

# Cop's Son

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# 1 Part 1

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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## Sweet Release

I was holding a copy of a *Playboy* magazine in one hand as my other hand jacked my cock. My mind though was wandering. In Sunday school the priest had invited some women to talk about *sex*. The women had been pretty honest with us and warned us to wait for marriage and all of that shit. They had also told us about condoms. I really wanted to try a condom. I wanted to fuck something. Maybe the pretty girl in the magazine I was reading.

“**AHHHH**,” I gasped as my body arched and I shot a load of cum onto my chest.

My mom knocked on the door and I quickly covered the sheets over my body and the magazine as she entered. “Jonnie dad and I are going to take a week vacation alone to Rhode Island next month, we are going to have you stay with the Greene’s.”

I must have allowed my thoughts about the proposed sleeping arrangements show because my mom scolded me and I quickly said it would be ok. “Ok if you can tolerate the fact that Mike Greene is a huge fag,” I thought. Not that I was the coolest kid at school, but I was at least not in the losers and geeks group. Spending a week living with Mike could easily make my last semester of high school miserable.

I tried for the, I’m eighteen line, and mom said that when I acted my age I would be treated it. Admittedly smashing my mom’s car in the snow while showing off some driving tricks my dad had taught me had made me less than popular around the house since Thanksgiving. The only reason I escaped serious punishment is that my dad was just as much in the doghouse for “encouraging” me.

## Drop Off

We knew the Greene’s since forever since Mike’s dad and my dad were both police officers together. My dad seemed oblivious to the faggot he was leaving me with for a *whole* week. Mrs. Greene greeted me warmly at the door and then waived my parents on their way.

My dad had threatened to tan my hide if I misbehaved for the Greenes and I did not doubt

that he would follow through on that threat. Mrs. Greene led me upstairs to Mike's room which I would be sharing. Mike had a trundle bed of sorts where an extra bed rolled out from under the bed and then popped up to regular height.

Mrs. Greene had already moved the extra bed about a foot from the edge of Mike's bed. Mike was at his desk working on homework and barely grunted at me. He and I had not been friendly since high school—especially after Mike came out as a huge faggot.

“Lights out at nine,” Mrs. Greene said as she stepped out and shut the door.

I flopped my stuff down and tried to lay down on the bed to decompress. Mike snickered and I had to fight my impulse to deck him. He turned around and asked if there was anything I needed.

“Yeah, to get this bed further away from you,” I said.

“What are you so afraid of Jonnie?”

“Faggot,” I responded.

“Big mouth, but aren't you just afraid you might like it?”

“Shut the fuck up Mike before I deck you,” I said.

Mike laughed at me, got up and then flopped down on his bed right next to me. “We used to be best buddies like our dads,” Mike said, “then you just stopped talking to me one day.”

“Well you changed.”

“I haven't changed,” Mike responded, “but you turned into quite the homophobe.” He then walked out leaving the door open and headed to the bathroom.

He came back wearing just white briefs and I guess my eyes must have wandered, but he was too polite to say anything. He plopped down onto his bed and picked up a copy of “The Grapes of Wrath” which our English classes were reading.

I decided to head to the bathroom and clean myself up as well. By the time I finished in the bathroom it was already eight fifty as I walked out of the bathroom wearing boxers and Mrs. Greene stopped me in the hallway. “Jonnie, boys wear briefs to sleep.”

I tried to explain I did not own any briefs but Mrs. Greene simply walked me to Mike's bedroom and handed me a pair of his briefs saying “put these on.”

She walked out shutting the door and I was stuck having to strip in front of Mike and put on his briefs. He watched me like a hawk, savoring my discomfort. “Faggot,” I muttered as I changed and got the briefs on.

## Sleep

Mrs. Greene came back in at nine-on-the-dot and checked on us and turned off the light with the admonition not to be talking or making noise and to go straight to sleep. Like I

had anything to say to Mike any more.

As soon as she shut the door Mike whispered, “so you want to see what it is like to have your cock sucked?”

“Shut the fuck up faggot,” I said, but the idea had been planted. I was still a virgin and the idea of anyone, even a fag like Mike sucking my dick had a certain appeal.

“What you afraid of, having your cock sucked won’t make you a fag,” he continued.

“SHUT UP,” I said loudly. Mr. Greene knocked on the door and reminded us to quiet down and that he better not have to come in there.

Eighteen and I felt like I was twelve again.

“We used to sleep together on trips, remember,” Mike kept it up, “just let me suck your dick.”

I swung out my hand towards his bed, but his hand caught my fist and he grabbed my fist and kissed it. Mike quickly maneuvered across the narrow gap between the beds and was on top of me, pinning me down.

## **Blowjob**

When I started trying to shout, Mike began to choke me until I stopped making sounds. “Quiet down,” he whispered, “if my parents come in I will tell them you insulted me and I guarantee that my dad will whip your ass.”

I stopped trying to talk and decided to let Mike suck me off. Mike kept one hand tightly around my throat and used his other hand to slide my briefs down. I noticed his cock was hard against my chest and I was a bit revolted but then noticed that, perhaps from fear, I was a bit erect myself.

Mike slid down my body and wrapped his lips around my semi-erect shaft. The sensation was intense as Mike’s plump lips wrapped around my sensitive mushroom cap. I was scarred as all fuck that Mike’s dad would walk in and of what Mike was doing. But, I just lay there like a frozen log as my faggot best friend began to deliver an extended blow job.

Mike’s tongue ran up and down my shaft as it expanded to full length. “MMM,” I moaned slightly and Mike paused. “Keep it up faggot,” I said softly.

Mike smiled broadly and returned to work.

The sensations from receiving my first blow job was intense and Mike knew exactly what he was doing. His tongue flicked the sensitive skin right between the shaft and my mushroom cap repeatedly and he had me moaning softly.

Mike then switched his attentions to sucking my testicles. He got both balls into his mouth and swirled them around with his tongue. I had never imagined someone sucking my balls and it felt really good. I was cooing appreciatively as he returned to a full deep-throat

offensive on my erect shaft.

“Mike,” I kept saying as he sucked harder and harder on my cock.

I found myself suddenly arching and then releasing a load of my spunk into Mike’s waiting mouth. My entire body was incredibly sensitive and Mike slid back up me and kissed me on the lips. I could taste my cum on his tongue and had no resistance as he rubbed his erect cock on my sensitive tummy. He slid his belly up and down to let his erect cock rub against my belly. I struggled not to laugh since I was still extremely sensitive. Then his cock exploded on my chest. He collapsed on me and kissed me again.

Then stood up abruptly and went back to his bed without saying another word to me. I could tell he fell asleep right away leaving me full of all sorts of weird emotions and a chest full of his wet gism.

I felt totally fucked up about what had just happened and then found my finger dipping into Mike’s wet cum on my chest. My finger then went into my mouth and I licked his cum from my chest, finger load, by finger load. Fuck!

## Night 2

Mike completely ignored my existence in the morning and the whole day at school. It was making me mad. The whole day, he studiously managed to avoid letting my eyes catch his. Mr. and Mrs. Greene asked me all sorts of questions about where I was planning to go to college. Not that Mr. Greene did not know every fucking detail of my life from his cop partner, my dad.

At eight o’clock, Mrs. Greene checked in on us and reminded us that bedtime was nine, sharp. Mrs. Greene reminded me politely that I was expected to wear briefs again and to ask Mike to borrow briefs if needed.

Mike showered and came back to the room with just a towel and made a point of standing naked for a bit in front of me before putting on his briefs. He was pretty decent looking I had to admit. Fuck! What was I thinking.

I took the next shower and came back already in a pair of Mike’s briefs.

After lights out, Mike whispered, “I bet you liked that...”

“Fuck off,” I responded.

Mike laughed, “yeah, well get your butt in this bed now *faggot* or I’ll fly the cum drenched briefs you wore last night from the school flagpole tomorrow.”

Panic. “You wouldn’t dare,” I protested.

“Try me,” Mike said, “I already took them out of the laundry and have them in my locker at school.”

“Fucking asshole,” I said.

“Now, now, that’s no way to treat me when I have control over how the last semester of high school goes for you.”

“I’ll beat the shit out of you,” I tried.

“So, the whole school will still know you are a *faggot*,” he said firmly.

“What do you want,” I asked.

Mike just laughed. “Get over here, **NOW**.”

I slowly got out of the bed I was laying in and got into bed with him. He quickly pinned me on my back and had me lace my hands behind my head. One hand went around my neck while the other pinned my forehead down, pressing against my hands. He began to choke me gently and then started forcing his tongue into my throat. Any time I fought him even slightly or tried to avoid his probing tongue, Mike choked me firmly.

Mike’s cock was firmly erect against my cock the entire time and despite my reservations, Mike kept pointing out that I seemed to be enjoying myself as well. Every few minutes, Mike would pause from kissing me and choke me harder saying, “looks like you really are a *faggot*.” I had to nod and repeat—while he was choking me—“I am a faggot.”

After about an hour, Mike told me to go back to my bed and expect to serve him similarly each night this week if I wanted to get the cum drenched underwear back.

## School

Mike played it cool, I was a non-entity except in bed each night. But I was terrified. I was certain the whole school had x-ray glasses or something and could know what was happening to me at night. That they could know I was being turned into a faggot. Or whatever was happening to me. The worst part was I, I caught myself looking forward to whatever Mike want to do to me.

## Night 3

As soon as Mrs. Greene left, Mike ordered me over to the bed and this time I did not hesitate. Without prompting, I laced my hands behind my head and Mike quickly began kissing me deeply. I gave my tongue and mouth freely though and he did not have to choke me much and remarked, “starting to like this faggot, eh?”

Mike had me get onto the floor and kneel at the foot of the bed. I had to keep my hands laced behind my head. Mike got out of the bed and pulled his briefs off. I knew what was going to happen and I realized suddenly that I wanted to suck cock and more particularly his cock. Mike slapped my face with his hard cock and told me that I had to beg to suck his dick.

“Please,” I said softly.

He slapped my face crudely with his massive tool, “beg, faggot.”

“Please let me suck your dick,” I pleaded.

His cock slapped my face twice, “beg like you mean it fag boy.”

I begged and pleaded and whimpered for his cock in my mouth and Mike made me grovel for it.

As he finally slid his tool into my mouth he commented, “now Jonnie-boy is a real cocksucker.”

Yeah, I supposed, I was a cocksucker and it was good. Mike kept one hand on my interlaced hands which were behind my head and face fucked me fairly violently. Unlike his gentle and leisurely cocksucking of me two nights early, I was having my mouth raped by his massive cock. I was gagging slightly at times, but he would only pause slightly to allow me to catch my breath before continuing to fuck my face. When he finally shot his load right into my throat the sensation was intense.

I was promptly sent to bed without so much as a thanks or a kiss.

## **School Blow**

After lunch the next day there was a folded note in my locker: “Behind the stadium bleachers, 2pm, sharp. -M”

“Fuck,” I thought, “what in god’s name did he have planned.”

At that moment, Mike walked by and said, “hi” to me in front of everyone in the hall. FUCK! I was convinced that everyone in the hall could see me on my knees sucking that faggot’s cock. FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK. What had I allowed to happen. Why had I let him suck my dick.

At two I was behind the bleachers. The stadium was completely empty. Mike arrived late and I was already agitated. He laughed at me when I started to complain and just told me to get on my knees unless I wanted my cum soaked underwear plastered about the school. I kneeled and he made me unbutton his Levi’s and take out his cock before he then had me lace my hands behind my head so he could fuck my face.

After about twenty minutes, Mike shot into my throat and then pulled away saying, “same time tomorrow cocksucker and every day for the rest of the year.”

## **Night 4**

Mike’s parents headed out to a PTA meeting and Mike took full advantage of the situation and insisted on taking five rolls of film of pictures of me naked in a variety of places in his house.

Twice I protested and I got punched in the gut, tackled, choked, and kissed until I agreed to allow him to continue. He had taken a great interest in his dad's police training and used it against me. Several of the photos featured me with pictures of gay porn magazines his parents let him keep.

By the time his parents came home around 8:30, we were in our briefs and ready for bed. Mike had already hidden the film in a gun safe in his room. I was totally fucked.

After lights out, Mike announced that he was going to fuck me and that I needed to roll over and get my ass up into the air. I started to protest and he reminded me that he could conveniently drop off one of the rolls of film at the drug store and the whole town would suddenly know I was a huge sexual pervert.

I rolled over and put my pillow under my abdomen and waited for him. Mike took his sweet time coming over to my bed and suddenly I felt a cool gel being rubbed onto my fuckhole. Mike's finger slide into my hole with ease.

Then his cock followed a few seconds later. Mike was all business about my first fuck. His cock slid easily down my lubricated fuckhole and he was gentle at first rocking his cock in and out in smooth motions.

"How's that feel faggot," he asked.

"Uncomfortable," I said.

"Learn to like it," he said as he began thrusting his cock in and out of me violently with minimal regard to my pleasure—or pain. When he finally orgasmed he lay on top of me for quite some time before getting off me and returning to his bed.

"Faggot," he said, "if you want you can jerk yourself off, but you have to talk to me about how much you like sucking cock and getting fucked by cock as you do it."

"Fuck you," I said.

Mike gut punched me hard, "do it faggot."

I started jacking off and whispering out loud that I was "a cocksucker" and a "faggot" and that I liked "to suck cock and get fucked." Sad part, I found myself turned on by the humiliation of having to say those things about myself and realizing that it was true and after just a few minutes I shot a load onto my chest.

"Eat your cum up faggot," Mike ordered.

I did not even hesitate, knowing I would get punched again if I did not comply. I scooped my cum up quickly and fed it to myself and then he told me to get the last of the cum up with my underwear and then put the underwear back on. I did.

Mike then went to sleep ignoring me.

## School Fuck

Mike had ignored me all day, and there was no note, but I knew better than to be anywhere other than at the bleachers at 2. Mike was five minutes late again and this time, had me turn around and drop my pants. I felt a lubricant again and he fucked me right there behind the stadium bleachers.

I was terrified that someone from school would see this, but Mike did not give a fuck. He was already known to be a cocksucking faggot. But me, I was “straight” and “normal”. Mike finished with me unceremoniously and pulled my pants up and told me to see him same time Monday. Fuck.

I took my time heading back to the classrooms, certain that everyone could see that my ass had just been pegged out back..

## Friday Night

Mike was not home when I got home and I was terrified about what he might have planned. Mrs. Greene commented that my parents would be home Monday night and that it had been a real pleasure having me visit. She also added that she and Mr. Greene were thinking of taking a trip in March and that she was going to have Mike stay at our house. Fuck.

When Mike did show up around seven thirty, he had a large envelope with him. Mike waited till around eight thirty to show me the prints. Most were four-by-sixes from the previous night. But there were several glossy eight-by-tens of me with the gay porn all around me on the bed.

“Nice, eh?”

“Fuck off,” I responded.

“I was thinking of framing these,” Mike continued.

“Fuck you,” I said.

“You wish,” he laughed, “I’ll be having your ass or your mouth daily for the rest of this year. Oh, and if you say a word these pictures will go to the school newspaper.”

I decided to lunge at him and quickly found myself on my back being pounded with gut punch after gut punch. He did not stop till my entire abdomen was sore and slightly bruised. Then he took his time locking the prints and negatives in the gun safe.

After lights out I was on my knees sucking dick and then on my stomach getting fucked. I was his.

## **Write the Author**

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at [toplegal@yahoo.com](mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com).

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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## 2 Part 2

By TopLegal

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(By popular demand, here's a part 2 to what was supposed to be a stand-alone story.)

### My Life

My life had changed about two weeks ago now. Changed forever. My name is Jon and my father is a cop in a moderately sized city. His partner is Mr. Greene and Mr. Greene's son is Mike. Mike is a fag. I had been your average high school senior until two weeks ago. Then my parents took a vacation and had me stay at the Greene's, that's when Mike made me his fucktoy.

Twice, I've been tempted not to show up at the abandoned bleachers at two o'clock to serve Mike. But each time I've thought about what would happen if the blackmail pictures of me he took were to show up around the school: my life would be ruined.

Of course there are the beatings also. Gut punch after gut punch, choking, and occasional kicks to the groin to punctuate my "disobedience."

Fuck. I do *not* want to be gay, I thought to myself as I pulled up my pants after Mike fucked me. Mike pulled me up by my hair rapidly and socked it to me in the guts. "My house, tonight at 6PM, be there or your kneepad pics will be the talk of the school tomorrow," he said as he let go of my hair and let me slump into the dirt.

All I could think was, "**FUCK.**"

### Alone at the Greene's

I rang the doorbell at six exactly, the one time I had shown up about two minutes late behind the bleachers, Mike had slammed me in the groin and spent ten minutes choking me and gut punching me before making me get on my knees in the dirt and suck his dick in apology before taking it up the ass.

Mike was wearing a junior officer's uniform and pulled out a slender, night-stick. Mike explained, "Dad has been teaching me how to *control* a suspect with the night-stick, now get up to my room and strip, you are going to be doing another photo shoot for me."

I scrambled up the stairs, the odd thing—my cock was rock hard against my jeans. I stripped quickly and stood in the center of his room. Mike joined me with an expensive looking digital camera. “Jonnie, be a good boy and pull out my gay porn stash from between the mattress,” Mike said.

I reluctantly pulled it out. Mike handed me the night-stick and instructed me to start reading the magazines and play with the night-stick in my fuckhole and make pretty for the camera. I hesitated just long enough to receive two sharp kicks below my ribs. I swear I have permanent bruises there. I began by opening some of the porn and stroking my cock. Mike took dozens of pictures. Then at his behest, I started licking the night-stick to lube it up. Finally I shoved it up my ass and rode it while stroking off with the other hand. Mike made me keep it up till I shot my load.

Then he told me to go clean the night-stick. I went to the bathroom. I returned to his room to find him with the camera attached to his computer.

“Put the porn away Jonnie boy. I’m uploading the pictures including ones with your face blacked out to a digital photo site and then posting some selected links to them in LiveJournal,” Mike said. I could feel my insides crumbling. I handed Mike the night-stick, numb on the inside.

Mike suggested we hot tub. One of the house rules though was that the hot tub use had to be **entirely** naked. We went out into the warm desert air and sat in the hot tub.

We were in for about thirty minutes when Mr. and Mrs. Greene came home. “Oh, hi Jon,” Mr. Greene said to me.

Mrs. Greene piped in, “Mike you told Jonnie the house rules about the hot tub?”

“Yeah mom,” Mike chimed back.

Mrs. Greene nodded approvingly. **FUCK** They had to know I was his fuck toy. Mr. Greene took his dress clothes off and Mrs. Greene followed suit and in less than a minute they were sitting next to us—naked—in the hot tub.

The hot tub felt so good for my sore abdomen and I did not want to get up. Mr. Greene suddenly announced, “Mike, I need to talk to you for a minute.” Then Mr. Greene got out of the tub and Mike quickly followed suit.

## Mrs. Greene

Alone with Mrs. Greene for the first time since I had become her teenage son’s fuck toy, she asked the pregnant question: “You gay too?”

I blushed. She said, “Mr. Greene and I love Mike just the same, I’m sure your parents would love you the same too.”

“I’m 100% straight,” I said.

“So you jonesing for me,” she said in a sexy whisper. She was hot, but I noticed my dick

was **not** rock hard. My heart sank, was all the fucking making me gay?

She continued, "I thought not." I looked down trying to avoid her glance. "You in love with Mike," she said.

I shook my head. Mrs. Greene came across the hot tub and got in my face, her tits were right in front of me. She was stunning, if I had wanted to I could have licked her tits by just moving my face slightly. My cock was limp. She bent closer and whispered in my ear, "Do not lie to me, you will find yourself over Mr. Greene's lap getting a whipping you **will not** forget with his police belt."

She stayed on top of me and I realized suddenly for the first time since becoming Mike's fuck toy that I might actually be gay. She pushed against me and reached down to my limp dick.

"Complete faggot," she announced. "Now, answer my question honestly."

"I am not sure MA'AM," I responded honestly.

## **Mr. Greene**

Before I could reach Mike, Mr. Greene was waiting at the top of the stairs and took me into his study. I was still dripping some water and in their heavily air conditioned house, my nipples were erect. Mr. Greene was dressed and even had his uniform on. I remembered that he and my dad were working tonight. In fact, my dad was going to be over in probably twenty or thirty minutes to pick up Mr. Greene in the squad car.

"If my dad saw me like this," I thought.

"Did you and Mrs. Greene have a good talk," Mr. Greene asked.

"Yes, SIR," I responded.

"Good, I want you to know I talked to Mike and he assured me you boys are having safe sex. He also told me you are still in the closet," Mr. Greene said all matter of factly.

"Yes, SIR," I agreed.

"I really am relieved to see him going out with someone as nice as you, feel free to come to our house as often as you want to be with him," Mr. Greene said.

## **HONK HONK**

"Gotta run, work," Mr. Greene said leaving the room.

I walked down the hall to Mike's room, he was already laying in bed. "Come on in Jonnie," he said, "what did you think of my parents?"

"Um, interesting," I said.

"My parents don't want us to use separate beds in here any more so get in with me," he said.

I nodded and lay down next to Mike.

## **Piss?**

The next day was uneventful. At two I was out behind the bleachers. I should perhaps mention that our school had had to close down its sports teams and all other extracurricular activities. Thus, at most one or two people would be in the general area and I could usually get behind the bleachers without being noticed.

Mike was already there and told me to get on my knees. I opened my mouth and he whipped out his dick but instead of shoving it in for me to suck, he told me to “Open wide and drink up.”

Next thing I knew there was a torrent of piss flowing into my mouth. I realized immediately that any I did not swallow would get on my clothing. I tried to swallow it all up as it came in. Mike’s piss was hot and salty. I had no time to be revolted because as soon as he finished pissing he shoved his cock in for sucking.

After a few minutes he stood me up and I had to bend over to be fucked.

When he finished he told me he was leaving me a list of items to get before he stayed at my house for a week starting Friday while his parents were traveling on vacation.

I felt thoroughly used and humiliated and then I suddenly realized that I liked it.

## **Sex Shop**

I picked the list Mike had left off the ground and shook the dirt off the hundred dollar bills he had left. “FUCKER,” I shouted to no one in particular realizing that Mike had left me no excuses for not getting the equipment required.

I asked my mom for permission to borrow the car when I got home. It was already Wednesday. Thursday my mom usually liked to take me out for dinner without dad for us to just “talk.” Fuck.

Mom did not ask too many questions and I drove the car into a seedy part of downtown to the address on the slip of paper.

I looked down at the list at the first item “butt plug, medium.” I must have seemed out of sorts because the clerk came from behind the counter and said something like, “first time?”

“Yeah,” I said noncommittally.

“Got a list,” he asked?

I handed the clerk the list. He took it and looked down it, ok we have all of this stuff, let me show you. He guided me first to a collection of various shapes and sizes of dildos and butt plugs. He picked up one of the black butt plugs and a black set of plastic anal beads.

“This is the butt plug,” he said handing me the butt plug. Then he handed me the anal beads saying, “these are one type of anal bead that our customers like since they hold in better.” I could not imagine having a string of eight or nine one-inch diameter balls shoved into me, but then again if you had asked me two weeks earlier I would not have been able to imagine getting fucked by a guy and liking it.

“Now we have a couple of different types of tit clamps, take off your shirt so I can demonstrate,” the clerk said. I hesitated, and he said, “I’ve seen a lot more than your nipples in this store, now get it off so we can find ones you like.” I took off my shirt and he put a different type of clamp on each tit. The sensation was rather intense and also a bit painful. We settled on a medium sized pair that did not cause me too much pain.

“Ok, ball spreaders did you want metal or leather,” the clerk asked in the same tone that other clerks ask paper or plastic.

“Um,” I stammered, “what’s the difference?”

“Cost, comfort, intensity, the metal ones are bit harder to get on sometimes but the feel is a bit more intense.”

I shrugged.

The clerk helped himself to undoing my pants where he found me quite erect and without so much as a how do you do was forcing my cock into a metal ball spreader. “That will do” he said after forcing my balls through the openings. The feeling of the cold metal surrounding my balls was intense and also the sensation of having them away from my body was weird. I was rock hard. “Wear that out?”

I nodded and pulled up my pants.

“Ok,” he said, “that will come to about \$180 plus tax.”

I handed him two hundred dollar bills. My cock was raging inside my pants. It was only seven o’clock so I decided to drive over to Mike’s.

## **Nude Jonnie Boy Dot Com**

Mrs. Greene greeted me and told me to go upstairs. She did not even remark on the huge bulge in my cock. Mike grunted in acknowledgment at me and told me to strip. I noticed he was reviewing a web site and then I recognized the pictures—it was me. Before I could say something he said, “how do you like our web site?”

I stammered and he came over to me and put his hands around my throat and told me to sit down in front of the computer. I read the page.

Subscribe to some of the hottest teen-boy pics on the web.

Added bonus: Check regularly for new pics or for his identity to be revealed. Jonnie-boy is the property of Mike. If Mike does not place a special “blackmail”

file on the server each Sunday, then the pictures on this site will automatically be replaced with versions with Jonnie-boy's face. You can also read a diary of Jonnie-boy's torments.

Only \$99.95/year billed discretely to your credit card.

Sign up Now!

The true depths of my dilemma were beginning to sink in.

"We already have 500 subscribers since I started the site when you were over the first night," Mike beamed, "I'm sure they'll love pictures of you in the new gear we bought. As a bonus you will get 50% of the money which is a cool \$50K so far, less the five hundred I gave you to buy the toys."

I started to cry and he dropped me to the floor, tackled me and gut punched me a few times. "Behave yourself Jonnie-boy," he said.

I collected myself and then let him take pictures of me. Every picture included my face. Mike showed me how he uploaded two versions of every picture one with the face blacked out, the other with my face included.

The pictures we took that night focused on me in my ball spreader. Me playing with my new butt plug and me playing with the anal beads. I found I really enjoyed the anal beads.

Then he showed me about a 'cron' script running on the computer that checked for a file called 'blackmail' in the root directory of the server. If the file was present when the script ran on Sunday at midnight, the file was deleted and the web site left unchanged. *But*, if the file was missing then every picture on the site would be swapped out for versions that included my face.

Around ten, his mom walked in without knocking. "Oh Jon, you're still over," she said ignoring my nudity and the tit clamps firmly attached to my nipples. "You should probably head home, it's getting late."

"Yeah, I called my mom and said Mike was showing me some stuff on the web around nine and she said it was ok for me to stay over," I explained.

"Ok then," Mrs. Greene said as she left the room.

## Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at [toplegal@yahoo.com](mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com).

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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### 3 Part 3

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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#### At my house

Friday afternoon was awful. I met Mike behind the bleachers and he fucked me without so much as a “how do you do.” Then he informed me that I was not to show up at my own house until at least six so he could have time to chat my parents up.

As he left he said, “oh and Jonnie-boy, here’s another C-note, go be a good boy and pick up a larger butt plug and make sure to wear it home.”

FUCKER. With only a few months of school left, I was struggling not to be outed at this point. Every day I lived in equal terror that either Mike would post my pictures to the school or that people at school would realize I was a complete faggot. I was just starting to accept that I really liked Mike and more generally guys. I also was starting to accept that I was a total bottom, but I was most certainly *not* ready for anyone else to know. Especially anyone at school. Mike regularly endured open taunts of “faggot” and “sissy” and worse in the hallways. I did not want that to be me.

Luckily I had enough extra money to take a cab over to the sex store. The clerk recognized me and asked, “More?”

I nodded sheepishly, also to my great embarrassment there was an older male customer in the store this time who seemed to be eyeing me like a slab of meat. I tried to ignore the other customer and said, “I need a larger butt plug than the last one you sold me.”

The clerk smiled, I had just been in two nights earlier. The clerk stepped from behind the counter and walked over to the butt plugs. The selection was modest, but the clerk quickly selected a significantly larger plug and handed it to me.

The plug looked far too big to possibly fit inside me. I paid the clerk and asked if I might borrow a restroom. The clerk seemed to chuckle at my predicament and I wandered to the restroom. It took me longer than I expected to get the butt plug into my hole and then my cock was quite aroused. I pulled my underwear back up and my cock was sticking out like a tent. Then my Levi’s back on and buttoned them up. The bulge was quite noticeable and I felt a bit uncomfortable.

The clerk and the older gentleman laughed at me as I walked out with the huge bulge in my pants. I had to take a bus back to the house and it was 6:30 before I made it home. My cock was raging a boner and my mom was at the kitchen table with Mike chatting up a storm. Fuck.

“Hey Jonnie,” Mike announced as I walked in. I saw his eyes go to my pants and I wandered in and sat down at the table.

“Mike mentioned you had some late meetings at school,” my mom said. “Anyhow, he suggested that you two both ‘sleep out’ in the basement this week.” Fuck. Nobody would hear Mike beating the shit out of me in the basement. He must have remembered our nice finished basement from when we used to play down there as little kids.

After dinner Mom ushered us downstairs saying, “Ok boys you can stay up as late as you want, I won’t be bugging you.”

## **Basement Fuck**

I was barely all the way down the stairs before Mike shoved me down the last step and I hit the basement wall. My mom did not seem to hear and Mike knew he had me. Mike rained a torrent of punches onto my gut as he choked me with his other hand. I knew better than to struggle by now and when he let up I asked permission to strip. Mike said, “good boy” to me. Oddly it felt so good to hear that I had been good.

I stripped naked and was wearing nothing but the large butt plug. My cock was rock hard and sticking out.

“Go to the shower and cop off,” Mike said pointing at my dick, “don’t come back until you’ve gotten rid of that woodie.” The worst part came later. I was jacking off in the shower and he came in and started taking extra pictures. When I made the mistake of turning to avoid the camera he delivered a swift kick to my crotch so I found myself doubled over in pain with a huge plug in my ass and Mike standing over me demanding that I cop off for the camera.

It took me over an hour on the floor of the shower and Mike took several hundred pictures.

After I shot three loads, Mike made me suck him off and then he took the plug out and fucked me until he orgasmed and left the cum in my ass and then shoved the huge plug back into my ass trapping his cum inside me.

Mike took out some string from his backpack and tied me securely to the bed and then told me he was heading back to his house to post the pictures to our web site.

## **Morning**

I managed to fall asleep despite my awkward position and woke up with Mike laying sprawled on top of me. Mike pulled the butt plug out of my ass and then fucked me. I was then untied from the bed and told to shower. I showered quickly so as not to displease Mike. When

I came out of the shower Mike causally mentioned that we had to make at least *one* more stop at his computer to set the “blackmail” file for the web site unless I wanted my identity revealed to our now two thousand subscribers.

He also had a sheaf of about fifty pages of printouts from web site members. I was ordered to hand write an answer to each piece of fan mail or they would all be left on my parent’s bed tonight.

Mike wandered upstairs and before he shut the door I heard him say, “Johnnie’s still asleep.” I read the disgusting emails of the guys who wanted to hear from me or see particular sexual acts on the web site. I found myself strangely aroused and revolted by the emails at the same time. For each, I hand wrote a response. I tried as best as possible to be polite and made sure that I answered each question. It was over an hour before Mike came down with a plate of breakfast food and I heard him promise to get me up and started on my homework. My hands were sore and Mike let me eat as he reviewed my responses.

“Good,” he said as he handed me about one thousand dollars. “You can be content that your predicament with me is at least making you quite wealthy. I owe you about another \$98,000.”

He must have sensed my thought cause I got a quick jab to my ribs. It seemed to me a miracle at times that they were not shattered in several places with all of the kicks, punches and beatings that Mike delivered to me.

## **Afternoon**

Around three o’clock I had finished most of my homework. Mike told my mom that there were some papers he left at his house and could we drive over and pick them up and maybe go see a movie. My mom readily agreed.

Mom gave me the keys and I drove us over to his house. Mike made me use the computer to answer all of the emails sent to me precisely according to the responses I had handwritten. Mike stood over me as I answered the emails and several times if I hesitated or made a typographical error, I was immediately whacked with a police nightstick.

It took me about an hour to type them all and Mike had me send them all out and then he made me strip naked and slide the night stick about halfway up my ass and walk around on all fours. Threatening, “make me happy fag boy or I might just forget to place the ‘blackmail’ file before we leave.” Despite my misgivings, I found myself barking like a dog and doing everything I could to please Mike.

Finally he just grabbed the nightstick out of my ass and turned to the computer and typed a few things and then told me it was time for us to head out and to be quick about getting dressed again.

At the car he was already sitting behind the wheel. If my mom found out I would be dead, but I did not have much choice. Mike drove us not to the movie theater but back to the sex toy shop. There he handed me another of his lists and sent me into the store: alone.

The list actually had three items on it: astroglide lube, fraternity paddle, and cat o'nine tail. The store clerk was the same and just about bust a gut laughing upon seeing me again, "real regular these days boy?" I grunted noncommittally and handed him my list.

He picked up the lubricant and then showed me several wooden paddles. "Here, bend over" he said while pointing to a bench. "You really need to experience these for yourself to decide which to take." I hesitated and the clerk took me firmly by the arm and bent me over the bench and delivered a firm blow to my backside first with one paddle and then with two others. At each I jumped off the bench and had to be placed back onto it by the clerk. Fuck Mike was all I kept thinking, except the reverse is true, Mike was fucking me, totally and completely. Here I was spending money he had made by blackmailing me to buy sex toys to further blackmail me with.

I selected the pine fraternity paddle finally and of course our attention quickly shifted to floggers and the clerk convinced me to take my shirt off. The clerk had me stand with my arms inside some restraints and demonstrated five different floggers gently. These seemed less painful than the paddles and I selected one mostly at random.

I took my purchases back to the car where Mike made me show them to him.

"Ok, fag boy, back to my house where we are going to give you your first proper whipping," Mike said matter of factly.

Back at his house, Mike made me strip and sent me to the basement. A video camera was already sitting out and I saw restraints hanging from the ceiling. He had really planned this out. I grabbed the restraints and waited for Mike. He came down wearing a police uniform with a leather mask obscuring his face. I got no such privilege.

## Whipping

If you have never been whipped before. There is not much to recommend the experience. It is painful and damaging to one's backside. Mike tightened the restraints and locked them. I was completely trapped.

"Prisoner, prepare for punishment," he bellowed out.

Then without warning the flogger struck my back. I screamed out in pain. Mike administered about forty lashes violently and I was sobbing crying by the time he was done. He stopped and took the digital tape camera up and said, "I've got to edit this up for your DVD."

Before he left, he lubed up my fuckhole and slid in his nightstick, saying "make sure this doesn't fall out before I come back."

The nightstick was completely smooth and felt like it was immediately falling out of my ass. I clenched my hole as tight as possible to try to keep the nightstick from falling. But it was no use, after just five minutes, the stick dropped to the floor. I bounced around trying to pick the stick up with my feet without success.

I then pissed the floor nervously out of fear of what Mike might do.

Mike returned about an hour later, video camera in hand. He laughed at seeing me and turned on the camera, “the prisoner clearly must be further punished, look at the faggot prisoner, he pissed himself and let the night stick fall out.”

Mike set the camera back on the tripod and picked out the paddle. I was then immediately wailed wickedly, and without warning, several dozen times. My screams echoed off the basement walls.

When Mike finished he said, “so faggot, what do you say?”

“Thank you Officer Mike,” I managed under my crying.

“Good fag boy,” he said, “I am going to untie you, you will clean up this mess on the floor and then come upstairs and edit this second segment of your DVD, we will be selling these for \$49.95 starting tomorrow.”

I had to use my T-shirt to clean up the piss and then I came upstairs to Mike’s room and had to edit the video of me getting paddled on the computer and then prepare the DVD master at Mike’s direction.

When I finished, Mike showed me that he had uploaded the order form for the DVD and the ‘blackmail’ file. I was somewhat safe for the next seven days.

“Ok,” Mike said, “it’s about six, we will head back and tell your mom we saw *Shrek* again, go it fag boy?”

“Yes, SIR,” I responded.

“Oh,” he said, “put your pee drenched t-shirt back on, if she asks you spilled your drink in the theater, if you want you can pour some soda on it to try to mask the urine smell.” He laughed at me. Sad thing is, I wandered down to the kitchen naked, with my ass red and back striped with whip marks and poured coke onto my white T-shirt to mask the urine smell and stain.

## Dinner

My mom wanted to take off my T-shirt right in the kitchen on seeing the stain, but I persuaded her to let me wait and went up to my room and changed so she would not see my whip marks.

Mom served us a hearty Midwestern dinner in front of my dad. Dad was pleased that Mike was planning to become a cop. The discussion shifted to why “Jonnie was not going to be a cop” and Mike volunteered that in fact “Jonnie was saying to me that in college Jonnie is going to major in law enforcement with me.”

What the fuck, now he was deciding where I was going to go to college. Downstairs in the finished basement, I was stripped naked and Mike laid out the next four years of my life in college as his personal fuck toy.

## **Write the Author**

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See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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## 4 Part 4

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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### DVD Sales

A couple weeks later, standing naked in his bedroom with a dildo firmly lodged in my ass, Mike had me sign documents for joint checking accounts to keep our money together. After all as he pointed out, “you don’t need your own accounts anymore Jonnie.” The next day, Mike went with me to the bank and had me close my existing bank accounts and transfer all of the money to the new joint accounts.

Back from the bank, we cut school to use his parent’s dungeon to film my second DVD. The first one had already sold five hundred copies at \$49.95 a pop. Mike had deposited a tidy sum into our joint account, but I was completely dependent on Mike for writing checks, getting cash, etc.

With a week left of school, Mike was subtly escalating the public expectations placed on me. We were making out at the bleachers twice a day and the slightest hesitation or comment from me resulted in a torrent of gut punches and threats of the “blackmail” file on the nude-jonnie-boy-dot-com server.

I was now regularly at the Greene’s house more nights each week than my own, but my mom and dad seemed not to mind. It was infuriating. One word from them could have protected me, but mom and dad were letting me get dragged deeper in Mike’s blackmail.

When school ended, Mike had signed us both up to be junior police. Also, we were scheduled to room together at school and he had picked all of our classes together.

### Junior Police

The junior police was not as bad as I expected. I ended up driving around with a cool young 29-something cop and Mike was assigned to one of the detectives. Bob—my cop trainer—was teaching me some moves. They would be no match for Mike’s well honed choke holds and body blows, but they might form the start of my own ability to fight back.

Bob let me cuff and stuff a few people he took down and I found that I really enjoyed the

power over them. One afternoon Bob talked me into coming along to the state facility when we transferred one of the murderers who had received two consecutive life sentences to the state facility.

A three hour drive from our town, it meant staying overnight with Bob. At first I was relieved because it meant an escape from Mike. That relief would soon change.

Bob was extra rough with the prisoner as we got the guy out of the car. I almost felt sorry for the prisoner and then realized the bastard had murdered his wife and kid in cold blood and life in prison was too good for him.

Bob knew a lot of the guards at State and we hung out till it got too late to easily drive back. Bob had us pull over at a motel that was two exits up from the state lock up and got us a room.

We were settled into the room and Bob chained the door closed and turned casually and said, "Mike says you take it up the ass and like getting treated rough fag boy."

Before I could protest, I was cuffed and being fucked by my partner.

Sad part: I liked it.

## **Hot Tub Revisit**

I was gradually coming to accept my homosexuality and at some of the oddest moments Mike could be incredibly tender to me. But Mike controlled those moments completely.

My parents were thrilled that I had taken such an interest in law enforcement and my dad especially was thrilled by Bob's reports on my progress as a junior officer.

My dad was so thrilled that Mike had ignited my interest in law enforcement that he had forgiven Mike's homosexuality and was treating him like a second son. I also was a focus for attentions, my dad had always known I wanted a car and three weeks after graduation my dad took me to the showroom and got me a brand new Ford Focus ZX3. The whole thing shocked me completely since my parents were always so careful with money and to spend around \$12,000 on me just like that blew me away.

Of course dad understood when I took my red Focus over to Mike's house to show it off.

I was hoping to show the car to Mike, but found him naked along with his parents—also naked—in the hot tub.

Mrs. Greene invited me in to the hot tub and I stripped without question and joined the family. Mike was excited to hear about my car but I realized how ridiculous the whole thing was since my two porn DVDs had already netted us more than enough to buy the Focus several times over.

Mike had me sit next to him in the tub and kissed me deeply with his tongue. His parents did not blink an eyelash.

The real fun though began as Mr. Greene lifted Mrs. Greene up onto him and began fucking her in the hot tub. Mike held me tight so that I had to stay and watch. After Mrs. Greene climaxed from riding Mr. Greene's hard shaft in the hot tub, Mr. Greene made her stay put and Mike lifted me up and did an underwater anal entry into my fuckhole.

I gasped as he rammed himself into me and then reached around to jack off my cock. I realized that Mrs. Greene and I were being used like pawns in a little sexual competition between our respective lovers.

Mike had the advantage that as I guy I was more easy to arouse and it took only three minutes for him to fuck me to orgasm within the hot tub. Mr. Greene was clearly saddened with his wife's performance, but announced, you won \$100 fair and square.

Mrs. Greene and I had to get out of the hot tubs and stand over them for the second part of the competition: \$1000 to the first one of the men to jack themselves off.

Mr. Greene did not stand a chance though. Mike stroked himself under the water and brought himself to a massive climax in barely one minute. Mr. Greene took ten more minutes before he unleashed a load in the hot tub.

Mrs. Greene handed me a towel to dry Mike off with. Only after the two men had headed back into the house, did she indicate that we should dry each other off.

"Hope you don't think we are nuts," she said as she put on a skimpy bikini and thong and handed me a similar outfit to wear—minus the bikini.

I shrugged, "nah."

She smiled at me and we headed into the house. Mike was getting \$1,100 in cash from his dad and then asked me what I had to say. I explained about the new car. Mike suggested we go out for dinner and offered to take us all out in the new car.

Mike handed me a tight spandex outfit to wear. The clothing while suitable for regular wear was definitely also a bit unusual for Midwest sensibilities. I knew better than to argue and quickly got dressed in the outfit.

All four of us got into the car, and Mrs. Greene and myself were in the back. She was wearing a mini skirt and a very skimpy blouse.

## **Dinner**

In the restaurant, Bob—the police officer I was paired with—caught sight of us entering. He wasted no time cornering Mr. Greene and commenting on "how well Jonnie was doing."

Mr. Greene invited Bob to join us and I found myself wedged tightly between Mike on my left and Bob on my right. Bob took the opportunity to fondle me under the table and I struggled to ignore his hand on my leg.

When the appetizers came, the waitress spilled soda on Bob and I. Although she apologized profusely we were both drenched. Bob suggested we go to the bathroom to rinse off. I

hesitated but Mike said, “clean yourself up you look like a mess.”

In the bathroom, Bob shoved me into a stall and fucked me without so much as a “hi how do you do.”

When he finished he handed me the used condom and \$500.

“Some bet you lost,” he said. “You ain’t even a fag,” he continued, “and you are so pretty.” Bob seemed to go all tender on me, “but if you so much as breathe a word that I’m gay to anyone in the precinct...”

He left the threat hanging as he left the stall with my pants still at my ankles.

I tied off the condom and put it with the money. When I returned to the table Bob was gone and Mike smiled at me.

I handed the money and the used condom to Mike under the table and finished my dinner without any other incidents.

After dinner I dropped the Greenes off and Mike gave me a parting kiss and sent me home.

## **Nude-Jonnie-Boy-Dot-Com**

My dad loved seeing me at the precinct house. Aside from those two fucks by Bob, there were no other gay liaisons at the precinct. The rest of the junior cop program was a dream and I found myself really enjoying law enforcement.

I found out later that Mike had auctioned Bob’s cum off on our web site for over a thousand dollars. When he saw what that had fetched, he manually milked me on camera to fill five “limited edition” test tubes of “jonnieboy cum”. It was pretty agonizing being milked non-stop for two hours to unload cum into five test tubes. The whole session was quickly posted to “my” web site along with pictures of each signed cum vial. The bidding started at \$500/tube.

After the session, Mike showed me that he reset the blackmail file for the week.

At the precinct house the next day I found out that there was going to be a large anti-gay protest at the cemetery featuring Fred Phelps. Every officer had their vacations pulled and that still left the force short staffed. The “occasion” was a burial ceremony for a local politician who had died of AIDS. Tom Sanders had been a popular mayor of our town for over a decade before resigning suddenly for “personal” reasons.

Mike and I got protest duty, including pepper spray and batons. Our dads were also working the protest. The local townspeople were for the most part appalled that some outsiders had marched into town. Tensions were higher than I think anyone had expected.

By noon, I was standing facing the protesters. The funeral service was wrapping up without a violent conflagration. I found the rhetoric of Phelps and his supporters disgusting and badly wanted to use the pepper spray on them.

When the funeral ended the protest dispersed finally without incident.

The chief gave all of us on the force big thanks for managing the protest. Our dads thanked us both profusely for handling “such a tough situation so well.”

All four of us went out for beers with everyone and even though Mike and I were too young to drink it was a great experience.

Somehow through all of Mike’s abuse and domination I was coming to like the things he liked: law enforcement, gay sex, working out, and more.

Three weeks remained until college started.

## **Write the Author**

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See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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## 5 Part 5

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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### College Life

The three final weeks of summer faded quickly and college was upon us. Our rooming assignments came the day after the protest and, no surprise here, Mike and I were rooming together.

We had a second floor room just to the two of us in the Quad. Using our dad's police connections we got early access and checked out the room:

```
|----'----|
|BBB      CSS
|BBB      SS
|BBB  DDDD|
|BBB  DDDD|
|BBB      SS
|BBB      CSS
|---WWW----|
```

Legend:

+ = Door

W = Window

B = Twin size bunk bed

D = Desk

C = Chair

S = Wardrobe/bookcase

At ten feet wide by six feet long the room was compact to say the least. There was a twin bunk bed on one side, a wide desk, two chairs and a small combination wardrobe and bookcase that was built into the wall.

I had already gotten a waiver to keep a car on campus and picked up the parking sticker along with my text books before we headed back to Mike's house.

At his house, Mr. Greene was in the hot tub relaxing alone. I decided to join him and stripped naked in front of him without a second thought.

Once in the hot tub he had me come sit next to him and put his arm on my shoulder. "Your dad still doesn't know you are gay," he offered.

I thought about saying I was not gay, but realized that was stupid. Instead I leaned my head against my father-in-law's shoulder and said nothing.

Mrs. Greene came home from work and joined us. I found myself completely unperturbed by her nudity in front of me and she took up a perch on the other side of Mr. Greene.

Mike joined in next and we all sat in the tub for easily another thirty minutes before Mrs. Greene and I were excused to go cook dinner.

We got out of the tub and she asked me to stay naked as we cooked dinner. I did it without question. We prepared a quick dinner of homemade fajitas which the men gobbled down eagerly.

While we were cleaning up, Mrs. Greene rubbed her naked body against me several times and I was surprised to find I was not even aroused. She laughed out loud, "he really has made you gay."

"Yeah, I'm a fag, ok?"

She sent me up to my room and told me to put on briefs before going to sleep.

The next morning Mike pinned me to the bed and used his baton to place me in a choke hold and reminded me that he would "NOT hesitate the beat the crap out of me in college if I stepped out of line."

Mike drove my Focus with our possessions up to the dorm. Nobody else on our floor was focusing on law enforcement and our interest in it was clearly considered a bit low brow.

Mike set up some computers and even had brought one for me to use. I thanked him by sucking his cock from my knees. He explained, while I was sucking him off, that he would take the (better) top bunk. I of course agreed.

Our RA knocked while I was sucking Mike off and so I stopped and stood up before the RA came in. Bradford was a sweet Canadian guy who was majoring in photography.

"We're great," Mike said enthusiastically.

Bradford looked to me. I agreed, "yep."

"Ok, any problems let me know," he said. I had to be careful not to snort out loud, how could he help me from being Mike's fuck toy?

Bradford left and Mike shut the door behind him and I was back on my knees giving head.

Our whole floor went to dinner together. The Quad was co-ed by floor. So the whole first

floor was women, 50, and the top floor was guys, 50.

Mike and I separated a bit over dinner to get to know people. It was the first time in several months that I had not felt like I was at his beck and call. The sad part was as I was talking idly with Ben or someone else was that I liked being at Mike's call. I liked the fear of getting fucked behind the bleachers.

How sick is that?

## Sold Out

Our first night was eventful. Mike turned up the volume of the stereo and put a towel under the door and then tied me to the bed and fucked my brains out. He also left me tied up until morning just to "keep me in line."

In the morning he untied me and ordered me to jack off for his camcorder for a new web posting. I complied without hesitation to avoid a beating. Plus I kind of liked it. I stood naked with my arms clasped behind my back as he uploaded the video and then reset the blackmail file for the week. I kissed Mike on the forehead and got permission to shower and go to breakfast by myself.

On the way out of the Quad to the dining hall, I bumped into Bradford who ended up sitting with me for breakfast. Over breakfast I learned that he did *not* like to be called Brad and was from Quebec—but not French Canadian. His mom was a single mom who worked as a vice president for a major company in town. I shared similar information about myself and he was surprised I was so interested in law enforcement.

I nodded noncommittally and asked him about his interest in photography.

He explained that he loved to photograph people and was hoping to be able to make some money from it after graduation.

He was quite the boy scout.

My first course was CRIM 101, Introduction to the Administration of Justice, and Mike was already talking to the instructor when I arrived. I took a seat towards the middle of the class and saved a desk for Mike.

The class was interesting and Mike and I were not the only first year students which was also a relief. After class, Mike and I walked together to our separate English classes. Then rejoined for lunch. Brad, I mean Bradford, popped up again at lunch. This time sitting with both Mike and I.

His "fascination" with us as I was terming it was getting on my nerves already. But Mike took it in stride and mentioned that I might be up for some modeling work.

Fucker I thought, but my face must have showed it because I got the look the signaled a thrashing later. I agreed to do a modeling setup for Bradford later in the week and then headed back to the dorm until the evening session of Spanish.

Mike had his Spanish class during the afternoon so I got a few hours to do my homework. When Mike came in he turned up the radio, put a towel under the door and thrashed me with his belt. I apologized profusely and licked his shoes and then sucked his cock.

Bradford knocked at our door while I was naked and Mike told me to just put a towel on and then answered the door. Bradford clearly was enjoying the view of my body and Mike offered up, "He's already getting set to model."

Mike swatted me on the butt lightly but it stung and I headed off to the shower.

I had a bad feeling that plans were being made for me without my involvement.

## **Bradford**

When I returned from the shower Bradford was still in our room chatting away with Mike. I tried to avoid getting dressed since I did not want my recently spanked butt shown to Bradford but he and Mike were lost in conversation about Canada and I finally had to get dressed in front of both of them.

Bastards.

The three of us ate dinner with a bunch of other people from our floor, Bradford's friendship with us had the positive effect of lifting us from scum status to "ok".

After dinner I went straight to Spanish class.

The next morning Bradford was waiting at the exit of the quad for me to get breakfast. Over breakfast he outlined the time for my photo shoot late that night in the fine arts building.

I went through the day in dread and by evening knocked at the studio door to find that Bradford was alone in the studio.

I stripped naked at his request and allowed him to pose me and photograph me.

I cooperated fully as Brad arranged me in all manner of poses with sheets and screens to "emphasize my masculine form." An hour in, he came over and while posing me he kissed me, his lips had an odd mint flavor to them.

I suddenly was unable to move. He whispered that he was going to use a condom. I could not call out and Bradford fucked me. I had never felt so helpless.

When he finished he put the filled condom in my pocket along with \$100 in cash. It took me quite a while to be able to move again and he had already left. I dressed myself and went back to the dorm. Bradford waved at me from the common room like nothing had happened.

Mike greeted me and took the money and the condom and asked how it went. I cried in his arms about being "raped" and he pointed out that it was not rape because "when and how my Jonnie-boy gets fucked is up to me." I realized he was right and apologized for complaining and asked why he did not tell me.

“Cause Bradford wanted to enjoy the expression of you struggling against that chemical.”

I nodded and went to bed on the bottom bunk feeling utterly used and humiliated. But it felt good too.

The next morning Bradford greeted me for breakfast and checked how I was doing, “fine.”

“Good,” he said, “the photos will look great.”

I nodded, “can I get some copies?”

“Sure,” Bradford responded, I think he was relieved that I did not mention being raped or molested. “You ok,” finally asked.

“Absolutely, was thrilled to pose for you.”

We had a great breakfast.

## **Law Enforcement Projects**

In Criminal Justice class we were studying the use of corporal punishment in different judicial systems past and present. I was finding the subject a bit disturbing, perhaps because some of the items discussed seemed close to my home life.

We ended up having a project to spend 48 hours working in a county lockup facility to see how things work. For Mike and I this would be easy but some of the people in the class had clearly never really worked in a lockup and were more interested in the “theory” of criminal justice.

Bradford accosted Mike and I at the end of class and asked if I could pose for some follow on pictures. Mike agreed for me and I had to head off with Brad immediately.

This time there were other students in the studio and there were a mixture of male and female models in various states of dress and undress. Apparently an exhibit was coming up. Bradford showed me the earlier pictures and they were quite tasteful. Bradford had edited my face out of most of the pictures or my facial features were indistinct behind a screen or sheet.

I signed a model release that got witnessed by another photography student and then we started our second session.

With all of the people present I did not think he would dare fuck me again. That would prove to be a bad assumption. At \$100 to rent me he was going to get his money’s worth.

I posed for three hours and even did one duo pose wrestling with another male model.

As it got later the room emptied and there was only one student and their model still working in the studio. I was too slow to realize what was happening as he kissed me. The mint flavor hit my tongue as my body froze.

The drug left me fully aware and put a sheet over me and rested me inside a cart. “Just

trying some new stuff,” he called out to the other student. I was helpless as he pushed the cart down the hall and out to the dumpster area.

He pulled me out of the cart and bent me over it and fucked me. He tied off the cum in his used condom and pushed it into my hand with another \$100. Then he led me back into the building. This second time was not quite as bad as the first time since I had a suspicion it would happen and because I knew he was unlikely to hurt me.

Back at the room I gave Mike the money and the condom. He asked how it was and I said that I understood my place better and told him how Bradford had fucked me while I was paralyzed out by the garbage bins.

## **Write the Author**

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at [toplegal@yahoo.com](mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com).

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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## 6 Part 6

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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### Tactical Mistake

Somewhere along the way I got it into my head to try to turn the tables on Mike. I figured if I could get some of the drug our RA, Bradford, was using to rape me in the art building, I could leave Mike helpless for a change.

I found out the name of the drug in one of our criminal justice textbooks on the subject of date rape. At that point I got myself into Bradford's room while he was showering and found a stash of the drugs.

I took just enough for one dose and brought it back to the dorm room I share with Mike.

"Hey Jonnie-boy," Mike called out to me, "I just reset the blackmail file for the week. Our site has really raked in some serious cash also."

My resolve was melting. At \$99.95 we had about 500 subscribers in just a few days and several thousand now. When you add the DVD sales at \$49.95 a pop and that was quite a bit of money.

"Cool Mike, can I buy something for myself?"

Mike smiled, "sexy clothes?" I looked down. "Oh, so you just want some spending money?"

I nodded.

Mike pulled out a bank roll and handed me a thousand dollars. "Knock yourself out fag boy."

I pocketed the money and realized I fundamentally did not have the guts to go through with raping Mike. I was a bottom and I was going to be his sex slave for the rest of my life.

"Oh, and Jonnie-boy, I have lined up a couple of guys on the football team for you. They are going to be paying \$250 each to have their cocks sucked."

I must have accidentally made a face because I got five gut punches. "Anyhow you can keep the money from those tricks too," Mike remarked as he finished pummeling me.

“How many Sir and how will I know who they are?”

“There are five of the seniors on the starting line that Bradford knew and they will bang you all at once. If they want to fuck you they know it is \$250 extra. And believe me, you’ll know who and when it is happening.”

I winced. This meant I was going to be abducted and raped by five football players sometime later in the week.

I hid the rape drug in the back of one of my drawers. I stood next to Mike and reviewed some of the new pictures of me at our web site and then I had to sit and answer all of my “fan mail.” When I finished Mike called me to go to bed with him and we fell asleep snuggled up together. It was a rare tender moment in my new life.

## **Football Team Rape**

I did not have much time to dread the sexual assault by the football team. It happened early on my way to breakfast and nobody saw the five of them grab me and throw me into a non-descript white van.

I got stripped naked in the van and bound up with duct tape. When the van stopped they hauled me out in a secluded parking lot and took me into the nearby park.

The quarterback spoke up, “you ready to suck some cock fag?”

I opened my mouth and nodded. The quarterback yanked open his pants and whipped out a massive cock and throttled it into my mouth violently. I struggled not to choke as he forced himself deeply into my throat. In under two minutes he shot a load deep into my throat and then the next player repeated the process.

The whole affair was done in about ten minutes and the guys then carried me back to the van. After removing the duct tape for me they had me get dressed and then handed me \$1250 and kicked me out of the van on campus.

I looked at my watch and realized I had already missed my first class and decided to punt to the dorms to recover from my experience. Bradford was in the lounge and intercepted me.

“Hey Jonnie,” he said as he stood up and guided me into his bedroom. “How was the football team?”

“Quick and horny.”

Bradford laughed, “I had heard about their trip to Vegas last year and that was what gave me the idea for hooking you up with them.”

“Thanks,” I said noncommittally.

Bradford pulled out a condom and commented, “Oh, I’ve given Mike digital images from our work to put on your web site.”

I pulled down my pants and bent over Bradford’s desk. My RA slid his condom-sheathed

cock into my ass and fucked me. At least I was not paralyzed. After he shot a load into me he pulled out and pulled my underwear up. I stood up and pulled my pants up.

“Thanks Bradford,” I said. Then he turned me around and forced me to kiss him with tongue.

“I really enjoy our sessions together, Mike says earning you five tricks gives me five free sessions,” he commented.

I left the dorm room and went to my room to clean myself up. After my shower I decided to skip the rest of my classes and just sleep in.

## DVD 2

When Mike came back he scolded me for skipping classes and then plugged his digital camera into the computer. I saw the monitor from my bed and realized it was footage of my cock sucking session.

Mike edited the faces of the football players out and pulled the whole thing into a forty-five minute movie which he promptly set up as a second DVD.

“Oh, and Jonnie boy,” Mike commented, “Bradford just helped us earn easily another hundred-grand, so I suggest you accommodate him.”

I nodded meekly.

Mike picked up his hairbrush and stuck a sock in my mouth to keep me quiet. The radio got turned up and with a camera running I got my ass blistered for a website movie.

Mike left me on the bed with the sock in my mouth and headed out. I just lay on the bed crying and reflecting on what my life had become.

Bradford came in the open door with a vial of the date rape drug in hand. “Hope you don’t mind a seventh cock in one day,” he commented as he shot me up and left me alone for a few minutes for the drug to set in.

He returned a few minutes later with his camera and took dozens of shots. He posed me at his whim and rammed his cock in my throat repeatedly before fucking me again.

He left me alone, still paralyzed, an hour-plus later to ponder my day.

When I could finally move again, I took a shower to clean myself up. I knew I had a bit over two-grand in my pockets and decided to go buy a portable DVD player but after looking at the prices I ended up buying an iBook with a DVD player and an iPod. My wallet empty, I headed back to the dorm.

I set up my iBook myself without Mike’s help. I guess it felt good to have something of my own. For the first time in about five-six months since meeting Mike I had my own space.

Mike did not come back to the dorm that night which was a bit of a relief. In the interim I had filled up my iPod with all of my music and had started book marking some sites.

The next few days would be rough from having skipped over so much homework and all of my classes. I was quite surprised that Mike was not there the next morning. I left a note on his computer screen and then headed to class. No Mike. But also no Bradford harassing me either.

The quarterback of the football team knocked me over coming back from my last class. “Oh, hey fag,” he said somewhat loudly, “didn’t see you there.”

“Can I help you?”

“Yeah, I want you to come by my apartment tonight at ten. Do *not* ring the bell. See you later fag,” he said as he walked away and left me to collect my books.

## Quarterback

I made it back to my room without bumping into Bradford. Mike was at his computer, “hey Jonnie, I ended up going for a ride along with some local police as they nabbed a bank robber.”

“I have to meet the quarterback at his apartment tonight at ten,” I said matter of factly.

Mike grinned, “cool, also this morning I gave Bradford a taste of his own rape drug, I doubt he will be using that on you again in the future.”

I felt so good about Mike I walked over and kissed him with tongue. He reciprocated. It was a wonderful moment. We ended up snuggling in bed for about twenty minutes before we went back to our studies. Around 9:30, I headed out across campus in just a pair of jeans and a white T-shirt. I got to the quarterback’s apartment and stopped myself from ringing the doorbell.

I waited patiently and at exactly ten o’clock, he opened the door and signaled for me to stay quiet. I stepped in and he ushered me to an extra bedroom. I stripped without having to be asked and handed him some condoms. He tackled me onto the bed and was fucking me in no time. I was a bit surprised he fucked me in the missionary position but he even ended up kissing me a good bit.

As he shot a load inside me he pulled out and tied off the condom. Then he tackled me again and started tonguing me passionately. After a few more minutes he got up and told me to get dressed. I got dressed and followed him to his bedroom. A woman was laying naked on the bed and he took some cash from the nightstand and handed it to me, five-hundred dollars. After he handed me the cash he ushered me out of the bedroom and then the apartment.

I came back to the dorm room and found that Mike was hard at work on the computer. I noticed naked pictures on the screen and at first assumed they were mine. But I started looking more closely, they were of Bradford.

“Oh, Jonnie,” Mike said as he paused from his efforts, “while I had Bradford paralyzed I decided to extend your site with pictures of your new playmate. He won’t be getting any of the money, but he will be in a web video next week that we will film at his parent’s house

and follow up with a longer DVD.”

I nodded, Bradford was undoubtedly enduring Mike’s violent gut punches now. The funny thing was after being raped by Bradford three or so times now, it felt well deserved. I kissed Mike and said I could not wait. Especially since the video would show Bradford being injected, becoming paralyzed and then being fucked by me.

Later, in the bathroom Bradford refused to make eye contact with me and I was grinning from ear to ear.

## **Bradford’s Video**

Bradford let Mike and me drive him to his parent’s house. They were away for a few weeks. Mike set up the video camera in the living room and gave me the syringe. I sat down next to Bradford on the couch and he begged not to “go through with it.” Mike called out action and I shot Bradford up and walked away to let the camera capture Bradford becoming frozen on camera.

After about ten minutes, I got back into the picture and forced my cock down his throat. It was nice to have so much power for a change. Then I sheathed my cock in a condom, stripped Bradford naked and fucked him.

But the indignity did not end there because Mike came on the camera while I was fucking Bradford and forced his cock into the RA’s mouth. The “top” RA was now getting fucked by two freshmen.

Mike and I took turns alternating from ass-to-mouth for over an hour as Bradford remained completely paralyzed and unable to stop our assault.

Mike and I shot our loads at the same time inside Bradford’s body and then we left the camera on Bradford to let it record him coming to. The whole video was over two hours long. Mike would edit out faces digitally and get it mastered to DVD and up for sale over the weekend.

Bradford promised never to use the rape drug again and between he and Mike they agreed that he could fuck me five more times at no charge.

With that agreement in place, we headed back to the dorms. I had my first chance to show my new laptop to Mike and in my email there was one from the quarterback asking me to come over again after the game Saturday.

I checked my watch and headed right over to the quarterback’s apartment. I knocked gently on the door and found that he was there with the other original gang who I had sucked off a week or so earlier.

“Hey come on in fag,” the quarterback said as he pulled me in.

The team members present greeted me with a warm hello and then the quarterback pushed me onto my knees in front of the first player. I unzipped his fly and pulled his cock out

to suck it. After I finished all of the players they threw money on the table for me and I collected it and was sent out.

At the dorm I curled up in my bed alone under the covers and browsed the web for porn sites. I found myself drawn to the male-male stories at “The Erotic Mind Control Stories Archive”, <http://www.mcstories.com/>. I could see parallels between some of the things done to the submissive men in those stories and what Mike did to me regularly. Mike came back around eight and snuggled in the bunk bed with me for a few hours before heading to the top bunk.

Sunday morning I woke up to a brutal assault of gut punches which were followed up by a thrashing with the hairbrush. When he finished he said, “Just want to remind you who the boss is.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I responded and then I sucked his cock as he replaced the blackmail file on the computer and edited the DVD for sale.

## **Write the Author**

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at [toplegal@yahoo.com](mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com).

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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