

Part 2- The Price You Pay to Play—The Dog and Pony Show

The bus ride back to Linville was spent with cock after cock raping the mouths and asses of the uninitiated. Virgin holes were probed with big dicks and fingers. For two hours you heard the moans of the five football stars. Resistance was met with a fist to the balls, already sore from the crowd's abuse, as the players walked from the locker room to the bus. Their nuts were beginning to swell and hang lower as the Linville guy used them for punching bags.

Terry Hallums, as the only black guy in the group, suffered the most use. African Americans were in very small numbers in the mining town. Most of the white members of the community were actually descendents of slaves themselves, brought to work in the mines from prisons in Europe and Russia. You could hear Terry moan as the big, beefy players screwed him without mercy.

Terror filled the losers' hearts as they listened to the comments of the Linville players about what was to come. Something about a "dog and pony show" and a date for the bitches in downtown Linville reminded them that the night and day ahead promised to be an ordeal.

After two hours the bus pulled into the Linville High School parking lot. Reluctantly, the Linville players stopped the mouth fucking and the bound players were prepared to be taken off the bus. Each of the boys was dragged to his feet and the tie around his balls was cut with scissors. The momentary relief as their swollen balls sagged and dropped was replaced by a leather strap being roughly tightened this time around both their cock and balls. A jar was opened and a substance was roughly applied to each boy's cock and balls. Used for horses when breeding, the substance put the boys in instant heat and their cocks hardened to a painful stiffness. Their balls, already swollen and sore, swelled as well as the substance forced their testes into maximum production. A leash was attached to the leather strap and their counterpart on the Linville team led them off the bus.

Outside hundreds of Linville fans of all ages jeered and shouted as we were led off the bus with cocks totally erect and swollen and balls sagging from the beatings they had taken,. Hardly able to walk because of our balls being so large, we were half dragged down the path between the fans and into the locker room. Apparently, fans were paying and entering the gym for a chance to watch what was about to happen to the players.

Marching us through the locker rooms and into to the showers, the leather straps and leashed were removed. Two Linville members were assigned to each of us and they took us into the showers to be washed down. Hoses were attached and forced up our asses in preparation for the next stage of the abuse.

Once out of the showers we were given towels and told to dry off. The Linville quarterback came into the room and ordered us to drop to all fours. “Ok, bitches, our time with you is divided between public and private fun. Our fans wanted a part of you, so we are going to reward them with what we call a “Dog and Pony Show.” We have dog collars for each of you with your name engraved and the year to allow you to remember this event. You have also been given a dog name. Later we plan to have some real tattoo work added to your body with your dog name to make sure you remember what happens here for the rest of your miserable lives. You will respond only to your dog name from this point on.

My dog name was Fifi. I was to be a Poodle. They had fashioned a tail and mounted it to about an 8” dildo which was forced up my ass. The Linville quarterback, who was my owner, reached between my legs and grabbed my cock and balls and violently pulled them back between my legs. On his knees, he put a leather strap around my genitals and tightened it as tight as it could be tightened. The moan that escaped me was met with a painful punch to my swollen balls. He then rubbed the breeding salve over my cock and balls and as before my genitals enlarged and began to drive me into heat. He then rubbed a new substance around and in my ass and mouth. He told me this

was called dog-in-heat. I did not like the sound of what that would portend, but could do nothing about it. He replaced the dildo/dog tail in my ass.

In the interim I was able to check out the plight of my fellow players. Terry was next to me. He had received the same treatment as I had and his balls, already huge were hanging really low and swollen. His cock was so dark and hard I could not imagine the need he had to shoot his load. I saw him jacking off one night after a game and he shot a huge load—made me think about his load he shot in me as we loaded the bus. Damn! Felt like his cock reached all the way to my throat. Terry was given the name “Rover” and was designated to be a Terrier.

The breeding salve made Terry rub his cock on the rough concrete floor in a humping motion, trying to get some relief. This action enraged the Linville players because they did not want Terry shooting any more cum. The Linville Quarterback came over and hit his team mate over the head. “Hey man, control your dog or you will be joining him! You let him cum again and I swear you will take his place!” The Linville Quarterback reached between Terry’s legs and grabbed the huge black cock and placed a blocking ring around its base to ensure he could not cum. Terry raged like a bull in heat at the prevention devise. “Put the cum block on your animals! You let them shoot a load and you will join them!” Each of the five players reached for their animal’s cocks and put on the blockers. A look of fear came over them at the prospect they might suffer the same fate as their charges.

Greg Stancell’s minder was having a hard time getting the blocker around his swollen manhood. A bag of ice was brought and his cock and balls dropped into it. Reversing the effect of the breeding salve, the sudden movement of blood from his engorged cock made Greg pass out cold. While he was out they managed to get the blocker on. One of the guys could not resist one further swift kick to Greg’s groin. He lay on the floor moaning. They chose an extra large, Jeff Striker dildo for his dog tail and forced it into his vulnerable ass opening. Greg’s dog name was Fido. He was a Dachshund.

Keith Sherrill, by far the skinniest and smallest of my teammates, and having the smallest cock of the group, had suffered the least abuse. Don't get me wrong—his mouth and ass had been well used. He had resisted at first and was punched until his eye was black and blue, but once he submitted, no further hitting was necessary. Keith was designated a cocker spaniel and given the name "Lassie."

Sammy Lark was known for his womanizing both at Linville as well as at home. In fact, he had secretly dated and fucked the Linville quarterback's girl. The quarterback had threatened revenge and now here we were caught up in Sammy's payback. Fuck! We knew that Sammy would get the worst end of this stick. The quarterback had threatened to have his balls!

Sammy has been treated rough on the bus. His balls had been beaten and kicked until they were grossly swollen. "Don't worry," Linville's quarterback said repeatedly, "if they hurt too badly we can relieve you of them!" Sammy's name was Tinkerbelle and he was to be a Chihuahua. This was, of course, to humiliate him even further.

All of us now had our dog collars in place, our dildo tails, and had been rubbed down with the salve to put us in heat and all had the strange dog-in-heat rubbed around our mouths and holes. We all dreaded learning what was to come. Our Linville counterparts quickly stripped to nothing and put on leather harnesses, leather studded jockstraps, and leather boots.

"Now listen up!" shouted the Linville tight end. "You dogs are going to put on a show for our fans. We are going to have a dog show first with you all being paraded and forced to walk on your leash and shown off to the judges. The judges will ask you to perform certain acts which you will do without hesitation. Partial or delayed obedience will be considered disobedience and the consequences you will not enjoy! Ok, handlers—line up your dogs!"

It was unbelievable the planning this team had put into our humiliation. Added to the fact their quarterback was insulted by Sammy screwing his girl---Linville has lost for the past five years. But our side had never devised anything so humiliating for their guys. They had been simply stripped and forced to walk naked for the two hours home. They had not even been made to suck cock.

We were lined up single file on all fours beside our handlers. Regardless of how humiliated we were, the salve kept us rock hard and unable to hide our huge swollen manhood. Music began to play and an announcer began speaking. “Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Linville High’s first annual dog and pony show! Featuring five of the finest thoroughbred dog breeds from Starwood High—their prize members being led by Linville trainers.” First tonight is the Chihuahua Tinker bell. Sammy’s handler Tony jerked the lease and made Sammy walk on all fours onto the gym floor with his dildo tail moving from side to side. His huge manhood—so abused and swollen was crushed painfully between his legs as he tried to move.

As Sammy passed the judges table he was halted and his trainer knelt and quietly told him to roll over and spread his legs. As he did his huge cock and balls were exhibited to the crowd. The position and exposing himself sent Sammy into convulsions—both from humiliation and the fact that he was in heat. His handler brought the heel of his boot down squarely on Sammy’s manhood and he rolled in agony. The announcer spoke again. “We all know that this dog is the dog that screwed our quarterback’s girl. What do you think should be done to him?” Cries from the crowd echoed across the gym: “Take his balls!” “Make him pay!” “Let’s see what kind of bitch he makes!” Sammy’s handler slowly removed his injured dog from the field.

One by one the dogs were led before the judges, ordered to roll over, displayed, and then removed, without the brutal treatment given to Sammy. I was the last to be so displayed. As quarterback, the opposing team took great honor seeing me walk on all fours, and roll and display my cock and balls. The announcer further humiliated me by reminding the crowd of my loosing my cherry on the steps of the bus earlier in the day.

“Let us see that again!” the crowd screamed. Shutters ran through me as I was reminded of how huge Terry’s cock had become since this afternoon and how painful that would be to my sore ass.

All the dogs were brought to heel in a single line beside their handlers. They reached behind each of us and roughly yanked out the dildo/tails. Then each knelt and reapplied the dog in heat to our ass and mouth. They also reached between our legs and reapplied the breeding salve to our cocks and balls. We immediately went into a frenzy. Having the block on to prevent our ejaculating was torture.

With handlers back in place beside their dogs the announcer began to speak. “Ladies and gentlemen, to night we have a special treat for you! Our dogs are in heat and so we thought we would give you a special bonus for your ticket price and allow you to publicly view this spectacle of breeding in the animal world.”

“Our friends at the local Rotweiller breeding farm have graciously provided us with five specimens. We will now bring them in.” As five of the biggest dogs we had ever seen were paraded into the gym, there was a collective groan heard among us. The announcer: “This exhibition will be in two parts—Part one will be our show dogs servicing the visiting animals to completion—a display of their sucking skills. The first two who successfully suck off their counterparts and swallow the whole load will receive points. The three gaining no points must complete their task, but without points.

We were walked to the center of the gym and the Rotweillers were brought forward. Our hesitation was met with a swift kick to the balls. We were told to lie on our backs and the dogs straddled us. “Head to dog cock!” the announcer ordered. “Suck!” As we began our task our handler grabbed our balls and squeezed while they incited us to victory. Their honor was at stake and in the back of their minds they were afraid they might be penalized if we failed. The sound of a dog yelping signaled a completion as Keith finished and swallowed the first load. He bowed and licked a few excess drops from the floor on the command of his handler. He was walked back to the line.

Greg Stancell finished second and swallowed---glad to have finished his task with a minimum of abuse. He gladly returned to the line. I finished my task thirdly and was greeted with the task of musky animal semen in my mouth. Swallowing I wondered what losing could mean in front of this crowd hungry for blood. Terry finally finished and then Sammy. We returned to the line as the crowd booed the losers.

Next, weight benches were carried in from the locker room and placed in the middle of the floor. All five of us were walked over and told to halt. The announcer again spoke to the crowd. "The points winners of the first round were Fido, the dachshund, and Lassie, the Cocker Spaniel. Those losing points were Tinker bell, the Chihuahua, Fifi, the Poodle, and Rover, the Terrier. Now for part II of the competition—those with the most points at the end of this exhibition will be exempt from the second part of our show--the pony!" A collective groan went up from the five of us at the thought of what awaited the losers.

"We asked our friends, the dog breeders, to bring their finest breeders of all classes—as many dogs as they wanted-- to play with our young friends from Linville tonight. They have brought ten of their finest for your amusement and the sexual pleasure for our guests.

Our handlers jerked our leashes and forced us to lie face down on the weight benches. Our hands were cuffed to the legs of the benches. Our legs were pulled apart at the widest angles and with rough hands they pulled our cock and balls back to hang off the bench. A five pound weight was attached to the strap around our balls and dropped to a hanging position.

The ten dogs were brought on leashes and allowed to sniff each of us to get a good whiff of the dog-in-heat that had been applied to our mouth and ass. As they smelled the scent their huge sheath opened and their huge dog penises dropped. It was apparent the owners had been instructed to choose them for size.

The owners walked the dogs to the side as the announcer spoke. “To give our Starwood friends a change to earn maximum points, we are looking for five sperm loads with at least two in the ass. They must swallow all sperm given in the mouth. We are looking for them to give complete satisfaction. Judges will be referees and all decisions are final.”

At a signal from the judges leashes were removed from the dogs and they raced in heat towards the benches. Dogs mounted us from behind and we felt their huge cocks invade us and their knot swell inside with unbelievable pain. They began to hump us as only a dog in heat can, as the crowd and our minders hurled insults and called us names. Dogs in the front forced their dicks into mouths opened in fear that we would lose the contest and be forced to do something far worse.

After about ten minutes the Great Dane came in Greg, followed by the Greyhound in Sammy. Once the dog’s knot has come out of their hole, their keepers removed their dog from the floor and two new dogs took their place. Desperate to evade further trials, Sammy seemed to work extra hard to accomplish and win this task. Unfortunately, the judges would disqualify him for the least infraction and it soon became apparent that his punishment was already determined. It took approximately two hours for the contest to end with Keith and Greg again finishing first and second. As before the losers were required to finish their task.

Loosed from the benches and back on our leashes I glanced at Terry and Sammy to see how they were taking the loss. The look of absolute panic on their faces reflected the same dejected feeling I felt in my own heart.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, the winners of this competition are again Fido, the Dashchund and Lassie, the Cocker Spaniel. The losers will move to part III of the competition which will conclude the public part of this competition.”

“As promised, this is billed as a dog and pony show. You have seen the dog competition. The final round is the pony show. And here are the ponies.” As he spoke the side doors opened and in were lead six beautiful Arabian stallions, two white and four black. The three of us almost fainted as we realize our fate.

“Now our dogs will take a short intermission to be prepared for round three. We will observe a 15 minute intermission and reconvene at 10:15.”

(To be continued)