

GAY BASHER IS TRAINED TO SERVE - CHAPTER 5

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!

Of course, no one told Billy Joe about the DVD. In point of fact, Billy Joe found that not knowing what was going on and not having any responsibility, beyond obedience was seductive as hell. He still didn't think he was gay. The whole experience was really humiliating and degrading. He suddenly realized thinking about the humiliation and degradation was a turn on! And so was the pain—and anything stuck up his ass. The ass thing actually worried him more than the other stuff.

As he was once again chained spreadeagled to his bed, and had nothing else to do, BJ tried to puzzle it all out. But Billy Joe, was not a good thinker. He found that trying to think through abstract stuff like this made him anxious and gave him a headache. He felt safe and content only when everything required of him was laid out in simple terms that were easy for him to follow. So he gave up on the thinking thing, and just waited to see who would be using his tight little hairless body next.

The cute little red head didn't have long to wait. The knock on his door came, and, as instructed, Billy Joe said, "Come in, sir!"

The Corporal entered the room and stood for a moment admiring the beauty of his naked captive. Billy Joe wisely kept his mouth shut and waited for his orders.

Finally, the Corporal spoke: “Enjoy your birthday, soldier?”

Billy Joe took a quick glance at the Corporal to see if he was joking. As Billy Joe's eyes met the cold, heartless stare of the Corporal's, it occurred to him the this man was pure predator—and the thought made the hard-bodied little stud's pretty cock rigid. The Corporal smirked as the boy blushed from head to toe, as only a red head can.

The Corporal's deep baritone voice filled the room, despite it's low volume.

“After your shower, you will put on this black jock strap. This is what you will wear for your physical training sessions. I will put you through an extensive workout with weights, in addition to your aerobic workouts. Your body is good, but it can be better. We don't want you to bulk up, but we do want nice sharp definition, and superb muscle tone.

After you have been worked to exhaustion, you will be given lunch. In the afternoon, you will have a reading assignment. You will learn about the male anatomy, and specifically, how best to give pleasure to a man. You will be tested on the material. If you fail the test, or fail to meet the targets I set for you in your physical training you will be punished. You will then be examined by the Doctor, prior to being fucked from both ends.

After we have used you, you will clean the clinic, and then clean yourself before you are chained to your bed for the night. The only time you will wear the jock strap will be during your physical training. The rest of the time you will be completely naked. Any questions, soldier?”

Billy Joe gulped and shook his head no. The reading part worried him. He wasn't too good at that, and he had totally sucked in biology class in high school. Well, he would do his best. A least he knew what was expected of him.

The Corporal unchained the young hottie from his bed, and watched as the boy relieved himself and showered. The Corporal attached the leash to the boy's slave collar and led him to the training room. As Billy Joe began his workout, the Corporal was careful not to come between the boy and the two way mirrors that hid the video cameras, recording the youth's every supple move.

More porn DVD's were going to be made, and so they would record everything with this hot little beauty. As the boy didn't know he was being recorded, all his actions were completely natural and unaffected. The odds of his being that good an actor, were close to zero. Most porn stars sucked (as actors) so the boy was going to be really compelling when compared to the usual crap. They would make a fortune with this kid—and the other gay bashing shits who would follow in his footsteps.

BJ was working his 5' 9" 150 pound body for all it was worth on the circuit training regimen. This was the first time he felt like a man in the last three days. He wasn't pushing himself for their sakes, but for the sake of his own sanity and self-respect. The predators who owned him could not have cared less why he pushed himself to his limits; they knew they would be the ones who really benefited.

As he completed his final circuit, Billy Joe's magnificent little body, glowed from the pumping blood and the sheen of sweat that covered him. His muscles, filled with blood from his workout, looked sensational. On a whim (and for the cameras) the Corporal ordered BJ to strip out of his black jock strap, stand in the middle of the room and jerk himself off, for the amusement of the other men in the training room. He was to catch his come in his hand, lick it off and swallow it.

“Sir, yes, Sir!” said the sweating red head. Well, at least he had permission to come this time. As instructed, he ran his hands over his completely smooth, defined body gradually moving them toward his already hard five inch dick. It wasn't a big cock, but on his small frame it looked about right, and it was really pretty. With no pubic hair to hide it, it stood out nicely for the cameras.

Workouts always made BJ horny, and he was really getting into this, despite the audience he had, or maybe because of it. He knew these fags, were lustng after him. Too bad he couldn't say no to them when they wanted to fuck him. It would have been fun to watch them suffer!

BJ's cut little body tensed beautifully as he approached his orgasm. Just as he was about to shoot he let out a moan and caught his come in his left hand. As ordered, he slowly licked his hand clean, pretending he was enjoying it. One of the cameramen behind the two-way mirrors shot his load as he recorded the scene.

The Corporal said, "Troop, you let some of that spunk fall to the floor. Get down on your hands and knees and lick that up. And you better look like you're enjoying every second of it!"

BJ looked down, and to his horror, saw the large white wad lying on the floor. There would be punishment for this! The boy lowered himself to his hands and knees and "enthusiastically" lapped the come up from the floor, his exquisite little ass high in the air.

The sight was more than the Corporal could bear. "Hold that position, troop! You have punishment coming."

The corporal walked over to the rolling cart, removed his clothes and put on a leather hood so he could not be identified on the video. He selected a riding crop and approached the kneeling slave.

"Display yourself, soldier!"

Billy Joe promptly placed his hands behind his head, and spread his legs to shoulder width, while keeping his forehead on the floor and his hot little ass in the air. His hairless balls dangled in plain sight between his legs, an easy target in this position. He was humiliated to find his little body shaking uncontrollably, and worse, his pretty cock resuming it's rigid state.

The Corporal clipped the boy's wrist restraints to the back of his slave collar and ordered him to spread his legs wider. "If you fail to hold your position, I will return the count to stroke number one."

Every soldier watching. Especially the camera men behind the two-way mirrors, began stroking themselves, as they watched the lithe naked body before them tremble with anticipation and fear. The Corporal gently touched the riding crop to the teenager's upthrust ass, slowly gliding the tip over the perfectly shaped twin globes. He was pleased to see the boy flinch slightly at the first touch of the riding crop.

Billy Joe began once again to sweat, in anticipation of the pain to come. Why didn't the man just get on with it? The young slave's body already glistening from the sweat of his workout, held the humiliating position, waiting for the pain to begin. Perhaps he would only get his ass whipped.

Any hope of that disappeared in a flash as the Corporal suddenly brought the riding crop up between the hot little studs legs, snapping the tip of the riding crop into his balls!

The pain was electric! Every muscle in his defined hairless body flexed with the pain. It was a beautiful sight to watch. Somehow BJ manged to get the words out, “That's one sir, thank you sir!”

The Corporal marveled at the little stud's toughness. Most of the hot young men he had done that to were blubbering and begging after the first stroke! The second stroke landed on BJ's right ass cheek. The third on the left. The fourth hit his nuts again. The boy nearly fainted, but just barely held it together. “That's four sir, thank you sir!”

“Now I want you to maintain your legs in their spread position, but instead of resting your head on the floor, I want you to sit your ass down on the floor and lean back,” ordered the Corporal. Somehow, through the haze of pain BJ was able to comprehend and comply. With his legs spread and his wrists clipped to the back of his slave collar, the front of the teen stud's smooth defined body was displayed for the enjoyment of all the onlookers. His balls, now bright red from the punishment they had received swung gently, and his rigid cock stood to attention, to the boy's deep shame.

Billy Joe didn't know what to expect. He didn't even know how many strokes he would receive. He was hoping only one more, as these things, seemed to come in groups of five. But where would it land? It landed in the worst possible place. The riding crop lashed out across the tip of his rigid cock! Billy Joe fainted very briefly, as his body again went rigid. As he came to amid the raging pain, he was relieved to discover that he had not fallen over, and was still holding the ordered position.

“That's five sir, thank you sir!” the naked stud manged to croak.

“Very well,” said the Corporal, “Continue to hold that position.” The boy did as he was told. His dick had gone instantly soft when it was hit, but it was already coming back to attention. The boy felt betrayed by his own prick!

Billy Joe held the humiliating position, despite the pain that raged through his body. His muscles went right on

flexing in response to the pain as his ravaged cock head and balls glowed a bright red. The Corporal watched the little beauty's torso and legs flex and ripple as they worked to hold the position. He knew he would never grow tired the sight. He decided then, that he would eventually make the little stud his personal possession.

A thought occurred to the Corporal—the little stud was from a very small town in central Tennessee. Given the location, his father being the tyrant he clearly was and the boy's limited knowledge about the world, he figured to be a racist as well as a homophobe.

“Washington, Roosevelt! You want some of this?” the Corporal called out to the two black soldiers standing to one side and watching the proceedings.

The black men grinned and said, “Hell, yeah!”

The Corporal watched BJ's face: He had been right! The fear and horror were clearly etched on the helpless naked teenager's features. These two were very tall, very muscular and very very black. BJ had always been taught, and truly believed that he was “better” than anyone of color. He believed that blacks were only a step above apes. Ironically, as a result of this view, that blacks were more animal-like than whites, he was more than a little afraid of them. He would never show that of course, but the fear was there inside, primal and irrational.

The two black Airborne Rangers stripped naked and donned black leather masks to hide their features from the cameras. BJ didn't understand the thing with the masks; he thought maybe it was to make his tormentors look scarier. These two were scary enough as it was! They were both six feet four and buff. 250 pounds minimum, but not an ounce of fat on them. At least a hundred pounds heavier than BJ and over half a foot taller.

As they turned around he got his first look at their junk. Holy crap! They were at least as big as the Captain and Major that had fucked him raw on his birthday! Worse their cocks were even blacker than the rest of them! He knew his nose would be buried in those thick black pubic bushes while those monster black poles fucked his throat. He didn't even want to think about what those cocks were going to do to his tight little ass!

He desperately hoped they would put the metal thing in his mouth again and put the spreader bar on his legs. If he

were truly helpless, then it wouldn't be his fault that he was being fucked by black cock. There wouldn't be anything voluntary about it.

The same thought had occurred to the Corporal. And he wasn't going to let this little shit off that easy. "Soldier, you will maintain whatever position these two fine men—real men—order you to take. You will beg for permission to service them. You will make it clear that you are a useless piece of shit that isn't really worthy to service them. But you will beg them to feed you their big black cocks to you anyway in the hope that they will allow you that privilege. Is that understood, soldier?"

The three men watched the emotions play across Billy Joe's face with satisfaction. Clearly this would be the most humiliating thing the young soldier had yet suffered. Served the little bastard right! For a moment, they thought he might refuse, force the men to simply rape him. There was an expression of primal rage on the boy's face.

But then, Billy Joe realized that if he went to prison he'd be fed one black cock after another. The overwhelming majority of inmates in Tennessee prisons were black. It was the major reason he so feared prison.

His daddy, the county Sheriff, had made it clear to him any number of times, that if he ever got his ass thrown in prison, he would wind up some black man's fuck toy, and be whored out every day and there wouldn't be a damn thing he'd be able to do about it. They'd make a special point of turning him, because he was a white sheriff's son!

At least here, most of the men who used him would be white, it seemed, and he had less than a year to go until his discharge. After that he would be done with these bastards and off the hook for jail time.

The men saw his expression crumble, and new before he spoke, that he would submit.

"Sirs, I know I am not worthy of servicing black cock, but I would be honored if you would fuck my throat and my ass," said the weeping naked teenager. "I'll follow every order and do my best to please you, sirs."

BJ was trying his best to hide it, and the cameras were far enough away not to register it, but the three men saw the look of revulsion and humiliation on BJ's pretty face. Knowing he would submit to them despite the way he clearly

felt, gave each of them a sense of the utter and complete control they could wield over this helpless naked teen. Far from creating sympathy for the little racist gay bashing shit, it just made them hornier, if that was possible.

“Stand up, solider” said the more muscular of the two black alpha males. Billy Joe complied promptly, being careful to maintain his wide stance. He didn't have any choice about his hands. They remained firmly attached to the back of his slave collar, though he was also careful to keep his elbows out to the side. He had had quite enough pain for one day.

Billy Joe couldn't believe it. He didn't come up any higher than the man's chest! This guy was huge. As he stood there trembling, Soldier in front of him raised the boy's chin with his hand, leaned over and kissed Billy Joe full on the lips. The pretty teen fought to keep his mouth closed, but there was no way he could keep the big man's tongue out of his mouth. As he was being force-frenched by the first soldier, the other came up behind him and began to bite his neck as he rubbed the helpless naked soldier's smooth bubble butt.

And Billy Joe's pretty prick, which had gone completely soft when he saw who was going to be using him, started to rise. “Aw crap,” thought Billy Joe, “How can I be responding to these guys? I *know* I hate this!” As the predators continued to molest his hot smooth body, the soldier behind him licked two fingers and jammed them into his ass. He hit the magic spot at once, and to his horror and shame, Billy Joe found himself rock hard, once again.

The black man in front of him pulled back and observed the effect all of this attention had on the teen slave. He grinned and said, “Looks like you just can't wait to submit to some black cock, isn't that right, boy?”

Billy Joe wanted to hurt these men bad, to take out his feelings of shame and rage on them. But even if his wrists had not been bound, even if he were not naked, even if they didn't have him blackmailed into submission, there was no possible way he could have overpowered these two. He could not even imagine inflicting significant pain. The only thing he might succeed in doing is making them angry. The thought of angry black men had always scared him. The thought of *these* black men getting angry with him terrified him. There was no hope. He was helpless and in their power. His only course of action was to submit completely.

“Yes, sir! I can't wait to submit to your big black cocks, sir!

“But you're going to want to worship my beautiful black body first, isn't that right, pussy boy?”

“Sir, yes sir! Please let me worship your hot black body, sir!” Billy Joe couldn't believe how easily the words came. He felt utterly degraded. But the sooner he said what needed to be said and did what needed to be done, the sooner this would all be over.

“Very well, cracker, start by licking each of my arm pits as I present them to you. You will then kiss and lick each of my nips before working your way down my handsome black body. Once you are back on your knees, where you belong, you will ask permission to suck my cock and balls. If you have done well to that point, I will grant you permission. If I am not satisfied with your effort, you will be punished first. Is that understood, you cock sucking bitch?”

“Sir, yes sir!”

Crap! And BJ thought the French kiss had been humiliating! The soldier presented BJ with his left arm pit first. It was filled with sweaty, curly black hair. BJ held his breath and began to lick and kiss the big man's pit. He had hoped he wouldn't have to smell it, but the man wasn't going to let him stop and finally he had to take a deep breath, which he did through his mouth.

“Breathe through your nose, bitch! I want you to see what a *real* man smells like.”

Billy Joe did as he was told. There was really no choice. He hoped this would end soon. He was having to stand on his toes to reach the big man's black hairy pits, and his calves were already tired from the circuit training session. And while all of this was going on the other black stud was lubing and penetrating his tight little ass with three fingers.

Finally, the big man let him start work on his right pit. By the time the man was satisfied Billy Joe's calves were cramping up big time. He was finally able to put his heels back on the floor as he began to lick and suckle the nips and massive black chest before him.

“I’m not seeing much enthusiasm, bitch! You think that riding crop hurt...?”

Billy Joe didn’t wait to hear what might be coming next. He immediately began to give the chest and nips of the big man an enthusiastic tongue bath.

“That’s better, slut. Now, start working your way down to heaven!”

Billy Joe did as instructed, slowly dropping to his knees as he energetically licked every inch of the big man’s powerful abs. Billy Joe found he couldn’t help but look up at the massive black body he was worshiping with his tongue. He was in awe of the man’s size and power, and the black leather hood he wore over his head made him even more intimidating. Never had he felt so helpless or degraded.

“Lick those pubes, bitch. That’s it. Now start working on my hangers!”

The bound naked boy could not break eye contact with his tormentor. He was completely mesmerized by the man’s power and size. The black stud looked into the green eyes of his prey with grim satisfaction. The little shit was clearly in his thrall, vulnerable and submissive to his will.

“Ask permission to suck my cock, bitch, and you’d better make me believe it’s what you want most in the world!”

“Sir, yes sir!. Please allow me the privilege of sucking your massive black cock, sir! Please make me your come bucket sir! Please use my worthless little body for your pleasure sir!” Now where the hell did all that come from, thought Billy Joe. Then he remembered: he’d made his sister say stuff like that to him! Now he knew how degraded and miserable he must have made her feel. And he still couldn’t take his pretty green eyes off the man’s face, fear and awe overriding his shame.

“Very well, troop, you may suck my black cock. Start with the head. Work all around it with that pretty pink tongue of yours.”

Billy Joe realized now, that this would be the first time he had a cock in his mouth without having that metal thing

keeping his mouth open. He had taken some solace in the fact that he was not able to keep the cocks out of his mouth, and had mostly had his throat fucked. He had only licked to encourage these alpha males to keep their pricks out of his throat so he could breath. As a result, he had not really thought of himself as a cocksucker until now. But now there was no denying it. He was actively taking cock into his mouth—and a huge black cock at that! He was licking and sucking with great energy in an effort to get this black stud to come in his mouth. And he knew he would be swallowing every damn drop!

“Not too bad, troop. Now it's time for you to get some serious man meat between those pretty red lips and down that hungry throat of yours”

Without hesitation Billy Joe obeyed the dominant black man who was using and controlling him. What else could he do? His eyes remained locked on the brown eyes gleaming at him through the black leather hood.

The black man watched with grim pleasure as this pretty white bitch swallowed his huge black pole. As the massive black man meat disappeared into the little naked red head's mouth, he saw the fear and revulsion in those big green eyes, and he smiled. He felt the little stud's throat begin to stretch and spasm around the head of his huge prick. Finally, the boy's nose buried itself in his pubes and the predator began to slowly fuck the throat of his bound and naked prey.

Meanwhile the other black Airborne Ranger had worked his way up to four fingers in the hot little white ass before him. And the cameras, he knew were getting it all!

“All right bitch, that's enough cock sucking for the moment. It's time for you to beg me to fuck that tight little white ass.”

“Sir, yes sir! Please sir, I would be honored if you would fuck my worthless white ass. Please fuck me hard sir! I don't deserve to have your cock inside me. If you cause me pain, it's what I deserve sir! Please bury your big black shaft in my worthless hole, sir!”

Crap, this humiliating garbage was pouring out him like he really meant it! Was he really that afraid of this massive

black man? Or could it be he actually felt that way? Well, he'd have to think about that later. Billy Joe didn't multi-task well, and thinking while trying to serve this man was really more than he could handle.

“Stand bitch.” Billy Joe promptly complied.

The man behind him pulled the four fingers out of his ass as he stood. The two black studs then walked the pretty little white boy over to the massage table. The one who had been doing all the talking picked him up and effortlessly sat his tight little ass down on the table.

“Lean back pussy boy, and keep those legs spread.”

The huge stud put the boy's ankles on his shoulders and stepped up to the table. He was so tall that his crotch was perfectly positioned to fuck Billy Joe's tight little white ass. Another new experience for the boy—for the first time a man was going to fuck him face to face.

“I want to be looking into those pretty eyes as my cock penetrates your ass, pussy boy. Don't you dare close them.”

Billy Joe was like a deer in the headlights. He could not have stopped looking into this predator's eyes even if his life had depended on it! Billy Joe felt the huge cock pressing against his boy twat. No matter how many fingers that other guy had used, this was going to hurt! In one single motion, the huge hunk of man meat was shoved all the way into the naked stud's tight little ass—and his goddamn prick went rigid!

The two black soldiers laughed at the sight. “You may not have much between you legs, pussy boy, but it sure does like it when a real man's cock is fucking your ass! Tell me how much you love it bitch!”

“I love your cock up my ass, sir! It's an honor to be fucked by your big black cock sir!” Billy Joe broke into an instant sweat all over his body from the breath-taking pain. The lights reflected off his glistening, defined body, as if he were oiled. All the soldiers were awed by the beautiful sight—and horned up big time!

The black stud slowly began to piston his massive meat in and out of the naked little racist's lily-white ass. The pain

left the boy breathless, as the huge cock was pushed firmly all the way in, then pulled all the way back—so that only the head remained inside him. As he began to adjust, Billy Joe began to pant and moan, clearly enjoying the sensation more with each stroke. The predator had no interest in pleasing this little racist cunt, so on random strokes he would pull completely out then shove the massive head right back through the little bastard's cunt.

Each time, the little red head's eyes would bug out and he would moan in pain. And each time his pretty dick would go half limp on the penetration, but then go straight back up as the as the big man's glans hit his prostate. The two alpha males grinned at each other when they saw it.

“All right bitch, lean your head back over the table and beg for another black cock in your mouth!”

BJ leaned his head back over the edge of the table and found a huge cock, even blacker than the first, waiting. As his head was upside down, what he saw was the bottom of the ebony shaft and a huge set of hairy black balls. He gagged slightly, but pulled it together. He knew what was coming, and he knew it better not be him.

“Sir, please allow me the honor of sucking your huge black man meat!” It was all he could think of.

“You will prove you are worthy by licking my balls, taking them into your mouth and sucking on them. If you do a good job of that, I'll let you suck my cock.”

“Yes, sir! Thank you sir!” Billy Joe obeyed his orders to the letter.

“Very well, soldier, you may now suck my cock.”

“Yes, sir! Thank you sir!” Billy Joe took the huge head into his pretty little mouth and began by lapping up the pre-come. He was surprised to find the taste no different from a white man's. No time to think. The shaft was now being shoved down his ravaged throat. Billy Joe had to focus all his attention on relaxing his throat to allow the violation, and timing his breathing to the huge black piston ramming in and out of his face.

The boy made an amazing sight for the watching soldiers and the hidden video cameras. The hot naked little red

head's smooth body glistened as he lay there with his legs spread wide and pushed back almost to his ears, his head leaning backward over the table and two big black studs filling his pale form from both ends—all while his wrists were bound to his slave collar, elbows out to the side!

BJ could feel both of the enormous pricks expand inside him and felt the two men quicken their pace. He could no longer see the man fucking him, as his head was bent back over the table. All he could see was the bottom of the huge black cock ramming in and out of his throat and the big hairy black balls that slammed into his face on every stroke.

The two fuckers moaned almost in unison as they shot their loads into the helpless white boy beneath them. Much to BJ's relief, he managed to swallow every drop coming out of the cock in his mouth. He lay on the table completely spent as the two muscular soldiers pulled out of his body. He lay on the table exhausted, his legs spread, his elbows still out to the side. BJ was pleased and relieved that he had managed to swallow the black man's huge load, and that he had also remembered to maintain the display position when they were finished violating him. After all, no one had told him he could leave the display pose.

As he lay there helpless and spent, his only hope was that the Corporal would not give him to any of the others this day.

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