

Dear Readers:

*I would like to thank everyone for all the wonderful e-mails! The encouragement you've given has meant a lot.*

*I'm sorry this chapter took so long, but I had to find a new place to live and get moved, among other boring things, so I didn't have the time to write. The next chapter should come faster.*

*I will be writing another chapter of my Gay Basher series first, so figure two or three weeks before Chapter 3 comes out.*

*Here's hoping things are cumming along for everyone!*

**Randy**

*If you have any comments or questions, or would like the story to continue, please let me know at:  
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*If you are underage in your jurisdiction or you are offended by stories of gay sex, then do not read this. I mean, really what are you doing here, if that's the case? Go away and act all "holier than thou" someplace else. Even under the circumstances of this story, where the victim is a gay basher, the author does not encourage or condone the use of date rape drugs or the use of manipulation or dishonesty to get laid in the real world under any circumstances. The whole point of fantasy, is that it's a safe release for our emotions and no one gets hurt. Stay safe. Stay sane!*

## CHAPTER 2

“Dinner is ready, slave.”

Charlie left the computer and came over to sit at the table.

“Slaves don't eat at the table, boy. You will kneel at your master's feet and eat from the bowl like a dog, understood?”

“Yes, Mike.” The boy knelt at the big biker's feet, took his dog bowl and began to eat. Mike slapped him.

“First, you ask permission to begin eating. Second, from now on you call me master. Every other man you encounter here you call sir, understood?”

The startled boy caught his breath, took in what he had been told and said, “Yes, Master. May I eat, Master?”

“You wait until I have started eating and then you may eat. There will be times when I want you to suck my cock or lick my balls or feet before you eat. This time you may eat once I have begun.”

With the instincts of a born submissive, Charlie said, “Thank you Master.”

“There will also be times, especially when there are other men here, that you will act as my waiter prior to eating your own meal. Depending on my mood you may be doing all serving from your knees so that you will be instantly ready to take a cock in your mouth if ordered.”

“Yes, Master. Thank you Master.”

The boy was a quick learner. Mike had yet to decide if he would really allow Charlie to have a veto on who would buy him. But he wanted to see if the little teen was going to attempt to assert some level of control over his fate. And if he did, could Mike get him to give up all control voluntarily? The big biker might not be into twinks, but he was going to have some serious fun with this kid! And the lucky buyer was going to get a well-trained tasty treat!

As hungry as he was, Charlie decided it might be best to pace his eating to that of his Master. He felt it wouldn't hurt if his Master finished first, but it might hurt a lot if Charlie finished first! It wasn't that Charlie was trying to avoid pain, but he found he really wanted to please this man.

He wasn't sure why this was so, but as he thought about it, he realized that there had never been any man in his life that he truly admired. Mike was, in Charlie's eyes, everything a man should be. He was a big, strong masculine alpha male. And Charlie felt the fact that Mike could dominate and own other men just made him more masculine.

Charlie knew he lacked a predator's instincts. The little teen knew he was prey. And, as he nibbled at the food in his bowl, he realized he would never be comfortable being anything else. He didn't know why, but Charlie knew he needed to be dominated. And while he would have preferred being owned by a woman, he found his current situation to be both scary and exciting as hell!

As Charlie thought it all through, there was one thing he decided he knew for certain,. He needed to please this man. He needed Mike's approval. That might not be the case next week or next month. But right now, learning to please and serve this man was what he wanted most of all. Not that he would tell Mike that!

Charlie was a little afraid to be seen to give himself over completely. He was already in a situation where he had absolutely no control over what would happen to him. Keeping his little secret about needing to please Mike made him feel a little less vulnerable. An illusion perhaps, but one he needed right now.

Mike finished his dinner and looked down at his new possession. The boy was nearly finished, but seemed to be taking his time. Mike said, “Finish up slave, you have work to do.”

“Yes, Master.” and Charlie wolfed down the remainder of his food.

“You will take the dishes into my kitchen and carefully clean them by hand. You will then return here and clean the table and the floor around the table. You will then dust the entire main room. Supplies are in the closet next to the refrigerator. And

one other thing. You will not use the computer again, unless I specifically tell you to. You will not even ask permission to use it. From now on, your existence will be about my pleasure. You won't need a fantasy life. You'll be living the real thing."

"Yes, Master. Thank you Master."

The boy tended to his chores while Mike sat on the sofa and read. Every once in a while Mike would have his naked stud fetch him a beer. The boy was smart, and knew enough not to ask if he could have one.

"Slave, whenever you bring me something you kneel before me to deliver it."

"Yes, Master."

Charlie had never liked housework but he suspected he better get used to doing it really well. He decided that, instead of focusing on how much he hated doing menial chores, he would focus on the fact that doing them was what his Master wanted. He found that helped.

He couldn't know it now of course, but in time the boy would develop a state of Zen bliss, when doing menial chores for his Master. For now he focused on doing the work as well as he could.

The sun was setting as the collared teen finished his assigned tasks. "Master, is my work satisfactory? And if so, how else may I serve you?"

The little twink was a quick study. Mike decided that for the time being, the work would never be quite good enough. “Slave, there's a streak on this table.”

“Yes, Master. I'll fix it right away!” The little teen's heart was pounding as he re-cleaned the entire surface of the table. He knew what would be coming!

“Lie across my knees, boy! You have a spanking coming!”

“Yes, Master.”

The naked teen lay across his master's lap, his pretty bubble butt exposed and waiting for the pain to come. Mike lay into the kid's ass with his bare hand, alternating cheeks as he went. Mike didn't count the strokes, he simply spanked the pretty butt before him until it was bright red.

Charlie was proud that he didn't yell or cry out, but in the end he was unable to hold back the tears. He didn't cry out loud, but he shuddered as he wept.

Mike didn't say anything, but decided to take the boy in his arms and hold him. And when he did, Charlie hugged him back fiercely as he sobbed quietly into his owner's massive chest.

“You handled that pretty well, boy. I'm pleased”

“T-thank you Master,” whispered the pretty teen.

Some slaves didn't want or couldn't handle affection or approval. Mike had figured out that this one needed both badly. He wouldn't meet those needs too often. But from time to time Mike figured it would be helpful in the training process.

“Now, slave I want you to suck me until I'm good and hard. Use plenty of spit, as that's the only lube your ass is going to get. Once I decide I'm ready you will straddle my lap and impale your ass on my cock. You will then fuck yourself with it, keeping your hands locked behind your head and your body on display at all times.”

“Yes, Master. Thank you, Master!”

The kneeling teen worked hard at stimulating his Master's cock. It was difficult for him because of the thickness of Mike's man meat. He tried curling his lips around his teeth to keep them safely away from the sensitive flesh, but found when he did that he couldn't get it into his pretty mouth.

“Do you need the cage?”

“Do you mean that metal thing that keeps my mouth open Master?”

Mike smiled, realizing how little his newly punked twink actually knew. “Yes slave, that's what I mean.”

“Yes, please Master.”

“There's one in the bottom drawer of that cabinet over there. Bring it here and put it

on. No! Stay on your knees.”

“Yes Master.” The boy had started to rise, but now returned to his knees and moved to the drawer in the kneeling position. Charlie found it difficult. It would have been easier on all fours. But the boy suspected that moving on all fours without permission would be bad.

Mike enjoyed watching the tight little ass sway back and forth as the slender teen waddled on his knees over to the drawer. It was truly a sight to behold. The boy's butt was still red from his spanking, and no doubt his knee caps would be red as well, by the time he returned with the cage.

The trip back afforded Mike a delightful view of his slave's rigid little dick swinging back and forth in opposition to the swinging of his ball sac. The metal slave collar and his motor cycle drive chain belt were all the boy wore, and Mike thought it set off his shaggy blond hair very nicely.

The boy was clearly concentrating on not falling over and didn't even notice Mike admire him, which made it just that much better. The boy was not really aware of his beauty, which made him all the more enticing.

Charlie returned to his position between Mike's legs and looked at the cage with trepidation and bewilderment.

“Not sure how to put it on, I take it?”

Charlie looked up and gave Mike a sheepish grin. “I think I could figure it out, but I’m just not sure, Master.”

“Give me the cage and open your mouth wide.” Mike quickly and expertly installed the device. “Now put your hands behind your head, elbows out to the side. Keep them there until I tell you otherwise, understood?”

“Yeth, ‘Aster!’” Charlie said through the cage.

Mike guided Charlie's caged mouth onto his throbbing man rammer, which had grown hard as Mike watched Charlie knee-walk his way across the room. The boy focused on being relaxed and taking his Master's tool down his throat. Charlie felt much more relaxed than he had the first time his throat had been violated. And he was grateful for the cage, as it prevented him from making a mistake with his teeth.

Mike watched “Cock-zilla” (as he liked to call it) disappear down the pretty blond's throat with great satisfaction. The boy was clearly doing his best to please him. Mike pulled the little teen's head all the way into his pubes and kept it there for a good thirty seconds. Mike could feel the delicious sensation of the boy's throat closing around his cock. Charlie was getting better at controlling his panic and gag reflex, though he was still having to work at that.

After thirty seconds, Mike slowly pulled Charlie's head back, so that his cock head was in the slender stud's mouth. The teen went right to work with his tongue, lightly caressing the corona and underside of the massive head. Every once in a while he

would run his tongue over Mike's piss slit, eliciting a groan of pleasure from the ripped biker.

As great as it was, Mike did not want to cum in the little slut's mouth. He wanted to boy to mount his rod and fuck himself silly with it, while the big stud enjoyed the ride—and the view!

“Mount my cock slave. And remember to keep your hands behind your head at all times!”

“Yeth, 'Aster!”

The lithe and slender teen moved easily into position, straddling the thick rigid member. Charlie's biggest worry was whether he would have the courage to force that rod into his ass all by himself. Last time there had been no avoiding it. This time he had to do it all on his own.

Mike used his left hand to keep his meat lined up with the boy's tender hole. Charlie hadn't thought of that and was grateful Mike was so skilled and knowledgeable.

Slowly, Charlie lowered his little bubble butt over the huge fuck rod, until he could feel it pressing up against his sphincter. The naked collared teen closed his eyes, took a deep breath and concentrated on relaxing his boy twat, then began to move his slender hips downward onto Mike's waiting fuck tool.

The pain was exquisite! He was more open, having been fucked just a few hours

earlier, but there was no dildo to stretch him this time. Charlie took in several rapid shallow breaths then gritted his teeth and continued to impale his own tight little ass on the thick eight inch slab of meat beneath him.

For Mike, watching the hot little twink working through the pain of taking the massive shaft inside him, while keeping his cut hairless body so nicely displayed was a massive turn-on! The teen's tight defined muscles were flexing beautifully. And the little stud managed to keep his hands behind his head the whole time, as Mike's thick shaft disappeared into the tight bubble butt.

Charlie's chest heaved as he broke into a cold sweat. Ever so slowly he managed to lower himself completely down onto the rigid man meat below his pretty ass. His legs had to be spread wide to straddle Mike's crotch. This put his pretty hairless cock on display for the big biker's pleasure. And with every inch of the big stud's massive tool he absorbed into his ass, Charlie's little cock got harder!

As wonderful a sight as that was, the thing that blew Mike away was watching the expression on the delicate blond's face. The boy was breathing in rapid shallow bursts, his eyes closed, his face scrunched in pain and determination, his body covered in sweat as he worked Mike's rod into his ass!

Clearly, the little stud was determined to take it all on his own, with no help from Mike, just as he'd been ordered. Mike hadn't really thought the kid would succeed. He figured when he had to take over the penetration it would give him a reason to inflict more punishment later.

But this kid wasn't going to allow anything, not even the pain or the humiliation, to defeat him. Mike's new toy might faint, but he wouldn't quit!

Finally, Charlie realized it must all be inside him, because he could feel the stud biker's pubes tickling his ass. The sweating naked little teen took several deep breaths, opened his eyes and grinned in triumph at his owner.

“I got it all in! I 'ean I 'ink ith all in—ith it 'Aster?”

“Yes, slave my entire cock is inside you. But your assignment is just beginning. You still have to fuck yourself with it.”

“Yeth 'Aster.”

Charlie took some more deep breaths and slowly began to rise. He rose until he could feel his owner's cock head pushing against the inside of his tight little hole. Then he began a slow descent back onto the shaft.

As his ravaged ass began to adjust once more to the invader, the sweaty teen began to pick up the pace. He was still in pain, but very determined to give his Master a great ride. It was clear to Mike that his new captive's motivation was not the avoidance of punishment, but a genuine desire to please the big man inside him.

Mike had been taking men against their own will for so long, he'd almost forgotten what it was like to have someone who was so eager to please. On the one hand, it would make training him easier, and make him very desirable to others. But if the

boy actually fell for him, he'd be reluctant to be sold.

As his property continued to pick up the pace, Mike decided he would have to make sure to maintain a balance between desire and fear in the boy, if he wanted to succeed in his personal challenge to himself—getting the kid to agree to his own enslavement and sale.

Charlie continued to ride Mike's pole up and down, raising and lowering himself at a faster and faster pace, his hands locked behind his head, his naked body shimmering in sweat. His blond mop bounced up and down to the rhythm of the fucking he was giving himself. And, as he approached his own release his blue eyes glazed over in lust. All thought of pain was gone. This was pure, intense pleasure. He saw Mike smiling, eyes gleaming as the big stud took in the sight. Charlie returned a lopsided grin through the haze of his lust.

Mike was getting close, but it was clear the kid would blow his load first. Teens! It was time to instill a little fear.

“You're doing well slave, but you do not have permission to cum. If you cum you will be punished.”

Charlie groaned, knowing there was no way to stop himself from blowing his load. Even if he immediately stopped fucking himself with Mike's big cock, he'd still blow his load! Sure enough, just seconds later the teen stud shot a massive wad all over his owner's ripped chest and abs.

Though he'd gotten his own rocks, Charlie knew better than to stop violating himself. Things would be bad enough without leaving his Master hanging! At last, a good five minutes later, Mike sent a massive load up the hot little ass on his lap.

Charlie kept fucking himself until his owner told him to stop. Mike could see there was now some fear as well as lust in the teen's eyes.

“Slave, you may raise yourself up and let my cock slip out of your ass. You will then kneel between my legs and lick all of your cum off me. You will continue to work your way down and lick my crotch clean. Your hands will remain locked behind your head the entire time.”

“Yeth, 'Aster.”

The young submissive began to follow his orders. As he licked his cum off the big bikers pecs he found himself sucking on the man's nips. As he worked his way down to the ripped abs he carefully licked between each fold of muscle, even when there was no cum to be seen.

As Charlie worked his tongue into the thick black bush surrounding Mike's man rammer, he began to moan without realizing it. This act of submission, coming without the lithe little teen being restrained, was massively degrading and humiliating—which made it an incredible turn-on!

Charlie had finished licking the big cock from base to head and had started licking

the plum-sized gonads in front of him before he realized that he had grown hard and drippy! The boy moaned louder now, the sound muffled by the big nut in his pretty mouth.

The hot little teen couldn't believe it. He knew he wanted to be submissive, but he never expected to be so turned on—and by being a total slut for a man at that! But Charlie just couldn't help himself. He consoled himself with the fact that this wasn't just any guy. This was a truly magnificent alpha male!

Charlie was in awe of his captor's incredible body. But what was really doing it for him was the man's effortless dominance. Mike didn't have to try. He didn't have to pretend. He just was. Charlie suspected that if Mike had been born in ancient times, the man would have been a great warrior king. And in those days men like Mike had boys to serve them.

Charlie actually felt lucky that Mike had taken him. He found that giving this man pleasure—in fact obeying this man's every whim was a thrill for him. If he ever did get a chance to belong to a woman, he knew he would want her to be Mike's counterpart—a warrior Amazon queen!

But for right then, it was all about Mike. Degrading himself for this man had him so horned up he couldn't believe it! On his knees, on display, and licking his captor's privates clean, knowing full well that if the man got hard again, his awesome man meat would once again invade his little body.

It occurred to Charlie that if Mike did *not* get hard, his punishment would be brutal. The smooth naked teen re-doubled his efforts. He finished cleaning the big man's nut sac and moved enthusiastically back to his eight inch cock. It was difficult to stimulate properly with his hands behind his head, but with some trial and error he managed to get the magnificent man meat that would soon impale him to respond.

Mike was a bit bemused at the kid's efforts. It was clear he had made some sort of decision, because he suddenly stepped up the pace of his licking, and the energy he was investing in Mike's pleasure. He'd have to ask the boy later what had caused him to make the additional effort.

Right now, the big biker was just enjoying the sensations—and the show! As Mike's cock got harder the little stud focused on the head. It was really all he could do, the darn thing was so big! If his hands had been available to him he might have done better, but perhaps not. If this thing was going down his throat again, it was a good thing he was wearing the cage!

Just as Mike's big cock went rigid, the phone rang.

“Aw crap! Get that phone, slave and bring it to me!” The breathless naked teen waddled on his knees as fast as he could to the wireless phone, picked it up and returned it to his Master.

Mike answered: “Speak! Hey Jack—you at the gate? Anyone with you? Cool! Yeah, I'm just giving my new slave a workout here. I'll buzz you in. Come up to the main

house and you can join in the fun. The kid needs a multi-man workout to get ready for the weekend, so this will be good.”

Mike pushed the hang-up button then pressed a code that Charlie couldn't see to open the main gate. When the big man looked down at his toy, he saw that the teen's eyes were wide with fear. Good!

“A couple of my biker friends are going to join us tonight. This will be a good opportunity for you to improve your skill and stamina. Doesn't that sound like fun, slave?”

Charlie looked into the cold gleaming eyes of the man who owned him and said with a trembling voice, “Yeth, 'Aster.”

“Feeling a little panic, slave?”

“Yeth, 'Aster.”

“That's normal. Would you feel more comfortable if you were in bondage, or do you prefer to hold the positions I order you to assume?”

Mike didn't really care which the kid chose. Either would be very hot. But it amused Mike to have the little stud participate in his own humiliation. And it would give Mike a better sense of how the kid's mind worked, which could be useful later.

“ 'Ondage, 'Aster.”

Charlie was really scared he would panic or do something stupid that would embarrass Mike in front of his friends. He didn't even want to think about what kind of punishment would result! But more than that, he very badly wanted to make Mike proud of him. He couldn't begin to understand why, but he knew it was true.

Charlie wondered what the men would look like. He realized that he didn't really care if they were as handsome or buff as Mike—what Charlie very much hoped is that they would be dominant and masculine like Mike. He wanted to be taken and used by those who could effortlessly control him both physically and mentally.

Mike returned from the 'bondage chest' (as Charlie now thought of it,) and began to restrain his new slave. Wrist cuffs were applied and attached to the back of the padded metal collar. Tit clamps were attached, and the chain between them was stretched taught and clipped to the belt of motorcycle chain around his waist. A spreader bar was placed between the naked teen's ankles and set to it's widest setting.

“Thank heavens I'm kneeling!” Charlie thought.

It wasn't really needed, but Mike placed a shaft ring around the little blond's cock to ensure it would remain hard and available for torture. A leather ball stretcher was added, and the attached chain was pulled tight and clipped to the spreader bar. Clearly, it was not intended that Charlie be able to stand—or even move much!

Charlie still had the cage in his mouth, so he was now completely and utterly helpless. His hot swimmer's body was on full display. With his body hair removed,

the only feature that was covered was his forehead, where his unruly mop of blond hair fell just above his bright blue eyes.

The little twink was filled with conflicting emotions. On the one hand he was scared, being so helpless. But on the other hand there was a certain sense of relief—all he could do was submit. And knowing this generated the third strong emotion he was feeling—excitement!

Charlie heard the unmistakable sound of large displacement motorcycles pulling up out front. The bikes shut down and the boy heard booted feet walking onto the porch. The helpless teen began to tremble in fear and anticipation.

As the door opened Charlie saw two large leather-clad men, one in his early thirties, the other in his mid-fifties. Both were over six feet tall, broad-shouldered and hairy chested. As both wore leather vests but no shirts Charlie could see the well-formed muscles of their torsos. The younger had a flat stomach and the hint of a six-pack. The older had a small beer belly and a thick treasure trail leading into his leather chaps.

The younger had black hair and steel-blue eyes. The older had salt-and-pepper gray and dark brown hair and deep-set brown eyes. Either man would dominate a room just by standing in it. For Charlie, the sight of the two of them, directly in front of his bound, naked and kneeling form was overwhelming. The helpless little stud thought he might faint from fear and excitement!

While no man Charlie had ever seen could compare to the force of nature that was his owner, these two were clearly dominant and dangerous alpha males. The young stud's ringed little cock began to drip.

The older man noticed and grinned. "Like what you see, slave?"

Charlie gulped as best he could with the cage in his mouth and, despite his terror, he nodded. The three alpha males cracked up laughing. Mike's little slave had potential!

Kneeling bound and naked, all Charlie could do was wait to see what they would do with him. Mike offered the two new arrivals a beer, which they readily accepted.

"Any thoughts on what we ought to do with him? We need to have him as well trained as possible by this weekend," said Mike.

"Well, he'll certainly need to handle it from both ends at once. He's going to be getting a lot of that this weekend," commented the older man.

Charlie trembled at the thought. He had expected these two men to use him from both ends, but it had not occurred to him that they would be inside him at the same time! Charlie realized that he better learn as much about handling it as he could, because the odds were he would spend hours filled with one man after another this weekend!

The younger man said, "If he hasn't had two men at once before, then maybe we should work him up to it. What say I paddle that tight little ass while he tongues Jack's butt hole?"

Charlie had never thought about licking a butt hole. Did people really do that, or were they just kidding with him? He looked at the three men and knew from their expressions that they meant every word. The thought of doing something that gross and debasing made Charlie queasy at first, but it also filled him with a sense of excited dread. They not only *could* do whatever they wanted with him, they *would* do whatever they wanted with him.

Other than the fact that this was being done to him by men, it was like every sexual fantasy he had ever had—except they were going to go further than Charlie had ever imagined was possible! The little stud was delirious with the possibilities!

The older man, Jack, turned around and Charlie saw to his surprise that the man's chaps had no back. His bare butt was completely exposed! He'd been riding his motorcycle like that!

Charlie knew that, left to his own devices, he would never have the nerve to do that. Charlie looked at the hairy butt with anticipation. They'd told him what was coming and he knew he better be ready for it.

The younger man, Frank, returned from the “bondage chest” with a large wooden paddle. It was the kind Charlie knew were used in Fraternities, except this one had holes in it for some reason.

Frank pulled up a wooden chair from the dining table turned it backwards, leaned forward against the chair back and stuck his ass out beyond the seat. Jack's butt was

right in Charlie's face, his big hairy balls hanging low underneath. This was easily the closest that Charlie had ever been to a butt. The kneeling youth took in all the details with a sense of wonder. Like, I wonder how I got myself into this!

“All right boy,” said his Master Mike, “You start by licking his balls and working your way slowly up his butt crack until you reach his hole. Then you get that tongue busy up inside him. Jack will give you specific instructions as you go. At some point, when he feels like it, Frank will start beating your ass. If you know what's good for you, you will make no effort to avoid his paddle. If you have problems with that I can bind you a whole lot tighter.”

“I'll ooh I 'est 'aster!” said the hot little slave. Charlie would have had a lump of fear in his throat if it hadn't been held open by the cage. Bound or not, he continued to tremble with excitement.

“Get to licking, bitch!” said Jack, as he pushed his balls and butt crack into Charlie's face.

Charlie took a deep breath, most of it man-scent, and started in. As he began to lick Jack's big balls, Frank laid into his ass with the paddle. Charlie couldn't help himself. He went forward, pushing is nose right into Frank's butt crack. With his ass still red from his spanking, the pain was breathtaking! His master watched with pleasure as every muscle in Charlie's beautifully defined little body flexed in agony.

Frank was not one to just let fly mindlessly with his paddle. He liked to catch his

prey off-guard. A minute might go by between blows. But when they landed the paddle whistled and Charlie moaned. The boy never knew when or where the next blow would land, and was unable to prepare himself for the pain.

This kept his chiseled swimmer's body in a state of constant tension, highlighting his wonderful definition. It also took Charlie's mind off what he was licking. As far as Jack's butt and balls were concerned, the hot little blond was basically on auto-pilot. Not that Jack minded, because Charlie was working that tongue for all he was worth. He just wasn't focused on what he was licking.

Finally, Jack got tired of waiting and said, "All right push that tongue in there, get as deep as you can."

Charlie automatically obeyed. The pain, the bondage and the complete sense of submission had the little stud on an incredible high, as the endorphins coursed through his body and his mind went blank. Charlie was completely overwhelmed by all the sensations, from the bitter taste on his tongue to the throbbing of his tight little ass.

And, against all odds, his little ringed dick was not only hard but dripping! Through the fog in his brain the boy realized that if this kept up much longer, he was actually going to cum!

Charlie stopped licking long enough to ask his master, "'Aster 'Ike 'ay I 'um?" through the cage in his mouth.

“You want to cum, slave?” said Mike with a grin the boy could not see.

Charlie nodded as he went right back to work on Jack's butt hole. Mike had seen the drippy little dick, but was amazed that the little stud was so into this he was going to cum just from the sensations he was experiencing. The little hottie was a natural!

“No, slave you do not have permission to cum! If you do you will be punished!”

Charlie moaned into Jack's hairy butt. If this wasn't punishment, what was?! He didn't want to know, but knew he was going to find out. Even as he was thinking all of this, his balls were rising and he knew he was going to blow. With a moan and shudder, the tortured blond shot a massive load through his restrained little dick and all over Mike's floor. He knew he'd be licking it all up, but that was okay with Charlie. His worry was whether he could take the punishment, after all he was going through.

Frank switched to a riding crop and caught Charlie a good one between his well-spread legs and right on his spasmodic little nut sac. “That's for cumming without permission, slave. And there will be more where that came from when your training is over!”

Charlie groaned in both agony and ecstasy! He could not believe anything could feel so good and so bad all at once! He had known for years that he had a submissive nature, but it had never occurred to him that he might actually enjoy pain. How did these guys know all this stuff? Clearly they had had a lot of practice.

As Charlie continued to tongue butt, Frank laid down the riding crop and began to finger the boy's bright red little ass. He grinned at Mike and said, "You've been busy!"

Mike grinned back and said, "Have at it!"

And Frank did just that. He slid out of his leather pants and his 7 inch rod popped out, pointing to the ceiling. He rubbed some of the cum he had pulled out of the kid's ass onto his man meat and lined up. With no warning, he buried himself to the hilt in Charlie's red hot ass.

The little stud's reaction was to move forward, which buried his nose deeper into Jack's butt crack and his tongue even further into the big man's butt hole. Charlie was now in sensation overload, as his little prostate was stimulated and his sore ass was pummeled by his rapist's hips.

Charlie was now moaning continually. And he could not stop the way his body reacted, despite all the pain. As the muscle stud behind him pounded his ass, that bright red little bottom started pounding right back. The boy could not believe he was doing that, causing himself even more pain. But he couldn't stop himself!

"The rutting little twink just can't get enough!" said Frank, as he pounded away.

Jack turned around to look and laughed. "Well, if that's not enough cock for him, I'll just have to feed him some more!"

And with that, Jack impaled the pretty caged mouth with eight inches of man meat. For the first time Charlie was filled with cock at both ends. He didn't have the mental energy left to think about how that made him feel—he simply reacted with a feverish effort to fill himself full to the brim with cock!

Charlie found himself in a fog of lust, where nothing mattered but the sensations he was experiencing. His ass was burning from the paddling, his butt hole was filled with a massive man rammer and his mouth was impaled on a pummeling cock.

The sensations blended together into a kind of overload of eroticism. Charlie found himself reveling in that overload. The only thought the little stud could sustain was that his master was watching, and Charlie wanted to make him proud.

Forty eight hours ago, it would not even have occurred to the straight eighteen year old that any of this was even possible! If Mike or anyone else had told him he would give himself over to such torment so completely, he would simply have laughed and shaken his head.

But here he was, naked, helpless and filled with cock—and unable to get enough! Who knew?

Almost simultaneously, the two fuckers and the fuckee shot their loads. Despite the fog of his lust, Charlie promptly bent down as best he could and licked his cum up off the floor.

The three predators grinned at each other as the dazed slave finished his clean-up. “You did well you cleaning up after yourself, slave, but that won’t save you from the punishment you have coming to you for cumming without permission.”

“Eth 'Aster,” the little slave sighed. Charlie suspected as much, but one could always hope.

“I think we'll save your punishment for tomorrow, slave. Give you the night to think about what it might be. In the meantime, I'm going to release your hands from your collar, so you can serve us beer and snacks—from your knees, or course. With your balls attached to your spreader bar, you won't really have a choice about that.”

“Eth, 'Aster. 'Ank ooh 'Aster.” Charlie, though still in a fog, realized how naturally all of this came to him. He knew he was a submissive, but geez! The boy wondered vaguely if there was any depth to which he would not sink, as Mike released his arms.

Charlie immediately went to the mini fridge to get three beers for his tormentors. He began to wonder what punishment these men would devise with a whole night to discuss it. The thought made him shudder.

And then there was the weekend just around the corner. Tomorrow was Friday. He would have to endure his punishment tomorrow and continue to serve the three dominant men who now rose above him, as he handed them their beers. How would he be able to recover in time for the big weekend? Maybe he wasn't meant to! It was

too much for his lust-fogged brain to cope with right now. Charlie decided to just focus on the task at hand.

“Pretzels, bitch!” said Jack. Charlie waddled on his knees toward the kitchen.

*If you have any comments or questions, or would like the story to continue, please let me know at:*

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