

GAY BASHER IS TRAINED TO SERVE - CHAPTER 3

By
Randy McAnus

NOTE: All rights are reserved by the author. You may forward this to friends for their reading pleasure, provided NO CHANGES ARE MADE and it is forwarded complete, including this note.

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!

After cleaning up the examination room, the young soldier was allowed to dress and was led to his new quarters by the Sergeant. The room contained two full-size beds, two dressers, with locking drawers, a book shelf filled with books and a walk-in closet with a lock on the door. There was a bathroom with shower attached, and there was one large, comfortable chair with ottoman. The hot little redhead's duffel and B-4 bag were sitting on one of the beds.

"Unpack your duffel, and place all of your underwear and t-shirts in the trash," said the Sergeant. "You won't be need them anymore.

"Yes, Sergeant." BJ did as he was told. He was trying to think of a way out of the predicament he was in, but Billy Joe had never been much good at thinking, and, as usually happened when he tried to think, he kept drawing a blank. It wasn't really his fault, and it wasn't because BJ was actually stupid; he wasn't. But independent thinking was frowned upon in Butcher's Hollow, and it certainly wasn't taught in the schools. It wasn't taught by his Daddy either. His daddy had always demanded absolute obedience. He had rebelled from time to time and had always paid the price. Those were the times his Daddy had strung him up naked, and spreadeagled in the barn, and whupped the tar out of him. His daddy always, left him hanging there for an hour or so afterward, which Bill Joe was grateful for. If his daddy had walked around in front of him, or had let him down right away, no way he could have missed the rigid boner he always sported after a whuppin'.

"Use the dresser on the right for your personal things and the right side of the closet for your uniforms," said the Sergeant. BJ distributed his few possessions as ordered. "Now strip and place your fatigues in the laundry hamper in the closet." BJ obeyed. The Sergeant then locked the closet and dresser. "You will always be naked in this room, except when you are entering or leaving on my

orders. If you want to go out without my permission, feel free, but you will be naked if you do. Understood, slave?"

"Yes, Sergeant!" Crap, this keeps getting worse, thought BJ. There was no TV in the room. There was one in the common room, but clearly he wasn't going to be watching it, unless he was willing to do that naked! Hell, the room didn't even have a radio or CD player! Maybe they'd let him go out and buy one. "Sergeant, there's no TV or anything in the room. Would it be okay if I bought a TV or radio or something?"

"No. You probably wouldn't be able to operate it anyway. And you're about to see why. Stand with your hands on your head, legs shoulder width apart. Now!"

"Yes, Sergeant!"

The Sergeant unlocked a drawer in his dresser and removed a wide leather collar from the drawer. He placed it around the naked beauty's neck and secured it with a small pad lock. Billy Joe began to tremble a bit. How far was this going to go? The Sergeant then placed padded restraints on his wrists and locked them to the back of the collar. He then pulled a metal bar with leather cuffs from the drawer and extended it to fit between the boy's ankles, attaching a cuff to each ankle and locking it in place.

"Why?" was all the trembling stud managed to say.

"These will help with your training. You will be expected to maintain this position on your own, whenever you receive the order to display yourself. You must even learn to walk with your legs shoulder width apart; your body is now ours to use and view as we see fit. You need to learn to have your hands behind your head, elbows out to the side, and legs shoulder width apart no matter what else you are doing. Walking, sitting, on your back or stomach, you will learn to hold this position."

"But what happens if someone else comes into the room?"

"I suggest you make sure they leave happy. If it makes you feel better, no one is likely to walk into my room unless they've been invited," said the Sergeant, "though there are no guarantees on that. If someone knocks, you must say, 'come in, sir!' You will then

obey any order they give you. Won't you?"

"Y-yes, Sergeant."

"This will also prevent you from playing with yourself. Your whole existence is now about giving pleasure to others, not yourself. Anytime you come without permission, you will be punished. Don't expect to receive permission very often."

"But it's okay if I come when I'm fucked, right? I mean, I don't know how I could control that, Sergeant!"

"Oh, you'll learn how, believe me. Just think of the pain you'll suffer if you come, that should do it," growled the Sergeant.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door, and the Sergeant looked hard at the hot little stud on display before him.

Billy Joe might have taken a dump in terror right then, if he hadn't had that enema! The trembling in his voice was evident as he managed to croak out the words, "Come in, Sir!"

A young Corporal entered the room carrying what appeared to be a dog's supper bowl. The Corporal smirked, when he saw the naked boy on display in front of him. BJ trembled and blushed—pretty much everywhere.

"What do you think of our new sex slave Corporal?", " said the Sergeant.

"Not bad. No body hair, nice touch," replied the Corporal. "He should be very popular."

Stark naked, his hot, defined little body hairless and held in the display position by the restraints, Billy Joe trembled and moaned in an agony of shame, humiliation and despair, made even worse by the fact that his damn dick was boning up again! How did they even think up all this stuff? It was becoming clear to Billy Joe, that he really didn't have much imagination.

"The corporal has brought your dinner. A nice big bowl of corned beef hash. As you don't have use of your hands right now, you will

get down on your knees and eat it like a dog.”

Trembling, shaking and feeling utterly defeated, Billy Joe dropped to his knees and began to eat. As he was eating he noticed out of the corner of his eye that the Corporal was undressing. Aw crap, thought BJ. He wondered if he would be allowed to finish his dinner first. No such luck. The Corporal dropped down between his nicely spread legs, grabbed BJ's balls and gave them a good hard squeeze. With his legs held open by the metal bar, Billy Joe had no way of protecting himself. All he could do was yelp in pain.

“I'm going to fuck you dry, bitch, and you are going to beg for it, isn't that right?” said the Corporal.

“Yes, sir! Please fuck me dry sir!” Billy Joe couldn't believe those words actually came out of his mouth! What he wanted to do was beg the Corporal to leave his well-used ass alone, or at least use some of that goop the doctor had used. But he couldn't seem to get the words out. Was he afraid of worse if he didn't immediately obey? Did he actually want this?! No, that couldn't be, no one would actually want this! Before he could bring himself to beg, the Corporal shoved his eight inch tool straight up Billy Joe's sore and tender ass! Every beautifully defined muscle in his tight little body went rigid. The pain was electric! He would have screamed, but the pain had taken his breath away. The Sergeant smiled over to the Corporal, who grinned back, through the pain the forced dry entry had caused him. Fortunately for the Corporal, he liked the additional intensity the pain gave him whenever he fucked someone dry.

“Finish your dinner!” yelled the Sergeant. With tears streaming down his face, his bound and helpless body rigid from the pain, Billy Joe resumed eating like a dog. As the pain began to lessen, he realized to his horror, that if this didn't end soon, he was actually going to come again! In a state of total panic, he tried desperately to focus on his food. It didn't work. There wasn't much come left inside him, but what little there was shot out, a good twenty strokes before the Corporal came. He had no idea what kind of punishment was coming, but he knew it would be bad.

Billy Joe lowered his head into the now empty dog bowl and sobbed, “Please, I couldn't help it!”

“Well, you're going to learn to help it. I can guarantee you that!” growled the Sergeant. “Get this undisciplined pussy boy to the training room Corporal!”

“Yes, Sergeant!”

The corporal grabbed Billy Joe by his red hair and yanked him to his feet. BJ opened his mouth to plead his case—and promptly closed it when he saw the look on the Corporal's face! The Corporal couldn't be more than a year older than he was, but there was an air of authority about him that Billy Joe found really intimidating, and his gut told him this man could be really dangerous! Their ages may have been close, but this was no boy. At 6 foot 2 and a muscular 190 pounds, he was a good forty pounds heavier and 5 inches taller than Billy Joe. But it was more than his size. He had an aura of command about him that Billy Joe could not possibly have challenged, even if he weren't naked, with his wrists bound to a collar and his legs spreadeagled by that damn metal bar! The Sergeant took a dog leash out of one of his dresser drawers, and handed it to the Corporal, who attached it to Billy Joe's Collar.

“You're not going to take me out of the room like this, are you Sergeant?! Billy Joe pleaded.

“It's after hours, pussy boy. Anyone still around will know about you, and won't turn you in for being a fag. Hell, they may even want to come and observe your training session! Or observe your training session and come.” the Sergeant said, and nasty grin on his face.

“I'm not a fag, I can't be,” thought Billy Joe; but for some reason, he couldn't bring himself to say it out loud.

The Corporal opened the door and pulled on the leash, heading down the hall at a good pace. The naked slave found it difficult to keep up, as he had to waddle to accommodate the spreader bar attached to his ankles. “If you can't keep up, and I have to slow down, then you'll make the trip on your knees, bitch,” said the Corporal. Billy Joe redoubled his efforts and managed somehow to keep up.

As they passed the common room, Billy Joe saw, to his horror, that three other soldiers were sitting there watching TV. Billy Joe hoped they would get past the door with no one noticing. Almost. But at the last instant one looked up.

“Check it out, the new bitch is being taken for a walk!”

The hot little red head groaned inwardly and sub-consciously clenched his tight little butt cheeks. The three soldiers decided that this would be more entertaining than watching TV, so they joined the parade to the training room.

At first glance, the training room just looked like your typical work-out center. There were gym mats in the large center area, a free weight section and circuit training stations in each of the four corners. There were large mirrors centered on each of the four walls, several benches and a training table, which Billy Joe assumed were for massages and stuff. Then he noticed some non-standard stuff, like pulleys in the ceiling with ropes running through them that were currently pulled up out of the way. There was some kind of saw horse with straps on it back in one corner. And there was a square frame with attachment points at the corners up against the wall. There was also a cart with drawers and some kind of electronic equipment on it, and a tall locked cabinet. Billy Joe decided not to ask any questions.

The hard-bodied, bound and naked stud was brought to the center of the room, where he was surrounded by the five soldiers. He felt himself trembling, but did his best not to let it show. Fuck them. He would be unemotional and cool throughout this ordeal. He would give them as little amusement as he possibly could. The Corporal went to the wall and lowered one of the ropes that went through a ceiling pulley while the Sergeant rolled over the cart with the electronic stuff on it. Billy Joe just stared straight ahead, but his breathing became a little ragged and he started to sweat.

The Corporal attached the snap ring on the end of the rope to an attachment on the center of the spreader bar. Billy Joe didn't get it. What did they think he was going to do, hop away? The Sergeant opened one of the drawers in the cart and removed something BJ was all too familiar with. That metal thing that he knew was about to go in his mouth. Well, he wasn't going to fight them. No point, for one thing; plus, he knew it had made it much easier to keep his mouth open when his throat was being fucked. Now there were five of them instead of two. If they were all going to fuck his throat, he'd be glad to have that thing in his mouth. It actually gave BJ some hope. Maybe they'd leave his incredibly sore ass alone! The Sergeant approached and the bound, naked beauty opened his mouth, continuing to look straight ahead.

“The Sergeant said, “Good cocksucker,” as he inserted the device and fastened the straps. Billy Joe hated being called that, but it gave him hope that maybe they really would leave his ass alone this time. The Sergeant then inserted the rubber ball with the straps. Now the boy was worried and confused. Clearly, even if they were going to fuck his throat, they were going to do something else, first.

The Corporal said, “As long as you three are here, make yourself useful. Take hold of his arms and keep his head from hitting the

floor." With that the Corporal grabbed the far end of the rope and started pulling. Almost before he knew it was happening, the naked young soldier found himself hanging upside down from that bar between his ankles! He was pulled up to a point where his mouth was just about crotch high on the soldiers surrounding him.

"You couldn't just have me get on my knees?" said Billy Joe. Well, what actually came out through the ball gag was, "oo ouldn' us ave e et onn eye ees?" but the Sergeant figured it out.

"Cock sucking isn't a punishment soldier, it's a privilege—for you, anyway. You need to be taught not to come without permission. So we've brought you to the training room for a training session. Don't worry, we'll take care of the training regimen. All you have to do is not come," said the Sergeant.

Billy Joe continued to look straight ahead, determined not to give them the satisfaction of seeing his fear. But some very disturbing things began to happen. The Sergeant and Corporal began attaching a variety of metal devices to his body. Alligator clips to his nipples, a metal ring around his ball sac, another clamp around the head of his dick. They were all a little different, but they all had one thing in common—long wires stretched away from each item and connected to a control panel sitting on top of the cart. The last device was a large metal dildo. It too was attached to the control panel. Without ceremony, but with goop, thank goodness, the Corporal shoved the dildo into his ass.

"Okay soldier, here's the drill. The corporal will be running that dildo in and out of your ass, while these three soldiers will be stroking every part of you body except your cock. You get hard, I start randomly running electrical current through the various gadgets. The harder you get the more current. If you start leaking pre-come you can expect a major increase, directed primarily to your cock and balls. If you come, I'll put the current through the dildo as well," said the sergeant, an evil grin on his face.

BJ's stomach would have sunk to his knees, except he was upside down, so he wound up with a lump in his throat instead. He was still determined not to give them the satisfaction of a reaction, but he knew he was in deep shit. As the large metal dildo, moved in and out of his ass, BJ responded almost instantly. His pretty cock was standing to attention, he noted, just as he also noted the first twinge of pain in his nipples. He bit down on the metal thing in his mouth as the pain intensified. As his cock began to leak, the pain shifted to his nuts and cock and got a whole lot worse. BJ managed to stay quiet and resolute, but his beautifully defined muscles began to flex

with the pain, which was being sent in random pulses, so he couldn't anticipate when or where it would strike.

Try as he might the bound and naked young man could not control his damn dick. His beautiful body shone with sweat as his muscles contorted involuntarily with the pain and his rigid cock began to leak pre-come. The hands of the dominant young men who surrounded him ran over his hot young body, but left his cock and balls alone. It made no difference. As the metal dildo was shoved one final time into his tight little ass, he shot his load—and felt the stunning pain as the dildo was electrified.

“mghhh!” screamed the helpless little slave into his ball gag. It was the first sound he had made. He had actually managed to keep quiet, staring straight ahead until that moment. The pain now rapidly shifted between each of the contacts as Billy Joe's body jerked spasmodically for the pleasure of the hard and hot soldiers who surrounded him. What seemed hours to Billy Joe, was only a matter of minutes. Then, abruptly, the pain ceased. The exhausted little stud, hung upside down, limp as a rag doll while the soldiers applauded his unwilling performance.

“You still need a great deal of training, soldier, but I have to admit, I really don't mind that,” said the Sergeant. “And speaking of training, you have five very boned-up men—real men—who require servicing.” Remove the ball gag, Corporal, it's time to resume Cock Sucking 101 for this bitch.

“Just his mouth? We don't get his ass?” asked one of the the now naked soldiers lining up in front of the boy.

“Just oral. It seems tomorrow is pussy boy's eighteenth birthday, and the doctor is making plans for a little celebration. We don't want him all worn out on his big day,” said the Sergeant with a smirk. The soldiers grinned as the Corporal stepped forward, removed the ball gag, and with one rapid shove, violated Billy Joe's throat.

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

r.mcanus@rocketmail.com

Any legitimate feedback, positive or negative is appreciated, but please don't be rude.--rm