

GAY BASHER IS TRAINED TO SERVE - CHAPTER 6

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!

As the weeks passed certain things became routine for Billy Joe. He could expect that each morning after his workout, he would find himself naked and on his knees, polishing the boots of the other soldiers assigned to the clinic. He always spit polished each pair of combat boots to a bright shine. But there was some variety. Some of the soldiers preferred that he use a brush and polishing cloth. Others required that he lick their boots clean first. This could be pretty disgusting, depending on what the soldiers had been doing.

His standard attire while in the confines of the clinic was:

One padded leather slave collar with attach points—padlocked.

Two wrist restraints

Two ankle restraints

Unless he needed his hands for an assignment, his wrists were usually attached to the back of the collar. Quite often a spreader bar was attached between his ankle restraints, which made walking and crawling difficult. Sometimes the bar and restraints would be positioned just below his knees, instead. This made walking a little easier, but kept his legs spread further apart.

When he worked out BJ also wore a black jock strap for support. Quite often, after his sweaty workouts it wound up in his mouth.

Depending on the mood of the person in charge of him (usually the Corporal or the Sergeant, but sometimes the Doctor,) he might also be required to wear a variety of painful devices, such as nipple clamps and clothes pins. There was also a small restraint that he often wore around his ball sac. It kept his hairless balls available for torture, and would sometimes have a leash attached to it. Being lead around by a leash attached to his balls was both humiliating and painful, especially when he had his wrists attached to his slave collar and the spreader bar attached between his legs.

He spent his nights chained naked and spreadeagled to his bed, if he had been good. If he had a bad day, almost anything could happen. On more than one occasion he was left hung spreadeagled from the square frame with a vibrating dildo up his ass all night. In the morning he had to lick his come up from the floor, and then he was punished for coming. He could never get enough control of himself to avoid an orgasm when there was something up his ass.

BJ didn't know it, but the “B-12” shots they were giving him were a major part of the reason for this. In addition to an excellent vitamin formula, the shot contained a drug that had failed to win FDA approval, but that the Doctor had access to through a friend at the company that invented it.

It had been developed as a Viagra competitor, but hadn't worked as they planned. It actually made the cock less sexually sensitive, but made the prostate, very active. Not only did the gland secrete a lot more seminal fluid, it made it much more sensitive to stimulation.

Since no Republican administration was going to approve a drug that made any man get rock hard and come in quarts whenever he took it up the ass, the drug was pulled from the approval process. But it remained available to certain people. BJ would certainly have had his share of orgasms anyway, but they wouldn't have had have as much fun with him.

They rarely put the metal thing in his mouth anymore—he was expected to suck cock willingly, with skill and enthusiasm, and/or submit passively to getting his throat fucked. Over time he became a first class cocksucker. However, he did not feel pride when he was told this—only shame. This was especially true when he had to suck black cock. This happened just seldom enough that he never quite got used to the idea. He also couldn't shake his deep-rooted fear and awe of Black men.

Still, he always did the best he could for these men. The pain and humiliation associated with failure was certainly enough to motivate him, but there was more to it than that. All his life Billy Joe had been required to obey. His Daddy was a hard man, and would not tolerate even the slightest hint of rebellion. On those occasions when his Daddy said he deliberately disobeyed, he was strung up naked and spreadeagled in the barn for a good whuppin'.

The first time he fucked his sister was after his Daddy had let her watch. Beatings always got BJ horned up anyway, and he was so furious with his sister for laughing at him, that he raped her in every hole she had. After that she was as afraid of him as she was of their Daddy. And while he could see the hatred on her face, he could also see the terror in her eyes. It made him feel powerful.

Anyway, over time BJ, who was not a great thinker, and would never be clever enough to be a leader, found he was most content when he knew exactly what was expected of him. Give him orders he could follow and he could be exceptional. That's why he was so good at football—he never had to call the plays. It wasn't that he was dumb—but he'd never been taught to think for himself. In fact when he tried, it usually ended with him naked and spreadeagled in the barn!

So even though all this crap they were making him do hurt and made him humiliated, at least he always knew what was expected, and there was a certain peace in that. If he failed he was punished. That somehow seemed like justice.

At the end of the second month, the Sergeant noticed just a trace of fuzz growing back on his tight little body, so the depilatory ointment was applied again. Two more applications and BJ knew he would never grow body hair again. Men had body hair. Billy Joe was feeling less of a man every day. If it weren't for the workouts and the great muscle tone and definition they gave him, he would have had no manly pride at all!

While BJ was getting used to the routine, he still had trouble handling the surprises—and there were plenty of those! The ones that took him outside the clinic compound were especially scary.

There were times he would be taken through the large forest behind the clinic to what he was sure was a senior officer's home, to be used by that officer. (His guess was a good one. It was the Commanding General!) He was always naked and blindfolded with his wrists cuffed to the back of his slave collar and he was led by the leash

attached to the strap around his ball sac. The walk was over three miles each way, and he was always terrified of being discovered, though it never happened.

Whenever he went to serve this man, he was kept blindfolded the entire time. After the first couple of visits, there were usually several men to serve. He could sometimes hear muffled conversations in the background, but the only voice he ever recognized was that of his handler, usually the Corporal. He was always taken down a flight of stairs to what he thought must be a basement, due to the cold damp air and concrete floor.

These men were clearly older and very powerful, used to getting their way, like his Daddy. For these men he often found himself spreadeagled on various devices he didn't recognize, being blindfolded. He was touched everywhere, and if he came (and he always did) he was punished.

These men liked to use electrical charges to cause him pain. He didn't know it of course, but they enjoyed watching his defined, hairless body flexing in pain for their enjoyment. They often fucked him when he was spreadeagled, but always put him in a different device when they wanted to use his mouth as well. It was like those stocks the Puritans used way back in the day.

They could put him in two different ways. Or maybe it was different stocks. BJ had no way of knowing, being blindfolded. One way was sort of like doggie style but with his legs held well spread. The other way he was on his back. His arms, legs and neck were all locked down, leaving his head facing up so their balls smacked him in the face when they used his mouth. And with his legs locked into the stocks wide above his head near his hands, his pretty little ass was fully exposed and open for business.

Then came the day of the “new game.” BJ couldn't believe it when they told him what he would have to do!

“Soldier, you need a new challenge,” said the Doctor. “It will be a chance for you to get outdoors and use some of the skills you learned in Ranger school. Of course, you weren't naked during Ranger training, but that will just add to the excitement for you, won't it Soldier?”

“Sir, yes sir!” BJ had that deer in the headlights look again, that they all so loved seeing. What the hell could they have planned for him now? The hot little teenager's dick twitched in anticipation. He blushed when he realized it.

The Doctor explained the challenge: “As you may have noticed the forest behind the clinic is huge—about two miles wide by six miles long, with the clinic centered along the South edge. You can go a mile East or West of the clinic or six miles North of the clinic without leaving them. The area is not used for training, so these woods are usually deserted.”

“There is a narrow path that runs due North from the back of the clinic for six miles to the North edge of the woods. There are a few paths that wander generally East and West off this main path at various points through the woods. Other than that, it's just all trees and undergrowth.”

“For your challenge, you will be taken along the main path to the North edge of the woods. You will, of course be stark naked, except for your collar, wrist and ankle restraints. All you have to do is walk back to the clinic. However, there will be some obstacles for you to overcome along the way. There will be four man search teams out looking for you during your little hike. For this reason, I would not just walk back down path, if I were you.”

“If you encounter a search team, and they catch you they will all fuck you from both ends. And, while you will begin your little hike unrestrained, if a group catches you, they will partially restrain you before they send you on your way. There will be four groups looking for you. Each will have a one and a half mile deep section of the woods to patrol. So if you get through the first mile and a half without being caught, that search team will no longer be able to pursue you. Only one team can search for you in each area.”

“The first team that catches you will restrain your arms. The second will connect a spreader bar between your knees. The third will connect a spreader bar between your ankles. The fourth team won't add to your restraints, as you will have no one else pursuing you the rest of the way to the clinic. However they have a very special surprise for you. Isn't that exciting soldier?”

“Sir, yes Sir!” Once again BJ had that deer-in-the-headlights look. He couldn't remember if he had ever actually liked surprises, but he now hated them!

The Doctor continued the naked teen's briefing: “The instant a member of a search team has tackled you, or otherwise brought you under control you will cease all resistance and submit to that team. The more teams you avoid the easier your little hike will be. Of course, every time you are caught the odds of avoiding the next team will get

longer because you will be more and more hobbled.

“And finally, to make sure the search teams remain in their assigned areas, there will be referees scattered through the woods, just as we have for war games. If you see one, you will know it's a ref, as he will be wearing an orange safety vest over his fatigues. You do not need to avoid refs. They will not use you or point you out to the search teams. Just make sure you stay in the woods. If you leave the woods, and are seen to do so, the MP's will be called to arrest you for indecent exposure. Take my word for it. You do not want to be sent to the stockade naked. Doesn't that sound like fun, soldier?”

“Sir, yes sir!” the pretty teenager said. But the Doctor noted the terror and determination in his eyes.

Four four-man teams would be after him. Billy Joe was pretty sure that was a total of sixteen men who might be using his body today! Well, at least he had a chance to avoid some of them. He figured the odds of avoiding some of them were pretty good, but the odds of avoiding them all? After all, they were Airborne Rangers too!

But the thing that worried BJ the most was the “special surprise” the Doctor mentioned. These men had really amazing imaginations. And every time they came up with something new, it meant intense pain and humiliation for Billy Joe.

Billy Joe didn't know it, of course but the doctor had managed to get his hands on more than two dozen video cameras from around the base. Some were simply planted in likely spots and left running. But many were remote controlled. These were back-up cameras that were normally used for base security purposes, but the General had seen to it that they were put at the doctor's disposal for the day of “the hunt.” In addition, the refs and some of the search team members also had cameras, though of course they would not let the boy see them shooting video. Those not participating would be able to enjoy the proceedings later, and if they got enough good footage, it would make a sensational porn video!

Bets were taken, as to how many search teams the naked teenager would avoid. Most were betting that the little stud would be caught by all four, though a significant number bet on his being taken by only three. A few took the long shot bet, that only two teams would find and use him. No one thought he would avoid them all.

The naked young soldier was bent over and had his hot little ass lubed for the adventure ahead. A vibrating dildo was then shoved into his tight hole, guaranteeing that he would have a rock hard dick through the entire hunt. That was sure to look great on the video!

The Corporal attached a leash to the boy's hairless ball sac and led him into the forest. He was ordered to maintain his hands locked behind his head for the entire six mile walk to the North edge of the woods. The Corporal led the hot little teen up the main path. About every mile and a half they passed a group of four soldiers dressed in camouflage fatigues. Their steely glares made it clear to the naked little red head that these predators would show no mercy.

When they arrived at the North edge of the woods, the Corporal removed the leash from the strap around BJ's ball sac. The Corporal was pleased to note the sac was red from all the tugging he had done on the leash over the six mile hike. Not only were the little stud's balls extremely sore, but his arms were tired from having to maintain them on his head the whole time and parts of his tight defined body sported welts from branches that had snapped into him as the Corporal had released them. Billy Joe was tired, stiff and sore and the gauntlet had not even begun yet!

The Corporal said, "The first search team has to wait at the South end of their search area until I announce your release on this radio, so they are about a mile and a half away. Only the Referees have radios, so the teams can't use them to spread out and communicate with each other. This will give you some room to maneuver, but they can cover ground fast, so I wouldn't waste too much time. Get moving, soldier!"

"Sir, yes Sir!" said the determined little stud. Billy Joe took off like a shot as the Corporal raised the radio to his lips.

The boy figured his best bet was to work his way about a half mile to one side of center and hope the first search team either stayed in the middle or moved to the wrong side. He started down the path first, moving perhaps 400 meters before he slipped into the woods on his right. The undergrowth was fairly thick but manageable. The key was to move as quickly and quietly as possible.

His naked slender body slipped through the brush quietly, but not as quickly as he would have liked. The adrenaline surged through his lithe athletic frame, heightening his senses. His bare feet were an advantage in moving quietly versus the combat boots the search teams were wearing. Of course that also meant pain whenever he stepped on a branch or rock hidden under the dead leaves and pine needles that covered the forest floor.

BJ continued East, until he judged he had traveled a half mile through the undergrowth. He didn't want to move all the way to the East end of the forest, as he didn't want to be pinned against the forest edge.

BJ then turned South, moving as quickly and quietly as he could. While his nakedness provided some advantages, like his heightened senses, his pale skin stood out against the dense green foliage. He would be quieter than the search teams, but their camouflage fatigues would blend into the background better, making them harder to see.

BJ took a moment to rub some dirt onto his face and upper body. It didn't really stick very well. Hopefully he would find some mud along the way. Afraid of standing still too long BJ resumed his Southward trek. He came upon an East-West path. He carefully checked in both directions with what he thought was great care, but no sooner had he entered the path than he heard a shout.

“There he is!”

The naked teen began to run through the undergrowth, as fast as his beautiful hairless legs would carry him. If he could get to the mile and a half point of his Southward journey before they caught him, he could still avoid being fucked and partially bound by these men.

Four predators and one Referee were running through the forest on a diagonal to cut him off. BJ, using his football instincts, began to angle toward the East edge of the forest to buy himself more time to reach the boundary of the team's operating area. He was glad to see an orange-vested Referee with the Airborne Rangers pursuing him. Each Ref had a GPS receiver, so if he got far enough South the naked little stud knew he would be safe—at least from this group!

As he broke into a small clearing, BJ was tackled by one of his pursuers. Gosh that guy was fast! As the other Rangers and the Referee caught up the Ranger said quietly, “I've got serious plans for that hot little body of yours pussy boy!”

BJ shuddered and looked up at the Ref, who was checking the GPS carefully. “Gentlemen, I hate to tell you this, but pussy boy here is exactly twelve feet South of your operating area. You have to let him go.”

The Ranger who tackled him helped BJ up, stared at him with cold gray eyes and said, “Good for you, pussy boy. But I promise you our time will come. And when it does, you'll wish we'd caught you!”

As BJ took off at a steady trot, he realized he was right up against the East edge of the forest now. If he was going to have room to maneuver, he had to angle back toward the West. He took a heading that put him on about a thirty degree angle away from the East edge of the forest and began to slow his pace to make less noise. All the noise of the first group chasing him would have alerted the next search team.

As the slender naked teen moved lithely through the underbrush he heard the sounds of men approaching his area. “Aw crap!” thought Billy Joe, this next group is gonna find me!” He knew he wasn't even half way through this search area. As there would be no outrunning this group, BJ decided to find a hiding place. As he looked desperately, he spotted a large fallen tree in deep undergrowth. There was just enough room between the tree trunk and the ground for him to squeeze in his naked 5 foot 9 inch frame. He pulled brush and leaves around him and hoped for the best.

BJ tensed his defined little body as he heard the search team approach. They had clearly heard the commotion of the chase and were spread out on a Southeast search pattern. He held his breath as one Ranger looked carefully through the dense brush around his tree as the others moved quickly on in case he was still moving. BJ trembled as a set of combat boots passed less than a foot from his hiding place—and kept going!

The teen couldn't believe his luck! He would still have to move South and no doubt these guys would work their way back once they figured out what he'd done. But at least he had a shot.

As the sound of footsteps faded, the naked teen slipped out of his hiding place and headed due West. If they were searching in the Southeast portion of their area, perhaps he could circle around them and into the next area before they knew he was gone.

As he moved stealthily through the undergrowth, BJ heard the sound he was dreading—a twig snapped—and he didn't snap it!

“Going somewhere, cocksucker?” said a deep baritone voice. The Ranger it belonged to had to be at least 6 foot 4 and

solid muscle. He turned to run, but another Ranger came out of the brush right in front of him.

The second Ranger said, “What, you thought I didn't see you back there under that tree? You had a good idea, but that pretty pink body of yours showed right through the brush you'd pulled in front of you.” At that moment the other two Rangers walked up, along with their assigned Referee.

“You made it just over a mile through this search area,” said the Ref. The four Rangers grinned and BJ sighed. He was fucked. Literally!

“Hands behind your back, cocksucker,” said the tall Ranger. A frustrated Billy Joe complied.

They bound him differently this time. Leather straps with D-Rings were placed above each of his nicely defined biceps. His left wrist restraint was attached to the strap above his right bicep and his right wrist restraint was attached to the strap above his left bicep.

“On your knees, soldier,” said the six foot muscled stud standing before him.

“Sir, yes sir!” said the frustrated, bound and naked teen. He actually thought he might get through this without getting fucked. Not now! The defined hairless boy opened his beautiful mouth and accepted the eight inch cock touching his full lips. As the Ranger began to fuck his throat, he felt another cock press against his boy cunt. It belonged to the soldier who had spotted him under the tree.

“I spotted you first so I get to be the first in that hot little ass, pussy boy. But don't worry, I'm well lubed—for my benefit, not yours.”

With that, the predator behind him removed the dildo to make room for the massive cock that violated his tender hole, buried to the hilt in a single stroke. It was all the hot little stud could do not to scream or bite down. It occurred to BJ, through the haze of pain and humiliation that, unlike the beatings from his Daddy, he was not getting used to this. It was degrading and humiliating every time. And every time his damn dick got hard, which only made it worse!

With his arms bound, surrounded by four muscular predators and impaled on two of their cocks, the helpless naked

teen did the only thing he could do. He took it. He took it in his ass four times and he took it down his throat four times. When it was finally over, the four elite soldiers re-inserted the dildo and sent the hot little stud on his way, with their seed splattered on his face and dripping out of his ass.

With his arms now bound behind his back, the hot defined red head slipped silently into the forest, determined to make it past the others who hunted him. He moved Southeast this time, hoping the next group had been attracted by the noise the four studs had made while violating his tight little body.

BJ knew he had to travel about a half mile South before entering the next search area and he was safe until then. So he moved more East than South, hoping to put as much distance as possible between himself and his last known position before crossing into the next danger zone.

As BJ crept closer to the next search area, he found he was holding his breath as he listened for movement in the undergrowth. He made a point to breathe at a slow steady pace, but his heart continued to race like a rabbit's. And, like a rabbit, he moved quickly and quietly to avoid the predators hunting him.

But the predators were closing in. And with his arms bound behind his back, his naked body was being whipped by branches in the underbrush, leaving red welts on his tight little defined body. Worse, every time a branch slapped him it made noise. And despite all the teenager's determination and care, the predators heard.

As BJ slipped out of a very dense section of undergrowth, his body smarting from the branches that whipped him, he came face to face with a six foot four inch black muscle stud in camouflage fatigues, who had a big grin on his face—and a very big erection in his pants.

“Well, look what we have here,” the soldier said in his deep bass voice. “A real live naked pussy boy who just can't wait to get fucked! Isn't that right soldier?”

Billy Joe gritted his teeth and did his best to hide his anger and frustration as he said, “Sir, yes sir!”

The other three predators came out of the brush. All of them were black. A Referee arrived and confirmed that BJ was still within the search area. This was going to be the worst! As a born and raised racist, Billy Joe felt the degradation

most keenly when he was used by Black men. The fact that, like many racists, he had an unreasoning primal fear of Blacks made it even worse. The beautifully muscled little red head tried to hide the trembling that wracked his naked body as these huge black men attached a spreader bar just below his knees and opened it to its widest setting.

“Kneel before your betters, bitch!”

“Sir, yes Sir!”

“My boots are dirty from chasing your sorry ass, troop. Lick them clean!”

“Sir, yes Sir!” BJ was furious! He shouldn't have to do this for any man let alone a black! But the little teen was helpless, naked, all alone with these Alpha males in a huge forest and more than a little terrified. So he bent over at the waist and began to lick the dirt from the man's boots, as the man behind him removed the dildo.

With his legs spread wide by the spreader bar, there was nothing he could have done to prevent the massive black cock behind him from entering his ass. At least with his face down at boot level, they couldn't see him blush beet red, or the look of rage and anguish on his pretty face.

“Now that my boots are clean I'm going to reward you with what you really want. What is it you really want, cocksucker?”

Billy Joe practically choked from rage, and the dirt in his mouth, but he knew better than to tell the truth. He might not be especially clever, but he knew what the expected answer was.

“Sir, I really want to suck your cock, Sir!”

“What color is my cock, soldier?”

“Black, Sir!”

“Damn right! Big Black and beautiful! So be specific about the kind of cock you want, pussy boy!”

“Sir, request permission to suck your big, beautiful black cock Sir!”

“Well, since you asked so nice, I'm going to let you wash down the dirt from my boots with a nice big load of my come!”

“Sir, thank you, Sir!” BJ was utterly humiliated by the things he had to say to these men, all while a huge black cock was fucking his ass! He trembled in fear and helpless rage as the massive black member was shoved down his throat, all the way to his tonsils. And once again, he took it. From both ends, four times each.

At least he got past the first group. He was already as bruised and sore as he had ever been. As his ordeal progressed he had to lick all four pairs of boots clean, then wash the dirt down his throat with come.

“Hey D-Mac, did you notice our little pussy boy has some dirt smeared on his little pink body? Maybe we should do him a favor and hose it off—with piss!”

“Good thinking Rasheed! Just so happens I got to piss like a race horse!”

And for the first time, the little teen found himself being pissed on. Had it not been for his terror of these men, he would have lost it, as the four muscular Black studs pissed on him, even on his face!

“We don't want that tight little hole of yours getting too sore, so we're going to put some lube on it before you go. And since you did such a good job, we'll even leave the dildo out.”

Billy Joe was surprised by the gratitude he felt for this small act of kindness. He would learn soon enough that they had done him no favors at all!

The boy now had his arms bound behind his back and his legs spread wide at the knees. As he waddled off into the forest, he knew his chances of avoiding the last group were not good. He didn't know it, but the stuff they put on his ass guaranteed another brutal fucking.

BJ was still more than two miles from the clinic. His slender, defined little body was stark naked, except for his wide black leather slave collar and restraints. He didn't have even a follicle of body hair to cover him. His arms were bound in a criss-cross fashion behind his back and his legs held wide open at the knees by the spreader bar. He was in deep forest, alone for the moment, but being hunted by Airborne Rangers who wanted his ass and mouth and who had a “surprise” for him. He had never felt so helpless or so vulnerable.

He had been in this forest for many hours, and as the afternoon wore on, the shadows grew longer and deeper. And the red headed teen knew that any one of them could hold a predator—and not just the human kind. This was a huge forest, seldom used by men. It was filled with all sorts of creatures. Most were benign, like deer and bunnies. But there were also brown bears and wolves. He had been told that there was plenty of food for the predators and they rarely bothered humans. But most humans didn't walk alone through these woods, naked and bound!

As he crossed another East-West path, BJ judged he was entering the final search area. While that was bad news, there was also good news. It meant he was within a mile and a half of the clinic.

As the fettered teen moved forward as quietly as possible, he heard a noise to his left. Not a snapping twig or movement through the undergrowth—breathing! In fact, it was more like panting.

“Aw, crap!” thought Billy Joe, “That's all I need!”

The boy held very still, hoping that either he had not been noticed or that, if he made no movement the creature would go away. It was then that the pretty teen heard a low growl, to his right!

“Aw Jeez! They're on both sides of me!” thought the panicked boy. Sure enough A wolf emerged from the brush on each side of him. As he began to waddle forward, a third wolf appeared in front of him. He turned and a fourth was standing behind him!

He turned back toward the South and the safety of the clinic, knowing he had no chance to make it out of this clearing, let alone the mile and a half to safety. As he began to waddle-run forward, the wolf on his left leapt at him, hitting him in the chest with his fore paws, knocking him to the ground. Unable to use his hands or legs, BJ hit the ground hard and had the wind knocked out of him. As the boy scrambled to his knees, the wolf on his right lunged

forward and sank his teeth into the wide leather slave collar around his neck, pulling his red haired head to the ground. But he didn't bite down. He just growled his low growl in warning and Billy Joe decided to keep very still.

The terrified teen looked out of the corner of his eye, first at the wolf on his right, who had him by the neck, then the other three who were circling around to his left. All four of them had huge boners!

“How can they be boned up when there's no female in heat?” thought Billy Joe, who knew about animals from his Daddy's farm. “Aw crap, I bet there was some kind of female scent in that lube they put on my crack and in my hole!”

Billy Joe watched out of the corner of his eye as the largest, who was clearly the Alpha, moved around behind him. These animals were huge! They were all bigger than he was, when he was on his knees like this, and they had to be close to 200 pounds! His tight little 5' 9” 140 pound frame trembled as he felt the cold nose of the Alpha Wolf begin to sniff his butt crack.

Billy Joe certainly didn't want these beasts to kill him and feed on him, but he wasn't all that thrilled with the other possibilities. If they didn't make him a meal, it would be because they were going to rape him. And if the search team rescued him, they would use just him themselves.

He heard a growl behind him, then felt the weight of the massive animal, as the Alpha wolf mounted him. The boy had no way to defend himself, from the assault, with his hands bound behind him and his legs held wide open. BJ thought briefly about sliding down flat on the ground to make his ass harder for the wolves to enter. But the wolf who had him by the throat seemed to sense his thoughts. He let out a low growl and clamped his powerful jaws just a little tighter. Billy Joe chose to remain still, on his knees, his head on the ground and his tight little ass high in the air.

The huge beast's fore paws wrapped around the little teenager's waist as the massive cock found his aching boy pussy. The wolf shoved home with a single massive thrust. The pain was breathtaking! BJ nearly passed out. The little stud was actually grateful in that moment that his hole had already been well used that day, or the wolf would have destroyed him!

The Alpha Wolf began to pound his tight little bubble butt at a furious pace, as the others growled in anticipation of their own turns. The pain was exquisite, and getting worse by the second, as the wolf's cock continued to grow.

“Aw crap, I bet wolves get a big knot in their cocks, just like dogs!” thought the boy as his ass continued to be ravished. He was right. The wolf's massive cock was in him for the duration, the massive knot growing to the size of a man's fist, as it stretched his poor hole painfully. But, despite all the pain, the hot little teen realized he was boned up and ready to come! That damned knot was pushing right up against that spot in his ass that always turned him on!

BJ shot a massive load as the Alpha wolf continued to piston his ass. The wolf was just getting started! The smell of Billy Joe's load of come attracted one of the other wolves, who began licking the boy's dick and balls with a rough tongue.

“Aw cripes, that hurts!” thought the little stud. “It's so sweet it's painful!” The helpless soldier's ragged breathing simply egged both wolves on. Between the licking and the fucking, the sensations Billy Joe felt were enough to make his eye balls cross and his poor ultra-sensitive little cock shoot still another load.

The big Alpha wolf picked up the pace still more and BJ could feel load after load of wolf come shoot into his ass. There seemed to be no end to it! The boy felt like he was being given an enema!

Finally, the wolf's knot shrank and his cock popped out of Billy Joe's sweet little ass. The boy breathed a sigh of relief—for about two seconds. Then he noticed that the wolf who had only been watching until now was moving around behind him. The huge beast sniffed his butt and promptly mounted him.

As Billy Joe took the weight and felt the penetration, he thought, “Aw jeez, they're all going to breed me.” He was surprised he had thought of it in those terms, but realized that was exactly what was happening. They had made him their bitch! And there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it!

As the second wolf began to piston his sore helpless ass, the dick licker went back to work. He was so sensitive after a day of multiple orgasms that it was all he could do not to scream! But his fear of these animals, helped him to keep some control—though he did begin to whimper and moan with each thrust and lick.

And then, to his shock and shame, he realized he was thrusting back into that huge wolf cock. His ass was high in the air thrusting into the wolf, his head was on the ground held by the iron jaws of another wolf who would soon breed

him. All the while his rock hard dick and balls were being licked by still another wolf who would make him his bitch. The Alpha wolf who had already bred him looked on, his dick once again getting hard! And the whole time his little ass was out of control, begging for more!

Billy Joe, could only hope that the last search team would find him and chase the wolves away. What he did not know, was that the team had been quietly hiding and watching every humiliating thrust.

As the second wolf knotted the hot little teenager, the Corporal said to the other members of the final search team, “Our little bitch is going to have one sore ass when those wolves are done with him. His hole won't be worth having for a day or two. But don't worry we'll get our turn. I'm going to give him a choice. He can service us when the wolves are done, or he can service the four of us, the four search team members who missed him and all of the Referees in a few days, when he's recovered.”

The others nodded and grinned, and continued to shoot plenty of video.

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