

GAY BASHER IS TRAINED TO SERVE

By
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Thank you! I truly appreciate all the wonderful e-mails I have received and apologize for taking so long to write the final chapter of this story. I had to find a new place to live and get moved. I hope you enjoy this final chapter. For those of you who are waiting patiently for Chapter 3 of my Biker/Twink series, I promise that is my next project. I hope to have it posted in about a month.

This story has a few twists at the end, and I am really anxious to know what you all think of it. You can e-mail me using the link below:

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Thanks again for all your support!

Randy

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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!

CHAPTER 9

The next morning BJ woke to one of the goats licking his crotch. "Jeez," thought Billy Joe, "Doesn't the humiliation ever end?"

The naked teen pushed the goat away and slowly got to his feet. He wasn't sure if he was more sore *now*, or after the wolves had fucked him. At least after the wolves, the Corporal had let him have some time to recover before his trip home. His Daddy would show no mercy.

The boy shuffled his aching body out of the barn and over to the pump for a drink of water. Shoving away the odd barnyard animal that came over to sniff. He had cleaned himself up at the pump last night, but as sore and exhausted as he was, and it being night, he clearly hadn't done a very good job.

BJ grabbed the bar of soap by the pump and began to wash himself again. The teen didn't know it, but his three tormentors had spotted him while having breakfast and were enjoying the view.

It was a delectable sight! The naked hairless and apparently dick-less teen, his body gleaming from the soap and water in the low morning sun, was rubbing his beautifully defined torso all over with the soap and a rag. The best part was he clearly had no clue how sexy he looked!

The only thing he was wearing was the collar his sister had put around his neck the night before. The sight was truly breathtaking. BJ's sister grabbed the camera and shot both stills and video of her brother's erotically charged exhibition.

His Daddy was enjoying the view but not especially moved by it all. Men weren't really his thing. He took sex where he could get it when it wasn't readily available, but he much preferred women. In fact, if the boy weren't so slender, small boned and beautiful, he wouldn't have taken him at all.

The Preacher on the other hand, was hard as steel and dripping into his whitey tighties. The Preacher had always gone both ways, though living in Tennessee, he kept that little fact to himself. The idea of having both brother and sister at his disposal had kept him awake most of the night. The only reason he hadn't spent the night yanking his crank, is because he wanted to save it all for the ripe young soldier he was watching through the window.

Billy Joe finished rinsing himself off, and sure enough the animals had lost interest in him. That was the first feeling of relief the boy had had since he got home! Then he remembered what was waiting for him

inside the house. The slender blond gave a small shudder and headed for the back door. As he looked up at the back porch, he saw his sister shooting video of him. For a split second he had the impulse to run onto the porch, grab the camera and beat her senseless with it.

Then he realized that she already had enough pictures of him to ruin his life in Butcher's Hollow, and besides, his Daddy and the Preacher were no doubt inside watching through the window. He knew if he showed any aggression toward any of them, his Daddy would not be amused. The thought made him shudder again.

He realized, as he walked toward the house, that he no longer loved his Daddy, as he had when growing up. He simply feared him—and resented him. He should never have come home. He wondered idly if he ever would again. He found he didn't care. He would get through these two weeks then head back to the Army. It actually looked better to him now than his home did!

He thought briefly about heading back early, but realized that was probably not going to be an option. His Daddy had his clothes, such as they were, locked up. And the Corporal was not going to meet him at the truck stop until the day he was due back. There was no way he could get onto the base in those little shorts and girly sneakers and shirt!

A resigned Billy Joe slowly moved his sore little body toward the house as his sister recorded every step. He felt he couldn't afford to care about stuff like that anymore—though out of the little pride he had left, he did try to avoid the waddling walk he always seemed to have after being gang fucked.

“It's going to be a long day and night, bitch!” said his sister as he stepped onto the porch.

He ignored her and walked slowly into the house. He didn't doubt her. But he refused to give her the satisfaction of a response. As he entered the kitchen he saw his Daddy and the Preacher sitting at the table he had been fucked on the night before. He used to like that table.

His Daddy looked disinterested, but the Preacher was checking out every inch of him with a leer and a smirk on his face at the same time. Billy Joe felt utterly helpless. He couldn't do a thing about the

Preacher now, except to obey. And that thought got a stir out of his dick—which was as helpless as he was!

But what really bothered him was his Daddy's indifference. The man had turned BJ into “Daddy's Bitch”, and it was like the man had no feeling about him at all! BJ had only rarely been able to please the formidable man, but at least his Daddy had always cared enough to keep him in line.

“Is something wrong Daddy?”

“Naw, I'm just a bit tired from all that fucking I did yesterday. I gotta say though, I sure wish you were a girl. As a man you're a real disappointment.”

BJ wasn't surprised. It wasn't the first time his Daddy had said something like that. But instead of making him feel bad, as usual, it made him feel a little resentful. He *was* a man! And he liked being one. And his Daddy couldn't change that!

He didn't say a word, of course, but thinking that made him feel a little better. There was, it turned out, a limit to what his Daddy could control. That was actually a revelation for Billy Joe. It had never occurred to him that there was a limit to his Daddy's power over him.

“Get some breakfast boy, you got a long day ahead of you.”

To Billy Joe's surprise, the long day consisted of doing chores out on the farm. He had to do them naked, of course. He could only hope that no one saw him from the road!

He spent the day pitching hay, slopping the hogs, feeding the goats and chickens, shoveling shit out of the horse stalls and weeding the vegetable garden. And the whole time his bitch sister was taking pictures and video of his sweaty, hairless naked body doing all that manual labor.

BJ was used to the labor. In fact, it felt really good to get some serious exercise and work up an honest sweat. But he could not understand for the life of him what they all wanted with all the pictures and

video. What was that about?

Of course, the Preacher sat on the porch the whole time, drinking beer and watching the show. His Daddy was nowhere in sight. When it was time for lunch, BJ had to eat it in the pig sty, as his sister continued to document it all. When he was done, the Preacher called him up to the porch.

“It's time for your dessert, bitch,” growled the Preacher.

BJ suspected he knew what that would be. The Preacher pulled out his hard, throbbing fuck tool, which confirmed the boy's suspicions. BJ dropped to his knees right then and there on the porch and proceeded to give the man a blow job.

His sister dropped to one knee and was clearly shooting the video so her husband could only be seen from the waist down, while Billy Joe's naked filthy body was in full view.

“Keep those filthy hands off my cock and behind your head, bitch! I'm the one who's in control of *this* mouth fucking”

His sister giggled. Billy Joe wanted to throttle her!

The Preacher began to slowly fuck the sweaty teen's throat, mashing his pubes into the boy's face with each stroke. BJ worked to please with his tongue whenever the dick head was in his mouth, to reduce the amount of time the massive man meat was down his throat and blocking his air supply.

But the cock's owner didn't seem to care about the little teen's talents and kept his rod down the open throat for thirty and sometimes forty seconds at a time! The kneeling naked soldier found himself getting light headed from a lack of air.

“Aw, cripes!” thought Billy Joe, “I can't ask him to give me more air with this damn dick down my throat and I don't dare try to get his cock out of my mouth. Daddy would really make me pay for that!”

So BJ kept it up, letting his throat be violated by the homo he'd beaten up, and getting dizzy in the process. He could feel the Preacher pick up the pace and the man started to growl filthy names at him. The woozy teen could only hope the man would shoot his load soon—real soon!

But the Preacher held off just long enough for Billy Joe to faint dead away. The massive cock shot all over the little stud's helpless body. The Preacher never even went soft! He picked up the unconscious boy at his feet, laid him over the porch table and rammed his cum covered tool straight into the tight little ass in front of him. His sister got it all on video.

“Aw, crud!” the desperate woozy teen groaned, as the pain of his violation brought him partially awake.

“Shut up and take it bitch,” growled the Preacher, “You know how much you want it! Hell, I can feel that tiny little dick of yours dripping between my legs! Tell me how much you love it, you little cunt!”

The half-conscious boy did his best to comply, but in his present state he wasn't even sure what he was saying. No matter, his sister had it all on video. He'd probably find out later.

The Preacher pounded Billy Joe's pretty little bubble butt with a vengeance, demeaning the youth with his words the whole time. “Take it you worthless bitch! The only thing your good for is serving real men with that pretty mouth and boy pussy you got! Isn't that right you worthless pile of shit!”

“Yes sir, I'm only good for one thing and that's to get fucked by any man who wants me!” “Did I really say that?” thought a dizzy Billy Joe. Well, he'd already sunk so low, what did it matter anyhow? But in the fog of semi-consciousness, without the brain's usual defense mechanisms in place, the boy wondered if it might actually be true! After all, what else was he good at?

His tormentor shot his load into the boy's thoroughly fucked ass, shouting “Take my load homo!”

Without even thinking Billy Joe said, “Yes sir, thank you sir!” Boy, Army training really sticks with you!

The Preacher walked around the table to Billy Joe's mouth and said the famous words, “Lick it clean,

bitch!” And the woozy teen did exactly that. As the boy finished, his brain was finally returning to full function. The well-trained youth found himself licking the man's nut sac clean as well.

And his sister had it all on video.

The Preacher growled, “Roll over boy; wipe my cum off your face and chest and eat it. I don't want my precious bodily fluids going to waste!”

With a groan Billy Joe wiped the drying cum up, along with the sweat and filth on his body, and ate it as instructed. There was no use denying it. He was nothing more than a cum dump. He took some consolation in the thought that his time in the Army would soon be over, and he would be free. Then let a man try to use him!

When BJ was done with his dessert, he just rolled over on the table and hung there off both sides. The Preacher left the filthy exhausted teen lying across the table, his hairless legs splayed out and his tight little ass open to view. His sister shot video and stills of every inch of the helpless sweating boy.

She decided that ass needed another fucking. She put the camera on a tripod, got her dildo on, and fucked the living shit out of her helpless big brother. “Payback is a bitch, ain't that right boy?”

“You're the bitch!” groaned Billy Joe.

Bad move. His sister was enraged and made sure every second of his fucking was painful torment. She went on and on until the little stud started begging her to stop.

“Who's the bitch, you piece of shit? Who's the bitch!”

“I am! I'm your bitch! I'm sorry I said what I did!”

“I'll tell you right now, you're gonna be a lot sorrier before this is all over!” And finally, she stopped. She pulled out abruptly, and imitating her husband's actions walked around the table to BJ's mouth. The

chastened and frightened teen didn't need to be told. He set to work licking her dildo and crotch clean.

And the camera caught it all.

Just as he was finishing the debasing task of cleaning his sister with his tongue, his Daddy walked out onto the porch. Billy Joe was too exhausted even to groan. And he wasn't sure if he could take another fucking. But what his Daddy had in mind was worse.

“Boy, lunch break is long over. You been lollygagging around on this porch for the better part of two hours! Get your ass back to work! And you better finish every chore I gave you and finish 'em right! I don't care if you have to work 'til midnight. And you don't get to take the time to clean up until you're done and I've inspected your work. You got it boy?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

The miserable naked teen went back to work. His sister followed capturing it all on video.

It took Billy Joe until Ten PM to finish. But he got his chores done right, and his Daddy said, “Well, at least you haven't forgotten how to work.” That was as close to praise as BJ had heard since he got home. But surprisingly, it didn't matter to the boy. Maybe it was just because he was so tired and had no energy left for feelings.

His Daddy allowed him to eat supper out of a bowl on his hands and knees—on the porch as he stank to high heaven. He wasn't allowed to clean up until after he ate.

And of course, his sister shot video of him eating his meal in such a humiliating way.

The two weeks continued in the same fashion until the second Saturday morning. Saturday was usually a work day on the farm, so BJ was surprised when his Daddy told him there would be no chores that day. Before the Army BJ would have been grateful. Now, he suspected he would prefer the chores to whatever these three sadists had in store.

He was rarely right about things, but he was right about this. Figured.

“Boy, it's Saturday and we are going out on the town tonight. We are heading over to Trucker's Heaven near the Preacher's town, so none of your friends will see you. And you will be dressed as, and act like a girl, if you know what's good for you! Your sister is going to train you on the finer points. You better pay attention, boy—and no sass! Or I might just let someone know who and what you are!”

That may have been the worst threat his Daddy had ever made. BJ knew he had to be on his best behavior. No calling his Sister a bitch today! “Go out to the pump and get as clean as you can. You'll most likely have to wash up again before we go; but you been sleeping in the barn, and I don't want you stinking up the house.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

His three masters all had smirks on their faces, because they knew what they had planned for the little gay basher. BJ saw the looks and knew it was going to be bad. It was probably just as well that he didn't know how bad!

His Sister brought him to her room. He saw girl clothes laid out on the bed, and knew with a sinking feeling that he was the one who would be wearing them. It was downright shameful! He'd been through an unrelenting hell for months, but this was the absolute worst!

“I'm going to help you dress, because I know you won't know how to put some of this stuff on. Hell, you didn't even know how to take it off me when you were raping me. You ripped and ruined a bunch of my clothes you little bitch. Which reminds me—who's the bitch?”

“I'm the bitch,” said a mortified Billy Joe. “I'm your bitch and Daddy's bitch and the Preacher's bitch.”

“And you'll be the bitch of anyone who wants you tonight. Isn't that right you little fuck?”

“Yes, it is,” said the lithe little teen, quietly.

His Daddy had said he was prettier than his sister. If that was true, then an awful lot of men would be wanting him tonight. BJ groaned inwardly. His sister began with the thong.

“You keep this on tonight, or someone will figure out what you are. If they rub that imitation pussy of yours through the cloth they most likely won't figure it out. Ain't no one around here knows a damn thing about pleasing a woman anyway except my husband. And that's 'cause he went away to school. You understand what I'm telling you, boy?”

BJ nodded. If his sister had called him “boy” before the Army he'd have slapped her senseless. Now, all he could do was obey. He put on the thong and looked at himself in the mirror. It really did look like a pussy! BJ wanted to cry, but was damned if he would in front of his sister.

“Now here's the acid test. You got nice pecs, bigger than most men. But they ain't quite tits. I got three different bras for you to try. They got falsies built in, so as long as you don't let anyone feel underneath or take it off you, you should be alright. Actually, I'm hoping you get caught, long as I get to watch what they do to you!”

In that moment, BJ became truly terrified. What if his Sister sabotaged this whole thing by giving him wrong advice or dressing him wrong? He had no clue how to fool a man into thinking he was a girl! If his Sister set him up, he'd never know it until it was too late!

“I know I been bad to you, but please help me get through this Sis,” the boy pleaded quietly, “I promise I'll never be bad to you again.”

His Sister snorted, “Damn right you won't whether I help you or not. The only reason I might do this right, is 'cause Daddy and my husband want me to. They think it will be more humiliating for you to actually pull it off and make all those men think you're a girl than it would be to get caught!”

“Aw, geez,” thought BJ, “They're right! I'm gonna hate this either way!” Then he thought about the fact that he was due to head back to the base tomorrow and if they beat him up and he couldn't travel, he'd be AWOL and they'd probably court marshal him and then the local Judge would send him to prison for

ten years! He was so close to having all this behind him, he just had to make this work, no matter how shameful it was.

Billy Joe tried on the first bra. It looked phoney as hell. He tried on the second. It was even worse if that was possible. It didn't look as bad as the first, but if you felt it up, it was clearly phoney. BJ was getting really worried now. If the third one didn't work was he basically fucked.

Billy Joe tried on the third bra. His Sister called it a wonderful bra, or something like that. BJ just hoped it looked and felt right to a man who was fondling him. BJ looked in the mirror and could not believe what he saw. The darn thing had kind of pushed his pecs toward each other and he actually had cleavage!

Pushed in like that, his pecs filled up the empty space in the B-cup bra so that the built-in falsies, which made him look like he had a C-cup, felt part of the rest of his chest. It felt real! BJ breathed a sigh of relief. BJ felt himself up before he realized what he was doing, and his Sister laughed her ass off.

“What's a matter homo, haven't felt any titties in a while? Let me check 'em out,” she said as BJ blushed a bright crimson. Being BJ was a redhead, that was *really* red!

“I'll be damned. It's gonna work big brother bitch of mine,” said his Sister in wonder. I figured this was the part that would get you caught. But as long as you do what I tell you, and don't let anyone take off your thong or bra, you might just be okay.”

BJ was trembling in relief, but knew he had a long night ahead of him and he better pull it together. His Sister handed him a pleated wrap-around mini skirt. This wasn't the kind that fit tight. It was the kind that was like a cheerleader skirt and could easily be pulled up, exposing BJ's ass and thong to all. And because it was a wrap-around skirt, all someone had to do was untie the leather thing that held it together and it would simply fall off!

“When a guy wants to fuck that pretty little ass of yours, just tell him to pull the thong strap to one side. We cooked up a good story about why they can't have your pussy. Daddy's gonna tell them your his niece

from Alabama and you're up here to visit. You're a nice obedient girl and you do what you're told, but you're engaged and your man wants you to be a virgin for the wedding. He told your Daddy in Alabama that fucking your ass and mouth was okay, but not your virgin twat. He wants to make sure the kids are his. Ain't that clever?"

"That's actually brilliant," thought BJ, "I'd a never thought of something like that in a million years!" Of course he wasn't going to tell his Sister that! "Yeah, Sis that might work," was all he said.

"And Daddy is gonna tell 'em that he agreed to let you keep your clothes on 'cause you're shy, plus you don't want your pussy available in case a man might not be able to help himself. That's also why me, Daddy and my husband are going to be there to watch everything. And I'm gonna shoot video so's your finance will know no one had your twat!"

BJ still couldn't figure out why they wanted all this video and the pictures. If they thought they could blackmail him into coming back to Butcher's Hollow and being their fuck toy for the rest of his life they were out of their minds! Even if they showed that stuff to everyone he knew and posted it on the internet, it wouldn't be as bad as coming back here and belonging to the three of *them*.

Billy Joe had decided that once he left Butcher's Hollow, he was never coming back. The Army would send the Judge a copy of his DD214, which would show he left the service honorably, and the charges against him would simply be dismissed. He didn't have to return for a court date. So, he wasn't coming back. There was no way to avoid tonight, but come tomorrow he was out of here for good!

"Time to put on your top," his Sister said. Billy Joe groaned inwardly. It covered his shoulders (and his bra straps) and it also covered his "tits". It did not cover much else. It came no more than three inches below his bra and was wide open at the bottom. Anyone could easily lift it up to cop a feel through the bra. His flat stomach, the lowest part of his rib cage, his navel and the area down to about five inches below his navel were completely exposed.

"Well, it's still better than those damn tiny running shorts the Corporal made me wear to come home,"

thought Billy Joe.

Normally, before the Army, if his shirt was off, he would tighten his stomach to show off his six pack to the girls. Fortunately for BJ it didn't really show unless he did that. He would not be flexing his stomach tonight!

“Shoes and socks are next. I cleaned up those cute little girly sneakers you wore home. They fit you and they'll look great with this outfit,” said his smiling Sister.

After putting on the shoes and the short little bobby socks, BJ looked in the mirror again. If he had seen a girl who looked like this before the Army he would have jumped her bones before she even knew what was going on. Except for his hair. It was a little longish for an Airborne Ranger because the soldiers like him that way. But it was nowhere near long enough for a girl—not even a dyke!

“Sis, what about my hair? No one's gonna believe I'm a girl with this short hair,” said Billy Joe, pensively.

“Really, getting into this, aren't you?” his Sister said with a shit-eating grin.

“No!” snapped the pretty boy, but then he caught himself. He had to get through this with as little damage as possible. “I'm sorry Sis, I didn't mean to yell. But I have to tell you, I'm hating every second of this. I just don't want to get caught.”

“Well you better watch it.”

“Sorry, Sis.”

“It just so happens I have a wig for you. Wait here while I get it.”

The humiliated and utterly miserable soldier couldn't take his eyes off the mirror. He felt a lump in his throat as he approached tears. He swallowed hard and willed it away. “Well,” he thought, “That damn well *should* have worked, seeing as how I've had so much practice swallowing lately.”

His sister came back with a medium length wig. Sort of a Meg Ryan look, except Strawberry blonde instead of just blonde. It was actually kind of a unisex thing. The hairstyle was the kind you might see on an athletic girl or one of those trendy city guys. Of course, no man in Butcher's Hollow would be caught dead wearing his hair like that—if a man had long hair in Butcher's Hollow it was a mullet—so everyone would think the hair belonged to a girl.

“I'm concerned about some over-heated redneck grabbing and pulling on your hair only to have it come off in his hands. So I'm going to super glue it to your head the same way Daddy glued your dick back,” said his Sister with a leer.

Billy Joe might have argued, but he realized she was right. That's the last thing he needed!

She glued the wig down in about six different places. BJ thought that was overkill, but knew better than to say anything. He'd already pressed his luck when he had yelled at her.

He looked in the mirror again. He was appalled and turned on at the same time. God, he'd love to be fucking a girl who looked like that! Then he realized that every good ole boy in that bar was going to be thinking the same thing. This was going to be a long night! Well, at least his damn dick wasn't dripping. He figured that confirmed that he hated this and had no desire to look like a girl. Just thinking that made him feel a little more like a man—until he looked in the mirror again!

“Daddy and my husband wanted to make you more slutty and put you in six inch heels. I told them more men would want to fuck you if you looked like a virgin high school cheerleader. They get slutty bitches in that bar all the time. Besides, there was no way I'd have been able to teach you how to walk in high heels in time for tonight.”

“Thanks Sis,” said BJ sincerely. This was going to be bad enough.

“I didn't do it to save your ass. I did it because I figured you'd have to give your tight little boy pussy and pretty mouth to a lot more men this way.”

BJ gave that some thought, and realized it was just one more example of him being fucked either way.

His sister showed him how to walk, swinging his hips. It took him a very long time, but he finally started to get the hang of it.

“It's a good thing I got all day to teach you this stuff, boy. You're damn near hopeless!”

Billy Joe took that as a compliment.

Next his Sister helped him with his voice. He didn't have a deep voice like his Daddy, but no one would have mistaken it for a girl's. She taught how to speak more lightly and quietly. She also told him to only glance in a man's eyes and then look down. This would help make BJ look shy and submissive. She showed him how to carry his body so he didn't look so much like a soldier. Finally, she figured he was ready for the acid test.

“Time for you to meet Daddy and my husband as my cousin Billie Jo.”

“But that's *my* name! It's a *man's* name!”

“Not if you spell it B-I-L-L-I-E J-O, you idiot! We all figured with you being dumber than dirt, you'd never remember a different name. You'd slip up. This way, no problem.”

“Damn!” thought Billie Jo, “Why don't I think of stuff like that? It's no wonder I keep finding myself in these fixes!”

The two pretty girls looked in the mirror together. They were practically twins. Sister was a little shorter and Billie Jo was a little prettier. “Crap, did I just think that?” But the cross-dressed boy knew it was true. If he had to choose between the two for a night of fucking, he would have wanted himself. Billie Jo was suddenly very depressed.

“Time to go show Daddy and my husband the new girl in town,” said his Sister with a truly nasty look

on her face.

His Sister walked behind him to critique his movement. She was impressed. She, as she now thought of her brother, was really starting to get it down. A nice gentle sway of the hips that seemed natural and not slutty. Sis felt proud of the job she had done.

As they walked into the living room the two men looked up from their conversation and their eyes bugged out.

“Damn,” said Daddy.

“Son of a bitch!,” said the Preacher.

Billie Jo found him/herself blushing bright crimson again. There would be a lot of that tonight.

“Preacher, this was one hell of a good idea!” enthused Daddy, “We should have done this to him last weekend too!”

“Well, better late than never, Sheriff. It's not like we didn't have a bunch of fun with him the last two weeks. And you got some work out of him on the farm. If we'd done this last Saturday, you would have lost a day of work from him,” the Preacher pointed out.

“Hell, I do believe it would have been worth it. I'd a dressed him like this every night and invited some friends over,” said Daddy.

Billie Jo trembled at the thought. Daddy's friends were a rough bunch, and sure as hell someone would have recognized him. “Well, I'd best be grateful for small favors,” thought Billie Jo.

“Daddy, check this out,” said BJ's Sister, and then to the mortified teen, “Turn around, bitch!”

Billie Jo turned around. His Sister raised the skirt to show the two men his tight little ass in the thong.

Both men roared with laughter and commenced to rubbing their crotches.

“Hell, Sheriff, that pretty little ass is gonna be busy tonight!” laughed the Preacher.

Daddy grinned, “We need to take some time with that ass and mouth before we head on out. It'll be plumb wore out by the time we get home tonight!”

The three predators eyed their prey with satisfaction and anticipation. Billie Jo resigned himself to the inevitable.

His Sister said, “I'll get the camera!”

“What the hell is with that camera?” thought Billie Jo. He thought to himself whether being fucked while wearing these girly things would be enough to blackmail him into coming back home after the Army. He decided, “Hell no! I'm never coming back to this place ever!”

Being that decisive made Billie Jo feel better. “They better get their fun in tonight, because there won't be any more for *them!*” For the soldiers at the base—well that was a different story. But even their time would be limited now. Billie Jo took a couple of deep breaths as his Sister set up the camera, and prepared himself for the inevitable.

“I know you like pulling on your bitches' hair, Daddy. You can do that with this bitch too. The wig is super-glued to his head.”

Billie Jo's three tormentors grinned at him as his Sister started the camera and BJ's Daddy ordered the cross-dressed slave to his knees. His Daddy whipped out his rigid man meat and without a word shoved it into the waiting mouth. The Preacher knelt behind the beautiful ass, raised raised up the little skirt and began to lick and bite each cheek of the hairless little bubble butt.

Billie Jo flinched a little at the biting, but was now very well trained and skilled, so the little teen's teeth never touched his Daddy's cock and the talented tongue never lost it's rhythm.

As Sister continued to shoot video, the two men switched ends and filled the hot little slave with their loads yet again. When it was over Billie Jo remained kneeling waiting for the next order.

“Daughter, you want some of this?” Daddy asked.

“Hell, no!” said his Sister, “I ain't no lesbo!”

The three fuckers roared together with laughter. The fuckee didn't move but was secretly grateful that he wouldn't have to take that gawd awful dildo before heading out. The night would be bad enough.

“Well bitch, were done with you for now. Get naked and out to the pump. Clean yourself good, inside and out. When you're done your Sister will get you dressed again. And Don't get that wig wet!”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Told ya the little slut was gonna need to clean up again,” said Daddy with a grin.

Billie Jo was well aware that his Daddy's enthusiasm for fucking him had now returned with a vengeance. Clearly BJ being dressed as a girl was very much to Daddy's liking.

Sister said, “When she gets back I'm gonna put some nice girly perfume on her too. I got the kind that has that female scent, supposed to make a man horny. I figure the little slut needs all the help she can get.

The two men grinned and went to wash up.

Truckers' Heaven was a notorious bar just outside the city limits of the Preacher's town. In addition to the usual Diesel pumps, garage and diner, the place had a huge tavern made out of an old barn. What used to be the hay lofts and stalls had been turned into private “party rooms” that could be rented by the hour.

There were women of dubious virtue who would rent a room for a whole weekend and take one paying

customer after another. But there were also rooms set aside for amateurs.

If a girl wanted to have herself a good time there were plenty of truckers and local menfolk more than willing to help her out with that. It was not a place “good girls” went to except with their husbands. Nothing like a night at a whore bar, acting out a fantasy, to perk up a couple's sex life!

As a result Sister and the Preacher stopped in about once a month. They would have liked to go more often, but that might have been considered unseemly for a Preacher and his wife.

Being polite Southern folk, the single men at the bar would always treat a lady who was escorted by her husband with deference and courtesy. Women who came in without a husband were another matter.

Billie Jo knew this and knew what that meant. Rough treatment and one man after another—if they didn't find out what was really “down there.” If that happened...

As they entered the bar all eyes turned to Billie Jo and his/her Sister. The men recognized Sister as the Preacher's wife and would have turned back to their beers, if Billie Jo hadn't been there. At first the men weren't sure whether the new bitch was the wife of the big man next to her, or available.

BJ's Daddy answered that question with one sentence. “Let's get this little bitch a room, Preacher. It's time she got busy.” The men in the bar let out a whoop as the Preacher went up to the bar and checked out a room key.

As Billie Jo walked through the gauntlet of horny good ole boys, they started grabbing ass and feeling him/her up. Billie Jo kept his eyes downcast, and his attitude passive and submissive. Hands were running over his abs, through his hair, over his ass and under his skirt as he walked toward the back of the bar. To his dismay he saw that a lot of men were following the four of them to the private room the Preacher had rented for the night.

It was one of the larger rooms, taking up about a third of what used to be the hay loft. There was plenty of room for Sister to set up her camera. In addition to room for his/her three masters, as many as a

dozen onlookers could be accommodated.

His Daddy brought the first dozen men into the room.

“Billie Jo, explain to these men why you're here,” said his Daddy.

Billie Jo knew what he was to say, but also knew he better be real careful how he said it. “Sirs, my Daddy in Alabama taught me to be obedient and respectful to men,” said Billie Jo in a high gentle voice. “My future husband wants me to be very skilled at pleasing him, especially with my mouth. He wants me to have that skill on our wedding night. But he also wants to take my cherry, which is a husband's right. So I'm not allowed to have anything in my special place.”

The men groaned in frustration.

“I'm sorry, but I have to obey my Daddy and future husband. They sent me here to my Uncle so he could train me. He's been training me for two weeks, and tomorrow I have to go back to Alabama to get ready for the wedding next weekend. My uncle has brought me here to get as much experience as possible before I go back. My Daddy and my future husband also don't want anyone but family to ever see me naked, so I'm to stay dressed.”

Another groan went up. They saw a very hot school girl in front of them and they wanted to see it all!

“I'm sorry I can't be more helpful, but I have to obey.” Well Billie Jo thought, that was sure as hell the truth! He didn't dare let any of these good ole boys find out what he really was!

The men were grumbling so Daddy stepped in. When Daddy told them they could have her ass as well as her mouth a cheer went up that made Billie Jo cringe.

“Hell, that's *better* than pussy!” enthused the first man in line. He was a big, hairy heavysset trucker with huge arms, a beard and a half-dozen teeth missing. It was clear from the teeth that remained that the man chewed tobacco.

“Crap, I hope the bastard doesn't kiss me!” thought Billie Jo. He need not have worried. His Sister was right. These men had no clue how to please a woman—and no interest in learning.

There were a number of accommodations in the room besides a bed. Billie Jo recognized them all. The Rangers had introduced him to them up close and personal. Billie Jo knew his Daddy and sensed what was coming. But it was one of the good ole boys that actually suggested it.

“Hey Sheriff, can we lock her down in some of that special equipment?”

“Well now,” said his Daddy, “That sounds like a right fine idea. Help to teach her her place, and keep her focused on pleasing the menfolk.”

Once again, the men cheered. These horny bastards were getting happier by the minute!

His Daddy chose the stocks. Billie Jo knew the routine. He knelt in front of the stocks and placed his head and wrists in the appropriate indentations. He then spread his legs wide to fit into the metal restraints behind him. His Daddy and the Preacher locked him into place as his Sister began to shoot video.

The first ugly fuck came up behind Billie Jo and said, “I want to fuck that tight little ass!”

“Thank heavens!” thought Billie Jo, “I don't want to see any part of that disgusting pig, let alone have to taste him.” Out loud he/she said, “Yes sir, please fuck my ass sir, but just pull the thong strap to one side, please so I can remain obedient to my future husband's wishes.”

“Well, I ain't exactly happy about that, but I can respect the man's wishes, especially as he's getting you trained right, and we get to help!”

The good ole boys let out a big rebel yell, as Billie Jo cringed once again.

The big fat bastard pulled Billie Jo's skirt up and flipped it back out of the way, then stepped aside so

everyone could see BJ's pretty little bubble butt. “Now that's what I call a primo school girl ass!” the big man said. It seemed from their response that the others were in complete agreement. “And check out the butt plug! This little bitch is ready to rock and roll!”

It occurred to Billie Jo that, other than the critical equipment, there just wasn't a whole lot of difference between men and women—especially if that man was young, slender and had no body hair! That caused the little teen to smile. If he got away with this, Billie Jo would always know that he had turned this bunch of rednecks into boy fuckers, without them even knowing it! They really were a stupid bunch.

His Daddy looked around and said, “Anyone want to start in on her mouth? She's got a real talented tongue and there ain't no sense wasting time just 'cause she's about to get her ass fucked!”

A pimple-faced teen stepped up to the helpless waiting mouth. He really had no business in a bar, but this place was outside of the town limits and the owner would let in most anyone who could pay and didn't make trouble.

The boy dropped his bib overalls. He wasn't wearing anything at all underneath. Billie Jo thought, “Careful boy, or these horny bastards might decide that your ass needs to get fucked too.” It's not like that didn't happen sometimes, when a bunch of drunken rednecks were horny and no women were around. It was always a gang fuck on the weakest (and usually the youngest) guy available.

Afterward, no one ever talked about it. The victim would be too ashamed and the others—well it was just something you didn't brag about. But once a man had been had, those that had taken him considered him fair game. More than a few times young skinny guys had suddenly moved away from Butcher's Hollow, never to return.

The big ugly guy popped the butt plug out of Billie Jo's ass, spit on his big nasty looking dick and shoved it home. Right after, the skinny teen, shoved his cock into Billie Jo's waiting mouth. “Well, at least he's fairly clean,” thought Billie Jo.

The kid in his mouth was humping away with abandon. He clearly didn't have a clue and was probably a

virgin. The little Airborne Ranger could have given the kid a much better time with his tongue, but the idiot was humping so fast he'd never get a chance to find out. “Fine,” thought Billie Jo, “you don't deserve what I got to give anyhow.”

The thought startled BJ. There he was taking pride in his cock sucking skills again! Well, he *was* really good at it, but geez, was that really something to be taking pride in? He found himself deeply disturbed, yet again. He really needed to do some hard thinking and figure all this out—even though hard thinking was really hard for him! And that's not all that would have been hard, if his traitorous little cock had not been glued down. The damn thing was dripping again, as it nearly always did when his ass got reamed!

Both of his/her violators picked up the pace, and Billie Jo could feel the signs of impending release. They both shot into him and the same time and promptly pulled out. The pimple-face little teen (he was even shorter than Billie Jo) said, “Swallow it, bitch!” and got a ragged cheer from the horny crowd.

Billie Jo swallowed. He's have preferred to kick the little shit's ass, but that wasn't an option. The only option tonight was to obey. But tomorrow he'd be out of here for good!

As the video camera continued to roll, the next pair of horny rednecks stepped up. BJ never saw the ones who took his ass. The stocks prevented his head from turning and the men never stepped around to the front. BJ would always wonder who the men were.

He/she was actually glad to be dressed as a girl. It would be creepy enough walking down the street knowing that any man he saw might have been someone who'd had him. Even creepier would have been the fact that if one the men saw him the man would know but BJ wouldn't. At least he didn't have to worry about that!

The man at his/her ass started feeling up BJ's “tits” and “twat” as he penetrated the hairless little butt before him. He moved his hands under Billie Jo's skimpy little blouse and started rubbing through the bra. BJ couldn't say anything because his mouth was filled with cock.

As the man reached under the front of his thong and began to paw at his “pussy” his Daddy, thankfully,

intervened.

“Sorry boy, but we can't take a chance on anything happening that would violate her Daddy's wishes. You got to keep your hands on the outside of her clothes.”

The man sighed but took his hands out from under BJ's thong and bra. He kept right on rubbing though, clearly clueless as to what it was he *was* rubbing!

The man in his mouth had started humping much like the teen before him, but slow enough that Billie Jo got a chance to seduce him with his/her expert tongue. All of a sudden the humping ceased and the man just left his dick in BJ's mouth, where the tongue could reach his dick head.

“Holy shit! This bitch really knows how to tongue a cock! I ain't never felt *nothin'* like this! You really trained her right sheriff!”

“Well hell, yeah!” said Daddy. “I ain't gonna send my brother a poorly trained bitch. What kinda family would I be if I did that?!”

As the crowd laughed, BJ thought, “You fucking asshole! You didn't teach me a damn thing. Those Airborne Rangers and the Doctor are the ones who trained me.” BJ found he was actually outraged at his Daddy taking credit for teaching him something the man would never have known how to do.

Billie Jo's resentment of his Daddy had been building during this whole stay, and he was reaching the boiling point. He had reached the conclusion that his Daddy was not the man those Airborne Rangers were and never would be. He truly resented this man, but knew he didn't really have the nerve to stand up to him. Knowing that bothered him, because it made him feel less of a man.

Billie Jo said, “Thank you, sir,” in his light voice, catching himself just in time so he didn't bellow it out Army style.

“You're welcome, bitch said the burly man who had just taken his dick out of Billie Jo's mouth, “Stop by

any time!” Another raucous laugh at what passed for sophisticated humor in these parts.

The next man who approached Billie Jo's sore ass asked Daddy, “Hey, Sheriff. All right if I spank this cute little ass before I fuck it. I'd like to see it bright red while my cock is in there, and I want to see if I can make the bitch cry!”

Billie Jo cringed again and thought, “Please, Daddy don't let him!”

But his Daddy said, “Why, hell yeah!”

“Hey Sheriff, we won't see anymore of her than we're seeing now if I take that little skirt off, and it sure would make spanking and fucking easier!” said the man behind him.

“Please Daddy, say no!” thought Billie Jo.

“*I'll* do it,” said his Daddy. “No one but family gets to remove her clothes.” His Daddy walked up behind him, pulled the leather strap and the little skirt slipped to the floor. BJ blushed crimson in shame.

“Now,” said Daddy, “Make that little bitch cry.”

The last thing this man could make Billie Jo do was cry. He took the best his Daddy had, and even tougher, the best those Airborne Rangers had. He had never given any of them the satisfaction of tears. He might yell from time to time, but he never cried.

The problem was a girl *would* cry. So Billie Jo knew he would have to cry for the jerk behind him. Worse, his Daddy knew it, and let the man swat his ass anyway. Billie Jo felt sick inside at the coming humiliation. But there was nothing to be done. When Billie Jo had held out as long as he thought a girl could he began to cry, first weeping and then sobbing around the dick in his mouth.

He found he really was crying! Crying for his shame and his lost manliness. The little teen only vaguely understood what he was crying for, but he had a rough idea. It certainly wasn't the pain. He'd been

handling that since he could remember.

His Daddy had spanked him all his life, and had upped the ante with that rig in the barn when BJ turned thirteen. “Teens are always a passel of trouble,” his Daddy had said. “But you won't be. Whenever you misbehave—hell whenever I feel like it—I'm gonna spread-eagle you naked and give you what for. You ain't never gonna cause trouble that would interfere with my getting' re-elected!”

Even that first time, on his thirteenth birthday, Billy Joe had not cried. But to his shame he had boned up. And that night he had his first wet dream. His momma had passed a few weeks before so there was no longer anyone to stay his Daddy's hand.

The man, another he would never see, stepped back so everyone could see the bright red ass. As they all cheered the man slammed his big cock home just as another was penetrating the pretty mouth. BJ noted that the cocks leaving his mouth no longer had lipstick on them. Well, that was something, he guessed.

Billie Jo had sunk into the daze that engulfed him whenever he was whipped or gang fucked. But a voice suddenly jerked him out of that daze. He knew that voice! Then he heard another voice, and with a sinking feeling he knew who they belonged to—the boys who had helped him beat up the Preacher!

They were in the Army too, and must also be home on leave. “Aw crap!” thought Billie Jo. Other than the three family members who were putting him through this torment, he had never had to service anyone he knew growing up. That was about to change. He could only hope they didn't recognize him!

He heard them apologize to the Preacher for beating him up.

“We're sorry about that Preacher. You've gone and married, so we see now we were wrong about you.”

Billie Jo would have laughed out loud at that, except his/her mouth was full of cock.

His two friends approached, one to his ass and one to his mouth. The one behind him said, “Tell me how much you want it, bitch!” Billie Jo complied with trepidation. They might not recognize *him*, but if

he wasn't careful, they would sure as hell recognize his voice!.

Billie Jo's voice was a bit husky from all the mouth fucking, which helped, when he said, “Please sir, I'd be very grateful if you'd fuck my ass really hard.”

The teen behind him promptly impaled him. But the teen in front of him cocked his head to one side and looked closer. He leaned over and looked straight into Billie Jo's terrified eyes. Well, well. “Billie Jo, is it?” I'm guessing you'd like me to keep your little secret.”

Billie Jo whispered, “Yes, please!”

“Well, if this turns out to be as good a blow job as everyone says, and if you agree to meet me tomorrow night for some serious fun—dressed like you are now. I might just decide to keep your little secret. Then again, I might not. We'll have to see after tomorrow night.”

Billie Jo gave a sigh of relief. He knew he would be long gone by tomorrow night! “Yes, sir! I'll do whatever you want.”

“Damn right you will. And after the Army whenever I don't have a girl puttin' out, you damn well better be ready and willing.”

“Yes sir,” said the slender feminized teen, with a secret smile. He then proceeded to give his former friend a blow job to end all blow jobs, in hopes of keeping him quiet. And it worked!

He sucked the teen dry. The boy leaned over again and said, “Holy shit! All this time you were the fag! Well, I gotta give you credit you are one hell of a cocksucker!”

About that time his other ex-friend came in his ass.

Altogether two dozen men were inside Billie Jo that night, twelve in his mouth and twelve in his ass. The one thing BJ was grateful to his Daddy for was he wouldn't let anyone have both—they had to choose.

“Don't want her to loose or worn out on her wedding day!”

As they released him, Billie Jo felt sick inside. The rapes he could handle, but the utter humiliation of the evening had left him emotionally and physically spent. The Preacher and his Daddy had to help him to his feet and then out to the car. His Sister had shot video of all of it.

After they got home and Billie Jo had stripped, washed up and become Billy Joe again, his Daddy told him to sleep on the back porch (naked of course) so he'd be handy in case anyone wanted him during the night.

About an hour later, when the other two were asleep, the Preacher stepped out on the back porch, woke the exhausted boy, got him to his knees and slowly fucked the obedient slave's throat.

After the throat fucking was over, the Preacher said, “I'm gonna give you a present, 'cause you did well tonight and I like you.”

“What's that, sir,” said the weary little stud. He hoped the Preacher would say that he was going to leave his ass alone. But the Preacher started talking and what he said gave the boy the shock of his life.

“I know you been wondering what all that video is for. Well, your Daddy's got plans for you. And to be honest, I don't like 'em one bit. You know I like having both men and women. You were right about me. Having both a brother and sister has been like a dream come true for me, especially as I'm really hot for redheads.”

“But you're Daddy doesn't much care for sex with men. If he's really horny, he'll do what he has to, but it really doesn't work for him. Of course you know that what with him having glued your dick back and all the other things that have happened.”

“What you don't know is your Daddy's been kind of pissed I took your sister away. He almost never gets to have her anymore. He doesn't want to get married again. A wife is too high maintenance. He wants a girl who's a slave. And he's decided you're gonna be it!”

Billy Joe stared at the Preacher with that deer-in-the-headlights expression and said, “You mean he thinks I'm gonna come back here and stand for him dressing me like a girl all the time? Hell, I already decided he can shoot all the video he wants and do anything with it. Nothing is gonna get me to come back here!”

The Preacher chuckled quietly and said, “He knows that, boy! He's not a fool. The video has another purpose, and your Daddy got the idea from those Airborne Rangers who've been using that tight little ass of yours.”

“About six months ago your Daddy got a DVD in the mail from the Army base. Turns out that those Rangers have been shooting video of you all along. The DVD they sent your Daddy was of your eighteenth birthday party with you serving to two big-cocked officers. Well, they weren't officers, they were just wearing the uniforms. They were gay porn stars.”

Billy Joe, still on his knees looked to the Preacher like he'd been pole-axed. “Why would they do that?” the boy said in a soft, wondering voice.

“Once you leave the service they plan on making a lot of money selling DVDs of you getting yours on the internet. They also figure that no matter where you decide to live, unless it's Mongolia or something, there will be men who recognize you. They want you to spend the rest of your life paying for being a fag basher. In case you haven't figured it out, the Doctor and some of the others are gay or bi themselves.”

BJ had never even considered that possibility. But it sure made sense, now that he thought of it. Or more correctly, now that he had been told about it.

“But sir,” BJ said, “You mean my Daddy plans to sell videos of me? That's not gonna get me to come back!”

“Boy, he's never gonna let you leave! He figures if he keeps you from going back, you'll be AWOL and then the Judge will issue an arrest warrant for you to be sent to prison for ten years. He'll offer to help you stay out of jail for a price. He sells the videos to raise the money and you submit to a sex change

operation.”

“Everyone will be looking for a young man, not a girl, and he'll have the female slave he wants. He's right you know. You are prettier than your sister.”

“Your Daddy plans on taking it one step at a time. First he'll shoot you full of female hormones to make you grow tits. He'll release your dick for a time so you can make videos as a she-male. Then when he has enough money, off come your cock and balls and you get a pussy to replace them—and probably surgery for a bigger set of tits.”

“That ain't gonna happen Preacher. I won't stand for it.”

“Well you're gonna fight your Daddy or submit to his wishes. If you want those little shorts and shoes back, you're gonna have to knock him down to get at them. If you fail, he ties you up and keeps you in that little cabin in the woods, until the arrest warrant is issued. And all the time your back there you'll be getting those female hormones.”

“Why are you telling me this?” the naked teen croaked out.

“Because I like you the way you are. You're the hottest boy I ever had. I'd like to see you stay one. But for that to happen, you're gonna have to face down your Daddy. And I figured you'd need the time to work up your courage—plus your Daddy wouldn't have told you all this at once, so you might have been tempted to just give in. Then it would have been too late for your balls and dick.”

“If you expect I'll come back to see you in gratitude, I won't. I can't.”

“I know that, boy. Maybe I'll meet you near your base for one last weekend, when you're discharged, if I can arrange it. If not, it's still been a hell of a lot of fun,” smiled the Preacher.

“Thank you,” was all the naked stud could manage to say.

The Preacher went back to bed and BJ lay down on the porch. He didn't sleep another wink the rest of the night.

At six in the morning BJ's Daddy came out onto the porch and said, “Boy, get some breakfast then meet me in the barn. I got your tight little shorts and girlie sneakers out there.”

BJ managed to keep his fury in check and just said, “Yes Daddy.”

When BJ walked into the barn his Daddy was standing there with his riding crop in his right hand.

“Boy, I've decided you ain't going back to the Army. You'll stay here with me. They'll count you a deserter and the Judge will put out a warrant for your arrest. But as long as you stay here and obey me, I'll keep you out of jail.”

BJ answered quietly, but firmly, “I'm not staying Dad.”

“Dad? You best watch yourself boy. It just so happens I figured you'd say that, so I'm gonna a give you a chance. Your little shorts and shoes are behind me on my work bench. You can forget about that faggy little shirt you were wearing. I made rags out of that two weeks ago. I also ripped the shorts up the seams on the sides, right up to the waist band. That way if you do get past me every trucker will know you're a slut just waiting to be had.”

“But they're the only clothes you got. And if you want them you're gonna have to go through me. Or you can change your mind and stay. But if you try to fight me for your clothes and lose, I'll whup yer ass so bad you won't be able to walk right or sit down for a week—just to remind you who's the big dog around here.”

“Your house, your rules Dad. Just so you know, after I kick your ass I am never coming back here.”

“Well, lookee who thinks he's got a backbone! Bring it, bitch.”

And Billie Joe did. He brought all the pent-up fury of a lifetime of humiliation and pain—and the combat skills of an Airborne Ranger. The Sheriff never had a chance. Billie Joe laid him out with one kick to the side of the shocked man's head.

Billy Joe knew there would be vengeance in the man's heart after this—there certainly was in his! He dragged the Sheriff over to the harness and strung him up spreadeagled before the man could regain his senses.

Billy Joe wanted to rip off his clothes, beat him to within an inch of his life and rape him. But as he stood there, he couldn't bring himself to do any of that. It took him awhile to think why—hell, it took him awhile to think anything.

Then, it finally came to him. If he did those things he would be no better than the sheriff. He no longer thought of the spreadeagled man as his father. Fathers didn't do the things this man did.

As the Sheriff came around Billie Joe had made his decision. He would leave the man hung up there but he wouldn't hurt him.

“Boy, you try to take any clothes from the house I'll have the cops in every county of this state on the lookout for you. You go, you go in what you wore home. And you better be out of this state in twenty four hours and never come back.”

“No worries about that, Sheriff. I can't get out of here fast enough.”

“You'd better! Now let me down.”

“That's not going to happen. I don't trust you not to bring the law on me. The Preacher and my Sister won't be back until tonight. It's Sunday and he has his sermons to give. They'll let you down when they get back.”

“How you learn to fight like that, boy”

“I'm not a boy. I'm a man. And I'm an Airborne Ranger. I should have remembered *that* the first day I got home.”

Billy Joe slipped on the little shorts. The Sheriff hadn't been kidding. The shorts were split up the seams like a hooker's dress. The loose parts would flap around as he walked, exposing the sides of his ass and a large part of his groin. But they didn't expose his butt hole and, with his dick glued down, they didn't expose his junk. So as humiliating as it was, it was not illegal—quite.

BJ slipped into the little socks and girlie shoes, walked to the barn door and left without ever looking back at the man who hung spreadeagled in his own barn.

Billy Joe began to run. It felt good. He was in great shape, both from his Army training and the workouts at the clinic. He ran all the way to the highway, across the overpass—after checking to make sure no cars were coming—and over to the Eastbound rest stop opposite the one he arrived at.

There was a truck parked there that looked familiar. He walked up to it and walked right into the father and son truckers who had whored him out at the rest stop.

“Well my word. Son? Look who's come back for more!” said the older trucker.

“I'll service you two as much as you want, if you take me back to the truck stop where you picked me up. But you made a nice profit on me last time, and you don't have to buy me this time. So I'm asking you for your word that you won't announce over the radio that I'm with you again, and you won't whore me out.”

The big trucker cocked his head to one side and looked intently at the young soldier. Something had clearly changed, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Then he had it. This time, the boy had no fear.

“All right. That's fair,” the trucker said cautiously, “I gotta say I like your look better without that homo shirt. And those slits in your shorts are making my dick drip. But you know, for the first time I think I really believe you're a soldier.”

Billy Joe looked steadily into the man's eyes and said, “Not just a soldier. An Airborne Ranger.”

As the truck pulled out of the rest stop and Billy Joe stripped, the young trucker said, “Where the hell's your dick?!”

“It's glued back,” said the young soldier. “It's a long story, and I won't be telling it.”

The young trucker started to object. He wanted to demand the story. But his father gave him that look fathers have and the boy promptly shut up.

“Well, as long as I get to fuck your brains out and get my cock sucked, I guess that's okay. I gotta say your the best fuck and the best cocksucker I ever had.”

Billy Joe climbed into the back smiling inwardly. It wasn't the only thing he was good at—he'd proved that to himself in the confrontation with the Sheriff. But it was certainly what he was best at. And he couldn't deny that submission was a major turn-on for him.

He would have to do his best to think all this through on his trip back to the base. He wanted to know, by the time he got back, whether he would keep submitting to men after the Army. He'd talk to the Corporal. He liked the Corporal best and trusted him, though for the life of him, he couldn't figure out why.

BJ turned his attention to servicing the teen trucker. He remembered that the kid was insatiable. Between him and his father he was going to be pretty sore by the time they got to the truck stop. “Oh, well,” thought hot young soldier, as he took the boy's cock into his mouth, “A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.”

EP I L O G

As the Corporal and Billy Joe talked, several things became clear. His Daddy almost certainly didn't know he was doing it, but it was just possible he had made pain and humiliation erotic for Billy Joe by starting the naked spreadeagled beatings just as the boy hit puberty. It didn't change anything even if it was true. It's what turned Billy Joe on most of all, and he had accepted that.

The Corporal said he didn't know if BJ was a homo or not and didn't care. And BJ shouldn't care either. In practice it made no difference. BJ got off on what he got off on, just like everyone else. It wasn't logical, and it sure as hell wasn't a choice—who would choose to go through the things that turned the little redhead on?

Billy Joe offered himself to the Corporal as his personal slave, now that his Army service was almost done. The Corporal told him they had another hot little gay basher coming to the clinic. He would arrive about two weeks after Billy Joe was due to be discharged. But he did offer to keep the little teen for the two weeks and find someone to sell him to. Billy Joe's heart began to race and his recently freed little cock became instantly hard.

Did the Corporal have anyone in mind? As a matter of fact, he knew five men who were looking for a new slave, that he trusted. They lived in different places, some outside the country, and they would expect different things from him.

But knowing BJ as he did, he felt the teen (soon to be twenty!) would get what he needed from any of them. And the Corporal knew for a fact that none of them would want him to be a girl.

“In fact,” the Corporal said, “I think your new-found inner strength and reserve makes you even hotter.”

The Corporal suggested an auction between the five men, with BJ going to the highest bidder, no matter

who it was. With his heart racing and his rigid dick dripping, Billy Joe agreed.

Six weeks later...

The flight from New York to Amsterdam had been long and boring, but as Billy Joe stepped off the plane he thought he had never been so excited. The man who had purchased him was, in BJ's mind a very worthy owner. The six foot four inch blond haired blue eyed Dutchman was the epitome of manhood. Rugged good looks a wonderful physique and an aura of effortless dominance. And then there was that Germanic accent! BJ could not believe his luck.

Billy Joe had been told how he would be used. His new owner had arranged for him to become a licensed sex worker, which is legal in Holland. The boy would be tortured and humiliated on stage in front of an audience of about 300 each evening, four days a week. At the end of the show his services would be sold to the highest bidder. Whether those services were provided in private or on stage for all to see would be up to the winning bidder, and could include bondage humiliation and pain as well as sex.

Two days a week he would be shooting porn movies. His stage shows would be televised on a paid subscription basis over the internet. He would maintain his wonderful little body with a six day per week workout regimen. He would have no money—everything he earned belonged to his owner, for the same reason a landlord got all the rent and none was given to the apartment—he was property, pure and simple.

The only clothes he would ever wear would be humiliating little outfits designed to make even straight men want him. His owner would keep his passport and his sex worker's license, so BJ would be unable to go anywhere on his own. The vast majority of the time he would be naked. He would always be collared. When he wasn't earning his master money or working out, he could expect to be caged or restrained.

As is the custom in Amsterdam with whores, Billy Joe could expect to find himself regularly on view in a display window along Canal Street in the city's red light district. And he could expect to be displayed bound in one of any number of humiliating positions.

If Billy Joe ever displeased his new owner, or if the man became bored with him, he reserved the right to sell Billy Joe to whomever he pleased. BJ signed a contract agreeing to all of this. Whether or not it was legally binding was beside the point. Billy Joe knew he would never disobey his master. And knowing he could be sold was scary, thrilling and utterly erotic to the young slave.

Billy Joe cleared customs quickly as he had no baggage. He had traveled across the Atlantic wearing his girlie sneakers, a new pair of running shorts that displayed his junk nicely, and a thin t-shirt that showed the outline of his nipples. Seven different men had hit on him during the flight—including two stewards and the co-pilot!

His master was waiting for him outside customs, wearing black leather jacket and pants with combat boots—but no shirt. BJ thought he might faint at the sight.

The hot little redhead stood before his master in awe, and said, “Master I am here to serve you.”

His master placed a collar around the neck of his new property, attached a leash and led him to his enslavement.

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