

The Price You Pay—Chapter 5

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This story contains descriptions of sexual contact between Males. The content is homoerotic and for the entertainment of adults of legal age. This story contains content on a slave/master relationship with bondage and other erotic material including incest, torture, bestiality, and castration. If that is an issue, please do not read.

Training and Indoctrination

After the service on Sunday night we were taken to a new area of the Temple compound, which would be our home for the next week. We were housed in an area where the Temple Prostitutes lived. It was really amazing to see hundreds of guys constantly moving throughout the compound totally hairless and naked with cocks swinging. It was apparent that each country sent their prize specimens to train and service the temple.

My quarters were large and beautifully appointed with smaller alcoves for Greg and Terry. A small room, with two cots was also provided for Sammy and Keith. They had been taken from the worship service to a different area of the compound reserved for the temple eunuchs and would be trained separately while they healed and regained their strength.

When we were finally alone, Greg and Terry came into my quarters and talked as we enjoyed some hot chocolate brought to us by Jing and Jang. Tom had given the twins instructions to serve as my caretakers until such time as Sammy and Keith were able to take up their duties. They served us and withdrew to their alcove to await our needs.

“So much of what we have seen now makes sense,” Greg said. “My dad and brothers would disappear sometimes on weekends and return out of their minds from sheer horniness. They would abuse my ass without mercy and right in front of my mom and sisters. My sisters would be taken sometimes for days to a site where, according to them, they were gang fucked and impregnated. We were never able to tell anyone about this unless we wanted to lose our mom! My dad always warned that those who fucked our sisters would kidnap our mom and we would never see her again.”

We sat there in the darkness thinking about all the things we had learned today

with the understanding growing within each of us. The issue we struggled with was that the cock worship felt so right to us, so natural, and a craving for it, an obsession for it, was awakened in our deepest recesses.

I lay down on the bed and Terry got on his knees with his huge cock ready to enter my mouth. For the first time in my life I wanted his cock to fill my holes. As Terry fed me his black manhood, Greg began to suck my hard dick and swallow me all the way to the base. Within a couple of minutes Terry was fucking my mouth at a feverish pace and we both came together, me filling Greg's mouth as Terry filled mine. His cum ran down my chin and dripped on to my chest. I moved into position and took Greg's cock in my mouth. Greg began to clean Terry's cock of the excess cum and before long Terry was raging again with need.

Terry moved behind Greg and in one stroke rammed his big black pole into Greg's ass. Greg grunted as the big meat raped him. The violence with which Terry entered him made Greg shoot his load immediately. As I swallowed his huge load, his cum tasted sweet and sticky in my mouth. Terry soon filled Greg's ass with his second load.

As we lay on the bed exhausted, Jing and Jang entered the room and with their sweet innocent mouths cleaned our bodies of sweat, sperm and other juices. Their expert tongues worked feverishly on every part of our bodies. They sucked the cum from Greg's hole. When they were done they brought in warm, wet cloths and washed us until we felt clean and fresh.

Afterwards, Greg and Terry went to their own beds. The twins lay on the floor on each side of my bed to await my needs during the night as I slept. Once during the night, I started to rise to go to the bathroom. They gently forced me back to the bed and placed my piss-harden cock in their mouth. From the look on their faces I knew what they wanted. My hot piss began to hit the back of Jing's throat and he swallowed expertly with not one drop escaping his mouth. They alternated being my urinal through out the night.

Lessons from the past

I awoke on Monday morning feeling the best I had felt in days. "Master Jason, we can bath you, if you want." The words brought me out of my waking slumber. Jang was standing by the bed, his naked body glistening in the morning sun. Jing and Jang helped me to the huge showers where they took turns soaping and rinsing my body. When I was clean, they dried me with warm towels. Then they again placed me on the table and gave me a massage that was heaven itself.

Just before I arose from the table, Jing once again placed the cum block at the base of my penis. When I resisted, with tears in his eyes he replied, “But Master, it is the way! Your cum is sacred and cannot be given up any time you want? There are thousands who would give anything to taste the sacred sperm. You must wear the blocker. The need you feel and the agony will remind you of your new position. You will not be allowed to cum again even with your slaves until the high service on Thursday. We are the guardians, Jang and I, and if we fail we will be sent home in disgrace.”

I complied without further remonstrance mostly because of the look of abject pain and fear in the eyes of Jing and Jang, and realizing that I still did not understand all the dark forces at play in this Temple of the Holy Cock. Some of the things I was learning were frightful, but I would never consider changing centuries of tradition. I must learn to conform to what was truth.

I also learned that the Temple rules forbade the wearing of clothes and that every person serving the temple was completely shaved every day. Jing and Jang, as my guardians, were to be my shadow. As keepers of the sacred sperm it was their duty to never leave my side.

On the previous night they had allowed me to shoot my load because Greg and Terry were permitted receptacles. They informed me that the sacred sperm was only allowed to be deposited into eunuchs and priests, apart from Temple services. The sacred seed must be eaten from anyone who received the seed during worship unless they were virgins. Certain priests had special commission to cleanse the seed from recipients during the Temple worship. I also learned that virgin members were reserved as a special harem for the high priest and that no other cock could ever violate either their mouth or ass after the high priest took their cherries.

Jing and Jang’s father had been the “Guardian of the Sacred Seed” during the administration of three former high priests dating back to my great-grandfather and now they had taken the place of their dad to serve me in the role. In the history of the temple their family was known for its unswerving faithfulness and loyalty to its position.

Jing and Jang talked of this fascinating history as a young Indian boy expertly shaved my entire body. After the shaving he massaged into my skin a very soothing lotion that smelled something like the breeding salve. It immediately made my cock swell and my balls begin to churn. “The odor is meant to drive your subjects crazy in lust for your body, Lord Cock! You are to be the desire of all your subjects!”

As we walked through the hallways of the temple, every man we met bowed and showed his raging hard on at the aroma of the breeding salve. The cum block drove me crazy as I struggled to maintain my sanity against the animal yearnings within me.

As we came into the den area Tom was preparing lunch for us, and Greg and Terry were sitting on the couch near the fire. Totally shaved and clean, their cocks rose hard at the smell of my aroma and they shifted in an uncomfortable way at the realization of the need to worship my penis. I thought about the fact that I would not be able to cum again till Thursday night and I inwardly moaned at the long distance discipline that entailed.

After we ate, Jing and Jang moved to positions by the door, still ever within sight of me. Tom took up his spot sitting on the hearth with the roaring fire lighting his muscular frame. I still was not accustomed to seeing some one without balls. I could not help but wonder how big he must have been hard. It was a good seven inches soft.

“Before we go on to other things, I need to talk to you about Thursday evening’s service.”

“This is our highest service, October 31, All Hallows Eve. We have four high services per year that are mandatory attendance. This is the highest. Attendance will be around ten thousand including the women and children. They will come from all over the world. Already, from everywhere, members are arriving and preparing. Others around the world will watch the service by teleconference, especially in closed countries where travel is not possible. This ordination is very important.”

“The laws of the Temple will change with you, Jason. Previously, a high priest would serve for ten years and then be replaced by his son. You will be high priest for life. You will breed an heir and then all other claims will be negated. This will be hard for you, but we cannot have rival claims to your position. That process will begin on Thursday night and will culminate when you have been blessed with a male heir. You will understand this better after Thursday’s service.”

A history lesson

“I want to begin to talk to you about the history of the Temple of the Holy Cock. As I said before, we go all the way back to the Garden of Eden. Remember the story of Adam

and Eve, the first parents? The sin that cost them their place in the Garden of Eden was the fact that Adam began to worship the penis of Satan, the serpent. It is no accident that the penis has often been called a serpent. Phallic worship began to fill Adam's brain with thoughts other than those that God wanted him to have. The last straw came when the Serpent spoke to Eve and she accepted the terms of her role in worship."

"Adam became the first high priest of the Temple of the Lord Cock. He bred two sons, Cain, the heir to his high priesthood and Abel. Abel tried to usurp Cain's role and was killed. Thus it continued down through man's history. Abraham, as high priest, began the practice of circumcision to try to alter the worship of the penis, but his son Ishmael was secreted away and prevented from being circumcised. The priesthood was divided between the circumcised house of Isaac and the uncut house of Ishmael. Rival temples were set up and for a thousand years two forms of worship were followed. King David reunited the two worships and moved it to Jerusalem."

"David's son, Solomon, famous for his 700 wives and 300 concubines, began many of the traditions we still follow today. Solomon made alliances with every ruler within his world and took their first born, whether male or female as part of his harem. He increased the practice of penis worship and raised temples to phallic worship all over his kingdom. He died without designating a clear heir to his high priesthood and there were great troubles after that."

I will share more of the history with you through out the week. For now we need to talk about this week's events. But on Thursday night, Greg and Terry, you will be ordained into the priesthood. For the remainder of the week you will be trained by two of our African priests, Shaka and Nemo. As Tom spoke these two huge specimens of African humanity entered the room. 6'3" or so, their muscles were huge and the muscle between their legs was absolutely stunning. Go with them and they will teach you about what you will do on Thursday evening."

Tom dismissed the two Nubian giants and Greg and Terry followed somewhat guardedly behind them. "Jason, you and I will spend a great deal of time together during the next few days getting you prepared. Slide forward to the end of the couch and I want to talk to you about something."

As I slid forward Tom knelt between my legs and kissed the head of my cock. "The changes we made in the Temple were necessitated because of an element of subversion in our leadership. Sammy's and Keith's fathers have been trying for a long time to

over throw your father's leadership and take the high priest's position from him. For that reason the counsel decided to end their claims and right to succession. Their claims will end on Thursday night. By the same token, your father's reign as Lord Cock will end by his own decision. He would like you to lead the Temple into the next stage of growth. Please understand that this is his choice and what follows is of his design."

"Greg and Terry were chosen because their fathers have been loyal to your father and will therefore be loyal to you. You and they will be sent to Europe for training in some of the most sacred places of our religion. After the three of you graduate in May you will leave for Europe."

"You have been enrolled at Cambridge for the fall term and will complete your college training as well as high priest training. Cambridge is one of our schools, completely dedicated to penis worship. You will live in one of the private clubs at Cambridge, housing all members of the Temple, and they will serve you as you will."

"It is vital that you do not fail us. During your off time, you will travel extensively to participate in worship services in many different countries. For the next few days you will spend time with the delegations from every country where we have a temple. Get to know them. Pick from among them for your emissaries. They will prove to be invaluable to you. There is currently an heir of rebellion or maybe frustration among various temple groups around the world. Part of that frustration is the lack of a high priest to visit these areas and promote worship."

Tom reached between my legs and gently grasped my nut sack in his huge hands. "You have no idea the reverence the Temple has for these, Lord Jason. Your seed is the most sacred thing to us in the Temple Worship.

I will leave you for a few minutes to read one of the documents of the Temple regarding this. When I return we will discuss some other important facts you need for Thursday night.

As Tom left I began to read from **The Doctrine of the Holy Seed**

The sacredness of semen is well documented from earliest writing in the Bible and other ancient texts. In the Old Testament it was considered an offense worthy of death for a man to waste his seed by spilling it on the ground. In the seed was life.

While lesser known to the Western World, ancient Indian texts bring some interesting ideas to the worship of the cock and the divine seed. Their writings range from the lesser known facets of sexuality which range from the biological and historical to the symbolic and spiritual. They believed that the Soma (male reproductive juices) were the 'Celestial Dew of Ecstasy'. This dew seems to be a type of endocrine nectar believed to drip down from the pineal gland or pituitary glands, or both into the body when the body is sexually aroused, and it was believed that when drunk it was the aid in achieving both immortality and enlightenment.

Priests, bishops, rishis, fakirs, yogis, and saints often had a kind of sexual "carte blanche" and were allowed, or even asked and sometimes paid, to make love to any one they picked out of the crowd or visited at her home. It was once believed throughout India in general that the blood, or rather the semen, of sacred persons had generative powers.

It is against this background that we must view the information that since ancient times the holy rishis have been asked by nobles and kings to have intercourse with members of their household and that holy persons of all kinds were regarded as being free to make love.

The Semitic scholar of Sumerian philology, John M. Allegro, of Dead Sea Scroll fame, would probably irk Christians for his research has revealed that Jesus/Joshua in its Greek form means 'the semen that heals or fructifies,' the god's juice that gives life. When Christian devotees were smeared with this powerful liquid they absorbed it into their bodies and were brought into living communion with God and felt divine. The practice of drinking divine juices aided the devotee in his desired "direct access to God." Men and women collected in their hands the mixed love juices of their union, symbolically offer them to their deity, and then proceed to drink and celebrate the Eucharist with their own sperm declaring it to be "The Body of Christ."

The words "Holy Grail" are a mistranslation of early French words for "royal blood," and the true purpose of Priore de Sion is to protect alleged royal descendants of Jesus and prepare the way for their accession to world power. It was for this reason that the Knights Templars were burned as heretics for drinking from the Rosi-Crucis (the Cup of the Waters identified as a red cross within a circle...the Holy Grail.) This Dew is connected with both male semen and the holy cross. Golden liquid is created during sexual union, which according to Taoist adepts is the inner alchemy instrumental in achieving longevity and even mortality. This liquid or subtle energy is created by the mingling and drawing into the body the secretions of male and practitioners. This leads

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to a mystical state of awareness and a merging of the individual with the all-pervading cosmic principle. Why wouldn't the essence of life be sacred? And so the adage goes: There is nothing new under the sun; including sexual confusion and blasphemy against God.

I had just finished reading when Tom returned to the room. “There is a lot more to learn, but for now we must talk about the service. You must show your proficiency as the Lord Cock on Thursday night. The service will be much like what you endured at Linville with some few exceptions. One thing you will need to know is that the Linville team will be part of the service. The inhabitants of Linville and all the surrounding communities will be here in mass. Do not be shocked at who you will see here.”

Meetings with various delegations

I spent the rest of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in meeting with the different delegations from Temples in remote places I had only read about. Burma, Thailand, China, Philippines, Indonesia, Tibet, Mongolia, and on and on the list went. It was somewhat interesting to walk naked into a room where other naked men would kneel and kiss the head of my penis before beginning our discussions. Many offers were made for me to travel to their country and also many wanted to offer me their best and brightest young men for assistants. Some wanted to offer me their best girls for breeding of my heir. Hopes of having the next Lord Cock from their country were high on their list of desires.

Sammy and Keith learn the role of slave

Sammy and Keith had been taken to the eunuch section of the Temple where about fifty of their kind were housed. A staff physician checked to see how they were healing from the castration. In his broken English, he kept assuring them they were fine, even though they did not feel fine.

Sammy could not seem to get his mind off the change of status that had come his way. Before Linville, he had everything he wanted, girls, cars, money, and even the grudging admiration of his fellow teammates. Sure he was the object of jealousy—but that was to be expected.

He had always been so proud of his endowment. Since puberty, his cock had been larger than those of his peers and when his balls were slow to enlarge, he had manipulated them to make them larger. His favorite thing to do at thirteen was to tie a

string around his nut sack and tie the other end to a stack of books and then kick them off the end of the bed. The pain, while excruciating, was also wonderful and it really helped to enlarge his balls. Later, one day as he was playing hooky from school, he found a large dildo in one of his mother's drawers and played with it all day. He tied a shoe string around his balls and tied the other end to a door knob. He then forced himself to kneel to the floor yanking his balls violently into the air. He then placed the huge dildo on the floor and forced it up his ass until his cheeks were on the bedroom floor. Of course his balls were yanked like hell.

No one had ever known about his need for self abuse. His friend Martin in junior high got him started with kicking his nuts. "This will make them swell and they will get bigger," he said. Smart boy, that Martin! His balls had been a real prize and a real magnet with the girls.

He probably should not have fucked the Linville girl. She had gone ape over his "bull balls" as she called them. She went on and on about how much bigger they were than her boyfriend's (The Linville Quarterback). That was probably why he had lost them.

From Monday through Wednesday night, they had been checked daily and their incisions, thanks to the Indian doctored herbal salves, were almost totally healed. While not likely to play in the game on Friday night, they would not be out too long. They were trained in the art of cock worship, sucking, and using their tongue for pleasure. Temple prostitutes, known for their size, and ability to pleasure were brought in and Sammy and Keith were forced to suck, eat, drink piss, and give pleasure. Hard slaps across the face were punishment for mistakes. Sammy almost wished he had balls that could be kicked to remind him at least he was still a man.

One of the hardest facts to admit was that he was to serve Jason. He had hated Jason from day one. Jason had any girl he wanted. He was not pretentious or cocky. He did not have a nice car; he rode a bike to school for heaven's sake. He wore clothes from Wal-Mart. Sammy's dad had told him that he had big plans for Sammy to rise to a place of respect in the community. While Sammy did not know what that meant, he thought how disappointed his dad would be now that no grandchildren would be in his future. He often talked about how vital it was to have a line of succession. Sounded strange to Sammy—but hey his dad was a smart man.

Keith, on the other hand, was a great student. He was quiet and unassuming. He never got into trouble. His dad, unlike him, was a hot head. He was always struggling trying to get ahead of everyone else. He was the union leader for the miners and although he did not make much money, lived well above his means.

Keith did not inherit his dad's rebellion against everything. He was virtually well liked and his team felt sorry for him after seeing his dad's behavior at some of the games. Since Keith was 12 years old his dad had been forcing him to have sex. An only child, Keith's dad thought him to be effeminate and began fucking him and being really rough with him. Keith learned to take his dad's ample cock. He always admired his dad's big nuts. His own were nothing to brag about and his dad often taunted him with the statement that he must have gotten that little pecker from his mother's side of the family. To Keith, serving the Temple did not seem like a bad idea. It sure beat enduring his dad's scathing abuse or working the rest of your life in the mines. Even without balls, Keith would be content taking care of Jason. Besides Jason had always been kind of his hero. Nice looking and well built, Keith had always stolen glances at Jason's cock in the locker room. Things could always be worse!

Greg and Terry Learn the Ropes

Greg and Terry had followed the two Nubians to a section of the Temple reserved for the priests. The quarters were nice but crowded with naked men and huge cocks everywhere. Some of them made even Terry feel inferior.

They were first taken to an area of the Temple that resembled a confessional. Here priests were taking cum offerings from the members arriving from around the world for the service. On the four high Sabbaths, a part of the rituals were the members making confession to the priests and the priest receiving the cum offerings of members. The mouth and ass of the priests were utilized as receptacles and with the large number of worshippers in residence, each priest were carrying on two confessionals at a time with both mouth and ass in use. It was not unusual during the holy days for the priests to receive sixty confessions and their accompanying loads of cum during each of their shifts. Other than Sabbaths, the temple prostitutes were the receptacles for offerings which they then offered to the priests. With the increased numbers, both worked around the clock.

“As the final act of your ordination on Thursday evening you will consummate your priesthood by offering cum you have received and depositing it in the high priest. You will work the confessionals for the next three days receiving offerings for that purpose.”

The two Nubians each reached down and grasped Greg and Terry's penises and forced the cum block down around the base. They then took chastity device and put them

onto the cock and balls of the two and locked them in place. “It is vital that once you are engaged in your high priestly work that you do not have any kind of sex—even jacking off while you are engaged in your office.

You will not cum until the service on Thursday night. Terry let out an audible groan of inward pain. They knelt in the confessional with their mouth open and ass in the air ready to receive the next pilgrim. To begin the confessional they were to record the donor’s name and his confession and then receive his offering. The only difference was they were in total contact with the donor. Nothing hid them from the identity or sight of the donor. Fathers and sons, young and old, every race, every color, were lined to make their offerings.

For the three days they served continually with their bodies full of semen and balls churning with need. Eunuchs walked in and out through the aisles serving the priests water and soft drinks between loads. Every two hours the eunuchs would bow behind the priests and rub the breeding salve on the priests’ balls and holes to increase their desire to continue the confessional. This also increased their sperm production and balls swelled and sagged with the load awaiting delivery on Thursday night. Finally, another shift of priests relieved the group and they were taken to rest. They could not sleep because of their extreme horniness.

By Wednesday night, they were in agony as were all the other priests. They spent their time in meditation waiting the service when the pent up fury of their horniness would be released in the new Lord Cock’s hole. Never had they had this much need. And to make matters worse, the young Lord Cock had been brought through the area reeking of the breeding salve, and driving them into a frenzy.

Some of the priests passed out from the extreme need to release. Others stayed in the showers under the coldest water. Some could be seen banging their cock and balls against the wall of the temple hoping the pain would dull the inward ache. Many of the priests went back to the confessional and continued to receive offerings; doing anything they could to dull the inward pain of their loins. A couple became so insane with their horniness they were brought in chains to the showers and restrained to the walls in the rings provided.

Awaiting the Temple Service

As the days progressed towards Thursday night, the sense of emotional and sexual pressure began to increase. Everyday saw more and more pilgrims from afar coming onto the Temple grounds. Previous need for space had resulted in campsites, barracks, etc being built for this event. Converts to the Temple were growing so rapidly that even these provisions were over run. Naked people were every where, sleeping wherever they could find a spot. The temple prostitutes worked non-stop assuring that each member could get his confessions completed and offerings done in time for the worship. All offerings and confessionals would cease at 4:00 PM on Thursday to give time for the priests and prostitutes to prepare themselves for the service that evening.

Everyone was now awaiting and expectant of what the services would bring. Would the planned change in leadership successfully end the challenge to Temple authority? How would the families react to the change in their sons?

(To be continued)