

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 2

IDOL FANTASIES

One might think that all this intense sexual slavery would have quashed Ford's private fantasy life.

Far from it.

Instead of using up his libido, all the humiliation, forced orgasms and perversion increased his sex drive until he was thinking about sex all the time. Unable to help himself, he imagined over a dozen of High School hunky schoolmates in scenes of increasingly graphic perversion.

But his favorite lust object was the new quarterback, Nick.

Nick's father was a surgeon who had moved to Chained Rock that summer. Everyone was stunned when Nick was named starting quarterback at the start of school, even though he was new to town.

There was no questioning his physical appeal: 6'0", golden blond curly hair, with bright blue eyes and a killer body.

His finest asset was his perfect posterior - muscular, deep, firm, and as round as two water balloons.

Ford's regular gym classes and after school practices were almost harder to take than the Coach's diabolical torments. Surrounded by naked, sweaty, gorgeous jocks, well... Ford's overworked hormones were out of control. His overactive imagination did nothing to help!

The one thing he absolutely could not control was his cock. It was perpetually erect in the locker room no matter what he did. He tried to hide it as best he could, but showering was a nightmare. The first week or two he managed to stay in control, but then one day, as the warm water flowed over his muscles, he started imagining all the guys in an impromptu shower orgy and he lost it. In seconds his prong was bouncing at full mast. Of course, all the other guys noticed and he almost passed out in shame.

But luckily for him, it was interpreted as frustrated lust - for girls. With his daddy being such a far-right fundamentalist, all the guys assumed that Ford didn't date because his father had forbidden it.

Ford played along, thankful for the cover, and told the guys that he was keeping himself pure for marriage. The other jocks ribbed him mercilessly and started calling him PureBoy - but at least his real secret was safe.

The Coach could see that normal locker room intimacy was a torment to Ford. And, being the man he was, he decided to make it worse if he could!

Halfway through the first quarter he ordered Ford to 'volunteer' to be towel boy and locker room attendant for the football team on Mondays and Wednesdays. This involved being there at the start of practice as the guys got into their uniforms, straightening up the locker room while they practiced, and then handing out towels as they showered. After they left he had to tidy the room again and lock up.

To make it more fun, the Coach gave him special duties while the team was out in the field. As soon as they were out, he was to open the locker the Coach had designated that day and get the guy's used underwear. He then was to go into the private room, put a slim plug up his ass, redress, and sit at the Coach's desk. While sniffing the crotch of the underwear, Ford had to write a lewd fantasy in which the selected player raped or otherwise abused him in graphic detail. He had to remain fully dressed and was forbidden to jerk off or cum. Just before the guys came back in, he would put the underwear back and go to his post by the towels, still wearing the secret plug.

Head swimming from the intense fantasizing, completely boned, ass stuffed, he would have to hand out towels to the totally naked stars of his perverted fantasies. Horny as hell, he tried to control his eyes, in abject terror of being 'caught looking' at the hot jock flesh displayed before him.

The worst part was that Nick's locker was right next to his post at the door of the store room, so Ford had to stand there trying not to stare as his favorite fantasy idol stripped naked right in front of him. Ford swore he would resist, but each time the blond, blue-eyed stud bent over to slip off his jock strap, or dry his legs, he couldn't help but gawk at the football player's magnificent ass.

Nick seemed to have no self-consciousness at all, and was often the first to strip and the last to get dressed. Ford's horny mind was lost in a fog as the buff stud paraded around, playing grab-ass with other stripped-naked jocks...

THE OBJECT OF HIS OBSESSION

"Yo! PureBoy! He said to see you!"

"Wh-what?" Ford blinked to find that Nick was right in front off him. Wearing a white towel. A wispy curl of blond hair on Nick's left nipple was burning itself into Ford's peripheral vision as he struggled to look straight ahead.

"Coach said to see you."

And he must not look down, where the pale trail of hair led down into the front of the towel...

"Um. I mean. Who. Um. What?"

Nick looked at Ford and rapped his knuckles on his head.

"Hello! Anybody home in there? Coach said he didn't have time for my rubdown, and that you knew how to do it."

Ford felt his mouth open, but was incapable of speech. Helplessly, he followed Nick as the quarterback trotted into Coach's office and into the private room beyond. With each step, Ford felt the soft latex plug squirm inside his ass.

Ford shut the door behind them, silencing the locker room hubbub. Nick, smirking, made a playful swat at the front of Ford's jeans where his erection was an open secret.

"Aw, gee, is that for me? Seriously, PureBoy, you have to get some relief for that thing."

Ford forced a rictus of a smile and let out a pathetic attempt at laughter. "I'm saving myself for marriage."

Nick rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, whatever. Well, let's get to it!"

Nick hopped onto the table, rolled onto his stomach and twitched the towel off. He squirmed around for a moment to get comfortable, and draped the towel over his head.

Ford stood frozen. Nick was wearing only a jock strap.

Ford gaped at the golden flesh laid out before him... the strong, nearly hairless legs tapering out from the ankle, the powerful, flared thighs...

The deep mounds of his ass.

Nick's head was still under the towel, and Ford could stare to his heart's content. He feasted his eyes on the butt of his dreams, the pale remnants of Nick's summer tan line, the exuberant globes crossed by the bright white elastic straps which came together in the shadowed cleft of his crotch...

Moving like a robot, Ford shuffled to the cabinet and got out the oil bottle.

As he rubbed the oil into Nick's skin, he could not help thinking about the many times he himself had been bound on that table, cumming helplessly as the Coach forced him to watch home-made porn on the TV monitor in the corner. That same screen, now dark, showed a distorted reflection of him. Rubbing the naked jock god on the table...

Ford bit his lip to try to quiet his increasingly ragged breathing. His poor cock was harder than ever. He started to rub his crotch against the table edge for relief, and the soft plug inside his horny ass squirmed in tempo.

Ford's hands were warm from the friction, and his eyes were even hotter, glued to Nick's butt crack, where the curly pale blond hair was now dark, moist with sweat.

Breathing hard, Ford moved to the foot of the table and began work on both of the sensual calves. He started at the ankles and pushed up firmly, then dragged his fingers back down lightly as Coach had taught him. With each push he went further, reaching the knees, the thighs... with each push, Nick's legs rolled a bit and spread just a tiny bit further.

The ass crack opened a tiny tease more, not quite enough to show the rosebud nestled inside...

Ford stepped up on the crossbar, so he could lean further up from the foot of the table to deeply to massage the very tops of Nick's thighs... higher... higher...

Ha watched his hands rubbing just below the straps, mesmerized, wondering if he dared go just a bit further...

"Don't forget my butt, dude. That's where I really need it."

"Wh-what?"

"My butt. That's where I always need the most work. Coach says that's normal for a guy with my build."

"Oh. Yeah. Of course. Your - butt. I mean... those muscles are the biggest right it makes sense they need the most work right it makes sense of course they do. Right. Okay."

Ford managed to stop babbling, drew a deep breath, and...

"Oh, yeah, dude, go ahead, push harder... oh, yeah, that's it, yeah..."

Ford watched his hands in amazement as he kneaded Nick's deliciously firm yet sexily pliable ass. Soon the football stud was making a small grinding motion into the table.

"Oh, yeah, that's fucking great, keep doing that, harder, yeah..."

Ford gained confidence with each stroke and was soon pulling and yanking on the

oil-slicked globes, spreading the jock's crack wide open. Meanwhile Nick's legs had spread further until both his feet were just off the table top. Ford pressed his groin onto the table between Nick's feet, humping helplessly.

He knew if he kept this up he was going to cum. Soon. But he was powerless to stop, grinding away, knowing that when he came he would be utterly humiliated.

Beads of sweat dripped from his face onto the padded table, his breath came in short rasps, as he watched his thumbs rub deeper and deeper, circling into the crack, closing in on the tight pink pucker...

All he could see was that rosebud, like a perpetually growing zoom-in. His imagination burned. He was keenly aware of the restraint cuffs on the four corners of the table, kept out of sight with Velcro fasteners underneath...

He imagined grabbing for the sex cuffs, strapping them to Nick's wrists and ankles before the stud knew it... he could make the jock cum over and over in the soundproofed room...

Ford was losing it. Practically climbing up on to the table, Ford ground his crotch against the padded leather, feeling the butt plug work its magic inside him, fucking, twisting...

LOSING IT

The door opened with a bang.

"Time's up, gentlemen."

Ford leapt back from the table as if electrocuted. He hopped from foot to foot and clenched his first as he forced his hips to stop their sexual gyrations. The Coach smirked at his crotch. Ford looked down and blushed as he saw the huge pre-cum stain darkening the denim.

Nick lazily rolled over and swung his legs off the table, stretching luxuriously. Ford turned to the wall, hiding his crotch.

"How'd he do, Nick?"

Nick draped the towel back across his shoulders.

"Great. Almost as good as you, Coach."

"Okay, then, hit the showers, stud. Make it a good long soak to loosen up those muscles."

Nick hopped up off the table and in a single fluid motion peeled off his sweat-soaked jock. The naked footballer dashed from the room, erect cock bouncing jauntily.

Ford could barely control his breathing as he came back from the edge of orgasm. He heard a snap and looked around to see the Coach locking the door. He had a hard, hungry look.

"I see you're enjoying this. Good."

The Coach bent to pick up Nick's discarded jock strap. Ford found that his gaze was locked on the Coach's gleaming eyes as the large man approached. He said nothing as the man grabbed the back of his neck and pressed the reeking jock over his nose and mouth. Ford inhaled the ripe aromas of ball sweat, piss, and pre-cum. His lips parted as the Coach then forced the sodden fabric into his mouth, and he moaned in heat as he tasted the intimate musk of his idol.

They were nose to nose now, bodies almost touching. The Coach let his hands slide down Ford's arms, grasping his wrists. He drew them up and held them together with one strong hand, while the other slid Ford's belt off. Once Ford's wrists were strapped to the overhead water pipe with the belt, the coach stepped back and kicked off his shoes and socks before stripping off his athletic shorts and supporter.

Ford could see that it was stained and crusted with many days, or even week's worth of wear. He just had time to see several wiry pubic hairs clinging to the pouch as it too was forced into his mouth, stretching his jaw open. The acrid reek of the Coach's strap was stronger and more bitter.

The Coach crossed his arms in front of him and slowly peeled off his old tee shirt, exposing his tanned, hairy torso and rock-hard pectoral slabs with the flat brown nipples.

The wet underarm areas were soaked dark with sweat, and had white salt rings from many previous days. With a small, wicked smile playing at the corners of his lips, he used the shirt to bind the jock gags in place.

Ford groaned in humiliation. With each breath, he inhaled the head-spinning odor of the Coach's manly armpits. Meanwhile his saliva was starting to dissolve the crusty deposits on the jocks in his mouth, the combined effluvia dripping slowly down his throat.

He felt a thumb flick open his jeans button and tug them partially open, felt the jeans slide down just a few inches to the pouch of his tight white briefs.

Ford hung there, watching the Coach's nude, hard-muscled body as the man wheeled the TV over and set it up in front of him, then propped a pair of mirrors on either side so he could see himself. He heard a whirring sound as the Coach turned on a video camera to catch a side view.

Ford stared at his reflection. His dark hair was lank with sweat, and more sweat dripped from his nose onto his white tee shirt. The faded red gag slashed across his

face, stretching his lips, and a bit of the dirty white wads could be seen bulging from his mouth. His up=stretched arms caused the tee shirt to ride up to his belly button, and a dark trail of hair led to the top of his exposed briefs. The white fabric was so saturated with pre-cum that his cock head could be seen obscenely where it strained against the pouch. His open jeans continued to cling to the tops of his thighs.

The nude man came before him, grinning lewdly as he ogled his captive. Slowly, deliberately, he took a foil package from the TV stand and opened it to reveal a glossy black condom.

Ford stared in silent horror as the Coach slowly rolled the rubber on to his powerful, ultra-rigid phallus.

Once the shiny black condom was all the way on, the Coach picked up a remote control and switched on the TV monitor.

Ford was expecting to see more of their home-made porn, so it took him a moment to realize that the screen was showing a live shot of the locker room. It was empty except for Nick, who was heading toward the separate shower room.

Using his discarded socks, the Coach knelt and bound Ford's ankles together, then used the remote control to flick through several views of different areas of the deserted locker room before finding the showers.

"I installed some wireless spycams around the locker room about a week ago. I thought you might enjoy watching your sex object take a shower... while I take your cherry."

Ford stared in lust at the screen, where Nick was soaping up his ass, balls, and cock, which was still fully erect.

Then the rest of what the Coach said sank in.

Ford began to yell in protest, muffled by the obscene gag, but he was helpless. The Coach moved behind him and jerked his tight white briefs down a few inches, deftly reaching into Ford's crotch to flip his balls out and over the waistband to expose them. Ford could see his cock jutting out of his pants, the knob dark and swollen with the need to cum.

His balls were held firm to keep his hips still as the butt plug was ripped roughly from his ass. Ford grunted as the wide bulb popped his sphincter open.

Using the jock's balls as a handle, he forced the helpless stud to jut his ass back, raising it up. Ford felt the man's steely member nudge its way into his crack, shuddering as the fat tip grazed his already well-lubed hole.

Meanwhile, against his will his eyes were glued to the screen, where Nick was giving himself a shower that was practically pornographic.

His muffled yells became more urgent as he felt his slick pucker begin to dilate around the Coach's wide blunt knob.

Ford's hands flapped helplessly in their cuffs, and he rose on tiptoe to try to avoid the inevitable. But with his balls held in the Coach's cruel, vise-like grip, there was nothing he could do. He could only whimper into the gag as he felt 10" of fully mature man-cock impale his bowels inch by inch.

He strained mightily to keep his sphincter closed, but this last inner door was breached and his ass was flooded with intense sensation.

Ford was stunned at how different a live cock up his ass made him feel. Being fucked by a vibrator or a dildo was perverse and humiliating. Being taken up the ass by a live man was an utter violation.

worst of all, being forced to experience exquisite, helpless, utter pleasure at the same time as the thick cock pressed and pummeled his aching prostate.

At last the initial impaling was complete. The massive cock stopped sliding in and he felt the Coach's harsh pubic hair dock against his ass cheeks.

Just when Ford thought the scene couldn't be any more intense...

He realized that Nick had started to masturbate on screen.

The blond stud had turned off the water and started to stroke himself, eyes closed in rapture. Suddenly he froze, as if hearing a noise, and looked carefully around the corner to make sure that the locker room was empty.

Ford watched hungrily as Nick went back to work on his cock.

The quarterback was a world-class masturbator, doing a slow, sensuous, full-body writhe as he teased his young prick silly. First, he would stretch up on tip-toe, arching his back and thrusting his cock forward, before gyrating his hips and slowly bending his knees, winding up in a lewd squat with his ass jutting back and his face thrust forward. All the while he used two fingers to slowly tease his rigid shaft, his other hand roaming around his hot body, often stopping to twist and tickle his nipples, or reaching back to give his ass a sexy squeeze.

Ford's hands squeezed in time, remembering the feel of those hot buns...

The helpless jock groaned deeply into his gag as the Coach started slowly to push in and out. With each thrust the hard cock knob dredged his horny fuck knot, driving a bubble of pre-cum burping from his own aching prick.

He knew he should be resisting this crude violation, but every move of Nick's only made him want more. The sheer forbidden wrongness of it was like a drug - pastor's kid blackmailed into gay sexual slavery, being raped by his Coach while watching another high school jock masturbate using an illegal camera.

Nick seemed in no hurry to finish his dance, unknowingly providing a live porn show. Watching in crazed lust, Ford twisted and ground his hips as the thrusts came faster and harder, his untouched cock drooling boy sap. The Coach's hands roamed over him, playing with his nipples, his ears, his navel, his balls... anything but his cock.

Nick masturbation was slowly growing more urgent. He started to grasp his cock harder, pumping it, as he leaned far backward and twisted one nipple...

Long, elegant white ropes came flowing from the engorged knob, each forming a dynamically curling flourish. Rope after rope. Since the cameras had no sound, Nick came in bizarre silence.

Ford bounced harder, wanting to cum with his sex idol, but his cock only thrummed harder.

They watched Nick massage himself in a cum-afterglow, then shower off the spoooge and leave the showers.

The Coach used the remote control and Ford saw a flurry of backwards-racing imagery. Nick was again soaping himself up in the shower.

"I bet you'd like to watch this again, wouldn't you?"

Ford squealed with frustrated lust. And watched the replay as the Coach fucked him deeper, harder...

There was a mounting buzz in his head, and he couldn't tell if it was many minutes or just seconds later that he felt the Coach start to fumble with the knot of his gag.

Rough razor stubble pressed against the side of his face as the Coach whispered to him.

"I think you're going to beg to cum now. Beg to cum like the faggot whore you are."

He tore off the gag.

And the Coach was right.