

He spies on Dawson a tourist that likes to work out at the outdoor gym at the beach. Dawson is training to be a plumber but loves bodybuilding and hopes to be a famous Instagram star. He posts pictures of his progress and quickly develops a following.

Dawson's parents have money and bring him along to the beautiful beaches of Mexico. Of course, Dawson doesn't want to hang out with his parents and quickly breaks away to explore. Lots of college girls love his muscles.

Dawson finds this out of the way gym where guys work out in their shorts. Dawson puts on some tanning oil on his perfect muscles and heads over to the gym.

He is surrounded by other hot guys mostly tourists like him working out in the jungle in this remote gym by the beach. He studies all the young men in his gym. He makes sure to make excuses if any older men try to join or come into his gym. He only allows young virile men who would have been warriors 300 years ago but are now just students or video game players today.

The old man needs to renew his strength constantly and more frequently as he ages, and more things go wrong with his body. The old man remembers when it was easy to find handsome warriors. He would be a shaman. His hunting ground was the battlefield. The smell of blood would fill the air as he looked for the perfect warrior to feed upon.

Brave young men wounded and barely able to move squirming on the ground. some crying out in pain. normally he would be no match for these men, but in the jungle, badly wounded, these men were at his mercy.

He noticed that being near death these young men would get a hardon. he would pick a young man with a large sex organ and quickly tie him up and take him down to his underground cave for draining. It wasn't just their blood he wanted. He wanted their sperm. Their last seed.

When Dawson appeared at his gym wearing sunglasses, oiled shirtless muscles, and tight shorts that revealed a large piece of meat between his legs, the shaman was at the door ready to sign him in. He told Dawson that a workout towel and free pre-workout were available with the fee. He asked Dawson what hotel he was staying at.

"Marriott"

"Oh, we have a deal with your hotel. You get half off"

Dawson was poor and couldn't believe his luck. Free pre-workout and virtually free gym.

Dawson strode into the gym with his bottle of pre-workout and absent mindedly drank it up. There was a pool in the middle. A giant wooden tarantula hung over the pool to give it shade. Dawson, wish he had brought his swimming trunks instead of his gym shark shorts. As if reading his mind, the creepy receptionist pointed out that the gym was men only and women used the gym down the road. He could strip off and use the pool if he liked. Dawson thought that was a little odd, but he was used to old men admiring his muscles.

He took another sip of his drink and could feel the beta alanine kicking in. His arms and back of the neck started to get that familiar tingling and itching feeling.

But there was something else in the pre-workout. Dawson noticed that every time his shorts rubbed against his penis, it started to grow. Dawson was a little embarrassed but quickly surveying the gym, he noticed most of the men were semi hard, so he ignored it.

"Good pre-workout"

"Thank you, sir Oh, and after you are done, there is a room over there were I can take your picture."

The room's door was only hanging straw and looked like it led into the center of a hill overgrown with vines and tall tree roots. It was an ancient temple, but the jungle had reclaimed it.

"Thanks again. I can feel a good pump from this pre-workout. I may just do that. Say can I have a bottle of this to take home. This is good stuff. "

"Of course, sir."

Dawson's muscles were filling up with blood and he quickly fit in with the other guys. The shaman watched as Dawson bonded with the other young men. Sweat dripping off striated straining muscles.

The shaman could hear every heartbeat as they drank his potion. His potion was working on their balls to make them grow and produce more semen. He waited for Dawson to wear himself doing heavy squats. The other men encouraged him to lift more and more. When Dawson barely made his last attempt the told him to do one more. They would be there to catch the bar if he didn't make it. Dawson tightened his weight belt. He knew he shouldn't, but the pre-workout made him reckless, and he went under the bar again. He went down and could hear the plates rattle as his muscles quivered. He saw black spots and knew he would pass out soon. He held his breath as he reached bottom and struggled to get back up. Sweat poured down his back and down his ass crack. His shorts were glued to his skin. The shaman licked his lips as the other men yelled at him to lift.

Dawson veins on his neck were popping out and he wanted to yell. He felt his hardon slide on his leg as he slowly lifts himself up. As soon as he straightened up, the men grabbed the bar and helped him rack it. Dawson collapsed on the floor and the men laughed and congratulated him. They pulled him up and sat him on a nearby log in the shade. Dawson's pecs were heaving as he snapped off his weight belt and tossed it aside. The receptionist was there another bottle.

"Here kid, drink this. That was an amazing lift."

Dawson's head was pounding from all the blood his heart was pumping. Dawson didn't even look at the drink but chugged it down.

Dawson couldn't stand up. His legs were burning from the heavy squat. He rolled off the log and the old receptionist helped him stand up.

"Use the pool. It is saltwater. Your muscles will be restored."

Dawson could barely speak so he nodded and staggered to the pool and sank in. indeed his muscles felt much better. The minerals in the warm water helped him. The shaman watched as Dawson floated. He noticed the thick purple cockhead was poking i's head out of the shorts.

"Sir, I can put your shorts in the washer and dryer. It will be ready when you leave."

Dawson forgot he had gone into the pool with his fancy gym shark shorts.

"Ah thanks man."

Dawson slipped out of his shorts. He was too exhausted to care he was naked, but he didn't want to walk back to his hotel with soaking wet shorts.

Dawson wasn't the only naked guy in the pool. All were equally exhausted and seemed not to care that they were naked and hard. Dawson looked for his towel, but it was way over by the squat rack. He wondered where the old receptionist was, but he had disappeared. He decided he would treat the place like a giant locker room and walk over naked if he had to. but he decided to stay in the refreshing pool a little longer. Dawson felt sleepy. his tired muscles, he humidity, the minerals in the pool were acting against him staying awake. it seemed like an hour had passed when the shaman touched his delt muscle and said his clothes were ready in the little room he had pointed out earlier. before Dawson could ask if he could bring the shorts to him, the receptionist took off.

Dawson slowly lifted his naked body from the pool and walked over the wet stones to the little room. it was surprisingly dark, but it was cool, and he kept walking. He walked down cool steps. With each step, the air was cooler. Finally, he reached a room with light from a hole on top of the cave. His shorts and gym bag were there. There were mirrors everywhere. Dawson smiled as he saw his muscles on perfect display as he walked to the center of the cave. The lighting was perfect. Dawson couldn't help but flex.

On the table was another bottle of water which Dawson drank. he thought he hear a chuckle in the darkness, but it was probably the men in the gym.

Dawson continued posing naked. His muscles never looked so good. His cock was fully erect. His balls seemed to pulse and looked a larger and rounder. Dawson thought this was the perfect gym. Slowly he reached for his shorts. It was time to get back to his parents. He grabbed his cellphone out of his bag but there was no service.

"Damn, the cave is probably causing a dead spot."

"Indeed"

Dawson spun around. There was the receptionist, but he was dressed in a leather thong. His bald black skinned head had a red spider drawn on it. Around his neck was necklace of tanned and dried penises. The shaman pulled out a small bag. it looked like it was made of skin. Scrotum skin. Dawson heart began to beat faster.

"Who are you?"

The receptionist didn't answer but took a pinch of powder from the scrotum purse and blew it in Dawson's face.

"I am hungry, and you are my meal."

Dawson started to see spots again. he lunged at the receptionist trying to take him down. Dawson was a star wrestler, but his muscles failed, and he fell to the sandy floor. the shaman laughed. Dawson felt his hands and feet being tied, but he couldn't resist. He felt his 6'5" muscular body being lifted by the creepy receptionist. He felt his naked butt being patted as he was being carried over the shoulder to another room. Dawson's breaths became shorter, and he passed out.

Dawson woke up on a black granite table. On all its surfaces were carved spiders. Dawson tried to move his hands, but pain shot from his wrists. he looked over and a giant green jade spike was pinning his wrist to the granite table. he looked down at his feet and saw two more giant green jade spikes piercing his ankles. Dawson tried to scream but a leather strap was in his mouth. He looked down again and he saw that a leather strap was around his balls and hardon. A green jade needle was in his cock. he saw the tip poking out of his piss slit. Dawson couldn't move without ripping his wrists and ankle bones apart. his chest started pumping.

above him was a hole in the cave and light struck his torso. out of the shadows he heard laughing. it was the receptionist.

He felt a hand run up his leg and check his bound cock and balls. The receptionist said nothing but hissed in delight.

The shaman finally showed his face as he looked into Dawson's angry blue eyes. Dawson wanted to kill the weak receptionist. Cold black eyes stared back at him as he felt his cock being played with.

The shaman smiled and revealed glittering diamond teeth. Each tooth was carved to a point.

The shaman stood up and started whispering in an ancient tongue. Dawson couldn't understand but he heard torches being lit. He heard rattlesnakes and saw their shadows on the wall. He heard the clatter of spider chelicera and fangs.

Dawson didn't care if he ripped his tendons. he used all his strength to pull jade spikes out of his wrists. the shaman admired the bicep muscles straining. A worthy victim. a true warrior.

The shaman bent down to the straining right bicep. Every vein was popping up like lightening. The shaman licked the muscle and then bit down on the flesh. Dawson tried to yell, but only heard the Shaman drink his blood. He watched as the Shaman seemed to get a little bigger. The shaman stood up, blood dripping from his fangs and laughed. He looked slightly younger.

Dawson looked at his bicep and saw black and blue veins where his bicep had been bitten. His bicep was smaller. Dawson cursed when he felt his pec being bitten into. He felt long cold needle like teeth sink into his massive chest.

at the same time his felt his cock being stroked. The jade needle in his shaft was painful as the shaman squeezed his cock.

Still Dawson could feel the jism in his balls churning waiting to be released. his balls swelled and grew larger. Dawson wondered if he could cum with jade needle in his cock.

the shaman lifted his head with delight. the torches grew stronger, and Dawson could see more of the room.

It was a dome shaped room. from around the ceiling, he saw naked men hanging the ceiling. They looked drained. Young but extremely skinny. Their muscles barely covered their skeletons.

They all had a jade spike in the ankle that was tied to a hook in the ceiling.

A few of the men tried to move but were too weak.

Dawson realized he would end up on the ceiling. Again, he gritted his teeth and struggled to pull a leg or wrist from the jade spike. The shaman admired the Sartorius muscle popping from Dawson and bit down on it. Again, Dawson felt long cold needle teeth sinking into his skin. he grunted in pain as his strength was slurped up by the hungry shaman.

Dawson looked up at one of the men on the ceiling and noticed his cock and balls were missing. Dawson looked down at the shaman feeding on him. The necklace of cocks around his neck. Would his cock end up there. Dawson's balls quivered as they tried to produce a final load. Even with all hope of escape impossible, the body wanted to seed one last time. The desire to reproduce could not be stopped by Dawson.

Dawson felt strength leave his right leg as the shaman drained him. he felt a clawed hand grip his balls. The shaman lifted his blood-stained head and roared. the shaman was getting stronger.

Dawson's balls pulsed with his heart beat he made a final effort to free himself, but cold teeth sank into his balls. Dawson screamed through his gag, as the shaman drained his seed and blood directly from his testicles.

The shaman lifted his head in delight. The scrotum was his favorite piece of meat. Dawson was spreadeagle and the shaman looked down at his old veiny turgid cock. He slipped a bloody finger Dawson's ass crack. He pulled Dawson's hips toward him and slammed his cock into the struggling young warrior.

He remembered how he had raped many dying young men on the battlefield before cutting off their cocks and adding it to his necklace of trophies.

Dawson's virgin hole had never been penetrated. He couldn't believe the old man was plowing his ass. He tried to squeeze but the shaman only got more pleasure and laughed.

Dawson looked up and saw the dying gaunt man staring back at him. Had he been raped too. Dawson started to panic as he looked down at his bound balls. bloody holes marked his balls. He knew he couldn't escape but was still concerned his balls had been permanently damaged. He didn't want to die castrated.

Finally, the shaman shivered and shot his load deep into Dawson's guts. It felt like hot poison.

The shaman pulled out and blood and semen poured from the ruined hole.

The shaman wasn't done. He plunged deep into Dawson and showed him his hands. Dawson stared and saw a mouth forming on each hand. Then the mouths opened and revealed glittering circle of teeth. As he fucked Dawson, he leaned forward and slammed a palm on each pec. Dawson felt the circle of teeth grab onto his massive pecs and start sucking his life force. Blood poured into the veins of the shaman. Dawson could see the forearms of the black shaman get larger as his pecs were sucked dry.

Dawson was slowly turning into one of the gaunt men on the ceiling. The shaman saw his cheeks sink and become hollow. But the shaman didn't want to kill Dawson. Not until he took his trophies.

The shaman pulled out. Dawson was helpless and skinny. The shaman pulled out a moon shaped crescent knife. The sunlight hit the blade and Dawson saw that the inner edge was serrated. The shaman bent down and slurped up both balls in his mouth. He shook his head violently like a beast. Skin and spermatic cords were stretched to the maximum and finally snapped. Dawson screamed as his balls disappeared into the shaman's glittering teeth with his cords hanging from his mouth. Then the blade cut through his cock and the shaman lifted it to the sun. Dawson went insane as he saw his massive cock in the boney hands of his enemy. Blood poured from the gash between his legs and the shaman bent down and sealed his mouth over the wound drinking every last bit that flowed.

Dawson prayed for death, but felt the pins come out of his wrists and one of his ankles. He no longer cared about his life. He would never be a man again. He would no longer be a he. He felt his body lift off the table as vine wrapped itself around his ankle and pulled him up to the ceiling. He felt a vine pierce his calf muscle and begin to drink his blood. He was now up in the air hanging next to the man he had been staring at. His body swung around, and they were eye to eye. Dawson was too weak to use his abs to pull himself up.

he just hung there staring at his brother warrior.

-the end