
Chapter 10 - The Titan on Olympus - Part 3e - [Coeus](#) Emerges

“You had to have it all / Well have you had enough? / You greedy little bastard / You will get what you deserve / When all is said and done / I will be the one / To leave you in your misery / And hate what you’ve become” ~ [Breaking Benjamin. Had Enough](#)

Immediately following Chapter 10.3d....

Predator/Gabriel then got a sinister gleam in his eye, “John, would you mind showing the Runt what he has to look forward to if he is a good judge when comparing us...” John got a devilish, Predator smile on his face as he started to struggle with his sleeve to pull it up, but not to tear it when he flexed.

Predator/Gabriel poked his finger hard at the bony flat biceps as he said into Clawson’s face:

“The first little introductory comparison in judging our little contest.”

“Runt’s arm...”

Less than a foot from Clawson's open mouth, Gabriel held up his right arm and flexed a large, navel orange sized ball that was on its way to transforming into something closer to a softball lept into existence. He pointed to the rock hard sphere of perfection and said:

“Man’s arm...”

He then grabbed the back of Clawson’s head and forced him to look at John. As he held Clawson fast in his grip, John flexed his literal cannon into life. Predator/Gabriel whispered in the nothing’s ear:

“God’s arm...”

Clawson tried to inhale a gasp, but he was in such shock that no sound even came out.

Game on...

The Runt fell backwards into the seat. Indeed without the chair to catch him, he went so limp that he would have collapsed onto the ground. Predator/Gabriel laughed hard as he felt the tiny head between his hands begin to shake. He let go of his grip, and despite his total lack of muscle power, the Runt's head and eyes were frozen on the mountain, totally mesmerized by the sight of John as he began to slowly pump his biceps back and forth, the giant brown eyes boring a hole in the tiny brain.

Seeing this reaction, Predator/Gabriel decided to twist the screws in Clawson faster and harder than he had originally intended. He slowly put a hand at the center of the Runt's back and guided him to stand up. Clawson offered no resistance to Predator/Gabriel at all; As Gabriel maneuvered him across the floor, it was as if his brain were on auto-pilot... while both the pilot and co-pilot were out of the cockpit out to lunch.

As Predator/Gabriel was walking the pair toward John very slowly, John became curious. He began to intently listen to Predator/Gabriel as he was softly talking into the Runt's ear, twisting the weak little mind that was now squarely in John and Gabriel's hands. John marveled at how his man had such an instinct for this. It was so different to what he would do in the same situation. But in some ways, it was even more degrading. That voice, those words - the temptation was insidious. Even the timing of the footsteps forward, reinforced what he was whispering in that ear.

"You know how BIG that is, Runt?" **step** "I sure do..." **step** "See, I get to measure that monster," **step** "I get to measure every other muscle on that giant body too. **step** "Every single week." **step** "But, you know what" **step** "I **SLEEP** next to him every night." **step** "**FEEL** that muscle whenever I want." **step** "So **HARD**. So **BIG**." **step** "I am bigger than you imagined possible" **step** "Stronger than you can comprehend" **step** "So **STRONG** that I can make you walk right now wherever I want." **step** "Imagine how **STRONG** that muscle alone is."

One last **step** and Predator/Gabriel had them both standing in the growing shadow of John, GROWING as he pulled back from Braden and stood looming over them both. "You want to know how BIG that is? You wanna know more than anything, right Runt? Well, let me give you an idea. Just a *small* idea of who you tried to take advantage of. What size pants do you wear Runt?"

The Runt tried to answer, but when his mouth opened all that escaped was a whisper so soft it was barely distinguishable from a gurgle of shock. Predator/Gabriel gave a knowing but disgusted laugh. “Huh, figures. When faced with an actual MAN, you can’t even talk. No wonder you have to stage this prefabricated nonsense. It’s the only way you can utter a word. Just another reason you are not a MAN. So, I guess a MAN is going to have to do the work for you again.” Gabriel pulled back the trousers slightly and pulled up a tag from the inside rear belt lining. “John, this says a twenty-eight inch waist and a twenty-eight inch inseam. I am guessing that is a little generous with how scrawny you are; but, let’s take it. That would appear to be the only way that you and I are even close to the same league Runt. My waist is 29 and a half inches. An inch different, but worlds away. And this... this is the difference between a flea and a god.

Predator/Gabriel looked up. “John, flex your forearm and hold it up next to this pathetic sack.” John got a BROAD smile. He KNEW what he was about to see. John dropped to one knee and extended his left arm down. He cocked his wrist in and flexed. A forearm that looked like an entire bowling lane’s worth of bowling pins exploded into life. Veins as thick as the Runt’s fingers extended toward the wrist. Thick and thin, those veins wrapped and snaked around a writhing mass so big that single bands of the individual flexor and extensor muscle, the individual pieces of the brachialis and brachioradialis, were as thick as the Runt’s wrist.

John planted his cocked fist onto the ground and flexed harder with the mild resistance of the floor to push against. Predator/Gabriel brought the Runt and stood him next to it. The picture was worth more than any amount of words could say.

“Look at that sad sight, Runt. That is a MAN’s **FOREARM** and it is bigger than your waist. Fucking hell, it is almost as big as your sunken-in chest. Look at it little shit. How can you be a man or even a boy when a normal *infant’s* waist is bigger than a man’s forearm. BUT, YOU. ARE. NOT. ”

It was true. Every single word Predator/Gabriel said was true. John’s 30.5 inch forearm was actually LARGER around than Clawson’s waist. If he had forced his forearm down an empty pair of the Runt’s trousers, he would have popped the waist stitching and destroyed the seams. John’s wrist alone was bigger than the runt’s calves, his whole arm longer than the Runt’s entire length of leg... and both by an *easily* distinguishable amount. His arm and fist would have blown those tiny pants apart.

A deep, low, "Holy Fuck" escaped Braden's mouth as the full monumental size of the man who had been holding him truly set in. He could not help but reach out and touch the closest part of John he could, the huge right outer quad John was kneeling on. He felt nothing but warm, hard titanium, even though John's quad was unflexed. John responded by gilding the now kneeling Braden around with his right hand until he was within range of the flexed mammoth forearm. He took Braden's much smaller hand and began to give him a slow, guided, wordless tour of twisted cords of muscle and veins - all in front of the Runt's eyes.

Seeing Braden touching that forearm seemed to do something to the Runt. All of a sudden, he shook violently and another of those high-pitched, gasping, girlish-screams came from him. Almost immediately as the screaming noise began to still, John began to laugh - a deep, nearly-uncontrollable guffaw. Predator/Gabriel could hear the laugh of John's Predator, and heard the lilt of his deep voice explode, "**Oh FUCK, GABRIEL.**" John's Predator was almost convulsing with laughter as he actually had to take a breath before he could go on between the laughs. "The tiny fuck just *came* in his pants. It had to be a huge load for him, but it is so fucking pitiful, you can't see it. But I can fucking smell it. Holy Shit. Just seeing me made him fucking shoot. Nobody has ever done that before. Not even that fucking waste of space before. What a pathetic little bitch this is..."

At that moment, despite John's Predator's laughter, seeing all the muscles so tantalizingly close to him, seeing Braden feeling it, seeing John not only allowing it but guiding it, encouraging it...

The Runt tried to reach out to touch. BUT-- Predator/Gabriel's reaction to the movement of the Runt's hand was almost at the speed of John's reflexes. Predator/Gabriel grabbed the back of the loose tank top in one hand and the waistband of his pants in the other and ripped the Runt away from John. He dragged the Runt's body away, meter after meter, until Predator/Gabriel planted him back in the chair he started out in. Predator/Gabriel put his huge arms on either of the chair's arm rests and leaned in so far his nose was almost touching the Runt's. The voice that came from Gabriel's mouth was ice-chillingly cold, despite the words he was using and the power of them. The clinically detached lack of emotion made them almost frighteningly chilling. "You were about to break the first rule, Runt. **AL-FUCKING-READY.** You goddamned disgust me.

"Did I tell you to *TOUCH?* **NO.** Did John tell you to *TOUCH?* **NO.** I told you to *LOOK.* So *LOOK* Look right fucking now." Predator/Gabriel forced the Runt to look over to where John had again sat down, with Braden back in position between his legs leaning against his abs.

Both were watching what was happening while at the same time John continued to guide Braden on his tour of John's body. "Look at Braden there. He is a MAN. He is right next to raw power, *FEELING* that power with his own hands. Enjoying it, but respectful. In control of himself. He isn't cumming like some cheap whore. But you? You shot that pitiful load just seeing John. You're worse than any teenage boy suffering from premature ejaculation. At least he is still a boy and hasn't been exposed to a body before."

Then a predatory cold smile akin to a great white shark came across Predator/Gabriel's lips. "Given that reaction to just looking, you might have a full on myocardial infarct and die if you actually touch him."

The emotionless tone took on a hint of something John could swear was a tiny hint of glee, "Looks like, for your own safety, it is gonna have to be a VISUAL search only of John. Can't have you fucking orgasming to death... or can we..." His eyes bore into the Runt's as it was clear he had a malicious idea, "I'm going to take care of some MAN things. Don't move a single centimeter from that spot until I get back. Got me Runt?"

Instantly, Clawson seemed to freeze in place, while his head slowly bobbed up and down, "Yes Sir."

Predator/Gabriel snickered under his breath as he turned around and started walking to where John and Braden were sitting. It was hilarious and exhilarating to have Clawson's body unconsciously obey him like that. Having someone as nasty as Clawson was under his control, and coming even more under control by the second... The Gabriel part of him sounded a warning to the Predator part. As fun as this was and was yet to be correcting this *being's* behavior and place in life, he had to be careful. John got carried away by this once and it cost him... a lot. It cost him so much that he was only now beginning to really recover from the loss of his job and find a new self.

To protect John, to protect their secret, to do what he must after they return from their honeymoon, to fulfil his promise to John to never let there be another, HE MUST not endanger his job. The Predator part of him understood - he was going to warp this insect, but he could not crush him. John had taught him how to stay in control, and above all things in the universe, every part of Gabriel was devoted to loving and honoring John. He had the will. He would not do what was so tempting to do and would be so easy for him... he had given his word to John.

When Predator/Gabriel got close enough to talk to the pair softly, John was giving Braden a guided tour of his left lower quad through his pants leg. They may as well have been spray-tanned on, the cloth was so tight now. Predator/Gabriel could tell Braden so wanted to give in and abandon himself to total lust. He couldn't cast stones as he knew all too well what effect John had on anyone when you were in the position Braden was. But Braden didn't. Predator/Gabriel could see his self-worth and pride, his interest in seeing what happened to his pissant boss, and... something else holding him back. Predator/Gabriel could see the glint of it in the hot Marine concierge's eyes. Even as sex-hazed as they were feeling John's incredible body and responding to his augmented human pheromones, it was there... fear. He stepped up very close to Braden and whispered quietly, "Braden, do you have any more of those business cards with your name on them? Like you gave us?"

"Sure. In my jacket pocket," Braden replied, almost humming in the throws of the haze. "Take what you like."

"Thank you." Predator/Gabriel said, and then he added one more thing... "And Braden..." Braden looked up. "Trust is a two way street, remember. *We trust* you. Don't hold back. Don't be afraid. Ask John what you need to ask him." Braden looked shocked as Gabriel quickly patted him on the shoulder before he began to move away. He had no idea Gabriel was so perceptive that he could see the question, which was leading to more questions, still unanswered at the center of his mind.

Gabriel walked over to where Braden had folded his jacket. He carefully removed six business cards, and then he replaced the jacket just as he found it. At least his own time at Eton had taught him how to fold uniforms....

As Gabriel walked away, John kept guiding Braden's hand around his teardrop before moving it up the interior quad toward the hip flexors. He had sensed the hesitation of course, but he wanted Braden to broach the subject in his own time. Perhaps Gabriel had noticed something he did not. It seemed to be the case with what he said. So, as he allowed that calloused weightlifter's hand to explore more, he leaned down, "What do you want to ask me, Braden? Given what we are doing to each other, and what I am helping you do... it seems like we should be past the point where you can ask me what is on your mind. Go ahead. No question you will ever ask me again is off limits. I may have to give an abbreviated answer here, but when I can, you have my word I will answer in full. So, what is it?"

“John...” Braden paused for one moment, but then he decided *fuck it. Just let it out.* “There was no way in the world to tell that what was going on with Clawson was that he had cum. None. Not a stain on his pants, that whatever it was yell was like a fan girl, not sexual. Beyond that he barely made a drooling whimper. So how--”

“How could I know? Did I really know just by smelling it?”

Braden nodded yes unto the back of John’s abs. John thought at length, but what was a microsecond for the rest of the planet before he replied. “Braden, for the moment, I am going to have to ask you to trust me in a few things. Some things I will be happy to share with you that I will not share around the Runt. EVER.

“Now, I will say that I am a trained observer and I do it VERY well. That said... the short answer to your question is yes. I smelled it. The next obvious question is how, right?” Braden nodded again. “Well, let me say it this way for the moment. Is it fair to say that I am physically the biggest and the strongest man you have ever seen? A very special man with some special abilities like having REALLY big and strong muscles that no one else has.”

“Yes SIR.”

“Never call me Sir, again. I’m John. Nothing more. Not to you anyway. I’m John. Just like I am 41 years old, and I promise I will never call you Son, even though you technically could be.”

“41!?!? You’re shitting me. You look younger than Gabriel, and he is--”

“Just turned 30. But, I turn 41 in a couple of weeks. That is as true as me being the Predator in Apex Predator - that no one has figured out before you who was not an actual informant, by the way. Like I said, you could theoretically be my son, but I will NEVER look that old.

“Just like I have a very special ability to get very big and be very strong, I also have the ability to look a LOT younger than I am. Can’t claim it as something I have worked on like my body. It just is. I have other special abilities that I rarely show outsiders too. You may see a few others tonight before we are done with Clawson. But like I said, when you see enough and you say yes you are willing to see it all, we will let you into our world and you will see everything

I can do. So, can you be patient that long for me?"

Braden turned around, and he rubbed John's leg harder, but more sensuously, "Yes I can. And, thank you..." Braden then cocked a mischievous jock Cheshire cat smile that would have made the bad boy proud, "...Daddy."

"Why you scrawny fuck," John said chuckling as he pulled Braden's exploring hand toward his granite abs. "I'll get you back for that one."

Meanwhile, cards in hand, Predator/Gabriel walked back to where Clawson was sitting. Clawson had looked so "in control" thirty minutes ago, but now, with Gabriel and John's work on him, even the veneer of basic humanity was starting to wear thin. His eyes darted back and forth between John and Gabriel as he still sat frozen where Predator/Gabriel had left him. Those eyes had an animalistic look about them - as if he were prey, cornered and desperate... but the prey did not look for escape.

Predator/Gabriel could almost read the Runt's thoughts even before the Runt had them. He wanted what Braden had ... respect, care, and most importantly, the ability to access those bodies - so badly that it was starting to break down what was "civilized" about him. It felt like torture - to see one muscular Adonis so completely take him over, while a god among men sat just a few meters away giving another what he craved. He would have dove on that muscle if he could. The only thing that was holding him in place, keeping him from running straight toward what he wanted so badly, was fear. Fear of losing everything.

If he disobeyed the looming British physique god too much, all the three would tell his superiors what he had done, and that would get back to his mother. These men were of such import that they would be believed instantly. Security knew something was wrong with all of this. And he had been foolish enough to have 4,000 dollars in chips in his pocket - tips he had stolen. It was on camera and there would be testimony. Sexual contact, assault, felony theft. All any of them had to do was tell the truth about this and he would be ruined. An employee and unimpeachable MEN like them versus his word? Who would possibly be believed?

And then, there was what was in his pants if he were arrested and searched. He was humiliated. He knew he shot nothing compared to normal men but it was his DNA. And again their testimony and the circumstantial evidence. He would go to jail and then.... But, deep down

within him, so, so deep down... he loved it. A dark, but growing part of him loved what they were doing to him. It loved being controlled, at their mercy. It loved the chance to obey... superior men. He could not leave without showing the stains in his pants which would make him a laughing stock; but, half of him wanted to be seen. He HAD to keep what he had done a secret. Yet, half of him WANTED them to tell. Half of him wanted to keep pretending, keep the secret, and the other half kept whispering... *Be used. You belong here. Imagine how they would use you in jail. So sexy, so much muscle. Like these three.* The pulling voices inside his mind had Clawson frozen in place... and slowly, those voices were destroying him. Just like Predator/Gabriel KNEW they would.

Predator/Gabriel relished the look. The fear, the eyes darting, the lust, the constant bouncing back and forth. Thanks to John teaching him how to read people, he knew exactly what it meant. That he was getting closer. And now he was going to push that craving half more and more and more... until it broke him. It was time to give the runt what he wanted.

Predator/Gabriel spread out the business cards on a table and rotated the Runt's chair so he could see clearly. "OK, Runt. I could see you were looking at them. So, let me explain. Braden is doing a preliminary search of John. John is even being so kind as to help him do it, big as he is. That way, we keep that bad little ticker of yours all safe and sound. Meanwhile, you and me... we are going to take our little search and have some fun with it. You wouldn't be opposed to a little fun?" Predator/Gabriel went on before Clawson could even start to answer. "Good, I knew you would understand. Let's start our little contest."

Predator/Gabriel grabbed a pen he kept in his trouser pocket and wrote on the back of each card the following words:

ABS

ARMS

QUADS/HAMSTRINGS

CALVES

BACK

CHEST

As he did he started to explain in his "Professor" style voice as if he were talking to a kindergartener. "We are in Las Vegas, so it seems only appropriate to introduce a little chance into our game. Make it a bit of a gamble. So, let's call this six-card muscle monte."

Predator/Gabriel flipped all the cards on the table and began to mix them exactly the way a confidence trickster would with three-card monte. “We are gonna mix all these cards up and then you are gonna tell me which card to draw at random, one at a time. That card is gonna tell you which part of my body you can search. And at the same time, which part of my body you are gonna judge for its size and symmetry and hardness and muscularity. AND the best part is- if you are very good with me, if you show me you can handle it without spilling the contents of those micro-bollocks all over the place, John MIGHT let you play the same thing with him. With Braden doing the searching, I am sure some of the pressure will be off, “Predator/Gabriel snickered. “How’s that sound? Now, are you gonna be a good Runt for me and be the best little obedient judge you can be?”

Clawson feverishly nodded his head yes.

“Still can’t open that Runt mouth of yours can you? It really is hopeless to ever make you a man. But, I guess I can’t expect you to behave like a man either. That would be unfair. All we can ever hope for is for you to be the best Runt you can be.

“Alright, with that feeble little brain of yours, I can’t expect you to play this game correctly unless I demonstrate a turn. So let’s pick this one for me to ‘instruct’ you on what to do,” Predator/Gabriel pointed his finger seemingly at random card after card..... Seemingly as he actually had discretely marked every card as he was writing on them. He knew what each card was. So, in reality, it was not random at all when his finger stopped on a card.

Predator/Gabriel picked the card up, turned it over, and handed it to Clawson so he could read it.

CHEST

“So, we start out with pecs. That sound good to you runt?”

Clawson squeaked out quietly, but distinctly, “Yes... Sir, Doctor York.”

“Good boy. You spoke. You are learning. Then again, even a puppy can learn to speak on command. So that isn’t saying much. Stay right where you are, while I get ready.” Predator/Gabriel turned Clawson’s chair so that it was facing away from the table and once again gave full view to Gabriel’s body standing before him. And, then, almost as an afterthought, Predator/Gabriel added, “Oh, and Runt, one more thing. One more rule to our

little game. You see, this is Vegas and in Monte, the person playing HAS to have something to lose. Some kind of stakes. But, as it is, you have nothing to lose. So, let's give you some stakes to lose.

"If you can keep that micro-dicklet of yours under control for this whole search then you win. You get to satisfy what you wanted bringing us here AND you keep the stakes. BUT - if you don't, you are gonna lose your stakes.

"You'll still get to feel muscle, maybe, but everytime you lose control and shoot those droplets you call a load, John is gonna tell me even if it is too small to see, and then you are gonna lose a comp to me. And not just any comp you want to name. But, a comp of **MY** choosing. Nothing can be too extravagant. No comp is off the table. You lose and I can choose ANYTHING that is not illegal. And remember, we have our own MAN of a concierge sitting there who knows about every comp there is and can tell if you are lying to get out of your wager. And if you lie to me... well, the last one like you who lied to John didn't exactly end up in the best place on earth. And, I am not as forgiving as John is. Those are the rules of our little contest, and you know how important it is for you to obey the rules. Understood?"

Predator/Gabriel walked up within a couple of steps of the seated Clawson as the small male nodded his ascent.

"Now." Predator/Gabriel's smile devilishly exploded across his face so sexily that the smile alone made Clawson's groin spasm. "Want to see me take this tank top off?"

In response to the mere thought, Clawson froze in place again. All that escaped his lips as they opened was an exhale followed by a tiny line of drool from the right corner of his lips as he nodded yes.

"Now, you know better than that. That's twice in a row you haven't spoken in reply to a question from me. Remember what I said about how you can even teach a pup to speak on command. So it should be easy for a Runt like you... unless you really are just an animal. Now, if you want me to take it off, you are supposed to say what?"

"Please, Doctor York."

"Please what?"

“Please take off the tank top Sir.”

Predator/Gabriel's smile heightened the sexual tension even more as it rang broadly. He locked his sky blue eyes into Clawson's and with that smile grinding the Runt's groin, he reached down and grabbed the ends of the tank. Predator/Gabriel slowly, relentlessly teased Clawson, pulling the tank up very slowly, wiggling like he was having a hard time getting it up, then pulling it back down and starting over. Predator/Gabriel and John heard Clawson's breathing become ragged, gasping as over and over again, a hint of Gabriel's abs could be seen before they would disappear again. Between the incredibly sexy smile, the near striptease, and the rocketing anticipation of seeing Gabriel shirtless, Clawson was near cumming again. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Gabriel allowed the shirt to fully pull up and off, and he dropped it on the floor.

Again, just as when he removed his oxford shirt, he stood for a moment, allowing his arms to drop to his side. He would twist at the abs first to one side and then the other in a partial relaxed stage pose alternating between the right and left. The effect was to make Gabriel's abs crunch hard and twist, the bricks erupting up and losing the space between them, the obliques and intercostals exploding to either side as his inner lats framed the brick mason's pile of ab muscles. The hint of his adonis belt sliding into visibility and then descending again under his loose-fitting trousers.

The effect on Clawson was immediate and unmistakable. He gasped again, but now it was so soft that it barely registered to Gabriel's ears, though he was just a couple of steps ahead of the seated runt. That line of spittle had now emerged as a full fledged drop as he could no longer lick it away he was in such shock. It slowly descended down from the corner of his mouth, down his chin, and landed on his own ill-fitting tank.

Five meters away, Braden leaned into John's arms as he was exploring that forearm that rivaled his quads in size. As he watched, now seeing what Gabriel really looked like, he said quietly, “And Gabriel really has NEVER competed before? John, he looks like a proper physique pro a few weeks out, what 3 or 4. And he poses so well and he isn't even properly posing. He is incredible...” Braden turned a moment, looked up from his muscle cocoon into John's face looking down. “Don't take this the wrong way. But I can see why there really would be discussion who has better shape between you. He is fucking amazing.”

John smiled. “No offense taken. Especially because it is true. Objectively I may be “better” but I am an open bodybuilder and Gabriel is physique. We are two different beasts. But you don’t know how proud it makes me that people see what I have always seen. So, maybe you can help me convince him to do a show. Our friends here say he would get his pro card as fast as me. You know we met them earlier tonight and they made a bet with him about doing something at the expo tomorrow. If he will do what they bet him to do, then competing and winning will be child’s play.”

“Who? What bet?”

John was matter-of-fact. Sometimes he forgot that his and Gabriel’s friend base in bodybuilding was far from ordinary, especially for people who essentially don’t compete. “Cedric McMillan, Flex Lewis, and Brandon Hendrickson asked him--”

Braden interrupted, shocked. “Whoa? You mean the physique champ? THE CHAMP. And Flex Lewis too? And he doesn’t believe...”

“Maybe he is growing into that belief right before our eyes. It is part of what makes what you are seeing special. A lot of layers beyond just an exercise in domination. But the bet--” John began to tell Braden the particulars of the bet/challenge Gabriel was facing at the expo tomorrow.

Meanwhile, as John and Braden were talking and watching, Predator/Gabriel took even more steps closer to Clawson, only stopping when he was to the point of being close enough to climb on top of him to do a lap dance.

He ran a hand a bit cockily down his pecs and abs. “So, what do you think? As you can see - there are no visible wires or tape or any kind of sticker or anything attached to my skin. I’ll even flex for you. When I do that, if there was so much as a flesh colored bandage on me, flexing would make it pucker.”

Clawson’s eyes were WIDE and dilated as he saw Predator/Gabriel’s chest seem to thicken and then deflate by an inch. Thicken and deflate. Thicken and deflate. Everytime he squeezed his pecs together, they were no more than 18 inches from Clawson’s open mouth. At that range, his whole visual field was taken up by Gabriel’s pecs. He could see even the fine

dash of perfectly complementary black hairs on the skin. At a distance you could not see them, but this close, such details screamed *MAN* in Clawson's wavering mind.

Predator/Gabriel went on as he saw the reaction in his prey, but his voice nearly clinically detached in its matter of fact coldness. As if he were transcribing medical notes, he said. "Good, it seems from that reaction that you are paying close attention. And while you are, can you see the shelf on my upper pecs? I work them **hard**, even did the water bottle balancing trick once. As a matter of fact, let's see."

Predator/Gabriel looked around and as if his desire manifested it, he saw several clusters of half-liter plastic water bottles in clusters around the meeting tables. He trotted over, grabbed one, and brought it back. He resumed his former place extremely close to the Runt, while he gave the bottle to the nothing. "When I tell you, reach up and put it on my pecs. You'll see where." Predator/Gabriel then leaned back slightly, rotated his shoulders forward, and flexed... **HARD**. His pecs exploded in thickness, even thicker than they had been moments ago. "NOW," Predator/Gabriel growled. The Runt robotically reached up with the bottle. He did indeed see the thickest part of the upper pec shelf, a natural approximately flat spot where the thickness pushed away from the collar bones. The Runt put the bottle on the spot and removed his hand... and the bottle easily stayed balanced. Predator/Gabriel smiled, "MEN can walk around doing this Runt. They used to make women walk around with glasses of wine balanced on their heads to show poise and grace. I wonder which you would be better at..." He laughed hard for just a second before he grabbed the bottle. He twisted off the top, took a large gulp, and sat the bottle aside.

The Runt was shaking again. He was so close to that muscle he could feel the warmth of it. The radiating heat. He struggled not to cum. He could only imagine the perk he would be forced to give up. But, seeing that shaking, Predator/Gabriel came even closer. He leaned in as he used his index finger to trace some faint veins that had appeared from the pec shelf flexing, "Some vascularity, there and there. Means this is all muscle. You can tell that too by the striations. Look at that, in the valley there. Let me flex..." Gabriel flexed again, and this time bounced his pecs, fast and then slow, back and forth. A whimper of struggle came from the Runt. "There we go. I can tell you see. Hahaha."

Predator/Gabriel pulled back slightly to his previous "lap dance" position but he went on. "But I am most proud of my lower pecs here. See the way they hang down like that, nice and thick, even when I am not flexing. How they make t-shirts and undershirts curve under them. You saw that before. I always admired thick pecs that make a man's nipples point down toward

the ground... like John's. And I guess I have been working hard to build myself a pair just like that, and they are just KEEP ... **flex** ... GETTING ... **flex** ... BIGGER."

It was at that moment of flexing that Predator/Gabriel stopped for a moment, pretending to consider something he had long ago decided to do. Now was the perfect time. So, he went on in that same matter of fact tone.

"But you know, I bet you can't fully appreciate my lower pecs sitting there like that. I know the reaction people have looking up at John shirtless... You know Braden saw him at a bodybuilding show early in the summer. He can tell you what it is like." Gabriel took two steps back from the chair and then looked down, his fiery blue eyes almost driving his next statement straight into Clawson's now sexed-up, mushed brain, "I think they would look a lot better if you were kneeling in front of me here, looking up at me, watching me flex from there. Don't you?"

Predator/Gabriel had barely gotten the words out when Clawson practically left from the seat and fell onto his knees before Gabriel. From across the room both John and Braden laughed along with Gabriel. "Fucking hell, you little shit. You just couldn't wait for that could you? You jumped in like we did as kids on Boxing Day. Well, take in the view Runt. **TAKE IT ALL IN.**" Gabriel began to flex and bounce his pecs, and looking up, seeing Gabriel's face partially obscured by them, the Runt couldn't help it. He trembled and moaned in raw sexual passion, while fighting with everything he had not to touch the vision of sheer Angelic beauty above him.

For his part, Predator/Gabriel just looked down. "Have to say. You look much better and more natural in that position. I think you were meant to be there." Predator/Gabriel looked for a moment over his shoulder. "What do you think Braden?"

Braden smiled... viciously, victoriously. The more he watched Gabriel perform this version of sending someone through a human trash compactor, the more he felt the urge. He wanted to participate. He never thought he would at first, when he guessed what they were going to do, but it had not made manifest yet. But there was something about being around these two, especially John as he had as yet spent more personal time with him. Later on, when they were teaching Braden about their world, Gabriel privately told him he knew what it was. It was John's gift, his natural ability to bring out the REAL MAN in other men. What Phil had talked to him about. What Cedric had talked about feeling as a bodybuilder and US Army soldier. What the Marines had built in Braden and his knowledge as a trained MP - John was bringing out the superiority in Braden. Building something unique and special with those raw materials

inside the soul of the hot young Marine. But Predator/Gabriel got the sense in that moment - so was he.

Braden felt confident enough in the presence of the couple to now speak his mind totally and honestly. "Truthfully, Gabriel. I always knew that was the most natural place for him. Glad you are helping him learn it is where he belongs."

"Then come here. Stand close and take a good look down at him where he belongs. It is where he has belonged for a long time in front of you."

John patted his charge on the quad, reinforcing Gabriel's invitation. "You heard the man. Besides, I agree. You need to see who you were once so afraid of for what he really is." Braden stood and John opened his quads, allowing the young Marine to walk the few meters it took to stand shoulder to shoulder next to Gabriel. Being a few inches taller, the scene was even more stark for the Marine. Standing together, looking down, they saw what John had seen in the eyes of Heath and so many others before them. There was nothing human in him in that moment, no spark of intelligence in those eyes. Just animal lust.

Clawson for his part looked up at the two muscle men before him and he felt ... home. "Go on, Runt. Tell Braden. Tell him what we both know. You already know what you need to confess without me even asking the question."

"I... I belong here... SIR."

Predator/Gabriel laughed, "Good Runt. Reward time."

But before the reward came, John laughed hard from his corner. "He doesn't need one, Gabriel. Bet there is a damp spot visible in his pants now. Tiny, but it's there. I can smell it again. He lost his microload again with you two standing over him. He doesn't even need to touch your hard muscle. He is where he belongs, and that dickless wonder in his crotch sputtered its agreement right when he said it."

Braden glanced at the Runt's crotch... and saw the slight but still obvious darkened spot. That sight, what just happened, Braden lost it. He broke down laughing so hard he was holding his sides, "Fucking Shit. John, you're right again. The fuck has a wet spot on his zipper"

Gabriel looked down in mock disgust, but he knew the outcome had been inevitable once he was on his knees. The Runt's mental vice's screws tightened. Clawson was another step closer to his final outcome - the outcome with any version of a medieval screw torture device. He would crack and break. "Goddamn, Runt. That's twice now. *TWICE*. And you didn't even touch the muscle. *AGAIN*. Is there anything about you that isn't a cock-up - except that you don't have a cock."

All the men laughed at Clawson to scorn. As Gabriel and Braden were standing over him, that feeling welled up within Clawson... desire. The part of him who wanted to scream his inferiority to the rooftops started to speak in his now bifurcated mind.

You wanted this. You have always wanted this. You just resisted until you could find MEN who are MEN enough to put you here. To be under real men like this. It isn't just empty words that you belong here under these Sirs. Under Braden. You deserve to be right here. That's why you shot when he stood over you. You know it. Don't lie to yourself. You have always known this is where you belong. You know it...

Predator/Gabriel interrupted his thoughts. "Well, cock-up, looks like that means you lost a perk. Let's take the easiest one first. Room upgrade."

Hearing this was the first time in the better part of fifteen minutes that the runt spoke coherently. Still, it was soft, humbled. Awed. Frightened. "Sir..." He immediately corrected himself, remembering the rules and that Braden was standing there too. "Sirs, I was going to offer you a substantial room upgrade by allowing the searc--"

Predator/Gabriel began to chuckle as if he had heard the most moronic comment ever made by a human. "No, no, no, Runt. You don't understand. Not just "an" upgrade. *THE UPGRADE*. You are going to upgrade John and I to the best available suite... and not just in the Bellagio but in the entirety of MGM Resorts in this city."

"But--"

Predator/Gabriel's voice snapped into a cold, ruthless command. "RUNT - don't ever say anything like you were about to say again. You obey. That's ALL. You are on your fucking knees, cum in your goddamned trousers. You do what I say, when I say it, how I say it, or you'll be on your knees before some bull queer in prison. You know these two with me can put you there for all the sexual misconduct and sexual assaults you have done to male guests and

employees. You KNOW it. So make your fucking choice, right now. Us or taking your chances as a jailhouse bitch.”

Braden marveled as he listened. There was no DI he had ever met who could match Gabriel for sheer ability to make you want to piss out of fear. That cold, quiet, relentless voice speaking the truth sounded like its owner would grind you into paste if he wanted. And not just the Runt. Even him, even John, even the others like -- Were there others like John? He kept saying “our world.” He once said, “that you’ve ever seen.” Were there more to see? Our world... Another question to ask one day formed in his mind.

At the same moment, Clawson’s head dropped. He had to obey. Both the pieces of him insisted on it. The part that was afraid of being found and the part that knew this was his place. He had to obey. Predator/Gabriel felt the shift in his aura- the little thing’s balls were now being stepped on as surely as if he had actually stood on them. Point made. Point accepted.

Predator/Gabriel went on as if the incident had never happened. “Braden, what is the best room you can think of in the company?”

“There are some crazy palaces of rooms to be sure. But the best for you two is tough...” Braden thought for a moment. and then his eyes lit up and a beautiful smile graced his lips. “The ARIA - [Sky Villas - Number 18](#). Specifically Villa 18.”

Predator/Gabriel looked down and saw Clawson’s eyes nearly explode from his head in terror. He knew from the reaction Braden’s suggestion was the right one. Turn the screws tighter little fuck. “Why that one in particular?”

“The Sky Suites at the ARIA. One of the most luxurious places in all of Las Vegas. They were designed that way. But that particular one... You and John will not just have your own personal concierge but you have your own butler, bartender, and personal chef if you want. Private elevator to the suite so you never have to take the hallway or main one. And there is another private elevator directly to the kitchens from your own commercial quality kitchen inside the suite. Your own dining room. Fully stocked bars on two floors. Twelve foot high bedroom ceilings. And John -” Braden looked over and his eyes flashed pure pleasure. He was about to give the giant man a VERY special gift. “ John, the living area’s ceilings are three stories high. You can even jump with your arms above your head and not touch the ceiling. Grand staircase big enough for you to go upstairs. Views going North on Las Vegas Boulevard from the 57th

through 59th floors. It is the perfect spot - for both of you. And only shy of 7,000\$ per night currently....”

“Is it available?” Predator/Gabriel asked.

Braden went back to John and collected his iPad. Expertly, he moved through the menus of the reservation system and ... “Yes. Yes, it is available for the entire remaining length of your stay. And as the supervisor who is ultimately responsible for all high value perks given to high spending patrons of the Bellagio... he can authorize a perk at another casino in the company. Their concierge can even move your bags for you from your current room here if you want.”

Braden tapped a few more menus as he walked back to Gabriel and resumed standing over his nominal boss.. “All it takes is his code here...”

As he handed the iPad to Gabriel, Braden thought as he looked down at the pissant minion at his feet. He relished seeing this runt put in the place where it hurt him the most. Being forced to serve clients he once thought he was better than was better than seeing him sexually humiliated.

iPad in hand, Gabriel said, “Well, John, you want 35,000 dollars in a hotel room? I have not stayed in a room that expensive since I was a kid when my grandfather participated in the State Opening of Parliament with Black Rod...”

John’s Predator just smiled back, relishing every moment of the fruition of so many months of planning and teaching. “Far be it from me to question my MAN right now. I am along for the ride... and I am up for being able to stretch *inside* and not touch the ceiling. Although I might jump and try to touch it, hahahaha.”

Gabriel turned the iPad around, “Well Runt, put in those numbers...” Clawson was almost in tears as he entered in the codes for the room upgrade he had planned on originally, but then named the upgraded room as ARIA Sky Villa 18. There was a completion chime from the iPad, and Braden took the machine back from his one time boss.

“It’s yours now,’ Braden said. “At that level, they’ll have you moved before you are even done here. As your personal concierge for the night, the keys will be waiting on me at our desk here to give to you.”

“Talk about EXQUISITE SERVICE. I will have to make sure to leave you a glowing personal review.” Predator/Gabriel said with a smile. “Well, Braden, if you will excuse me for a bit, the runt and I have a search to finish... and I think you have your search of John you were doing. Far be it from me to stand in the way of a *wanton criminal* like Mr. Declann over there from being *thoroughly checked out* by a proper professional.”

“Payback is such a bitch. Both of you.” John said smiling, rubbing in the comradery the three men had that Clawson would have ripped his teeth out to have... but never would.

“Don’t tempt the Runt to act up...” Predator/Gabriel said, which made all the MEN laugh again.

Predator/Gabriel looked down. “Well, time for a new card, don’t you think? Tell me when to stop.” His fingers began to dance over the remaining cards until the Runt moved. That was as close as he was going to give as a signal to stop. He grabbed the card his fingers had stopped on, as Braden went back into his fast-growing comfort of being with John in his muscle cocoon. John resumed guiding Braden’s searching hand, now over his right biceps.

Once they were settled, Predator/Gabriel flipped the card for everyone to read, “Well, how about that. **Calves**. I am rather proud of them, I must say. And, look at that. You are on your knees right where you need to be to see them and MAYBE, if you can control yourself which seems doubtful, touch them and search them.

“Of course, that means my trousers have to come off for you to see them properly...” Gabriel stepped back a couple of paces and loosened his belt. “Oh Runt, since you know it is right and proper and you already said you belong on your knees down there in front of me -- in front of US -- why don’t you just stay on your knees the rest of the time of your *search* of me. You need to get accustomed to being on your knees...”

Gabriel loosened the button to his trousers and was about to start his little “tease act” again when he thought about the story Flex Lewis had told him earlier in the night, the one about the effect Franco Columbu just dropping his pants right in front of a stranger had. *Why not...* he thought. So, Gabriel pulled down the zipper and let his pants fall right where he stood in less than a second.

“Jesus Fucking Christ, John. That’s just not possible. Gabriel’s legs are better than his upper body. Hiding those under pants or shorts is a crime. How--”

John almost burst with pride. Seeing his Angel in *almost* all his glory (he was only now clothed in black bikini briefs)... Good God, indeed, as he learned Flex Lewis would say, how lucky he was. “Those legs are his best feature, just wait. And he calls me a muscle god...” John paused a slightest of moments just taking in his man, speechless, before he came to himself and answered Braden’s half-asked question. “Gabriel is an accomplished cross country runner. He ran since his boarding school days before college back in England. His bodybuilding coach has been hitting them hard, and as we all thought they would, they’re exploding right now. Growing almost as fast as me...” John’s voice trailed off. Braden turned around hearing a different sort of sound in John’s voice. What he saw in John’s brown eyes... it left him in wonder. It didn’t take any trained observer to see this. Attraction. Sheer, untempered, unadulterated love poured from those eyes.

Braden was gobsmacked that the man who had the biggest and probably the best proportionate muscle body on the entire planet, and added onto that this very same man had looks that were so carved that he could have been a legitimate magazine advertisement model... In short, John was pretty much the perfect man. The perfect man wasn’t attracted to other massive, gigantic men like himself. He was attracted to Gabriel, a crafted, but attainable, physique sized body.

John could have had anyone on earth Braden knew, but as he looked... Braden knew that it was Gabriel and only Gabriel who had *JOHN*. It began to make sense to him, why John had no issues with Gabriel doing this virtual muscle worship, and why Gabriel definitely had no issues with him worshipping his fiance. He could see it in that look, hear it in that deep, sexy voice... no matter what they did, they both knew who had each other’s hearts.

Braden settled back even more comfortably into exploring John and watching... John and Gabriel had just given him one more precious gift and they didn’t even know. Hope. Hope that he could find such a relationship - such a love - one day.

The reaction from the Runt was no less stunned. Even though he was already on his knees, Clawson stumbled backwards. He fell onto his back as if he were a toddler, looking UP

at Predator/Gabriel. From this angle, Gabriel's body appeared as if it were even taller than John's had seemed. And Predator/Gabriel did nothing to change that impression as he walked forward slowly, step after step. He stepped to either side of the runt's body, straddling him, past his rail thin legs and waist, past his chest, and only stopped when his feet were on either side of the Runt's head. Clawson found he was looking straight up at Gabriel's vein-highlighted calves, then to his teardrop quad, then to his easily visible multi-layered upper quads... and then to a MASSIVE, soft cock. Clawson swore under his breath as he took in the scale of that package. He knew it had to be every bit the size of porn guys he had seen in print and, on a man of Gabriel's height, it looked huge.

Predator/Gabriel chuckled to himself as he looked down. His MANHOOD had just fucked the Runt's mind... again. Despite the chuckle, the voice that came out was cold, a threat. "Don't get any ideas, Runt. You will NEVER see or touch that muscle. THIS is as close as you will ever get to seeing why I am a MAN in every respect. I'll snap you in half myself if you even think about it again. Now, focus on what you are supposed to be *searching*..."

"From that angle, you should be able to see my calves damned well. Look at the way they hang Runt, and I am not even flexing them. I have run for a very long time, more miles than you have probably driven in your whole life. And that running has made them harder than you can imagine. You know, the ancient Greeks thought that a perfectly proportioned man was when a man's neck, biceps, and calves all measured the same circumference. John over there has those perfect proportions, and I am working *HARD* on getting there. Watch this closely..." Predator/Gabriel looked down intensely over his pecs and whispered, "Boom."

Clawson watched as the MAN above him rose on his tiptoes, flexing his calves. He audibly gasped again as two diamond balls pushed away from the back of his owner's lower legs. Thick striations appeared on what looked like a small shelf along the bottoms of the muscles. The inner halves were just slightly bigger than the outer, but both sides looked gigantic. Thick veins and thin appeared with the flex, running all over the muscles... making them look perfect. And to top it off, at that very moment, a smell, a purely masculine musk from Gabriel's skin and manhood reached his nostrils.

Assaulted literally from every side by sheer manhood, Clawson could not help himself. The half that knew where he belonged, knew his place was here at this man's feet. The other half, he did it without thinking. His hands went up and touched Gabriel's calves.

Gabriel's reply was instant. From a command tone, Jaw saw his lover transform emotions into unchecked rage. A fury John had not seen since Gabriel lost control on the mountain top gripped him. "WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK, Runt. Breaking the goddamned first rule. THE FIRST FUCKING RULE. You just fucking WANT to be punished don't you..."

What John saw next made him simultaneously VERY turned on but a bit scared. It would seem to boggle the imagination that John Declann could be scared of what his little man could do. Yet, even within him, there was a twist of fear. Predator/Gabriel bent down at the waist and grabbed the back of Clawson's head. He brought it up between his legs, placing the exposed neck and lower jaw of the tiny runt between the thickest part of those brutally hard runner's enhanced calves... and closed the gap between them.

Predator/Gabriel began to squeeze.

Clawson's face and head went purple instantly. "You wanna feel them you fucking piece of shit. Now you can feel them. Pound on them all you fucking want. They won't let go. Nothing you can do will make them let go. They'll just get tighter. They'll never let go..." In raw panic, Clawson began to pummel Predator/Gabriel's over 16 inches of steel on each end of his neck, relentlessly closing tighter. But the blows amounted to nothing more than if a normal human were hitting John's calves - the little runt's fist bounced off harmlessly. They were so feeble that the dozens of fist slams would not even leave a bruise. They would have never bruised even if a million blows landed. The thick shelf-like raised part of the calf muscles flexed and rested on the runt's tiny traps.

Predator/Gabriel laughed and laughed at the hapless struggles, at the rampant terror in the Runt's eyes. He allowed it to go on for about fifteen seconds before John saw Gabriel's calves increase in size even more. He had intensified his flex. After just a few moments, the struggles and hits from the Runt suddenly dropped in intensity. Predator/Gabriel looked deeply into the little eyes as the light within them faded and hazed over... "They'll never let go..." Predator/Gabriel said, tightening again as he felt Clawson go to dead weight in his legs.

John saw the runt lose consciousness... and Gabriel did not let up. "Gabriel???"

There was concern evident in Braden's voice as he echoed, "Gabriel!?!?"

Gabriel looked over at them both and flashed an oddly sexy, knowing smile, "Well, do I get an Oscar?"

At that precise moment, John saw Gabriel's calves relaxed. The clamping process reversed, with Gabriel taking hold of the unconscious Runt's head and lowering it rather gently to the ground.

"Oh FUCK, I thought you lost it."

"Don't worry John. You taught me WAY better than to lose my temper over this little thing. He isn't worth a single punch, much less really taking out. But..." Gabriel's eye cocked in an almost dead replica of Bad Boy John. "He doesn't need to know that now does he?"

John began to laugh at himself. He should have known better, "Remind me to not play poker with you..."

Gabriel knelt at Clawson's side. "One of the benefits of being a neurosurgeon and what you have taught me is that I know JUST how to put pressure on the carotid for how long to knock someone out with very little danger of hurting him. He will come around in another ten to fifteen seconds with what I did and just be even more mentally out of it.

Gabriel looked up though and said, "But, are you sure about the poker? I was planning on getting us back in the high stakes games with the Runt here losing perks... and I would love to cleanly beat that big ass of yours on equal grounds just once before I die."

John laughed even harder. "OK, RUNT. If you can get us in, I will take you on. And may the best poker player win."

"Braden, what was it you called him before - a house mouse? I know what that is from some of the Marines I've worked with and from John. They used to call themselves that name, having to do things around my lab for me. Would you like your very own?" Gabriel cocked his head at Clawson as he said it.

Braden's eyes lit with understanding. Suddenly, it made sense to him. What Gabriel and John were doing. This wasn't just degradation with no purpose. Gabriel was breaking Clawson down so they could put him back together the way he should be. Made right. And a permanent house mouse... he could think of no better fate for the Runt. Braden laughed. "If you can do it Gabriel, I think it would be something every employee in this casino would support."

“Oh, he can do it.” John said, “The little shit is mostly already there, if you can’t tell. Just follow-”

“He is coming out of it.” Predator/Gabriel said, interrupting. Sure enough, John and Braden saw some slow movement of the head and neck, slow but getting stronger. Predator/Gabriel gave a couple of hard slaps to Clawson’s cheeks and anemic pecs as the Runt climbed out of the hole. “Well, well, well. Look who’s here? Welcome back to the land of the living *Runt*.” Predator/Gabriel pulled Clawson to a sitting up position, and then dropped to one knee to look into his eyes. What was there of Clawson inside those eyes could not look away. He was perhaps half conscious as yet, as if he were still partly in a deep sleep.

Predator/Gabriel knew it was a great time to program that mushy, punch drunk brain. “Now, get this into that tiny Runt ass brain of yours. That was the “nice and kind” version of the penalty box. You earn another penalty over the same thing, and I am not so sure I’ll let go. Understand Runt. The only reason you are awake and not on your way to dying now is me. I OWN THAT scrawny ass. I own that pitiful life. I own you as much as I own those cufflinks. I took your consciousness and I gave it back. If you make me take it again, I may never give it back...”

Clawson shook his head “no” in stark terror. Predator/Gabriel could see - resistance was gone from him, perhaps forever. At least when it came to his commands or his wishes or his suggestions, Predator/Gabriel had broken the part of him that wanted to hide. Now, it was time to grind that part that wanted to hide into dust. “Good Runt. Now, you earned another penalty...” Clawson’s eyes grew wide for a moment only to be greeted by a cruel laugh. “No, not that penalty, you twat. That fucking wet spot is wider now. You shot that little load again as you passed out. That means I get a perk.

“As I recall, the reason you brought us here in the first place was that you are banning us from gambling against the House. Fine. I will not force you to allow us to gamble against the House. BUT - what you are going to do is make it so that we can still gamble. John and I are going to participate in games that do not involve the House. Head to Head games like your high stakes poker tournaments. We can still play and you will not get into too much trouble with your superiors, more than you already are. Now... You know you owe me for that compromise and my kindness, don’t you, Runt?”

Clawson responded as if by instinct... he reached as far as he could for the iPad on the table above him. Predator/Gabriel chuckled as he handed it to him. Several menus and key

strikes later, “Both of you SIRs, can play in poker, baccarat, or any other heads up games. The casino will not interfere. And yes, Sir, I owe you.”

Predator/Gabriel then threw a curve ball. How had the lessons stuck? “You do indeed, little fuck. What do you owe me?”

Clawson was confused for a moment. But, he took a chance. It was all his owner said he wanted from him. “To obey Sir?”

Predator/Gabriel smiled sexily. “Good boy. See, boys obey Men. That’s progress. You can learn. You may not be a Runt forever. Try REALLY hard and you might grow up to be a boy one day. Even Runts need goals to aspire to. But for right now, that goal is to be the best Runt you can be.

“Now, get back on your knees. You want to see more of my calves?” Clawson feverishly shook his head no. “Alright, but you will when I tell you to. Next card is...ABS. Well, kneeling is the perfect spot to see my abs. Fuck, if you are a good enough runt and I take leave of my senses, I might even let you feel me just one time.”

Gabriel walked up to Clawson and stopped within inches of his abs actually making contact with the Runt’s lips. He grabbed the back of the runt’s head in one hand, and one of the runt’s hands with the other. Then, he pulled in his abs and crunched, exposing perfect, barely vascular bricks. A fine hint of black hair with a narrow treasure trail under his flat navel led to where Clawson knew he must not look. “After me putting you on the floor, it would be irresponsible of me not to check if your brain is functioning OK. The way you dropped might have given you a concussion. That is part of my job as a MAN, after all - to take care of Runts who make foolish mistakes and to keep you from doing them again. So, let’s see if you can count. You count out loud as I direct you to each ab and let’s see if you get it right.”

Gabriel then forced the little man’s hand to point to his upper most right ab.

“1” is barely above a whisper.

“2” ...

”3” ...

Clawson was breathing heavily again.

“4” ...

“5” ...

The Runt was trembling slightly, in arousal and fear simultaneously.

God, Clawson's now virtual slave side thought, the doctor is so sexy, so smart, so strong, so perfect, such a man. So perfect and you never suspected. You never suspected what you were... what you are. What else have you missed because you rejected your real place in life? You should be kissing the feet of these men... if you haven't fucked that up too by being stupid. Stupid like what happens if you mess up again.

"6"... "7"...

Clawson suddenly became paralyzed. Predator/Gabriel pointed his finger to his far left lower abs again for the 8th time, but it looked like it was a large brick under his navel. Were there two or one? Was he making him point to the belt of muscle wrapping around his very lower waist and hips? Something else? He couldn't see a split like he easily did for the others, but there had to be a split, didn't there? He was pointing, and he could feel--

"Well Runt? Finished or..." Predator/Gabriel said as he released the Runt's hand and began to run his own fingers up and down those immaculate abs. Clawson screamed again... Yes and no. Right and Wrong. Arousal and Fear. Perfectly mixed within him, and the mark on his trousers spread again.

Predator/Gabriel dropped his hand and laughed uproariously as he immediately saw the dot grow. "Oh Runt, it's going to be hard to leave you here. You are funny as all hell, you know that? You should replace one of these lame comedians in the casino shows since seeing your reactions to just one man is one of the best laughs I have had in a LONG time. I wondered if I could make you shoot even though you were terrified. Guess I know the answer to that one..."

"Another perk. Well let's see... since the last one didn't cost you a thing... How about dinner every night we want at the best restaurants in your casinos. Joel Robuchon, Picasso, Cirque. How about this, Runt. We can go double or nothing. I win and you get out of this one, but you lose, you make all those meals at all those five star restaurants, all the great food **John** can eat... and he can eat a ton."

And so it went through the rest of the cards for Gabriel's body. By the end of the "search," Clawson had cum a total of eight times, having long since moved into almost painful dry shooting. Predator/Gabriel had the runt in tears by the time he was practically able to kiss those close to grapefruit-sized biceps - tears of awe, arousal, fear, dread. His owner kept him

bare millimeters away. It was torture to be so close. Such waves of emotion smashed through him under Predator/Gabriel's direction and manipulation that Clawson had long since cracked. The slave part of him was supreme now. He would do anything Gabriel told him. Anything. And Gabriel extracted perks every time he extracted an orgasm. By the end, Gabriel had he and John living like Arab oil sheiks for free - best room, best food, best buffets, best times, best card games - everything.

After his so-called "search" was over, as Gabriel turned around to grab his trousers to put them on, he looked down to see the Runt looking up, his eyes begging to say something, but he was paralyzed. He knew instinctively he could not speak without permission. Gabriel smiled, his job almost done. The Runt was in the right mind now. Now it was time to reshape this lifeless mass permanently into what he had promised Braden. It was time to make sure things were put right in the Runt's life. But that... that required John. He glanced over at John, who at that moment was holding Braden seated on his left quad exploring John's right pec. The fastest of non-verbal exchanges went between them. John's Predator was ready to take over...

He turned back to the Runt almost reverential at his feet. "You look like you want to ask me something, Runt. Go ahead. You can talk."

Clawson looked up at Gabriel. He knew the moment he gave voice to this, his degradation would be complete. The tiny fragments of his ego and self-worth would be lost forever. BUT - more than anything he needed it. He couldn't stop it. Couldn't stop the thoughts. Couldn't stop needing more, wanting more. He saw his nominal Master looking down expectantly. *He knows what you are going to ask. It just shows who you really are, just like he said. He has shown you the truth... maybe not in the way you wanted, but the way you needed* the inner monologue said, an inner monologue that had two voices now - one his own and one that had an utterly superior baritone British voice. Both were him but also one was HIM- split personalities - but he dropped even as he looked up. It would win. It always won. Through it all, the craving... it would win.

"Sir. Can I touch? Feel just one time? I know I never will again... just one time...."

In a totally unexpected gesture, Gabriel drops to one knee with the kneeling man. It was almost as if... the superior Englishman cared. He smiled at the Runt, "Exactly what I thought you would ask. And you are right, as soon as you leave this room, I have no intentions of ever seeing you again. You best hope that I don't, as you will soon understand. BUT - I will give you one more chance to see if you are worthy to feel me. And if you can prove that?"

“Sixty seconds - you can touch whatever you want. I will flex whatever you touch. A one minute feel to last you the rest of your life... but there is a price. You have to do just one thing. One small thing. And I am not going to tell you what that thing is. If you have learned who and what you are well... then you will know. If you are obedient right up to the end of this encounter, the last thing you will ever do with me is touch me. That agreeable Runt? One incredible memory of an incredible evening for you.”

Gabriel stood up and latched his pants and pulled up the zipper. “But, I think you are forgetting. There is someone else in the room who needs a thorough search.” Gabriel smiled and pointed to the eight and a half foot tall, almost half a ton of muscle and power sitting a few meters away. “I am sure Braden did a proper yeoman’s job of searching John. Am I right about that John?”

“As quality and thorough a search as any I have ever seen or performed myself. In fact, we kind of did it together, didn't we Braden?”

“Yes Sir, we did. I can absolutely attest to the fact that Mr Declann has nothing at all illicit on his person. No way to cheat at all. No means mechanical or otherwise. And... *I* didn't need to disrobe him to do it.”

“I am sure it's that Marine Corps military police training at work. I would expect you to perform a more competent search.” Gabriel said. But then a smile so wide and insidious that only Braden and John could see graced his lips. “This is not to impune you at all Braden, but as you are still in training here, I bet you need your supervisor to go over your work. Just to make sure. John is a BIG, HARD, MAN after all, and I can tell you, sometimes it is difficult to tell the difference between his body and stone--”

“That's true. His muscle is with no exception at all the most dense, hardest flesh I have ever felt, and I have done thousands of pat downs and searches when I was in the Corps. I suppose I could have missed something.”

“That settles it. Runt, why don't you go over there and ask John, very properly and fitting of a being in your station on the hierarchy of men, if you can complete Braden's search.”

“Well then, if you'll excuse me Braden.” John put his hands around Braden's waist and easily lifted him to his feet, making Braden gasp at the unexpected ease of handling his two

hundred pounds of muscle like he was an infant. Braden turned around to see John moving to stand... but John was different. There was something different in his eyes - like the light of life was different in them somehow, harder, stronger - something about how he carried himself as he rose to his feet. In how he stood. It was oddly like Gabriel. Different but the same. THEN, he heard a voice so deep and strong and virile it made him almost want to cum and quake in terror at the same time. "I'm sure Gabriel and you will enjoy this." John motioned for Braden to join Gabriel, and then his eyes bore into the Runt. "Well, Runt, you have something to ask me?"

The scene could not have been more stark. For some reason, Clawson literally began to crawl along the floor toward John while Braden walked past him to be with Gabriel. Even Gabriel didn't expect him to literally crawl the way John told him Heath had done. But Gabriel didn't feel badly about breaking someone so completely. He felt in his core, it was justice. Such a person as he was when he walked into that room an hour prior NEEDED to be humbled, needed to have his priorities reoriented. Needed to feel what it felt like for all of those before who he had embarrassed and trodden down upon... especially the young men who he had stolen thousands of dollars in a tip from and God knows what else. Crawling to a superior being like John was ... where he belonged.

Gabriel motioned to another chair for Braden - a chair which he had turned around so they could view what was about to happen. Braden sat, and Gabriel draped his arms over his shoulders and leaned into his ear. "So, how do you feel? About yourself, about what's happening, about John, me, *that* over there."

Braden took a breath. "OK. I thought I wouldn't be. When I think about it objectively I shouldn't be. But..." He turned to look at Gabriel's blue eyes, and where there was cold before when they were looking at Clawson, now they were the warmest blue - like the inviting waters of the bluest Caribbean ocean water. The cold fire was still there, but warm and shimmering like that water lit by the sun. Part of him understood how John could fall so deeply in love with *those* eyes. Angelic... No wonder that was why John called him that, his name notwithstanding.

"Is it bad that I don't feel bad at all? That he *deserves it*?"

Gabriel smiled warmly. "No. No, it isn't. Sometimes justice is harsh. Like the Marines in training, sometimes they have to tear you apart harshly and make you see reality before they can build you back.

"And John?"

“He is the most amazing man I have ever met. I was just sitting there thinking when I saw the love between you two that I hope I can find even a fraction of that someday. But, Gabriel... What is he?”

“What is John? That is a complex question. One that I hope we can answer one day for you. So that you can understand. But you are talking about what you see right now, that drop in voice, the other things you notice?”

“Yes.”

“We call that the Predator. That is where that nickname comes from for him in bodybuilding. This part of his personality. Just know that what he said to you - the same comes from me. We will welcome you into our lives and ALL that means. Part of that is getting a full answer to your question too. *IF* you choose that you want to. Just... John is a more physical man than me. He is harder, more jaded. He has been through so much in his 40 years. What the Predator can do is shocking. But don't be afraid. You hear me? Don't be afraid of what John and the Predator are capable of.”

Braden was quiet. He was trying to process all that Gabriel was trying to tell him as Clawson stopped his crawling about two feet from John's massive size 30's. There could be no more pitiful sight imaginable to Braden. The Runt on his knees did not come up to the Predator's quad teardrops. Even through his trousers, it was evident that the Predator's calves were bigger than the Runt's chest, his feet longer than the entire length of the Runt's lower leg - from knee to heel. The Predator again stared down over his pecs at the speck, while Clawson craned his neck up so high it was as if he were looking up at a New York Skyscraper.

“Please SIR... God... Please...” Clawson's voice trailed off.

The Predator quipped, “Well, I am a God compared to you, yes. But that was never a question in anyone's mind, not even yours. What do you want to ask me you fucking little speck?”

Clawson could barely speak out of fear of the literal Titan looming over him. A MAN so big it seemed he could just raise his foot and crush him like a bug. But that same fear and the longing forced him to speak. “May I please ... God please can I touch you SIR? Mr Declann you are like no one I have ever seen. Please, just once, just for a moment. It doesn't have to be

a search. Doctor York taught me how wrong I was to do that. I hope I can do better ... but please, please can I touch your muscles? I'm begging you. Just your calves SIR--"

The Predator responded by reaching down, grasping the tiny man about the throat and traps and upper chest. In a clean, terrifyingly slow motion, he lifted the Runt right off the floor until he was dangling in one hand at arm's length, so high off the ground that the Predator had to look *up* into the terrified little Runt's eyes. The reaction to such a display of power was instant. The wet spot expanded MASSIVELY, and ran down his trouser leg and began to drip on the floor making a puddle. Only this wasn't cum. Clawson was so terrified that he had just wet himself. The puddle was his piss.

The Predator's voice was so cold it was only rivaled by Gabriel's earlier. But while Gabriel was emotionless, this cold was the opposite. It was FULL of emotion - cold, raw, disgust and rage. "You fucking little cockroach. You have the gall to think you are even worthy to be in the same room as me? Much less touch what I have built? Touch what those MEN have. Only MEN are allowed to touch me. Gabriel, Braden -- they are MEN. You're not even fucking human.

"Touch me? No. I think not. You can LOOK at me at this arm's length, but you will NEVER touch me. EVER. That is my punishment for you orchestrating this whole encounter. How you have done this to so many others. How you have mistreated those who work for you. Those you have made to feel less than human. No, this is your punishment you sub-human speck. You will live the rest of your life knowing you were in the same room with the most muscular, strongest man on this planet - and you will NEVER touch him. If you feel the touch of my skin against any part of your body again... you will RUE the day it happens. Touch me again, and I promise I will not kill you, but you will wish you were dead. I will snap this pathetic excuse of a bag of meat you call a body and you will live the rest of your life drinking your meals through a straw. After I fuck you up into wishing you were never born. Fucking pathetic sonofabitch."

The Predator then flung his hand backwards like he was shooing away a fly. Clawson flew four meters across the room, crashing into the floor in a heap.

"Holy Fucking God..." Braden said, his quaking voice barely above a whisper. "What is he--"

Gabriel clutched the young man protective and tight, leaned in, and whispered, "Braden, remember don't be afraid. Even though it's going to look like he will, the Predator will not hurt Clawson. It's beneath him. OK? Trust me. The only thing that will be crushed is Clawson's pride. I will be right back. Remember, do not be afraid."

Gabriel patted Braden quickly but warmly over the shoulder before he moved toward the heap on the floor. Braden couldn't help it - he was more than a bit frightened. It was something he learned in the military, something he bet John ... was that still John?... could relate to. Anyone on the battlefield who was not afraid was either pathological or a fool - either way, they did not belong in combat. What separated the effective combatant, hell the ones who won citations for heroism, from the ones who became paralyzed was what they did with that fear. Did they control it or did they let it control them? Braden ... he was not one to let fear control him.

So he watched ... and as he did, he saw the kind and loving Gabriel who had been with him change again into the cold one... what was it Gabriel had called it... the Predator? Yes, that was it. The Apex Predator along with Another Predator? A Predator and a fallen Angel? Different as a lion is different from a tiger - yet both the same - both great cats, both stalking prey. And as he watched he saw it... what Gabriel said was true.

John - the Predator - had no intentions of hurting Clawson. He already could have in an instant of a second, but he didn't. He could have crushed him in a single step, snapped his neck with that fling of his wrist. But he was... careful?... not to. Plus the body language was all wrong. The menace was there, the rage, but it was controlled. Focused. On a mission.

It was the same with the fallen Angel. He could have hurt Clawson, in a different way perhaps, but in the end just as easily as the Predator could have. Being a trained soldier, Braden recognized in fallen Gabriel's the stance of a trained hand-to-hand combatant. And if he had been trained by and was still training with John, fallen Gabriel was indeed a weapon - perhaps even more dangerous a weapon than the Predator. The Predator you expected to be crushed by. But the fallen Angel? In spite of his build, Braden had never guessed until that moment what the fallen Angel was truly capable of.

Yet, Gabriel was not setting out to physically hurt Clawson. He could really see it as he watched them almost ... dance together. Just then he caught the slightest of winks from Gabriel to John. If you were not paying CLOSE attention, you would have missed it. It was little more than a blink... except it wasn't. It was clear, and he saw a slight shift in John's Predator in reply.

They were communicating. Talking without words. They understood what each was going to do without needing to be told...

They were molding Clawson ... Holy FUCK... Gabriel asked if he wanted a house mouse. Suddenly, Braden's anxiety at what he was seeing totally left him. He understood. He knew what they were molding Clawson into before his very eyes. And in that moment, he accepted it as justice... and accepted his role to come in that just end.

Gabriel raised the Runt up. "Runt, John is a harsh man, but he wants a man. He respects men. And men do not have to be as big or strong as he is. You know what you need to do. You feel it don't you? You felt it in his strength... God he is **SO STRONG**. You have no idea. He is the real life embodiment of the POWER of a REAL MAN. You just got a taste of it." Gabriel traced a line around Clawson's neck with his fingers, a line where a couple of John's fingers had been. An invisible collar slowly began to take form as that finger kept going around and around and around... "

"You felt how **HARD** just the flesh of his hand was. How supple but rock hard at the same time. His body is **SO MUCH MORE**." Clawson moaned loudly. With his eyes and being as focused on John as they were, he had taken no notice of Gabriel starting to massage one of his nipples through that tank top. No one knew what that did to him... no one. Clawson had read online that such a thing was a sign of submission, so he kept it a secret. But now, it was electric. His fright-deflated little dicklet tented again instantly.

Gabriel kept edging him with his hand tracing where John's had been and working that nipple as he said, "That's it. Yeah. I can tell you need it. You **NEED** that muscle and power don't you. You can do it. Just crawl back and beg for it. Show him you can face your fear like a MAN. One tiny part of you that acts like a man. That is all it takes. *You need it don't you?*"

"Oh yes."

"*Want it?*"

"Yes, please"

"*Got to have it?*"

"God, yes."

“NO. IF YOU KEEP AFTER ME, I WILL BREAK YOU. ONLY MEN CAN HANDLE ME.”

Gabriel began to slowly move the Runt along the floor. Just a knee to his back, not forcing him, but guiding him, almost imperceptibly, forward toward John. Inch after inch. And with every inch, that relentless voice of the fallen Angel was in his ear. “You can be a man, can’t you? Just this once? Even a Runt can “not” be afraid. Go back and beg him. You have to touch it, just once. You know you do...”

Braden kept watching over the next few minutes. They kept alternating between them, Gabriel, the fallen Angel, raising his sexual tension higher and higher, and John, the Predator and Demon, raising his fear. All of it finished ripping Clawson apart inside. The two voices. His desire and his fear of his desire were driving him close to insanity. He would go insane if he didn’t give up the desire or give in to it and try to face the fear. Braden knew it could not last forever like this - either the desire, the fear, or Clawson himself would break.

And finally, something did break. It broke when Gabriel had maneuvered Clawson to almost the same position he was in before when the Predator took action. And what broke - was Clawson’s silence, “Please Mr. Declann SIR. I understand. I promise I will never do anything like this again. I know, I know, but please... just for a second--”

What came out of the Predator’s mouth at that moment was like a silent roar. It seemed loud enough that everyone in the casino could hear, but it was not. You could only hear the voice inside the room. But everyone there - Gabriel, Braden, and Clawson alike - could feel it. They could feel power, something in his voice making their very skulls and the brains inside vibrate. It was as close to actually being able to hear the voice of a God as one could get, Braden would say later in life, when recounting to that future husband what it was like to hear that voice.

“Fine. I gave you a chance. You want to feel... feel.” At an astonishing speed, the Predator flicked Gabriel effortlessly, but harmlessly out of the way. It seemed like nothing more than a push with a single finger, but it was enough to move Gabriel physically backwards. That same hand then latched onto the Runt’s ankles. Up went the Predator’s hand, and with it the Runt’s entire body - held upside down at the ankles like the old school comic of jocks torturing nerds would often depict. The Predator moved the Runt bodily, face first around and onto the rolling hills and mountains of his monumental back. **“I feel something too. An itch. May as**

well make that lame ass, skin and bones body useful. Hopefully those bones are strong enough to stop an itchy muscle...

What followed was exactly what Clawson begged for... only it was the Predator's version of it. Bigger, harder, longer; so much muscle and power that it overloaded uninitiated normal human senses. Clawson flew up and down at lightning speed over the mountains and hills and valleys of John's indestructible back. To Clawson, John's muscles felt so hard that it was like being dragged across a cobblestone road. But the fallen Angel had him so anticipating this moment that the second Predator touched him he shot his tiny drop of a load. And then again, and again, and again. Gabriel already had him shooting blanks so that by now - at orgasm three, four, five more - the almost continuous orgasms had moved beyond pleasure. Pleasure had become near pain. At first the runt's cries of orgasm were sort of like pleasure, but they quickly turned into proper cries, and then sobs, and then begging of a new kind - begging the Predator to stop.

"But you wanted to feel my body. My muscles, just for a minute. Why stop. It's what you always wanted. To feel ANY MUSCLE. Well, feel mine. This is mine and every other man who works out, who builds a body. Who has any muscle. WE... ALL...FEEL...JUST...LIKE...THIS..." The Predator increased his speed, pulling the Runt across the acres of lats and traps and rhomboids and erectors. The sobs and begging turned into wails, begging John that he would do anything, just please, please stop.

"You sure?"

"Please, Please God stop..."

"Ask and ye shall receive" the Predator replied, thinking the biblical quotation from a deity the perfect way to answer. He released his hold on the ankles and allowed Clawson to drop headfirst into the floor. Well... it appeared to Clawson in his state that John had just dropped him. In reality, again as Braden witnessed before, the Predator was deceptively careful in making sure that the Runt wasn't actually hurt like going head first from such a height would undoubtedly cause. The reality was that the Predator didn't release the ankle hold and stop guiding the little body down until it was only inches from the ground.

As soon as Clawson hit the floor, he scrambled away with what little he had left toward a corner of the large room, huddled next to a column. He looked like a wild animal -- so overloaded with sex and fear that both sides were screaming separately, yet indivisible in the

Runt's mind. Gabriel immediately came over to the huddled little mouse. "You did it! You did what I wanted you to do. Now you can feel my body." Gabriel flexed his biceps right in the Runt's face. "Go on. All yours."

The Runt looked on in terror at the smaller but immaculate muscle. He pulled back into his corner even more, just mumbling, "No, no, no, no" to himself. Gabriel then looked HARD into the quivering little eyes - **"DO IT."** he said, the same cold, relentless commanding tone he sometimes had had to use in his teaching days to get students to do something that scared their pants off... And it did terrify Clawson. Still, he obeyed. He reached quivering hand out and barely touched Gabriel's flexed ball of steel. He lingered a moment before he pulled back, as if it caused him actual pain to touch the muscle.

Predator/Gabriel smiled. The Runt was like a fine cake... baked and shaped to perfection. Clawson was still so attracted to muscle he would cream his pants to be near it. But, now, at the same time, Gabriel and John had built a phobia of anyone with muscle into Clawson. ANYONE. For the rest of his life, Clawson would be the Runt - sexually tortured by lusting after something that petrified him so much he wanted to run away at the sight of it - run away or obey. The Runt was little more than a pet now to any muscled man. A man like he or John or so many in the world could do terrible things to Clawson with this kind of power. So, Gabriel had to do one more thing. The thing that would gut Clawson the most - he needed to be protected by the very people he feared yet lusted after the most - real MEN.

Gabriel dropped his flex and Clawson relaxed a tiny bit. "Runt, remember what I told you. I am a MAN and a man takes care of what is his. And a man keeps his word. I told you that you would only be hurt if you didn't follow the rules. Remember?"

"Yes SIR."

"Good. I am a MAN of my word. I will not hurt you, John will not hurt you, Braden will not hurt you. We will protect you. No REAL MAN ever hurt you unless you break the rules I give to you. Understand me?"

"Yes SIR. Please... don't let them hurt me."

"Don't worry. I won't... as long as you..."

"Obey the rules. "

“That’s right, Runt. Now come with me.” Gabriel reached down and pulled Clawson to his feet. The mouse of a runt male followed meekly behind Gabriel over to where John and Braden were standing. “Now, Runt. I am going to teach you some new rules. Rules you have to obey. Remember, you obey MEN like John and Braden and me. If you don’t obey, you will be punished. Now, a new rule, every time a MAN teaches you, you get on your knees in front of them. Remember. You learned that is your place in front of men, right Runt. Now, I want you to get onto your knees... in front of Braden.”

Clawson instantly dropped to his knees and looked up at the young bodybuilder who not two hours ago he ruled with a near iron grip. The world was turned upside down now. “Runt, John and I cannot always be here to instruct you or oversee you. We MEN have our own lives to lead. But, I take care of my own. So, I am giving you to Braden here. Braden is a MAN, remember?” Clawson nodded yes, he remembered. “Good. Now, Braden will teach you and look out for you when you need it. He will instruct you and you will obey him as if it is me. Understand?” Clawson nodded furiously.

“Now, anytime you disobey something minor, Braden is gonna do something. You are gonna do something I call “say your prayers.” You are going to get on your knees just like this and then you are going to beg to worship Braden. Kiss his feet. Kiss his flexed biceps. Beg his forgiveness. Beg his cock to rule over you. You are going to beg him to make you feel inferior like you are. Understand me Runt?”

Braden smiled, he understood what he was supposed to do. Clawson was his house mouse now. He flexed his arm, and on instinct Clawson flinched as he stared at it. The huge (for a normal sized man) arm mesmerized the Runt. “Runt,’ Braden said, “From now on, you are going to treat everyone differently. Gabriel showed you how much of a mistake you made in mistreating him and John. But that was just once, boy. Just imagine how much worse it has been for myself, for your security, for everyone here. So, now you are going to make up for it. You are going to be the best boss you can imagine anyone would want. You will treat everyone with the most respect possible. You will do anything that you see needs to be done around the casino. You will keep this place as perfect as you can. Understand? You are turning over a new leaf. *He that is the greatest among you is the servant of all.* Well, now everyone will think you are the greatest person to ever work here because you will be everyone’s servant. BUT always me and John and Gabriel before all others. Got it Runt?”

John then spoke. "And if you break a bigger rule, Braden will give you to one of those other big, strong men around here for a while. He will give you to another MAN to play with and make you worship them for a while. You understand what that means speck?" Clawson gasped and nodded furiously; he was so terrified of one of the others he had hurt or offended or didn't even know playing with him. "And if you break a BIG rule, if you disrespect Braden, all he has to do is call me. Do you think you can stand up to me and my discipline?"

Clawson's eyes actually began to dilate and his empty bladder muscles relaxed again as fear of what John's disciple meant gripped him. Terror of everything was drilled into his soul.

As if reading his mind, John reached into his pocket and withdrew something odd he had asked the cashier for. Something you could really only find easily in Las Vegas. John dropped to one knee and held out his hand. Clawson saw that dwarfed in the center of his palm was a single 1\$ coin. When he knew he had Clawson's attention, he pressed his thumb onto the coin and his palm... and the coin began to flatten and spread. John began to slowly rub his palm and the coin and as he did, the coin spread out further and further, flattening until it was wafer thin like sheet metal tin and over twice the size it was when minted. John then pressed his thumb into the flattened metal, and when he lifted... there was a distinct impression of a fingerprint on the coin. He was as strong now as Will and Skye... and getting stronger. Bigger. Better.

John then tore the flattened coin in exactly two pieces. He gave one piece to Braden, and handed the other piece to Clawson. "Something to remember this night by Runt. And me. If you ever see the half of that dollar I just handed to Braden again, I will be holding it... and I will be handling the problem. Understand?"

Clawson just held the half wafer shaking and looking at the monster MAN. No one would believe what he had just seen either. No one. He looked up at John, and John saw the terror. This runt would never mess up again. Never. Justice had been done.

"Alright Runt, get your clothes and get the fuck out of here. NOW. If anyone asks you, you spilled a bottle of water by accident and there is a puddle on the floor and on yourself. You will come back when you are dressed and clean up after yourself here. Understood?"

Clawson looked quickly to Gabriel and Braden who looked at him intently, before he stood up, grabbed his coat and shirt and practically ran from the room. Braden would reminisce

that Clawson would never come into this room again if he could possibly help it as long as he was here to see it.

As soon as they knew Clawson was out of range, Braden looked at the two men. "I...ah... don't know what to say."

John and Gabriel were instantly back, their respective Predator's back in their homes observing. John was first to speak. "You don't have to say anything. Braden, come here for a second." Braden came and stood in front of John, with Gabriel taking his place at John's side. John then got down on one knee... and then two. He sat back on his knees and shins on the floor, allowing everyone to be equal height in the room.

Gabriel then spoke, "We knew you were special the moment we met you. And I think after tonight, you realize there is more to us than even meets the eye when you see us. "

John then picked up the thought, "We want to make you an offer. Saturday night after the Olympia Gala dinner, if you are willing we will call you. We want... I want to offer you the chance that only one other person on earth has besides Gabriel here - the chance to be in our world and to understand everything."

Gabriel then picked up, "I want you to join us. To understand what it means for you to be a real man under John's protection. We are offering you a chance to fully trust and to see a world right before your eyes that you have never seen. I think I can speak for John when I tell you - we want to make you a part of OUR family. Family takes care of family. *Semper Fidelis.*" Braden's response was instant. He fell to his knees before John - a man he had a gut feeling was so much more than a mere man. It was what he had seen Clawson do when faced with superiority....

Yet instantly, Gabriel stepped forward, took his hand, and pulled him to his feet. "No, Braden, no. That position is reserved for those who show they deserve to be there. You do not. YOU ARE OUR EQUAL. You will ALWAYS stand straight and tall like the real man you are when you are with us."

John was so proud of his men at that moment. Gabriel had shown his Predator and did so much better than he ever did when that part of him first came out. And then there was this hero in front of him... "Braden, never get on your knees in front of me. Ever. I do that with

people like you and Gabriel. The people who are better than me, people who I want to be on your level. Understand? Now, as an equal, what do you say about Saturday Night?"

Braden didn't say a thing. He expressed his acceptance by reaching out to first Gabriel and then John and hugging them both warmly. "Thank you."

"No, thank you... I suppose we need to get dressed. By the way, as you are still our personal concierge.... You want to help show us around our new room?" Ninety minutes later found John and Gabriel having passionatel sex in the one room in Las Vegas that made even John look small...
