

BIKER CAPTURES TWINK

CHAPTER 1

BY
RANDY MCANUS

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r.mcanus@rocketmail.com

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Mike was a classic biker in most ways. He was six feet four inches and 225 pounds of pure muscle with dark hair and piercing gray eyes. He had a classic square jaw

protruding from his ruggedly handsome face. The man looked great in anything from suits to shorts. For that matter, he looked great in nothing. But he looked especially great in leather. Mike was a manly man who believed in fucking other manly men in a manly way.

Mike especially liked to fuck straight, preppy, biker wannabes, who thought that just because they bought a big motorcycle they were bikers. Needless to say, these straight biker wannabes did not wish to be fucked. As far as Mike was concerned that just added to the challenge and the fun.

Mike liked to provide his gay biker buddies with a tasty treat from time to time. And he found over the years, that straight men were too ashamed and afraid to tell anyone that they had been used as a fuck toy by a bunch of bikers.

Most of the men Mike took were white collar types in their thirties with gym bodies, but no real experience at meeting the challenge of a true alpha male. It was fun to put these desk jockeys in their place. Sometimes he'd take a guy in his twenties, but there weren't all that many twenty-somethings that could afford a Harley or other big bike. Mike just took the best available prey.

The biggest problem with the guys he chose was they all had jobs and families so he could typically only keep them for a few hours. A weekend at most, if they lived alone. He really wanted to find someone who would not be missed. Someone he could take his time with. Someone he could train extensively—and then sell.

Then one day, opportunity presented itself. Mike was visiting a biker shop, some thirty

miles from where he lived. He hadn't been there before, and had spotted it while out on a random ride. He was browsing through the leathers, custom bike parts, and the little bits of crap theuppies bought like branded mugs and key chains, when this cute little twink wandered in all wide eyed, checking out the gear.

He normally had no interest in twinks. If they rode at all it was dirt bikes or scooters, which was fine with him. But not only was this kid a beauty for his type, he gravitated instantly to the heavy bike stuff. Didn't mean the kid owned one of course, (and he didn't) but it meant Mike would have some common ground to start a conversation. Plus, Mike had excellent gaydar and he was sure this kid was straight.

The kid was checking out a display of belts that were actually made from Harley drive chain, with a Harley buckle attached. The kid was putting them around his waist, but none of them fit. The smallest size was 32 inches, and the kid had a 26 inch waist.

“Problem?” Mike said, a casual smile on his face.

“Yeah, I can't find one that fits!” said the kid.

“I've got a chain tool in my saddle bags. I can remove the extra links for you, if you'd like. Hang on to them though—your waist figures to get bigger as you get older,” said Mike.

The kid turned around, smiled and said, “Maybe, but hopefully only if my chest gets bigger. You're serious though, you can fix it for me?”

Mike shrugged: “Sure, kid. Five minute job. My bike is out back. I'll meet you there.”

Mike fished the chain tool out of his saddle bags and turned just as the boy walked out of the store with his new belt.

“Here, let me put that around your waist so I can see how many links to take out,” said Mike.

The boy complied. Clearly the kid was straight as Mike sensed no sexual tension at all emanating from him. The thought that Mike might be interested in him 'that way' had not even occurred to him. Mike wrapped the belt around the kid's waist and counted the number of links that overlapped. As the buckle was welded on, he took the extra links out of the middle of the belt. The boy put the belt through the loops of his jeans and buckled it. It fit perfectly.

“Perfect fit, thanks mister!” said the boy. And in that moment he got his first good look at Mike's ride. “Whoa, is that a Royal Enfield Interceptor?!”

“You know your bikes, kid. I'm impressed. Rebuilt it myself to new condition.”

“That is so cool! I just love antique bikes. For me it's a tie for what British bikes I like most. The Interceptor or the Norton Atlas.”

“I have one of those, too,” Mike said with a grin.

“Oh, man that is so cool! Could you maybe give me a ride? I'll pay for the gas, if you want,” the kid said.

“Sorry, but if you got hurt your parents would probably sue me for giving you a ride

without their permission,” Mike said regretfully.

“No problem there, I turned 18 last week and my mom promptly kicked me out. Her boyfriend hates me,” the kid said with a slight edge to his voice.

“Show me some ID.”

The kid showed him his driver's license. A photo that was clearly the blue-eyed blond in front him him smiled up at him.

“Charlie Olson, is it?” The boy nodded. His license had him at 5 feet 8 inches and 135 pounds. Mike figured that was just about right. He had that tiny waist and about a 38 inch chest. He had wonderful definition, but no real bulk. A classic slender, small-boned frame.

“This is your mom's address, I take it. 500 miles would be a long way to ride just to buy a belt,” said Mike.

“Oh, I don't have wheels. I came on the bus. I've always wanted to see California and go surfing and stuff. I'm staying at a little weekly rent place up the street. I've got enough money for about six more weeks. I figure if I don't find a job by then, I'll join the Marines.”

“How's your job search been going,” Mike asked, and held his breath.

“Actually I've just been hanging out at the beach so far. I figured to start looking next Monday.”

“Your landlord have any suggestions?”

“Actually, I haven't seen him since I gave him the rent.”

“What about the other tenants?” Mike asked. This was getting better by the minute.

“They're mostly winos and old people. I keep to myself around there,” said Charlie.

“Probably for the best. Well, I'll tell you what. I live about thirty miles from here. Nice winding two lane road followed by a dirt track that leads up to my place. We can ride up there for lunch and a beer, then I'll give you a ride back on the Norton. That work for you?” Mike asked, casually.

“That would be so cool!” enthused Charlie. “I can pay you now, if you want.”

“Naw, that's fine. I'll collect when you get to my place,” Mike said with a grin.

The comment went right over Charlie's head. Mike mounted the bike. He knew he would be having much more fun when he mounted Charlie, about an hour from now. Charlie climbed on behind him and innocently put his arms around the muscle stud's waist.

Mike kick-started the big bike and roared out of the lot onto Main Street. Within five minutes they were outside the city limits and climbing into the foothills on winding two lane road. Mike opened the throttle and the massive bike surged up to eighty. Charlie whooped for joy.

“Fantastic!” shouted the little twink over the roaring wind.

He gripped Mike harder around the waist and leaned into his back, which was just fine with Mike. Mike usually liked his prey to be older, taller and more muscular. It made dominating them more satisfying. But this kid would have no one looking for him. And well-trained twink slaves brought a good price.

Mike turned the bike onto the dirt track that led to his house. It was over 8 miles up into the foothills, and there was not a soul to be seen anywhere along the Desert Trail. Mike slowed as he approached the gate to his property. He had over 500 acres, and the entire property was fenced in with an 8 foot fence that had razor wire around the top. Mike did not like unexpected visitors.

“Wow,” said Charlie, “did this used to be a prison farm?”

“As a matter of fact, it was,” said Mike with a grin. “I’ve got over 500 acres here that I bought from the county about 10 years ago.”

Opening the gate required voice-recognition, a leftover feature from when his property was a prison farm. Mike keyed in his code and spoke into the grill. The gate swung open and Mike drove through. The gate closed automatically behind him and locked.

“I take it you like your privacy,” said Charlie.

“Yes I do,” said Mike. “It’s one of the reasons I bought this place. Do you know that I have not had one traveling salesman here?”

Charlie grinned, “I can't imagine why not!”

Charlie had to admit to himself that even though this guy was older, he was really pretty cool. Coming through that gate had been more than a little spooky, but Charlie was beginning to feel comfortable again. Mike was a very relaxed guy with a good sense of humor, even if he was very big and intimidating.

They drove over a small hill, and the compound came into view. It consisted of a large house with a swimming pool, and the three prison barracks that were still standing. Charlie couldn't see that behind the prison barracks there was a cinder block building that had once been used for solitary confinement.

They rode up to the house, which had a large veranda on the front and a satellite dish on the roof. Charlie could see a windmill for generating electricity on top of a hill about 300 yards away.

“I am completely self-sufficient out here. In addition to the wind generator, I also have a diesel generator for those rare times when there's no wind. My satellite dish even provides me with broadband Internet,” Mike said with pride.

“Do you grow your own food?” asked Charlie.

“I have a vegetable garden, but it would take too much time to grow all of my own food,” said Mike.

“Do you ever have company?” asked Charlie.

“Oh sure, all the time,” said Mike, “ I have a lot of biker friends that come up on the weekends, that's why I still have those barracks.”

“Do you think I'd fit in?” wondered Charlie.

Mike laughed, “Well, they're kind of a rough bunch, but basically they're pretty good guys. I suspect they would like you.”

Charlie grinned, “That would be so cool! Do you think you can come back and get me and bring me up here for the weekend?”

“To be honest Charlie, I'm pretty busy right before the guys come in. But if you'd like to stay over and spend the weekend, I'll give you a ride back on Monday morning.”

“Radical! Only I don't have any extra clothes with me or anything,” Charlie said.

“No worries, my young friend, I've got everything you're going to need,” said Mike.

The main room of the house was absolutely huge, with a twenty foot ceiling and a large stone fireplace. In addition to a number of sofas and chairs, there was a media center with a big-screen plasma TV and surround sound speakers. Over in one corner was a large desk and a computer workstation.

“Do you want to mess around on the computer while I make lunch?

“Yeah that would be cool! I haven't checked my e-mail since I left home,” said Charlie.

“You ever check out pornography on the web?” asked Mike.

“My mom had that blocked on her computer at home. I don't know enough about computers to get around that. Bummer, huh?”

“No worries, if you look in my bookmarks under “Perv” you'll find sites listed for every kind of sex and kink you can imagine. My biker buddies have very wide ranging tastes. I like to take my time in the kitchen, and I don't like to have helpers. So, if you don't mind, you can just grab your beers out of that small fridge by the desk and enjoy yourself on the web. By the way, if you decide to pull your pud while your watching the porn, there's lube and tissues in the top right drawer of the desk. Just make sure you clean up after yourself,” said Mike with a casual smile.

Charlie blushed and grinned. He couldn't imagine that he would actually yank his crank at the guys desk, but knowing Mike was cool with it was pretty neat.

Mike went into the kitchen and locked the door. He then turned on the kitchen computer, which had two screens. He used one to mirror what Mike was looking at (he had a very sophisticated home network) and the other to use the living room computer's camera to watch Charlie. Then he set to work making a nice lunch.

Mike knew the boy was already his, if he decided to force the issue. There was no way the little twink was going to overpower him, and there was no way for him to escape the property. Just taking and breaking the boy would be kind of boring, as he really didn't present a challenge.

So Mike decided he would try to convince the boy to surrender to him of his own free will. Now that would be a challenge!

Mike would watch what the boy watched on the Internet to gauge the best approach to take. This was going to be fun!

The boy was checking his e-mail, replying to one. The boy had received four e-mails. Three were spam. The other was from his mother, announcing that her boyfriend had a new job in the Australian Outback, and she was moving there with him. She wished him luck with his life, and suggested he join the military. His reply amounted to a polite, “Good luck with that.”

Charlie finished his e-mail and started to look at porn. Nothing vanilla for Charlie! He went right to a hetero Bondage and Humiliation site! Women in leather using whips and paddles on bound young men.

Then he found a video of a Dominatrix with a strap-on. First she made her slave take the dildo orally, “training” him to suck cock. Then she fucked him in his bright red ass, threatening all the while that she would call some real men in to use him if he failed to please her.

The slave begged her not to bring in any men, and promised to obey her every whim, which turned out to include water sports and cock and ball torture. Charlie spent the whole video rubbing his package through his jeans.

The next thing he looked at was a series of still photos of a hot vinyl clad dominatrix and a bound young man. It turned out the dominatrix was a she-male and the young man had to take it in both ends.

When Charlie got to the first photo of the exposed dick approaching the young man's caged mouth, he dropped his jeans and jockeys and started to yank his crank in earnest. He grabbed a handful of tissues and shot his load into them, looked around embarrassed, and dumped the tissues in the trash.

The next video he watched was of a young man who was stripped, bound and tortured by his dominatrix in a public setting, being watched by maybe thirty people, mostly men. Charlie used up another handful of tissues on that one!

Clearly the kid was into humiliation and pain. Mike began to devise his seduction plan. Mike knew he was right about the twink being straight, but the humiliation of being force-fed cock had also been a turn-on, so Mike's approach to the boy would play to that.

Mike finished preparing lunch and brought it into the main room, setting it up on the dining table.

“Come and get it,” Mike called to the twink in the corner.

He had timed his arrival perfectly, watching the screen in the kitchen. He had walked in just as the boy was about to blow another load to the sound of a whip cracking and the moans of the bound young stud being tortured on the screen.

“Aw shit!” gasped Charlie, as he shot his wad into another bunch of tissues.

“No worries boy, just don't leave any spunk on my desk!”

Charlie blushed furiously and grinned a sheepish grin as he pulled up his jeans and arranged his junk. He shut down the web browser and came over to the table, sat down and dug in without a word.

“I take it you're hungry, boy,” said Mike with a lazy grin and roaming eyes.

“Mmmph, yeah I am, and I can't remember last time I saw a spread like this. This is great!” the twink enthused.

“Yeah, well cooking's a hobby. So what sites did you check out? From the whip cracks and moans I heard, I'm guessing a bondage and discipline site,” said Mike, as he nibbled at his own lunch.

Charlie blushed again and said, “Yeah, I've had fantasies about Amazon women making me do stuff, but that's the first porn I've seen. I had no idea how much stuff people actually do.”

The boy had had two beers while surfing the web. At his body weight that was about like Mike having eight beers. The twink wasn't drunk, but he was feeling no pain, and was relaxed enough not to get uptight about Mike's line of questioning.

“So I take it you see yourself as the submissive,” said Mike.

“Yeah, I guess. I really hadn't thought of it that way. More like not having a choice, and getting humiliated and having to do whatever she wants—not like I was volunteering for it.”

“Yeah, power is a huge turn-on no matter which side you're on. Don't be worried about it kid. A lot of people go for power sex,” said Mike.

“I've never had the nerve to approach a strong woman. I keep hoping one will just kind of take me, you know?” said Charlie between bites of his lunch.

“That's what a lot of submissive guys like about being dominated. No responsibility for what happens to them and no worries about performance. All they have to do is obey. It's hard to find skilled women who will do that for you unless you're willing to pay. Most of the good ones are pros and a lot make very good money doing what they do. You'd be amazed how many rich and powerful men go in for submissive sex,” said Mike.

“No shit? Well, that sucks! How am I going to afford that?” said a frustrated Charlie.

“Well, the good part about the Marines would be someone is always telling you what to do. The bad part is, there won't be any sex involved and you won't make enough to afford a dominatrix on any kind of regular basis,” said Mike.

“Crap!” said Charlie, “I'm horny all the time and still a virgin. I really need to get laid! You don't know any women like that who might be willing to take me cheap or anything do you?”

Mike cracked up laughing, and that made Charlie blush and smile.

“Charlie, I'm sorry but I only know two women who do that and they are very expensive. Making a guy pay big for his own humiliation is what they get off on. Now

if you were willing to be taken by a man, you'd have no trouble. But with a woman, the odds are you'll have to pay.”

Charlie blinked, a vague look on his face. He said, “Gee I don't know about that. I mean on one of those sites a guy got done by a guy with tits, and it was a turn-on, I have to admit, but just giving myself to a guy? I want to eat pussy, not dick. And I do want to be inside a woman—I just want her on top and in charge is all.”

Oh, I know you're straight, Charlie. That's obvious. But there is a certain irony in your situation you might want to consider. Humiliation is a big turn-on for you, right?”

Charlie nodded.

“Think about it. What could be more humiliating for a straight man, than to be used by another man? The very fact that you are only interested in women, might make serving men a more intense experience for you than a woman would be. Go figure, huh?”

Charlie looked very confused, but finally said, “Guys wouldn't charge me?”

Mike said, “Some would, but there a lot of Masters out there that would train you, if you let them take it out in trade. Rent you out to other guys, use you to display their skills to others, that sort of thing. And since you want to be controlled, it would be easier to find a man who could physically overpower you.”

“Wow,” said Charlie, “I never thought of that! I see what you mean.”

“How's that?” said Mike.

“Well, I've already blown my load four times, but you talking about guys taking me and controlling me has made me hard again!” said Charlie, with a very perplexed look on his face.

“The more humiliation and control, the bigger the turn-on,” said Mike.

Charlie thought for a long time, as he finished his lunch. Finally, he looked up at Mike, who wisely sat there quietly while the kid worked things out.

“Mike, do you know any guys like that?”

Mike grinned. “Yeah, as a matter of fact I know a lot of guys like that. Bikers come in all flavors of sexual orientation and a lot of them are into power sex. You interested?”

“Y-yeah, actually I am. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I am! I'm so damn horned up I can't stand it. And what you said about the humiliation and power being more with a guy makes sense. I don't know if it would actually work for me, but I think I should at least try it and see. If nothing else, I could say I wasn't a virgin anymore.”

“Fair enough. As it happens, I'm into power sex and I'm a total dominant. If you want me to break you in, that's cool. If you want to wait for the weekend and meet some of my friends first, that's cool too.”

“No shit, you fuck guys?” asked a stunned Charlie.

“Sure, why not? If it's more humiliating to be used by a man, it's also more of a power rush to take a man!”

Charlie stared at Mike like a deer stares into headlights. He finally said, “O-okay, Mike.”

“Since it's your first time I'll give you a choice. You can fight me, and I will physically overpower and rape you. Or you can obey me—to the letter—right from the start.”

“I-I know I have no chance fighting you, heck you're a half a foot taller and maybe eighty pounds heavier and it's all muscle and I don't know how to fight. But I need to try to get away, at least this first time. I feel like I need to make you earn it,” said Charlie.

“Good for you,” said Mike with a grin. “I was hoping you'd say that.” Mike got up and moved to the center of the huge room. “I'm between you and the front door. There is no other way out of the house, since I keep everything locked and it takes a key on both sides of every door. Okay, Charlie take your best shot. See if you can get out of here.”

With the room being really huge, about forty feet square, and Charlie being quick like a bunny, he thought to himself he might actually be able to elude Mike and make it through the door. He was deluding himself. Mike had been a starting linebacker for a very good college team, and was much quicker than Charlie could have imagined.

Charlie feinted left and broke right trying to get around Mike. Mike stayed right with him and tackled the boy full force, knocking the wind out of him. Mike picked Charlie up while he was still trying to get his wind and carried him over to a cabinet against one wall, well away from the door.

As Charlie got his wind back he began to kick and struggle in Mike's arms. Mike took him down to the floor and lay on top of the little twink as he continued to struggle. Mike allowed this to continue for about a minute, enjoying the feeling of the struggling boy beneath him.

Mike then reached over to the cabinet and pulled open the bottom drawer. He removed four restraints, putting one on each wrist and one above each bicep.

Mike connected the restraint on Charlie's left wrist to the one above his right bicep, then connected the restraint on his right wrist to the one above his left bicep. To his credit, Charlie continued to struggle and kick, trying desperately to get away from Mike.

Mike then pivoted himself around, on top of the young stud's tight little body and attached a spreader bar between his ankles. Charlie, in a state of near panic, thrashed violently against his bonds.

Mike pulled a razor sharp knife out of his boot, and calmly cut the back of Charlie's tight white tee shirt down the back, from neck to shirt tail. Mike also cut each of the visible belt loops on the boy's jeans. He then cut each of Charlie's sleeves from the neck down and rolled the boy over onto his back.

He sat directly on Charlie's crotch. Charlie continued writhe, looking around in a panic for any sort of option. But there was nothing to be found, and with his arms bound and his legs spread, there was no way he was going to roll the larger man off of him.

Mike calmly reached down, grabbed the front of the boy's shirt, and to Charlie's shock it simply came away in Mike's hand. He hadn't even realized Mike had cut it! Mike then showed Charlie the Bowie knife, and proceeded to carefully cut each of the remaining belt loops.

He then reached back behind and removed Charlie's sneakers and socks, dropping them on the floor with the ruined tee shirt.

Mike then calmly looked into Charlie's panicked eyes and said, "I'm going to cut your jeans off you now. I suggest you lie very still so I don't accidentally cut you. I'd hate that!"

Charlie looked at the razor-sharp Bowie knife, gulped and immediately stopped moving, save for his shallow rapid breathing.

Mike then slid his large frame down onto Charlie's knees and first cut the jeans from the waist down the left leg to just above the knee. He then repeated the cut down the right leg. Mike then moved back up to Charlie's crotch, spun around and completed each cut all the way down Charlie's jeans.

Mike slid back down to Charlie's knees, turned around and peeled back the jeans to expose the little twink's jockeys, cutting them from leg to waist on each side. Mike then got to his feet, reached down and grabbed a handful of jeans and jockeys pulling them free of the boy leaving him stark naked save for his bonds and the chain belt he had purchased that morning.

Mike stood there, admiring his captive. Though the boy was very slender, he was exquisitely defined. Not ripped perhaps, but definitely cut. His little five inch cock was standing straight up and leaking pre-cum, despite four earlier orgasms. Eighteen year olds could be amazing that way, Mike thought.

Charlie was shaking uncontrollably, and his shallow rapid breathing continued, as he looked into the eyes of the six foot four inch predator who would now do whatever he wished with the helpless boy. The bound and naked teen was startled to realize that he was every bit as excited as he was scared!

“You belong to me now, boy. You are my slave. As it happens, a lot of the things I like to do coincide with your fantasies, so you should enjoy yourself most of the time. But don't delude yourself into thinking this is all about you or your pleasure. This is about my pleasure. If you like what happens today, then this weekend, when my friends come around, I will be whoring you out to them. I will put you on display, and torture you for everyone's amusement. For the next two days I will train you to serve and service the real men you meet this weekend. Focus your attention on giving me pleasure and things will go well for you. Since I want to see what gets you off and what turns you off, I will torture you some for my amusement. If you want more, then fight me, or cop attitude; the punishments you receive will intensify. Do you understand?”

The beautiful little stud nodded his head, his eyes filled with both terror and excitement. Mike grinned and said, “Good. Now to make sure you understand your position, we are going to have a little ceremony.”

Mike removed the boy's wallet from the pocket of his jeans. He then picked up the

entire pile, except for his sneakers, placed them in the fireplace on top of the wood that was already there and lit the fire. Charlie watched in stunned silence as his ruined clothes were now burned to ashes.

Mike put the boy's wallet in his desk, came over to him, picked up and threw the hot little stud over one shoulder like he was a bag of laundry. Then he headed for his dungeon in the basement.

Once there, he bolted the door and connected his naked prey to a large square steel frame in the center of the room, one limb to each corner, leaving the teen beauty spreadeagled, with his feet about six inches off the ground. Mike inserted a cage into the boy's mouth, preventing him from closing it, then gagged him with a black ball gag.

“Feeling a little vulnerable?” Mike asked with a predatory grin on his face. The tight-bodied little virgin could only nod.

Mike closely inspected his young captive. There were simply no flaws. When he grew bored with this boy and was ready to sell him, he would bring an excellent price.

Mike noted that the boy was nearly hairless. A blond tuft under each arm, and another just above his package. There wasn't even a hint of a beard. It looked like the little stud had yet to shave. There was no hair anywhere else. A slight disappointment to Mike, who preferred to dominate more manly looking men.

But Mike knew his audience for this weekend, and with the boy so close to hairless and so pretty, he would be much more in demand if those little tufts were removed. He

would leave the kid's shaggy blond locks and eyebrows in place, but every hair on his body was about to disappear.

He brought out a large jar of depilatory and smoothed the cream into each tuft of body hair. Mike noted the confused look on Charlie's face.

"Frankly, I would have preferred you to be about ten years older with plenty of body hair, but you'll be more popular this weekend if these little tufts are removed. Most men who like pretty blond teens, like them without body hair. Look at the bright side. It should intensify your humiliation."

Charlie stared in horror at the cream that was eating away at his manhood. He had been fifteen before he finally started to grow some body hair, and he took great pride in the fact he finally had some.

Other than his cock and balls, he saw it as the only mark of his masculinity. And throughout all of this, his little cock had remained rigid and dripping! Mike noted that Charlie was now blushing from head to toe. Mike was pleased.

Mike pinched and worked Charlie's nipples until his little teats stood out nice and hard, then placed a clothespin on each. He moved around behind the boy and began lubing his tight virgin hole. He had to admit, the kid had about the prettiest little bubble butt he had ever seen!

He did the usual progression, using one finger, then two, then three. The pain in his nipples and the pain/pleasure in his ass got Charlie moaning into the ball gag, as his

smooth little body continued to tremble. Then Charlie began to feel a burning sensation in his pits and pubes, and knew the body hair he was so proud of was dieing.

After lubing and stretching Charlie's virgin hole, Mike shoved in an slightly above-average size dildo, to stretch him still further. A three finger stretch wasn't going to be enough to accommodate his thick eight inch man rammer, and he didn't want to tear the kid up.

“Slave, I want you to flex your ass muscles around that dildo. That will help your body to adjust and reduce the risk of damage to your sphincter muscle when I fuck you.”

The terrified teen began to flex his tight little ass muscles.

“Good boy,” said Mike. “Now to take your mind off that burning sensation I'm going to paddle your ass. I want it bright red when I fuck you, anyway. Oh, and don't flinch or try to avoid the paddle. There is a penalty if you can't control yourself. Do you understand?”

The slender blond nodded and gulped, his blue eyes as big as saucers. Charlie knew he wanted this man to take him, but things were proceeding in ways he would never have imagined. He really should have asked more questions before he agreed to this. Too late now!

He wasn't sure how much of this he actually wanted. The pleasure and pain and humiliation coursing through him made it impossible for him to think. He realized it didn't matter. There wasn't a damn thing he could do about—which he found both

terrifying, and exciting as hell!

He would need to think things through later, when nothing was being done to him. Right now he needed to focus on flexing his ass. It was really all he could manage to think about right now.

Just then, the first stroke of the paddle landed. His powerful tormentor had landed an exquisitely painful stroke on his left butt cheek. Unprepared, the startled teen flinched, pulling his ass forward, away from the pain. He realized his mistake instantly! Would this Mike give him a warning or would there be further punishments?

“You were warned, slave!” said Mike sternly.

Mike walked around to the front of his captive and attached a small restraint around Charlie's hairless ball sac. He hooked a thin chain to the restraint and pulled it between the boy's legs. He fastened it to a D-ring in the floor pulling it so taught that Charlie was forced to arch his ass back, which presented an even more inviting target for the paddle.

“Now, if you thrust forward, you will cause yourself more pain in your balls than you would have received from the paddle,” Mike announced in his deep baritone.

Aw crap, thought Charlie, it *already* hurts more than the paddle!

The second stroke landed on Charlie's right butt cheek and his tight little ass began to thrust forward automatically. The pain was electric! He pulled his ass straight back as far as he could and steeled himself for the next blow. When it came Charlie managed to

avoid thrusting more than a couple of inches forward. Even that was horribly painful. On the strokes that followed Charlie was able to keep his pretty little ass still—but only just!

After five blows to each butt cheek, Charlie's ass was a bright cherry red, and his rock-hard little dick was dripping more than ever. Mike came around to the front with a rag and some rubbing alcohol and removed the depilatory cream. Talk about pain! Why did he have to use the alcohol on his hyper-sensitive skin?

Charlie looked down at his crotch and at each of his pits. From his ears down, he was now as smooth as he was at twelve. Charlie wanted to cry. But there were so many sensations flooding through his defined little body that he soon lost track of his emotions, focusing once again on the pleasure/pain.

“Okay slave, time to lose your cherry,” said Mike.

The big muscle stud pulled the dildo out of Charlie's ass, lubed his thick eight inch rammer, and positioned himself behind the completely helpless straight boy.

Mike ran his hands over the little studs tight defined, body and nibbled at the boy's neck and ear. He placed the head of his cock against Charlie's virgin hole, slid his hands down to the boy's slender waist, gripping it firmly. Then began to push.

Charlie couldn't move his little butt away from the assault because his ball sac was chained to the floor. If he had tried to move his butt forward to any degree, he was afraid he would wind up ripping his balls off! Charlie actually had to push back against

the huge rammer penetrating his ass to save his nuts!

Slowly, inevitably, the mushroom head forced the teen stud's virgin entrance. Suddenly Charlie wasn't at all sure he wanted this! He squeezed his buns together, trying to save his cherry. But Mike's rigid rod would not be denied. Finally, just to ease the pain, the hot little teen relaxed his sphincter muscle and submitted to his inevitable violation.

With his cock head now inside the boy's pretty ass, and the boy giving in to the penetration, Mike was able to slide his massive meat all the way into Charlie's sweet boy twat. Once Mike felt his pubes up against those cute butt cheeks, he rested for about a minute, giving Charlie a chance to adapt to the violation.

As he waited, deep inside the boy, Mike was enjoying the sensations transmitted to his cock by Charlie's trembling body. The kid was shaking uncontrollably, his breathing shallow and ragged, his naked spreadeagled little body covered in a sheen of sweat. Mike had to admit, the sight was breathtaking!

“Alright, pussy boy, I'm all the way in and I'm about to start fucking you. I expect you to relax your ass whenever I am shoving my cock into you, and I expect you to tighten your ass whenever I'm pulling back. This will make the fuck more intense for me, and demonstrate your need to have my cock inside you. If you fail to do this, severe punishment will follow. Do you understand, slave?”

Bound and gagged, the helpless twink could only nod. After what he had already been through, Charlie had no desire to find out what severe punishment constituted.

Mike began to pull out slowly and Charlie clenched his ass. Charlie didn't see it, of course but this made Mike smile. Mike reached the point where only the head remained in the boy's tight little ass, and promptly started a steady shove back in. The boy relaxed his ass, accepting the penetration.

Mike began to pick up the pace, and Charlie continued to follow his orders, clench, relax. And with every stroke, in and out, Mike's fat cock stimulated Charlie's prostate, sending a thrill through the little teen's body. Charlie couldn't believe it! As the pace continued to pick up the boy was getting more and more into it! Holy crap, did that feel good!

Mike was now at full ramming speed, and the his prey had begun to moan loudly. The kid's head rolled back and rested on Mike's shoulder as the pounding continued. Mike was skilled in Tantric sex, and could hold off his orgasm for an hour, if he chose to. He decided to give Charlie a ride he wouldn't forget. Even now, just five minutes into this fucking, the boy was humping his ass back into Mike, despite the pain it was causing his chained up ball sac.

The spreadeagled, naked stud cried out and shot a massive load. And Mike just kept pounding away. He would make this pretty boy cum twice, before he allowed himself to shoot his own load up the boy's throughly violated ass.

“Ohh my Gawwd, that's incredible!” moaned the newly deflowered slave, as the last of his load dribbled to the floor. Of course, having the ball gag in his mouth, it came out “MMMGDDmmph” But Mike got the general idea.

Mike continued his relentless fucking and the teen continued his relentless moaning. Now, in addition to resting his head on Mike's shoulder, Charlie was nuzzling his captor's neck. Charlie felt utterly humiliated by his response to being fucked.

He felt he was responding like a total slut, even though he had no sexual interest in guys. He had never even gotten it up thinking about a guy, or seeing a guy naked in the showers at gym! How was this happening?! And despite (or maybe because of) the pain involved, he knew that he did not want it to end.

Charlie's pretty little cock had gone down to half mast briefly after he shot his load, but within minutes he was back to having a raging dripping boner. Charlie wondered if that was post-cum or if he was going to blow another load. It took another thirty minutes, but Charlie blew another load.

Right after the most intense orgasm he'd ever had (again—they kept getting better!) Charlie felt Mike's seed breeding his plowed ass. The boy felt horribly ashamed and completely defeated. How had he let himself get talked into this? Yeah, he'd been thinking with his dick, but good grief! He'd just been used as another man's fuck toy—and had blown his load twice!

Plus, now this man could do anything to him. He was in the middle of nowhere, tied up, behind a razor-wire topped prison fence, bound and gagged, and his clothes were now a pile of ashes. No one really knew him out here in California, and no one would be looking for him. Only now did he realize that this predator could choose to keep him—permanently! The thing was, the thought of being this man's helpless prey excited the living crap out of him!

Charlie was exhausted, but his bound body trembled at the thought, as Mike slowly withdrew from his violated hole. Mike lowered his prize to the ground. His owner re-bound his arms behind him and placed the spreader bar between his ankles, as the spent little stud lay still on the ground.

“You got one hot little boy-twat, slave. But that's not the only hole I'm going to fuck this afternoon. Now that you are officially a pussy-boy, it's time for you to become a cocksucker! But first, now that you've earned it, I'm going to install your slave collar.”

Mike went to a drawer and brought out a two inch wide, padded metal slave collar. It had four D-rings riveted to it. Between each D-ring was engraved the phrase, “Property of Master Mike.” He let the little twink read the inscription, and the boy began to moan into his ball gag. Mike placed the collar around his new toy's neck and padlocked it into place.

An electric thrill ran through Charlie's whole body. As the collar was locked around his neck he shuddered and, incredibly, his dick began to re-harden!

Mike hooked cables from the two side D-rings to the frame, forcing the teen to his knees. He also hooked the spreader bar to the frame, then moved the cable attached to the teen's smooth ball sac to an anchor in the floor that was in front of the boy.

The connections to the frame would keep Charlie from moving forward. The connection to his balls would keep him from moving back or standing up. And with the cage in his mouth keeping it open, there was no way for the little stud to prevent the violation of his throat.

Mike stripped naked, and advanced on his trembling slave. Charlie was in awe of the massive ripped body before him. For the first time, the helpless teen saw the monster cock that had impaled him. For the life of him, he couldn't figure out how that huge thing had been inside him! And now it was going into his mouth?! Charlie wasn't sure he could open up that wide!

Mike knew from experience that a virgin mouth was unlikely to take his cock without him feeling teeth, so he always used the cage with first-timers. It wasn't so much the eight inch length that posed the problem as it was the thickness of his rock-hard rod. Mike removed the ball gag and adjusted the cage to it's maximum setting.

“Now listen carefully, bitch. I am going to fuck your throat. My cock will go right past your tonsils. You will experience a gag reflex. I don't care. If you want to get over that, try swallowing around my cock while it's down your throat. Once I have your nose buried in my pubes, I'm going to leave it there for a few seconds. I will slowly pull back into your mouth. If you make good use of your tongue on my cock head, then I may leave it in your mouth for a bit. But sooner or later it will go right back down your throat. Breathe through your nose when I'm in your mouth. You won't be able to breathe through your mouth, and I'm not going to stop until I've cum down your throat—not even if you faint! Do you understand?”

The helpless naked twink nodded, and said “Eess” which was the best he could manage with the cage in his mouth. With that, Mike proceeded to do exactly what he said he would do.

The boy panicked at first, as his gag reflex kicked in, but he swallowed around the huge

rammer in his throat and that did help a bit. 'A few seconds' turned out to be about twenty seconds, but finally Mike moved his mammoth meat back into the slave's mouth. Charlie instantly began licking as fast as he could while he gulped air in through his nose.

Mike gave his prey new orders: "It's not about speed, it's about skill, slave. Work your tongue around the back and under-side of my dick head—lightly. And once in while, brush lightly over the piss slit. A lot of guys can't handle that because it's so sensitive, but I like it,"

Charlie followed his orders to the best of his ability, but Mike's cock was so thick it was really difficult for his untrained tongue. Mike slid his monster back into the helpless throat and Charlie dutifully swallowed around it. This time the gag reflex was less and he avoided the panic he'd had the first time Mike had raped his tonsils.

Mike pulled back one more time, and the exhausted little slave once again made a determined effort to please. He did a better job this time, but Mike wasn't going to leave his property in control of his pleasure for long.

This time, instead of sliding his man meat all the way in and leaving it there, Mike began to steadily fuck the wide-open throat before him, picking up the pace as he came nearer to shooting his wad. Charlie managed to time the rhythm of his breathing to the pace of the plunging rape of his devastated throat.

"I'm about to shoot my load down your throat, slave, and you'd better be ready to swallow. Spill even one drop and severe punishment follows," warned Mike.

Mike's high pressure hose began to fill Charlie's mouth with his seed. At first the boy was just barely able to keep up, but the fourth shot came sooner than his ravaged throat was ready for. With the space in his mouth almost completely filled with his owner's cock, a small amount of cum inevitably leaked out, dribbled down his chin and fell onto the plum sized gonads that had been slapping his chin.

“Get that tongue to work bitch! Clean off my balls and then my cock while I decide on your punishment,” his tormentor said.

Charlie did the best he could. With his mouth held wide open by the cage, he had to take each massive gonad fully into his mouth in order to clean it with his tongue. The same was true with the semi-flaccid, but still very large cock in front of him. In order to completely clean the shaft, he had to fuck his own throat!

Mike connected his slave's slender wrists to the D-ring on the back of his collar, then removed the cables attached to the side D-rings. He hooked Charlie's spreader bar to a cable that ran through a pulley in the ceiling, then pulled the boy up.

Charlie was left with his legs spread wide, his wrists bound to his collar, upside down with his ass about five feet in the air. Mike removed the clothespins from the beautiful teen's nipples. As the blood coursed back through the hyper-sensitive nips, Charlie groaned loudly from the exquisite pain.

Mike just stood back and enjoyed the view, watching his slave's muscles flex taut with the pain. It was a breathtaking sight! Mike removed the cage so his captive to answer his questions.

“How you doing so far, boy?”

“Gosh, I can't believe it, but you were right. I'm so horned up from all of this I can hardly stand it!” said the newly fucked teen. “All the sensations—the pain, the humiliation, and I don't know what happened in my ass, but when you fucked me, that was just amazing! I'd still like to be with a powerful woman someday, but I have to say, this will do just fine until that happens.”

Mike smiled and said, “Told you so. I've decided to let you pick your punishment for having spilled some of my cum. What do you fantasize about that hasn't happened yet?”

“This is going to sound kind of sick, but I've always gotten off on the thought of my cock and balls being tortured. And the pain in my balls from having my nut sac chained to the floor was really intense. Could you maybe punish my dick now?”

Mike smiled a Cheshire Cat smile and placed the ball gag back in the boy's mouth. He then shoved a large vibrator up Charlie's ravaged ass. When the slender youth became fully erect, Mike placed a shaft ring on his aching boner.

Mike took a riding crop from its hook on the wall, turned to the excited and terrified teen, and said, “You failed to swallow all my cum, so I have decided to whip the head of your little cock. Five strokes.”

As the first stroke landed, Charlie arched his lithe, defined frame—and screamed. After the second stroke he arched, screamed and tried to beg through the ball gag. After the

third stroke large tears were added to his reactions. After the fourth stroke he began to hysterically babble into the ball gag. After the fifth stroke, Charlie fainted.

When he woke up, Charlie found himself in a large, man height cage, tied spideagle to the bars, face up. His bright red dick head had been covered in salve, as had his bruised ass. The ball gag and cage were no longer in his mouth. It was a relief to his aching jaw.

The steel door to the windowless cinder block room that held his cage opened and Mike walked in and said, “How you feeling? Was that too much?”

“I'm not sure, to be honest. This whole day has been such an intense experience, I'm just in this haze. I'm hungry, I know that!”

Mike laughed, “We both expended a lot of energy. Do you want to remain restrained, or would you like to eat unfettered?”

Charlie asked, “Can I keep the collar on?”

“For as long as you like, boy. Do you want me to train and prepare you for the weekend or do you want to go home?”

The pretty teen thought for almost a full minute, knowing that would mean servicing who knows how many men. It would also mean being publicly humiliated for their pleasure. Charlie looked down and saw that the thought of this weekend had caused him to bone up again.

He caressed his aching little boner and said, "My dick says stay. I've let it do my thinking all day, and so far so good. So I'd like you to train and prepare me for this weekend."

Mike said, "Very well, you are my slave, now. As you are not my type, sooner or later I will tire of you. When I do, I will sell you, if you want to continue as a slave. If you want one, I'll give you will have a say in who gets to buy you. Between now and then I will train you, and enjoy myself while I do. This weekend I will whore you out to my fellow bikers, and see if any of them might be interested in bidding on you. And I will eventually bring in others who like to enslave pretty boys. They'll have different things they want to do to you. Let me know what you like."

Mike released Charlie from his bonds, leaving the collar, and helped the naked stud to his feet, then up the stairs. He sat the boy down at the dining table then went into the kitchen to make dinner. When he brought out the meal, he found the little hottie was back on the computer. Mike could hear moans and whip cracks coming from the speakers.

Mike cracked up laughing. A startled Charlie looked up, blushed and smiled sheepishly.

If you have any comments or questions, or would like more chapters to this story, please let me know at:

r.mcanus@rocketmail.com

Feed-back from readers is the only reward for these stories!