

GAY BASHER IS TRAINED TO SERVE - CHAPTER 7

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!

Billy Joe's bound, exhausted little body remained as the wolves had left him, his head on the ground and his well-fucked ass in air. All four wolves had made him their bitch. Then the Alpha wolf had had him a second time. He was too sore and enervated to move. The bound, naked teen could feel wolf jism running out of his tight bubble butt and down his legs.

As the boy lay stupefied by the pounding his little body had received, the Corporal and his search team quietly approached.

“Well, well, our little bitch is now a canine fuck toy. Maybe we should give the guard dogs a little taste. What do you think, men?” said the Corporal, in his deep baritone.

Billy Joe was startled by the voice, but too tired to move or show any reaction. He simply remained with his head on the ground and his ass in the air, feeling utterly humiliated. He might have wept in shame if he'd had the energy.

The Corporal said, “It doesn't look like you'd be a whole lot of fun to fuck right now, but you

know what they say—even bad sex is pretty damn good!”

Billy Joe groaned.

“Not up for a little gang fucking pussy boy?”

“Please Corporal, can I service you guys later? Maybe tomorrow or the next day?” pleaded the spent little stud.

“There will be a price to pay if we have to wait. You will have to serve the four of us, the search team you avoided and all the referees from today's little adventure. Is that understood, troop?”

“Sir, yes sir. Thank you sir!” managed the exhausted teen. “But Sir, I go on leave in three days. Would it be alright if I wait until I get back? I'd be in better shape by then, and could serve you better,” pleaded the desperate young soldier.

“You have a leave coming? Well, I guess we can wait for your return, if you make it worth our while. How are you getting home? I know you don't have a car,” said the Corporal.

“I'm taking the bus, why?” asked the suspicious slave. He knew these men by now. They couldn't care less about the details of his life unless they were looking for new ways to use and humiliate him.

“If we are going to wait for you, then I think you need a challenge during your trip home. You will hitch instead of taking the bus. I will drive you to the nearest truck stop. You will be wearing only what we provide you. You will have no money, only your military ID and leave orders. If a trucker wants you to service him you will comply without hesitation. I know several truckers who drive the route toward your home. I will let them know about you. If you refuse to service a trucker and word gets back to me—well, let's just say what happened today will seem like a walk

in the park, compared to what I will put you through. Got it, pussy boy?” said the Corporal.

Billy Joe saw the cold stare in the Corporal's eyes, and knew he could not risk turning a trucker down.

“Sir, yes sir!” said the resigned little stud.

The men pulled the boy to his feet, but Billy Joe was only barely able to stand on his own. Seeing this, the Corporal picked him up and through the naked young beauty over his shoulder and carried him back to the clinic.

Billy Joe savored the moment. He felt like he was being cared for, and that he had earned some measure of approval from the Corporal. The feeling of gratitude and affection was intense, and it disturbed him. Did that mean he was a homo? He had to put all of that out of his mind. His defenses were down, and he was on the verge of tears. And he absolutely could not let these men see him break down.

It took Billy Joe nearly the full three days to recover from the gauntlet in the forest. But he knew he didn't need to prepare for his trip home. He would have no luggage, only the clothes on his back and his Military ID.

The morning he was to leave the Corporal came to his room and released him from the restraints that kept him spreadeagled on his bed each night. He then pulled out the clothing Billy Joe would wear home. The hot little teen was appalled!

He would be wearing white running shoes, white socks, his black jock, tight purple running shorts and a tight baby blue muscle tee that was too short to cover him below his navel! He'd look like a homo for sure in that! Billy Joe had that deer in the headlights look again, much to

the Corporal's satisfaction.

As the boy got dressed, it was clear this was even worse than he thought. The shoes fit, but when he looked closer he realized they were girls shoes. The socks only just came up to his ankles.

The shorts were very tight and rode really low on his hips. If he had still had pubic hair, it would have peeked out over the waist band of the shorts! He could either hike them up and make the fabric ride into his crack, or let them ride lower and leave the top of his butt crack exposed. No matter what, his package would be prominently displayed and the very bottom of his ass cheeks would be fully exposed! As he looked in the mirror, he realized that his black jock was just visible through the thin material.

He normally would not have minded that his tight defined abs were in full view below the muscle tee—but the shirt was made of satin and baby blue! It was so tight that his well-defined pecs and even his nipples were traced by the fabric. With no sleeves, it would be clear anytime he raised his arms that he had no pit hair. Billy Joe didn't think he'd ever seen one, but he was sure he looked like a male prostitute.

“Please sir, don't make me wear this! When my daddy sees me in this, he'll beat the tar out of me!”

“You do have a choice, cocksucker. You can wear that outfit. Or you can head home naked. Which do you prefer?” asked the Corporal with a smirk.

Billy Joe wore the outfit.

The Corporal slid the humiliated teen's Military ID and his leave orders into a slim pocket inside the waistband of the purple running shorts. The shorts were so tight you could just make out the

outline of the laminated ID card.

Billy Joe was placed in the trunk of the Corporal's car, so the MP's wouldn't see the teen dressed like a rent boy. BJ was driven to the nearest truck stop, ten miles off base and 400 miles from his home.

The Corporal let him out of the trunk and said, "I'll be here to pick you up at 3pm on the day your leave ends. Don't make me wait. If you are not here by 4pm I will leave and you can get yourself back to the base. And good luck with that!"

Billy Joe knew what he meant. Hitching a ride to the base dressed like this would not be good. And when he got to the gate, the MP's would no doubt amuse themselves at his expense.

With no money, he couldn't even buy food. Perhaps one of the truckers would feed him if he served the guy well. The Corporal drove off leaving the boy to his own devices. Billy Joe spotted a water fountain on the side of the main building and went to get a drink. The fountain was set to wheelchair height so the boy had to bend over, exposing his butt crack and the bottom of his butt.

As he was taking a long drink, he froze at the sound of boots crunching gravel behind him. He felt the hands on his ass as a deep bass voice said, "Check it out Mike. Either we got us a track star whose school colors are purple and baby blue, or we got us a little fag boy. I'm betting on fag boy."

Billy Joe turned around. The hands never left him, simply sliding across the fabric to his package as he turned. He was faced with a bull of a man. At least six feet one, and 250 pounds of mostly muscle, but with a bit of a beer gut. The man next to him was about five foot ten and skinny. Both had dark hair and brown eyes. The big man was clearly very hairy.

The trucker squeezed his package and BJ felt himself responding. To the teen's shame he saw that the trucker felt it too! Without a word the man grabbed him by the back of his shorts, turned him around and forced BJ around the back of the building and into a men's room. The teen offered no resistance. He knew better. These might be some of the truckers the Corporal knew.

The door was closed then locked. The larger man pulled BJ's shorts and jock down to his ankles, put a booted foot between the tight bodied teenager's legs to keep them there, then picked BJ straight up, pulling him out of his shorts completely. Billy Joe was now naked from two inches above his navel all the way down to his ankles. The trucker bent the boy over a bench and kicked his legs apart.

“Beg for it, bitch!”

Billy Joe wanted desperately to grab for his shorts and run, but knew the risks of doing that far outweighed the rewards. He did as he was ordered.

“Sir, please fuck me sir! I need it bad sir!” said the hot little teen.

The scrawny guy had his shorts. He could only hope he would give them back! The big trucker hacked up a loogie, and massaged it over his rigid seven inch fuck tool. He licked three fingers and shoved them deep into the boy's ass. The boy's well-trained butt hole relaxed and the fingers came out. The cock immediately replaced them. As the big trucker shoved his rod in to the hilt, the scrawny guy pulled out a big thick eight inch rammer that looked all out of proportion on his skinny frame.

Billy Joe opened his mouth and submitted to the inevitable face fucking. They pounded the little red head from both ends for a good fifteen minutes before filling him with their seed. Then they swapped ends and filled him again.

“Did you get what you came here for, boy?” asked the big trucker.

“Thank you sir, for fucking my ass and mouth. But I really need a ride to Tennessee,” said Billy Joe.

The two truckers laughed, and the little one said, “Well you put out for nothing. We're not going that way. But tell you what. Since you were such a nice fuck toy, we'll find you a ride. Take off your shirt, I want to see those pecs.”

Billy Joe removed his shirt and the scrawny guy took it from him. He was now in just his little girly sneakers and socks. The two men felt up his torso and ass as he stood the passive. The scrawny guy gave his nuts a painful squeeze.

“Anyone who comes back here is looking for sex. So if anyone comes in you would be wise to service them, or they'll just take you anyway. I'm going to take your shirt and shorts with me. You can put your jock back on. We're going to have lunch, and see if we can't find you a ride to Tennessee. You'll know who your ride is, because they will be the one's with your shirt and shorts,” said the scrawny guy.

The big guy laughed, and the two truckers left the men's room leaving the nearly naked little stud to await his fate. He could only hope they would do as they said, or he was going to be stuck in this truck stop in just his sneakers, socks and jock!

The redneck redhead sat down on the bench, and waited, fearfully for whatever would happen next. What happened next was truly humiliating. Two skinny teen boys, about his own age walked in to the men's room and burst out laughing when they saw him. These were the kind of kids he would have beat up in high school, just for the hell of it, and here he was at their mercy!

“Let me guess,” said the blond twink, “You're sitting here hoping to get fucked!”

“The skinny black-haired nerdy looking guy said, “I think he wants to get fucked from both ends at once! Isn't that right pussy boy?”

It was all Billy Joe could do to keep from lunging at these two and teaching them a lesson! But then he remembered the position he was in. If there had just been one of them, maybe he could have knocked the guy out and stolen his clothes. But with two of them he felt he couldn't risk the commotion—or the possibility of getting arrested for assault. He was on a suspended sentence and would be sent to jail for ten years!

“I'm just waiting to get my clothes back,” said BJ. He hoped they'd think they were being washed or something and leave him alone.

“You wouldn't be waiting on a baby blue tee shirt and purple shorts perhaps? There's two truckers in the restaurant trying to sell them—and you—to any trucker heading toward Tennessee. We figured we'd come in for a free sample before he sells you. If you serve us well, we'll give a good recommendation to the truckers who are thinking of buying you. Of course, we could just tell the cops there's a half-naked pervert back here if you'd rather,” said the nerdy one.

“No!” said BJ, a little too desperately.

The two teens grinned at their quarry. “Get that jock off, bitch!” said the nerdy one.

BJ blushed knowing they would now see he had no body hair. As the jock came off, the teens cracked up laughing. “You're like totally hairless dude. Does your dick even work?”

BJ retorted, “Feel free to suck it and find out!”

The nerdy one said, “No attitude, bitch, or we'll keep that jock. Kneel over the bench and spread those hairless legs of yours, fuck toy!”

The two teens wasted no time breeding the humiliated redhead. The nerdy one bought lube from a machine in the bathroom, coated his 6 inch cock and rammed it home. BJ was secretly grateful he'd already been opened up this morning. He'd had worse pain, but any cock shoved straight in was unpleasant. The blond moved in front of BJ and shoved his cock down the hairless soldier's throat. BJ had no interest in pleasing these two little pricks, but he didn't want them dissatisfied either, so he just went with it and followed their lead.

The little shits were clearly inexperienced, maybe even virgins. They came quickly and swapped ends, the blond now using the lube. They plowed both ends relentlessly, taking longer the second time around. Finally, they both shot into BJ at about the same time, leaving their fuck toy shamed and frustrated. BJ suddenly realized that, for the first time since he had been enslaved he had not shot his load while being fucked. At least the little pricks couldn't claim he'd loved it.

“Thank us, bitch!” said the blond.

BJ had no choice. He wanted to point out he hadn't come, and that they were awful at sex. But given the circumstances, he didn't dare. “Thank you sirs, for fucking my ass and my throat, BJ said quietly.

“Well, you did okay, I guess, so we'll give the truckers a good recommendation. Maybe someone will take you for a ride!” giggled the nerd. The blond put the jock over BJ's head and the two skinny twinkles left the bathroom. The furious young soldier washed up, put the jock back on and waited.

As much as the hot little teen needed someone to come through that door, he also dreaded it. If

he left the bathroom dressed like this, he was sure to get arrested and that meant prison time. But who new what humiliating and degrading tasks would be laid out for him by the total strangers who entered here?

After about twenty minutes, BJ began to panic, as no one had entered the bathroom. The truckers who had his clothes must have finished their lunch by now. Were they able to find a trucker to give him a ride? And if not, would they bring his clothes back. If they didn't what the hell was he going to do?

Just then, BJ heard footsteps on the gravel outside. The teen soldier waited, in a state of anticipation and dread. The door opened, and in walked a broad shouldered, hairy chested trucker who appeared to be about forty years old. He was about six foot two, maybe 220 pounds of muscle, had a shaved head and cold gray eyes. He wore a black leather jacket over a dirty white tee shirt, engineer boots and tight black jeans. He didn't have BJ's clothes.

Billy Joe began to tremble. Were his clothes ever going to turn up? Was he ever going to get a ride, or would he just spend the next two weeks in this bathroom living on tap water and cum?

The big trucker spoke: "I understand you lookin' fer a ride ta Tennessee. Ya make it worth ma while, mebbe I even give yer clothes back."

The trembling teen swallowed hard and spoke: "Sir, I'll do my best to please you, sir!"

The trucker warned BJ, "Me, my assistant driver and anyone else I tell you to service. No hesitation, no attitude, bitch! You got that?"

The teen gulped and said, "Sir, yes sir!"

The trucker said, "Take off that jock, boy."

Billy Joe immediately complied. The trucker pulled out a leather collar from his jacket pocket and tossed it to the boy. The well-trained soldier put it on and snapped the small padlock shut. The trucker walked over to his nearly naked collared slave and snapped a leash onto the collar's front D-Ring.

“I'm gonna let you keep your little girly sneakers so you don't tear up yer feet walkin' on gravel and rocks, or burnin' 'em on blacktop. Yer jock stays here. If ya get yer clothes back, yer gonna be goin' commando.”

The teen nodded and laid his jock on the bench. The trucker gave the leash a tug and led the boy outside. The naked teen found himself being led to a big rig parked about twenty feet from the bathroom entrance. The little stud looked around in panic, but there was no one to be seen. The trucker opened the door to his rig and ordered the boy to climb in.

The slender redhead slid across to the passenger side, hoping the trucker would let him crawl in the back or lie down so no one would see his naked hairless body through the windows. No such luck.

“Y'all sit up nice and straight boy! Folks in cars won't see ya, but I want ma truckin' buddies ta see what a fine piece a boy flesh I got me!” said the trucker.

Billy Joe blushed furiously, but knew he had no choice. This man had his clothes, his ID and his leave papers. The trucker glanced over at the hot naked teen, collared and obedient, awaiting his next command. He looked down at the boy's crotch and started laughing. Billy Joe followed his eyes and saw, to his utter shame, that his pretty little dick was rigid and dripping!

BJ was thoroughly trained by now, and knew better than to try to cover his crotch. He just sat there in misery, knees shoulder width apart and hung his head. As they left the truck stop, BJ

noticed another trucker, who was driving into the truck stop, do a double take when he saw his tight little body fully exposed to view.

The CB crackled to life. A voice came through loud and clear, “Hey Mule Skinner, this here's the Ram Rod! That's a real nice piece of fresh meat yer haulin'. You on the flip-flop?”

BJ's big trucker picked up his mike and responded, “That's a big 10-4, Ram Rod, gonna be headin' West on Route 40. Y'all lookin' ta get a slice of this fine meat on the hoof?”

“Hell yeah, Mule Skinner! The usual rest stop?”

“That's a 10-4, Ram Rod! See ya there, and spread the word. We got this fine hunk o' beef on sale for one night only.”

“Well that's a damn shame, Mule Skinner. I guess we'll just have ta make the most of it, 10-4?”

“10-4 to that Ram Rod! Mule Skinner's out.” The trucker turned to BJ and said, “You make us all happy tonight, and you'll get yer clothes back when I drop ya off. Why don't yer start by servicing ma boy. He's in the back in bed. You'll be a real nice surprise fer him ta wake up to.”

Well, BJ figured, at least he'd be out of sight. He climbed between the curtains and found a short slender teen, about his own age, sound asleep. He had black hair and bushy eyebrows, but no chest hair yet. The sleeping teen was as naked as he was. The boy he was about to service was a good two inches shorter and maybe ten or fifteen pounds lighter than BJ.

The young soldier found this deeply disturbing. Nearly all the men who had used him at the clinic had been bigger and stronger than he was. Submitting to those alpha males had been more acceptable because they were big and strong enough that they could have taken him even if he had tried to fight them. And the teens that had used him in the bathroom—well at least there

had been two of them.

But here he was, about to service a shrimp of a teen he knew he could easily have dominated under other circumstances. This was the most humiliating thing yet! And on top of all that, his damn dick was still hard and dripping.

“I know I have no interest in fucking this kid. So that's got to mean I'm not actually a homo, because he's really cute,” thought the desperate soldier, “It's got to be like the Doctor said. I'm turned on by humiliation and pain, and what's more humiliating to a straight guy than servicing other guys?”

But no matter how the pretty hairless teen tried to justify his submission, he knew what his Daddy would think of his behavior. And trying to think all this through was making his head hurt! Well, he better not delay too long, or the big trucker driving this rig might get pissed off.

BJ gently shook the sleeping teen. The boy woke with a start, “Who the hell are you?”

“I'm sorry to wake you Sir, but your dad said I should service you.”

The young trucker, took in the naked redheaded teen in front of him, noting the lack of body hair and the hard dripping dick. He was pleased to note that his was bigger. A lot bigger! The Teen trucker may have been short and skinny, but, as his cock hardened, BJ saw a thick solid eight inch slab of man meat.

“Aw crap!” thought Billy Joe, doesn't anyone besides me have a regular dick?”

“Where'd ma Daddy pick you up?” asked the young trucker.

“At the last truck stop, sir.”

“Well, I'm still kind of tired, so just suck my cock for now. I'll fuck ya later. I expect I'll fall back ta sleep when yer done. While I'm sleepin' ya'll just put yer face in ma crotch and ma cock in yer mouth. Anytime it gets hard start suckin'.

“Sir, yes sir!” said the resigned little stud. Billy Joe lay to one side of the young trucker, took his rapidly growing cock into his mouth and began to suck and tongue. Now highly experienced at serving men, the teen soldier had become an exceptional cocksucker. The head he was giving was the best the young trucker had ever had.

“Holy crap, that's good!” enthused the slender young trucker. Billy Joe was relieved, hoping to get his shorts and shirt back, if these two liked what he did for them. Billy Joe was so used to passively getting his throat fucked, that he found being in control of this teen truckers orgasm empowering. Go figure! BJ brought the kid right to the verge and then backed off, forcing the young trucker to demand release.

The naked soldier brought the skinny teen right to the edge again, then once again backed off. He never stopped sucking and tonging, but he would shift his efforts from the head and corona to the shaft. He didn't want to piss the kid off, after all. He just wanted the sense that he was in charge for once!

Finally, the skinny trucker said, “You better get me off and quick, faggot, or I'll tell my dad!” It was all Billy Joe could do to keep from laughing. The big trucker would surely make his life hell if he didn't comply, and so BJ got the kid off, swallowing the teen's huge load without prompting. For Billy Joe, it was a victory of sorts. But he wasn't going to push his luck.

“Crap, that was something! I'm gonna take a nap, and then before it's my turn to drive, I'm gonna fuck that tight little ass!”

“Sir, yes sir!” said the red haired soldier. Billy Joe remembered his earlier orders and lay his head in the kid's lap, placing the still semi-hard cock in his mouth. In this position both teenagers slept. It was the first time any of the men who had used BJ had shared a bed with him after sex. Billy Joe realized he liked the feeling, the closeness, even if he did have to keep the kid's dick in his mouth.

When he awoke, BJ realized he was actually cuddling with the kid's crotch, his arms wrapped around the Teen trucker's slender waist. BJ carefully removed his arms from the kid's waist without waking him. He was sure that massive humiliation would follow if the kid caught him cuddling his groin like that.

Billy Joe realized that the cock in his mouth was stirring and growing. The little sex slave followed his orders and began to gently suck the growing prick to full size. When he first started, BJ would never have been able to take a cock this size into his mouth without that cage thing to keep his mouth open. But he had a lot of experience now. On the one hand BJ was ashamed that one of the things he was best at was sucking cock. On the other hand, there wasn't much else he was really good at, and he felt a perverse kind of pride in his skillful cock sucking—a fact he found deeply disturbing.

Billy Joe's talented tongue was not only rousing the dick in his mouth, but also it's owner. The sleeping young trucker began to moan and slightly hump Billy Joe's pretty mouth.

As he woke, the kid said, “Oh yeah, nice way ta wake up! Get on yer back bitch, it's time ta get yer ass fucked!”

“Sir, yes sir!” If he had not already been well fucked that day, BJ would have been really worried about taking that big rammer up his ass with no preliminaries. But the kid's man meat was well lubed with his spit, and he felt he could handle it.

The skinny teen trucker put himself between Billy Joe's legs and rested the sex slave's ankles on his bony shoulders. The kid moved forward, rolling BJ's sweet little bubble butt into position. He grabbed the soldier's ankles and pushed them up beside BJ's red hair.

Then, with one slow steady shove he impaled the naked teenager's hole. The young trucker was pleased to see his prey's eyes bug out, but was a bit disappointed when BJ didn't yell or scream.

The violation hurt more than BJ expected, but he'd been through worse. And he wasn't going to give this skinny twerp the satisfaction of hearing him moan or yell, or make any sound at all. The kid clearly had some experience butt fucking, as he stopped once full penetration had been achieved, giving BJ time to adjust to the violation and reducing the pain for both of them.

After a short time, the young trucker ordered, “Beg for it bitch! You know you want it bad!”

“Sir, please fuck my ass, sir! Please fuck me as hard as you like and use me for your pleasure, sir!”

The young trucker grinned, pulled nearly all the way out, then rammed his tool home in a single stroke. His prey gasped, but didn't yell or moan. The kid began to pound his slave's ass with rapid full strokes. As the pounding continued, BJ's butt hole adjusted as he knew it would, taking it all and getting more horned up with each stroke. He still could not understand why he responded to anal violation the way he did. If he never came when being fucked, he wouldn't feel so ashamed or be so worried about his manhood. But he came almost every damn time!

As the fucking continued, the older trucker pulled over to the side of the road, opened the curtains to the sleeping area and enjoyed the show. “Aw crap!” thought the helpless naked teen. He'd been fucked publicly plenty of times, but this was different. He was quite capable of kicking the kid's ass, and was still submitting to him—and now this old fat guy who BJ didn't

think deserved him was watching and would soon be fucking him!

Billy Joe was mortified! For all he had been through, he still saw himself as an alpha male, caught in a bad situation by bigger, stronger alpha males. That he had been able to accept—especially since it resulted in so many orgasms!

But this was different. The Airborne Rangers who made use of him were exceptional men. These two were just a couple of indolent good 'ole boys. Billy Joe looked into the leering eyes of the scrawny teen trucker on top of him, and could barely contain his rage. Only the fear that these two might be among the truckers the Corporal knew caused him to keep his composure and hide his feelings.

As the teen trucker pounded BJ's sweet ass, the older trucker began to grope and fondle his naked helpless body. Billy Joe gulped down his rage and shame, and submitted to the big man's hands, and the skinny teen's cock.

“How's his boy twat, son?”

“Great, Daddy, he really knows how to use it too!”

Billy Joe realized he was automatically squeezing his ass tight on the back stroke and opening up to his tormentor on penetration, as he had been trained to do. He couldn't stop now, or he probably wouldn't get his clothes back. And now the old guy would expect the same thing!

“Crud,” thought Billy Joe. The last thing he wanted to do was please these two, but there was really no other option now. If he showed up at home stark naked, his Daddy would whip him raw!

The scrawny kid trucker picked up the pace, hammering the little red head's hot bubble butt.

Much to his shame, Billy Joe could feel his own balls getting tight, despite the fact the kid was actually a lousy fuck. He might know the basics, but he either had no skill, or had no interest in giving pleasure. Both blew their loads with massive groans as the big trucker groped the naked soldier's hairless balls.

The skinny teen trucker scooped up the cum from BJ's torso and fed it to him. BJ knew better than to argue. He swallowed his own load without comment or hesitation.

“Yer a purty bitch boy, I'll give ya that. Now it's my turn ta see how good a fuck ya are!” said the hefty hairy trucker.

The kid pulled out and slid over to one side to make room for his Daddy. The big man rolled the red head over and put him in the doggie position. Billy Joe hadn't seen his dick, because the man did not drop his coveralls until the submissive soldier was turned around and on his knees.

As the big trucker rammed his meat home, BJ guessed that it was about the same length as the kid's but thicker. The big bear went right to work on his little slave's ass, and his boy slid his crotch under BJ's face. The soldier didn't have to be told. He began sucking the kid's cock even as the big trucker pounded his ass relentlessly.

“Yer right, son. This is one talented boy twat!”

“Wait 'til ya try his mouth Daddy. Ah'm guessin' his Army rank is Cocksucker First Class!”

Both truckers laughed uproariously at what Billy Joe figured was the cleverest thing that stupid kid ever said. The truckers continued to taunt him, but after a while Billy Joe was able to tune them out and focus on the rhythm of the double fucking he was receiving.

He kept telling himself, “I'll be home by tomorrow. Then I can get a little self-respect back by

fucking my sister and a couple of the local girls!” If BJ had known what was in store for him, he wouldn't have been so content. In fact he wouldn't have gone home at all!

Despite the fact it was the little trucker's third load into Billy Joe, he came before his Daddy. Teenagers. The big man shot into the naked soldier's ass about five minutes later just as Billy Joe was shooting his own load all over the mattress he was kneeling on.

“Lick that up, bitch! Then start suckin' me,” ordered the big bear trucker.

Billy Joe obeyed, despite the fact the big man tasted pretty nasty. BJ didn't know it, but the man had eaten broccoli at dinner the night before. It may have been good for the big man's health, but it made his cum taste awful!

The big bear was the aggressive sort. He didn't let BJ control the cock sucking like his kid had. He fucked the hairless naked teen's throat hard and fast. And he took a long time with it. The teen trucker amused himself by squeezing BJ's nuts and twisting his nips painfully. BJ was actually glad the Airborne Rangers at the clinic had trained him so well, or he never could have handled the pain and distraction. Without his training BJ figured he would have bitten the big man—and that would have cost him his clothes for sure!

Finally, the big man shot a huge load down his throat. Again, the young soldier's training kicked in, and he managed to swallow it all. “Not bad, pussy boy. Do that well tonight, and mebbe you'll git yer clothes back!”

“What happens tonight?” asked Billy Joe nervously.

“Ah had ta pay fer yer clothes and yer ass. And tonight ah plan ta make a profit on ma investment, bitch! Ah'm gonna whore yer ass out ta anyone who's willin' ta pay, and Ah'm keepin'

all the money!” the big trucker said with a grin.

“Best be a real good boy!” said the teen twerp trucker with a smirk.

Billy Joe had that deer in the headlights look again. “Aw crud!” he thought. That's all he needed. The humiliation of being whored out was bad enough. But the thought of arriving home exhausted and with cum dripping out of his ass made him cringe. Maybe they'd give him enough money to use a shower at a truck stop. Otherwise, his Daddy would see and smell what had happened. He did not want to think about that!

The teen took over the driving, and BJ had to sleep in the arms of the big trucker. Even though the guy smelled pretty rank, it was still kind of nice. At least he didn't have to sleep with the man's dick in his mouth.

When the naked teen awoke, it was dark out. He had no idea where they were, which made him feel even more vulnerable. He could feel the sleeping bear's rigid rod poking into his ass crack, and knew he would have it inside him at least one more time.

About then the trucker awoke, dipped his fingers into the naked little stud's ass for some cum to use as lube, and rubbed it over his big cock. The bear sat up and leaned against the side wall of the sleeping area and ordered BJ to sit on his cum-covered member and fuck himself with it. BJ obeyed. As he began riding the slimy fuck tool, the big trucker turned the light on in the sleeping area, so he could enjoy the view. BJ realized the curtains were still open. Anyone looking in their rear view mirror would see him!

The big trucker began to run his hands all over the tight hairless body in front of him, twisting nips, squeezing nuts and butt cheeks and finally, giving the submissive little stud deep wet kisses. BJ was mortified! This big fat hairy old guy was french kissing him, and he was not only letting

him, he found himself getting into it! His little cock was hard and dripping and he knew he would have to lick his load off both of them.

BJ shot his load first, moaning into the big man's mouth as he came. He had to keep going for almost another ten minutes, doing all the work, until the big man came. By the time that happened, BJ was hard again! BJ's bubble butt was humping on it's own, wanting more, but the big guy went soft and BJ groaned in frustration and shame.

Both truckers laughed, and the skinny one said, “Looks like the lil' bitch just can't get enough, Daddy!”

“Let's see if he's had enough, after we sell his ass and mouth to all comers tonight!” the big trucker said, with a smirk.

“All cummers! That's a good one Daddy!”

Billy Joe groaned inwardly. That kid was dumber than he was!

Two hours later the big rig pulled into a large rest area along the highway, and drove around to the truck parking area in the back. Billy Joe counted eleven semis parked there and began to tremble. He hoped to hell that they didn't all have two drivers each! Maybe some of these men were just sleeping or wouldn't want him. Well, he could hope!

BJ's wrists were buckled to the D-Ring on the back of the collar he had been wearing since the big trucker found him in that rest room. A spreader bar was locked between his knees and the big trucker picked him up in his arms and carried him out of the rig, then set him on his feet on the ground. His feet were the only parts of his body that were covered. And that by a pair of pretty white girly sneakers!

His naked, hairless body on full display to the crowd of truckers, BJ was led by the leash attached to his collar, over to a picnic table next to a blazing fire pit. He had to waddle because of the spreader bar, and this made his hard, pretty cock wiggle obscenely back and forth. The truckers whistled and hooted at the sight.

“Hey, Mule Skinner! Did you shave him or did he come that way?” yelled one of the truckers.

“Already smooth as a baby's ass when I picked him up!” replied the big trucker, with a grin. “He fucks like a rabbit and sucks like a Hoover!”

Billy Joe groaned inwardly again as all the truckers laughed and hooted. BJ guessed the truckers thought that was clever and original humor. Then the bound and naked teen realized that if he had been the one in control he would have laughed just as hard!

“Am I really as big an asshole as these guys?” thought the humiliated soldier. But there would be no more time for thinking.

The bound red head was brought over to the picnic table and bent over it with his knees on the bench. The spreader bar was tied to the bench and the leash was tied to the bench on the other side.

“Ten bucks for mouth, twenty for ass, men,” said the big trucker. The big bear took up position by his ass to collect the money, and the scrawny teen took up position by his mouth to collect for blow jobs.

A big tube of lube was placed on the picnic table and zippers started unzipping. Before BJ could catch his breath a large uncut cock was shoved in his mouth and seconds later one went up his ass. All the teen could think of now was serving the predators lined up at both ends.

The pounding continued into the night, and to his shame and frustration, Billy Joe blew his load five times, his insatiable little butt humping back into the cock fucking his ass on each occasion. The hot little soldier had his throat fucked repeatedly and every trucker expected the boy to swallow his load.

BJ did the best he could, but as the evening wore on and he became more tired and bloated, he found that most of the cum just dribbled out of his mouth, despite his best efforts.

“If ya can't swallow any more, kid, then you'll wear it!” said the big trucker. After that, the truckers would pull out of him at both ends and shoot their loads all over his tight little body.

“Beg for it, bitch” was the most common thing said to BJ, and of course, he did as he was told.

“Sir, please fuck my face, sir.” or “Sir, please fuck my ass sir, I need it sir!” or “Sir, please cum all over my body, I need you to mark me, sir!” The slender soldier had no pride left. He was a cum dump for hire, and he didn't even get any of the money!

As the night wore on, BJ noticed that the wad of tens collected by the scrawny teen trucker had grown to a fist full. When he had a chance he looked back at the big trucker, and, if anything, his wad of twenties was even bigger! The little stud just groaned and turned his head back to beg for the next cock.

As the last of the truckers finished with him, the brightening sky in the East revealed a bound and naked teen thoroughly exhausted and covered in cum. His two owners removed his bonds, but the boy didn't have the energy to move.

“Well, Ah sure as hell ain't gonna let ya in mah truck, lookin' and smellin' like that, boy! Son, we gotta drag his sorry ass over ta that shed. It's gotta garden hose.”

They picked BJ up and hauled him over to the shed. The first thing they did, was shove the hose up his ass and give him a cold water enema. Billy Joe, groaned and pleaded, but they weren't going to stop and the exhausted soldier didn't have the energy or will to fight them.

“Ah don't want yer ass drippin' cum in mah truck, boy!”

They filled BJ up and he voided himself—four times! Then, they rolled him over. His stomach was so bloated from swallowing cum, he looked two months pregnant.

“All that cum in yer belly makes ya look fat, boy! Can't have that, in case we want to use ya again,” said the big trucker.

They made him stick his finger down his throat and barf it all up. Billy Joe was disgusted by the sight, but glad to have it all out of him. The bloat was gone, and he felt a little better. The truckers pulled off his shoes and socks, laid him on the black top of the parking lot and hosed him down. The truckers had a couple of bars of soap and hand towels, which they used as wash cloths. The truckers roughly washed every part of BJ, as he lay there, too tired to move.

It was like when they held him as they slept. He found he really liked giving himself over like this. He felt cared for, which was kind of weird given what they'd done to him! After completely washing him up, they hosed him down again. They put his socks and girly sneakers back on him, then put on his purple running shorts, but not his baby blue tee shirt.

“Boy, ya did good for the most part, but ya didn't swallow all the cum. So ya git yer shorts back, but not yer shirt. Ah'm keepin' that as a souvenir, That an' the pictures we took while ya was busy getting' fucked from both ends!” the big trucker said with a laugh.

They half-carried Billy Joe back to the truck and tossed him in the back to sleep it off. When

Billy Joe woke up, he saw the sun was now fully up. Billy Joe managed to sit up and ask, “Where are we, sir?”

“Ya said ya was goin' ta Butcher's Hollow, right? Well, that next exit up the highway is the one to Butcher's Hollow. But it's closer ta this next rest stop than it is to the exit, so were gonna leave yer ass here,” the big trucker said, as he pulled into the rest area. “It's about five miles up that dirt road on the other side of the fence. The lock on the gate's broken so ya kin git through. If yer too tired ta walk it just yet, there's a nice shade tree where ya kin take a nap right over there.”

“Thank you for your kindness, sir. I need to get home so I'll just start walking.”

“Suit yerself, boy. Mah CB handle is Mule Skinner, if ya ever want more of the same!” said the big trucker, with a grin.

The two truckers drove off, leaving BJ to his own devices. Billy Joe had expected the truckers to use him again. He wondered if they had taken pity on him, or if they were just tapped out. Either way, he was surprised and grateful.

The exhausted teen began the walk home. He knew this dirt road. It ran right past his Daddy's farm. BJ was surprised to realize that he had never thought of it as his own home, just the place his Daddy let him live. There was almost never any traffic on this road, so BJ wasn't worried about anyone seeing him like this—except of course, his Daddy!

As he walked up the long driveway to the house, BJ saw his Daddy sitting on the porch and his stomach sank. He wasn't at all sure how his Daddy would react to seeing him walk up wearing nothing but tight purple running shorts, little white socks and girly sneakers.

And without the jock, his little package showed every detail through the tight purple fabric.

Worse, BJ realized he was rock hard and dripping again! There was a big wet stain on his shorts. Despite the fact his dick was on the small side, it was actually peeking out the top of his low-rise shorts! What was that about?

As he got close enough to see the expression on his Daddy's face he began to think he would have been better off coming home naked! Billy Joe walked up onto the porch, but said nothing and made no attempt to sit in his Daddy's presence. The man was clearly very angry.

In a quiet, commanding voice, his Daddy said, “You're an embarrassment boy! I don't know what the hell this is about, but I think you know what's coming next. Get that shit you're wearing off, and get your ass out to the barn. It's whuppin' time!”

Without a word, a trembling Billy Joe stripped naked and walked to the barn.

*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