

GAY BASHER IS TRAINED TO SERVE - CHAPTER 8

By
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Billy Joe was deeply ashamed and utterly terrified. As he entered the barn, he knew his Daddy's wrath was going to rain down upon him. It wasn't the whuppin' that worried him. He'd had plenty of those. And even though he knew this one would be the worst yet, it wasn't the beating that scared him.

He was afraid because his Daddy had made him do really humiliating things in the past, when he had stepped out of line. His friends had held them over his head for weeks afterward. Having to take back a stolen candy bar to the general store was the first he could remember. He had been twelve years old at the time.

It wasn't just returning the candy bar and admitting he was a thief that was bad. His Daddy had let the store's owner cane his bare ass in front of everyone in the store! Then BJ had to walk up to each person in the store with his pants still down around his ankles and offer them a swat—and that included six of his school friends. He had his shirt on, and his shirt tail hung down over his crotch, so no one had noticed at first.

But then one of his school friends saw it—he was boned up! His Daddy had pulled his shirt off and held his hands behind his back so everyone could see. BJ never stole anything again.

After that incident, the boys at school had taken to stripping him during recess and spanking his ass. That's when he started working out with weights and taking boxing lessons. After a few weeks of boxing and working out he managed to give the biggest bully a bloody nose, and they finally left him alone.

Billy Joe had messed up bad only three or four times after that, but every time had led to public humiliation. It had been three years since the last incident. BJ had finally figured out not to embarrass his Daddy with his behavior. His Daddy was the local Sheriff, after all, and he wasn't going to stand for any nonsense that would make him look bad come election time.

That's how he knew this was going to be really bad. His Daddy had said the dreaded words, “You're an embarrassment boy!” So there would be hell to pay. As Billy Joe walked into the barn, the first thing he saw was the ropes and pulleys his Daddy used to hoist BJ up spreadeagled for his whuppins. The naked teen shuddered as he placed the leather cuffs on his wrists and ankles and waited for his Daddy.

His Daddy looked nothing like BJ. The short and slender red head took after his mama, as did his sister. It was one of the reasons his Daddy had been so tough on him. Couldn't have him growing up to be some kind of pussy boy!

His Daddy had dark reddish brown hair and green eyes, but that was the end of any

resemblance to his boy. The man was six feet tall, broad shouldered and hairy chested. He had big feet and a big dick. He also had a deep baritone voice, a chiseled body and weighed in at about 200 pounds, to BJ's 140.

BJ's daddy was what they called "*all man*." And while his Daddy had been pleased with his success in football, boxing and wrestling, he had never hidden his disappointment in BJ's lithe, slender physique and small stature.

"Your too damn delicate boy! I'm gonna have to work you extra hard to make sure you man up!"

BJ had heard that statement at least once a week since he could remember. His Daddy had been pleased when his son had started fucking girls, though not as pleased when he found out they were both plugging BJ's sister. His Daddy was of two minds on that one. On the one hand he didn't care that the boy was banging a relative. But his Daddy wasn't thrilled with having the competition.

The only thing that saved BJ's ass on that one was when his sister told his Daddy that BJ had a small dick. His Daddy had made the boy stroke himself and bone up so he could see if was true. When he saw the meager five inches, he laughed out loud. "Boy, I'm afraid there's just not a whole lot about you that's especially manly." The worst part was, he'd had to do it in front of his sister. He'd made her pay for that one!

The slender hairless teen looked down at his naked feet as his Daddy entered the barn. He knew better than to meet his Daddy's eye. His Daddy walked around behind him and began cranking the winch that pulled the hot little red head off his feet and into

the spreadeagled position.

“Did anyone from town see you lookin' like a boy whore?”

“No, Daddy. A trucker dropped me at the rest stop and I went through the fence and came by the back road. No one saw me.”

“That trucker had his way with your ass didn't he, boy!”

BJ couldn't breathe. It hadn't been a question.

“From the looks of your butt hole, you been getting plowed on a regular basis, boy! And coming home in tight purple shorts and girly shoes, with your little dick leaking, I figure you been looking ta get plowed, ain't that right boy!”

BJ could only stammer “I didn't want it to happen Daddy, honest!”

“Quiet, boy! I was hoping for the best, but I ain't surprised you turned homo first time you got away from home and my manly influence. You're too much like your Momma, rest her soul. Always were.”

BJ wanted to tell his Daddy everything, but his Daddy had said to be quiet. And deep in his heart he knew his Daddy would never believe him anyway. He wasn't even sure himself anymore!

Without another word his Daddy laid into his ass with the paddle, and, as always, BJ's little dick jumped to attention. Thank heavens his Daddy could only see his backside!

BJ would normally get either five or ten strokes on each butt cheek and that would be it. This time he got twenty five. By the end the boy was moaning, his ass was on fire and his dick was dripping!

He expected his Daddy to just lower him to the ground and leave. That's what he'd always done before, and that's why the boy had never had the shame of his Daddy seeing his boner after a beating, except for that time at the general store. But this time, his Daddy didn't lower him. This time his Daddy came around to the front of him while he was still strung up and spreadeagled!

Billy Joe groaned aloud in utter shame, as his Daddy looked at his hard, dripping dick. This was getting worse by the minute, and the spreadeagled teen knew deep down that this was just the beginning.

“Damn, boy! Beatings turn you on? You had some nerve beating on that preacher, you being a homo yourself, and all. I guess you don't know it yet, since you never called home, but during your trial, that preacher and your sister got to know each other. She went and married him and left me with no one to fuck! So while you're home, you being homo and all, you can just take her place. Hell, you're prettier than she is anyway!”

The boned up teenager looked at his Daddy in shock and alarm. His Daddy was going to fuck him! “Please Daddy, don't do that! I know I been bad, but couldn't you just beat me some more?”

“What's the matter, boy? You think every man is good enough to have your ass and

mouth except your Daddy?”

What was he going to say? His Daddy was right. Since he came to the clinic, every man who had wanted him had had him. Not to mention every wolf that wanted him had had him! And it always turned him on!

BJ knew it was the shame of his Daddy seeing him with cock inside him, knowing that from now on his Daddy would always see him as less than a man, that made the boy plead to his Daddy like that. Then the naked teen realized—his Daddy had said he always thought he was a homo! His Daddy never had seen him as a man. The hot little teen's shoulders sagged as much as they could with his hairless naked body suspended in the spreadeagled position.

“I'm sorry, Daddy. I didn't mean to defy you. I just don't want you to think bad of me.”

“Well, it's a little late for that, boy. Just try and do a good job for your Daddy and make yourself useful, hear?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Without warning, his Daddy picked up the riding crop and snapped it against the head of Billy Joe's rigid cock. The teen had the wind knocked out of him by the pain, which is the only reason he didn't scream.

“I normally don't hold with men fucking men, but pretty as you are and horny as I am I'll just have to make do. But I ain't gonna want to see your dripping dick when I fuck you. I'm going to want you to look as much like a girl as possible.”

With that, the hunky six foot sheriff walked over to his work bench and picked up a tube of super glue. He came back over to his naked spreadeagled son, grabbed his limp and painfully throbbing little dick, pulled it back between his little balls and glued it to the space between his ball sac and his ass hole—his taint.

A confused BJ said, “What are you doing, Daddy?”

“I told ya I don't want to see your drippy dick. I want you to look as much like a girl as possible. With your dick glued back to your taint like that, it actually looks like you got a pussy! You've developed your pecs pretty good, and with you having shaved off your body hair you look like a thirteen year old girl who ain't sprouted any pubes yet. May not be perfect, but it'll do.”

Billy Joe had never felt so humiliated. And lately he'd felt humiliated a lot! The boy hung his head in shame as his Daddy picked up a jar of Vaseline from the work bench, moved behind his bound and naked son and lubed up the boy's hole.

“Beg for it, bitch! You know from seeing me fuck your sister what I like my bitches to say, so get to it!”

With a shaking voice and a lump in his throat, Billy Joe said, “Yes, Daddy.

The helpless boy swallowed hard and made his little speech.

“Daddy, please fuck my hole! Please let me feel your big hot cock inside me! I promise I'll do whatever you want, Daddy, if you'll fuck me hard and nasty, like I deserve! Please make me your bitch Daddy! It's what I was made for! You sired me, so you own me!

You sired me, so I'm yours to breed whenever you want!”

During the speech the well-muscled Sheriff stripped and lubed his rock hard nine inch rammer and positioned it at his helpless son's fuck hole. His only regret was that he wasn't the first.

“Should have had your ass years ago, bitch, long as you went homo anyway.”

And with that, his Daddy shoved the massive man meat into his son's sore little ass and began to breed his boy. The helpless spreadeagled teen moaned, in pain and ecstasy as his little dick fought against the super glue in a futile effort to get hard. His Daddy ran his hands all over BJ's lithe supple body, tweaking his nips and squeezing the little balls that protruded either side of his captured dick.

BJ groaned as his Daddy bit his ear lobes and neck leaving a hickey and even drawing a little blood. And BJ responded to his fucking, as he always did, dick dripping and his ass humping back into his Daddy's big cock.

“You are one hot little fucker, bitch! You and me are gonna have us some serious fun the next two weeks!”

BJ moaned at the thought. His Daddy would use him whenever and wherever he chose and BJ knew he would obey his Daddy to the letter.

“Tell me how much you love it, bitch!”

“I do love it Daddy! Thank you Daddy, for fucking my ass. Fuck me as hard as you

want Daddy, I need it so bad!”

The boy knew from watching his Daddy fuck his sister that that's what he wanted to hear. But he also realized, to his shame, that he meant every word! He tried to deny it to himself but he really was loving it! He was pleasing his Daddy, something that was nearly impossible to do!

His Daddy began to pound his ass much harder and Billy Joe groaned as he realized his cock was about to cum whether the poor glued-down little thing could get hard or not! And at the same time, his Daddy's manly rod was filling his ass with load after load of white hot cum!

“Oh, Daddy! Thank you for filling my ass! You are the greatest fuck on the planet! Please let me lick you clean!”

Again, BJ knew what to say, but again, to his surprise and shame, he found he meant every word. His Daddy pulled out and lowered his new fuck toy to the ground. The big man walked around in front of his slave, grabbed him by the hair and shoved his still-hard fuck tool down his boy's waiting throat.

Billy Joe submitted passively to the violation, just the way his Daddy liked. The big muscle stud began to slowly fuck his boy's mouth, pushing his big tool all the way down the submissive boy's throat, then slowly pulling it back into the little teen's mouth, where BJ tongued skillfully until the next penetration.

“I gotta say, bitch, you are one skilled cocksucker! Them Army boys taught you good!”

BJ was happy that he was pleasing his Daddy, but embarrassed that it was so obvious that he had spent the last year as any man's fuck toy. But he still didn't think he was really an actual homo! It just had to be what the Doctor said: He was into humiliation, and for a straight boy, serving another man was the most humiliating thing! It just had to be that! After all, he loved to fuck girls, and had no interest in fucking guys!

“Pay attention, bitch or I'll haul that slutty ass of yours back up into position and paddle you till you blister!”

BJ had let his mind wander! He couldn't afford to do that. He could really only think about one thing at a time, and right now the only thing that mattered was pleasing his Daddy! BJ went to work on his Daddy's huge cock with renewed vigor.

“That's better, bitch! When you keep your mind on what your doing, you're damn good!”

BJ was thrilled! His father had told him he did good! It was the first compliment he could ever remember getting for anything besides playing sports. The boy focused completely on serving his Daddy's cock, determined to please this man.

Slowly, his Daddy's man meat began to swell and become even more rigid. BJ knew better than to tease his Daddy by slowing down and stretching things out. He just continued to take his Daddy all the way down his throat when he wanted, and to use his talented tongue when his Daddy's cock head was in the pretty boy's mouth.

“That's it bitch, keep sucking your Daddy's cock! And don't you dare spill a drop of

your Daddy's precious bodily fluids!”

BJ didn't. He swallowed every drop of his Daddy's big load, and kept right on sucking until his Daddy finally ordered him to stop.

As his Daddy dressed, the slender teen admired his manly form. He wished he'd taken after his Daddy. But he had his Mama's slender, pretty frame and that was that.

“I'm gonna leave your pathetic little dick glued to your taint, bitch. I like the look. And while your at the house you are going to stay completely naked at all times, unless I say otherwise. You might keep that in mind, in case your thinking of asking your friends over.”

Billy Joe had planned to get together with his friends, but quickly changed his mind. They were all afraid of his Daddy and would never drop by without an invitation, so he figured he was safe on that score. But his Daddy had visitors from time to time. BJ began to tremble. What if his Daddy let them see him like this?!

“D-daddy? Please don't show me to anyone like this. Please? You know I'll obey you, but please don't show me to anyone!”

“You're damn right you'll obey me! And if I want to show you off, I will! If I want to lend your ass out it will! I can tell you right now, your sister and her preacher husband are coming over for dinner, and they are gonna see you just as you are! And if they have any suggestions of fun things to do to you, they'll have my permission to go right ahead and do them, as long as I get to watch!”

“Aw, crap!” thought Billy Joe, “My sister hates me for raping her, and I know damn well that Preacher wants me! This is going to suck!”

But Billy Joe knew he would do exactly what his Daddy said, so he knew he would be obeying those two tonight! His Daddy left the barn, and Billy Joe slowly released himself from the wrist and ankle restraints that had held him aloft.

Knowing his Daddy, the man probably went straight to the front porch to get the clothes he'd been wearing and lock them up. He was right. But what BJ wouldn't find out until he went in the house, is that his Daddy had given all his old clothes away to charity, so he *had* no other clothes!

BJ was hoping to wear some of his old clothes back to the Army Base, but found out when he went inside that wasn't going to happen. He would be going back bare-chested and commando in those little purple running shorts, and girly shoes and socks!

“Don't sit on the furniture boy, you're dripping cum out your ass. From now on, you sit on the floor at your Daddy's feet, like a good bitch. Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy!”

Eventually, BJ was permitted to clean up and clean out his ass, so that he would be ready for whatever the evening might bring. He was ordered to cook dinner for his Daddy, his sister and the preacher. He would be permitted to eat the leftovers after serving dinner.

His Daddy was kind enough to let him wear one of his mama's frilly aprons so he

wouldn't be burned by grease spatter in any critical places. BJ didn't know if he'd be allowed to serve in the apron, but he hoped so. He really didn't want his sister and the preacher to see his hairless crotch with his dick glued back to make it look like a pussy!

When his sister and the preacher arrived, BJ had to answer the door in his frilly apron before returning to his cooking chores.

His face turned beet red, when the preacher said, “Well, lookee here! The big tough gay basher all naked except for a girly apron! Changed sides, have you?”

BJ didn't say a word. He was too humiliated, and besides, he couldn't think of anything clever to say—as usual. BJ was required to serve beers to the others, whenever they were called for. In between he finished cooking the dinner.

Finally, dinner was ready. BJ was required to act as waiter now that the food was ready. He had to stand to one side and serve helpings to the others, fetch them beers and so on. Every time he had to return to the kitchen they all got a great view of his tight little ass, which was still red from the paddling he'd had earlier. The comments and slaps on his sore little butt made his face turn as red as his ass, but he still said nothing.

After the dinner was over, BJ cleared the table and then asked his Daddy if he could eat. He'd had no food at all since he left the Army Base—except for cum! His Daddy made him put the food in a bowl, bring it to the living room and eat it like a dog while his tormentors sat on the sofa and watched in satisfaction.

When he was finished, he had to fetch each of them another beer. BJ was hoping this

evening was almost over, but it was only just starting.

“Now that you have finished waiting on us and having your meal, you won't be needing that apron anymore. Take it off, son,” said BJ's Daddy.

The boy gulped and removed the apron. BJ knew better than to cover himself with his hands, though he desperately wanted to. His sister and the preacher burst out laughing. BJ's cheeks burned bright red—both sets of cheeks.

The preacher said, “Did you do all that to him, Sheriff?”

“Well, I glued his dick back out of the way, because I didn't want to see it while I was fucking the bitch. But he came home already completely smooth with a well fucked ass. Turns out he's a great cocksucker too.”

They all laughed as BJ stood there, naked and shamed. He found he couldn't look any of them in the eye. He never looked his Daddy in the eye of course, but he couldn't even face his sister now! The naked teen was actually glad his dick was glued back, because he knew it would be rock hard if it wasn't! As it was he could feel it dripping between his legs.

His Daddy said, “The little slut is home on leave for two weeks, and I'm thinking we all could have some fun with him until he goes back to the Army. *They* sure as hell have fun with him, so why not us?”

“Aw crud!” thought Billy Joe, as he once again displayed his deer-in-the -headlights look.

“Daddy, when me and the preacher got married, my girl friends gave me some sex toys, just as a gag gift, because I was hooking up with a preacher, and they said they figured I'd need 'em. One of those toys is a strap-on dildo, and I would surely love to put it on and fuck the little cunt bastard!”

His Daddy and the preacher grinned at his sister as she smiled a Cheshire cat smile at her naked brother. Both men were stroking themselves through their pants at the thought. BJ began to tremble.

“You know daughter, I do believe I could give my permission for that, as long as us men-folk get to watch. Preacher, you owe this bitch for beating you up with his friends. You got any ideas?”

“Now that you mention it, I do! What with his dick glued back, making it look like he has a pussy, and those pretty defined pecs he's clearly worked so hard on, he does look a bit like a girl. I'm thinking he'd look a lot more like a girl and be a lot more fuck-able if we dressed him up in some of his sister's clothes,” Mused the preacher. “Put a wig on him and a stuffed bra, and I bet we could take him out on the town and find some men to fuck his face and ass. What do you think Sheriff?”

“Preacher, I do believe you might be on to something there!”

Billy Joe could not believe what he was hearing! He didn't want to be dressed like a girl! He was a man! He loved *being* a man. Doing manly things like working out and fucking women was when he felt the best about himself!

“Daddy, if y'all are gonna use me, I'll cooperate, but please don't make me dress like a girl! That would be down right shameful!”

“Boy, you will do exactly what any of us tells you to do! No hesitation and no attitude! You ain't just gonna dress like a girl neither. When we take you out, you best be acting like a girl good enough to convince them good ole boys that it's a girl their dancing with—and fucking! They figure out you got a dick between your legs, you know what they'll do to you!”

“But Daddy! Everyone in Butcher's Hollow knows me! Someone's gonna figure it out!”

“Good point. Well, they don't know you up where the preacher and your sister live, so when we take you out on the town, it will be up there. Daughter, I don't suppose you got that strap-on handy?”

“It's out in the car, Daddy. I brought it along just in case, after you phoned us and told us you made the little slut your bitch.”

“You want him dressed up in your clothes when you fuck him, girl?”

“No Daddy, I want him naked except for a dog collar and leash I brought.”

“Should be quite a show, darlin'! Go get them toys!”

The pretty naked teen just stood there in shock. He couldn't believe he had sunk so low! His bitch sister was going to fuck him, while his Daddy and the preacher watched the whole thing! Hell, he'd beat that preacher up just for staring at him like he wanted

sex with him!

He'd had his sister so scared of him, she'd let him fuck her any way he wanted. And he'd always thought his Daddy was a hard-core homo hater! And now, all of them would be using him as they pleased, humiliating him, making him dress and act like a slut girl!

Billy Joe had come home to the site of the few triumphs he'd had in his life, looking to regain some self-respect. Instead they were taking him lower than those Airborne Rangers ever had. Even getting raped by that wolf pack wasn't as bad as this!

His sister returned from the car with a small gym bag. She set it on the floor and pulled out a contraption with a bunch of straps and some kind of two dick dildo. Well, it was a single dildo, but it had dick heads on both ends and one end had a curvy thing protruding above the dick. Each end of the dildo appeared to be about eight inches long, but the end without the curvy thing was thicker—a lot thicker!

His sister stripped naked, showing off her body, to the pleasure of the three men. She looked a lot like BJ but a little younger, a little shorter and with a really nice set of firm perky tits. She lubed up her end of the dildo and slid it into her pussy, then fastened the straps around her. She now had an eight inch rubber cock sticking out of her crotch.

His sister turned to him and said, “All right bitch, unless you want this thing to go up your ass dry, you best get on your knees and suck it. Best use lots of slobber if you don't want me to tear your ass up!”

Billy Joe turned beet red, again, and got on his knees in front of his sister. He took the big rubber dick between his pretty lips and began to lick and slobber on it. The taste was gross! He decided he preferred the taste of a real dick. “Did I just think that?” BJ thought to himself. “Thank heavens I didn't say it out loud!”

As BJ slobbered on the end of the dildo, his sister decided to have some fun. She grabbed his head and held it still, then began a long slow fuck of his throat. The kneeling teen automatically went passive, submitting to the violation. When the boy realized how well trained he had become, he let out a small moan around the dildo.

“Sounds like the bitch is loving it!” said the pastor.

“I think it's time you had this up your ass,” said his sister. Billy Joe looked up into her eyes and saw the nasty grin on her face. It was clear she enjoyed having the upper hand for a change, and he knew she'd make him suffer for what he'd done to her. And BJ knew that the only thing he could do was obey!

His sister pulled the dildo out of his mouth and used her foot to push him onto his back. “Aw crud,” thought Billy Joe, she's going to mount me so I have to look at her!”

His sister grabbed his ankles and pushed them up by his ears as she knelt between his legs. She lined up the dildo with the naked teen's aching butt hole and forced her way in. “You'd think I'd be used to this by now,” thought Billy Joe to himself.

It wasn't just the pain, it was the humiliation! His damn dick was dripping between his legs, and if it weren't glued down, he knew it would be stiff as a board. His sister began

to pound his ass, much to the delight of his Daddy and the pastor.

“Ride that bitch!” said his Daddy.

“Make it hurt, baby!” said the pastor.

“Don't worry, he's gonna remember this for a long time! I'm gonna ride his ass until I have all the orgasms I want!” said his sister.

“Aw cripes!” whispered Billy Joe, though no one heard him. He had heard that once a girl got going she could have lots of orgasms. BJ had never bothered to get a girl off. He figured real men didn't do that. So he didn't know how long this might last. It lasted an hour and a half!

Once his sister started cumming, she didn't stop! Her thrusts went into automatic and Billy Joe could only lie there, looking into her triumphant eyes and take it. And to the helpless teen's shame, he felt himself shoot his load into his own butt crack! His sister felt his juice as it splattered around his ass.

“Hey Daddy, the bitch came! He loves it when his sister fucks him in the ass!”

“I told ya baby, the boy's gone homo. Can't get enough dick in him!”

BJ saw the triumph and pleasure in his sister's eyes, as she continued to fuck his ass with the strap-on. The fucking just went on and on! BJ began to think she was having one long on-going orgasm at the expense of his poor ass. Billy Joe began to moan as he realized his balls were tightening and he was about to cum again!

“Aw crap,” thought Billy Joe, “That thing's never gonna go soft! I just hope she gets tired of this before my ass falls off!”

Finally, BJ's sister collapsed onto his chest and the dildo stopped ramming his ass. Billy Joe let out a groan as his sister pulled her dildo out of his ass with a pop. She released his legs, allowing him to just lay on the floor, exhausted.

“Don't get too comfortable boy, you got two real men to satisfy before you're through,” warned his Daddy.

Billy Joe groaned, but said, “Yes, Daddy.”

“Which do you want first preacher, his ass or his mouth?”

“Sheriff, I do believe I want to start by fucking that pretty mouth. From what you say, the boy's got real talent. I aim to check it out!”

“On your knees bitch, you're takin' it from both ends.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

The enervated little teen dragged himself to his knees and prepared himself for the assault to come. What bothered the boy most was knowing he must service the preacher, a man he and his friends had beaten just for looking interested in him.

He was sure now that he'd been right. He guessed the preacher liked girls, because his sister seemed to be happy. But he sure as hell wanted Billy Joe too. The naked teen

could tell by the bulge in the preacher's jeans!

The preacher was a tall but slender man. He was about six foot three inches tall, but only about 180 pounds. He had brown floppy hair and large brown doe eyes. As he stripped, BJ saw that he had hair on his chest and legs, and a big bush around his large cock. It wasn't as big as his Daddy's nine inches, but it was close! BJ knew he had a much better, more defined body than the preacher, but he was jealous of the preacher's body hair. At the rate things were going back at the Army Base, BJ might never have body hair again!

The preacher and his Daddy had slipped out of their clothes and approached the waiting boy from opposite ends, their large cocks waving menacingly. Billy Joe could see the smug contempt in the preacher's eyes as he stood in front of him.

“Beg for it, bitch!” his Daddy said, “Ask the preacher real nice ta fuck that pretty mouth of yours!”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Reverend, please fuck my throat with your big hard cock. I know I don't deserve it after what I did to you, but I promise to do my best to make you feel real good.”

Billy Joe had to choke down the humiliation and rage, but he knew what he said had better please and amuse his Daddy, or the double fucking he was about to receive would be a joy compared to what his Daddy would do to him later!

The preacher said, “Well, I'll tell you right now that you don't deserve this big hunk of

man meat. But I *am* a preacher, and I do believe in charity. So I am going to let you feast on my rammer. And if you do a real good job, I'll even fuck your ass with it! Do a bad job, and we'll leave it up to your Daddy what happens next.”

Talk about a threat! The poor teen trembled at the thought of what his Daddy might do if the preacher wasn't satisfied with his blow job! That was all the motivation the boy needed.

“I promise I'll do my very best, sir!”

With that, the preacher's big rammer impaled the naked kneeling teen's throat with a single thrust. The boy passively let his throat be violated, his neck muscles flexing around the large cock head. As the preacher began to pull back, Billy Joe's talented tongue worked it's magic on the massive knob.

“Oh man Sheriff. This boy is a gift from heaven!”

Billy Joe was relieved to hear it. Encouraged by the preacher's reaction he increased his efforts. As he did so, he felt his Daddy moving into position behind him. The boy reminded himself not to let his teeth touch the preacher's tool when his Daddy invaded his ass. Despite the way his Daddy plowed into his sore butt, the boy managed to keep his teeth clear, and that made him feel proud. He was really getting good at this!

Then Billy Joe realized what he was feeling proud about, and blushed furiously. Fortunately, no one saw him blush as his face was deeply buried in the preacher's bushy pubes. Billy Joe could smell the musky scent of the man and the tickling sensation of

pubes going up his nose. And to the boy's great frustration and confusion that made him start dripping again!

As his Daddy rammed in and out of his ass and the preacher violated his throat, he noticed his sister taking pictures of the scene with a digital camera. “Aw crud,” thought Billy Joe, “If anyone around here sees those pictures I'll never be able to come home again!”

The two men picked up the pace as they approached their climaxes. BJ worked hard to please them both, using his talented tongue to please the preacher while flexing his sphincter muscles to please his Daddy. He actually forgot about his sister, as he worked like crazy to please the two men inside him.

He didn't know it just then, but his sister got a great shot of all three men shooting at once—the preacher onto BJ's face, his Daddy onto his ass and BJ himself dribbling out of his glued-back cock onto the floor.

The three men groaned and fell back exhausted. But if Billy Joe thought he was done for the evening, he was very much mistaken. Having cum twice inside him in the barn, his Daddy had had enough for one day. But the preacher wanted his ass.

The preacher grabbed the leash attached to the dog collar around BJ's neck and led the boy to the dining room table. He ordered BJ to lie across the narrow width of the table, leaving his legs hanging over one end, and his head and neck hanging over the other.

The preacher turned to BJ's sister and said, "I'm gonna fuck this bitch's ass. You want to put your strap-on back on and fuck his face? The Sheriff can take pictures."

His sister grinned and BJ groaned, much to everyone else's amusement.

Billy Joe now found himself with his ankles pinned next to his ears, the preacher's big cock up his ass and his sister's strap-on endlessly violating his throat, while his Daddy shot pictures of the whole scene.

He couldn't entice his sister to keep the head of the latex prick in his mouth because she couldn't feel the action of his wonderful tongue. So the helpless teen had to lay there passively, as his sister pounded his throat with the huge rubbery tasting dildo.

And whenever it was all the way in, his nose was buried in her pubes. He had never bothered to go down on a girl, never really got his face anywhere near a girl's crotch so this was the first time he had really smelled a girl in heat. He decided he liked the musky smell of the preacher's pubes a lot better—and that *really* disturbed the crap out him!

"Aw cripes!" thought Billy Joe, "Do I really like guys better? Maybe I'm just getting used to them. Yeah, that's it! I've serviced so many guys now, I'm just used to it." It sounded good in his head, but in his heart BJ wasn't at all sure he believed it.

The preacher began to pick up the pace, so his sister decided to do the same. It was all Billy Joe could do to catch a breath! The preacher was pounding his poor ravaged butt for all he was worth as his sister was violently raping his throat and his Daddy snapped

away with the camera.

Finally, he could feel both his sister and her husband go into automatic coitus and the utterly violated teenager could begin to hope it was almost over. The rutting couple began to moan and gasp at the same time as the preacher shot into his ass and his sister just went on and on ramming the strap-on down his throat. Finally, both had finished and it was over.

“I got some great shots, where you just see the hairless little bitch, and the two of you only below the waist,” said his Daddy with enthusiasm. “We could show these to people and they'd never be able to tell who was fucking the little cunt!” BJ groaned, and lay across the table unable to move. His Daddy snapped a few more pictures of his naked, cum-spattered and apparently dick-less body splayed across the table.

“Bitch, when you get up the energy, clean yourself up at the pump and hose out your ass. The three of us are gonna have a couple more beers before we go to bed. You keep on that collar and leash and you go sleep in the barn tonight with the other livestock—and you go out there naked, hear? Not even a blanket!”

“Yes, Daddy.” Billy Joe dragged himself to his feet and went outside to the pump and cleaned himself up and hosed out his ass just like his Daddy said. Then he dragged himself to the barn, crawled up into the hay loft and went straight to sleep.

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 appreciated, but please don't be rude.--rm