

The Price We Pay to Play—Chapter 4

We Learn the Unbelievable Truth

We began our arduous trek back to Starwood slowly with Terry, Greg, and I taking turns helping Keith and Sammy along. Still suffering from the shock of their ordeal, they were not able to walk by themselves. We were offloaded at the outskirts of Linville at about 4:00 pm. It would be dark in about an hour and the temperature was beginning to drop precipitously. Dang, it was outright cold with a damp wind blowing. The cold made our ball sacks draw up tightly around our swollen testicles, increasing the pain in our nuts and forcing us into a half-hard situation. This made it even more difficult to walk.

Without clothes and shoes, we would not hold out to make it home tonight. Terry, Greg, and I decided we would try to find some shelter in a barn or outbuilding to shield us from the elements. Sammy and Keith, still not totally lucid, would need some warmth or suffer the effects of the cold quicker than the rest of us.

We walked for about an hour before finding an old barn that was solid enough to break the chill and lucky for us had some hay inside, left over from its useful past. We prepared a place so that Sammy and Keith could lie down while the three of us talked together.

“We not only have to keep ourselves warm, we need to help them as well. In shock, their body temperature will drop rapidly,” Greg said.

“That is going to be difficult since we have no clothing or blankets,” I said. “I did see a documentary once where survivors used their own body heat to stay alive. That may be our best hope.”

The look on Terry’s face all but said this was not what he wanted to hear. “I guess we do not have a choice, do we?” Terry was more afraid of reawakening the urges within him by lying naked next to one of us than he was concerned about anything else.

We laid down next to our two guys and tried to warm them us as best as we could. We pulled hay over our bodies and after a while our body heat began to take over. I could not help but think about home and my reception there as I fell into a fitful sleep. Dreams of being violently fucked permeated all our dreams with moans and groans, sometimes waking each other.

I awoke with a start sometime before daybreak to the presence of someone or

something in the barn with us. As I finally got my eyes opened, my vision was blinded by a flashlight. “Jason, are you guys ok?” I responded out of fright—but at least with some consolation that whoever was holding the light knew my name and apparently was concerned about us.

“It’s Tom, your dad’s friend. Remember me? I work sometimes with your dad in his yard.” With relief, I recalled Tom working without his shirt in the yard and his tattoo similar to the one on our back—“Bitch of Linville.”

“I was worried you would not be able to make it back to Starwood and so I came looking for you,” Tom shared. “As you now understand from my tattoo, I shared a similar experience 10 years ago. Come on, let’s get you into my vehicle and back to my house.”

As we removed the hay from the other guys, Sammy was semi-lucid and Keith could not be revived. Tom lifted the thin body of Keith and carried him to his Jeep Cherokee where he wrapped him in a blanket and laid him tenderly in the back. He started the motor and turned the heater to the maximum position

With my help we lifted Sammy’s body and carried it to the jeep. “I was always curious about your tattoo until now. So you were on a team that lost to Linville?”

“Yes, I was. There are a lot of things to talk to you guys about, but first let’s get you back to my place and get you warmed up and fed.”

The drive back was long, but the heated Jeep felt wonderful and the blankets were warm and comforting. We did not speak during the drive. The warmth made our tired bodies drift into contented sleep. Tom awakened us when we reached his place. Having never been there, I had no idea where we were or how we got there. We carried Keith and Sammy inside and laid them on the bed. Tom showed Greg, Terry and me where the showers were and we cleaned up under hot water. Strangely enough, the shower was huge—more like a high school locker room with multiple shower heads and iron rings at several points in the wall. But whatever—the hot water felt good to our aching bodies.

When we came out of the shower wearing white terrycloth robes Terry had left for us, he was gently washing the bodies of Sammy and Keith. “I called a doctor,” he said, “to come check them out. He will be here in 30 minutes.”

Tom took us to a large kitchen and fed us chicken soup, which tasted warm and

strangely comforting. He then put the three of us into his big king size bed and we slept soundly, not waking until about 2:30 pm on Sunday afternoon.

When I awoke, I gently got up, leaving Greg and Terry in bed. The robes were gone and I walked naked through the huge house and finally came into the den area. Tom was sitting naked himself on a big leather couch. He told me to help myself to the coffee on the wet bar. I took a cup and walked over to the chair opposite him. His muscled body was totally smooth and with a six pack he was quite handsome. His jet black hair was so dark it hurt your eyes in the afternoon sunlight coming through the huge window.

His penis was large, maybe 7 inches uncut. The sight that instantly caught my attention was the absence of his balls. I must have looked surprised because Tom instantly leaned back on the couch and showed me where his testicles had been.

“I was on the team that lost to Linville ten years ago. There are many things I need to tell you. Your dad and the dads of the other four have been informed that you are here and safe. My picking you up was pre-arranged. You will remain here until your game on Friday evening, when you will be taken back to Starwood for the first time. When the other guys come down I will begin your education about what all of this is about.

In a few minutes Sammy and Keith came into the room looking freshly showered. Terry and Greg came down in a few minutes and Tom, still nude, began preparing breakfast. The other four guys gasped the first time Tom faced them when they saw his balls were missing and that he too possessed a tattoo similar to theirs.

The food was great and we ate like the starving football players we were. Tom continued to cook as long as we wanted to eat. After we were full, we took our coffee back over to the leather couch and sat down—me, Terry, and Greg on the huge couch, Sammy and Keith shared the large arm chair, and Tom sitting on the hearth near the roaring fire.

“Your parents know that you are here and that you are safe. Sammy and Keith—the doctor came last night and dressed your wounds and gave you some shots that will start your healing. He also brought some pain meds—if you need them.”

“You will be here until Friday night and will be taken to the Starwood game from

here. Between now and Friday you will learn the real purpose for all that has happened to you. You will be surprised to learn that all of this was planned.”

“The facts you are about to learn go as far back as the history of man. You can trace the origin of what I am about to tell you to the Garden of Eden. During the days of this week I will teach you the history and what you will need to learn for your new duties.”

“But first I want you to understand something about this area of the country where you were born. It is true that our ancestors were expelled from Russia and Europe and were brought to the coal mines in chains. They practiced a very ancient form of religion in which the male penis is worshipped and the male seed is considered sacred. As we will see later this religion is as old as man. They had been driven from their homelands by the religious uprisings brought about by the Protestant Reformation. For centuries they had co-existed with the Catholic Church, each leaving the other alone. The fundamentalist awaking from the Reformation caused the people to be uncomfortable with our religion as they ascribed phallic worship with the Devil.”

“We have carried on our religion throughout the generations, year after year while guys like ourselves are chosen as priests to serve our fellow cock worshippers!”

“In this religion, every year a young guy, like you, was chosen for every male who died, to be inducted into the priesthood of this group—called the Temple of the Holy Cock. Of those chosen, two would have their testicles removed and be given as eunuchs for the private use of the high priest, the rest would be allowed to breed for the perpetuation of the temple, but would serve as priests of the temple. Those chosen as breeders would be chosen for their attitudes, personalities, and characteristics needed in the temple. As I was one of the chosen ten years ago, so you have been chosen now.”

“Jason, you are unique in that you are the heir apparent to be high priest, just as your father has been for ten years. That is the source of my friendship with your father. As a eunuch I serve your father as his whore. Every man in this area are members of the temple.”

You have always lived here all your lives and never been outside the area, but one thing of significance is the absence of churches. Our religion is the only religion of this area. Your mothers are aware of their role—simply as breeders of children for the temple.”

I sat there in shock trying to assimilate the information Tom was sharing with us. “So you mean this whole thing was some sort plan for this religion?” I asked. “The game was forfeit on purpose?”

“The game was forfeit on purpose,” Tom replied. “The rule is that no one team can loose more than five times without reverting to the other team. We had won the last five games. It was our time to loose and the only way to assure that was to forfeit.”

The Temple leadership chose the other four of you by lot with your fathers giving assent to the choice. By the rules of the Temple a father has no choice but give up his son to Temple service. By lot, Keith, you and Sammy were chosen to surrender your manhood to become the servants of Jason, destined to be the next high priest, after his Father’s term expires.”

We sat there in shock trying to take in the information that Tom was giving us. We had all grown up in a society that was at best strange to us, but we had no idea of the hidden workings in our community.

Sammy suddenly sprang from the chair, and charged Tom. “You are full of crap! My dad would never have let this happen to me!”

“You will see soon enough!” Tom calmly replied. “You dad was the one who sacrificed his son for the good of the group! It is considered an honor in the temple to be a eunuch.”

As Tom was speaking, other guys began to enter the room. Young, naked, and from every known race, they entered until the room was almost full. “Gentlemen, you are presently in the secret Temple of the Holy Cock. These are the temple prostitutes who receive cum offerings from our members. They participate in the worship. Greg, you and Terry are to receive ordination as priests and will serve as Jason’s right hands. The three of you will be sent to Europe to be trained to serve the Temple. Sammy and Keith, you will spend your life in service to Jason, taking care of his body and will be the receptacles of his holy seed. As high priest, he descends from a long line of holy men who can be traced back to the earliest years of man. You will worship him and obey him. You will protect him. If you fail him you will receive the ultimate punishment.”

The young men gathered around me and began to bow and kiss the head of my now hard penis. They fondled my balls and kissed them.

“Jason, we will begin tonight by letting you lead the worship service for the

temple whores. On Thursday night we will host a service in which you will be ordained as high priest apparent and Terry and Greg will receive the ordination of priests. Your families will be here to honor the occasion, plus all members of the temple."

Each of us was taken by two of the prostitutes to a separate room to be prepared for the evening worship. My two guys were young, probably under 20, Asian, and beautiful specimens of young manhood. They led me to the showers where I was scrubbed from head to toe and my body was shaved completely of all hair except on my head. One of the boys bowed and took my hard cock into his mouth and sucked until my dick was raging and swollen. He then placed a cum block like the one used by the Linville guys on the base of my penis. I groaned as I thought about the torment of not being able to cum, but they assured me that it was only till the service in a few hours. We gentleness they worshipped my penis and ass, licking and sucking my ass with the mouth of one long experienced in giving men pleasure.

After taking me from the showers, they laid me on a flat table and began to massage my body with the most relaxing, soothing massage a man could have. They used aromatic herbs and incense that relaxed me to the point of euphoria. Soon two other boys brought food and iced drinks into the room and my guys took great pleasure in feeding me. I discovered that their names were Jing and Jang and that they were brothers from China. They had been sent to learn the art of Temple worship from the masters here. Apparently, the high priest presided over the worldwide Temple movement, encompassing untold local temples around the world, with each country sending the most beautiful specimens to serve the temple. One thing I found quite interesting was that while their ball sacs were intact, their balls were gone and had not been surgically removed. They told me that they had been chemically castrated at age ten. Coming from a large family, only two sons were allowed to reproduce to preserve that family and while all served the temple, the males were chemically altered. They assured me that millions in their country worshipped my dad and would do the same for me as his heir apparent. It was more than my mind could encompass.

Three hours passed quickly and soon Jing and Jang began to prepare me for the worship service. They placed a medallion around my neck and slippers on my feet. Around my cock and balls they placed a cock ring that must have been of gold for it glistened in the light. It felt cold and hard against my shaved body, which was still sore from the time at Linville. A leash was connected to the gold ring and the two Chinese guys led the procession from the room. As we walked into the atrium outside the room I saw Terry and Greg and their group ready to line up behind me for the movement to wherever the service was to be held. They, too, were totally shaved and had a strap tightly around their endowments. Terry was so fucking huge. He seemed embarrassed at

the size of his cock and balls and the horniness that he dreaded could be seen on his face. His nostrils were flared, much as they were the time he fucked me on the stage in front of the Linville crowd and our folks back home.

Our group began a processional down a long hallway and then down a long set of steps that seemed to lead ever downward into the earth. The steps were lit by lights and then torches, until it felt like we were a mile within the earth.

Music began as we ascended. Terrific, majestic music like none I had ever heard. Finally we arrived at the bottom in one of the most beautiful natural cathedrals formed by the stalactites and centuries of water and erosion. More than a hundred men were standing naked, awaiting the start of the service and as we entered, they dropped to their knees and murmured together—Hail Lord Cock! Hail Lord Cock! I was led to the front of the Cathedral where there was a column about 4 ft high. I was directed to sit on the column and Jing and Jang gently handcuffed my hands behind my back. They then shackled my legs to the floor. With their muscular hands they grabbed my testicles and pulled my nuts out over the end of the column and attached a noose to which they tied a barbell. As they dropped the barbell and I moaned, they both bowed and kissed the head of my engorged cock.

The music heightened the excitement as the young temple prostitutes began to bow and worship my cock with their mouths. From behind me I felt the muscled body of a young black man press his hardened muscles against my back. “I am a priest of the most holy cock and do now confess the sins of the temple members whose seed I carry and now share with you!” I gasped as his huge black manhood invaded my orifice. As he thrust his penis into my tight hole, he began to confess the names of those who had shared their seed with him and sent him to bear their offerings to the temple, names that seemed to be from Africa, reflecting his heritage and home. When he had finished, another took his place, this time from India or Pakistan, or Bangladesh, their skin so black it appeared blue and with hair as black as the night. Their huge uncut meat was hard from days or even weeks of being unable to cum until this hour. Gobs and gobs of white sticky cum filled my hole, until it ran out and down the insides of my legs.

Priest after priest continued their course of service until all had fulfilled their office. Man after man bowed and did service to my cock, which was now so hard and needy that I thought it would erupt even with the cum blocker around its base.

Tom came to the altar and invited the worshippers to take their seats. As curtains were drawn back on the altar, Sammy and Keith could be seen tied spread eagle to the altar. Tom began to speak: “On Thursday evening our new high priest designate will be

dedicated and take up his office for temple service along with two of his priest. Tonight the eunuchs who will worship and service his every need will be inducted and marked for life. Should they fail in the least way their life will be forfeit. They live at the discretion of Lord Jason.”

As he mentioned my name and this new title, the crowd of naked men bowed their faces to the floor and chanted—“Lord Jason is the Lord Cock!” I was untied from the altar and led to the area of the altar where the two were tied.

“And now the Lord Cock will impart his seed to these two, consecrating them as slaves of his holy penis forever.” I knelt behind the lean frame of Keith and felt a priest remove the blocker from my cock. I could not help myself. I was so fucking horny that I rammed my hard penis as hard as I could into Keith’s sore ass. He moaned and cried out as I fucked him without mercy. I shot load after load into his quivering ass. When I was done, two priests helped me to rise and Keith was forced to rise to his knees and clean my penis. He then bowed and kissed my feet as he was taken away from the altar.

I came to the area where Sammy was tied and knelt first in front of him near his mouth. For some reason I wanted this so badly. He has always been such a prick since he moved to Starwood, with all his fancy toys and superior attitude. I grabbed his hair and when he did not open immediately I slapped him hard across the face. With a resignation I had not seen before he opened his mouth and received the entire length of my cock. He sucked me until I was hard, and without mercy I fucked him till he screamed in pain. His screams caused me to cum, shooting rope after rope until my balls ached from emptiness.

As a closing part of the service, Sammy and Keith were brought before the assembly and tied spread eagle over a table. Both were made to confess that they would serve the Lord Cock forever at his pleasure or forfeit their life. Branding irons were brought in and on their asses were branded –“Property of the Lord Cock.” One of the temple slaves reached between Sammy’s legs and grabbed his penis, now flaccid forever, and pulled it back between his legs. He pierced the dick right below the head and forced a huge ring through the head. Sammy passed out from the pain of both the branding and the pain. Keith was next and was soon screaming as he too was marked and pierced.

As eunuchs, both Sammy and Keith were mine forever or until I tired of them, at least according to Tom. Not much was left that marked them as a man, but their mouth and holes would serve me well.

We were all a little uneasy about what the week would bring and then the

meeting on Thursday night. How would we react when we saw our parents and families? What would it mean to be ordained into the temple? Little by little the whole thing was beginning to dawn on us. Small things that had happened in our lives with our dads made more sense. The treatment our moms had gotten in the community and the respect my dad always seemed to get wherever he went, now, was understandable.

What did the future hold for us and for me especially? Only time would tell.