main highway and began to drive down Las Vegas Boulevard, which they call The Strip.

We passed *the Hacienda*, and *Luxor*, then pulled into *the Tropicanna*. A couple got off there and we pulled on passing the new *MGM Grand*, *Excalibre*, and *Treasure Island*. Street traffic was light, there were a few people walking from casino to casino this early in the morning.

We passed the Dunes now vacant lot, then *Cæsar's Palace*, and pulled into *the Flamingo*, across the street, several people got off there, and we moved on, passed *the Sands*, *Desert Inn*, and then pulled into *the Stardust*.

After discharging more we moved on passed *Circus Circus* with the same large clown sign like they had in Reno, then past what had been *the Thunderbird*, and *the Sahara*, then we were into the city proper with houses and shops lining the dark street.

After a few turns we were into the downtown district and there was the huge neon cowboy leaning against six stories of hotel and *the Mint*, *the Freemont*, *Golden Nugget*, and others we went by too fast to see on both sides of the streets.

Downtown the streets were crowded with people and it was five thirty in the morning. We turned into *the Union Plaza Casino* and there was the bus station. The driver announced there was a two hour layover, and everybody had to leave the bus.

Gordon got out and we gathered his luggage; he was carrying one piece, I had not checked the GI bag. He went to the men's room to take a shit, and I studied the departure board.

There were several busses for Salt Lake City each day, so if he didn't get back in time to continue on this bus there would be no problem, he would think he could anytime.

All the other passengers rushed off to the hotel where they were going to spend their money and we were alone with a few others in the waiting room.

His boner showing in the jeans, Gordon asked,

"You want to get fucked, OK?"

"Sure, you said something about some cheap hotel, we can split the cost of a room," I said.

He was wobbling on his feet, and I wanted to get his demise under way as soon as I could before he became too sober and could coordinate a defense.

"Sure is, across the street, called *the Golden Gate*, we can get a fuckin' room for ten dollars, lets go."

He walked, but not real good. I grabbed up my bag and had that on my shoulder, and him next to me bouncing against me from time to time as we crossed the street and into the lobby with worn carpet and the sound of clanking slot machines.

There was a blue smoky film in the air making a haze like beach fog. The bent old man eyed us, almost like he wanted to say something like we don't rent the same room to two faggots, but he held his tongue and we split the cost, then up the stairs to the second floor.

The hallway had more of the same worn carpet and so did the room, as well as faded wallpaper and drapes. I closed the window shade and began to undress when Gordon said he was hungry and headed out the door. I looked puzzled at him, wanting to get things underway.

"This is Vegas ... you can get a steak dinner any time of day."
He bounced out the door, I followed.

We walked down Fremont Street to *the Four Queens*, and across the casino floor, both of us stopping to drop nickels and dimes into machines and pull the handle not expecting to get anything, not being disappointed, then he spotted the ice cream parlor.

"That's what I need, ice cream, good old American Ice Cream."
The parlor was an old fashioned place with bentwood chairs and tables and lots of imitation marble and stained glass windows and fake *Tiffany* shades. A cute blond boy was behind the counter looking bored as hell with the whole thing, several tables were covered with dirty dishes and needed cleaning which I supposed he was putting off.

To the boy who looked a little miffed at having to do that much work, Gordon said,

"I'll have a double chocolate marshmallow sundae with whipped cream and nuts, and a fucking cheery on top."

"Six flavors of ice cream?" the kid asked.

"Yea, mix them up, what ever you want."

I watched as the boy moved with the grace of a cat, each muscle well trained, though not overly developed. He was taller than me, broad shoulders and when he stood the little apron covering his black pants showed a proper bulge in the right place, and as he bent over to dig the ice cream out I watched as his round butt flexed, thinking how nice it would be to fuck the kid while killing him.

When the sundae was finished, Gordon paid for it and then the boy looked at me with calf like brown eyes.

"A double chocolate peanut butter, all vanilla ice cream, also shoot the cream, or works too."

I had made a slip of the tongue which the boy caught no matter how bored he might be. He smirked and, I thought, was extra generous with the ice cream and toppings.

The boy watched us as we ate, and he then cleaned off the tables. I spread my legs so he could get a good view of my crotch as he walked about, he looked. Gordon was busy shoveling the ice cream down and the boy and I exchanged glances and I decided the little fucker was flirting with me.

I flirted back, and went up and got water.

"Dull job?" I said.

"Yea, sometimes ... but you get to meet nice guys, sometimes."

He smiled.

I pulled a cigarette from my *Winston* pack, he quickly leaned across the counter with a lighted match, I thanked him.

"Long night, must be a drag having to sleep in the day."

"I only pull this shit shift once a week, the rest of the time I'm in the bar busing tables, but I get this on Sundays ... I make tips here, but in the bar I split with the bartenders. That's OK if I suck up to them enough, you know."

Smirking and leaving him to figure exactly what I meant, and I'm sure he knew, I said, "I've found you can always get a tip if you suck the right way."

When we had finished the ice creams we left and I left the blond boy a five dollar tip, he would not forget me whenever our paths cross again, when ever that happens to be.

We walked back to the hotel, with Gordon walking better, and me now getting a little worried about how I was going to take him without much of a fight, for I didn't want it to become a brawl which would attract attention.

Finally in the room, and both of us naked, Gordon announced he was too fucked up to get a hard on and we would fuck when he woke up and he collapsed on the bed, and was snoring almost at the time he hit the pillow. This gave me time to figure what to do with him and get things underway.

Each time he exhaled the room smelled like whiskey, and I was sure Gordon was going to be out for some time, but just how unconscious he was would be more important. I tested by caressing his crotch, playing with the giant cock, there was no reaction so I punched him in the nuts.

He rolled into a ball but didn't wake up, just grumbled. I took my knife and cut the jeans Gordon had been wearing into wide strips. I thought I must write to company and tell them what wonderful bindings their strongly woven fabric makes.

First I stretched Gordon out on the bed, then laced his right hand to the metal bedpost, then stretching his arms apart I fastened the left. He made no moves, no indication he was aware anything was happening to him.

Now the tricky part. I slowly stretched his right leg in the air and fastened the longest piece of fabric to the ankle, then did the same with another long piece to the left, then I rolled Gordon's legs in the air slowly until his feet were on either side of his head, then I tied the right foot with a half hitch knot to the bedpost.

I went to the side of the bed and tied the left, then back to the right and untied the knot and pulled gently on the fabric, stretching the leg wider apart and tied it with another half hitch knot.

The knots are easy to untie, but hold well. By moving from leg to leg I was spreading Gordon's legs so wide as to become painful, but by doing so a little at a time the onset of pain would be so gradual I hoped he would not notice.

I moved from foot to foot, untying and retying the fabric until I had his feet stretched to the outer post beside his wide stretched hands. This would certainly be painful for his hamstring muscles unless he was a part time ballet dancer used to doing splits.

I lifted his head and placed a pillow behind it so his head was upright, then stuffed one of his socks into his mouth and held that in place with yet another denim strip.

I sat in the metal chair by the desk which was from a kitchen dinette and watched him sleeping away totally unaware of his plight. Each breath exhaling the smell of whiskey so strong that I wondered if I might become inebriated merely from the odor.

He looked pathetic, the strong muscles strained and twisted in unnatural positions. The biceps dimpled, the shoulders bulging, the rippled belly muscles folded, the hamstrings bulging in a painful cramp.

His crotch though was the best part, so exposed, so vulnerable to whatever my evil mind might concoct. The fat balls hung low in the hairy sack, draped over the perineum almost covering the hair ringed ass-hole, and the long flaccid prick dangling even lower, almost touching the bed along side the thigh.

There was no way he could make a sound, no way he could escape, he was safe from anything, except if the building caught on fire. I dressed wearing no underwear, and no shirt, just the leather jacket, thinking about looking sexy more than being practical, then I slipped out the door, leaving the do not disturb sign on the outside, and went to find me some real breakfast.

There was a staircase that went to the lobby beside the elevator, and directly across another staircase going down which faced the back of the building. I thought it might be better if no one knew I was out of the room so I went down the back steps and found they led to an alley behind the hotel.

I walked out, past the dumpsters for the restaurant, the casino, and the casino next door, and another hotel on the next corner. I came out on a side street and quickly walked back to Fremont Street and headed for *the Four Queens* to have breakfast because it was the only Casino I had been in and was familiar with.

I wandered through the casino headed for the back where signs had pointed to the restaurant when I met the blond kid from the ice cream parlor standing near a door labeled employees only.

He had changed and was wearing Wranglers which were tight and revealing his nice crotch and rounded butt, his shirt was the same white one with chocolate stains, he smiled at once.

"Hi, looking for more ice cream?" he asked.
Looking down at his crotch, I said, pointedly,
"No, hot cream."
He smiled,
"I'm off duty now, maybe that can be arranged."

"Sounds good, by the way, who are you?"

I smiled at him,
"I like to know who I am eating for breakfast."

"Oh, I'm Mike, and you?"

"Bradley Peabody, don't that name just suck?"

I laughed,
"Part time male model, and prostitute, just passing through this town of Sodom."

"Prostitute or hustler?" he asked, knowingly.

"I've worked the streets, but I've always considered myself a boy whore because I go all the way, not kick back and play part time queer."

"Well I guess that makes me a boy whore too."

"Yea, I like to think it makes me a little better than a common street hustler, even when I am working the streets."

We walked a few blocks to an older casino on a side street that ran parallel to Freemont Street, called the Lady Luck. In the back is a cafeteria with a seventy-nine cent breakfast.

Biscuits and gravy, scrambled eggs, hash browns, ham, toast, coffee, and bitter tasting orange juice. Oh yes, and grits. Next to eating a cunt, grits are the most nothing I have ever eaten. I passed on them.

We sat at a table smoking cigarettes and finishing our second cups of coffee, exchanging accounts of our similar pasts, both of us leaving unpleasant home lives to lead our gay lives without our families blessings.

It was a beautiful sunny day, the streets were busy with traffic and tourists. We passed motels with people swimming in the pools and sunning in lounge chairs, but I knew I was headed for much warmer climate fucking with this boy.

He led me to what must have been a motel at one time, for the two room apartment was two connecting rooms each with outside entrances, and each with a bathroom.

The one room had a kitchenette, and living room furniture, and a table and chairs, the other room was a bedroom, typically boy's, clothing thrown all over the place.

Mike got right down to business, and began to undress me as we entered the bedroom, I unbuttoned a shirt, unzipped Wranglers, but the boy also undressed himself too.

Soon we were naked, examining each other's attributes, and there were many revealed. Mike had a round dimpled boy butt. His crotch was almost hairless, with fine blond fur above his dick, and little on his low hanging balls.

His long blond hair dangled just above his slender shoulders. He had been brought up on a ranch in Wyoming, and was naturally strong, my height, but tough, said he had many fights because he was gay, he looked like he could hold his own.

We kissed, mouths together swapping spit and flicking tongues from lips to lips to lips as fingers explored and groped, and cocks grew hard and long.

The arrangement was quickly made without speaking. Mike crawled under me to begin a 69. I was deep throating his rod and he was swallowing my cock to the hilt when he entered my hole with a dildo, fucking me in a most wonderful sensuous way, slow and steady strokes, giving me the whole thing deep in my rectum.

I've always loved being the center of attention, especially sex, and being and being fucked and sucked at the same time is particularly pleasurable to me.

I soon blasted cum into Mike's eager throat and he filled my throat as well at the same time Mike pumped the dildo in me like it was shooting a jizz load into my butt-hole.

We relaxed and smoked cigarettes, I thought about killing him just for the fun of it. He had a wonderful strong looking neck, neck with veins that stood out like on hard cocks, with deep crevasses at the base of the neck, an Adam's apple which bounced with each word and swallow, with cords standing out, just waiting fingers to crush.

I remembered Gordon back at the hotel waiting to be killed, but of course he didn't know he had been slated to die on this leave because of what he knew.

I dressed and went back to *the Golden Gate Hotel* and stopped at the desk and paid for another day, then went up to the room. Gordon was pissed, I mean very upset.

His face was red, like I had been strangling him, and his muscles all seemed to be contorted into cramps, probably from trying to power through the fabric, which had held well.

I stripped naked and then mounted the bed, snuggling up to his crotch so my dick brushed against his ass-hole.

"Uncomfortable? Too fucking bad."

He glared and said something which could not be understood because of the gag.

"I think we have to come to an understanding here. I am the boss, and you are going to do just as I say, OK?"

He continued to glare.

"I'm not going to release your mouth, so you must communicate by nodding, understand?"

He shook his head 'NO'.

"I'm the fucking boss."

He shook his head 'NO'.

There was a short brass lamp with a heavy base on the table by the bed. I took off the shade, then unscrewed the bulb, then unplugged it, turned it over and unscrewed the nut on the bottom that held the socket and the base at each end of the pole.

When that was off the lamp could be separated so that all I held was the brass pole, about fifteen inches long, and very hefty. I whacked his right thigh, then the left, then smashed them both leaving bright red marks.

"You going to do what I tell you, when I tell you?"

He shook his head 'NO'.

"Hey man, it's your body that's going to hurt. And I get off making a guy hurt."

I smashed him in the nuts several times with the brass pole, making him raise and buck from the pain. I continued to smash his balls until he showed signs of passing out, only then I stopped.

I lit a smoke and sat between his legs, licking his cock, swabbing my tongue across his hot swelling scrotum. Gordon was breathing heavily, gasping through his nose for air, tears rolling down his cheeks.

"I think I might fuck your ass."

He shook his head 'NO', but he had a pleading look in his eyes.

"They say the Iraqis did it to captured Marines, and before they were done the Marines admitted to anything, including sucking each other's dicks."

I began to smash the pole on his arms and shoulders, smashing hard, but not hard enough to break anything, then returned to the thighs and legs, his hamstrings were so damaged he couldn't walk for any reason.

The skin was bumpy from the blows, large bruises were appearing like I had been strangling him. For the finale, I smashed not only his balls but his fat cock laying on top of his left thigh which brought him to buck and twist, whipping his head back and forth like a mad man.

"You ready to suck my dick?" I asked.
Slowly, very slowly, he nodded yes.

I tied his wrists to his ankles and then released him from the bed. I bent him forward and dragged him across the bed by the ears, then I wrapped my arm about his neck, the elbow in front and lifted him, then carried him into the bathroom.

"You have done a good job holding your piss. I figure you must be ready to do your business."
I sat him on the toilet, with the seat up so there was a wider hole. I pointed his cock down, and told him to piss. He did, for a long time, then I told him to shit while I was out of the room.

I dressed, found his ticket, and took his bag and left down the back stairs. It was almost time for a bus to Salt Lake City. I got in line and checked his bag, then after getting the stub removed and on the bus, I got off the near empty bus, and walked into the station, then back to the hotel.

His government issued ticket would show he had gone as far as Salt Lake City. I had plans that his corpse would never be found. His bag would also be there. They would trace him to this hotel, and maybe even remember me, but by then the trail would be cold and I would be long gone, on to killing someone else. I am paid well to leave no indication of who wants any of my victims killed, including a trail to me.

By the time I returned to the room he had shit, he also had fallen off the toilet onto the floor, face first making his nose and mouth bleed. I cleaned his face also his ass-hole, then carried him by the strong neck back to the room, then I tied him to the metal dinette chair, then I retired to the bed to sleep.

It was late when I awoke, Gordon was awake, and even more pissed than the day before, he obviously had not learned his lesson. I took the brass pole and whacked his crotch several times, hard, but not so hard I would ruin his balls for I wanted them to produce enough scum to fill my rectum at least once before he died.

The evil glare he had given me when I awoke was quickly replaced with a pleading tearful gaze which I ignored and proceeded to belt him with the pole leaving strong bruises over both arms, shoulders and legs, then I dressed and went out to eat.

I stopped at *the Golden Nugget* and had the buffet there, and it too was inexpensive and a large selection of fine foods. I wondered why anyone living in this town would buy groceries and cook at home.

When I was finished I walked over to Ogden Street and past the Lady Luck Casino, then headed back to Freemont street. I thought a car had been cruising about me, and when I saw it coming around the corner, I sat on the grass outside a parking garage.

The car went by slowly, then came back around the block. Inside I could see an older man, and by the largeness of his shoulders I figured he was fat, looking to buy a boy cock.

I had my legs spread wide as he passed slowly, I caressed between them and instead of going around the block, he did a -turn and stopped across from me.

I sauntered over to the driver's side, he appraised me as I walked, deciding what I might charge. I did the same, taking into account the make of car, and how many rings on his pudgy fingers deciding what I would ask.

We settled on a price fast, and he took me to the top floor of *the Mint* casino's parking garage, and there he sucked me off with his expert lips and throat massaging my love column to spurt fast and copiously.

He paid well and I left him there, walking down the several flights of steps to the street, down Freemont to an adult book store where I bought the largest dildo they had, then walked back to the hotel where I bought a pack of *Winstons*. The desk clerk asked if my roommate and I were going to stay another day, if so I needed to pay or check out before six in the morning.

I explained my roommate had left yesterday and I was alone and would be staying another night. I paid and went up to the room, Gordon was not happy to see me. I am sure he had been hoping I would leave him to be found, even in his humiliating position.

I undressed and smacked Gordon's face hard, making his nose bleed, then I caressed his nuts and showed him the dildo, kissed it and pushed it against his ass-hole, he looked at me with a pleading gaze, then tears flowed without my hurting him.

"Don't worry, I wouldn't fuck you with this, not until after I have used my own cock to devirginize you."

He whimpered and shook his head.

"No!" I barked.

Then I whapped his crotch with the dildo.

"You don't tell me 'NO' about anything, you understand?"

He nodded his head yes very fast. Soon I was naked and I licked my fingers and friggd my ass-hole, then bent to suck on his cock which responded fast, soon standing tall arched against the bent rippled belly.

I stood straddling the chair, then guided the cock against my anus as I squatted down, Gordon watching with a puzzled expression on his face. Soon his wet cock-head was entering my anus and I was lowering my weight on his crotch.

His prick was at least fifteen inches long, and the bulbous head was crowning a cone shaped shaft which had to be eight or nine inches about the base. When I was settled on the cock, my full weight assuring it was deeply implanted in my guts, it was like having a fist at my anal sphincter. A wonderfully erotic painful pleasure I knew all too seldom.

Gordon was amazed, I think he wanted to say he never felt a guy all the way down on his rod, but he only looked at me in wonderment, and a little fear, for he didn't know what was going to happen next.

I smiled at the pleasure, my own cock stiff laying across his belly, my balls nestled in his pubic bush, then I clasped my hands about his neck, the thumbs pressing down on the Adam's apple in front, the fingers reaching about the back, almost touching around the thick muscular throat.

He looked panic stricken at once, fearing that I was going to kill him right then, he began to struggle, his hips bucked, making his giant cock ram deeper in my hole, the shaft caressing the opening, my ass-hole was being thrashed just the way I like.

I closed his throat, making him gag then strangle, his eyes flashed about, his head bobbed from side to side, I kissed his cheek, feeling the warmth already being emitted.

I leaned forward with my mouth and untied the denim holding the socks in his mouth and pulled the knot apart, then pulled the socks out of his dry mouth, then tightened my grip even more, pressing hard against the muscular neck.

His tongue, dry and white stuck up, his mouth also began to water, a drool of saliva dribbled from his chin, but he could not flick his tongue about to wet his parched lips and mouth. I kissed him and spit into the dryness as a hollow deep gurgle sound came out.

My fingers were straining to close off the veins, his strong neck was like mine, it would be difficult to kill me, and it would be to kill him. I knew this, he didn't. He was panicking in fear of instant death.

His cock blew off in my belly, and I shot off from the massaging his prick was giving my prostate. I held my grip, not loosening it, his face turning dark red, the veins at his forehead bulging and still pumping blood to his fevered brain.

I gasped as my cum spurted, he did too, sort of, even though he could not make air pass his crushed trachea. I pressed down making my biceps bulge and dimple with the strain, he bucked again.

I felt the wonderful length of his cock deep in my belly, at the same time his belly caressed my prick now slimy and wet with my spent cum-load. His eyes crossed, he was desperately trying to think of something to get away from me, but there was no escape.

The fact that he was fucking me wasn't so bad, the kissing wasn't either, it was he was sure he was about to die that had this young man so terrified, then I realized why.

He had been on a secret government project for nine months, maybe a year being separated from family and girl, only to come to a pleasurable act and die. I was sure this irony had not escaped him, and for that he was even more fearful.

I strangled hard, making his blood vessels finally blocked, and now his face really turned dark, his eyes rolled back out of focus, he was out of air a long time and near death, his arms had stopped straining mightily, his body had ceased to buck, now it convulsed and quivered, his hands were curled into fists, but the fingers were spasming individually.

I closed his neck hard, his tongue wiggled I kissed it, his hips shook, his eyes were gone, just bloodshot whites glaring at me, the blood vessels at his temples were bulging like they would explode, his cock was pulsing, but not squirting off, his muscles were convulsing into contorted cramps.

I squeezed hard, my fingers aching, my arms getting heavy from the exertion, he bucked again, his head wobbled, his eyes focused on me for a second, then rolled away in the pools of red, his mouth gaped, another gurgle from deep in his chest.

The left pectoral was bouncing in an irregular rhythm as his heart was out of control, the whole system was near to dying, I was near to exhaustion from holding his neck so much, longer than most strangulations.

His body was still firm, the muscles twitched and he bucked once more, sending his cock deeper in my ass-hole, and that motion brought him off again, spurting more jizz in my rectum. I shook as I squeezed hard, then released his neck.

His head fell back, his eyes were still gone, his tongue waggled, then flopped into his mouth. His cock was still shooting off, and mine spurted another load this time from the beauty and strain of killing.

This boy was supremely strong and I had gained much more pleasure from bringing him so close to death than from quickly killing him, now he knew the fear of death which would make him a wonderful toy.

I collapsed over his quivering shoulder hearing his ragged breathing, the deep wheezing from within his chest, even the pounding of his heart was wonderful, making my cock continue to squirt off.

Finally I removed myself from his dick, slowly, allowing the suction to be as gentle on my guts as possible. Then I stood, my knees a bit shaky, he opened his eyes and looked sorrowfully at me.

"Thank you," his whispered voice rasped. "Thank you for not killing me."

"Thank you for the best fuck I've had in a long time." I answered.

I kissed him, and he responded.

I cleaned myself off, then carried him, by the neck again, into the bathroom and sat him on the toilet to do whatever, and I washed the shit from his cock and tied him back onto the chair.

"Please, my muscles are all cramped ... please let me go. I promise I won't try to escape," he whispered.

"No you won't escape, because I'm not going to give you the chance. You and I are too much alike. You would kill me as quick as I would kill you if the situation were reversed. Don't lie, we both know it."

I stuffed the socks back into his mouth and tied the gag, then, curled up in the bed, and before turning off the light he had the most dejected look I have ever seen on such a strong face, with tears rolling over his cheeks in a silent sob. Daylight was coming through the window, I would finish him off tomorrow.

"Wake up butch."

I slapped Gordon's face and he woke with a start, his muscles automatically flexing in the bindings. He made a grumbling sound.

Untying the denim about his waist holding him to the chair, I said,

"Time to get your ass fucked, you big handsome butch Marine."

Then I dragged him over to the bed and dropped him.

"Ordinarily with virgin ass-holes I let the victim suck my dick for a little lube, but you're a butch Marine and you can take anything, even losing your shit-hole virginity, like a man.

"I know you don't like the idea, but no one is going to know while you are alive, so you shouldn't be too humiliated ... but after your dead. When the autopsy is done, if it is thorough, they will discover that you were a Marine who took it up the ass, and if I rape you dry, I'll tear your shit-hole apart and they will know you were raped. So you see I am doing you a favor by raping you dry."

I swabbed some spit across my stiff dick,

"I hope you appreciate what I am doing for you."

I laughed as I lifted his butt, his ass-hole was peeking at me through the light brown fur surrounding his shit-hole, the anus flexed, his whole body shook, he was afraid, not able to understand that he would be the same man afterwards, only changed in his mind to being less a man.

I slammed my cock into the ass-hole, plunging in deep in one thrust, then leaned over the terrified face and smiled, then laughed as my cock rammed in and out with the direction of my hips.

Gordon looked so shamed, and scared. The tears began again for I truly had injured his anus, I could feel a warm liquid on my nuts which had to be blood.

I kissed the face, then clamped my fingers about the scared young man's neck and closed the breathing passage as I fucked. His eyes whirled about, looking past me, then at me, staring directly into mine, pleading for his life.

I closed my fingers tightly, pressing into the throat making a deep crevasse above the Adam's apple, now his face turned bright red, then dark red, his neck flexed as he strangled on something in his throat.

I kissed him again as I screwed my hips about driving my cock about inside his rectum. His face was burning hot and now dark purple, his eyes had dropped out of focus, the whites still red and bloodshot from the last strangulation.

His body was bucking and convulsing, his cock stiff arched across his belly, the head oozing pre-cum leaving a thick trail across the sweaty rippled skin. His arms and thighs were straining at the bindings, making deep dimples in his muscles.

I held tight, my balls ready to expel the cum inside, I was holding back, wanting to feel him shooting off before I let my stream flow into his bowels.

His eyes had not returned to normal for some time, his chest was pulsating wildly as the lungs were burning with carbon dioxide, and his heart was beating irregularly. I held tightly, my arms bulging from the strain of crushing such a strong neck.

Then the cum blasted across his face and chest, my cock was triggered by the violent spasm inside his rectum as his ejaculation sent tremors through his abdomen. I squirted, he did the same, his ass was no longer virgin, he was unconscious.

I ripped my cock out and let the last jizz ooze onto his face, then I smeared it about, all brown and shitty about his face so when he woke he could smell it, feel it on his burning blotched skin.

When I returned from the shower he was laying on the bed crying, suffering from the butch complex so many men have, which makes them such easy targets for death, now his spirit was broken, and he no longer cared to live, being so much less a man.

I watched him as I dressed, he was writhing on the bed as best he could with his ankles and wrists still fastened together, he peered at me, a sad dog look, tears rolling over the shit/cum stains on his face, his muscles still cramped.

When I was dressed I leaned to him, wiped my finger across his ass-crack covering it with blood and oozing shit,

"You were a virgin, see, blood ... maybe I'll hang out the sheets."
Then I laughed and cleaned my finger and left.

I wanted some fresh air, and a meal. All this fucking had made me hungry. I went to the all night buffet at *the Union Plaza* and cruised the bus boy wondering what time he got off and was he worth waiting for, then decided I could get a blow job at a peep show.

Inside the stuffy small dark peep area in an older adult book store, I watched to get a feel of the place, and to see what was going on. Hustlers were all over the place, and they were scoring.

I walked about the booths and saw guys standing in the doorways with their jeans open showing pubic hair and in some cases the base of their dicks for the endless stream of men willing to pay who were also walking about.

Mike emerged from a booth with a satisfied look and he nodded to me when he recognized me, and I stopped in a booth entrance. His cock was still stiff as I approached.

"Man you find all the good places don't ya." Mike said.
We shook hands.

"Just looking for some fast sex, then I don't know what."

"You want to screw, or are you looking for money."

Caressing his boner, I asked,

"What kind of screwing around you got in mind?"

"Getting my ass fucked, you got a good fuck pole, I got a hungry hole."

He smiled.

"That sounds like a proposition I can't refuse. Your cock feels like it needs some attention."

"I got sucked, but I didn't shoot off. He only wanted to pay for sucking not for the cream, I get off later."

"OK, in here?"

"This booth is as good as any other in this dump."

We entered the small booth and kissed as he latched the door. I dropped several tokens into the machine and at once it came on showing some girl getting fucked on her back, her legs wildly flopping about.

The movie machine was one of those stand up models where you stood and looked down into the machine like a large TV screen. Mike leaned back against the machine and stroked my stiffening cock.

He squatted and opened my jeans and wet my cock, then sucked it until I was standing hard and flat against my belly. He then dropped his jeans, his boner pressed beside mine as we kissed.

I dropped to one knee to lubricate his ass-hole, and saw his knife bulging in his hip pocket, and I was taken with an urge to use it. As my tongue swabbed his ass-crack, then probed his shit-hole, I eased the knife out and slipped it into my coat pocket.

When he was sufficiently wet I stood and stuck him, he pushed his round bubble butt back to receive my thrust. I pushed in hard, making him grunt with pleasure. My cock was deep and I was even more horny for terminal sex.

His face was pressed against the screen with the flickering light made by the fucking images of the movie, his eyes closed, mouth open, tongue licking his lips as he enjoyed the fucking.

I caressed his shoulders under his light jacket, then I unbuttoned his shirt and pinched his nipples, increasing his sexual stimulation making his ass buck and the anus flex, grabbing my hard cock.

I opened the knife, it was a short blade, but very sharp, the pearl handle cracked, and some rust in the case. I fucked into him, then pulled out hard and rammed my prick-head into the flexing anal sphincter.

He raised his head, eyes opened wide, mouth making an "O" shape as he gasped in painful pleasure, then I sliced through the right side of his neck, sawing through the carotid artery, watching the dark fountain splatter onto the wall over the screen.

His body jerked, and he reached for the wound, but by then he had also turned. I fucked into his ass again, and out, leaving him and ramming into his tightening shit-hole painfully opening him for the last time.

I sliced through the left side now, making a second fountain, and his head twisted back at me, mouth hanging open, a drool of blood flowing over his lower lip about his quivering tongue, his eyes rolling back out of focus as he lost consciousness.

My cock was supporting his weakening legs, and I squirted my load into him, as his body relaxed as he quickly died from the sudden loss of so much blood.

His face rested on it's side, on the flickering screen two girls now sucking a fat cock, the screen partly obliterated by the blood flowing from the wall and now his mouth and neck were adding to the flood which soon covered the screen and defused the light to a soft red glow filling the booth.

I waited until the last of my cum had oozed out then I stabbed his outstretched hand into the wall and let my cock slip out. He was peeing as his body relaxed in death, then as my cock left him he farted and a drool of liquid and shit plopped out his freshly fucked hole.

I pulled his shirt tail to my dick and wiped it clean, then pulled my jeans up and carefully opened the door, hoping no one would be in the passageway.

I was alone, and saw a rear exit, and took the chance it might be under alarm and bolted out into the alley behind the book store. There was no sound as I ran down the alley to the side street and then saw I was on Ogden east of the Lady Luck.

I thought about going in there for a snack, then saw another older casino nearby, and went in. *The Cortez* once was a snazzy place, built in the Spanish style, but it had seen much better days.

In a mirror I could see a bit of blood splatter on my chest under my coat, once more having gone out without a shirt for sexy purposes. I found the men's room down a flight of dingy steps and went there to clean up.

An older man was just leaving, looking upset about something, and as I rounded the corner I saw a young Mexican guy standing by the urinal troth wagging his hard cock, obviously the older man wasn't having any.

I took a towel and washed the blood from my chest and checked in the harsh light for any other blood splatters. There were none, but the Mexican guy had been attracted by what I was doing.

His fly still open but the fat cock inside, he asked,

"What the other guy look like?"

"None of your fucking business!" I barked.

"Hey, don't get all pissed, man. You want to roll an old drunk when he comes down here to take a leak?"

"I thought you were trying to sell your dick."

"I was, but the queers don't come here much. There is lots of older guys up there with big bucks on them, they come down here and are easy target while they are pissing, we take him fast and split the loot. OK?"

"You're an ass-hole." I said.

Then I kicked him in the rather tightly covered crotch. He bucked up and his feet almost left the floor, and I followed that kick with a punch to his gut that doubled him up and drove him back against the sink.

I grabbed his left hand and spun him around and flung him across the room and he stumbled into one of the stalls and I was fast on his tail as he crashed into the stall and fell over the commode.

I grabbed his ears and yanked his head back, snapping his neck, his eyes were terrified and bulging, his mouth slack and drooling as I then rammed him face down onto the *flush-o-meter* handle, smashing teeth and his mouth.

I lifted his head up and then smashed it down again, this time more of the *flush-o-meter* and the valve joint entered his mouth as the rest of his teeth were shattered and the jaws broken.

His body trembled and he began to collapse as I held his ears and continued to smash his face into the plumbing fixtures, blood splattered the white tiled wall, and teeth and flesh were falling to the floor in a pile.

I flipped him over, his arms flopped, his legs rolled, he was unconscious, his face almost gone, the nose and mouth destroyed, even his eyes were smashed, one gouged out, the eyeball dangling and fell over his cheek.

I lifted him by the balls, as in the struggle the tight pants had ripped open exposing his still stiff cock and fat balls. I lifted him up and dropped him, head first into the water of the commode.

I held his balls as he lay with his shoulders resting on the edge of the bowel, his head submerged, the water turning red as he was bleeding badly. I held him by the nuts, and stroked his long cock slowly.

He made no movement, the only sign of life were the bubbles breaking in the red water in the commode bowel indicating his life was leaving. I held his balls, and jerked him off, and as he shot the final load of cream over his belly, there was no convulsion of sexual pleasure.

I licked my fingers clean of the thick cream and let his corpse lean against the side wall, then I eased him into a kneeling position with his head still in the still water, no more air bubbling up.

I checked myself in the mirror, he looked like a drunk who had been puking by the way his feet were located which was all one could see under the door.

I left the casino quietly, and walked back up Fremont Street, Mike's body already had been discovered as there were several police cars in front of the adult book store. I watched with the crowd of other hustlers and passersby and then went to the Fitzgeralds for breakfast as the sky was brightening.

Up in the room Gordon didn't look happy to see me returning. I am sure even a maid would have been a welcome sight, but I faithfully placed the do not disturb sign on the door each time I left and so there would be no one to save him.

I picked up the brass pole and whacked Gordon in the balls before I took off my coat.

"Been a fun evening, violence seems to be following me. My life runs that way you know."

He just looked. I sat to untie my boots.

"I guess I went looking for trouble though. I was going to have a good old blow job then come back, but more than sex reared it's ugly head. After that I got into a scrap with some boy my age and killed him in my special way."

I took off the left boot and slammed it into Gordon's crotch, he winced and shook.

"I found a real stud hustler in a peep show. He wanted the fuck he got, but didn't plan on getting killed, that was better than the fucking, watching him die after I slit his throat.

I swatted the other boot across his face, drawing blood from his nose.

"Then after the book store I went to a casino and found this guy who was trying to hustle, but he was an even bigger ass-hole than I am, only not as good a fighter, man I beat the fucking shit out of him before I drowned him in the commode."

I took off my jeans and stood naked and hard in front of the terrified man. There was blood from the dead Mexican or Mike on my belly lower than I had cleaned. Gordon eyed it. I slammed the pole into his belly several times, making him wheeze as he inhaled air, and more tears overflowed his eye lids.

"The crazy Mexican died in a toilet, his face smashed. Jesus, he was a piece of shit, not sexy like you."

I smashed Gordo's throat with the pole.

"The fucker challenged me. You believe that...."

I pounded the pipe into Gordon's neck again, making his head whip back. There was no sound from him, his voice ruined.

"So I'm all keyed up for a good time ... another fuck Gordon. You are going to fuck me one last time, then I'm going to screw you, and then you die."

He shook his head, and looked pleading at me. I shrugged and knelt to suck his cock.

The giant shaft soon was stiff. Some guys can always get it hard with a little cock-sucking no matter what the circumstances are. I think Gordon was upset at his own

prick for betraying him, getting all stiff and wet when he was in such mortal peril and pain.

I leaned the chair back so it was resting against the bed, then I mounted Gordon's wet cock, he looked frightened. I placed my hands about his neck at once, making his face grow red, then darker as I squirmed on the giant cock deep in my hole.

He began to shake and twist, making the feeling of his cock deep in my hole wonderful. I strangled him more, he gagged, and his head rolled back. I raised my feet from the floor and balanced on his cock as I strangled him.

His face was dark purple now, the bruises from last night on his neck are bloody looking now as my fingers fell in different places. I pressed down, his eyes rolled out of focus, his whole body shuddered, then he shot off.

I could feel the pulsating cock deep in my bowel, the pleasure was great, his cock was the equal to all the pricks that had been in me, his cock blew a giant load of liquid in me too. I bent down and as I released his neck, I bit the left nipple and pulled it up between my teeth like I was going to bite it off.

He continued to buck long after the cum had spilled from his dork, and long after I was no longer strangling him, he was so fearful of the screw job he was about to get.

I cut the denim holding him in place, then watched as his arms and legs bent, the long standing cramps refusing to allow the limbs to take their natural positions. I cut the gag from his mouth and leaned and kissed him, spitting into his dry mouth.

Then I raised his legs, he looked pitifully, and in a rasping voice begged me not to fuck him. I laughed, then poked my prick-head at his anus, he winced and turned away so I could not see his tears.

I grabbed his ears and pushed my cock at his mouth,

As my cock passed his lips, I commanded,

"Suck it! Make me wet and it won't hurt so much."

I could feel his tongue pressing against my prick-head as he tried to spit my dick out, he gagged, but there was nothing to throw up. His lips and tongue had wet me, made me much stiffer, and ready for the kill.

I cut the last binding denim about his waist and he fell to the floor. I was on him at once, lifting his legs over my shoulders and then slamming my prick deep in his ass-hole.

His arms flailed at me, but there was little strength and no control over the long cramped muscles. My cock went in deep and when I was all the way inside his hole I slammed my hands about his neck.

He looked more afraid than before, the tears still flowing, he had turned away as I entered his hole, but the instant I grabbed his neck he looked directly at me, not wanting to, but something compelled him to stare at me.

I smiled as I choked him, slowly, his weakened neck soft to my touch, the bruises darker and watery. His tongue stuck at the side of his lips, his eyes crossed, and he wheezed loudly as he tried to suck in the largest amount of air, not knowing which one would be his last.

His eyes rolled about, his face had darkened, his body was reacting more from the automatic response to danger than something he was orchestrating. His arms reached for my neck in a retaliation move which there was no strength to execute.

I marveled at the strength he still possessed. His legs slapped together about my head, but they could not injure, his ass bucked up in the air trying to dislodge me, his back arched, forcing his throat away, but I held tight, closing all air passage.

His eyes chronicled this even with a wince, then they rolled back out of focus showing the bloodshot whites clearly. His face was purple, and a drool of saliva dropped from black lips.

I held tightly, feeling the wonderful gyrations of his bowels on my cock. His eyes had returned to focus on my gaze, the tears still flowing. His tongue moved about, wagging as he made a tremendous gagging sound from deep in his throat.

I slammed my cock harder, then felt his body trembling, he was shooting off again, this time the stream was flowing over my belly and splattering across his chest, the end was truly near.

I wondered if I was defeating him physically, or had I so vanquished his male image of himself he just capitulated. His body shook all over, the dark purple bruised blotchy face was twisted in pain, his chest was heaving desperately trying to suck air into the burning lungs.

His eyes rolled away, his head dropped to the floor, the legs quivered and draped themselves over my shoulders, his hands clenched in fists, lay still on the worn carpet, then my jizzim splashed inside his butt-hole, and I released him.

I sat back on my haunches as he wheezed and bucked when the air burned into his lungs. He coughed hard, making his whole body double up, his legs caught around my kneeling form, and he could not maneuver his feet around.

I watched, my cock dripping scum and blood, and some ass-hole fluid in a puddle between my legs on the carpet, not the first scum on this rug I thought.

He opened his eyes, almost not believing he was still alive, maybe not thinking he was almost dead either. He raised his right arm to his face, still dark almost purple in color, and wiped the saliva drooling from his mouth.

In a raspy sound between gasps for air, he whispered,

"No more, please! No more, just do it."

"Do you want me to kill you Gordon?" I asked.

He started to speak, but something in his throat caught and he gagged and coughed, bringing tears anew to his eyes, then he just nodded yes.

"It isn't that easy man, I'm getting off on you, might keep you alive for days, strangling you once in a while when things get dull, bringing you to the brink of death, only to let you live to die some other day."

"No, it isn't fair ... please ... let me live, or fuckin' waste me ... I'm a Marine, not a faggot toy."

"You were a Marine, now I have queered your ass and you are a faggot toy, just like any hustler, any boy whore who sucked you off."

"No please ... no...."

He was crying, making audible sobs, but there would never be a strong male voice again.

"When I'm done with you, I'm going to shove that dildo up your butt-hole as far as I can, maybe even push the fucking balls in too, really rip your shit-hole apart."

"No, no...."

His voice a rasping pleading whisper,

"what will they think...."

"Who think?"

"My buddies ... my family ... my girl ... oh shit ... they'll think I was a queer all along ... oh shit ... please ... just leave me dead."

He didn't need to know about my plans to dump him in the garbage dumpster, hopefully to be dumped into the land fill and never seen again, disappearing just like he had fallen off the side of the earth. I'd feed his fears.

"Your buddies are going to say, yea, old Gordon was a fag all right, should'a let him suck my dick ... and your family is going to never visit your grave. They will say you should have died on duty and brought honor to the family instead of dying here, bringing the shame of your death to them -- and your girl."

"Well she's going to say 'I don't believe it, not him, not the way he poked me with that fuck stick of his ... but I wonder how many times he was late, how many times he was too tired, he actually was making with one of those preeeeverts instead of me....'"

I laughed.

His cock was hard, laying across his belly, the head above his navel, the piss-hole drooling pre-cum juice, the veins standing up, each pulse of his heart making the giant love tool throb. His nuts dangled in the hairy sack, almost touching the floor, looking very tempting to mutilate.

I took a piss, then decided to play with him some more, really fuck his mind. I caressed his body, kissing his nipples, then giving him a little head, then swabbing my tongue across his sweat sweet skin, the muscles taut and bent still cramped in the arms and legs.

I squatted over his head so my balls dangled over his nose, and he could look up into my ass-hole. I pressed my dick to his face, rolling it across his lips, he turned away, crying again.

"Gordon ...," I cooed, "I want a blow job."

He shook his head 'NO' while making a grunt through closed lips.

"Gordon, there's an old Marine saying, 'They can't make you do something, but they sure can make you wish you did it.'"

He looked at me, he had heard it. He slowly nodded his head, then shook 'No!'

"Please don't make me do that," he whispered.

Reaching to pick up the brass pole, I sternly said,

"I want my dick sucked now!"

He saw, me then shook his head vigorously, 'NO!!!'

"OK, be a hero, die with broken balls," I said calmly.

Then I whacked the pole between his legs, not once but several times, each blow made his legs bounce up in the air and his head raise up forcing his nose in my ass-crack, he grunted and bellowed in a whispering agony.

He lay back with his mouth open gasping for air, his hard cock shooting scum across his belly in a fright ejaculation. I got up and took my GI bag and stuffed it under his shoulders, allowing his head to dangle off.

He was breathing hard, his mouth still open and I shoved my cock deep in his throat, cutting off the air supply, making him gag flexing the esophagus muscle against my stiff cock.

I started to tell him the real reason he was suffering and dying,

"You know Gordon, there is a purpose to all this. That job you have been doing the last year, guarding that super secret installation in the desert, that place that is so secret you had to have all contact with your friends and family like you were living in Manila. You see I know all about what you have been doing."

Gordon continued to gag as he also automatically swallowed on my giant cock which was covered with his shit and stuff. His tongue was sticking out over my shaft, reaching for my nuts, his nose was sucking and blowing air up my ass when my cock had retreated enough for him to breath. Almost like he wanted to say something about what I had said.

I bent down, stretching my body out, making my ass stick up in the air as I greedily licked up his scum streaked across his belly and chest, then sucking his cock to gain the last savory scum.

"All you guys who do the guard duty know too much you see, and the government can't have you guys going around possibly telling all you know one day about that base outside of Palm Springs where the extraterrestrials land their space ships."

His belly moved softly, his cock seemed so hard it might have a cramp in it making it permanently stiff. I swabbed my tongue across the fat drooling cock-head.

"You see I have a contract with the government to insure none of you guys lives long enough to tell anything you may know. We are all serial killers, each of us with our own special fetish for killing, mine is asphyxiation. Don't you find being asphyxiated erotic? You must, your cock shoots off real good each time I do it."

I pinched his nipples, then caressed the round pecs still firm and flexing, I bent and kissed his belly.

"You see that is why you are dying -- because the generals deem you nothing more than a number, a cog in their wheel, nothing but potential trouble. How I kill is not prescribed, just that you be dead, and dead you will be when I am finished playing with you."

Then I felt it.

He had somehow managed to raise his arms and grab my balls which were sticking out like prime targets over his eyes. He took them in his hands, one ball in each hand and with what strength he had left, he squeezed my nuts.

I reared up, pulling my dick from his mouth, he held tight, making me fall forward and I had to catch myself with my hands as pain shot up through my belly and down my thighs like I had not felt in a long time.

I raised up and kneed him in the face and that broke the hold, I rolled free but doubled up in a ball clutching my wounded manhood, not howling, but groaning loud enough so the room echoed. He tried to sit up, and was reaching for the brass pole.

I kicked his face and he fell backwards, then I took the pole and grasped his left hand, pulling him up by it, I smacked his elbow until the joint was smashed, then I did the same to the right. He whispered a scream, and flopped about on the floor.

I sat for a bit, then smoked a cigarette. My cock was stiff, anticipating some damage to Gordon, something that would make him regret that final act of revenge, and yet show him he had done little to damage me.

There was little he could do to resist me now. I snuffed the cigarette on his left nipple, and ground the still hot butt against the right, then I place the heel of my right hand against his upper teeth and pulled with the left on the lower jaw until I could hear the jaw joint break.

Now with his mouth hanging open I could do as I wished with his mouth, he knew it, and also knew he had no means of attack left, and no means of defense. He shook his head, making the broken jaw wobble like a jowled old man.

I mounted him, this time just bending his head backwards, thrusting his throat up. I shoved my cock all the way in, then my aching balls filled his mouth so he could not breath.

I grasped the brass pole and whacked his neck hard, feeling the blow to my cock cushioned by the thick neck muscles, making his body buck about with each blow. Each time he swallowed involuntarily about my cock, soon bringing me off.

He was turning blue, cyanosis setting in, the strong shoulder veins flecked with blue, the bulging pecs also bluish. His legs and arms having already turned. I lifted my cock out, feeling a wonderful suction, then a flow of blood drooled out from the ruptured throat.

Gordon knew he had not damaged me, now I would ruin him. I sat on his chest, dragging my swollen bruised nuts so he could see them up by my ass crack as I sat. I wanted those fat balls where he could see them, yet could not reach them.

I lifted his legs and hooked them under my arms so his balls were open to my attack. Then I took the brass pole and began to destroy his nuts, smashing them with slow measured blows, feeling the reaction to each blow jolt through his body, up into mine.

I smashed and whacked them until the skin disintegrated and there was a bloody pulp where the hairy scrotum had hung and his pink testicles lay crushed in the mess.

Sometime during the savage attack his cock had sprung a last load of ball juice, the scum mixed with blood had shot across his belly, but with little power, only shooting a few inches.

He was gasping for air, his body twisting and turning, the muscles convulsing like he was dying, which he would be doing soon enough. I dropped his legs and he curled up in a fetal position his arms akimbo, the whole muscular body trembling.

"Gordon, you didn't have to die this way, you could have died in relative little pain, now no one is going to know you didn't die happy having had your nuts destroyed. You realize there are men who have paid me to do this to them." He was beyond conversation, he just shook, his mouth frothing, his eyes rolling in and out of focus, tears drooling like cum over his cheeks. I kissed him on the burnt left nipple, then bit it.

I rolled him over on his belly, played with his ass-hole, shoving a finger in, then punching my fist at it. He grunted and begged,

"No more."

Then I took the dildo and began to worm it up his ass-hole, soon shoving the whole thing in as I had promised, but the balls would not break through the anus.

There was little reaction, I was ready to kill, he was too weak, too far gone to hurt much more, his endurance was sapped by the loss of self worth, another Marine so easily destroyed.

I grasped his neck while kneeling beside him, he shook, his eyes rolled back, the tongue stuck out of the bloody foam oozing from his lips, his face was bent in more fear and pain.

I pressed down, and his legs flopped about, the arms bent and pounded the floor, the elbows bent the wrong way. His face turned dark, the bruises not subsiding from the last strangulation.

I bore down, his cock flopped as he convulsed, his muscles shining with sweat, his tears still flowing, from eyes that could not see for the pupils had not focused on me for some time, just the red bloodshot centers glaring up at me.

His lips were dark, blood wet, his tongue sagged, his left pectoral bounced as his heart beat irregularly. I pushed my body weight onto his still strong neck and felt the blood vessels at the sides pulsing as blood tried to pass.

His face was bent and contorted, the open sagging lower jaw, the veins at his temple bulging, the dark tone of his skin the blood stained teeth, his body now only shaking, the blue tint beginning to color him, I released the neck and flopped on him to feel his dying convulsions.

I lay on him belly to belly, our chests together, his heaving pecs thrusting up to mine as he sucked air in, possibly against his conscious will, but his body had a will of it's own to survive.

I pressed downward with my hands on his neck, squeezing at the same time closing off the blood vessels, and crushing the trachea, mashing the esophagus.

His hips thrust up to mine, his eyes had rolled back into focus and glared at mine as I clenched my teeth in resolve to kill him. He shook softly, almost like he was ejaculating, his belly muscles caressing my own sensuously.

I held the grip, his eyes rolled back, his chest bucked, then fell silent, I could no longer hear the gurgling and beating from his torso, his belly was relaxed, and quiet, his dick-head thrust against my abdomen.

I held longer, his red bloodshot eyes framed by a deathly stare, no more flickering eyelashes, the tongue drooped dead, there was no more movement of any kind. At last Gordon was no longer suffering, my pleasure was almost complete.

I went down on his stiff cock, sucking it hard, as if I was trying to get the last load from it, but there was no scum left, the bloody pulp that had been his balls could produce nothing.

When the prick was wet and slimy, I straddled his waist and arched my butt to receive the giant cock. I opened my ass-hole and his round prick-head entered. I gasped at the size again. Relaxed my muscles and took the cock to the hilt.

I rode and rocked on the prick, feeling it invade deeper into my bowel with each rhythmic motion of my belly. I undulated the abdomen muscles so the cock was flexed inside my rectum, my balls rode on the wet pubic patch.

I leaned down and kissed the bruised nipples, sucked them, then rolled my tongue up over his smooth sweat wet chest to the cleavage at the base of his bruised throat.

His cock glided in and out of my ass-hole, my shit-hole lips locked tightly about the fat shaft base, the feeling in them along with the massaging of my prostate beginning to bring my balls to a boil.

I licked over the bruised neck, sucking like I would give a hickey, but the flesh was pliable and soft. My tongue swabbed up, tasting the salty sweat and metallic blood from his bent open mouth. I sucked his tongue as my passion grew.

I was grunting and groaning with a passion like his cock had come alive and was pounding inside my body, but it was I who was driven, impaling myself with each motion, driving the prick deeper in me for more pleasure.

My cock spurted cum, I continued to ride up and down and I kissed the dead tongue, sucked the open mouth, felt the prick almost like it was throbbing in me, but it was my own muscles convulsing as I spasmed cum over his belly.

I lay on him for some time, breathing heavy, gasping for air, feeling the pain of his wide prick deep within me. Finally I rose slowly as the suction inside was painful and pleasurable at the same time.

I showered and rolled him into a heavy duty garbage bag I had snagged from a cleaning cart, and crept down the back stairs with him over my shoulder, like Riggoletto carrying his daughter away.

I deposited him in the first dumpster, then climbed in and spread the garbage about the bag containing his clothing, except the green boxer shorts and his wallet.

Then I slept soundly, at last satisfied, my ass-hole sore from all the wonderful fucks, including the two from Gordon's giant cock. It was late in the day when I awoke, but the sun was still out and it was very warm.

I'd go back to the office in Seal Beach the next day. There I would turn in Gordon's wallet, and they would wait for his family to report him missing, that was all the proof they needed and the payment would be transferred to my Swiss account.

I could pick up another job, or just collect my expenses and take a few days off having sex with the surfer boys. I hoped the next victim might be going someplace new where I had not yet killed, that always makes it more interesting.