

Taking Ownership

by

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If you have any comments or questions, or would like more stories, please let me know at:

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When I was in high school I was so deep in the closet, that I missed every opportunity presented to me—some from some very hot guys. Worse, I didn't have a clue what to do! I mean, I knew you could stick it in a guy's butt or mouth, but I was really sketchy on the details. Like, is a blow job the same thing as sucking cock? And if so, do you blow or do you suck?

I figured I should know stuff like that before trying to jump some guy's bones, but I didn't have the courage to ask anyone. We had moved to this nice town just as I was starting puberty, and there was no one my age in our neighborhood. Plus, I was an only child. The only reason I knew about jacking off, is because, when I was fourteen an older boy at Scout camp showed a couple of us guys how it was done. I'm not stupid, but back then I was pretty dense!

In all my fantasies, I was the fucker, and never the fuckee. One particular classmate of mine was the subject of many of my fantasies. I had most of my classes with him, and we were in Scouts together. While we were always friendly to each other and had some enjoyable conversations, we were not close. He had friends he had grown up with and we lived about three miles apart. I had only been to his house once.

His name was Lenny, and he was what I would now call a tall twink. He was 6 feet 2 inches tall, but quite slender, with blond hair and blue eyes, as befitting his Swedish heritage. He had a friendly, open face and a wonderful smile. I don't think I was in love, but I *was* in heat! I wanted to be inside him so bad!

I should describe myself at that time: I was sixteen, (as was Lenny) and slender myself, about 5 feet 10 inches tall with dark brown hair and green eyes. I wrestled in the 154 pound weight class. I loved to wrestle, not only so I could put my hands all over hot male bodies, but because it gave me a chance to dominate and control those bodies!

Anyway, when I was sixteen, my parents, whom I did not much like, announced they were getting divorced. My mother was getting remarried, to a total pig of a man (in my estimation) and I was going to live with them—and they were moving to another state. I was already in my ninth school, and was finally making some friends after several years in this town. The

school was fantastic, with a great music and theater program. The place we'd be moving to was in the middle of nowhere with a lousy school.

I told my mother I wouldn't go. She was not amused. We finally agreed that if I could find someone who would take me in, I could stay and finish High School with my friends. The first person I asked was Lenny. I figured, what the heck, you know?

Lenny was also an only child and his mom had died some years before. His dad ran a tight ship. Everything in it's place and neat as a pin. There was even plastic on the furniture. I was a bit of a slob, but I figured it would be worth toeing the line to be able to stay at my school and maybe even get to see Lenny naked sometimes! I knew I would never have the nerve to hit on him.

So the next day after school, while we were waiting for the bus, I told Lenny about my predicament, and asked him if I could move in with him (if it was alright with his dad).

“That might be fun,” said Lenny. “Why don't you get off the bus with me and we'll go to my house and talk, get to know each other better. If we both still like the idea, we can ask my dad when he gets home from work. Then he can drive you home.”

“Fantastic! Thanks, Lenny. I can't begin to tell you how important it is to me, not to have to move and live with this pig my mom is going to marry!”

“We can discuss all that when we get to the house,” Lenny said. There was an appraising, enigmatic smile on his face that I had never seen before. What was that about?

Lenny's house was so quiet you could hear the clock ticking on the mantle from any room on

the first floor. We sat down in the living room on the plastic covered sofa and we started asking each other questions. We had a lot in common. Neither of us smoked, and we had yet to try alcohol. We were both in advanced classes in school and were both in the Scouts. I wrestled. He played basketball.

Finally, Lenny said, “Well, I think we'd get along great, if you think you can toe the line in my father's house. He's very strict.”

“Lenny, the truth is I could probably benefit from a little discipline. My parents don't really pay much attention to me, and I've been basically raising myself.”

“Good,” said Lenny. “Now we have to address the elephant in the room. You're a homo aren't you.” It wasn't a question.

I blushed right down to my toes. I couldn't even breathe. Later Lenny later told me my cheeks were almost purple! He stared straight into my eyes. I wanted to look away but I couldn't.

“Okay, Randy, here's the deal. I prefer girls, but high school girls are a pain. I can get laid, but it takes a lot of time and effort because girls are so high maintenance. I have no problem with fucking guys, but most want you to return the favor, and I'm not interested in doing that. If you live here, you are going to be my property. You will do what I want, when I want. No drama, no hesitation and no attitude. Have you been fucked or sucked a cock yet?”

I noticed he just assumed I would agree. I still couldn't breathe, so I just shook my head no.

“Are you a virgin?”

I nodded yes.

“Do you fantasize about me?”

I nodded.

“Am I fucking you in your dreams?”

I shook my head no.

“Yeah, I guessed you wanted to be the one doing the fucking. You're very masculine for a homo. Good. That will make owning you even more fun, since I know it's not the way you want things. You've been checking me out in the shower and at Scout camp ever since you moved here. I've seen you checking out other guys as well, but mostly you seem to want me. Am I right?”

I nodded yes.

“I don't think anyone else has noticed, but I would suggest you stop checking guys out, or sooner or later it's going to cause you problems. Okay, here's what happens next. We have a rec room in the basement. You and I are going down there. The floor is tile, so it will be easier for you to clean up when I'm done with you. You will strip naked when I order you to do so. I will then use you in any and every way I want. I don't care if you like it. What's important is that *I* like it. If I decide you'll be worth having around, and if you decide you can handle being my total slave for the next two years, then I will get my dad to let you stay. Do you understand?”

I swallowed hard and croaked out, “Yes, Lenny.”

The rec room was huge. It had a big TV with a vinyl sofa in front of it. There was a pool table

at one end, a small refrigerator and a dart board on one wall. There was a large walk-in closet that appeared to have a lot of sporting stuff in it. There was a desk with a computer and a four drawer file cabinet in one corner with a book case next to it. A sliding glass door, covered with a drape led to the back yard.

Lenny ordered me to stand in the center of the room and wait. He went into the closet and was rummaging around in there for several minutes. He came back out with a small black gym bag, which he dropped on the floor about six feet away from me.

Lenny stood in front of me, looked at me with cold blue eyes and said, “Strip. Not too fast and not too slow. Don't make a show of it. You are to comply with my orders with humility. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Lenny,” I whispered.

I knelt down to remove my shoes and socks, placing a sock in each shoe. Lenny is into neatness like his dad, so it seemed the right approach. Then I stood and removed my pants. Lenny smirked at that. I think he figured I couldn't wait to get naked, but I had no undershirt on, and baring my torso just seemed harder than baring my legs.

I folded the pants neatly and set them on top of my shoes, took a deep breath and pulled off my polo shirt. I folded it as well and set it on top of my pants. Now was the moment of truth, although I knew there was no going back. Shaking uncontrollably, I slipped my jockey shorts down to my ankles and stepped out of them. I folded them once and set them on the pile. I stood up as straight as I could, still shaking like a leaf. As much as I had always wanted to fuck Lenny, the idea of being his slave I would have figured being his slave would turn me off. But to my great humiliation my 7 inch dick was rock hard and dripping!

“Pick up your clothes and put them in them in the top drawer of the file cabinet. Good. Now lock it, then return to the center of the room.”

I pushed in the lock, and returned to my former position, my heart racing. There was no way for me to deny him anything, now!

“Put your hands behind your head, elbows out to the side and stand with your feet shoulder width apart”

I complied, as my shaking and dripping continued. I noticed him squeeze his right hand, which he had kept in a fist this whole time.

“Now, drop to your knees,” He squeezed his fist again.

Lenny then took the two steps forward that separated us, dropped his pants and shorts, and put his hard straight 8 inch cock against my lips.

“If I feel teeth you get to walk the three miles home naked. Do you understand?”

I nodded and opened my mouth, waiting to be penetrated for the first time.

Lenny slowly slid his rigid cock completely down my throat. As I started to gag he said, “Relax and breathe through your nose whenever you can. I am going to slowly fuck your throat. You just passively take it for now. Once you get over your panic about breathing and get control of your gag reflex, I'll tell you what to do with your tongue.”

It took several minutes for me to calm down and get a rhythm going with my breathing, but I finally got a handle on it. I even managed to get my gag reflex under control by relaxing my

throat as instructed.

“Not bad, cocksucker. I think you're going to be really good at this,” said Lenny.

I actually found myself taking pride in the compliment! Weird!

As Lenny fucked my face, he continued to squeeze his right fist from time to time. Also weird. Finally, he started giving me instructions on how to use my tongue to please him. The better I did the more time the head of his cock spent in my mouth and not my throat. This gave me a lot of motivation to please him with my tongue.

I could taste his pre-cum in my mouth as his cock grew even more rigid and he began to rapidly pound my throat. There was never any question about swallowing. Even if he had given me the opportunity to spit his load out, I instinctively knew better. I swallowed every drop and licked him clean.

Lenny grinned and said, “I think you're going to work out just fine, cocksucker. Now, start working that talented tongue of yours and get me hard again, so I can fuck you in the ass.”

After I got him hard again he reached back for the gym bag and pulled out a tube of KY. “Stand up and turn around. Make sure you keep those hands on the back of your head and put your feet shoulder width apart again. Anytime I say assume the position, this is what you will do. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Lenny.”

Lenny began pushing KY into my virgin hole with his left hand. He rubbed some more on his fingers and pushed three of them straight into my ass. The pain was breathtaking! I wasn't at

all sure how much of this I could take. And what would that enormous rod of his feel like?!

“Just relax, you'll adjust to it. In a little while it will start to feel good.”

Boy, was he right! Once I relaxed and my butt hole began to adjust to the penetration, it started feeling a lot better. And when he started hitting a certain spot up my ass, it went from feeling better to feeling great! Who knew?

“Okay, pussy boy, bend at the waist and put your hands on your knees to support yourself. You are about to get fucked in that tight little ass of yours!”

“Yes, Lenny.”

“But first I want you to beg for it. And from now on, call me sir whenever you are naked or about to get naked. Is that understood?”

“Yes, sir. Sir, please fuck me in the ass!”

“You'll need to do better than that, pussy boy! Tell me how much you need it!”

The amazing thing was, I really was getting horny for it! I knew I would have much preferred to be fucking Lenny, instead of him fucking me, but geez Louise, what he was doing to me felt sensational! For the first time, I was beginning to understand why a guy would be willing to take it up the ass.

“Sir, please fuck my ass! I need it really bad. I promise to take it all and do whatever you want, if you'll fuck me!”

Where the heck did all that come from? Did I really mean it? I was pretty sure I did!

“Very well, pussy boy, since you asked so nice, it's time to get your virgin hole royally fucked!”

And with that, he slid that rigid 8 inch pole of his right into my ass. Once again, the pain was electric. Well, he did say that my pleasure was not important to him, so I wasn't too surprised. But I also knew now, that I would adjust—and that monster prick up my ass kept hitting that spot, and Ohhh My Gaaawddddd!

Long before he finished, my own rock hard rammer was spewing cum all over the floor, without even being touched. It was the most incredible orgasm I had ever had! And it wasn't over yet. As Lenny continued to pound my sore, but willing ass, I could feel another load building! I didn't even know a guy could have two orgasms, but that's just what happened. Just before Lenny filled my ass with his seed, I shot another load on the floor, and it was even more intense than the first one!

As Lenny pulled that monster of his out of my thoroughly fucked butt hole, my knees buckled, and I crumpled to the floor in a state of total ecstasy. I knew I would do whatever he wanted to get that feeling again.

“Lick your cum up off the floor, pussy boy!”

“Yes, sir! Thank you sir!” Thank you sir? I didn't even like the taste, why did I say that? And then I realized, that the most important thing in my life now, was pleasing Lenny. If humiliation and degradation needed to be part of that package, so be it. Truth to tell, the humiliation was part of the turn-on! As disturbing as I found this, I could not deny the truth

of it.

There was also the minor detail that I really did not want anyone else knowing what I had let Lenny do to me. I really hadn't thought this all the way through before I submitted. It now occurred to me that Lenny really had me by the balls. If he told anyone about this, I really would have to move! Our school was full of homophobes and I didn't want to think about what would be in store for me if they knew. Weirdly, a lot of these guys would have said fucking a guy wasn't gay, just submitting to another guy. Talk about denial!

By the time I had figured all this out, I had finished licking my cum up off the floor. It was pretty gross, but I knew better than to complain.

Lenny walked around in front of me and said, "Okay, pussy boy, put that cock licking tongue of yours to good use and clean me up."

While maintaining my hands behind my head and my knees shoulder width apart, I set to work at once, licking his, inner thighs, his balls and finally his cock. The first two weren't that bad, but his cock tasted of my ass juices as well as his cum. Talk about gross! But I got through it, and to my surprise I didn't hurl or even feel queasy—just really grossed out!

When I finished Lenny said, "Okay, you are now officially what you were always meant to be—a cock sucking pussy boy! You are my property, to use as I see fit. Even if you decide to move with your mother, I will expect you to serve my until you move. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Stand and maintain the position."

As I stood, Lenny pulled up his pants and shorts and went back to the gym bag, and removed what looked like a dog collar, except it was wider and had four big “D” rings on it. He fastened it around my neck, then padlocked it in place. My heart began to race and my body began to shake all over again!

Lenny reached back into the bag and removed two leather things that turned out to be wrist restraints. He put them on me and padlocked them to the back of the collar. Then he pulled out what I later learned was called a spreader bar, and hooked it up between my ankles, opening it up as wide as it would go.

In my whole life I had never felt so helpless or vulnerable—or so turned on! I had had a couple of fantasies about tying Lenny and other guys up, but never one about being restrained myself. Why was it that the scarier or more humiliating things got, the more turned on I was?

It suddenly occurred to me that Lenny's dad would be home from work soon! Aw, crap! If he catches us like this, I'm finished! He'll tell my folks, and if my dad doesn't kill me, he'll probably want to send me to military school or something! And that was the *best* option! If he didn't I knew I couldn't stay here, and my pig of a new stepfather would make my life a living hell, just for his own amusement.

“Lenny, sir, isn't y-your d-dad going to be h-home s-soon? What if he c-catches us?” I stammered.

Lenny grinned, “The possibility of him seeing you like this is part of the fun! Remember, you belong to me now. If I want someone else to see you, or fuck you or whatever, then that is what will happen. Get used to it.”

“Oh, gosh, sir, I don't know if I can handle that! Others might tell, and my life would be pretty much over!”

“You don't have a choice, slave! Let me show you why!”

Lenny went back into the closet and came out with a video camera and a digital still camera that had a contraption with an antenna attached to it. Turns out his right hand had held a remote control. He went over to the desk and turned on his computer. My heart sank to my ankles. I knew what was coming. I should have thought of this! I had fantasized about doing this to Lenny!

“As you've probably guessed, your submission has been fully documented. The video is for my personal enjoyment. I can be seen and heard in it, so I'm not going to pass it around. The still camera was focused from floor to waist. Here, look.”

What I saw on his computer monitor left me in a state of helpless panic. There I was on my knees, naked, with my boner sticking straight out and dripping. This was followed by shots of me in the same position, but taking more and more of Lenny's cock into my mouth, ending with his entire cock down my throat and my nose buried in his blond bush.

This was followed by shots of me bent over getting more and more cock up my ass, then two shots of me shooting my load while being fucked. And it was clear that my actions were voluntary.

The worst was the last few shots of me licking cum off the floor and then off Lenny's cock and balls, all while keeping my hands locked behind my head—and my dick was still hard! And not one shot showed Lenny's face. In fact you couldn't see anything on him above the

waist.

I realized that if someone told, I might be able to deny it. People wouldn't know absolutely for sure. But if these pictures got out, it would be the absolute worst. Any thoughts I had had about negotiating limits with him, went out the window. Short of getting naked and blowing him in the school cafeteria at lunch time, there wasn't much I could do that would be worse than these pictures getting out! Lenny now owned my ass—and everything else, of course.

Tears began rolling down my cheeks. Lenny noticed, and flashed his dazzling grin. “Don't worry, pussy boy, as long as you're a nice submissive slave, I'm not going to make you do anything that will actually ruin your life. I'll choose the people I share you with carefully, so word doesn't get around. And anytime I use you in a public place, it will be somewhere where the chances of being seen a very low. Isn't that nice of me?”

I swallowed hard and blurted out, “O-others? P-public places?! Please, Lenny, sir, don't make me do that! I'll be yours anytime you want, b-but please don't make me do stuff for other guys!”

Lenny's eyes hardened into an intense glare as he said, “You'll do what you're told, bitch! If you don't, these pictures make the rounds at school. And by the time I'm done, that will be the least of your problems! Got it?”

What could I do? I was in terror of what would happen if those photos got out. I couldn't imagine what would be worse, but Lenny said worse would follow, and based on what had already happened today, I believed him.

“Yes, sir, Lenny sir, I understand. I p-promise to obey.”

“You'd better. And your first test will come when my dad gets home. He should be here any minute.”

“But your dad is so strict! Aren't you worried what he'll do?”

Lenny smiled and said, “That's what makes it so exciting! I can't wait.”

I simply could not bring myself to get enthused at the prospect of Lenny's dad finding me like this, naked and bound in a way that kept my teen wrestler's body on full display. But there was no time to dwell on the subject.

As I heard the front door open, Lenny called out, “Hey dad, come on down to the rec room! I've got a surprise for you!”

A deep baritone voice responded, “In a minute, son.”

My knees buckled. I realized I was now on my knees again, but couldn't remember leaving my feet. Tears streaming down my face and shaking uncontrollably, I knelt there listening to sound of Lenny's dad coming down the stairs.

Lenny's dad walked into the rec room, stopped dead in his tracks and stared.

“Dad, this is my new slave Randy. He's a friend from school and Scouts. He's a homo. But until two hours ago, he was a virgin. Now he's my cock sucking, pussy boy sex slave. His folks are getting divorced and his mom is going to re-marry and move away. Randy wants to finish school here, and has asked if he can live with us. He understands that he will have to make that worth my while. If you want to use him too, that's fine with me.”

I couldn't believe what I was hearing! Lenny was offering me to his dad! I actually hoped he would say yes, because that way he wouldn't tell my folks about this. And it didn't hurt that he was so damn good looking.

He was like a mid-thirties version of his son, except that there was a lot of nice muscular definition on his 6 foot 3 inch frame. His blue eyes bore into mine for what seemed like a year, as I continued to tremble. I don't know how I worked up the gonads, but I actually spoke first.

“Sir, if you'll let me s-stay, I'll serve you too, if you want. And I'll obey all of your r-rules. I promise.”

“You're damn right you will,” the man growled. “Any slacking off and I'll be taking a paddle or a riding crop to that tight little ass of yours. Think you can handle that?”

“No one has ever hit me, sir. But I'll do my best to take any punishment you decide I deserve.”

“Oh, you'll take it, boy. You'll have no choice. You'll be bound and gagged whenever I punish you.”

Crap, was I scared! But I was more scared of those pictures, and I really did want to stay here and finish school.

Even if someone else said they would take me in, once those pictures made the rounds I'd get my ass tossed out of their house. I was going to be a sex slave for the next two years. For the first time, I really totally accepted the reality of that.

As my body sagged in resignation, I whispered the inevitable words, “Yes, sir. Use me as you wish.”

“How old are you, boy?”

I told him, “I’m sixteen, sir.”

“Good,” he said, “that’s the age of consent in this state. I don’t look for sex with teen boys, but I’m a practical man. With my wife gone and no women in my life, you could prove useful. But if you’re going to make a two year commitment to us, you better be serious about it. No attitude and no excuses. You do what you’re told.”

If I was going to back out, it had to be now. I was surprised I was even being given the opportunity. I thought for a bit, and realized I really didn’t mind belonging to these two.

It wouldn’t have been my first choice. But with no knowledge, skill or experience in sex, I had no chance of getting a submissive of my own. Hell, I would only have had the vaguest idea of what to do with my own slave before today. At this point in my life, this was my best option—an opportunity to learn all about this stuff!

Still naked and on my knees, my wrists bound to the collar I was wearing and a spreader bar holding my legs wide open, I may not have looked it, but I took charge of my life in that moment.

In a firm voice I said, “Lenny, sir, for the next two years I belong to you. It’s clear I have a great deal to learn, and you have the knowledge I want. If you are willing to teach me about sex, I will serve you faithfully.”

Father and son looked at each other and grinned. The father moved in front of me and the son behind. I was about to be taken from both ends at the same time. I was determined to give them as much pleasure as I possibly could.

They stripped and Lenny re-lubed my sore, but now willing butt hole. Father and son penetrated me at the same time, with a single slow shove, all the way into me. This was the first time I was being taken while bound and helpless. I found, once I got over my panic over having no control that it was actually better. Knowing there was nothing to be done, I was able to relax and go with it. Go figure!

All three of us were hard and on the verge, and my owners began pounding me at a more rapid pace. Just before they bred me, I came all over the floor again! I didn't know I had that much cum in me!

Without being told, I licked Lenny's dad clean then licked my own cum up off the floor, as father and son swapped ends for another round.

Epilogue:

I am now a college freshman and on my own. Neither my father or pig stepfather will pay, so it's a good thing I got a full scholarship. Lenny and his dad didn't just train me in sex. They trained me in self-discipline. I did all the cooking and cleaning (naked, except for a frilly maid's apron—but that's another story!) and for the first time in my life someone checked my homework—every night!

I've become much better organized, and this is the major reason my grades got better the last two years of high school. Without Lenny and his dad there is no way I get a scholarship.

With my new level of skill and confidence I was able to recruit my own submissive. He is now my roommate and does the things for me that I did for Lenny and his dad. I sometimes rent my property out for extra spending money. I'm pleased to say he really gets off on this. I get all the money. He doesn't need it, and besides, he is my property. If he got some of the money, he would be a whore and I would be a pimp, and neither of us wants that!

He has invited me home to meet his parents over Thanksgiving. They know of our relationship. I guess I'll find out how they feel about it when we get there, but he's says they are cool with it.

Over Christmas we will both go to visit—and submit to, Lenny and his dad.

If you have any comments or questions, or would like more stories, please let me know at:

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