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M. Manie's

LAUSCHER

(speak: "laousher")

** Listener/Eaves Dropper **

* * *

"...and make sure that he does not see you. He purposely fucked your bitch. He knows who you are."

"You only have to tell him, that she is waiting in the forest by the lantern..." The voice faded and a third could be heard in the dark blue night. Three men came through the swinging doors of the small town club with the light only capturing them for a moment.

How stupid! Lauscher thought.

As the three figures drew closer, he remained behind the brush for now. Two middle-sized guys along with something smaller came closer. Nothing could be made out clearly. Lauscher strained to look, to see if there were more handsome individuals coming? But, nothing!

"They often come with cunt juice anyway", he growled.

He liked cunt lovers, with or without a better half. No boys, real men brought him more fun. They should be at least in their mid twenties or at least appear so.

Mostly they strut around and think they are something! But, if you throw them off they will suffer tremendously! Lauscher thought evilly.

He wanted to see such suffering, got off on it. Small town boys were the best victims, seldom knew more than tits, cunts or missionary positions. And guys such as those are easily taken advantage of with the help of beer or liquor of any type. Therefore, red haired Lauscher hardly needed to fear anyone.

Who brings vigorous measures into the land and has hand-to-hand combat education?

With his 36 years of age he was trained like no other, not even younger ones. Some, he literally knocked their teeth out of their heads, if they tried to fight him, as soon as he touched their cocks or asses. Almost nobody wanted to get into a brawl with him. His stature was impressive, and his knee-high boots are reinforced.

He had been living here for almost two years now, frequently visiting the small

town club, hunting cum; how many liters did he get out of their taps? Already his lewd far exceeded every cunt in the area.

What dicks will be at the club today and pine for cunts? Lauscher thought, smirking as he walked along the bushes.

He had not reached the end of the bushes yet, as half of the clubs doors flew open, and the two middle-sized guys from earlier came rushing out. Quickly they sought a hiding place in the brush across from the club. A light colored shirt could be seen through the twigs and leaves. Obviously they were hiding and waiting. So did Lauscher.

The previously heard word and the strange undertone came back to him. Who are they waiting for? Something is going on! They are planning on doing something! And what? Not a romp in the bush, obviously!

A good-looking male specimen emerged from the club shortly after, stopping briefly. He looked to be just the right age for Lauscher. You could see his well build body even under his loose fitting close.

Totally sexy, small-town fucker! Lauscher thought. A soccer player or some other shit like that?

The fellow crossed the street and disappeared into the following forest patch. Lauscher often fucked one or the other less willing piece of ass in that same forest. If somebody tried to resist he would simply put him in a headlock rip their clothes off and tie them up with their undergarments.

Just the thought of that made Lauscher's big cob grow hard, making his moleskin pants bulge. His hard cock released drops of semen rubbing on the inside of the rough material of his pants. Lauscher reached into his left pocket to massage his throbbing cock above his fat balls.

No sooner had the fellow disappeared into the forest and bushes, the other two jumped out of their hiding place pulling ski masks over their heads as they swiftly made their way through brushes and twigs.

What is this supposed to be? Lauscher thought, shaking his head. A kinky threesome?

Now it got interesting. Lauscher followed quietly. First he could not see anything in the small forest. The muscular fellow strolled whistling and pleased with himself towards dull lanterns. Did the anticipation of a good fuck inspire him?

Lauscher noticed swift shadows under dark treetops. The two guys! They were swiftly following the big guy without almost any noise, swiftly closing in on him. Lauscher did the same.

One of the guys reached into the pocket of his jacket searching for something and pulling it out. Lauscher noticed a strange smell creeping into his nose. Strangely familiar, but yet out of place. The forest mostly smelled of old wood and wet leaves. How did he know this odor? Artificial somehow. Not cologne! Lauscher crept closer, shielded by the dark trees. Separating them by only a few meters...

The situation suddenly changed!

Suddenly the dark pair leaped out attacking the cheerful guy. One of them held him with a firm grip, while the other hit him in the face with something. The first one hit him with a strong blow. His friend kicked him in the right shinbone. The big guy fell over like a sack of potatoes, halfway lying in the light to one side of the

lantern. Both guys pressed him down onto the damp ground, kneeling down on him. The big guy did not move anymore.

They knocked him out! Lauscher realized. That was the smell. Ether! Did they attack this sexy idiot to rob him? Hard to believe! What they said in front of the club, told otherwise. We will see!

Lauscher wanted to see what was going on? He liked to play peeping Tom, he was hardly ever careful about it. Who would dare attack him anyway? Up until now he defeated anyone. Even those two middle-sized guys would not be a problem. He would drive those fuckers into the ground if he had to.

Only their screaming bitches were annoying. But, after a few slaps and blows to stupid curly heads they silenced quickly. Then they could watch how he fucked their dicks up the ass. Lauscher knew very well how to fuck men, so they would like it in the end.

Afterwards there was mostly no more kissing a woman, engagement or marriage.

What could they do? Press charges? Hogwash! Whoever fucks openly does not need rubber. It is not against the law to watch. And he was the one that got attacked not the other way around.

This current situation was different and thrilling even. Suspense was in the air. Lauscher's cock pressed against the garment of his pants, while he was rubbing it with the left hand in his pocket. All the while moaning softly, feeling satin threads come up in the end of his cock. Sticking to his hairy upper legs, turning sticky and cool.

Lauscher kneaded his cock and balls. Hanging hard between muscular legs, adorned by wool like hair. He panted silently, sliding behind leaping bushes. The straying light of a far of lantern illuminated the exciting scene in the grass. Barely three meters away from him, excellent view.

"I believe he is in the land of dreams for now", uttered one of the guys.

"For sure! Besides, my hand is starting to get cold", his friend replied laughingly. "Man this shit stinks and dissipates quickly." He lifted the ether-soiled cloth from the face of the unconscious man and threw it aside.

"He is going to have a hell of a headache when he wakes up. Fucking jerk. This is what he gets for fucking my bitch."

"Now what?"

"We will strip this jerks' clothes off and tie him up between the trees."

"Naked?"

"Yeah, what else?" The first accomplice pulled a clothesline out of his jacket and dangled it in front of him. Without a word they starting taking the small town Casanovas clothes off, tied his arms and feet stretched out to four young trees.

Those fuckers! Lauscher smiled. Repeatedly he shook his head, feeling his cock beating, starring at the scene in front of him. This fucker looks good! He noticed, almost jealously. And his cock and balls... Wow!

It is really big. Sadly it currently only hung there. But, to watch him tied up excited him. Lauscher's eyes hungrily graced his naked muscular chest; six pack abs, slender hips and muscular legs. His blonde hair almost made him appear hairless. Only the groin showed visible wool. The night air made his tight nut sack hardly smaller. Fat balls! His meat post was impressively large.

The victim soon started to regain consciousness. He moaned and tried to get up. His muscles pulled to no avail. The clothesline held tight.

"Our pretty boy woke up." The first perpetrator bent down and gave him a rough blow.

"He looks nice, lying there naked and all", the second perpetrator exclaimed, while both stood there smoking all relaxed.

"Untie me, dammed!" He ordered.

"You would like that wouldn't you? You fucking pig, you always fuck the bitches of others! Now is the time to get you back and teach you a lesson, you asshole!"

"If you or anybody else don't know how to fuck your bitch right, then somebody else has to do it", he shouted arrogantly.

"You stupid jerk!" Exclaimed perpetrator one, as he angrily kicked him in his ribs and spit on him.

He moaned loudly tried to evade the attack, shouting! "If you do not untie me at once, I will scream bloody murder!" after he caught his breath.

"Oh really?" Perpetrator one stuffed his own boxers in his mouth with a long object. "Go ahead!"

"Mmmph, uuuuummmph!" He tore on his ties to no avail. Chest heaved. Muscular legs tightened. Six pack abs hardened. His nipples stood up.

Cool nipples, really hard and big! – Lauscher's cock jumped wildly. Releasing cum in abundance. – Should I jack off? Naw! Let's wait and see what happens!

Both perpetrators proceeded to repeatedly kick the guy in his side, and then they put their cigarettes out on his chest and stomach. Afterwards they undid their pants to first urinate on his face and then the rest of his body. The first perpetrator hit him in the balls as well. You could hear him cry out in pain even through his gag. Perpetrator two made the long object appear again. Spray can! Laughingly shoving the cold object into his muscular ass.

The naked one thrashed around on the ground, groaning dully in his chest, probably screaming. No escape! The object buried deeply in his butt hole, as well as the pissed on gag stuck in his mouth. Boxer shorts! The masked perpetrators laughed, gloating, as they trotted away the guy's clothes in their possession.

Left naked! Nobody would come for now. Somebody would probably find him after several hours. The fact that Lauscher lurked behind the nearby bush like the neighbors horny dog was not noticeable at this time.

Those small town fuckers really took off already! – Almost painfully, his hard cock started to remand its right. With stiff legs he emerged from his hiding place, looking around briefly. – He did not think that anybody would be out for a stroll at this hour!

Swiftly he made his way to the naked guy, crouching down next to him. Greedily he watched the helpless man, as he lay there smelling of piss, cold cigarettes, and cologne and perspiring with fear. Wide eyed, starring at him. The naked guy could not speak only grunt.

Gagged, with his ugly boxer shorts! Lauscher grinned. That's what the jerk gets. Only idiots would wear stuff like this. Stupid! That is just like mommy outfitted in a bodice and armed with a varicose vein support hose.

"I guess you are trying to tell me something, right my young friend!" Lauscher slowly pulled the urine soaked material out of small town Casanovas' mouth. With

the stinking barrier gone, he gasped loudly. "What? What did you say?" Lauscher spoke softly.

"Good... that... somebody came by or I would have laid here all night. I was attacked! Untie me, quickly!"

"I heard everything that was said while ago", Lauscher grinned, grabbing the guys fat balls, massaging them. Then he grabbed his big penis, pushing back the foreskin, as far as you could with a limp dick. "So this is the thing that you used to fuck their bitches?"

"Of course! No bitch turns me down with these looks. The chicks love me. What are you doing? Are you gay?" The naked one tensed up. "Untie me at once, you fucking faggot!"

"How unfriendly of you. You should know how far you can go for someone in your situation." Lauscher yanked the spray can out of the guys' ass. Short scream. Naked torso cramped, a loud moan came from deep down his chest, followed by labored breathing. "Oh, I am sorry." Lauscher exclaimed maliciously. "You can't walk."

"I did not mean it like that", he said, trying to smooth the situation over. "I am sorry if I have offended you. How would you feel in my situation? So please untie me or I am liable to freeze to death out here."

"Soon you will not freeze anymore, my young friend", Lauscher assured, grabbing the guys thick pipe. – You fucking ass kisser! "Your dick is not getting hard, how weird."

"How could it, dammed? Stop touching my penis and untie me."

"And if I don't want to right now?" Lauscher massaged fat balls.

"You goddamn faggot!" He screamed.

Lauscher slapped him open handed. A loud smack, his head flew to one side. "Don't ever call me that again, you piece of shit!"

"Hel...!"

Lauscher muffled the scream by stuffing the urine soaked boxer short back into the athletic guys mouth. "Those jerk offs from while ago were right: You are a stupid asshole! And that will change! By the time I am done with you, you will think twice about treating people like this for the rest of your life! I will rid you of that."

Lauscher forced himself between the guys' muscular loins, unpacking his own wet dick. Unbelieving eyes starred at the massive cob from underneath. Lauscher picked his ass up with both hands. Handy tight ass!

A full load of spit hit the crack. Rock hard penis knocked on the widened asshole, tucking against it several times. The tied up guy winced and shook full of fear. Lauscher could tell that he was trying to tighten up his muscle to prevent him from entering. To no avail!

Lauscher pushed his mass into the opening. The juicy rosy ring now stretched much further as it did with the spray can. Fleshy round opening bulged around the tip of his penis, sucking, pressing. Lauscher loved it! He enjoyed the warm male cave. The fat tip of his penis stuck in it. His thick shaft the length of his hand waiting at the guys hole.

Who was moaning and groaning, tightening his tight abs. He tried to wriggle away, pushing his heels into the soft ground. Lauscher pulled him back by his balls and pubic hair. A hot urine stream made its way into the colon, filling it,

almost making it burst.

Lauscher was one of those people who could piss despite of having a hard on. Learned at the military, was part of basic training. Urine ran comfortably through his penis washing virgin intestine walls. Finally the creek dried out. Watery noises came from the guys' belly. Corked and filled!

The small town Casanova groaned, whining dully through his gag. Wet drops ran past Lauscher's pole, wetting the used butt hole, hitting the grass and seeping away. Urine vapors came up. Lauscher soaked it in through mouth and nose. With a jerk he yanked his pole out of his ass and jumped up.

"Umpf!" Tight ass fell to the ground. Instantly a mix out of intestine content came out. A stream of it shot through the grass hitting bushes three meters away. The guy groaned thrashing back and forth. Finally the flood of man piss and shit pieces subsided.

Lauscher took the spray can and stuffed the hole again, put his hard penis in his pants. "I am just going to go and get some beer. I don't think you will escape." Laughing evilly, checking the ropes. "Everything is ok sweetheart, we will continue later. I am sure you will like, because I will! So, just be a good boy and wait here for me."

Lauscher walked in a stride passed the club to a nearby gas station and went inside. The air was foul inside, but the gasoline smell outside was exciting.

A boy barely 18 years of age wearing a blue gas station uniform looked up and smiled. "Hi, in the neighborhood again?"

A good-looking boy. Every once in a while they would drink one or two beers together. The boy could sense Lauscher's other side, tried to offer himself once. He must like the skinhead look and muscular bodies. Lauscher did not see any sense in fucking young boys.

Kids are boring! I will get you in about five years! He thought and grinned. "I want the usual."

"Six pack?" The boy briefly starred at Lauscher's groin. A wet spot and a hard bulge!

"Don't ask stupid questions. You know what I want." Money hit the counter.

"I get off in half an hour and will close up here." The cash register closed.

"How nice for you. Have a good evening."

"I don't want to go home yet, do you want to go and get drunk?"

"Maybe another time." – I don't even think so! I have something better waiting for me than a boy like you!

He nodded briefly, adjusted his cob, and then left throwing the glass door shut behind him. The soles of his knee-high boots echoed through the night air as he walked away.

Those small town jerks are truly stupid! Lauscher thought, as he closed in on the faded light of the lantern. They tied up a sexy meat packet and don't know what to do with it. They should fuck him instead! But, they are too stupid for that. Good for me! I just have to reach for it!

He was laughing halfway, as he got closer to the naked muscular body tied up in the grass. Spread eagle! Light skin glowed under the distant shimmer. But Lauscher was missing something. He liked to bring guys like him to submission by himself.

Should I untie him, put him in a headlock and then tie him up again! I can do it. I have conquered bigger guys than him. And when you beat up shit heads like him, it is much worse for them. Especially for trained athletes! But it has its own appeal... we'll see! What kind of sport activities does he do? Soccer? Those fucking assholes! He could also be a swimmer. Some stupid jerk from a ten-meter diving board that gets adored by stupid chicks. Or he has gym muscles? Which, with this arrogant asshole anything is possible. He probably drives a sport car, widened and dropped. Bugger Manta? Guys like him also run around in flower print boxers.

Lauscher liked sports objects and no underwear, as well as sport utility vehicles and old WWII motorcycles with side carts. Lauscher had put many a fellow into such coffins, driving them over dirt roads. Naked under a tarp! Which usually ended in gravel yards or excavator holes. Screams could rarely be heard. But they echoed nicely from the steep walls. Cool ponds helped with insolence and many a body openings.

The naked one heard Lauscher approach, jerked his head up and froze. Lauscher stopped beside him, enjoying the scenery, ripping the first can out of the six-pack. It fizzled as he opened it. Dropped the remaining five beers to the ground. Grass dampened the fall. Lauscher drank almost the entire half-liter in big long swallows, stopped, again indulging himself on the fellows winding muscles especially his package.

An odor of urine and shit and sweat ascended from the forest floor. A soft wind blew through the twigs and leaves. An engine howled somewhere, fading into the night. Who were squeaking, mice or some other animal? The wind brought fragments of the clubs music. The dull lantern spit out a spooky light from ten meters away.

Lauscher spotted the spray can in the grass between his light skinned ass cheeks. "Oh look here! The can slid out of your can? Or did you shit it out?"

"Uuh, uuh, ummph! The athletic guy came up a little bit, sank back and shook. Was he cold? Surely. The ties cut deep into his wrists and ankles. He had obviously pulled on them with all of his might.

"You should not try stupid shit like that, my dear friend", Lauscher advised sternly. "When I check on ties, then you can be sure they will hold, believe me"

"Ughh, immm, blmmp!"

"I am sorry, but I can not understand what you are saying. As long as you will scream, I am not taking the urine soaked boxers out of your trap." The guy shook his head. "Do you mean that you will be quiet, if I remove it?" Vigorous nodding. "Ok, let's see! If you make the slightest loud noise, I will put the rag back in your mouth and kick your ass, is that understood?" Convincing nodding. Lauscher kneeled down and pulled the stinking rag out of the strange pie hole.

First it was open wide, with rows of white teeth showing. Hungrily he took in the air, panted dry, swallowing several times, making disgusted expressions. "I...will... do... what you want, I will not scream. But, please do not gag me again. I can barely breathe. Do you want me to suffocate?"

"Not really, sweat heart. Do you want a beer?" Lauscher blew at him.

"Sure! But, how am I supposed to drink it?"

"Open your hole!" Lauscher took a big swallow, bending down to the guy's lips.

"No!" He jerked his head aside, closing his mouth tightly.

Lauscher spit all of the beer in his face. "Open your god damn mouth, you ass fucked Santa Clause!"

"I'm not gay" the small town Casanova replied.

Lauscher grabbed him left handed, jerking his head around, digging thumb and middle finger into cheeks. Teeth and lips were forced open violently. Gagging came from the naked chest.

"Yes, that hurts, doesn't it? If I push harder your jaw will break. I am strong enough to do that, believe me. Why do you always have to pull stupid shit, you stupid pig?" Again, Lauscher took a big swig of beer and spit it into his open mouth.

It gurgled, swished away foaming. Obediently swallowed! After the second can was emptied, Lauscher loosened his grip and slapped him. Beer came out of the side of his mouth.

He coughed, shook his head. "That is so brave, to torture a helpless person!"

"You think? I found you like this. Why should I pass up the chance to have some fun?"

"I haven't done anything to you..."

"You called me a faggot!"

"That is just something that you say. You should know that. After all, you were the one that touched my balls. I would never heard a faggot, if he did not bother me."

"Don't give me that bullshit! You don't believe that. I know your kind."

"Are you brave enough for a man to man fight?"

"Always! But, that is to past time for me..."

"Because, you will lose, right?"

Lauscher stood up, legs crossed, ripping his shirt off and letting his muscles play. "You were praying on your god looks while ago. Now look at me. Do you think I am afraid of you or anybody else for that matter? Do you know how many Bull biters and fighters I already rammed into the ground? And none of them were tied up."

"You can tell me what you want."

"If I untie you and fight with you, then you will say that I took advantage of a weaker person."

"I know what I can do! Untie me and we will see. But, you have to take off your boots first, since I am all naked."

"Whatever! But, winning against somebody who has a disadvantage against me is fruitless. And afterwards I will tie you up again anyways.

"Let's go" the guy replied.

"Don't think that you could escape, boy. You may be a good runner, even though your stature doesn't say so. But I have endurance and will catch up with you after at least two hundred meters. I also have combat training and always train.

"I will not run!" Arrogant answer.

After Lauscher took off his boots and untied him, he immediately attacked. Lauscher easily avoided the kick aimed for his package, conquered with two blows to strange ribs. All air left him. A loud slap and hard push, and he fell over.

The guy lay wheezing in the grass looking fearful at Lauscher.

"Now what? I told you so", growled Lauscher.

"Maybe I was really to weak..."

"You over estimated yourself, you shit head! Do you want a beer?" vigorous nodding answered.

Lauscher sat down, opened two cans and gave one to the fellow. He drank greedily. Lauscher sized him up, appreciating the look of light skin over tight muscle play. His eyes fixated on his package.

Totally sexy! – Lauscher touched his limp hose, holding the big nut sack in his hand. His cob was already getting hard, behind the moleskin fabric of his pants. Lauscher unpacked his pole. It stuck high up in the cold air, twitching and swaying. Glittering with drops at the end.

The naked one looked. "You really do have a big dick."

"Blow me", Lauscher demanded. "After all, you lost the fight..."

A cold splash of beer hit Lauscher in the eyes. Blinded for a second, then he shook it off. Small town Casanova was already ten meters ahead. Lauscher chased, breaking through bushes and brushes. Catching after less than a hundred meters.

He leaped! Lauscher caught the escapees left foot. The naked guy fell lengthwise. Immediately Lauscher threw himself on top of him, slapping him left and right. Cruelly spreading his arms with his knees pinning him down.

"So, you don't like my beer? Maybe you will like this better!" Lauscher's pants were still open. Meat pole hanging out, pointing halfway to the face on the ground and rising. Lauscher was horny, from the fight, the hunt and the apprehension.

"Do you want me to blow you?" He asked, as he gasped for air.

"Do you think I am stupid enough to put the best part of me between your teeth?" Lauscher hit him in the chest with his right fist. Air escaped whistling. "No, my friend! It is over for you. You had the chance to get away while ago, if you had jacked me off. But now..."

Lauscher's full bladder begged to be emptied. He forced the guys mouth open, pissed in it and shut it. "Swallow it!"

Moaning and gurgling. Piss came out between lips. He thrashed around on the forest floor near vomiting. Worthless! Lauscher had him pinned pissing against his throat and chin. "You don't want to drink anymore? Then let's try another way!"

One after another he pissed into his nostrils. Piss stream shot into his nose and flushed down his nasal passages. The struggled wildly, coughing and panting, hitting the ground with both fists. "Mmmmmhmmmm! Rmmmmhmmmm! Hmp, hmp!"

Full shower. Even his hair got washed and relaxed, his tonsils got rinsed as well. Lauscher dragged his wet naked pray back to the old place by his left leg, tying his hands and feet.

He positioned him like a dog. "The best thing for you is to hold still and relax. You know what happens if you scream, I will put your piss soaked boxers back into your mouth. Do you understand?"

"Yes." He answered weakly. The prisoner was shaking. Out of fear?

"Your ass is cramped up. Let's change that", Lauscher joked. He picked the spray can up from the ground spit on it several times and pushed the slimy object

to his asshole. "Just pretend you are taking a shit, then it won't hurt so much. Not at all, actually." Lauscher knew what he was saying.

His asshole tightened up at first, but then the sleek object got sucked into his cave bit by bit. Lauscher pushed it in all the way. Asshole muscle closed over it, swallowing the round metal object. Only the light colored shimmer between his ass cheeks told of the metal object. The guy moaned and whined. His asshole started opening, pushing violently, and twitching even. He must be pushing. The widened hole opened.

"Hey, keep it in there", Lauscher ordered.

"That hurts like hell! That thing is hard and angular!"

"Keep it in!" Lauscher drove the can deeper, pulling on the guys' heavy balls.

"No", he whined, crying obviously. "I can't take it! I don't want to scream, but I can't hold back much longer."

That is true; Lauscher concluded, is should give him a hard on and fuck him up the ass. If you only tortured guys like him, they will claim that they did not get off on it. But if you manage to get somebody like him to have an orgasm while he is being fucked... sure! That is absolutely that worst that you could do to them. Pain would linger for days or months maybe. But to learn how to deal with it could take years or the rest of your life even. "Ok, shit it out, for all I care."

He groaned. His asshole arched like a fist. Lauscher watched content. Better than television! First he saw a black hole, which grew steadily. The hole widened, opening. The spray can appeared, shimmering silver, creeping out of his asshole.

Lauscher calmly drank beer and smoked. His prisoner panted loud, pissed with no end and drooled. He had pushed the spray can halfway out in the meantime, which must require a lot of strength. Coughing, he gasped for air, then his colon started to push again. The spray can slid slowly out of his gaping hole.

Eventually the spray can came out of the man pussy, falling hollow to the ground. Lauscher grinned evilly, drank the last sip of beer and threw the cigarette away. "Ok then! You made it my friend. And how are you feeling?"

"Please, let me go now. You had your fun." He begged whining.

"Yeah right!" Lauscher slapped each tight ass cheek with the tip of his fingers.

The prisoner twitched violently. Red marks appeared on the skin of his ass. "Please, let..."

"Shut up", Lauscher growled, kneading the guys' balls, pushing his right thumb against the edge of the widened asshole. While he was fondling the fat balls, his index, middle and ring finger were exploring the juicy cave, finding the chestnut inside. The guy was shaking, panted again, and tried to pull his ass away. Lauscher growled angrily. "Your ass stays here, understood? Or do you want me to put the can back into your can?"

Obediently he held still, just breathing. Pain? Lauscher's left hand held the guys dick, pulling his skin back. Strongly pulling on it, rubbing the tip of it.

Soon he started breathing differently. He snorted, got a hard on. Lauscher always accomplished his goal, rubbing him swiftly. His moleskin pants slid down his thighs. His dripping bolt swung, smelling sharply. Lauscher put his 5-centimeter wide dick to the ass crack and opened the entrance.

"At least use a condom", the guy whined. Musty leaves and pine needles were stuck to his light skin. Piss and sweat odor ascended.

"A goddamn condump? Let's not get perverted, dear heart. Such crap! And I don't think that you have one with you right now", Lauscher jeered, pushing 19-centimeter length into the juicy hole.

The guy twitched like electricity had touched him, cramping all muscles, hitting the ground with his tight up fists. His dick went limp. Lauscher's thrust obviously tortured him. Hoarse gapping spoke for it self.

"Do you have to piss boy?" Lauscher rubbed the athletes' penis.

"Yes." He answered reluctantly and shaking.

"Go ahead! You have my permission!" Lauscher's fat nut sack pressed in between the muscular ass cheeks, hairy abdominal skin stuck to tight cheeks. He repeatedly rammed into the colon.

"Hrrraah!" Glittering stream shot out from the head of his penis, hitting grass. Shock and fear piss! Lauscher did not want to waste any of it, steering the golden flow towards his victim's muscular chest, especially rinsing his nipples. The face got a bath as well.

Lauscher watched content as he saw it hit the mouth and nose as well. The guy coughed, spit and grunted, lifting his head out the line of fire. Lauscher grabbed him by the hair forcing him back down. – Drink! – The stream died eventually. The almost limp dick dripped.

That's normal! Lauscher knew that. Working his fat hose skillfully, almost completely pulling out his own cob. Stretched anus pushed outward. Lauscher could feel it. More blood rushed into his dick, throbbing, widening the asshole even more. He thrust again, searching for the chestnut gland with the tip of his dick, gliding accurately alongside it. But even without that, Lauscher's enormous dick would have worked it.

His full pipe stuck in the juicy hole, thrusting inward. Lauscher's balls were hitting the full nut sack. The throaty noises coming from the guys' chest were satisfying. His dick hardened in Lauscher's busy hand with each thrust he pushed into his ass. Eventually it was totally hard. Planed roughly! Lauscher was intoxicated by the power. Submission!

The victim whined and moaned. But the twitching pole spoke for itself. Lauscher's cob went deep inside, pulled out slowly, making a smacking sound as the fat tip of the penis left the cave. A pulsating hole gaped, dripping juicy. Lauscher thrust forward entering the hole before it closed again, ramming his pelvis against it. Air escaped the guys' lungs, which groaned with each trust. So loud that Lauscher eventually had to cover his mouth.

"Mmmmmph, mhmhm, ummmmpf!" The guy fought briefly, breathing labored through his nose. Lauscher was rubbing his pole, grabbed him under the chin, covering his mouth. Air escaped through lips and teeth. Muffled screams growled in throat and chest.

Lust or Torment? – Lauscher listened. – Probably both! No one can fake a hard on!

Strong thrusts pumped into the ass, biting into the strange neck. Could he hear his pipe slide along colon walls? As soon as the full length stuck inside and slid the guy froze including hard on. Each thrust made his dick harder. Lauscher's fat penis rubbed the gland inside, his fingers pushing fleshy foreskin back and forth. Over and over he would check how his pole entered, grabbing the guys balls,

pulling on the sack. The guy shuttered violently.

Lauscher held still, avoiding getting off too quickly. He often played this game with no end. His victim even pushed towards him. Lauscher drilled his nipples. The guy arched his back, screamed and threw his head back. His forehead almost touching Lauscher's chin. Muscles sticking out of his throat. Breath flew out of his mouth.

Begging look! What is he begging for? Does he want more?

Lauscher rammed the cob in faster. Cob eater! Working his nipples with both hands, scratching chest muscles. Panting ascended from the throat. Lauscher put his lips over strange nostrils, pushing the tongue into each hole. Sucking them dry letting spit flow in.

The guy opened his mouth gasping muffled. Air flew through throat and mouth. Lauscher blew into his mouth, making his lungs swell. Snorting loudly himself.

Thrust for thrust plowed through the gurgling Grotto. Lauscher yanked his prey halfway up, spit into both ears, licking, sucking and biting them. Over and over he thrust his pole into the sucking hole, burying teeth into the neck. Pelvis slapped against tightened ass cheeks. Rough moaning followed each thrust.

Slats twitched! Lauscher covered his bitches' mouth again. Rubbing his pole while he grabbed him by the hair, chewing the Adams apple, ramming the bubbling crater.

After long gurgling the guy thrust upward, panting like crazy. Lauscher knew that he would get off any minute. Wildly fucking him, rubbing his pole. Nuts jumped, then the guys milk shot out. Lauscher's fingers could it come through his urinal tubes.

Light stream shot out. White pieces flew meters, landing in the grass. Howling sounds echoed through the small forest. Lauscher shot semen into slurping colon, howling along. Hot semen rushed through the dark blue night or along intestine walls.

Sinking side wards breathlessly. Lauscher left his fat pole inside. Pissing inside of him again after a little while, sighing with ease. His prey was being pumped up again, almost bursting, winding under the growing pressure.

As Lauscher's pole finally went soft, sharp smelling intestine soup flowed past it. Popping as he uncorked him. A mix of semen, urine and brown stuff seeped out of the widened asshole. Subsiding slowly.

Lauscher got up pulling his moleskin pants up, put his wet dick back into his pants and put his boots back on. In the meantime the naked small town Casanova lay there whining and whimpering. Last juice was dripping from the fire red tip of his penis. The guy cried like a child. Sobs shook his body instead of Lauscher's Pelvis. Totally spent! That is exactly what Lauscher wanted.

Nothing is worse for guys like him, to get off while being fucked in the ass! He thought, satisfied with himself. To the outside they will say: I was raped! Seduced even! It did not happen on its own. You either had a hard on or you didn't, you got off or you didn't. Is he gay now? Those idiots don't even think about that this could only be one of their sides, Lauscher thought sheepishly. "Stop crying you chicken shit! You just had a hell of an orgasm. Or do you disagree?"

The guy cried loudly. Lauscher kicked him in his used ass... The old voices appeared! Like before! He hadn't heard the voices or at least only faint ones since

he lived in this shit hole. They did not demand anything merely drove him to insanity with unreasonable orders.

It used to be different! He renamed his barracks to 'Honka's Camp' and advertised a hangman contest. (For explain: Honka was a serial-murder, mature-women only, Hamburg/Germany in the 70th of 20 century) First Place: A real cyclone B can! (It means: Zyklon B, poison-gas used in the nazi-concentration camps) The command was not fond of that. And when he told them about the voices...

Now they burned into his brain: "What are you going to do with him now? Stupid really. All the guys kept their mouths shut so far. It would have been to embarrassing! But this one will not keep quiet! You can't just leave him here. He is going to find out real quick who stuck it to him in a shit hole like this. He is either going to kill himself, turn into a killer or go to the cops."

Lauscher threw bundle of a human over his right shoulder. His pipe he clamped under his arm, digging into the tight ass. Without noticing he stuck his middle finger into the wet asshole and started walking. He wanted to drive the scratching voices out of his head. It did not work! They persisted. Lauscher walked as if he could outrun them.

He lived alone in a small house not too far away with a camouflaged WWII motorcycle and side cart in front of it. He secured the naked one in the side cart and covered him with a tarp and drove to a rock quarry. He bought it last year, fashioned it with a secret romp cave. Strangers only saw a croquet shed in the midst of wild growing brush.

Different on the inside: Provisions, big tool collection, safely stored weapons and other things, as well as several sleeping arrangements! Plenty of beer from Bremen was available. The beer with green sails.

Lauscher put the guy down on a wide mattress, chaining his neck and hands to the strong bedpost. Smelly comforter warming them. The night was getting cool as each one of them quietly emptied a can of the shit beer.

Confusing voices were relentlessly pinching into Lauscher's ears. "You have to make a decision... decision... decision!"

Lauscher did not want to make a decision, lit a cigarette and threw the blanket aside. In the light of the propane lamp he examined his naked prey. Tight muscles! It smelled of piss and sweat. Lauscher loved that. His pole was already stirring again and his sack was tight around his fat nuts. The guy had a weird look on his face.

Does he know what is going on here and what is still in store for him? Can he hear the voices, too? Lauscher asked quietly.

"Hey, I have to piss", he said reluctantly.

Lauscher picked a dirty shoestring up from the floor and tied it around his penis. "Safety measures, so you don't start to piss right away." Then he unlocked the chains, using them as leg chains he pushed the prisoner to the back wall. A pulley with a big hook was hanging from the ceiling there. "Lay down on the floor!"

"Please, I have to piss..."

"Shut the fuck up! You can piss in a minute! Now: Lay down!" Lauscher hooked the leg chains into the pulley and pulled the naked guy up.

Shortly after he was hanging like a cow ready for slaughter. Tangled blond hair

swept the floor. Arms and hands dragged in the dirt. The prey gasped for air and groaned, screamed. Kick in the ribs ended it. Tortured moaning escaped the chest, subsided eventually.

Lauscher took the string of the blue colored dick. "Piss!"

"I can't piss like that", the naked one whined.

Lauscher pulled a big strap off a nail on the wall, striking him across his white back and ass. Piercing scream! Red marks appeared on the skin. Glowing stream shot out of his dick hitting chest and nipple, then throat and chin.

Light yellow waterfall streamed into the screaming mouth, muffling everything. Dull gurgling! Piss flowed filling both nostrils, streaming down the cheeks, drenching tangled hair. Small streams flowed from strands to the floor building a dark spot.

Lauscher pulled him up by his wet hair. Squinted eyes! The sharp soon must hurt, blinding the prey. Lauscher's right hand grabbed his bubbling dick, guiding the flood over stomach and chest to the face. "Open up!"

As the guy refused, Lauscher started to point the bronze stream to his nose. The guy couldn't breathe. He opened his throat up wide. Yellow piss went in, swishing around gums and tongue. Lauscher quickly put the hose into his mouth and drank, milking every drop.

He grabbed the nut sack pulling him between tight thighs, boring right middle finger into the asshole. Warm colon! Lauscher quickly located the semen container and pushed on it. Even though the asshole was widened it still sucked on his finger, twitching. Shortly after the hose grew in his mouth.

He really does have a big dick! Lauscher thought nonchalantly, letting his tongue slide over the tip of his tight dick. His own cob was already pushing towards the moleskin material of his pants. Gasping breath came from the floor.

"That's good! I would like to give you a blow job as well", the prisoner hoarsely offered. "I will not bite your cob off, I promise!"

"Yeah right", Lauscher replied. – I will not take that chance!

But he pulled the boys' hard on completely into his mouth, chewing on the shaft, letting the length of it slide out, rubbing the tip with his teeth. Three fingers of the right hand dug in the colon teasing the semen gland. Panting came from below. Shortly after the guys pelvis started thrusting.

"No, no", Lauscher growled, after he quickly spat out his dick. "You will not come yet!" Skillfully he took the human bundle of the hook, dragging him across the floor by the neck to the right side of the room.

An old dresser was standing there. One door was missing. Square black hole! Seeming almost as greedy as Lauscher. Is that where the voices came from? – They were sawing in his brain!

Lauscher pushed one button on the sound box on top of the dresser. 'What's Going On' from Taste blared out of the speakers. He pushed his prisoner onto the mattress before him, loosened the leg chains and tied up his arms with them. "Lay on your back!"

He obeyed, stared into Lauscher's eyes. Tremendous fear! Lauscher noticed. Good thing, I did not let him give me a blowjob! He took his pants off and stood there with his legs spread. Massive pole swayed between strong hairy thighs. He kneeled down on the mattress, lifting up both of the guys legs, spread them and

watched his twitching pubic hair. The bass was going loudly.

Lauscher spit into the gaping opening several times, slid closer until his tip felt the asshole. He entered, watched in satisfaction how the hole widened, pushed against it. The guy groaned hoarsely, breathing in sharply. His pole shooting up from his six-pack abs. Lauscher's right grabbed it, pushing the foreskin back. Nuts pulsated in the sack. Offspring yelled into the place, shaking shingles, bending wood.

Lauscher's pole swiftly sank into the lapping tunnel. Fat balls slapped against his the ass. Even though the guy moaned in surprise his pipe pulsated in Lauscher's hand. Hard! Lauscher rubbed it and rammed into the slurping cave. Blisters formed on his asshole.

As soon as he pulled his cob back the meaty ring arched over it pulling along the shaft. When he thrust back inside, the tip of his penis would caress the chestnut inside. The nut sack jumped thanks to Lauscher's busy hand. Foreskin closed over the tight tip. Five by nineteen centimeter worked the deep hole underneath.

The athlete was close to coming, while 'Beasty Boys' blared through the shed from the speakers. Labored breathing, winding like an eel. His asshole tightened, pressing Lauscher's shaft.

Lauscher put his prisoners legs on his shoulders, digging violently in the hole. Rough sounds came from the guys' chest in tune with drums and guitars. Lauscher pushed his knees back to his shoulders, bending over him, adjusting the direction of his stopper, deeply driving it in. Eyes burned. Spit hit panting throat. Hard pole plowed roughly through the colon. Twitching hard on stuck between stomachs. Sweaty muscles working his own and the balls on both sides.

Lauscher's left hand forced the preys' mouth open, covering it with his. Violently forcing his tongue down his throat, wallowing over gums and teeth. The guy choked as Lauscher put the tip of his tongue down his throat. Breath escaped through nostrils. Lauscher's right hand felt the cold steel underneath the dresser.

Comrade Walther P7! (Walther P7 is an older German precision handgun) – The decision?

The guy panted fidgeting. His pipe spit out slime into the sweat between the stomachs. Lauscher grabbed the twitching head, locking his jaw, thrusting the tongue in deeper. Each thrust resulted in more semen from his victim. Lauscher pushed wildly, chasing boiling stream into intestines.

Screaming together. Bodies slapping. 'Roxanne' from Police blared: "...dressed for money... Roxanne... put on the red light!" Lauscher put the cold barrel behind the prisoners' right ear. Target, towards top of the head!

The skull burst with a dull pop ripping hair off. Bloody bone fragments, pieces of skin and brain guts spilled onto the upper part of the mattress, sipping into the cracked floor. The asshole cramped tightly with his last breath then going limp.

Lauscher shot the rest of is load into the dying hole. He could feel the executed guys last shot of semen on his stomach. His pole was hard and would remain so.

Lauscher rammed into the corps over and over, forcing his tongue down his throat. Thick blood came up his throat. Brain guts included! He sucked the dead mouth dry... empty...

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