

**After Pasolini's *Salo*,
After Miller's *The Road Warrior*,
After Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs*,
After Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers*,
Comes a...**

RoughNight@Sodom.Cum

Tonight, twenty minutes into the Future, in a high mountain desert, beyond the Federal Gestalt Line, manimal screams echo deep from the ritual painstream chambers of the Giant Robo Prince Sodom. Above his forested estate, the nuke-red moon hangs full over his vaulted stone mansion. Lunatic shine lights the hyper-secret acreage of high-tech torture courts, discipline barracks, killing fields, and burial yards.

The vast compound, laser-laced border to border, invisible even to sophisticated Federal Gestalt satellite scrutiny, is completely surrounded by a fifteen-foot solid rock wall, capped by a ten-foot high-voltage cyclone fence. The top of the metal barrier is accordioned with coils of gray Federal prison wire barbed every six inches with 35-mm razor blades, cut like SS lightning bolts, calculated to shred the well-muscl'd flesh of any big-pec'd, big-nippled, big-built prisoner fleeing the agonizing slow-death sadomachismo tortures of the heroically handsome Annihilator Sodom, Prince of Pecs, and his killer cadre of masculine-identified nipple-driven bodybuilder terminators.

Prince Sodom's secret of success?

The Ever-Repeating Spin Cycle of Robo Bloodlust.

In the present “Great Irony” that follows the end of the classic “Long Before,” the more Prince Sodom separates his tastes from the Federal Gestalt, the more sought after he becomes, until his tastes have become cult. In *The Book of Prince Sodom* it is written: “In the soul-less Federal Gestalt, miss-led males, many of whom are actually failed heterosexoids, and some females, who are more *vir*-aphobic than sapphonic, act out sadomaso in analytical workshop groups ironically devoid of sexual passion. They are eccentric exhibitionists performing in traveling freak shows for perplexed voyeurs. Prince Sodom’s classic platonic ideal restores the genuine male-male *radix* of erotic passion and authentic sex appeal based on face, physique, muscles, cock, perversatility, virility, grooming, and psychic presence suitable to the ongoing decades of a man’s life. If the torturer or the tortured lacks sex appeal and beauty and grace, which are always inexplicably relative to one another, there is no erotic point to either’s mechanical skill which becomes, not erotic, but rather the penitence of religion, or the process of therapy, or the performance in the center ring of the circus—all of which are betrayals of true erotic torture.”

Out in the Federal Gestalt, males, growing up, secretly memorize chapter and verse from *The Book of Prince Sodom*. Many are called, but few are chosen. Those with true vocations turn themselves into willing pilgrims who approach the Cult of Final Belonging reserved for the Friends of the Friendless Friends. Twice a year, athletic supplicants, from youth to maturity, kneel nude at the gate. They stare at the huge marble statue of a naked, erect, and very muscular *Pleurant*, whose colossus head and face are hooded for Eternal Vigil. Untouched, they touch themselves: their muscles, their nipples, their dicks, their butts. Prince Sodom walks

among them. He is brilliant. He poses. Each man he looks at mirrors his poses. Sodom's double-bicep pose guides the aspirant's double-bicep pose. Sodom's nipple-and-pec display tutors the cultist's nipple-and-pec display. Thus led, the lucky, the selected, become the elected. Beefy guards escort them away, between the legs and under the erect cock of the marble *Pleurant* through whose asshole they enter, never to return, disappearing eagerly into the mansion of Robo Prince Sodom.

The Giant Prince Sodom's battalions of massively pec'd, tit-squirting musclemen know he can, and will, turn even the best of the best into death-sport slaves if ever they trespass his severe commands. Among the most perfect bodybuilder guards is an even higher aspiration: to be selected by the Prince of Pecs himself, for the pleasure of pure lust, to suffer glad allegiance through agonizing physical torture of absolute mutual bloodlust that makes a man one with his Prince.

This night's screams jolt Sodom's massive Robo Cock to stand at hard attention. On his huge pectorals, his fiery red nipples, three inches long on lifted coronas, their skin treaded tough as hard-rubber radials, drip with titcum. Sodom's hyper-masculine frame is built, in precise techufacture, into a Pastfuture Warrior to reformulate in the present "Great Irony" the most perfect male bodies lost with the collapse of the classic "Long Before."

Across his hairy chest, Sodom cinches a defining leather-and-chain harness snug around his beefy pecs. His high black boots are spurred, soled, and hobnailed with blood-soaked boot spikes. His big, unshaven, predatory chin juts out from under his brutally handsome face. An exquisite Conneryian sneer, forged of exotic pain and titdeath, plays across his virile lip under his thick moustache. His eyebrows arc over his insatiable amber eyes, intense eyes that burn to see big beefy bodies writhing in excruciating pain only males can experience. The thick

hair of his head is shaved down to a rasp he uses as a cruelty against tender flesh. His armpits are a sweat mat of hair bathed only by human tongue. The Giant Prince Sodom, built bigger than any bodybuilder, any powerlifter, any professional wrestler, is no video contest-game player from the satellite-dish leagues of the Federal Gestalt.

He is a Giant Robo Rogue.

In the “Long Before,” when the very young Prince Sodom was on the cusp of manhood, he had burned the rule books and murdered the referees. He had raped his mother and raped his father and then killed them both. He had asked the Federal court for mercy, because he was an orphan. Then he had killed the Federal judge and escaped over the top of the Federal Gestalt Line where his legend grew, because he had done openly what all other people want in their hearts to do.

He is an untouchable outlaw. His unruled lust is death-defying, death-dealing, and real beyond any comfort of denial.

This night, on view before Prince Sodom, a massively pec'd young bodybuilder, hangs crucified, spikes driven through both his hands, his widespread fingers individually screwed down, through the joints, by torque of turn into the wood. His cock and balls, wrapped tight at the base in a noose of barbed-wire, stretch under heavy weights. The head of his big cock bleeds from the night's fresh circumcision, cut with a serrated hunting knife. His severed foreskin has been sewn with surgical stitches, to add flapping length, around the tip of his protruding tongue. He can no longer speak.

His big pecs, sliced with razor blades, run rivulets of blood down to his tits, which for the week since his capture, have been exercised and vacuumed to a juice-squirting two-inch pump, surprising the moaning bodybuilder who, before his abduction, had known only muscle pump,

itself as sweet as orgasm. His fresh young blood drips from his engorged tits and runs down the canals of his washboard abdominal six-pack. His feet, bound together with bare electrical wire, slide in his own blood across the floor, out from under him.

Prince Sodom, sprawled naked in full majesty on his throne of leather and hides and furs and skulls, is pleased.

Prince Sodom nods.

A Black Bodybuilder, playing with his own extruded tits on his twin mounds of pecs, his uncut twelve-inch blacksnake hard as a Niger River pole, flips a switch, electrifying the wire cinched tight around the crucified bodybuilder's ankles. The handsome victim's pecs crab together. His veins explode across his body to full vascularity over his contracting muscles. The electricity forces his feet into midspace, hanging his 235 pounds from his crucified hands. He screams. "Mercy, Master! Mercy!" The foreskin tip sewed to his tongue flaps wildly. Agony balloons out of his mouth: "AAAAAAH!"

Prince Sodom hardens at the sounds of sacrifice. Precum lubes his giant Robo dick. Men have died impaled on the length and thickness of his high-tech hardness. His tits grow, visibly, at the pain, at the torture, at the slow murder in progress. Sodom's tits crown each of his big pecs like spikes on a Prussian soldier's round helmet. He nods to the Black.

The electrocution halts briefly waiting the fifth shocking round.

Sodom calls up a brawny Russian Powerlifter wearing the half-mask of an executioner. His upper body is bullthick and pec'd to the max. His arms are the bulging weapons of a strangler. Under the Russian Powerlifter's armpit, tucked in his sweaty thick pit-hair, rides the handle of a hammer. The Russian Powerlifter stands foursquare in front of the crucified bodybuilder who looks

at him with pleading eyes. With his free hand—the palm with finger and thumb the size of a huge meathook, the Russian Powerlifter, once a Federal Gestalt cop, makes a bone-stone fist and slams the moaning bodybuilder in the face. The handsome nose explodes in blood and snot and collapses flat as a pug boxer's.

Prince Sodom expects the unexpected of his men. He applauds the Russian Powerlifter's improvisation. The massive man bows and signals for a 2x4 oak plank to be held in place by two beefy red-haired college-football jocks, eagerly recruited, who are in training as next-generation torture-killers. Both athletes are harnessed with black-leather football shoulder pads. Big-gauge rings, tuned to receive electrical obedience charges directly from Prince Sodom, jut golden through the red aureoles of their growing tits.

They are called the Redd Twins. Like Romulus and Remus, they have the oral need to suckle the hard nipples of wolfmen and bear-men and bullmen and pigmen who are first of all musclemen and best of all titmen. Their golden pecs are almost identically matted with curling red hair. Their scientifically enlarged big hard cocks are padlocked into tight metal tube-sheaths that corset their thick shafts up to their dripping cockheads swollen bulbous, purple, and lethal.

Months before, the Redd Twins had arrived, unbidden at the estate, underground refugees from the Federal Gestalt Territory. They had come to join the Outlaws of Prince Sod, the Annihilator, convinced they wanted the rigorous coaching of Prince Sodom's training camp. They are single-minded, speed-focused on growth hormones, pumped from forced training at bench-press pec-and-chest workouts where they are electrically motivated in their last killer reps by the sizzling depth zaps delivered in direct charges to their huge inset tit rings.

The Redd Twins hold the oak 2x4 steady.

The Russian Powerlifter takes the crucified muscleman's tits in his hairy fingers. "Scream for Prince Sod," he says.

The tongue with the sewn-on foreskin hangs from the screaming mouth like an uncut dick, unable to speak.

"Scream! Hot fuckin' body! Yeah! Yeah!" The Russian Powerlifter finger-pinches the fat raw nipples flat and then slowly pulls them long and hard with his sharpened finger nails.

The Black Bodybuilder begins to tweak his own drooling nipples and stroke his own uncut meat. His mouth opens wide showing strong white teeth around an emergent pink tongue hungry for flesh.

The tit-tortured bodybuilder looks down at his bloody pecs and his mangled nipples. He screams snot and tears. His voice sinks to a low, constant moan that is picked up by a microphone sutured to the base of his throat and wirelessly converted to a revving, deep, electroid hum in the copper cockring around Prince Sodom's big balls. From his victim's whimper, amplified up from moan to scream, Sodom tunes in to the pain. He amplifies the sobs and absorbs the screams around the rootplug of his cock and balls. He turns his *vibrato* reception dial up and down with his thick fuck-finger to approximate the endorphin rush he tweaks in himself vicariously from his victims. Sodom wants to be inside every experience in his vast compound.

"Strut for me," Sodom says to the Russian Powerlifter. "Show me *your* pecs. Prepare to show me more of *his* pain. Strut! Side Chest Shot! Strut! Make him beg, scream, cry, till his voice is gone and we cut his throat with my blade. Pump your pecs! Strut! Front Chest Shot! Walk that bodybuilder walk. Chest out! Rub your biceps across your nipples. Strut! Till we cut off his handsome head with my laser-saw. Strut! Strut! Strut!

Power-down into a Most Muscular Pose! Strut for me. Again! Peak your pecs down into the Ultimate Crab Shot! Lick your pecs! Wipe your big biceps across your pecs! Suck your nipples. Again! Front Chest Shot! Forward! Forward! Strut for me! Strut!”

The Russian Powerlifter struts—his huge uncut dick preceding him hard—and pads his big bearlike poses and moves across the stone compound floor. Other naked slaves, stretched spreadeagle between pillars of stone, calm their fear of his approach with their desire of his attention. They have seen his brute teeth bite nipples off sculpted chests, chew them into ground bloody tit burger, and spit them down the throats of other chained bodybuilders, force-feeding them. They have seen him hook-whip the flesh from the pecs and tits of men built like young gods, until, half-unconscious with the pain, their pecs stomped with boot-spikes, slashed repeatedly across the chest, nipples electrified, they are buried alive as they lay dying, stabbed, castrated, bound with heavy corded ropes tying their muscular arms tight against their pumped torsos, their transfixed faces, their heads encased in clear plastique bags taped tight around the neck, buried alive beneath the bubbling curds of the paramilitary sewage pits.

The Russian Powerlifter struts to a hot brazier, pulling out red-hot pliers, holding them aloft, triumphant, his thick armpits open, wide, rampant, bushed with black hair long enough to curl onto his massive pecs tangling with the forest of hair surrounding his long, vulcanized, red-rubberlike nipples. He struts the strut. He is Prince Sodom’s Favorite. He is, in fact, grateful knowing that the next victim in the palace of serial murder might be himself. He takes hardon enjoyment in however his Pec Master Prince Sod might favor him, victor or victim.

Prince Sodom leers at the crucified bodybuilder. He slow-strokes his cock with both hands. Two beefy tit

slaves, former heavy-weight Pro-Wrestlers, each naked but for tall boots and black-rubber goggles, reach over his shoulders and massage his huge pecs and elongated tits. Their touch enlarges his nipples and his appetites.

“Burn his tits.” Prince Sod says. “Start at the tip. Pinch those hot pliers down millimeter by millimeter. Fry him! Fry his tits!” He stomps his hobnailed boots on his throne. “Torture him! Make him scream for my jizm. Cum for pain.”

Prince Sodom, shining brilliant, strokes his huge cock, pulls its fleshy mouth open, nods to the Powerbuilder Medax who slides a thick metal sound through the mouth of Sodom’s cock and down the engorged shaft all the way into the balls. The extruding end of the probe is a second *vibrato* receiver that translates the vocal suffering and pain of the victim to the inside of Sodom’s urethra so deep that the probe passes through the interior circumference of the exterior cockring receiver circling around the rootplug of Prince Sodom’s predatory cock.

Thus classically prepared, Prince Sodom says ironically, “Play ‘Misty’ for me.”

It is an order.

Pecs thrust forward, the Russian Powerlifter approaches the moaning, crucified bodybuilder with two red-hot pairs of pliers. He spits into the smashed face, dives in mouth-first sucking blood from the broken teeth, tearing off the foreskin sewn onto the tongue, chewing it, eating it, dipping and biting each nipple fiercely, making the tits wet with blood and spit.

“Scream for Prince Sod,” he says, and grips the two pairs of branding-iron pliers down hard on the crucified muscleman’s steam-hissing tits.

“No, Master, no! YYYIAAAA!”

Prince Sodom nods to the masturbating Black who hits the electricity.

The crucified bodybuilder, only a month before so proud and pec'y in his last Federal Physique Contest, where Sodom watched him win the trophy for Best Chest, rears up from the electric shock, the pain in his nailed hands nothing now compared to the squeezing, burning pressure on his sizzling nipples.

Sodom's dick juices up his tight belly. "Scream! Take it! Scream in agony! Agony! Yeah!"

The Redd Twin bodybuilders, holding the 2x4, stand obediently in place in respect and worship of their beloved Prince. They know what is coming. Their broken pug noses sniff and snort the smell of the hot burning tits. The purple heads of their iron-bound shafts bulge in anticipation. So magnetized are they by Prince Sodom's sexual true north, they do not notice that one of the newer guards, a dark young Turk, has slumped, passed out, to the floor.

Prince Sodom notices. He nods. He is ecstatic to eject the faint-hearted who waste a place reserved for the lion-hearted. He sticks his tongue out in the classic way of the lost "Long Before" and flaps it up and down fast, making a lop-lop sound. For perverse pleasure, he punches the Powerbuilder Medax in the face, and himself pumps the probe in his cock up and down, in and out. The Powerbuilder Medax rises stunned and begins to speak. Prince Sod pulls out his Gestalt handgun and shoots the Medax between the eyes.

Across the room, where the young Turk guard has fainted, three seasoned guards, jumping to attention, seize their junior comrade, strip him naked, and tie the unconscious man spreadeagled to a huge archery target.

The crucified bodybuilder himself slumps out.

"Enough of him for the moment," Prince Sodom says. He nods to a bulk-pec'd, blond, bearded Viking who knows his job. The golden warrior stands with his big

forearms crossed on his chest: his left thumb and forefinger roll-massage his right nipple, and his right thumb and forefinger roll-massage his left nipple. On command, the blond Viking marches to the unconscious young Turk tied to the target.

“Bring him around,” Prince Sodom says to the Viking. “You are my Viking Whipmaster. Whip his chest! Whip those pecs! Aim for his nipples! Bring him around! In pain. Pain! PAIN!”

The Viking Whipmaster cracks his tit-pec whip. His thick arms are downed with blond fur. He snaps his whip across the oily dark pecs of the unconscious guard whose handsome pecs have always been his pride and glory. Instantly, the tearing lash whips the young Turk awake. He screams realizing his new position. “No, no! Please, Master!” The tit whip tears shreds of flesh from his mounded pecs. One nipple is hooked out by the roots. A gusher of blood shoots from the tit hole.

“Scream,” Prince Sodom says. “Scream for your pecs! Scream in pain! Give me your pain! Scream for your tits, scum!”

The Viking Whipmaster beats the Turk’s chest, spiking his erect nipples, lacerating the first layers of skin off the pecs, exposing the massive white muscle beneath.

“Flex your pecs for the whip,” Sodom says. “Ninety-nine strokes!”

“No, Master.”

Lash. Rip.

“AIIIIY!”

Whip. Shred. Tear.

“Master! Master! The pain! The pain! AYAAAHHH!”

“Ah, the pain,” Sodom shouts. “Worship the pain. Worship me in your pain. Worship all tits and pecs and muscle in your pain. Study me, learn me, know me in your pain.”

The Giant Prince Sodom, shot up with mainlined

painstream power, enlarges heroically in body size and aura presence. He nods to a handsome Newyorican muscle slave with twelve fresh needles through each bloody three-inch tit, both nipples surrounded by a circle brand burnt on his street-hard pecs. His black hair is grease-gunned slick back. Exposing his perfect white teeth, his long tongue licks around his lips, brushing through his black moustache. At the corner of his eye is a blue tear-drop tattoo *pleurant*. To him only sex matters. He has dedicated his life to following his tits around.

“You! Greaseball! Get your tongue on my balls while I watch that hot stud Turk squirm for me. And you two,” he says to the renegade Pro-Wrestling slaves pleasuring his nipples, “Yank my tits. Tag-team ’em! Twist and yank ’em the way mantits are meant to be yanked. Work ’em! Watch and learn from what you see!”

Prince Sodom turns his gaze back to his suffering victims. The crucified bodybuilder is slowly regaining consciousness with the Russian Powerlifter and the Redd Twins standing at ease next to him. The spreadeagled Turk guard is shouting to the blond Viking Whipmaster in a desperate voice, hoarse with transcendence, begging for more pain.

“Pain! Master! Please! I flex my pecs for your pleasure. My tits! My pecs! YAAAAH!”

The Viking Whipmaster is up to a count of ninety lashes. His big body heaving, his own pecs bulging with every lash, his huge dick rockhard inflicting the pec pain that is pleasure beyond pain.

The whipped Turk’s own nine-inch cock stands hard in salute to his Prince.

“Whip his cock!” Sodom, the Annihilator, says.

“NO! Master!” the Turk screams.

The blond Viking tears into the unprotected cock and balls.

“Whip that fucking slave! Harder, you, motherfucker,

or I'll have your Viking tongue nailed to your Viking dick and have you hoisted by the nail. Whip him! Scream, slave! Worship your Master's big hot hardon!"

The Viking Whipmaster's deft hand shreds first the balls, then the shaft of the Turk guard's raging hardon, saving the huge head protruding from his ragged foreskin for the last. The Turk victim is looping out beyond screaming words. The blond Viking Whipmaster has lashed him into a dark howling manimal. The Turk, desperate to adore Prince Sodom, manages one last final roaring call, "Kill me, Master! Kill me!"

"The man is weak. The man is no man. I will give him his last and final pain." Prince Sodom gestures with one hand. "Finish him. Bring in the chorus for his big finale."

A husky Spear Squad of five pumped Firbolg giants, naked, greased from shaved-head to thick toe, uncut, big-dicked, massively muscled, takes its place on sturdy thick feet. Re-created from ancient DNA caught in amber on the faraway isle of Granuaile, they are wild warriors whose Druid priests predated the Celts. The huge plates of their pecs are fully tattooed blue in intricate pre-Gaelic designs that spiral down around their enormous three-inch nipples pierced with rings set every sixteenth-inch from the base to the engorged tips. Their hardons arch up, sturdy as the thick-handled spears in their big hands, aimed at the Turk guard tied in bloody spreadeagle on the huge target board. The tips of their Firbolg nipples drip with titcum. They are Death Commandos.

"Kill me," the Turk guard screams. "I die for Prince Sodom."

The blond Viking Whipmaster takes two steps back.

"AAAAAH," Sodom says. "Spear him! First one, then the next. Spear him, but do not kill him till the last."

Sweat and animal grease shine on the tattooed pecs

of the muscular Firbolg Spear Squad. The first Firbolg, his javelin angled up the same as his huge primeval cock, puts his mighty arm, back, and pecs into his thrust, sending his spear, THUK!, through the inside of the Turk's left thigh, its spearhead emerging bloody on the outside of the leg.

"Pierce him," Prince Sodom says.

The second and third of the Firbolg squadron launch their spears: each pierces one of the Turk's broad shoulders, THUK! THUK!, entering precisely at the outside upper corner of each of his bloody pecs, pumped with pain, pinning his shoulders flat to the target.

"Die for my jizm!" Sodom says.

The fourth Firbolg aims his spear direct on target through the bloody cock and balls. THUK!

"Torture," Sodom chants. "*Torture! TORTURE!*"

The hall of beefy, chested, big-nippled rogue males takes up his rhythm. "TORTURE! TORTURE!"

Robo Prince Sodom, connecting his techufactured electroid force-field, strokes his mighty cock with both hands. A second Medax, arms and pecs more muscular than the first Medax, approaches with tight green rubber rings banded down snug around the finger-sized base of his three-inch nips. The Medax plunges and replunges the sound-probe down the open mouth of Sodom's leatherized urethra. Violet electricity crackles in force-fields of sparky lightning wherever Prince Sodom's hands touch his own body. The head of Prince Sodom's cock flashes purple with priapic power. "Murder him!"

The spreadeagled Turk, thanking Allah he has finally raised the genuine bloodlust of Prince Sodom, lifts his head with the last of his strength screaming, "YES!" as the final Firbolg spearpoint enters precise as a javelin through his open mouth, a wide-open screaming target, sending its point, THUK!, out through the back of his head. The mortally wounded Turk, his hard shredded

cock shooting white clots of death jizm, stares at Prince Sodom with the dying eyes of a grateful martyr experiencing the divine transcendence of feeling his soul leaving his body.

“That Turk had something to him after all,” Prince Sodom says. He motions the Firbolg Spear Squad to approach his throne.

In basso-chanting beef parade, naked, tattooed, oiled, the Firbolg muscle warriors march to him.

“Cum on my double-titcocks,” he says. “I want the jizm of murderers on my chest.”

The Firbolg Squad, re-created from the ancient warrior days before the coming of the Tuatha de Danaan, obeys the ritual command, stroking their huge uncut dicks, milking their legendary tits which rise oozing and hardening like pairs of dicks symmetrical across each chest, each Death Commando shooting three loads, two of clear-gleat titcum and one of milky-white cockcum on their Prince’s masturbating dick and flexing pecs and squirting nipples. The goggled tag-team of Pro-Wrestlers massages the hot titjuices into Sodom’s chest, making the muscular Prince’s mounded pecs and thermal nipples itch with an itch only bloodlust can scratch. His monster cock, uncut, juts hard over his bullstud balls. The Medax pumps the sound-probe in constant churn into Sodom’s urethra. Spontaneously inventive, the Medax folds his own chin down to his own big pecs and, first left and then right, sucks on his own big nipples, thirsty for his own titcum. Prince Sodom appreciates the Medax’s Olympic degree of difficulty.

To his heroic Firbolg Commando Spear Squad, Prince Sodom says: “For your reward, march to the Tir-Nan-Oge gymnasium, the legendary Hall of Torture where the Tuatha de Danaan trainers await. You each will be imaged, for my later private screening, pumping out ten-sets-per-hour of low-rep, bulk-building, pec-crunching

bench presses, thirty pounds heavier than your last workout. If you be crushed, you be crushed. It is my pleasure that you each be chained hand and foot for nine hours, your ringed nipples to be electrified every five minutes in one-minute jolts twenty zaps higher than your last recorded tit session, until your drooling wet tits shoot load after load of titcum. Give me your pain.”

“Just so, Prince Sodom.” The Firbolg Spear Squad obediently straightens to attention and walks off, chests out, pecs proud, tit-hungry to their reward, their big, hairy, oiled bubblebutts grinding in that slow moseying stroll peculiar to thunder-thighed bodybuilders hung massive with prehistoric mastodon cocks that drip drool.

“The Squad performed well,” Prince Sodom says. “Remove the Turk’s carcass. Sodomize him. Impale his ass with a wooden pole. Push the point out his mouth. Bury him horizontal on a spit, just so, in the sewage pits.”

Prince Sodom looks toward the crucified bodybuilder hanging half-conscious between the burly Russian Powerlifter and the Redd Twins, all three bodybuilders finger-rolling their nipples in the crossed forearm maneuver. He nods to a third Medax who injects the crucified bodybuilder’s veins with the endorphin RXush of CXonsciousness that revives him in a flash.

“I want more and more is never enough.”

He waves away the wrestling slaves attending his cumslick chest and monster cock. Bored with their low-level touch, he places his own Robo hands on his nipples and electroid-milks them till creamy white titcum beads up on the glistening tips of his three-inch tits. He pushes away the Medax who pulls out the metal sound. The adoring Medax shoves the metal sound still wet and hot from his Master’s urethra down into his own dick. Prince Sodom nods to the Viking Whipmaster and points over the head of the masturbating Medax at the crucified bodybuilder. “Whip him. Whip the pecs and nipples of

the crucified slave. I want his pain luxuriant!”

The hairy Viking Whipmaster, his tongue licking his blond beard beaded with sweat and blood, takes his stance. His first lash is hard. The crucified bodybuilder trembles. The second and third lashes are harder, but less than the twentieth.

“Hot fuckin’ body!” the Viking Whipmaster shouts.

Lash! Lash! Rises to *Slash! Slash!* The pain of the whip brings the young crucified bodybuilder to an even higher consciousness.

“Yeah! Yeah!” The Viking Whipmaster is bass-throated. “Flex your pecs for the whip!”

His enthusiasm pleases Prince Sodom who thinks to reward him well. Even the naked crucified bodybuilder responds, remembering passages he, as a boy, memorized chapter and verse from *The Book of Prince Sodom*.

“Please, Master. Pain,” the tortured bodybuilder says. He digs deep inside himself for the words that will connect him to Prince Sodom, Annihilator. “Pain!” Hanging crucified, he valiantly tries the impossible: to crab-pose his proud pectorals to their full massive pec glory. Rippling striations roll through his pecs under his fair skin.

“Beg for more pain. Beg for my pain.” Sodom smiles his exquisite sneer. His eyebrow arches. His Robo Cock throbs. His three-inch radial-tread nipples harden up like two cocks on their proud aureole coronas. His big hand massages the wide spread of his hairy mountainous pecs. “Say *more*. Beg for *more pain*.”

“More, Master, *more, MORE!*” The spikes driven through the bodybuilder’s hands drip red blood that runs down the inside of his big forearms and bigger, blue-veined biceps, coagulating in the thick bush of blond hair in his forested armpits. “*More! More! More!*”

“You will have your wish. You will worship the pain. Your wish, your pain, is my will.” Sodom nods to the Viking Whipmaster. “One hundred more lashes.”

The Newyorican tit-slave rushes forward with a chalice. He forces open the crucified bodybuilder's sweet lips and empties the reviving red liquid into the man's throat.

Prince Sodom is the Ultimate Master.

He knows how to create—that something so much more than endurance—perverse willingness, in his masculine victims.

“Flex your pecs,” the Viking Whipmaster orders.

The crucified bodybuilder stares in complete adoration of his awesome Prince Sodom sprawled on his throne. Fortified by the vision of his Man-God Sodom, the bodybuilder achieving new will, new acceptance, flexes every muscle in his stunning body. The hundred lashes, WACK! WACK! WACK-ING!, slicing his powerful pecs to ribbons, are nothing compared to the torture waiting at the hands of the Russian Powerlifter, his wooden hammer handle tucked tight in his sweaty armpit.

The Redd Twins, holding the oak 2x4 board, grin eagerly over their hardon nips. The Left Redd Twin smiles with perfect white teeth. The Right Redd Twin smiles a beguiling grin with two front teeth missing, lost in a series of byes in a punching match where he beat up eleven of twelve opponents.

“Enough!” Sodom commands. “As if ever there is enough of pain.” He reaches for a .45mm pistol holstered on a Beefsteak Bodyguard standing naked but for the gunbelt at his side.

“Look up at me, your Prince Sodom,” he says to the Newyorican slave sucking his balls. The young man's eyes adore his lord and master who touches the slave between the eyes with the cold point of the gun barrel. Sodom pulls the trigger. A clean new hole explodes in the man's forehead as the force of the shot kicks his body backwards. He hands the gun to the guard. “Take his new fuckhole,” Sodom tells the guard whose dick has

grown hard at the sight. “Fuck it. Fuck his head while I watch this other business before me.” He smiles as the big guard slides his huge uncut cock into the handsome young dead man’s forehead.

“Finish your work,” Prince Sodom says to the Russian Powerlifter.

The mountainous man signals to the Redd Twins who, by the sheer strength of their massive arms, hold the solid oak board beneath the bloody, huge pecs of the crucified bodybuilder. The Redd Twins’ dicks stand at hard attention. The Russian Powerlifter pulls his sweaty hammer handle from under his bushy armpits. The Viking Whipmaster pushes the bodybuilder’s head and chest forward, holding him in place over the 2x4 board.

The Russian Powerlifter is skilled. He pulls a twelve-inch iron spike, razor sharp on all four sides, places it at the top of the crucified bodybuilder’s big left pec and in a dozen precision blows, drives the spike, with his hammer, down through the length of muscle-pec built to perfection through years spent in Federal Gestalt gyms. The crucified bodybuilder screams. His crispy nipples ooze plasma. Prince Sodom’s dick juices, drips. The Redd Twins’ muscles bulge, as the spike, passing through the crucified bodybuilder’s pec penetrates the board, its tip protruding, two inches below the hard wood.

“YIIIIAH!” the bodybuilder shouts. “The pain! Take my pain, my Prince!”

Sodom says to no one in particular. “His prick is harder than ever.” Satisfied, he nods.

The Russian Powerlifter looks at the Redd Twins. He ducks first to suck the drip of titjuice off the nipples of the Left Redd Twin, and then to lick the squirting titcum from the ripe stretched nipples of the Right Redd Twin. The Redd Twins follow the Russian Powerlifter closely as he raises his thickly muscled arm and with the heavy hammer in his big hand drives a second spike,

deftly nailing the crucified bodybuilder's right pec to the board.

"AAAIIYH!"

"More pain!" Sodom's eyes are red with bloodlust.
"Beg me for more pain."

"More."

"Louder!"

"MORE!"

"Repeat it over and over." Sodom's Robo hand works blood rhythms on his monstrous cock.

"MORE! MORE! MORE! AIIYHAHHH!"

"Nail his nipples to the board."

Obediently, the hairy Russian Powerlifter re-grips the fried nipple tips and stretches them four inches, nailing first the left and then the right to the board. The bodybuilder is crucified not only by his hands. Spikes crucify his pecs. Nails crucify his tits.

He screams uncontrollably. Titcum drools, then shoots from his tortured nipples as he throttles in sexual ecstasy.

Sodom is pleased with his new punishment. His dick tells him so. "Twist my tits," he orders the huge-chested Pro-Wrestlers reaching around his massive shoulders. "Twist my tits. Milk my tits. Make my tits cum!"

He motions to the Black Bodybuilder. "Jolt him. Hard! To full consciousness."

The electricity surges. The smell of burning flesh around the crucified bodybuilder's ankles mixes with the heady smell of blood pungent in the death chamber.

"YIIIIY! YES! YES! UNNNH! MORE! MY DICK WANTS MORE!"

Prince Sodom nods. "He is hard. He is hung. HANG HIM!"

The Viking Whipmaster slips a rough hemp-rope noose tight around the crucified man's thick neck making his tongue protrude across his broken teeth, past

his lips, under his broken nose on his face transfiguring to even greater beauty dying than living. A wild look brightens the bodybuilder's eyes. The Viking Whipmaster slips a second noose around the 2x4 board. The crucified man screams, doubting himself, but not doubting Prince Sodom. He realizes he is to be hanged by his tits and pecs, and by his neck, until he is dead, with his arms outspread, hands nailed to the wooden posts, ankles electrified, his cock uncontrollably erect, driven harder and bigger by the injected endorphins of the RXush of CXonsciousness.

"NO! NO!"

"I will torture you until your *NO* becomes *MORE*," Prince Sodom says. "And then you die!"

"NO MORE! NO MORE! MASTERRRRR! YESSS!"

The Black Bodybuilder jolts the roped-and-nailed man in three sets of ten heavy reps. The magnificent body rises, convulses, blood and white titcum squirting from his four-inch nipples, dripping over the white oak 2x4 board. A muscular Teen Slave, pumped since his eighteenth birthday with massive 'roids therapy, picks up the chalice once carried by the Newyorican punk gangster. The Teen Slave knows his role: his hose-man cock pisses a stream of foaming yellow urine steaming into the chalice that he fills to overflowing. Grabbing a funnel hose, the Teen Slave shoves a black rubber tube down the crucified man's throat, force-feeding the Liqueur of Endurance. The crucified bodybuilder, gagging on the tube in his throat, envies the Teen Slave's unmarked, young, huge-pumped bubble-pecs, tipped with titcum-squirting raisinette nipples. He recognizes the Teen Slave. He recognizes the fresh face moving in close to suck the blood and breath from his broken nose. It is his adoring younger brother, stroking off his dick, sexually active in the erotic art of fratricide.

"Now," Prince Sodom says. "Now we are ready."

The blond Viking Whipmaster connects the two nooses, one from the pair of nailed tits and one from the thick neck, attaching their sturdy knot to an industrial chain hoist swung in overhead.

“Now I will see pain,” Prince Sodom says. “I will see fear. Hang him! Hang him by his tits! Perhaps I will see...the passion...and death...sometime...of some God. Hang him by his pecs! Hang him by his neck. Slowly. Raise him slowly. Milk his huge bodybuilder chest of all its pain. Make his tits spasm, cum, and squirt titjuice!”

The chain hoist rattles through its pulleys, ratcheting the tortured muscleman higher and higher until his pecs stand as pumped and proud as in any physique competition. The hanging rope around his neck makes his eyes bulge. His tongue, its tip torn where once sewn over with his own foreskin, protrudes from his mouth. “AAAAAAH! The pain! The Pain! THE PAIN!”

Sodom feasts on the sight of the tortured muscle-pec-man hanging, nailed, whipped, tit-tips double-drooling clear gleat, massive hardon of freshly unforeskinned cock seeping clear pre-cum. “Without a signature hardon,” *The Book of Prince Sodom* says, “death is not erotic transcendence, not erotic union, not erotic immortality, not erotic at all.”

“THE PAIN!” The hanging man looks down at his big pierced pecs and his huge tits exaggerated by torture. His hands are nailed. His fingers are screwed down. He can only watch his unstoppably thick cock, with a drive of its own, turned on by the pain, turned on by the agony, begin to shudder on its own, shaking him hanging helpless, revving up, spermbustible, racking him, shaking him, wagging his hanging body the way a huge tail wags a helpless dog. “AAAH! I’m going to cum!”

Sodom palm-drives his own dick with both hands. “MORE! When he shoots his load, HANG HIM!”

“YOURS, Prince Sod!” The hanging, crucified body-

builder raises his handsome face: blue eyes, blond moustache. “My chest, my pecs, my tits, my titcum, my cock, my cockcum are YOURS!” His body spasms, his big dick cums, and hot white sperm shoots up his tortured body, clots of jizm on his chest, snowballing down his nailed pecs, dripping off the bloody leaking tips of his nipples into his little brother’s hungry, suckling, waiting mouth.

The last fast ratchets of the chain hoist him up, high, strangling him, tearing the nails by the inch up his pecs, lifting him in perfect ascension to glory in Prince Sodom’s Pantheon of Pain.

Sodom’s own dick rides the death rattles. “Die for my jizm, slave. Die for my cum! UuuuUUUH! Die! In pain! Die! Die for my jizm!” The Prince’s cum splatters on the slaves around him. They grovel and fight his ’roid-jazzed little brother for his bloody seed.

“Uuuuhh,” Prince Sodom says. “What a studly sight.” Slaves suck cum off his fingers. “Bring to my bed tonight whoever is the biggest, beefiest, chestiest body-builder. I think I will make love.”

“What shall we do, my Master,” the Viking Whipmaster asks, “with this one, your lover from last night?” The Viking Whipmaster points up at the crucified body-builder hanging by his pecs and neck, choking, breathing, writhing in hysteric euphoria.

“Such a man is a sight to be savored,” Prince Sodom says. “Let us enjoy him hanging for awhile. Have the little brother drive his fist up his brother’s ass. We have pumped up the younger one so he has thick hands, hardened forearms, and meaty biceps. I want to see the crucified brother arm-fucked bicep deep. Then you, my Viking, and you, my Russian, can fuck the younger brother’s ass and make him suck your nipples till you cum. But don’t kill him. Thrill him. Build the hunger in him. As for the older brother, in two or three hours, and before he dies, call my swordsman. Order him to laser-

slice the body artfully at the three-quarter mark, below the nipples, just below the chest, severing the spine in one neat stroke. Then move a marble column. That one with the statue over there. Do away with the man's torso and body. Stuff his balls in his mouth with his big dick protruding from his lips. Lower his crucified chest almost onto the column, and leave him there suspended by the neck, so we can admire his face and the amazing look frozen in his eyes."

"His arms are still crucified."

"Cut them off at the shoulder. Leave the ropes and nails and board through his tits and chest. He'll make a handsome bust for our banquet in his memorable honor tonight. Everyone will know how I loved him."

* * * *

This note in all its sincerity is presented verbatim, as spelled, and hand-delivered in 1975.

"Something To Think about;

I would like to have you see me in pain! Having you see me, and hereing me in Pain. To see the sweet balls Pop all over me, and to smell the Pain grow in me more, and more. Mouth should drink from your juice cock, and see you sit on my mouth as I ake in Pane. Having my tongue dig in to you as you show more parts of me to feel you. Your ass should muffel my crys, and having me suck on your ass hole and when my cock sit up and hard, Your hands and mine will Tuch my sole and dance on my braine and you will know that I am a brother of Pain and you are the giver of Pain. And in that I will show you my love of you and Please you if you let me.

—Tony Tavarossi"