

GAY BASHER IS TRAINED TO SERVE - CHAPTER 1

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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!

Billy Joe Tucker was a classic red neck in most every way except his look. At 5 feet 9 inches tall and 140 pounds he certainly wasn't the no-neck brute one associates with the type. A natural athlete, he had worked in the weight room since he was 14, and while he had developed a tight defined little body, he had never been able to bulk up. Worse, he was actually almost pretty, better looking, even, than his very hot sister, whom he had fucked, off and on, since he was 14 and she was 13. She hadn't wanted to, but no one said no to Billy Joe when it came to sex. Well, they said it, but they might as well have saved their breath. Billy Joe was especially proud of the fact that he had boned his sister even before his father had.

Billy Joe had red hair and Green eyes, but had managed to avoid the pasty freckled skin many red heads have. Though small in stature he was very strong and very tough. He played defensive back on his High School football team, and though he had been knocked out several times tackling larger players, he hit like a ton of bricks. Opposing players, no matter how big, wanted nothing to do with him.

As far as Billy Joe was concerned, life was pretty damn good—until the day he and his buddies beat up that fag. His dad was Sheriff and the little town of Butcher's Hollow, Tennessee didn't hold much with homos, so he figured no problem. Except, not only was the guy not a fag, he was a preacher. Billy Joe was lucky in one sense though. The preacher didn't want to wreck their lives by sending the boys to jail, so the court offered them a deal. Join the Army after High School. He had a ten year suspended sentence hanging over his head, but if he did his two years in the Army without any trouble he'd be free and clear.

Hell, the Army couldn't be any tougher than living under his father's roof! The man had taken a belt to his bare ass at least once a week ever since BJ could remember. [Everyone called him BJ, but *never* to his face!] His dad said whippings would make him tough and teach him to respect his elders. It also made him bone up and he always had to yank his crank afterwards. Needless to say, he kept this humiliating fact to himself.

Like virtually every man in Butcher's Hollow BJ was a lousy fuck. The men believed women weren't supposed to enjoy it. And since sex education was strictly forbidden in the schools, and books about sex were banned from the rather pathetic school library, BJ wouldn't have known what to do to please a girl anyway. Mainly, he'd get some girl drunk, or just slap her around a little until she got cooperative, then fuck her raw. Girls who were scared of getting pregnant were the best. In return for not fucking them in the twat, he got to have both their asses and their mouths! Now, that was hot!

So the day after high school graduation, 17 year old Billy Joe Tucker joined the Army. When he enlisted, BJ put in for Airborne Ranger training and completed both programs near the top of his class. He hadn't had any pussy, except for hookers in months, and was so horned he could hardly stand it but otherwise things were going well—until he was assigned to his regular unit. On arrival, he was required to go through a very thorough physical. Little did he know what the doctor had in store for him!

"Yes, Sergeant," said the doctor to his orderly.

"You remember that gay basher we were expecting? Well, he's here and you are not going to believe how hot this kid is," said the sergeant.

"So much the better," said the doctor. The doctor was 28 and a Captain, which is the starting rank for doctors in the military. He was Gay and an experienced leather master. Several of the officers, including his commanding general were either gay or bi, as were a number of senior non-coms. [Sergeants]

When the doctor arrived at the base and was introduced to the other gay soldiers, he had a suggestion for them. Let him pick out the gay haters, and turn them for the use of the entire group. He would focus

specifically on those who had committed acts of violence against gays, as they had it coming. The General gave him access to the personnel records of those in the Division, and with the help of a gay personnel clerk, they began their search for just the right candidates. Since he had beat up a preacher, thinking he was gay, and had gotten off, Billy Joe was the group choice to be their first victim.

“He's perfect,” said the doctor. The group would have to be careful not to fuck this bitch to death!

They made sure BJ would be the last person seen that day. He was put through every test they had, and spent hours wearing nothing but his jockey shorts, in a cold waiting room. About an hour before the doctor would see him, the orderly gave him a shot [in the ass, of course].

“It's a vitamin B-12 shot. The tests indicate you need it,” said the orderly. He had bent the youth over the exam table, after ordering him to drop his shorts and squeezed his left ass cheek painfully before administering the shot. BJ suspected he might be a fag, but couldn't afford any trouble, so he just gave the guy a dirty look as he pulled his shorts up.

“Did I say you could pull your shorts up?” said the orderly. “You're a soldier now, and you do exactly what you're told, when you're told, mister!. BJ gritted his teeth, pulled his shorts back down and stood there—and stood there. Finally, the orderly ordered him to pull his shorts back up. The orderly left the room, with BJ still standing, saying, “you're to remain at parade rest until someone tells you different.” BJ was furious, but only said “yes, Sergeant.” If he could take all the shit his dad dished out, he could deal for a few hours with this ass hole.

After about 30 minutes, his legs were getting numb, but he was sure he was was being watched. There was a large mirror on one wall, and BJ suspected it was one of those two way mirrors you see on cop shows on TV. As it happened he was right. It had been added as part of the plan to turn these gay bashers into sex slaves.

By the time the doctor came in, BJ was getting really uncomfortable. Not only did his legs hurt, he was getting incredibly horny, though, thank God, he wasn't boning up.

The doctor said, "Take your shorts off, I'm going to give you a prostate exam."

"What the hell is a prostate exam?," said BJ.

"Watch your mouth, soldier!"

"Yes, sir!," said BJ, gritting his teeth again. Shooting guns and blowing up stuff was cool, but just about everything else in the Army sucked!. He stepped out of his shorts and waited.

The doctor began by extending the stirrups on both ends of the exam table. "Sir, what are those things, anyway?" asked BJ.

Cute and uneducated, thought the doctor. Perfect. "They are called stirrups and are used for specifically for exams where the limbs need to be held in an exact position. Usually we use them to examine the female's vagina and a man's prostate," said the doctor.

"Oh," said an obviously confused BJ.

The doctor smiled to himself as he ordered the youth to lie on his stomach on the table, and place his hands and feet in the stirrups. With some concern and confusion BJ did as he was told. The guy was a doctor, right. And the Army didn't allow fags, so even if he was one he wouldn't dare try anything, or they'd throw him out and ruin his future with a bad conduct discharge, or something.

"In order to ensure that you hold this position correctly, I'm going to use these Velcro straps to secure your hands and feet," said the doctor. The doctor secured BJ's arms and legs with the Velcro then surveyed his handiwork. The orderly entered with two small items BJ had never seen before. One was a black rubber ball with leather straps coming out of both ends. The other was some kind of metal contraption, also with straps.

The orderly said, "Open your mouth soldier," and BJ did so, mainly to make a smart remark; but before he could say anything the orderly shoved the metal thing in his mouth and cinched the straps behind his head. It

held his mouth open! He could make sounds but he couldn't really speak clearly. It didn't much matter because the orderly promptly shoved the ball in his mouth and cinched those straps behind his head.

The doctor said, "A proper prostate exam involves discomfort and may even be painful for many men. The metal device will keep you from biting your tongue. The ball is just because I don't like loud noises and you might make some."

BJ was close to panic. He could never recall being this helpless, except a few times when his father took him out to the barn, made him strip and strung him up spread eagle to really tan his hide. But with his father he always new what was coming. He didn't even know what a prostate was, or for that matter, where it was! He started to squirm.

"Hold still," said the doctor, "or you'll just experience more pain."

BJ tried to get a grip. He had never heard of any doctor exam like this and he has getting scared. He was also getting hornier than he could ever recall, though still no bone, thank heavens. This was already more humiliating than he could stand.

The doctor moved in front of him where he could see. As BJ watched, the doctor put on latex gloves and dipped three fingers into a jar of some kind of goop. "As you may already know the prostate is up inside your ass a little ways. Most men find the penetration uncomfortable and humiliating. We strap you down to make sure you don't hurt yourself squirming around," said the doctor. "Of course, homos get off on this. I assume you're not a homo."

BJ shook his head no emphatically. No I'm not a homo, and no I don't want you to do this to me! But since he couldn't speak, the doctor didn't know what the head shaking meant. BJ felt his panic begin to rise, as he took rapid shallow breaths trying to calm himself.

"Unless you like serious pain, I would suggest that you relax your ass. If I have to force my way in– and I will if I need to–you'll be sore for a week. I'll be probing around in there for several minutes, so you'll do best if you can

focus on something else."

BJ felt the cold glop covered fingers push against his hole. He tried hard to relax, but just couldn't! The doctor shoved all three fingers straight in and BJ's eyes bugged out as he screamed into the rubber ball in his mouth.

"I warned you to relax," said the doctor in a calm voice.

BJ would have bit the ball in half, if it hadn't been for that metal thing in his mouth. He guessed maybe they did know what they were doing. As the doctors fingers probed his ass, BJ realized that the sensation was actually really good, once the pain began to subside. In fact, it was great! He'd never felt anything like this. He thought he was horny before this started, but now, it was all he could do to keep from humping the doctor's fingers as they moved in and out of his ass. Then, he realized, to his horror, that he was rock hard and already dripping pre-cum!

BJ started to moan into his gag, in both pleasure and fear. What if they noticed his bone? They'd think he was a fag! The doctor said only homos like this! He knew beyond a doubt if they threw him out of the Army for being a homo, his life would be over. They would send him straight to prison, where, being small, young, cute and a Sheriff's son he'd probably be gang raped to death.

As BJ's breathing grew ragged, he tried desperately to will his bone away. But not only was it harder than ever, he was about to come! He couldn't believe it! He wasn't a fag! Was he?! He fucked girls and only girls! He beat fags up! Abruptly, the doctor pulled his fingers out of the youth's hot little ass.

The doctor walked around in front of the boy and looked into his pleading eyes. "I thought you said you weren't a homo." The youth shook his head but realized as he did so that his ass was humping the air looking for those fingers. His face turned beet red and he looked down at the ground. He had never been so ashamed or humiliated—or horny!

"Well, you may not have known it, and who knows, maybe you like girls too, but you definitely get off on a man penetrating your ass. You're rock hard and leaking come. I'm going to have to inform your commanding

officer, of course. You'll be sent to the stockade for a couple of weeks while they process your discharge. You should enjoy that. Most of the men in there haven't even seen a woman in months. I expect you'll be very popular."

BJ screamed "No!" into the ball, his eyes bugged out as he shook his head from side to side. He couldn't let this happen! There had to be another way!

"Have you ever been fucked by a man?" the doctor said. BJ shook his head no. "Have you ever sucked cock?" Again BJ shook his head no. "So you didn't know you were a homo?" BJ shouted "Not a homo! Into the ball in his mouth.

"You willing to try to prove that?" said the doctor. "How?" said BJ, through the gag.

"My fingers in your ass made you hard and dripping. Personally, I can't imagine that you are not a fag. But if you're willing to take the ultimate test, we'll find out for sure. I figure if me and the Sergeant fuck you and you don't come, then there's a chance you're not gay and we won't turn you in. But if you come, we report you as a homo to your commanding officer. Agreed?"

What choice did he have? Tied up, spread eagled and naked, he couldn't stop them anyway. He was sure a real dick up his ass couldn't possibly make him come. But he was so desperately horny, maybe they could! He needed to come so bad! Maybe he could cut some kind of deal with these two if he came. BJ nodded his head yes.

"Not good enough, soldier. I want to hear you say it. Say, please fuck me, sir!"

BJ glared at the doctor, but said the words. "Please fuck me, sir!"

"As you wish," said the doctor, barely concealing the smirk on his face.

"I'm going to give you every chance to succeed. No warm ups, no preliminaries, no lube. I'm going for pure pain

here. If this still makes you come—well, you get the idea.

The doctor moved behind the youth, stepped out of his trousers and shorts and stepped up the hottest little ass he had ever seen. He knew the lube he had used on his fingers and the reaming those fingers had given the boy were enough for him to be ready. He lined up his thick, straight seven inch cock with that inviting virgin hole and drove in all the way to his pubes in a single smooth stroke.

Again, BJ's eyes bugged out as he screamed. The orderly stood in front of him watching his expression intently, enjoying the youth's reaction to his deflowering. The doctor pulled nearly all the way out, then plunged in to the hilt, once again. The orderly smiled as he watched the helpless, adorable gay basher get his. By the fourth stroke the boy's eyes were beginning to glaze over, and he began to moan, rather than scream. Satisfied that things were proceeding as planned, the orderly moved to the rear to enjoy watching the doctor's tool ream that cute helpless ass.

After two dozen long smooth strokes, the young man's moans changed. He was clearly transitioning from pain to pleasure. And his hard dripping cock proved that he was getting hotter by the second! As the fucking continued, BJ began to panic. He was boned up again! And worse, he could feel his balls tighten as they prepared to release their massive load. "Aw crap!" thought BJ, this can't be happening! The hot seventeen year old tried desperately to control his dick and balls, but they seemed to have a will of their own. He knew with increasing despair that there was nothing he could do to prevent himself from shooting!

The doctor knew he was less than halfway to his own shoot, when he felt the hot young stud's ass muscles tense up. He even started humping his hot little ass into the doctor! The doctor smiled as the kid shot load after load of white hot come all over the side of the exam table. He never even had to touch him! Amused, the doctor continued his relentless fucking, and to the boy's horror, not only did he not go soft, but he could actually feel another load building!

BJ came for the second time about twenty strokes before the doctor shot a massive load up his virgin ass. When the doctor pulled out abruptly, the kid's ass continued to hump the air, begging for more.

The orderly walked back in front to face the boy. "You want more don't you?" BJ couldn't help himself—he nodded, even as he cursed himself, the orderly, the doctor and his goddamn dick and balls silently.

"Then beg for it, you little come slut!" BJ couldn't believe what he was saying, but he desperately needed more release, and besides what difference would it make anyway? He was fucked—literally and that other way! "Please fuck me sergeant! Please make me come some more!"

The Sergeant smiled thinly and took the doctor's place in the youth's now willing hole. He rammed his nine inch bone all the way in, as the boy screamed and moaned again. As he was fucked long and hard, by the monster shaft in his butt, the boy began to babble things, he couldn't believe any real man would ever say. "Oh God yes! Please fuck me harder, sir, sergeant, please ram it in me, all the way! Oh crap! Oh shit, I'm gonna come again, oh thank you, but please don't stop! I need it bad!"

The doctor and orderly grinned at each other. It was all they could do to keep from bursting out laughing. The doctor knew that with proper technique and time he could make almost any man come. But he'd had some help this time. That "Vitamin B-12 shot" had really done it's job. There was no doubt that they would completely own this little shit bastard.

As the boy came for the fourth time, the orderly shot his load inside the now very willing ass. He pulled out quickly, leaving the little gay bashing stud moaning and begging for more. Behind the boys back, the two shook hands and then turned and nodded toward the mirror.

"Well, it's clear that you are a homo, even if you don't accept it yet. Personally, I don't think homos should be kicked out of the Army. The men need sex, after all, and since women are often not available, a willing homo could be useful. But I don't make the rules. And breaking the rules is risky. Frankly, I don't see how you are worth the risk."

BJ, in his panic thought he saw a way out. It would be degrading and disgusting, but if it kept him in the Army and out of jail maybe he could survive this. Plus, it had felt so damn good! The orderly removed the ball, but not the metal thing. BJ pleaded, "please I'll do whatever you want. Just don't turn me in! I'm not a homo,

honest!

“What do you think, sergeant? Think this little fag will put out whenever he's told? Think he's worth the trouble and risk?”

“I don't trust him,” said the sergeant.

“Please,” moaned the boy, “I'll do it all, for both of you!”

“I don't trust you either,” said the doctor. The youth just moaned in terror. “And I'd expect you to put out not just for us but for anyone we tell you to service. You would have to be completely submissive to us and to anyone we lend you to.”

The boy was horrified. It would be bad enough being fucked by these two. But at least that would only be a couple of times a week, maybe. If they lent him to others, he could find himself full of cock whenever he was off duty. But then he realized: What choice did he have? He could only hope they would go easy on him. Maybe if he did a good job for them, they wouldn't pass him around so much. As he, lay there on the exam table, he realized, to his shame, that his damn dick was getting hard again as he thought about what they were going to do with him.

The beautiful youth's shoulders slumped as he nodded his head “yes.”

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

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Any legitimate feedback, positive or negative is most appreciated.--rm