

JOCK SEX SLAVE

by Perseus

In the sleepy town of Chained Rock, Illinois, there are a surprising number of secret perversions and unspeakable lusts among the inhabitants. Is it something in the water? Or the work of some mysterious power? These are their stories...

Another neat thing about Chained Rock is that all the Senior Boys are 18. Yeah!

PART 1

CAUGHT

Ford, sweaty from his solo weight workout, entered the deserted locker room. One of the top members of the varsity wrestling team, he often made arrangements to come use the school's weight room on the weekends, since his Dad couldn't afford a gym membership.

About 5'11, 190 lbs., he had the narrow waist and broad shoulders appropriate to his athletic prowess, although the look was more natural, not as exaggerated as some of the other guys on the team. At 18, he was one of the older boys in school, admired and respected as much for his hard work as for his dark farm-boy good looks.

He stripped off his Chained Rock High School tee and shorts, pausing to squeeze his swelling dick through his jock. It seemed like he was always horny. Working out always made him even hornier. And his arch-conservative Dad was always checking up on him, making it hard to get off at home. His eyes lit up as he remembered the incredible j/o session he'd had last week on Labor Day when the Coach was away and gave him his keys. Alone in the locked weight room, the boy had used the school video equipment to make a movie of himself jacking off, talking dirty. Watching the tape was the hottest sex he had ever had. He came three times. Unfortunately, this Saturday Coach was around the school somewhere, so he didn't dare risk another session upstairs in the wrestling/weight training room. Maybe he would sneak a quick one in the toilet stall, pulling his meat and fingering his hot hole...

He was startled by the slamming door. The Coach stormed out of his office.

"Ford! Get your ass in my office! Now!"

"Uh, ok, Coach, I'll be right there." He started to grab his clothes.

"I said now, and I mean NOW! Move it!"

Ford, wearing only socks and a jock strap, hustled into the Coach's office.

What he saw made his blood run cold.

There, on the desk were his private notebook filed with graphic sex fantasies, and a video tape.

Not only was he humiliated to have the Coach find such personal stuff. But the worst of it was that the Coach would now know he was queer.

And if his Dad ever found out...

The Coach slammed the door behind him.

"You're a disgrace, Ford. A disgrace to the team and the whole school. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I - I'm sorry Coach - please - I don't know what came over me - please - I'll never do it again -"

"Stop blubbering, you disgusting pervert! A queer like you deserves what he's got coming."

"What - what are you going to do?"

"I tell you what I ought to do! Give this stuff to your father and let him give you the punishment you deserve!"

Ford blanched. His father was a fundamentalist preacher.

"Coach - he'll kill me - please -"

"And then I'm gonna put copies of this disgusting filth in all the other lockers."

"Coach -"

"And I'll give you one guess what those horny young bastards are gonna do to you when they read what you've written. They'll make your life a living sexual hell."

"Please Coach, no -"

"When those guys read that you've been including them in your sicko fantasies, they're gonna stick it to you like you deserve. They're gonna have at your faggot ass every day. Maybe I'll cut practice short to give them plenty of time - with you on your knees in the shower!"

"Coach, please, I'm sorry, I'll never do it again I'll do anything you want, please -"

"You've got to be punished, Ford. Punished severely."

"Please - can't you punish me yourself? Please!"

"What would your father do, Ford? Huh?"

"He'd beat my ass black and blue. Before kicking me out of the house for good."

"Spanking, huh? Spanking and humiliation. Well, that's what you deserve, Ford."

"Please - I don't care what you do to me - just don't tell anyone. Please!"

"You'd better be sure, boy. I could humiliate you really bad."

"Please, Coach. Please punish me yourself. I can take it. Anything."

"Then get over here and bend over."

The Coach scooted his chair away from the desk and sat down, taking off his belt. He pulled Ford down across his lap. Instead of letting him put just his belly across, he forced the semi-nude boy further so that his basket was between the Coach's legs, with his torso off the chair. Ford had to support his upper body by leaning down to the floor.

The Coach spent a moment admiring how the 18-yr-old boy's powerful shoulders and thighs tapered to his narrow waist. How the two perfect melons of his ass were tightly clenched. He let the folded belt dangle against the perfect, tight skin of Ford's butt crack. Then he raised his arm high.

The boy gasped as the first lash of the belt cracked against his naked ass.

As the blows rained down, the Coach laid a pattern of crisscrossed red marks against the boy's buttocks.

The first few blows stung, but Ford was quiet. However, as his ass grew ever more sensitive, he was unable to keep from crying out. Soon he was squirming in the Coach's lap, tears in his eyes.

Finally he stopped. Ford's ass was bright pink. The boy was breathing raggedly.

The Coach let his hand rest on the boy's butt. Ford shuddered.

"We're just starting, Ford. Now that you're warmed up on the belt, you're going to taste the sting of my hand." He slapped him, drawing a yelp of pain "It's gonna be slow. I'm gonna keep your ass burning for quite some time. A long time."

Ford groaned. "How long?"

"Long enough for you to read this whole notebook. Aloud."

"Oh, no, please Coach -"

The Coach gave Ford a good whack.

"You do what I say, or else. You know the alternative."

"O - okay."

Without a word the Coach threw the notebook down to him. Ford swallowed hard and started to read.

As he read the lewd text, the Coach gave him an occasional swat. In between, he let his hand linger, massaging and teasing the tender flesh.

Ford, humiliated, read his own fantasies aloud. He felt dirty. At the same time, the attention his ass was receiving, as well as the sexual images he was forced to read were combining to make his cock tingle. He tried to fight it down, but his cock started to swell.

Kept swelling.

He shifted a bit, trying to keep his cock from touching the Coach's thigh. As he did, he spread his ass a little and the Coach's fingers slipped right into his crack. Against his anus.

Ford groaned. He squeezed his buns together, but the Coach kept his hand there.

"Spread your legs," he said huskily.

"Please, Coach, I-"

"Do as you're told, boy. Let's get this real straight. You're gonna put out for me - REALLY put out - or else."

"How - how far?"

"Let's just say you're gonna get to live out your fantasies. ALL the way."

"Or else?"

"Or else."

Silently, Ford spread his legs a little.

And gasped as the Coach's finger entered him.

"You really got a thing for our new quarterback, Nick, huh?"

Ford choked back a moan and nodded as the finger began to plunge. In. And out.

"All right, boy. That story where Nick ties you down and makes you eat his ass - read it aloud. Nice and slow."

Ford did as he was told.

After that, the Coach told him to stand up and strip. The boy, cheeks burning, stood up to reveal his erection stretching the cloth of his strap. Silently, he took off his socks and jock strap, buck-naked, cock bobbing. The Coach took off his own pants and underwear. Seated in his desk chair, he ordered the boy to stand with his back to him, straddling the chair. Then the Coach lifted the boy's legs off the floor, tucking one leg under each arm so that Ford was now horizontal, supporting his upper body by laying on the desk. The Coach shifted position so that Ford's groin was pressed down against his own. Cock to cock. The boy's powerful but shapely

thighs were spread very wide, divided around the Coach's chiseled torso.

The twin mounds of the boy's ass were spread wide as well.

Admiring the tight young sphincter displayed in front of his face, the Coach let his eyes feast on the vision of the boy's ass at his mercy.

The Coach reached into a desk drawer and pulled out some lube. He squirted it into the boy's luscious ass, as well as in between their pressed cocks.

A long, hot fingerfuck began.

The Coach knew what makes an ass feel good, and he did it to Ford. The boy, helpless, squirmed in his lap, grinding his hard young slippery cock against the man's throbbing member.

Once he had the boy good and hot, he picked up the kid's jockstrap from the floor and tossed it on the desk.

"Take a good whiff, boy."

He forced Ford to keep smelling his ripe sweaty jock.

"see that tape recorder on the desk? Press the record button. Good. And now you're gonna make up a new story for me. A sex story. You're gonna tell it the way I want - hot and dirty. I want you to sound like a two-bit whore in heat."

"Oh please, Coach -"

"Here's the story. The boys tie you to a bench in the locker room. Your buddy Nick gives you a good long fuck up the ass with his big dick. While he fucks you, the other guys take turns sitting on your face. You are forced to eat their butts while they jack off. Nick shoots up your ass while making you come at the end. Got it?"

Moaning, squirming, and sniffing his own soiled jock, Ford obeyed.

The Coach forced him to add lewd detail to the story. The poor boy got hotter and hotter. Finally, as the fantasy approached its climax, the Coach slipped his hand under Ford's belly and worked the boy's slippery cock with his fingertips. Just as Ford got to the cum scene, the Coach forced the boy to beg to be fucked.

Then he made Ford come. All over the Coach's crotch.

When his spasms subsided, the boy was forced to stand up with his back to the Coach. The Coach got his handcuffs and snapped them on to the boy's wrists.

Turned him around.

"You made a pretty big mess, boy. All over my crotch.

"Lick it off. I want to see you eat every drop of your own jism."

Ford groaned and knelt between the Coach's legs.

"It feels like some of your cum dripped down my ass, too. Way down."

The Coach pulled the boy's head deep into his crotch.

For the next 20 minutes, Ford licked the Coach squeaky clean.

Inside and out.

ENSLAVED

With the video and handwritten diary in the Coach's possession, Ford was helpless to resist the Coach's lewd demands.

At the end of their first sex session that Saturday, Coach had ordered him to report the following Sunday afternoon. This was to become their regular time for Ford to make his blackmail 'payments'. The school was almost always completely locked up on Sundays, giving the Coach plenty of time to train his new sex slave.

Ford reported to the back door of the athletic wing, still in his Sunday church clothes. The Coach got a kick out of knowing that Ford was coming straight from hearing his father rant and rave in the pulpit... to submit to total perversion.

The locker room was quiet, with the only light coming through the dingy glass block windows. Ford entered the Coach's office. The man was dressed in shorts and a tee shirt, showing off his powerful body. He pointed at the door leading to his private training room.

"In there, Ford."

The room was used to store valuable equipment, such as the video stuff and TV monitor that they used to make and view practice tapes, as well as a small stereo. There was also a padded massage table.

The table was now sporting restraint cuffs at each corner. On it was a Polaroid camera, a bottle of oil, and a blue plastic stick about 8" long.

A bunch of cheap dressing mirrors had been attached to the walls in many places. More mirrors were hung in makeshift fashion from the water pipes on the ceiling over the padded table.

The Coach entered behind him and shut the door, locking it.

The room had no windows and was lined with mats. It was nearly sound proof.

"Please - please, Coach, I don't think we should do this -"

The Coach held up one warning finger and Ford stopped.

"You are not going to say one word - not one - unless I tell you to. Got it?"

Ford swallowed.

"You can say 'yes, sir'."

"Y-yes, sir."

"Good. Now stand next to the table facing me."

The Coach wheeled over the video camera cart, turned it on and focused the camera on Ford, then grabbed the Polaroid and framed his first snapshot. The jock looked like the perfect nice young man - in his white shirt, dark tie, black pants and dress shoes.

ClickFLASHwhirrr. The first snapshot popped out as Ford blinked from the flash.

"Okay, now take off your belt and undo your trousers... just let them fall, that's it... no, don't step out of them, leave them like that, yeah... nice... I see you're already hard in your shorts, yeah... now unbutton you shirt... leave it on... keep the tie on, just open your shirt so we can see your crotch better... oh, yeah, that's it..."

ClickFLASHwhirrr.

ClickFLASHwhirrr.

ClickFLASHwhirrr.

Ford stared at the camera, his face a mixture of humiliation and repressed sexuality. The olive tone of his skin was yummy against the crisp white of his dress shirt and tight white briefs - briefs which did nothing to hide his raging hard-on.

"Let's see your cock. Just pull the waistband down and snap it under your balls, that's it... mmmm, pretty... Now take some oil from the table and get both hands nice and greasy and rub the lube all over your cock. Really work it. Make sure you rub a lot of oil on the tip, yeah... sensitive, huh? Don't stop, keep rubbing... keep rubbing..."

ClickFLASHwhirrr.

ClickFLASHwhirrr.

"Now, while you stroke you cock lightly with one hand, take the other and slide it down the back of your briefs... that's an order, you know what's coming... slip a finger into your hot jock ass hole. Do it, I want to see the expression on your face change as it goes in... oh, yeah!"

ClickFLASHwhirrr.

"Now work it, you jock whore, show me how you pleasure yourself. Work it... work it... yeah..."

Several minutes later, Ford was turned around, briefs now down around his knees, holding his ass spread with one hand while frigging his exposed hole hard and fast

with the other. The jock slave's breath was coming in fast puffs.

The Coach took a moment to reload the Polaroid. He made a gesture at the blue plastic thing on the table

"Ever use a vibrator on your ass, Ford?"

The jock stared at the toy, eyes wide. "N-no! Sir," he added.

An evil grin from the Coach told him he was about to try.

When it was all the way in, he told Ford to twist the knob at the base.

Ford's high-pitched girlish squeal was music to his ears.

Having kicked off his shoes, trousers, and briefs, Ford pranced and danced in jerky, helpless movements. Holding the buzzing toy in his ass with one hand, he tossed his head and waggled his knees like a flapper doing the Charleston.

After a while, the Coach pushed him back onto the table. Ford was forced to lift his legs like a whore and jerk his oily cock as he worked the toy like mad, whipping his ass hole into a red-hot frenzy.

He caught his reflection in the mirrors above him. If possible, he looked even more utterly degraded than he felt. He tried not to stare but he couldn't help it, watching himself approach the humiliation of orgasm...

The first blast arched over his head, splattering the table. The next two creamed his face, and the following ten or so... well, let's just say he would not be wearing that tie to church next Sunday.

Ford was breathing in ragged gasps in the aftermath of the huge cum. He barely noticed as the Coach stripped of his shirt and tie and proceeded to tie him spread-eagle to the table...

Much later, the room was filled with a number of different sounds at once. First, a recorded voice playing on the stereo. This was the tape of Ford made the day before, forced to degrade himself verbally. The dirty, sexy fantasies were fucking hot and playing in an endless loop. There was the live voice of the Coach, grunting with pleasure and occasionally muttering, as he squatted on top of the table. His shorts were off and he was twisting one nipple very hard through his old college tee shirt.

There were slurping, licking, and sucking sounds. These were coming from the point where Ford's mouth was pressed against the Coach's ass hole.

The high-pitched but somewhat muffled whine was coming from the dildo in Ford's butt. The vibrator end cap was just barely visible between Ford's spread legs.

The soft whirring noise was due to the video camera. On its tripod cart next to the table, the lens eye looked down, recording every detail: the sexy, spread-eagled 18yr

old, wrists and ankles cuffed to the four corners, knees slightly bent, hips thrusting upward in helpless response to the vibrator buried in his tight jock ass, his long thin cock jutting upward, a thread of drool seeping from the large, sensitive knob.

Of his head, only his chin was visible. Over his face, the Coach was hunkered down, his hard-muscled legs coated with wiry dark hair spread wide, his manly ass planted firmly against the younger jock's mouth. As the boy slurped, tantalizing glimpses of hot pink tongue flickered in and out of the hole. The Coach kept his ass crack and nut sack shaved, as well as the sensitive place between his legs. His balls were stretched tight by the black leather strap he liked to wear.

Most impressive of all was his massive pole, jutting out with a slight upward curve, crowned with a broad, hard helmet. The knob bobbed slightly as he ground his ass against his slave's face.

Between their two cocks, Ford's torso was a cum-drenched landscape. Each of them had obviously cum multiple times. Their combined semen had formed a viscous pool, with sticky rivulets cascading onto the table.

* * *

Ford returned home just after 5pm. His father was watching TV.

"I expected you back from the library at 4:00."

"I told you, Dad, I had a lot of homework."

"Don't get lippy with me, young man!"

"I don't feel too well. I think I'll just go to bed early."

"Don't forget the youth rally Wednesday night. I expect you to be there."

"Of course, Dad. Good night."

ASSIGNMENTS

The worst part was, part of him was really enjoying it.

Once he had gotten over the shock, Ford found that being forced to talk out and even act out his fantasies in front of the Coach made the sexy images even more compelling.

Every Sunday at one o'clock, the jock stud reported to the back door of the athletic wing for his main weekly session. Even though it was empty, Ford could never get over having sex in the public areas of the school. He felt like all the students were witnessing his debasement. The Coach must have sensed this, because he made use of their free run of the place on Sundays to make Ford perform his lewd sex shows

all over.

Ford found himself using a variety of ass toys that the Coach had secretly purchased. He had been filmed abusing himself in the boys' toilet, the cafeteria (with a cucumber!), the library, the band room, and the front lobby, all while being forced to tell the most outrageous sexual fantasies he could devise.

Afterwards the Coach would use him sexually, coming up with variations to humiliate him. Ford spent hours with his face buried in the Coach's buttocks, or choking on the man's massive cock, his ass stuffed with the latest lewd sex toy, his lithe, athletic body bound in one degrading position after another. But no matter how humiliating the situation was supposed to be, the helpless jock just got more turned on. The Coach had rapidly found out the dirty little secrets of Ford's fantasies, found the things that got him good and hot. Ass play. Rimming. Group humiliation fantasies. And bondage. Lots of bondage. No matter how he tried, he was unable to resist, and participated shamelessly in his own degradation.

Then there were his weekday assignments.

Each Monday the Coach gave him a photographic assignment. Armed with a camera with a remote cord, and a duffel bag of sex toys, he would have to take pictures of himself in a designated place, nude, using every toy and including a cum shot.

The trick was the location.

Each was a spot that was almost never used during the week, but where there was at least the theoretical possibility that someone might come in.

So far, Ford had found himself nude and fucking himself in such places as the press box, the concession stand, the lawn shed, and the boiler room, heart racing as he pressed the remote button on the camera's porno cord. The squeaker had been the concession stand. Someone tried to open the outer door (thank god he had locked himself in!). He waited 30 minutes after they went away, terrified. There was an inner door underneath the bleachers that had a large window in it, but whoever it was apparently didn't know about that door. Finally he screwed up his courage and spent almost an hour fucking himself silly with the various objects in that week's assignment before he could make himself cum.

The photo essay was due each week after school on Friday. Since there was usually no practice on Friday's, they had the locker room to themselves, or almost - the janitor was often there. Little did he guess that as he mopped up, on the other side of the wall, Ford and the Coach were watching in their weekly movie.

The Coach would wheel his comfortable desk chair into the private back room, where the two of them would watch highlights from the tapes made the previous Sunday. Both naked, Ford would be tethered to the Coach's lap, a fat butt plug

violating his ass, his arms stretched up and cuffed to a chain hanging from the ceiling, his mouth gagged with used jockstraps.

Ford was forced to watch the latest film of his own degradation while the Coach rubbed his huge dick lazily up and down his butt crack. Two or three times during the movie the Coach would grab him by the waist and grind hard, humping against him until Ford felt the Coach's hot seed spray against his lower back. The semen slowly dripped down, keeping the Coach's cock nicely lubed.

In between orgasms, the Coach played with his tethered slave, twisting his nipples, tickling his navel, and teasing Ford's armpit hair until the poor youth was bouncing up and down in his lap.

If the Coach liked Ford's photo essay, he would stroke the jock to a shuddering climax as the movie ended. If not, Ford would be forced to dress, cock aching for relief, and leave the school, still wearing the butt plug under his clothes.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays he got a pass from the Coach to get out of study hall for private training. The Coach devised a series of wicked games, designed to make the most of the quick 40 minute periods. At first these games were low-tech, involving having Ford do a certain number of reps on the weight machines, with a plug up his ass and a bristle-lined condom tormenting his dick.

But the Coach soon designed more ingenious torments.

Directly off of the locker room dressing area was a small storage area lined with large lockers used for balls, clean towels, etc.

One of the padlocked lockers contained a wicked modified stool. Fixed firmly to the seat was a long, flexible wand, topped with a ball covered with soft latex bristles. Another prickly knob was located halfway up the 12" shaft.

On the front edge of the seat, there was a freely moving vertical shaft, attached to a ratchet spool underneath the seat. Each time the rod was moved 6 inches up or down, the ratchet made one click, advancing the attached spool a partial turn.

The top of the ratchet-shaft ended in a firmly attached ball cage with cock ring.

As soon as the previous class cleared out, the Coach could have the whole thing set up in minutes.

Ford would be forced to strip and impale himself on the wand. His hands would be cuffed to the pipe over his head. Once the ball cage and cock ring were snapped to his genitals the game was on.

The goal was to get the key to cuffs before the next class came in, or risk being discovered if one of the other jocks opened the store room door before he could free himself.

Here was the trick: the key would be hung on a long string attached to the ratchet spool. The string would be threaded through a link in the cuffs and passed over another pipe nearby. All Ford had to do was pull the key to his hands.

And the only way was to move the ratchet. Up. And down.

Ford slid up and down on the perverse wand impaling his ass. As he did, the stick attached to his balls operated the ratchet. Click. The Coach made sure the rod was adjusted so that the end knob of the toy was brushing the jock slave's prostate at the top limit, while the knob in the middle of the shaft was lodged in his sphincter opening. Then he would have to slide down, at which point the middle prickle-knob did its own number on his swollen sex gland.

It took about 120 round trips to pull the key to his hands. The problem was that his poor fuck nut would get so sensitive from the rubbing of the bristles that it was hard to force himself to go fast enough!

In a way, the exercise bike was even more evil.

The bike was the type with a light bulb on the handle bars that lit up at higher speeds. It was fed by a generator on the wheel.

The Coach removed the bulb and screwed in an adapter, which fed two wires attached to a powerful egg-shaped vibrator. Meanwhile, the Coach would pop the removable seat off the bike and attach a long-handled lambs-wool duster in its place.

Downstairs in the locker room, Ford would have to strip naked, put his clothes in his locker, and come upstairs to the workout room. The vibrator egg would be slid deep into his rectum and he would have to pedal 20 miles before he would be allowed to go down and get dressed.

If he failed to finish before the next class, he would have to endure the humiliation of walking buck naked through the freshman class with a raging hard-on to get to his locker.

Without the seat, he had to bob around a lot to get up to speed, and no matter how hard he tried, this made his cock rub up and down on the lambs-wool duster. Meanwhile, each turn of the wheel sent electricity to the vibrator inside his ass. The faster he went, the more intense the buzz.

And he had to go fast to make it.

The horrible thing was that the delicious rubbing on his cock made it almost certain that he would be forced to cum during the ordeal, which made him so over-sensitive he could hardly continue.