

Innocence Lost

# **The Facebook Generation**

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Here it was, the thing he hated the most. The thing that seemed scary and pointless every single year, a waste of time, a waste of paper. He had to get up in the morning to go to the clinic, and it was not that easy as you can imagine! Charles liked to play computer games and seeing as his parents aren't controlling him in any way he abused this opportunity spending half of a night having fun with his online friends. So, waking up in the morning seemed like a nightmare. Especially when his job was to get the stupid doctor to sign the paper which he was holding, the sheet titled "Annual development check – Boy, Age:13". Oh, he was barely able to keep his eyes opened, the world seemed so distant and heavy. And the air which smelled like medicines, bandages and piss was making him feel worse.

"Morning! I need to see a doctor today for this thing. Annual development checks or something. But be quick about it." The boy snarled, looking at elderly nurse sitting behind the counter.

"What's your name and surname, sweetie?" She asked, trying to smile, waiting for his reply.

His name was Charles, just like this, nothing fancy. The teenager was a short, skinny boy with brown hair always styled up in a good way. To say the truth he loved looking at himself in the mirror, dressing up like a rich guy, paying attention to every single detail of his body. Thanks to this every girl wanted him, but he did not want to get any girlfriend just yet. After all, he was surrounded by Barbie dolls, drooling over him, brainless teenage girls who could hop on his cock anytime he wanted. He just needed to pick one, anytime, they would beg him to pick one. Charles liked this special power he had, he was full of himself, he was loving himself more than anything other in the world.

And the examinations? As said before, he considered it a waste of time. God, he would pay for some more sleep, having a nap seemed like the only thing he needed in his life. Tapping his fingers on the desk, waiting for nurse's answer he looked at her. She was busy reading something on the monitor. "How is she even able to use it?" He thought. "She must be like 80 years old. Stupid bitch, she should just die." Charles smiled, imagining some younger, prettier nurse sitting behind the counter. With big tits, sticking out nipples. Reaching down for a mobile phone he shared his thoughts on Twitter. All of his followers noticed this right away – a rain of notifications and likes appeared on the screen. Of course, they were going to like every single bullshit he writes about. Brainless, stupid people who called him a friend.

"Doctor is in his office. Number zero-eight." The nurse stated and handed him his health records.

About one minute later he knocked on the office's door. Waiting for the doctor to answer he struggled with his thoughts. "Okay, this is one of the last check ups. I bet this man will be some pediatrician-quack who likes to molest children. Geez. Perverts. They are all the same." Eh, the awful smell of the hospital, he felt sick being here and could swear he will puke anytime soon. All these elderly people, all this place, this was a nightmare, a true nightmare.

"Please come in." He heard some man's voice from inside the room and walked inside.

Glancing around the office, he felt even sicker. Perhaps he was scared of it – he could not say, but something was not right. Was it the silence? Or the perfectly white furniture filling the room? Watching the doctor, who sat behind the desk Charles grunted, but the man ignored him. He was a man of thirty, freshly after graduation, who was clearly bored, staring at the papers in front of him. Charles wasn't yet aware what these papers were, and how they were going to affect the examination, changing his life forever. The boy looked at the man with reluctance, narrowing his eyes and decided to break the deafening silence.

"Hello, periodic health examinations. These papers. Can we make it quick?" The boy asked and walked closer to the doctor, handing him the form and rest of necessary documents. "Bureaucracy." That word now struck his young, rebellious mind.

At this point, it should be rather obvious that he did not like to do these examinations. Always, during this time, the whole school rumored that doctors ordered some student to strip completely to check their privates. No one, however, admitted that he took part in such examination. It was always a "friend of my friend" who was unlucky to meet some old and perverted doctor with sticky hands. The last time Charles was examined happened over two years ago – and it was not a big deal, his doctor filled up the paperwork, without asking a single question. Charles hoped that the same will happen now. After all, that what the doctors were for, doing useless paperwork stuff. The teenager knew better, he could take care of himself, no half-assed man will tell him what was good and what was bad.

Well, surprise. A quite shocking one.

"All right. Take off your clothes." The young man pleaded.

Hearing these words Charles felt hotness down his stomach. "Uhh, fuck." Was this one of the doctors that actually cared about his patients? "Am I in such a bad luck? Fuck." He repeated in his mind, trying to find some possible solution. He was not in a mood for stupid games and was ready to walk out of the office right away if needed. Nobody could stop him.

"Can't you just fill all the blank fields? Without the examination? The last doctor actually did it this way and everyone was happy..." The boy explained, his tone of voice was getting a bit angry. But the man interrupted him in mid-sentence, despite pleading expression on the boy's face.

"Let me read you what it says - Annual development check – Boy, Age:13. Correct? How do you expect me to know about your developing without performing any kind of examination?" The doctor said in a boring, but a sharp voice. Oh yes, after all, this wasn't simply about some dumb paperwork. The plan was even greater, and Charles should be afraid. He should really be afraid of what happens next, especially when meeting a man

with a mission.

"Fuck..." The teenager whispered again and hung his head. Then started undressing by unbuttoning his shirt. The doctor walked over to the wall and began to look for something in the drawers. It was necessary to prepare. Charles was to be his next special patient.

Prior to each appointment, the doctor was doing some investigation, picking only those boys who started maturing and who were behaving like jerks. You know, the ones thinking they were able to conquer the world with their cynicism and lack of respect for anyone. Having their full personal data he needed to stalk them down on social media. He liked to see if the boy was spoiled little fucker or just trying to impress his friends by saying bullshit everywhere, every minute of his miserable life. He explored the photos uploaded by the boy and searched for the ones which were showing any sign of poor behavior or rebel phase. The doctor knew it all, he was an expert when it came to child's psychology and brain. And the puberty was his specialty.

He knew that every boy goes through it, but at the same time some kids were really big assholes doing nothing but impressing their circle of friends. Smoking was a good example of it. Imagine a thirteen years old boy smoking both marijuana and cigarettes, drinking beer, posting photos of it on his social media accounts. This was what kids considered cool these times, instead of being ashamed of their stupidity. And their friends praised them, causing the wheel of self-destruction to roll. Charles was one of them, the pretty boy everyone would consider perfect basing only on his appearance. But once his true face was exposed you notice that the boy was rotting deep inside and the corruption was only spreading further and further. This makes you wonder where the hell was the world going.

The doctor glanced in the mirror, which reflected Charles's body. Oh yes, there was also need for discipline. A slow one, sometimes a painful one. It was boy's parents fault - if they were not able to control their child someone else needed to take action. They spoiled the little brat, making him think that he was one special snowflake, filling him with the shit. Things needed to be fixed, corruption to be stopped, withdrawn. Eventually, the object was becoming a good boy, a clever one, a loving one.

After sliding his shirt, Charles stared from the corner of his eye at the doctor and saw that the man turned away from the wall and looked at him as he undressed. What was wrong with this man? Why was he watching him? His eyes, they were really strange. Charles's mind was full of mixed emotions and feelings, he even blushed a little feeling cold air all over his body.

"Yes, fix them." Doctor thought, rubbing his hands together.

It was easy, the man was able to gather all the data from Charles's public Facebook, Instagram and Twitter. The boy was either stupid or thinking nothing in the world can harm him. The doctor wasn't doing all of these to humiliate the boy, whose face was now all red as he reached down, grabbing his belt and unzipped his fly. No, his aim was even greater, far above all of this, changing one boy won't change the world. Changing million of them

will surely have some impact. Especially when the boy was fixed early - when he was taught of how much respect he should pay to everyone. When his corruption was stopped before he starts having sex and brings more fucked up babies into this world. When the pain can be easily converted into a pleasure.

"Your socks too." The man stated all of sudden, looking at the embarrassed boy, who gulped and looked down at the floor. He felt much less confident now, good.

"Shit, this better be quick." Charles thought, looking at the doctor, who was still standing, staring patiently at him. Their eyes met, but Charles broke the contact.

Now, when the boy was almost naked it became much easier to describe how does the boy's body looked like. His hair was black and short, styled in a great way, it was clear that the boy paid a lot of attention to this part of his body. The blue eyes were the great ones, but the flickering flames of anger seemed to burn inside them. Charles's body seemed hairless, not a single hair on his chest, under his arms, even the legs seemed smooth, full of semi-transparent hair. A small scar on his stomach and the bulge in his underpants. How big was it? It was yet to be revealed. Nothing special. True, the boy was handsome, because only the pretty ones gained popularity, but now, as he stood here in underwear he seemed to be subdued. Now, the important part.

"Lie down, please." The man pointed toward the comfy couch and stood closer to the boy, who climbed onto the bed, feeling all uneasy.

There was one thing that always remained a secret until the boy was put into the investigation. Finding his weak points. Every single teenager had them, some learned to hide them pretty well, but the doctor knew it all, he was good at breaking the secrets and barriers. Grasping and putting the stethoscope's head against boy's chest he observed as his patient was breathing slowly. Charles was trying not to think about the doctor or about the fact that he was lying here almost nude. He was hoping that this was a just general medical examination. Meanwhile, the stethoscope has moved over his body, from the chest down to the stomach. Man's second hand stroked boy's side, gently massaging it with two fingers.

"Turn to the side." The doctor said and watched as the boy turned to the wall. The boy felt that the cold stethoscope's head was placed on his back and went down his spine. "Breathe deeply now." The physician pleaded and after a while continued. "All right. Can you stand up for a second?"

Charles got up from the couch and stood in front of a doctor.

"Turn your back to me and lean to the floor. "

The boy obeyed, hanging his head low he noticed that the doctor approached him from behind and felt man's fingers on his neck. They pressed against his spine once again, moving down till they brushed against Charles's waistband.

"Looks fine. Well, you could be a little taller by now..." The man took the card and filled the first few fields. "Oh, just a start." He thought and laughed seeing that the boy grabbed his pants and began to dress up. "No, we aren't done yet. Lie down again." The man protested, and Charles positioned himself again on the couch.

Boy's mind was racing. He was becoming more and more angry with every moment. "He had it out for me or what? What a waste of time." He thought, clenching his teeth, imagining that he was home alone, playing games, enjoying every second on it.

The doctor took a chair and sat down close to boy's legs. Grabbing one of them he touched every inch of it, from knees and feet, fondling each finger separately, adoring them. Well, yes, he loved boys and often felt remorse knowing that most of them were nothing more or less but spoiled little devils who would break the world apart if someone gave them the right tools. On the other hand, if Charles was a good boy then he would not end up here, in his office.

The man got up from his chair, noticed that Charles was still glancing at him with the same, cold eyes. The boy sensed what was coming, deep inside he knew it all along, he knew that you can not have fun forever, that one day you need to pay for it, to reap what you sow. The heat filled his belly, the same one he had experienced at the beginning of the visit. Something was coming.

"Is it over?" He thought.

"Now I have to examine your groin, spread your legs slightly." The man explained, feeling a little bit nervous.

Reaching for the gap between the boy's pants and thighs the man pressed his fingers against boy's skin. Charles could swear that the doctor caressed his testicles and whined softly in his mind "This doctor is actually examining me... I could make another appointment instead. Shit, I have bad luck, really. Letting this old fuck touch me." Charles struggled, trying to keep a straight face.

"Hands up."

Charles held out his hands to expose armpits, which were seamlessly brushed by doctor's fingers. No sign of single hair there as well. While Charles pretended that he was alpha male, so manly, strong and awesome his body remained quite boyish, showing no signs of development. The doctor carried out the examination, shattering all of the boy's dreams.

"Lower your underwear." The young man stated as if he was asking the boy for something normal, usual. Oh yes, humiliation time was just starting and boy's blank face was a clear sign that things were going the right way. "I need to check the development of your private parts."

"But why? What the..." Charles felt shocked, knowing that this was not right. He found it

hard to believe that the doctor wanted to look at his privates, just like that. After all, all the girls at school dreamed about seeing him naked. Most of them would sell their own mother just to touch his attractive boyish shaft. "I-I can not."

"You may think you have something to be embarrassed about. But that's not true." The doctor responded, speaking the truth, staring at the helpless boy. "Should I call your parents, so they will come and assist you?"

"No, why? I mean... why. Uh..."

Hesitantly putting his fingers on the sides of his pants he began to slide them down. After a while, the doctor saw pubic mound and base of boy's penis covered by short, black hair. A moment later Charles's underwear dropped on the ground, leaving boy naked as the day he was born. Finally. The man found it funny - the boy's tight scrotum seemed to cling to Charles's body as if the testicles hidden inside hoped to escape, shrink down because of cold air and fear.

The doctor wasn't waiting and rested his hands on Charles's abdomen, making him blush from embarrassment, the boy could swear that his ears were burning, they seemed hot, all red. As soon as the man began pressing the space above the penis, occasionally stroking boy's pubes the boy shivered, he wanted to run, to end this right here and right now. The man was patient - he moved his hand to teenager's groin and gently massaged it paying no attention to the exposed, uncut member. Well, there was nothing interesting about it indeed.

"We are almost done." The doctor stated, and walked closer to his desk to fill another field in the boring paperwork. Oh yes, just a few more steps, till the fixing procedure starts. He sensed that the boy felt already violated – it was so easy, he was almost able to read this young boy's mind.

"Can I..." Charles tried to say something but the doctor quickly interrupted him.

"Now we need to proceed to check your puberty development. I can hear that your voice is changing, and your pubic mound is covered by hair. Your member also seems to be okay. A bit below average size. Right, let's see..." He kept humiliating the boy, making him even more angry. "Easy, won't hurt." The doctor tried to act professionally and reached for the rubber glove.

"Below average, what a bullshit." Charles thought, once again wondering what was stopping him from walking out of doctor's office. He was one of the most handsome boys in school, everyone wanted him. And this old and ugly man said that his penis wouldn't probably satisfy any girl? It seemed that the doctor kept provoking him. "Of course, it is growing. One day it will be above all world averages." The angry teenager blurted out before he realized that he was discussing the size of his boyish shaft.

"Well, as for now it's just small." The man answered honestly, mocking the boy. Reaching



for boy's privates he wrapped one hand around teenager's penis, his second hand patted boy's testicles. He grabbed one, sliding his fingers around hidden egg, examining its structure, and then grasped the second one. The whole time he was staring at the boy, delicately caressing, stroking, pinching the scrotum. "Oh, Charles, I will teach you to keep your mouth shut." The man thought, putting some more pressure on boy's organ.

Caressing tip of the foreskin the man played with it a little bit – he liked his boys uncut and considered circumcision nothing more but a mutilation of perfectly normal part of a body. To say the truth he found it funny that people tried to justify it, deciding what's good and bad for their baby boy. Especially when they had no idea how does it feel to have a foreskin, thinking that one quick snip won't make a lot of difference. It did – he was able to tell it. Charles was not the first or the last boy in this office. And the ones with foreskins seemed way more sensitive to touch, to caress and in some rare cases – to tortures.

As the thoughts flooded doctor's mind Charles tried to close his own eyes but found it impossible to do. He looked at man's hand, which visited every nook and cranny of his greatest secret. Nobody else touched him before. Was it making him hot? Some old pervert touch? Not really. He wanted it to end. Besides, Charles preferred to wank it by himself, at least several times during the week, and he loved joking about it. The sexual jokes were always funny. Sharing his knowledge about sex, which was coming from watching porn movies was a great opportunity to shine. That was his role, pretending to be the alpha male, liking all sex-related pages on facebook, showing how awesome and horny he was.

Obviously, the doctor could name at least few of these pages, he saw them all. "Sexy women massaged", "Most embarrassing Selfies", "Sexy tattoos", "Tattoo and Piercing Models", "Big tits girls". The man wondered if the teenager was actually wanking watching these, or simply liked them to show that his parents, who weren't even controlling him, allowed anything. It's always the parent's fault, they say. Not exactly true.

Grabbing the foreskin with two fingers the doctor revealed the red, slightly wet knob hidden inside. Sliding the delicate skin all the way down, pressing it against boy's abdomen he began to carefully examine the structure of glans and fondled the frenulum. He was doing all of these waiting for Charles's body reaction. It was bound to happen at some point and it worked right away. The boy felt that another embarrassing thing happens, as the member became harder in man's hand. He could not even control it, he tried but failed, knowing that his own boyish shaft seemed to harden at random time intervals for no obvious reason.

"Wait..."

"Well, now it's sure bigger. You were right." The man stated casually as if they were discussing the weather outside. Here he was. The small spoiled brat completely exposed before man's eyes. "It seems that you are developing correctly."

As soon as the doctor took his hand away from boy's abdomen the boy sat down on the

couch, trying to cover his member which was now fully erected, twitching from time to time, asking for another caress. Charles wished to stop it right now and felt a great relief knowing that the examination was over now.

"Can I get dressed?" The boy snarled, reaching for his underwear.

"Not quite." The doctor replied. The paperwork was already done, but the doctor was just beginning the unofficial examination procedure. He was allowed by law to do so if needed. And the need was greater than ever now after all, Charles deserved any little bit of humiliation, he needed to pay. "Your genitals are fine, but I need to investigate the rectal area. Please, stand on all fours on the couch."

"No way I'm doing this."

The boy felt all confused and shocked at the same time. He kept asking himself questions, wondering what the hell was he still doing in here. The doctor expected to see his buttocks - not even single of urban legends told by his classmates mentioned this. This was bullshit, some wicked game, the man was testing him. His brain filled with different prank ideas, he was going to destroy this man, he did this to some of his teachers, throwing stones at windows, smearing shit all over their home - only to get the sweet revenge. Having no choice Charles positioned himself on the bed, spreading his legs a little bit. Although the erection was now gone, he felt just embarrassed that he was in such a position in front of another man. The poor teenager could not see it, but the Doctor was now grinning, staring at the exposed, humiliated boy. "He is really pretty when he isn't talking much." He thought.

"Try a bit harder. I need to see your anus, lower your head down so your butt is higher. Spread your legs a little more." The doctor advised him, enjoying the little show. Oh, he was not the only one. Eventually, a lot of people were going to see it.

Charles obeyed once more, knowing that the doctor should be now able to see what he wanted, the boy did not know what ashamed him more. The fact that the doctor had seen his penis, or that he now allowed him to examine his delicate anus. The hole which was meant to remain virgin for the rest of boy's life. Feeling the doctor's wet finger on his puckered, pinkish opening he hissed, his body shivered. Then he felt cold, the sticky substance the doctor smeared around a wrinkled surface.

"What are you doing?" The frightened boy asked, not really understanding the purpose of this examination. "Is this even legal?"

"Of course, it's legal. Rectal examinations can be painful, this is why I need to prepare you properly. I have to look into your rectum using the anal speculum. Relax." The man grabbed the silver tool which seemed quite big and started covering the tip of the device with a sticky substance. Charles's eyes widened, his heart beating was now faster than usual.

"Can't we just skip it? I mean, I feel like nothing... Argh!" He tried to say something more, but his voice was quickly silenced as he felt the tip of the metallic object touching his sensitive spot.

As you may know already, the doctor was an expert at this, knowing how and where to push to allow smooth penetration of the virgin and tight anus. It took him a good moment to slide the tip inside, his second hand casually brushed boy's member, which, despite his discomfort, remained erect. Pushing, putting more force on the device the man watched as it disappeared inside the boy, stretching the surface, fighting the sphincter. A few seconds later the tool was completely inside the boy, breaking all barriers and spreading his still tensed-up muscles. Charles felt the pleasure, a light, but strange pleasure.

"I will now spread your anus a little more to have a look around."

"No, wait, stop..." Another loud grunt escaped boy's body.

Charles could swear this his anus was never stretched that much, he felt searing pain down, between his legs, his whole butt seemed a bit numb, he was trying to clench his virgin opening. The muscles inside were clinging, wrapped all around the cold, metallic object. The doctor approached his face to the gaping hole, enjoying the result of his work – he loved how elastic were boy's bodies, that there were no barriers, it was all matter of proper exercises. "Should be enough." The doctor thought. It lasted about ten seconds, ten seconds that seemed like an eternity. Charles looked behind, feeling that the device was sliding out of him. To his surprise they were not done yet, the doctor was applying some sort of sticky substance to his fingers.

"The prostate exam." The man explaining.

"Wait, you want to put your finger? What the hell?" Boy gasped.

"Exactly. I think there's something wrong with it, I need to take a closer look. Then you will just get dressed. Alright?" The doctor stated.

Slowly sinking his finger into the boy, he sensed that his victim was not able to resist him with any muscle, not now when all of them seemed tired, loosened up. The whole finger was inside of boy when the man began drilling to the sides, pressing all soft spots inside, seeing that boy was clenching his fists, trying not to moan. "Oh Charles, my pretty virgin, we are about to start the best part, soon you won't be able to resist it anymore.."

It should be revealed that the man belonged to a really important organization. The name of it was not that significant, but their target, their aims, and their rules were. They described very precisely what to do with all special patients. Every little step, every little action, how to fix the boy, make him a normal, healthy, perfect human being. It was all about doing research first, destroying boy's self-confidence, carrying out tests, examining the subject every possible way, and then starting the recovery plan. Ah, the recovery plan – it was a true masterpiece and every single time it was getting better.

Sometimes a single session was enough, but some boys were extremely cocky, it took a few months to repair them, rewire their brain, making them obedient, polite and pretty little angels. Every case where the parents, the teachers and the police were not able to do anything at all was a good chance for the organization to show off their skills. They NEVER missed an opportunity and never failed to achieve their target. Charles was just another thing to fix, to make the world a little better place.

The teenager felt that his erection was now hard as a stone, and when the doctor touched his prostate it became even more unbearable. It was as if he was masturbating and getting close to ejaculation. He felt that man's finger was slowly massaging his prostate, sliding the fingertip up and down sensitive gland. Closing his eyes, no longer paying attention to what the doctor was doing he drifted to another world, a world of pleasure. It took him a good few seconds to notice that man retracted the finger from his still tight rectum. The boy would have never thought that inserting something inside of him would feel so good. After all, using anus for pleasure was a gay thing to do and boy hated all the fags – all of them were dirty sex-obsessed perverts wearing pink and fucking each other every day for the rest of their short lives. For Charles having sex with another man was one of the most disgusting things to do.

As he was still lost in the thoughts things were happening rather quickly. The doctor carefully unzipped his fly and prepared for the great revelation. A great surprise, a shocking truth which was going to shatter Charles's perfect, little world. The doctor's penis was already hard from the very beginning – seeing a boy so cute, so perfect and so... corrupted was arousing enough. And when Charles walked into the trap there was no way out – the cameras were turned on, recording his every action, thousands were going to see it all. It was nothing more or less but a documentary, a tutorial for other members of the organization, an instructional video regarding fixing boy's behavior. The plan was always the same and it never failed. It could not fail, not when the government was funding the great organization.

Joining the organization was the best thing that happened in man's life. At some point he lost count, he was not able to tell how many boys were repaired in here, but every subject was unique. He knew that all these boys were just as submissive to the doctors as rude to other people. And he fixed them, trying to show every boy what was wrong with his life, he was a patient teacher, a good man, a guide. Being a professional was not easy, he received a lot of different requests and tasks lately and could pick only from the most urgent ones. Charles's case was one of them – boy's parents were seeking for a man like him to teach their child some respect for everyone. They clearly stated that he was free to do anything he wanted. But no, he was not some perverted pedophile. He followed the codex, the sacred rules of the organization, knowing that they would end him if he broke them.

As usual, he was aware that the boy may try to escape, so he always carried a special little thing in his pocket. A small syringe filled liquid, which relaxed certain muscles of his victim's body. It was the finest, secret mixture prepared by members of the organization,

worked perfectly on boy's legs or hands, kept him in place.

"Nowhere to run, sweetie, time to pay for your sins." He liked to think.

And now the thing was happening once again. The special procedure number one. A standard one, nothing unusual. The teenager like Charles deserved it all, a stupid Facebook obsessed punk.

"Ever since you walked into this room you're being recorded." The man said casually, walking closer to the boy and grasped his buttocks, parting them apart as hard as he could, exposing the rectum in the most obscene way. It was still glistening from the fluid, it was asking for a rough penetration.

"What's going on? What the fuck? Leave me alone!" Charles shouted and quickly got out of bed, but was thrown back at it by the doctor who pinned him to the sheets with all the force.

"Let's play a little more, we'll work on your mental state." The man explained, reaching for his pocket.

"Get off me, you pervert!" Charles screamed hoping that someone will hear his voice. He began to kick man around, trying to get free, but after a moment he felt a sharp pain in his shoulder and looked at the empty syringe held by the man. "What are you doing to me? HELP!"

"Making sure you stay here for your lesson." The doctor snarled, waiting patiently for ten seconds, looking at the teenager, who was losing feeling in both hands as well as feet.

The boy was shocked, was unable to say a word, his wide opened eyes were looking at the man was standing before him, smearing his big, erected cock with some kind of gel, which covered now most of the shaft. A sudden adrenaline rush surged through his young body, he tried to get up, but his body was not responding to his orders. Charles realized he was in trouble, the only thing he could was was screaming. But even his screams seemed quiet.

"Damn, you are all the same." Grabbing boy's underwear the man rolled it into a ball and spread the boy's jaw, pushing the fabric inside with a single motion. "And I don't want you to say a word, while I explain to you what's happening." He stated and started undressing out of his perfectly white kilt.

"Fkk uuy!" The boy mumbled he was not scared, he wanted to fight. To get up and bash this man's skull, to murder him with his bare, little hands.

Charles watched as the man gets rid of every piece of clothing and stands in front of him naked. Nobody mentioned it officially, but some of the newest members of the organizations were picked because of their attributes. And the man had an impressive one

- his giant penis was sticking out, glistening in the whole glory, shaking slightly as the man clenched his hand around, sliding the foreskin and looked at the helpless, paralyzed boy.

"You'll love it, I assure you. And you better accept the fact that you can't escape." The doctor pleaded, grabbing boy's knees, spreading them to the sides forcefully.

While he was even allowed to break some bones in boy's body, he hated the unneeded violence. He preferred to break their minds, not bodies. The doctor rubbed the wet tip of his penis against boy's tight rectum, smearing the substance all around it. Charles could not believe what was happening – his body was limp, his mind remained conscious and in a moment he was to be raped by a man. Believe me, the teenager tried to scream but everything that escaped his mouth was one big mumble.

"Don't worry, we will get to this soon. Now, you should be aware of two things." The man walked over to his desk and grabbed some papers, making sure that boy was listening to him. "Primo. As I said, everything we did is recorded by several cameras. Secundo, you don't know why I'm doing all of this, right? Let me explain you." He took one of the papers and moved it closer to boy's face.

A confusion crossed boy's face, he did not understand what's going on. "This man stalked me on Facebook and now wants to fuck me because I'm pretty?" He thought, reading the text written on the sheet.

"Now, again. Let me read some of these." The man said, putting his glasses on. "Here are your great quotes. Number one..."

*"Math teacher iz bitch, she should die, lol."*

*"Omg baby, u so h0t on this one. I want to c ur titz photo and lick ur pusseh."*

*"Just got another money from parents. Their are clueless lol."*

*"Oh yeah, weed is best. Weed 4ever. Blaze it. YOLO"*

*"Fags \$ucks, like for real. I'd kill them all"*

The list was long and full of hate speech showing nothing more than the stupidity of young teenagers using the internet. Every single post was full of likes and rest of the usual shit, full of comments, full of people who agreed that Charles was the best boy ever. It's just like they were wanking over their retardedness.

"And here are some funny pictures. You were really creative... not. So, you with the cigarette in your stinky mouth." The doctor showed the photo to an angry boy. "You, pretending that you can fuck this pretty stone statue, and another one, making fun of your teacher. And yeah, you bullying some young kid. A fine proof that you are nothing more but a stupid cunt." The doctor put all the papers on the desk and walked over to Charles,

pulling boy's underwear out of his mouth, allowing him to speak.

"Everyone does these things so screw you!" Charles shouted. The man slapped him across the face with all the force, leaving the red spot on teenager's cheek.

"Your generation is so fucking stupid. Now, when you are able to share your shit ass ideas on the internet you are doing nothing but pretending to be cool. But you know who you are?" The man asked, reaching for boy's testicles. "You are a little, selfish, rude cunt who has no respect to anyone." Using his hands he squeezed boy's scrotum till Charles started to scream in pain, thinking that his sensitive testicles will be crushed anytime soon. The pain was unbearable, radiated all over boy's crotch.

He allowed the boy to have some rest and waited for some kind of rude reply, but Charles remained calm. The first tears appeared in boy's eyes, he sobbed loudly, unable to move, unable to hide his reddened, crying face, full of tears, a snot was running out of his nose. Everything seemed so distant, he hoped that this was just a bad dream, that he will wake up anytime soon, that the bad man who wanted to hurt him will be no more. But the pain was real, his tears were real. The man kept the lecture going.

"Look at yourself, idiot. You're not anyone special. You and your friends wear similar clothes, most of you have exactly the same haircut. That's the problem I have with you. You are all little fucks thinking that your generation is immortal, supreme and nothing bad will happen to you. Well, surprise fucker."

"Leave me alone or I will call the police!" Charles cried, but the man just smiled looking at his pathetic victim.

"Oh, let's look at this one." The doctor said grabbing one piece of paper from the desk, searching for the certain post from Charles's Facebook. "Fuck the police. They know nothing!"

"Fuck you!" The thirteen years old boy exclaimed, trying to move, but he was still under the effect of a drug. He was raging, fighting his opponent, hoping to put some sense into him. "I-I will kill you and your family, and piss all over their bodies!"

"I said it. Remember? We are being recorded." The man answered patiently. "Try to say a word and the social media will see you getting fucked in the ass. Not to mention your angelic face when I fingered your rectum." The man grabbed boy's hard member and started masturbating him slowly, enjoying the power he had. "This is your first time, huh? I will give you some nice memories. Something to dream about. Were you dreaming about getting fucked in the ass? Should I cum on your face? Or inside your throat? Sadly, they told me I can not castrate you, would be easier to control your behavior."

Feeling the terrible weakness and fear overcoming him Charles tried the different approach. He realized that fighting won't work, as he could not move in any way. What's worse man's hard, big organ was getting closer, pushed against him, covering boy's crack

with wet precum. Charles figured out he was only at the perverted man's mercy and wished to delay the attack.

"Please, sir! Please sir, let me out!" He cried, sobbing. "I have money, I can pay you. I will not tell anyone." His voice broke as he struggled what to say next. "I ... I do not want!" Charles shouted, feeling that the doctor was leaning closer, putting the penis between his parted buttocks. He sensed the wet glans right on his tight hole. It was so close, the tension was unbearable, his mind was rushing, his eyes welled up with more tears.

"You see, I told you, this is not about money. I want to convert you into a nice boy. And it seems that there's no other way. You are nothing but a cunt." The man looked down, making sure that the head of the penis is right at the boy's anus and stared directly into his patient's eyes. These were familiar, he saw them before and he could observe the changes in them as the procedure of fixing continued.

"Sir, I can chan..." Charles hoped to say something more but then shrieked in pain. "No! NO-OOO!"

The one quick push. This was enough for an experienced man like him – the doctor penetrated his victim, destroying all clenched muscles standing in his way. For the first time Charles felt the pain that almost made him faint, it was a sharp one, unexpected, tearing him apart. It was a torture, a torment as if someone was impaling him on a burning pole. A long and thick member made both speculum and fingers meaningless toys. The boy completely subdued himself to his captor, and he could not stop a loud groan that escaped his throat when man retracted his shaft.

His tears were flowing freely from eyes, Charles's anus suffered from the rapid intrusion. The young boy's mind became all black for a moment, he wanted the pain to stop but soon felt that the doctor, the teacher violates him again, putting his erected cock fully inside, marking his way with the sticky precum, abusing the tight anus. Charles cried out at the combination of pain and pleasure which drove him totally out of control. He could swear that more and more shaft was sliding inside him, penetrating not only his rectum but also his stomach and throat.

"It hurts, stop it, please! PLEASE!" Charles croaked, gasping for a breath when the doctor began to speed up his motions, fucking him in a rough manner.

But the penetration kept going, the doctor's member was still there, raping the pristine boyish hole second after second, inch by inch, connecting their bodies together. The teacher's fat fingers pinched his student's sensitive nipples, creating another source of searing pain in boy's body. Then the man bent his leaned closer to a crying teenager, keeping the humiliation going he began to kiss him on the neck and face. Charles could feel the sweat dripping from the man's body and the pain becoming sharper and sharper with every move. He was a rag doll, a toy, he became a fuck toy.

"I'm still waiting for you to say the right thing." The man gasped, whispering into boy's ear, breaking his mind as well. "You are perfectly tight and you will always remember be as the



one who took your innocence and virginity. You are a little faggot who loves dick, who loves the taste of the sperm. I will erupt straight into your mouth soon, so you can see it and learn how to serve men, bitch. This is your future.”

Charles wasn't fighting anymore, he lost all hope. He could scream, but it seemed that no one can hear him. Or maybe they ignored his screams? Maybe they were listening to his torment and smiling? He surrendered himself to the man, groaning every time when the man seemed to penetrate him even deeper than before. “This will be over soon.” Charles thought, looking at the doctor, who seemed to work with insane, inhuman force.

As the man kept the instruction going, abusing the fragile body without any troubles he sensed that even the drugs won't delay his orgasm anymore. The organization wanted to make sure that the torment was a long and painful one, sometimes it was not possible without some fancy pills. Some of the new comers were cumming as soon as they saw a naked, young boy before them, this was quite unprofessional. Ten minutes of constant fucking was enough - the doctor began to pant loudly and Charles knew that the man will reach the edge any moment. He thought he was smart. He clenched his eyes and mouth tightly, to not allow the doctor to ejaculate into them.

“Here we go, bitch.”

Pulling his hard cock out of violated anus with one swift movement the man grasped it tightly. It was dripping with the lubrication, his sweat, a lot of precum and boy's juices. The same mixture that started leaking out of boy's gaping rectum. The doctor pulled boy's limp body closer to his, placing the glistening, gigantic shaft right in front of boy's face.

“You can't escape the most important lesson, cunt.” The abuser snarled and squeezed the victim's jaw causing it to open wide, Charles tried to scream, panicking, thinking that the man will crush the delicate bone.

At the same time, the man's orgasm began. Their eyes met, marking this moment forever, the teenager looked like was about to faint anytime soon, his eyes were red, full of tears, his face was not that cute anymore. The doctor held him in an iron grip sending several loads of hot semen across boy's cheeks and lips. It tasted awful, bad, Charles sensed that sharp smell right under his nostrils and inhaled on it, gagging right away. The doctor placed the shining glans at boy's mouth, more waves of fresh cum shot straight into boy's throat, leaving a trace on the tongue. Most of his face was now covered in a thick, warm substance. This was an effect of yet another drug invented by the organization – the orgasms were much more intense and longer, the body was producing massive amounts of sperm.

The boy was barely breathing, he saw the doctor standing over him with a digital camera and taking pictures. Things were just getting worse and he knew it, he started accepting the fact that he needs to be an obedient boy. Several photos of boy's face, then his still erected penis and finally stretched, red, still leaking penis were a good start and a great gift to the community. All members of the organization were going to see these. The doctor reached for the pack of cigarettes and started lecturing the boy.

"You will think of this every time..." He started, getting closer to the boy, blowing the smoke right at him. "Every time when you steal from your parents or smoke another cigarette. Even the smell of cigarettes will make you gag."

The man could barely hold himself from sticking the burning cigarette against boy's body, creating yet another not-so-pleasant memory and scar which would never fully heal. In his opinion boy like Charles deserved every light torture, but it was not up to him to decide the punishment. Still, he wanted the boy to remember this moment, to remember the odor of the cigarettes.

"Don't even think that you can report me. We have a quite impressive data regarding all of your little fucked-up friends. They would be shocked to learn that an alpha male like you is just a little, perverted fag, who loves getting facials." The man looked at the boy curiously, knowing that in a few minutes he will be able to walk again. Sometimes he wished things were easier, he would love to meet a boy like Charles and adore him, but instead he became a guide for misguided guys like him.

"I won't do this again. I swear. I will remove all the stuff from the internet." Charles soothed the man, hoping that he will believe him. "I won't smoke again!" He cried. "I promise! I will be a good boy."

"The thing is that your promise means nothing." The man stated slowly, putting an emphasis on the last word. "You are a little teenage cunt, who breaks promises. No... you will keep your accounts so we can monitor it and what's more I will keep in touch with your parents to make sure that no money was missing. If we ever hear that you misbehaved again we will find you and remind you this important lesson. But it will get more and more painful every time. At some point, your mind will be no more. Can't you believe it? And now for the homework..." The doctor laughed, stroking his still erected penis. They had few more minutes and he really wanted to humiliate the boy even more.

"Sir, I can't take it anymore. It hurts!" Charles sobbed. "I know that I'm a pathetic little fuck, that I mean nothing. I will change now. I will do everything you say."

"That's better. Let's start with friendly an old-fashioned blowjob." The man pleaded.

"But I'm not..."

"I wanted to go easy on you, but now... I will just fuck your throat." The man slapped him again, grabbed boy's head placing in on the edge of the bed and placed his penis directly in front of Charles's tightened lips.

"No, I'm a good boy. Yeah! I will be..." Charles shook his head, hoping to avoid another painful intrusion, but as soon as the man's strong arms grabbed him he realized that there's no way out of this.

His mouth was wide open, his lips seemed all dry, hungry, sucking the air. The doctor picked up the camera again, preparing to take some additional pictures. There was something arousing about it – blackmailing and humiliating the boy was the thing he found exciting. As much exciting as using young teenager's hot mouth. As soon as wet, throbbing member slipped between his lips Charles felt that he was gagging. He was not able to control it, he hated the taste, the smell, the man's touch. The teenager wasn't even using his tongue, allowing the hard, leaking shaft to explore his mouth.

Unable to escape, he felt that the doctor wants to push his penis even deeper, down the throat so Charles decided to stop him using his tongue, pressing it against man's urethra. He felt broken, disgusted, sensed that his body was working against him as he slowly moved the tip of his tongue around the shining glans, polishing it, slurping the salty precum.

"You are learning fast. It's natural for boys like you, you are all little sluts." The tormentor groaned, grabbing boy hair, pulling him closer. "Your whole shitty unicorn generation think that they will rule the world one day. As for now they should rule around my cock. This is your place."

Charles mumbled, as if he was trying something, to fight, to disobey. The doctor pressed his shaft harder invading more of a small mouth. Of course, the boy knew he won't be able to escape now and that the whole man's spunk will land in his throat. His eyes once again filled with tears as he thought about all the humiliation he experienced. It seemed surreal, not possible. It seemed like a never ending nightmare.

"Oh, stop crying again. This is annoying. Are you five?"

The whole shaft began to pulsate and twig in boy's mouth, spreading his jaws even more. After a moment Charles felt that his mouth and throat were filled with several loads of sticky semen, which flooded him, getting quickly into boy's stomach. Some of it was leaking from his mouth and he felt a few drops leaking down his chin as doctor pushed still, so the boy had no choice but to swallow the substance, which kept filling him fully. He hated the taste and for a brief second he wanted to vomit, but then doctor pulled out his semi-erected shaft out of his mouth, allowing him to breathe. He was free, finally!

Noticing that whole organ was wet, sticky, spit and sperm covered Charles tried to imagine how his face looked now, he knew he was in a rather miserable state. Without saying a word man got dressed and walked over to the desk again and sat down.

"I believe that now when your therapy is done, you will avoid all self-destructive behaviors." The man said casually, peering at a naked teenager, who was still lying on the bed.

"Y-Yes, yes, mister." Charles answered slowly, his whisper was barely heard. His voice was so weak, so distant as if it was coming from another world. Or maybe it belonged to the new Charles as the old one was gone?

"You should be able to move again in about a minute. You are in a total mess. Get dressed and sit on the chair." Doctor pleaded, looking back at his paperwork, getting things done.

The boy was defeated, he lost not only the battle but a whole war, he surrendered to his enemy, his mind was broken, and finally, he knew it will stay just between them. There was no escape from it, but the teen was also afraid that if lets the old Charles to return the doctor will release this humiliating video and photos all over the internet. He realized what was his mistake, he knew why he deserved it. Even the single thought of smoking made him gag.

After a while he sensed that he can wiggle his toes and made an attempt to stand on his feet. He bent down to grab his underwear, and noticed the liquid flowing down his leg - his poor, violated asshole was still leaking the mixed juices. Grabbing a few tissues he made an attempt to clean his hole, but as soon as he pressed it he hissed. It was sore, sensitive to touch and also covered by a few drops of blood. It was true, he was in a mess.

"You won't be able to sit for a while, but I think this is a good reminder of what just happened." The man kept lecturing him.

"He is right." The unwanted thought appeared in teenager's head as he began to dress up. He was looking at the doctor now - for some reason he felt respect for this man. He wondered how many kids the man already fixed. Were some of them Charles's peers? Or maybe his friends? After a few seconds he stood before the doctor as if nothing happened. The examination was over. The procedure has ended.

"Charles, it was not pleasant, was it?" The man asked. "I did it because I care about you, about boys like you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir! B-but I deserved it." The boy admitted, looking at the man sitting behind the desk. He did not dare to look away.

Glancing back at the boy the doctor smiled. He really adored these boys who were able to see and understand their life from a different perspective after a very first meeting. It was a bit late, at the age of thirteen, but as they say better late than never. Oh, he wanted to meet Charles again, he hoped that the boy will break some rules, the man knew that he will keep dreaming of it. Of the tight hole, the willing mouth, of the quiet whimpers – it happened a lot in the past. Thankfully he had the little photo collection, the proofs that everyone can be broken pretty easily. If only the organization was not so strict... he would have much more fun. He heard some of the members were really going an extra mile of their tasks, he hoped to become one of them someday.

"There are no contraindications, I think. You are a healthy one."

Doctor held out his hand to a small, fragile boy. Charles did not hesitate for a second. He shook it, keeping his head low.