

GAY BASHER IS TRAINED TO SERVE - CHAPTER 4

By
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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!

Saturday morning dawned bright and sunny, but Billy Joe awoke in a less than sunny mood. It was his eighteenth birthday, and he knew the Doctor and the others had something special planned. He had spent the night in fitful sleep, dreaming of being used by masculine, hard bodied Airborne Rangers—which wasn't that surprising, as that is what had been happening the entire previous day.

What deeply disturbed the young soldier was how horny it made him! He remained convinced that he wasn't gay, but if he was right, why was he responding like this? They kept finding new things to do to him, things that would never have occurred to him. He sensed that today would be even more painful and humiliating than yesterday. The thought filled him with dread—and anticipation.

Well, as he was tied naked, and spreadeagled to his bed, he would simply have to wait until they were ready for him. It had become clear to BJ that his tight, defined little body was theirs to use as they saw fit. Worse, every aspect of his life was completely under their control. For example, he needed to piss and crap badly, but as he was bound to his bed, there was no way for him to relieve himself until they chose to let him. He briefly toyed with the idea of soiling himself, but immediately rejected it. Not only would it be disgusting to lie in his mess, he couldn't even imagine the pain and humiliation that would lead to! So he just lay there, waiting for his new masters.

There was a knock at the door. Billy Joe froze, but then remembered his orders: "Come in, Sir!" he said, with a trembling voice. Two officers entered the room. One was a Captain, the other a Major. Billy Joe blushed beet red from the roots of his red hair, down the length of his now-hairless defined body, to his toes.

“Nice!” said the Major with a smirk on his handsome face. The Major appeared to be in his very early thirties. He was about 6 foot three, had black hair, blue eyes and was clearly buff under his fatigues. The Captain was in his mid-twenties, about an inch shorter, had dark brown hair and large brown eyes. Though not as broad shouldered as the Major, he had a fit well-defined body and a cold, ruthless stare. Billy Joe lay naked and bound before them, completely helpless and absolutely terrified.

The Captain said, “You are going to belong to us this morning. If we detect even a hint of disobedience you will require a week to recover from punishment you receive from us. Is that understood?”

“Sir, yes sir!” said the bound naked little stud. Billy Joe stared directly up at the ceiling, too terrified even to glance at the two officers who would be using him for their pleasure. He struggled to get a grip. He didn't want anyone to see him snivel or beg. He would take this like a man. It was the only way he could think of to retain even a shred of dignity and self-respect. He had survived the whippings from his daddy in this way. Hopefully, he could survive this as well.

“After we release you, you will use the bathroom. We will watch to make sure you do not touch yourself. After you have evacuated your bowls and bladder, you will give yourself two enemas to thoroughly clean yourself out. You will then shower. Once you are clean inside and out, we will give you a uniform to wear—temporarily. You will then proceed with us to the training room,” said the Captain.

“Sir, yes sir!” said the terrified birthday boy. He had hoped they would just fuck him here in the room he shared with the Sergeant. Going to the training room meant more pain and humiliation. He lay there helpless, and furious with himself, as his cock responded to the thought. And they were going to watch him take a dump! No one had ever seen him do that before; he felt utterly degraded, and the day was only beginning!

The Major and Captain released their prey from his restraints, and watched as he obeyed their orders to the letter. After he had finished, BJ was provided with a freshly pressed set of fatigues, but they were slightly different. The seams of the trousers were overlapping slightly and a bit bulky. When he looked closer, he saw they were held together with a thin strip of Velcro. For the life of him, BJ could not figure out why anyone would want to do that. But then, figuring things out was not the cute little red head's strong suit.

He slid his beautiful little ass into the very tight uniform pants. It was all he could do to get the fly buttoned. The pants showed off his package, his ass cheeks, even his thighs and calves as if the pants had been painted on. He could hardly breathe! He felt more embarrassed than he would have had he been naked. The shirt, while very tight, and tapered to show off his tight little 26 inch waist, did not appear to be held together with Velcro. He was given his combat boots, which he put on and laced up.

As BJ was marched to the training room, he felt more vulnerable than ever. The pants fit so tight they ran up his butt crack, and the pressure of the cloth was making him bone up—and every detail of his cock and balls showed through the tight cloth. Thank heavens they wouldn't be taking him outside looking like this! As they approached the training room BJ stole a glance at the two alpha males who would be using him. He was surprised that both had fairly long hair for Army officers. It was probably within regulation length, but only just. He also noted that both were showing very large baskets. Now what were the odds on that?

As they entered the training room, BJ saw that things were very different. The standard overhead lights were off, leaving a good 90% of the large training room in total darkness. The center of the room was brightly lit with a bunch of ceiling mounted spot lights that he had not noticed before. This was downright spooky! The hot little gay basher, who had always thought of himself as a dominant, in total control of every aspect of his life that didn't involve his daddy, began to tremble. He knew he was in way over his head with these men, and there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it!

The young beauty noticed that the large square frame he had seen the day before was now set up in the center of the lights. Ropes hung from each corner, and each had a leather cuff at the loose end. The two officers stopped him just inside the training room door, to give him his orders. As the door was shut and locked behind him, BJ came very close to total panic. He bit his lip almost until it bled as he tried to gain control of his rapid breathing and his panic.

“When we reach the center area, we will give you a series of orders. You will only respond with the phrase, 'Sir, yes sir!' is that understood, solder?” said the Captain.

“Sir, yes sir!” said the terrified eighteen year old. BJ was so panicked he was almost sick to his stomach, but he had managed to keep the terror out of his voice, and was keeping his trembling to a minimum, which oddly, made him

feel proud of himself. Now if his damn dick would just go down! The 5 foot 9 inch 150 pounder was marched to the center of the lighted area by the two taller, stronger more experienced alpha males who would violate him in any way they chose. He instinctively stood to attention, awaiting his first order.

The Captain spoke: "Are you ready to obey all orders from your superiors, solder?"

"Sir, yes sir!"

"Are you ready to serve as our pain pig?"

He had only an inkling of what that meant, but as he looked at the frame, he knew he was going to be really in for it. Well, his daddy had hung him up spreadeagled in the barn and whipped him lots of times. He felt he could handle this part pretty well. He actually felt and displayed some confidence, as he said, "Sir, yes sir!"

"Are you ready to serve as our fuck toy?"

Well, he figured, he'd already been there and done that. "Sir, yes sir!" the young red head said firmly. His lack of imagination and experience saved him from the terror he would have felt if he'd known everything that was coming.

Still determined to be dispassionate, and show no vulnerability, BJ stood to attention and waited. To his surprise, he received no immediate orders. After a moment the two officers approached, towering over his small, well-defined body. They began to run their hands over him, and his smooth hard body tensed at their touch. He remained rigidly at attention as their hands caressed his pecs, his abs, his ass and his rock hard dripping cock. He was sure the pre-come had stained his tight trousers, but didn't dare look.

Slowly, the Major began to unbutton his shirt, one button at a time. BJ could hardly stand it. His breathing was becoming ragged again, and he worked to control it. How could he feel so helpless and humiliated, and yet so turned on? As the Major unbuttoned the final button of his shirt the Captain moved directly behind him and slowly began to remove the shirt, sliding it from his shoulders, down his arms, over his wrists and off.

His completely smooth cut torso was now exposed to the predators who would take him.

“Are you familiar with the display position, troop?” said the Major.

“Sir, yes sir!”

“Assume it!”

Sir, yes sir!”

Billy Joe snapped his legs shoulder width apart, to the parade rest position, while interlocking his hands behind his head, elbows directly out to the side. His denuded arm pits were now fully exposed, so the officers would know, if they didn't beforehand, that not a single body hair remained on his lithe frame.

The Major slowly unbuttoned the young stud's fly. As the fly opened his rigid cock sprang loose, pointing almost straight up. BJ blushed, but made no sound or movement. The Major moved to BJ's left, the Captain to his right. Each ran a hand slowly over his torso, painfully torturing his nipples, leaving them fully erect as their hands moved down to his abs, then his waist. They each grabbed his trousers at the waist, where the Velcro kept the seams together, and began to pull the seams apart in a steady motion. As they finished, each officer took two steps back holding half of the hot little soldier's trousers.

He was now naked except for his combat boots. His small hard body was on display and available to the dominant men who were controlling him. His nipples and dick were erect from the attention they had received, and the boy once again blushed, ashamed of how easily these men were controlling and arousing him.

The Major and Captain each grabbed one of the padded leather restraints and they attached them to BJ's wrists, as the little hottie continued to hold the display position. They then attached the second pair of restraints to his ankles. The tight defined little body, so naked and vulnerable, began to visibly tremble. Billy Joe knew what would come next.

The Major took one rope and the Captain the other. Using the considerable strength of their muscular bodies, they hauled Billy Joe up into the frame by his wrists, spreading his arms wide and leaving him dangling, his feet about eighteen inches off the floor. They fastened the ropes to cleats on the frame, then repeated the process with his ankles, leaving his hairless defined body widely spreadeagled with every muscle twitching in anticipation of the pain that

was sure to follow.

The Captain brought the rolling cart into view and BJ swallowed hard. That electric machine on top of the cart had caused him horrific pain yesterday, and he wasn't sure how much more of that he could take. Besides, he hadn't done anything to deserve punishment for today, had he? He was relieved to see the Captain ignore the electrical stuff and reach into one of the drawers.

The Captain pulled out what looked like a small leather restraint with a thin chain attached. The Captain came over to BJ and attached the restraint around his ball sac. He ran the chain down to the bottom of the frame, pulled it very tightly and attached the chain to the frame. Billy Joe's ball sac was stretched taught. This caused him significant discomfort, but it was manageable, the boy decided.

Next, the Captain removed a butt plug from the drawer, lubed it and shoved it into his ass without ceremony. Billy Joe's eyes bulged out a bit with the pain, but after yesterday's activities he knew what to expect and was ready for it. His muscles flexed wonderfully, but he made no sound and continued to stare straight ahead. He would not give these fuckers the satisfaction of hearing him moan or cry out!

Then the Captain flipped a switch at the end of the butt plug and it began to vibrate. "Aw crap!" thought Billy Joe. He knew that he was only allowed to come with permission. These two were not likely to give it to him. Permission, that is. He was already hard and dripping! He knew he had no chance of holding back with that thing vibrating in his ass.

The Captain opened another drawer and pulled out a paddle, and a riding crop. Billy Joe had never seen the last one, and he had to bite down hard on his tongue to keep from moaning.

"Soldier, we will be whipping your ass thighs and calves with these implements until they are bright red. If you try to avoid them your movement will stretch your ball sac and the pain will just be that much worse. If you come while being whipped you will receive additional punishment. Is that understood, soldier?"

"Sir, yes sir!"

"You want this to happen, don't you soldier?"

What else could the little stud say? He was permitted only one response to anything these men said: “Sir, yes Sir!”

Every exquisite muscle in his tight, cut little body tensed and flexed in anticipation of what was to come. He could not see the officers behind him, as he continued to stare straight ahead. He worked to shut his mind down, the way he did when his daddy whipped him, but they didn't give him enough time. Whack! The first blow, clearly from the paddle landed hard on his left butt cheek. Reflexively his hips shot forward in response—which caused incredible pain in his balls. The surprise and shock caused him to take in a massive gulp of air. He was only just able to avoid expelling the air in a scream.

The blows continued to fall. After the first dozen he had developed enough self-discipline to avoid moving his hips and torturing his ball sac, but every muscle in his tight hairless body flexed and writhed in a dance of exquisite beauty as the blows landed on his sweating, spreadeagled form.

And every blow that hit his ass, caused his ass muscles to flex hard against the vibrating butt plug, sending a thrilling jolt to a particular spot inside him. His eyes glazed over, Billy Joe concentrated as hard as he could and fought to avoid the building orgasm—to no avail. His rigid cock shot rope after rope, as the dazed boy wondered where it all was coming from. The spurts slowed, then ceased, but his fucking cock was still ramrod rigid! He couldn't believe it!

The officers smiled in satisfaction. The beating stopped and the Captain walked into his vision. “As you have failed to show the discipline every good soldier has, we will now continue the beating with this,” said the Captain as he picked up what looked for all the world like a small cat o' nine tails, like BJ had seen in pirate movies. His smooth little body, glistening with sweat, began to tremble violently, but a determined Billy Joe, didn't make a sound and just went back to staring straight ahead.

“Looking forward to your punishment troop?” said the Major as he moved to the front to observe the action from a new angle.

Billy Joe swallowed hard and said, “Sir, yes sir!”

The Captain moved behind him saying, “ten strokes I think.” The first stroke landed, but not on his ass or legs. The

Captain expertly brought the evil instrument up between the helpless soldier's legs, so that the tentacles wrapped around his crotch and struck both his stretched ball sac and his rigid cock.

And Billy Joe screamed.

With his punishment complete, Billy Joe hung limp from the ropes that kept him spreadeagled on the frame. The Major nodded his approval, and observed as the Captain applied salve to the many welts and bruises on the boy's lower extremities. As the Captain finished with the salve, Billy Joe looked up with a dazed expression on his face. The two masterful men before him met his gaze with cold stares.

“Enjoy that, did you soldier?”

“Billy Joe managed to croak out, “Sir, yes sir!”

“Ready to be fucked from both ends?”

“Sir, yes sir!” While he was not looking forward to the degradation, he was looking forward to getting down from the frame, so his voice contained a vague restrained enthusiasm that amused the two officers.

The officers released the leg restraints, then, using the ropes that held his wrists, lowered the naked boy to the floor. But if Billy Joe thought his period of bondage was over, he was very much mistaken. His ankles were connected to rings in the floor that kept his legs slightly more than shoulder width apart.

His wrists were brought behind his back and attached to that rope on the pulley in the ceiling that he remembered from the day before. As the rope was pulled back toward the ceiling, it raised his arms behind him, forcing him to bend at the waist. He figured out, through his fog of pain and exhaustion, that this left him in an ideal position to be fucked from both ends at once, while keeping him in intense discomfort.

But the officers weren't through. The Captain re-connected the chain from his ball sac collar to another ring in the floor. This ring was about three feet forward of his waist. If he moved, trying to find a more comfortable position, he would once again painfully stretch his balls. “Who thinks of stuff like this!” thought Billy Joe, who had the good

sense not to say it out loud.

With the butt plug still vibrating in his ass, his dick had remained rock hard through it all. Had there been any other observers, they would have thought that BJ was enjoying the hell out of every second of his torture and violation, by the two dominant men.

The two officers stripped in front of him, and Billy Joe could not believe what he saw. The two buff alpha males had a reason for their confidence. They had the two largest, thickest cocks he had ever seen. He couldn't begin to guess at the size but he was now even more afraid than he had been when they put him on the frame. To his great relief the Captain pulled the metal thing that kept his mouth open out of the drawer. There was no way he was going to get his mouth open wide enough on his own!

“Would you like this device in your mouth, soldier?”

“Sir, yes please...Sir!” Billy Joe cringed as he had added an unauthorized word to his reply. Thankfully, the officers seemed amused by his reply, and let it slide.

They put the metal thing in his mouth and adjusted it to open his mouth as wide as it would go, for which he was grateful. The Major moved behind him and removed the butt plug. He lubed the boy's aching, vulnerable hole and began to enter. As the enormous head passed his sphincter, the pain took his breath away. Thank heavens he'd had that plug in his ass for the last hour! Slowly, but without stopping the Major forced his massive member in to the hilt, while the Captain stood in front of him, enjoying the helpless little stud's reaction to the violation of his tight little ass.

Once the Major had completed his penetration, the Captain slowly violated the boy's helpless mouth with his even larger member. There seemed to be no end to it! It entered his stretched his mouth, and just kept going, deep into his throat. After yesterday's experience (Had all of this started just yesterday?) he knew enough to completely relax and accept the violation at both ends. He would breathe through his nose when he could, do his best with his tongue when the huge cock head was pulled back into his mouth, and hope the massive member was pulled back often enough that he didn't pass out for lack of air.

He was getting past the sense of panic at his helplessness, though not his shame. When he just let go like this and

accepted his violation, he began to feel a sense of inner peace. All was being decided for him. His only responsibility was to please the alpha males who were using him, accepting without complaint whatever they chose to do to him. The officers noted that Billy Joe's cock had remained rigid throughout his ordeal, and was again dripping pre-come.

"Hot for our cocks, aren't you soldier?" said the Major. Billy Joe was glad he couldn't answer. He didn't think saying yes would be the truth, but he really didn't know what the truth was. That was the problem with not having developed any independent critical thinking skills—but of course, Billy Joe didn't think of that.

As his double violation continued, Billy Joe found himself getting hornier. He found it confusing that the pain now seemed to turn him on as much as the pleasure he got from that place inside his ass. The whipping, followed by the salve, followed by the penetration all conspired to make him incredibly horny! He realized that he was slamming his ass back into the huge cock in his ass, even though that caused extreme pain in his nuts, due to chain that connected his ball sac to the floor.

Then he realized, "Crap! I'm going to come again and I don't have permission!" He looked up at the Captain as the man fucked his throat, pleading with his eyes.

The Captain had already noted the dripping, rigid cock, bouncing off the young stud's tight, defined abs. "You need to come, don't you soldier?" Billy Joe nodded as best he could with the huge cock ramming down his throat. "Very well, trooper, you have permission to come. You'll have to lick it up off the floor, of course, but you won't be punished."

Relieved, BJ focused on the task at hand. The Captain had given him no chance to use his tongue—the man pulled his thrusts back far enough for Billy Joe to get little catch breaths as the cock went in and out of his bruised and violated throat. As they approached their orgasms, the officers did something no one else had done: They pulled their cocks out of him, letting their loads splash on his ass and face. Weird. But as he was shooting at the same time, the bound, naked beauty didn't give it a lot of thought.

"Well done, soldier. Let's see if you can keep up the good work when we switch ends," said the Captain.

"Ir, es ir!" The boy croaked through his bruised throat and the metal thing that held it open. BJ dazedly wondered if he would come again, and if they would give permission. As it turned out, he did and they did.

After completing the little stud's double fucking, the Captain moved back in front of Billy Joe and looked into the boy's dazed, exhausted eyes. "We understand today is your eighteenth birthday. Is that correct, soldier?"

"Ir, es ir!" croaked Billy Joe.

"Well we have a birthday present for you, troop. As we want this day to be memorable for you, we've arranged a special treat. You've already serviced us twice each, so you've had cock inside you four times—so far. For your eighteenth birthday we want you to service eighteen cocks. So there are seven more soldiers here who will fuck you once in each hole. Think you'll enjoy that troop?"

An expression of panic crossed the helpless boy's face, and he was about to plead for them not to do that to him—until he focused on the cold hard look on the Captain's face. He knew instantly that things would go much worse for him, if said anything other than:

"Ir, es ir!"

"Well said," smirked the Captain. "To make it even more fun for you, each of the *real* men who are about to fuck you raw, will be wearing leather hoods, so you will never know who they are. Every time you go out you will see other soldiers, who may or may not have fucked you. But you will never know. Doesn't that sound exciting?"

Billy Joe had that deer-in-the-headlights expression, as he answered, "Ir, es ir!" He was beginning to hate that phrase!

Seven naked men of all sizes and colors came into the light and lined up in front of or behind him as BJ's vulnerable naked body flexed beautifully in anticipation of the gang rape he was about to endure.

As the fuck-fest began the two naked "officers" left the training room, leaving their uniforms behind. They entered a side room where the Doctor was waiting.

"Great job, guys! That is one of the hottest sessions I've ever seen! Just sign these release forms, and I'll give you your money," enthused the Doctor.

“Believe me, it was our pleasure! It's so much hotter with someone who isn't posing, and just going through the motions! Did the cameras get everything?” said the “Captain”.

“Bet your ass. We had six high definition video cameras catching every angle!” said the doctor. “Your tax dollars at work!” he added.

“How you going to get the boy to sign the release form?” asked the “Major”.

“He doesn't know it, but he already signed one when he filled out and signed a bunch of paperwork we had for him when he arrived at the clinic yesterday. Given his limited education, we figured he wouldn't be interested in reading a bunch of legal mumbo jumbo, and we were right.” said the Doctor.

“What are you going to do with the DVD?” asked the Captain.

“Sell it over the internet, but not until his Army service is complete. We don't want him getting thrown out!”

The two “officers” who were really gay leather porn stars, (masters, of course), grinned at the Doctor, put on their own clothes, took the pay checks and left.

“You really going to wait until he leaves the Army to sell the videos?” asked the Corporal.

“All except the one I'm going to send to his daddy,” said the Doctor.

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