

# Sex Ranch: Preamble

TopLegal <toplegal@yahoo.com>

2002

## Contents

<b>1</b>	<b>Sex Ranch: Preamble</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>Sex Ranch: 1</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>3</b>	<b>Sex Ranch: 2</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>Sex Ranch: 3</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>5</b>	<b>Sex Ranch: Pop-Back</b>	<b>31</b>

# 1 Sex Ranch: Preamble

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.

©2002, TopLegal. Permission is granted for distribution via Usenet and the Web provided that the following two conditions are met: there is no cost to access this story, e.g. AdultCheck, pay site, etc., and the story is posted in full without modifications.

## Intermezzio

I was sitting atop the Bellagio hotel in Las Vegas. A penthouse suite was mine alone. I thicken bound notebook was in front of me, a blank canvas.

My host, Mr. X entered the room alone, "Mr. Langley we are going to leave you here for a few days to consider the status of your employment with us. You will be completely free of all hypnosis for the next four days."

I felt Mr. X reach behind me and insert his finger into my anus and then I blacked out.

When I came too, Mr. X pointed to my clothing and suggested I get dressed. Tasteful clothing in exactly my size was next to me.

"So Michael, you may still be a bit disoriented for a bit but I think you will find yourself quite unharmed from the past three months of work you have done for us," Mr. X said as I got dressed.

"What the FUCK," I started to shout out as I began to remember some of the past few months.

"Relax Michael," Mr. X said, "this is an opportunity for you to contemplate and re-up with full knowledge of what you will be doing for us."

I got up to walk out and Mr. X said, "enjoy yourself, I'll wait for you here."

## Streets of Sin

I found several one hundred dollar bills in my pocket along with my wallet complete with ID and everything. On the Strip, I was barely a block from the Bellagio before a female hooker solicited me and for \$300, I had a good fuck.

It was mechanical, but strangely satisfying. I lay in the trashy hotel room realizing that I had been on the streets of San Francisco without a job or home just a few months earlier.

Some of what I was remembering was disturbing me, but I decided to head back to the Bellagio.

## **Mr. X**

Mr. X seemed completely unpreturbed by my departure: “Find a nice bitch to fuck?”

“Yeah,” I responded, “felt good to fuck a woman again.”

Mr. X smirked, “100% straight. That’s the draw for our customers in you Mr. Langley. I am prepared to make you an attractive offer, but I want you to spend some time thinking about what it is we have you do.”

I stood silently.

“You should be having an easier time remembering things now,” Mr. X said as he handed me a pen and the notebook and then left the room.

## **Writing**

I picked up the phone and ordered some room service. Then I started writing.

## **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/>>

\$\$

## 2 Sex Ranch: 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.

©2002, TopLegal. Permission is granted for distribution via Usenet and the Web provided that the following two conditions are met: there is no cost to access this story, e.g. AdultCheck, pay site, etc., and the story is posted in full without modifications.

### San Francisco: 7 Mar 2002

I came out here to join the DOT-COM revolution. I just celebrated my twenty-third birthday yesterday, on the streets. My family back in Nebraska thinks I am still having a blast. But for six months now I have been living on the streets.

I am most definitely, positively, absolutely not gay. But, recently, I turned a few tricks to make some bucks. One of the old fuckers who picked me up invited me to come work at a private club in the Napa Valley. He left me a small card labeled the *Ranch* which had an 800 number on it.

Shivering in the cold spring air, I found a pay phone and dialed the 800 number on the card. A young man answered with a distinctly foreign accent, "Ranch."

"Yes," I said stumbling, "I got a card."

"Can you hold," the voice said. Before I could respond a deep baritone voice was on the line, "You Michael Langley?"

I almost hung up, but the voice had an edge of command to it, and I found myself answering, "Yes sir."

"You at the corner of Castro and Nineteenth?"

I dropped the phone in panic. I looked around me afraid that I was being watched. Then I picked it up, "How did you know?"

"Go stand in front of the Bank of America ATMs up the street. Have your jacket and shirt off your body and held in your *left* hand. I will be there in twenty minutes exactly."

The phone went dead. I realized then that the baritone voice definitely was not all the way in Napa if baritone was going to come get me in twenty minutes in the middle of the Castro.

Despite the cold and a variety of misgivings, my hunger and need for money got the better of me.

## Shirtless

I stood in front of the ATMs and after about fifteen minutes I took my jacket off. At eighteen I took off my shirt. My nipples quickly stood at attention. I fumbled the items into my left hand and stood shivering in the cold. Given that it was around six in the evening in the Castro, nobody thought anything of my predicament although I definitely got some strong glances at my shirtless chest.

Out of nowhere, I felt an arm on my shoulder and a baritone was beside me. “Michael walk with me,” he said without allowing me a chance to look at him or second guess him. We walked up Castro street at a brisk pace. He stayed just behind me with a hand clamped around my shoulder in a friendly, but firm fashion. He drove me up the street at such a pace that I did not have a chance to really get a sense of him or even really look.

At twenty-fifth street, we stopped and turned into an old Victorian.

“Colin Hanks,” baritone said introducing himself as we stepped inside. Colin was a large man easily 6’ 6” and 230-plus pounds. “Not to worry, I just meet the boys, interview them and make a recommendation. You can stay here for the next three nights. If after the interview and medical tests you pass and are interested I will take you up to the Ranch.”

I stammered, still shivering.

“Tea,” Colin said handing me a hot cup of tea and artfully relieving me of my jacket and shirt and taking it out of the room.

The tea warmed me up and Colin suggested I sit down. I did eagerly and Tom asked what I would like to eat. “Anything,” I volunteered eagerly.

Tom smiled and disappeared to the kitchen and returned with a large portion of steak and a modest glass of red wine. “Eat and drink up,” Colin volunteered, “we can do the first interview in the morning after your medical exam.”

I nodded and ate up quickly.

## Physical

In the morning, Colin roused me early and asked me to come upstairs with him to a small exam room. The room was a modern exam room and there was already an officious looking doctor in a white lab coat. As I entered, I was instructed by Colin to remove all of my clothing and the doctor put on latex exam gloves.

Colin took my clothes and left the room.

The doctor did not introduce himself and immediately began poking and prodding me with minimal concern for my feelings. After about five minutes, he drew several vials of blood for testing. Then asked me to roll over on my stomach. In went a rectal thermometer and that was followed by his fingers for a “prostate check”. “Queer bastard,” I thought.

I was asked to roll over again and to ejaculate into a cup. He stood watching me as I did it and I could tell he had a boner. Then he handed me another cup and had me piss into that. Then he removed his gloves, picked up all of his samples and walked out without having even really acknowledged my existence as a human being.

## **Test**

Colin came back into the room and asked me to follow him downstairs to the room where I had been served dinner the night before. Oddly, I found I did not bother to ask for my clothing.

Colin handed me a stack of papers and a number two pencil and said matter of factly, fill these out and then I will get you some lunch.

There were about fifty pages of questions. The questions were about my personal history as well as my personality. The questions left me feeling unsettled since they seemed to be trying to play mental tricks on me. By the time I finished, I was feeling frustrated and I was glad to see Colin standing with another large portion of steak and another glass of wine.

Colin took my test papers and left me to eat the food, naked in his living room. When he reappeared, Colin asked me to go up to the bedroom I had stayed in the night before and stay there until dinner. I thought about leaving and realized I was naked, but well fed and well rested for the first time since losing my job.

I fell asleep up in the bedroom and was woken up to find that Colin was sitting on the edge of the bed. “Michael, you fell asleep, do you want to have something for dinner?”

Still hungry from months of malnutrition, I readily agreed. Colin brought me a lighter meal and another glass of wine. I devoured the food quickly and then fell asleep.

## **Legal**

In the morning, I found a well dressed wall-street type lawyer sitting in the foyer.

“Mr. Langley,” the middle-aged attorney said to me.

I nodded.

“The Ranch is committed to maintaining the highest standards of employments for its employees, I would like to explain to you the terms of your prospective arrangement.”

The lawyer handed me a small medic-alert bracelet. I looked at the front it had a fancy logo with the word “Ranch” at bottom. On the back my name, date of birth, and two other numbers were engraved:

Michael Langley

1979-03-06

145/10.0

“Michael things are very simple at the *Ranch*, you have an employee id, yours is 145; and a salary, yours is ten thousand a month; you make the Ranch’s guests happy and you will stay employed.”

I stared at the bracelet and at the lawyer like an idiot from Nebraska who was seeing the big city for the first time.

“Will I have to,” I started.

The lawyer interrupted, “Mr. Langley, the *Ranch* maintains the highest standards in guest satisfaction, you will be expected to uphold those standards.” With that the lawyer handed me a stack of papers to sign. Ten thousand a month was a fortune to me. I signed and dated every line and then put the bracelet on.

## Training

Colin served me breakfast as the lawyer left. For the first time, I noticed he was wearing a similar bracelet on his left wrist. Catching my gaze he turned it over, his employee id was 22 and his salary was identical to mine.

“Michael,” Colin said politely, “I do need to ask you a somewhat impertinent question.”

I nodded meekly.

“Are you gay?”

I shook my head.

“May I be blunt,” Colin said.

I nodded.

“How do you feel about having gay sex,” he said tenderly as he approached me and put his arm around my shoulder again.

I shrugged.

He gripped the back of my neck firmly and then put one hand on my cock and began to stroke it. “Michael, you are not the first straight guy to be employed by the Ranch. In fact I suspect that is what Mr. X saw in you. He is one of the two owners and he is in charge of recruitment. You turned a trick with him.” All the while, Colin was stroking my cock and I was doing nothing to stop him.

“I guess,” I said noncommittally.

Colin reached his free hand around to my anus and inserted a finger. I gasped and tried to move slightly, but his grip on my neck was firm and I did not move anywhere. “Relax,”

Colin said in that deep baritone command voice. Suddenly, I found myself relaxing.

“Michael you are becoming very relaxed, in fact whenever a higher ranked employee has their finger in your anus you will become extremely relaxed and receptive to instruction,” Colin said.

I found his voice hypnotic and relaxing.

Colin maneuvered a second finger into my anus and I let out a gasp of relief as my cock reached full mast. Colin continued to talk as he removed a finger and I continued to relax, “Michael you are going deeper into a trance, all you can hear is my voice.

“Michael, you will continue to be 100% heterosexual, however while you are at the *Ranch* you will be 100% comfortable having gay sex at will on demand as often as guests want it.”

I nodded and moaned softly in pleasurable agreement as Colin continued to finger my ass.

“Now, when I remove my finger from your ass you will not remember any of this conversation, but you will ask me to take you to the *Ranch* first thing tomorrow to start your new job.”

I nodded and Colin removed his finger. I looked up and asked, “Colin I would like to start my new job at the *Ranch* tomorrow morning.”

Colin smiled at me and took me up to my room.

## Day 1

Colin led me to his van naked and I had to ride in the back of van to avoid attracting attention. After about two and a half hours, we turned down a nearly invisible driveway tucked between some trees and drove another two miles before reaching a small gate house.

Colin introduced himself as number 22 and indicated that 145, me, was with him. The gate guard opened the back door of the van and came in. The guard was dressed in military fatigues and was wearing a holstered weapon. The guard asked to see my bracelet and wrote down my particulars on a log sheet. Then he had me sign in and asked me to step out of the van.

The guard did not introduce himself and I was quite cold in the March air. Colin pulled the van through and then back around and out onto the road. I was now at the *Ranch*. The guard took me into the gate house and handed me a pair of sandals for my feet and told me to walk up to the main house, it was only three miles uphill.

On my way, I noticed that there were a large number of similar young, white men like myself walking the grounds completely naked except for sandals. All had bracelets on their left hand. Additionally, I noticed some well heeled men of various ethnicities they were accompanying. The closer I got to the house the larger the “crowds” got. Just outside the front door there was a large pool area and an orgy was in full swing with about four guests getting serviced by eight employees—two per guest.

As I would soon learn at any one time at most ten guests were allowed at the *Ranch*.



The *Ranch* was owned by two older gay men and employed forty at a given time divided into security, housekeeping, kitchen staff, and guest personal services. Only guest personal services employees were sexually available to guests and the signal was the fact that they went without *any* clothing. Each group of staff had one or more group heads. Since I was 145 and at any one point there were forty employees, you can see there is some turn over. After all, the guests expect hot, fresh boymeat and the owners deliver it.

## Meet the Owner

Mr. X greeted me at the entrance and immediately inserted a finger in my anus. I found myself extremely relaxed and very attentive to his instructions. Guided by his finger in my anus, I followed him into his office on the first floor.

“Mr. Langley, pleasure to have you here,” Mr. X explained, “you do realize that most people do not know the *Ranch* exists, it is a very exclusive club. Every person here has a net worth over ten million and enjoys the utmost in discretion and the utmost in attention from our employees—yourself included”

I nodded.

“Tonight one of the wealthiest men on the planet is staying here and expects to test our newest employee.” My cock became extremely aroused, I remembered what Colin had said about enjoying serving the guests and found myself aroused at the prospect of having sex with someone so famous.

“Ok, when I remove my finger from your anus, you will thank me for employing you and go up to the employee quarters and ask the house master to get you cleaned up,” Mr. X finished up and then removed his finger from my ass.

I profusely thanked Mr. X for my new job and asked to be excused to get cleaned up for the evening.

## House Master

A thirty something man with a shaved head greeted me in the employee quarters. Located on the top floor of the main house, there was one large barracks style room for all forty of us. A small secondary room was available for employees working odd shifts to sleep in with fewer disturbances. The house master was number was 49. He showed me my bed and then showed me the small bathroom cubby with supplies for me and my number labeled on it.

“You know about rank right,” the house master asked.

I nodded, “lower number equals more senior”.

“Right,” the house master said, “keep that in mind around here. You will be the hot fuck toy for quite some time for the guests, but don’t let that get to your head.”

I nodded, “I’m Michael by the way.”

The house master grunted, “Gunther,” and then started to give me a tour of the house and introduced me to all of the employees who were awake and in the house. Gunther explained the categories of employees and our respective functions and told me flat out that I was one of fifteen employees now assigned to “guest personal services.” I was the youngest employee of the *Ranch* at present and was going to be in high guest demand.

I also learned that all employees (and guests) were regularly tested to be disease free and that condoms were banned items on the property. Gunther finished my tour of the house and then took me back up to the quarters where I was introduced to my bunkmate, one of the housekeeping employees, Albert. There were twenty beds in the main dorm and six in the off-cycle dorm. We were expected to perform certain grooming tasks in conjunction with our bunkmates, but sex with them was optional, but normative.

Gunther told me to take a shower and that Albert would be up in five minutes to shave everything except my eyebrows and the hair on my head. My bunkmate and I would be responsible for keeping each other in that state.

I asked Gunther where he was from and he said that it was not appropriate to ask questions about the pasts of employees or guests. He did mention that all employees had to be third generation Americans who were Caucasians and had at least a high school education. Then he inserted his finger in my anus and told me that I had misbehaved and that when he removed his finger from my anus I would apologize profusely and ask to be punished.

As soon as his finger was removed from my anus, I realized that I had acted extremely inappropriately in asking about Gunther’s past and apologized to him. I then got on my knees and begged him to punish me. Gunther told me that it was common for new employees to make some mistakes and that since this had been private he would forgive the transgression. I felt a tremendous sense of relief that Gunther had forgiven me. I was somewhat sad that I had not been punished for my misbehavior though.

## Shave Down

Albert showed up and found me in the shower. He was a handsome white boy not much different from myself, number 134, he had to be a relatively recent arrival to the *Ranch*. He was extremely clean shaven and took a clean razor blade from the dispenser together with my razor handle from my cubby and began to remove my body hair.

Albert’s touch was gentle and erotic and periodically during the shave if I tensed up, he would insert his finger into my ass and I found myself quite relaxed. After he finished, the blade was disposed into a biohazard container and Albert asked me to shave him down. I copied his behaviors and tried to be gentle in shaving his entire body. Albert had to prompt me to do his crotch and butt hole.

After I disposed of the razor blade, Albert suggested we relax in bed until employee dinner time. I agreed and we got into the bunk with each other. Albert got on top of me and put

his face against mine. While shaving him, I noticed his birth year put him at 27 years old and only \$4K/month of salary. He turned out to be “straight” too, but like all employees at the *Ranch* had been hypnotically reprogrammed to have sex with other employees, and in some cases the guests too. We kissed quite a bit for two heterosexual men that afternoon and clearly became comfortable with the fact that we would be sleeping together.

Around four thirty, the rest of the day employees filtered in. Gunther fingered my asshole and asked me to kneel and suck all of their dicks as they approached to introduce myself. The hottest and youngest guys were all in the guest personal services group like myself. All of them were beautiful young, white men, and all of them had no problem having their dicks sucked. Further, all of them appreciated the chance to have the new meat suck them off.

By five o'clock kitchen employees were filtering back out to prepare the evening meal for the guests and I had been taken aside by the head of guest personal services, #109-Jonathan, age 25, for special instructions for the evening.

## Evening

Jonathan led me to a small room on the employee floor and told me we were going to spend till seven practicing our guest's favorite sexual positions and then I would be given dinner and then dressed up for the evening.

With that, Jonathan quickly had me taking it doggy style in the ass and also riding his cock like a bronco billy. He then showed me how the guest liked to find his assistant tied up for unwrapping. Twice while I was getting tied up, I started to get nervous and Jonathan just stuck his finger in my ass and I calmed down.

Jonathan left me tied up for over an hour to make sure I could stay calm enough for our guest and then brought some dinner into the training room. I ate heartily and then Jonathan cleaned me out with my first enema. By nine o'clock, I was firmly wrapped in saran wrap and then tied off in a bow for one of the richest men in the world. A gag was lodged deep in my mouth and a butt plug was firmly within my ass. My cock had been stimulated and then trapped in some sort of cock ring. Three more times while I was wrapped up, Jonathan had to put his finger in my ass to relax me for our guest.

The guest did not return till close to ten o'clock. I was resting calmly in the position he liked the most. I was excited to be making my worth for the *Ranch*. The man lit two small candles and stood over me with Jonathan at his side, “nice selection, as virgin as you were that first night three years ago?”

Jonathan said yes and asked if our guest needed any assistance. The guest shook his head and asked Jonathan to leave us alone. As Jonathan left, the guest turned the lights dim and began to unwrap me like a Christmas gift. Jonathan and prepared me well to stay relaxed and not sweat too much in the saran wrap. The hypnosis that all employees undergo helped a lot as well.

Our guest unwrapped me fully and then chained my arms to the corners of the bed and

lifted my legs in the air and locked them to my wrists leaving my plugged ass exposed for fucking. In a swift motion, he yanked my butt plug and then got between my legs to fuck me.

I was so aroused at the prospect of being fucked by my first guest that I nearly shot my load as he entered me, but managed to hold it back.

The guest fucked me like an animal and I could only grunt through the gag. After ramming me like a truck he unbound me and told me to ride him like a bronco. He also asked me to remove the gag and make “cowboy” noises. I quickly got on top of the guest and rode his cock like a bronco, while “whooping”. I felt the guest shoot inside of me and then he ordered me to deliver a load onto his chest. I was a bit surprised, but not disturbed. I quickly started jacking myself while continuing to ride his now softening cock and delivered a load onto his chest. I was then instructed to leave immediately.

I quickly got off him and stood up to leave. The guest was laying rubbing my cum into his chest, but I left without staring. Jonathan was outside the door and escorted me back up to the employee quarters for debriefing.

After walking through the events with Jonathan he asked if I liked having sex with men. I shook my head. “But you like working here,” he asked.

“Absolutely,” I found myself saying enthusiastically.

## **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/>>

\$\$

### 3 Sex Ranch: 2

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.

©2002, TopLegal. Permission is granted for distribution via Usenet and the Web provided that the following two conditions are met: there is no cost to access this story, e.g. AdultCheck, pay site, etc., and the story is posted in full without modifications.

#### The Ranch: 13 Mar 2002

Gunther woke me up extremely early and prodded me to get down to the office immediately. Without even a chance to brush my teeth, I wiggled out from under Albert and found my way down to the office.

Jonathon was already there as was Mr. X and the guest from the previous night. Mr. X smiled at me broadly and said, "Good work Mr. Langley, your guest has decided to leave you a personal tip."

I felt acutely on display, but also relieved. Not knowing what to do or say, I said, "Thank you" and started to leave, but Mr. X called me back, "Mr. Langley, I need you to sign the log book to acknowledge your tip."

There it was in black and white, \$30,000/night for our guest on line 23 of the ledger and \$50,000 for employee 145. I signed the right hand column acknowledging the tip and then Mr. X handed me another slip marked "DEPOSIT TO EMPLOYEE ESCROW" and I signed that as well. I very badly wanted to lick my guest's boots, but realized the best thing for me to do was to politely leave.

Jonathan followed me out and explained that the guest had *never* left a tip before and was quite impressed with how I handled myself all tied up. The fact that we were walking out to a waiting limo suddenly struck me. Jonathon helped me into the limo and picked up a roll of saran wrap and duck tape.

In just twenty minutes, I was tightly restrained on the side bench of the limo and waiting for our guest. Jonathon dispensed with the ball gag, but did finger my hole to relax me and provide some instructions. The driver was a *Ranch* employee and Jonathan gave him some additional instructions as well.

I lay wrapped up for about twenty minutes before our guest got into the limo. He did not acknowledge my presence at first. It was not till we got through security and I had the slightly humiliating experience of being inventoried on my way out that the guest paid attention to me.

“Not many boys can tolerate getting all wrapped up,” he said as he pulled at one of my nipples through an opening in the wrap. My cock stiffened. “Good boy,” he commented, “you know to keep your mouth shut.” He kissed me and forced his tongue onto my mouth and I quickly reciprocated.

As he maneuvered me for fucking wrapped up like a human mummy, he commented, “I really do not know how the *Ranch* finds such willing boys like yourself. I am one of the wealthiest men in the world and do you know that I have not had any luck finding a playmate like yourself who will be as cooperative as you are anywhere?”

I kept my mouth shut and he pushed his rock hard cock into my fuckhole and began to fuck my brains out. Completely unable to move or touch my cock I, I found myself enjoying the experience immensely. When he left his load inside me, he flipped me around and began jacking my cock slowly.

I felt the limo slowing and he stopped suddenly, kissed me and said, “I trust you will still be working in late April?” I grunted an acknowledgement as the limo stopped and he stepped out onto the terminal at San Francisco International Airport.

The limo pulled away and I was going to be in for serious problems if I was not released from the saran wrap. Luckily, the driver stopped on a street just north of the airport, identified himself as number 78 and then cut the wrap open at several points to enable my skin to breathe, but not enough to let me out. Then we drove back to the *Ranch*. At the *Ranch*, the guard at the gate and the driver pulled me out of the car and took turns fucking me in the guard house. Finally, the driver took the car back to the garage. The gate guard finished unwrapping me, gave me sandals and made me walk back to the house.

## **Punishments?**

I had now been at the *Ranch* for just barely a day and I was starving since it was well past noon and I had not eaten. I knew better than to just try to get food from the dining room. Though I was developing a certain curiosity about the “punishments” that got mentioned from time to time.

I reported to Gunther who sent me to the showers and told me Jonathon would debrief me and provide me lunch. In the showers, I felt quite alone suddenly. I caught myself ready to vomit in disgust over the fact that I had just had so much gay sex and made it to the toilet to throw up bile.

The dorm room was empty when I finished and I figured Jonathon was in the small room we had prepared in the night before. I was right. Jonathon had a large serving tray of plates topped with metal domes. Despite my hunger and food focus, Jonathon made me give an incredibly detailed report about my limo ride. When I omitted the sex at the gate house, I received a firm slap on my buttocks. I described that in detail as well, but that was not enough. Jonathon wanted details about how the guest had kissed me. When I complained I could not remember every single word, I received another firm slap on my buttocks.

Finally, after over an hour of detailed, blow by blow, touch by touch, descriptions of each sexual act, Jonathan told me I could eat lunch.

I devoured the food eagerly and was told to go rest in the dorm room.

Laying there, I saw Gunther fingering the buttock of one of the senior employees running housekeeping. When Gunther removed his finger, the head of housekeeping was kneeling in front of Gunther sobbing and begging to be punished.

Gunther took the sobbing section head and tied him to a hook dangling from the ceiling and said, "when everyone is back before dinner." The housekeeping head was still sobbing, apologizing, and begging for punishment.

Gunther suddenly noticed me. He came over and sat on my bunk and asked how I was feeling. "Fine sir," I responded.

"Good," he said as he began to stroke my cock, "you seem to be doing pretty well for a straight boy who according to your tests hates gays and hates gay sex." I was at a loss for words. He continued, "the last 'straight' boy we had here took months to train. Jonathan and I were punishing him constantly, he was Number 143 and we finally had to let him go last month." Gunther's attentions to my cock were increasing in ferocity and I was moaning softly in pleasure.

As quickly as Gunther started stroking me, he abruptly stopped. Another bout of nausea suddenly struck me. I tried to make it to the bathroom, but I was not quick enough. Gunther chuckled as I tossed my cookies onto the floor of the dorm.

Gunther tossed me over his shoulder and carried me to a medical exam room. The doctor who had examined me at Colin's house a few days earlier was there. The doctor spoke up, "I can take it from here Gunther." I was still nauseous, but I noticed the bracelet on the doctor's wrist.

## Physical II

"We were not really properly introduced the other day, everybody refers to me as 'Doc,'" the doctor said while stretching out his hand to shake mine. "I've been working here for about a decade and unlike you and some of the newer boys, I was one-hundred percent gay when I started."

My stomach was still quiet unsettled. Doc handed me a cup, "pee." I just stood up in the middle of the room and pissed. As I finished, he handed me some heterosexual porno magazines and another cup, "a load of your cum now."

The heterosexual porn quickly settled my stomach and even though Doc was standing right next to me with an obvious boner under his lab coat, I snatched up the mags and jerked my rod. It felt so good and so right to be staring at naked women again that I quickly lost track of Doc. When I shot, I made a pathetic attempt to try to keep the heterosexual porn.

Doc scolded me politely and took the magazines, "Each week you will have another physical,

think of these magazines as my little ‘treat’ to get you to cooperate. You are tested weekly at the *Ranch*.” Before I had a chance to comment, the needles came out and Doc drew several vials of blood from my arm.

Doc picked up a white manila folder which was marked “PATENT RECORDS” in large letters and had my number printed below “145”. He opened the folder and began making notes. After a few moments he looked up and asked me, “aside from the nausea are you having any other side effects?” I shook my head. Doc closed the folder and placed into a locking file cabinet containing many similar folders.

Doc guided me out of the exam room to a small classroom. There were about a half-dozen old-fashioned school desks and other employees already occupied three of them.

## Lesson-Exam

As I sat down, I felt Doc insert his finger into my anus. “You will sit here quietly and look straight at the clock. You will not move until you are told to move. All you will see is the movement of the clock and think of nothing else,” he said firmly and then removed his finger.

The room was dead silent. I found myself quite calm and my mind was blank. At the front of the classroom, I noticed a clock, I found myself strangely fixated on the clock. In the periphery of my vision I noticed some movement but stayed focused on the movement of the clock.

“Mr. Langley,” a voice from behind me said, “I am going to place another psychological assessment test in front of you and a pencil. When I remove my finger from your anus you will calmly, quickly, and honestly, complete the test. You will *not* become frustrated and you will share your innermost, deepest, darkest secrets without any hesitation as you answer the questions. When you finish the test you will put the pencil down and return to watching the movement of the clock.”

I suddenly noticed a pencil and exam in front of me. I read the instructions quickly and began the test. The test was somewhat long but I found that I was calm as I took the test. Some of the questions were quite personal, but I found that I really wanted to tell the exam administrator my deepest, darkest secrets. I noticed as I put the pencil down that about two hours had passed while I was taking the test.

“Now, Mr. Langley,” the voice started again, “when I remove my finger you will be fully alert and ready for a three hour class session on male sexuality. Today we will be discussing enjoying anal sex. You will find the topic interesting and be motivated to participate and totally comfortable discussing the topic.”

I came too and noticed that the classroom was filled with five other student-employees. I recognized my bunkmate, Albert, and the security guard who had fucked my brains out earlier in the morning. I could not recognize the other employees.

Our instructor was Colin and I found myself very at ease in the classroom. All of us shared our first gay anal sex experience with the others. Colin handed out dildos and we spent the



bulk of the class working the dildos on our own anuses to experiment with how different things felt. During the entire lecture, I was amazed how comfortable I felt with all of the anal sex. The lecture ended with the last hour revolving around us taking turns fucking one another at Colin's instructions.

The other students were dismissed at the end of class. I noticed that I was a bit hungry, but Colin pulled me aside and told me that I needed several days of intensive private lessons. Colin did not bother to finger my anus and give me specific instructions. Alone in the classroom, I suddenly found myself acutely aware of the fact that I had just had anal sex with five random guys both ways and started to get nauseous again.

I vomited again, but this time only bile came up. Colin returned and looked at me with a pitiful look. "We really did rush you into work too quickly," he said taking me by the arm to a small room within the employee wing that had a locked entrance. Colin fingered my anus and ordered me to relax and then sit down in a comfortable chair.

## Programming Session

Colin asked me to stay seated in the chair and relax my mind and focus my undivided attention on his voice. I found myself relaxing and the nausea I was having fading away.

"...Michael remember that no matter what happens here you are always going to be a bright articulate computer programmer from Nebraska... nothing that happens here will change you from being a happy well adjusted heterosexual..."

I found myself quite absorbed in the things Colin was saying. He was right: I was bright and articulate. I am heterosexual. I found that I was able to remember my high school girlfriend and also my college girlfriend.

Colin continued: "But you've chosen a temporary career path that will make you feel very good about yourself."

That was true, I had signed up for a great job. I had already made over fifty thousand in tips and was making ten thousand a month.

"Now about this nausea, I want you to talk to me very freely about what is causing you to feel nauseous," Colin continued.

"I guess its just I've always really hated fags and now I'm having gay sex a lot, makes me feel really disgusted with myself," I said and suddenly realized how much gay sex I had had in just a few quick days. I had been thrown out the streets when my company dot-bombed and had turned two tricks, but that was for basic hunger.

Colin waited a bit before talking again, "Michael, from now on no matter how much work you do for clients or with other employees you will not be bothered by it. It will not make you a 'fag', in fact, the more often you work with our clients the better this will make you for your future girlfriends. From now on whenever you start to think about the sex you are having here at the *Ranch*, it will make you feel good inside, you will realize that it is making

you a better, sexier, more attractive man. Do you understand?"

"Yes, SIR," I answered eagerly. I realized as I answered, that I was suddenly feeling sexier since I had had all of that sex during the day.

Colin finished, "Now, I am going to send you to dinner with the other employees, but after dinner I want you to come back to this room, sit down in this chair, and wait for me."

"Yes, SIR," I responded and when Colin unlocked the door with the key, I stood up and headed to the employee dining area. At dinner, I sat next to one of the other personal services employees. Brian was of a similar slender build to myself and explained that he had been working at the *Ranch* for about two years. We chatted easily through dinner and after it ended I explained I was meeting with Colin again. Brian smiled knowingly and said, "you straight?"

"Yeah," I said.

Brian said, "you hets need the most training from Colin."

"What do you mean," I asked.

"Come on, I mean you don't have to be a genius to figure out that all of the employees here at the *Ranch* are kept under hypnosis to varying degrees?"

My mind started to wander and before I could fully register what Brian had said, Gunther and Colin were upon us. Both of us received fingers up our anuses. Brian and I were then taken together to the small locked room.

I watched, silently, as Brian begged Gunther to administer fifty violent blows with a prison strap to his buttocks for misbehaving. I watched Brian bend over the back of the chair and then Gunther picked up the prison strap. Gunther rained fifty, violent blows onto my coworker's bared buttocks. Brian counted each blow out, but by the time blow twenty was landing he was reduced to sobbing and screaming in pain.

When the punishment ended, Brian quickly thanked Gunther for the punishment by sucking the more senior man's cock. Gunther also instructed Brian to apologize to me and the slender, gay man sucked my cock off till I reached orgasm.

Brian was then removed from the room by Gunther and I was alone with Colin again.

"Michael," Colin said, "drawing my attention, how are you feeling about your employment after our discussion this afternoon?"

"Quite good," I said eagerly.

"How about seeing Brian get his ass whipped?"

"He deserved it," I responded enthusiastically.

"So, we have two members of a boy band coming to stay here early next week," Colin said switching subjects, "I am very concerned that you be ready to work with them."

"Sir, yes, sir," I responded eagerly.

“Last time they were here they really enjoyed that we had two heterosexual employees in personal services to play b-ball with,” Colin continued, “anyhow you and Mr. Allen who is heterosexual as well are going to have to work together to please these clients.”

“I love basketball, I played in high school,” I said.

“Good,” Colin said as he picked up a small device, “now stand very still as I affix these stimulators to your nipples.”

Colin’s voice sounded so melodic and yet firm at the same time. I stood absolutely still and he moved the device over my left nipple. I watched as the front of the device pulled my nipple in and then released it again with a thin gold band around it and pushing it out slightly. Colin did the same on my right nipple.

The bands held the tips of my nipples out about a sixteenth of an inch, but also left me feeling like the slightest wisp of air over my nipples was quite arousing.

Colin handed me a glass of red wine and told me to drink up. As I was drinking it, Brian’s remark in the cafeteria struck me for a moment and I remembered the wine at Colin’s house. But then I passed out.

## **Boy Band Boys**

I spent the next five days in what I would later learn was called the “isolation room.” A few times I recall “waking up” with a pair of goggles showing images over my eyes and sounds in my ears. But as quickly as I would wake up, I would pass out again. When I finally woke up, Colin was removing the gold bands from my nipples and I was handed some basketball clothing.

“Be down at the court in ten minutes,” Colin said firmly. The clothing was about a size or two too small for me. Everything fit, but was tight and skimpy everywhere. Down at the court, I noticed that Mr. Allen was standing at attention and was similarly attired to myself.

“Mr. Langley, this is Mr. Allen, he is quite similar to you in background and what not, the two of you will be focused on two very special guests for the next few days: Brian and Nick,” Colin explained, “make sure they have an extremely gratifying stay.”

With that remark, Colin walked off and Mr. Allen, Jeff, turned and introduced himself to me. Jeff was, like myself, a slender build straight guy. He was from Wisconsin, and had worked as a network engineer until mid-2001 when he had joined the *Ranch*. Jeff had lost his girlfriend with his job. Before we had a chance to fully trade stories, Jeff tapped me on the shoulder and I saw our guests entering the court.

## Two-on-Two

Brian and Nick quickly introduced themselves to Jeff and I and then had us pair up. Nick and myself versus Brian and Jeff. Nick and Brian quickly tossed for shirts vs. skins. Nick and I were quickly shirtless and the half-court b-ball game started.

Although Nick was younger than Brian, he was a slightly stronger player. Also, he and I quickly found a rhythm and were trouncing Brian and Jeff. The sweat on all of us was running down as Brian's stopwatch went off and he called the game: 36 (Us) to 24 (Them).

I was somewhat unprepared for what followed, but Nick whipped his cock out of his pants and Brian was on his knees sucking off. Nick turned to me and said, "Loser blows." Without hesitating, I whipped out my cock and Jeff proceeded to suck me off.

After a few minutes, Nick let go of Brian's head and pulled up his pants. I followed my host's lead and Jeff stopped sucking me. Brian led the way to the shower room where the four of us all showered together. The shower was fairly normal at first, but then Brian handed Jeff the soap and asked him to soap him down. Jeff, of course, complied. Nick followed suit and I soaped down the band boy.

After I finished Nick, he turned and lathered me up and then did my hair with shampoo. I returned that favor and caught Brian and Jeff doing the same out of the corner of my eye.

We headed back to the guest room that Nick and Brian would be occupying and the boys quickly turned on the tournament. The boys quickly made bets and the payoffs were not explicitly mentioned, but I had a good sense from our game of two-on-two of what form the payoff might take.

For the first time in the days since I arrived at the *Ranch*, things seemed surprisingly like the old days in Nebraska—and even my dot-com days. Four "straight" guys around the TV, drinking beer, talking shit, and watching sports. Brian and Nick were nice as pie and I have to say that if they were fags they were way hetero about it. Of course a small voice in my brain was conflicted about that statement, but I found that a different, calm, soothing voice kept that small voice down.

As Nick saw his-our-bet going down in flames, he made a mad dash for the bathroom, but Brian grabbed the younger band member quickly instructed Jeff to grab his shoulders. Nick was unceremoniously forced to stand in between the other two guys and take it up the ass from Brian as Jeff face-fucked him.

I watched with a strange fascination as Brian spit and "lubed" up Nick's tight end and then began to fuck the younger boy. Jeff followed cue and rammed his dick into Nick's face eagerly. Resigned to his fate, Nick took it like a man and seemed to enjoy the experience. As soon as Nick was done, it was my turn with Brian doing the anal work again and Jeff face fucking me. I gave absolutely no resistance and quickly relaxed to let Brian fuck me ass.

As soon as the bet was paid off, the boys quickly bet on the next round of the tournament and we went back to watching the show. In the course of the afternoon's games, our team (Nick and I) lost only that one bet. Brian and Jeff on the other hand lost the other three

bets. Brian was a much sorer loser than Nick and it took both Jeff and I to initially restrain Brian to get fucked each of the three times he lost. Nick seemed to particularly relish fucking the older boy and Brian seemed to be particularly humiliated by it.

By the time some of the other employees delivered dinner—hoagies, I was famished and exhausted. The boys eagerly shared all varieties of stories with Jeff and me over dinner and into the early evening. By two, it was time for bed and the boys suggested we do a huge sleep over in the guest room.

Brian and Nick lay down in the center of the bed with Jeff and I on the outside. Nick stayed paired closer to my side and Brian stayed with Jeff. When the lights went out, Nick gently rocked me to the side and then inserted his hard cock in my ass without a word. Somehow I knew to stay absolutely quiet. In the silence, I could hear some slight noises on the other side of the bed. I realized that Brian was fucking Jeff a bit more aggressively, but that Jeff was staying quiet. In the silence I heard Brian come closer and closer to orgasm inside Jeff.

When the orgasm came, it was clearly an intense explosion since Brian let out an animal like cry of pleasure. Nick however had remained still, but also rock hard inside me. I heard rustling in the sheets and then kissing and whispering. Nick however remained silent and rigid within me. It was intense. The silence seemed to eat at me and yet I felt no compulsion to break it. Finally, I heard the sheets rustling again and then Nick grunted and his cock thrust deeper into me.

“Fuck his ass,” I heard Brian whisper to Jeff, who was more than happy to oblige. My only stimulation was from the secondary thrusts of Nick’s cock further into my ass from Jeff fucking Nick. Brian kept encouraging Jeff to fuck Nick harder and harder.

“Fuck him like an animal Jeff,” Brian encouraged as Jeff began grunting and Nick quickly followed suit. I found myself incredibly aroused by the situation, and as Jeff’s anal assault on Nick continued, my own arousal level went through the roof.

Then the encouragement that pushed me over the edge came, Nick moaned, “you’ve got such a hot ass Michael.” His melodic voice struck through me and I shot my load into the dark room. He followed almost in sync loading up my ass. Then Jeff followed as well unloading into Nick’s boy butt.

We all untangled from one another and then Nick and Brian spooned one another in the center of the bed leaving Jeff and I separated apart to go to sleep very alone.

I fell asleep quickly as I tried to focus on the day’s events, a hazy cloud came over my mind. I could just remember a flashing red L.E.D. and a soothing, yet authoritarian voice giving me instructions.

[To be continued...]

## **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/>>

\$\$

## 4 Sex Ranch: 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.

©2002, TopLegal. Permission is granted for distribution via Usenet and the Web provided that the following two conditions are met: there is no cost to access this story, e.g. AdultCheck, pay site, etc., and the story is posted in full without modifications.

### Nick Continued

By the time I woke up in the morning, I found Nick standing over me. “Hey, sleepyhead,” he said with a distinct southern drawl. He continued, “Brian and Jeff are already on their way to some of the wineries, you are supposed to go meet Colin or somebody and then we are going to head out.”

I ran out the door and nearly collided with Colin. He guided me to an office in the front of the building and got me dressed and gave me some instructions. As was often the case around the *Ranch*, all I could remember was getting instructions and a finger up my ass.

When we walked out of the room, Nick met me wearing long baggy shorts that matched what I had been given. There were keys and a wallet in my pocket. As we wandered outside there was a dark blue Toyota Prius parked at the top of the driveway. Instinctively, I got into the driver’s side and Nick got beside me and I pulled out heading for the gate.

At the gate, the guard who had fucked my brains out a few days earlier was sweetness and light, “Mr. Langley from room 144, right?”

“Yes, and Nick from Room 3,” I responded back.

The guard raised the gate and we rolled out onto the highway. Nick suggested Muir Woods and I instinctively knew where to head to get there. By the time we pulled into the park, it was already 1100 on the clock in the car. We had to park fairly far from the entrance. I was surprised that Nick was not concerned about being noticed.

For a moment, I realized that I was at Nick’s mercy to know what time it was. As with so many of the control things done by Colin and Mr. X at the *Ranch*, placing our dog tags on our left wrists was subtle: even out with a guest I could not wear a watch. My mind was wandering though and Nick suddenly snapped me back to attention, “hey, let’s get going, I want to do one of the longer trails.”

We hiked to the entrance and I instinctively reached into my wallet to pay our admission fee. Nick took the map and showed me that he wanted to take the “Bootjack” trail around and back for a six mile loop. We quickly set off. As the got deeper and more isolated from

the crowds, Nick set in to me, “so I hear you really hate fags.”

“What’s it to you,” I responded.

Nick smiled at me and said, “I want you to beat me up for being a fag.”

I stopped dead in my tracks and turned and faced him, “What?”

“You heard me, I hate myself for being a huge fag and letting Brian fuck me non-stop, I need someone to beat me up,” Nick continued, clearly serious.

“Here faggot?”

“Yes,” Nick said.

My mind raced. I was a straight guy who hated fags after all. Nick was telling me he was a fag. But he was also a guest, we were supposed to please guests—even faggot guests. But he had asked for the beating. I looked around, we were quite alone, I began to wail on Nick’s abs landing a number of blows till he doubled over in pain and begged me to stop.

Nick stood up and thanked me and then said, “oh, by the way, you do realize this fag is going to fuck your brains out later tonight.” I vomited.

We finished the trail, although Nick was in considerable pain. I drove the car straight back to the *Ranch*. Nick suggested we head for his guest room and quickly stripped. His abs were bruised, but he then explained that he was going to show me. I found myself unable to beat the fuck out of the faggot boy band boy in front of me.

Instead, Nick slowly undressed me one item of clothing at a time. I had to kneel in front of him slowly and he inserted his cock in my waiting mouth. Brian entered the room with Jeff on all fours being lead along by a dog leash.

“I see yours got a bit out of hand,” Brian remarked placing his hand on Nick’s bruised abs tenderly.

Nick smiled and responded, “yeah but now he’s going to find out that it really sucks to get fucked by another guy, especially a faggot.” With that Nick violently pushed me to the floor and got my ass in the air. I was completely helpless to fight back or resist. Nick’s unprotected cock rammed into my ass and I screamed out.

After he finished Brian tied a dog leash around my neck and then tied Jeff and I together. He and Nick then began to punch *us* in the abs to show us that “fags can bash back.” When they were done pummeling us, Jeff and I had bruises throughout our bodies.

They then got dressed themselves and took us by our leashes down to the front office to sign out. Colin was there with Mr. X. Colin took our leashes and discretely inserted his finger into our asses. Despite our pain, we were standing at attention. I watched Nick and Brian sign their bills. Jeff was then called over to sign for a tip that Brian left for him. I was called over next for Nick and was left a \$100,000 tip!

The boys walked out and Colin lead us both upstairs.



## New Straight Boy Chamber

Mr. X himself directly introduced us to the new room via several of the video screens in the room. “Mr. Langley, Mr. Allen, we have for some time been concerned about our ability to maintain quality straight men in our employment. To that end we are stepping up our efforts to keep you both happy and in our employ. Welcome to your new quarters.”

The video screens went blank for a moment and then were replaced by repetitive patterns. I began to drink in the walls, naked women painted larger than life covered all four walls. A three inch high red LED display ran the entire perimeter of the room. The display flashed briefly and then I suddenly found myself with an urge to lick the pussy of one of the women in the wallpaper. I saw Jeff doing just that and decided to do the same. My cock was rock hard and Colin said to stroke our cocks till we achieved orgasm pleasing the beautiful women.

Jeff came first, but I was not far behind. Colin had left already and there were no exits and nowhere to sit or lay down. I took the opportunity to pace the room. It was perfectly square, 8’ on edge. The LED display was at about 4’ 6” in height and then there were four flat screen displays, one in each corner.

Each of the displays then switched to different sports channels as messages began to flash across the LED displays. I found myself watching different sports. I cannot tell you what was on the LED displays for the life of me.

After a small eternity, Colin re-entered the room from out of nowhere with a small cart. From the top of the cart he produced several syringes. “Mr. Langley, time for your medications,” Colin announced. I walked over freely and stood still as Colin tied a band around my upper arm and then injected me. Jeff followed suit. We were then each offered dinner.

Colin waited till we finished eating and then showed us how to activate the toilet and sink from the wall. Jeff immediately took the opportunity to pee and then I followed suit.

“Sleep well boys,” Colin said as he handed us each a small airline pillow and blanket. I found it hard to focus as he left the room and it seemed like he just disappeared into a fog.

I happily took my pillow and snuggled against a corner. Jeff took a different corner and I fell asleep quickly.

I woke up to loud porno music and the accompanying heterosexual pornography on the video displays. The pornography had been edited—I think—to show either Jeff or I doing all of the fucking of the women in the videos. Or maybe I had fucked some of them for a porno?

Jonathon appeared to bring us some water and another round of injections.

Days began to flow into one another. My best estimate is that Jeff and I were kept isolated except for twice daily visits for injections and once daily food for about a month. The conditioning though had been quite effective. Or so I was told as I stood helplessly with Mr. X’s finger in my anus as he explained at the end of the month that he was quite pleased with how well I was performing now.

## Brian

Our isolation from the gay employees had been considerable. Jonathon took us to the regular dorm bedrooms around April 30th and told us to get cleaned up and completely shaved for clients. Brian was assigned to shave me and another employee I did not recognize was assigned to Jeff.

As Brian shaved me hairless below the neck, I remembered his earlier admonition about hypnosis and mind control. But I found myself unable to focus on anything of that nature. Everything about my employment at the *Ranch* had just been so enjoyable.

Brian took much longer shaving me than the new boy did on Jeff and so we were alone in the shower when he brought up the issue of hypnosis again. I got pretty angry at him and almost punched him except that Gunther came in and broke us up. Gunther took both of us aside and after whispering in Brian's ear, inserted his finger in Brian's ass. Moments later, Brian was begging to be punished. Gunther apologized to me for Brian's "wild mouth" and I left as Gunther began tying Brian to the whipping pillory.

## Lawyer

I wandered into Mr. X's office without prompting. The lawyer was sitting there talking with Mr. X and Jeff was standing at attention. Mr. X must have given me some subtle instruction but I lined up next to Jeff and stood silently.

"Don't worry," Mr. X said, "they can hear what we are saying but they cannot react. Anyhow, these two are doing much better now that we are keeping the hets apart from our regular employees."

"The injections though are a bit over the top, you have always stuck to just getting the employees to do what they already wanted to do," the lawyer said.

"Mr. Langley is straight as is Mr. Allen," Mr. X said matter of factly, "the fact is they don't want to be fucked by guys, some coercion is necessary." Out of the corner of my eye I noticed a bracelet on the lawyer's left wrist. No wristwatch either.

"But," the lawyer started.

Mr. X got angry and cut him off, "enough, you are well paid, you know we treat our employees well, even Messieurs Langley and Allen. One more complaint out of you and I will have you naked getting pissed on by every guest like the old days."

The lawyer clammed up.

"Now, you said there were some releases you wanted these boys to sign?"

The lawyer was still quite off balance but removed several sets of paperwork from his briefcase and handed them to Mr. X. Mr. X gave the papers to Jeff and I one at a time and we signed them. One of the document titles was "Medical Experimentation Release Form".

The lawyer took the signed documents and got up to leave but Mr. X put his hand on the lawyer's shoulder and guided the younger man over the edge of the desk. Mr. X unbuckled the attorney's pants and the attorney grabbed the edge of the desk. Mr. X took a tawse from out from his desk drawer. "You are still an employee of the *Ranch*, what happens to disobedient employees?"

The lawyer was crying softly already and barely managed, "we get punished."

"Correct," Mr. X said as he began delivering a welter of violent blows to the lawyer's exposed buttocks. The lawyer did not make the slightly attempt to block the punishment or move away from the desk. Rather he just hollered out in agonizing pain as blow after blow. Mr. X spared nothing in delivering the blows and bruising was quite visible on the lawyer's buttocks by the time the punishment stopped. The lawyer got on his knees and thanked Mr. X profusely for the "most appropriate punishment for his disrespect and disobedience."

Mr. X kissed the lawyer on the forehead and forgave him. The lawyer stood up and pulled his pants back up and headed out of the office quickly.

"Messieurs Langley and Allen," Mr. X said, "turning to address us, how are you boys doing?"

We responded simultaneously, "Fantastic, SIR."

"Good, I have some demanding clients for you that are expecting top quality service," Mr. X said as he dismissed us.

## Traveling

Colin was outside the office door and led both Jeff and I upstairs to the classroom. We were sat down and he explained that we were going to be traveling to Hong Kong to meet a client. Colin showed us how to administer our "insulin" to each other with the syringes and then gave us prepared travel documents and first class airline tickets.

A suitcase was packed with a luggage tag that read "Michael Langley" and next to it was some clothing. A similar set up was adjacent for Jeff.

Colin told us that we would spend one night at his Victorian in the Castro before heading to San Francisco International Airport early the following morning. Knowing the drill, I put the travel clothing into the small carry on bag for my cosmetics and walked out naked carrying my luggage with Jeff at my side.

We reached the white van and loaded ourselves and our luggage into the back. At the gate, the guard freely groped at my cock as he signed me out. No guest equaled normal rules.

Colin did not talk to us as we drove to his house and we pulled right into the garage of his place and walked inside naked. Inside, he brought us up to the room I had stayed in about two months earlier and Jeff had stayed in many months before that. I noticed the leather restraints for the first time. Jeff and I both cooperated as Colin restrained us to the cots. Only then did he give us our injections.

Next thing I knew it was morning. Colin helped us out of the beds, gave us our injections and an extremely light meal. We had to go down to the van naked and get dressed en route to the airport. At the international terminal Colin gave us each a hug and said he was certain we would do fine.

## **Hong Kong**

The plane ride was uneventful. Jeff and I talked only briefly. What did we really have to say to each other that was not obvious?

After clearing customs in the Hong Kong airport, a young Asian woman was holding a sign reading “LANGLEY / ALLEN”. We introduced ourselves and she explained that she was the executive assistant to somebody or other. She had us get into the back seat of a small car and then got behind the driver’s wheel and led us on a harrowing trip through Hong Kong.

Not being familiar with any of the geography, I am at a loss to say where we went. However, when we arrived it was at a large apartment building.

The woman used a key card to control the elevator and we were whisked to the penthouse floor.

When the doors opened, she invited us to step out and “comfortable ourselves.” She then left without another word. I noticed that a key card was required to access the elevator to leave. Jeff scouted out that nobody was home and I plopped on a couch and turned on some sports.

After about five minutes Jeff joined me carrying some American beers.

Several hours passed and we were well into our fourth or fifth beer before two young American movie stars popped out of the elevator. I was floored at the sight of them, together no less.

“Good, you guys made it in safely,” the blond actor said.

“Yeah,” I chipped in.

“I’ll take the smaller one Matt,” the other actor said pointing at Jeff.

“Ok Ben,” Matt responded, “I’ll have to suffer with the cute blue-eyed one.”

## **Fucked**

No modesty was displayed as Matt walked over, unzipped his fly and rammed his cock into my mouth. His cock rammed in and gagged me and then he started pissing. His firm hands prevented me from backing away or escaping the torrent of acidic piss streaming into my mouth and throat. Involuntarily I swallow the piss to avoid choking to death.

When he finished Matt laughed at me and told me to clean myself up. I saw out of the

corner of my eye that Ben had given Jeff a similar treatment. As we left the room, I could hear Matt and Ben laughing about how they had gotten us good.

In the bathroom I brushed my teeth and followed with mouthwash to try to get the urine taste out of my mouth. Jeff did the same. The whole encounter seemed odd and despite my urge to beat the crap out of them a little voice in my head was saying, “respect and please the clients.”

We went back out into the living room and some sports were on and Matt and Ben were drinking beers. “Sit down,” Matt said pointing to an empty space on the couch. I quickly complied and he passed me a beer. Jeff responded to a similar instruction from Ben and we watched some sports and shot the shit like any group of four straight guys around the television watching sports.

I guess I was not even surprised when about three hours and a six-pack in Matt stood up, choked me with his cock and unloaded a stream of piss directly into the back of my throat. This time though, I was not excused to “clean up” and as quickly as the encounter had started it ended. All of us went back to the TV and then Ben pissed into Jeff’s mouth about thirty minutes later. I noticed that my bladder was filling up but as I began to fidget, Matt grabbed my arm and said, “stay here.”

“So Ben these guys are straight as arrows,” Matt said.

Ben picked up, “yeah, they seem genuinely ready to slug us for sticking our cocks in their mouths.”

Matt laughed, “I paid extra for ‘straight boys’ this time.”

“They ever been fucked in the ass,” Ben asked.

“Yeah, but if you notice they don’t become erect at gay play, only hetero sex.”

Ben grabbed Jeff’s crotch and Jeff instinctively tried to move away and got a jab to the abs. Ben pulled Jeff’s cock out and began to stroke it. No cock response. “Right you are,” Ben said to Matt.

Matt grabbed me and pushed me to the floor and pulled my pants down to my ankles. “Go on put up a fight, I’m still gone rape your ass,” Matt said to me.

I tried to struggle, but Matt was way too strong and kept me pinned and then proceeded to fuck me as I stayed completely limp dicked. After he shot a load into me, Matt instructed me to stay naked and get back on the couch.

More beer and sports followed, but I was not permitted to go to the bathroom. Jeff was spared having to drink more beer and Matt was clearly the “dominant” one with more of a dark edge to his urges towards me. Where Ben seemed tender to Jeff, Matt kept trying to hurt me subtly. By one in the morning, I had been forced to take three more loads of Matt’s piss and been fucked in the ass two more times, each time being more viciously tackled and raped by the handsome star.

Ben on the other hand was amorously licking Jeff’s nipples and kissing my coworker.

Every time I tried to get up to go to the bathroom Matt would grab me and keep me in my seat.

My bladder seemed like it was about to explode when Matt finally said, “Ok, let’s go take care of that bladder.” I was violently grabbed by the arm and led away to the bedroom and through to the bathroom. Matt quickly kneeled in the shower and told me that the *only* way I could get back at him for raping me was to pee all over him and humiliate him.

I quickly took him up on the offer and drenched him in a torrent of urine that reeked of beer. The stream of piss seemed unending and I noticed that Matt became erect from the scene and also tried to dodge my piss. As the bucket loads drained from my bladder I made an effort to try to force some into his face and even got bold enough to grab his hair and force his face directly into the stream.

He struggles to turn away but I manage for the first time in our brief relationship to overpower him and force my cock in his throat along with the last 20 seconds of pee.

As soon as the stream ended he collapsed into the shower seeming to relish being covered in pee. I stood over him and he said, “good to see you understand the only rule for your stay: what happens to you depends on what you can force on me and vice versa.”

[To be continued...]

## **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/>>

\$\$

## 5 Sex Ranch: Pop-Back

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.

©2002, TopLegal. Permission is granted for distribution via Usenet and the Web provided that the following two conditions are met: there is no cost to access this story, e.g. AdultCheck, pay site, etc., and the story is posted in full without modifications.

### Return from Hong Kong

Jeff and I remained prisoners in the penthouse with Matt and Ben for well over a week before being sent packing back to the states. Matt handed me two sealed envelopes.

The flight back was completely uneventful and Colin was just outside customs to “claim” us like baggage. We got into the back of the van and quickly stripped naked for the ride back to the *Ranch*.

Colin wasted no time and drove us directly up into Napa and we were quickly escorted past the guard house with only minimal fondling. Colin guided us to the office where Mr. X was waiting.

Two syringes sat on the desk. Without even really thinking about it both Jeff and I grabbed the syringes and shot up.

Colin handed Mr. X the envelopes which he opened calmly as Jeff and I stood at attention.

“Jeff, nice work,” Mr. X commented, “Ben paid us \$500,000 for three weeks of work from you and left you a tip of \$100,000.”

Without prompting, Jeff stepped over to the desk and signed the ledger for the tip. Colin escorted Jeff out of the room.

Mr. X approached me and patted me on the back, “very well done. Matt is one of our more tempermental clients. Last time he threw a hissy fit and refused to pay. I have here though a wire transfer receipt for \$2,000,000 to the Ranch with a note, ‘Sorry about last time, thanks for the second chance.’”

Then, quite matter of factly Mr. X added, “there’s a personal note for you.”

Mike:

Thanks for treating me like the piss pig I am.

Matt

A slip of paper fell from the note. I bent to pick it up: it was a wire transfer receipt for \$500,000. I obediently signed the ledger for Mr. X and then Mr. X said, "Oh, Michael you've been here three months now."

Then I blacked out.

## **Re-Intermezzio**

The sun had risen and set three times since Mr. X had departed. I had written into the notebook almost non-stop.

A log of someone, me, but not me.

The notebook pages were filled with ink.

I flipped through the pages.

Oddly, I found myself feeling very pragmatic about the whole affair. If sex with guys made me filthy stinking rich, who cared. It was a job.

I went to the bathroom and took a shower.

Then I picked up my wallet and headed down to the casino floor.

As I was exiting, I noticed a simple envelope taped to the door of the suite. I opened the note and it said, "stop by the concierge, he has some money for you if you want. -X"

I stopped at the concierge who handed me another envelope filled with bills and decided to hit the street. I hooked up with another prostitute and had more sex. Then headed back to the Bellagio and decided to gamble away the evening.

After three hours I was running about even and decided to leave the blackjack table. My room card got me some exclusive seats for "O".

When I finally returned, Mr. X was waiting for me, "Having fun Mr. Langley?"

"I'm game, hypnosis and all," I said.

"Three years," Mr. X said.

"Like Odysseus being bound to the mast to be saved from the sirens," I responded.

"Exactly, there will be no 'out' in another three months, You will be our property for the next three years," Mr. X emphasized.

"Can I ask for a few conditions?"

Mr. X pulled a tawse out from nowhere, "Stick out your hand."

I hesitated.

Mr. X grabbed my hand and said, "each request will result in one blow from the tawse whether it is accepted or not."



I hesitated longer.

“Go on Mr. Langley.”

“I would like to be able to contact my mother periodically.”

**CRACK**

I jumped back from the pain of the tawse, but Mr. X maintained a firm grip on my arm.

“And I want another couple days in Vegas.”

**CRACK**

“I’ll bring by your three year contract on Sunday,” Mr. X said as he left.

I wailed in my own crapulence and about \$10,000 in cash Mr. X left at the concierge for me for the next three days. When Sunday arrived, I was waiting in the room watching the sunset. Mr. X entered without knocking along with the lawyer I had met a little more than three months earlier at Colin’s house.

The lawyer handed me several documents and took over three hours walking me through them: wills, durable powers of attorney, employment contracts, and more. In the end I signed all of the agreements and then without having to be asked stripped naked.

Mr. X inserted a finger in my anus and I blacked out.

## **Backstreet’s Back**

Brian and Nick greeted Jeff and I in the gymnasium of the *Ranch* like best friends. We teamed up Nick and I versus Brian and Jeff for two-on-two. Brian and Jeff lost the toss and went skins to our shirts and we quickly began a fast paced, but friendly game.

As the game ended with Nick and I taking a brutal defeat of 40 to 16, and Brian had the younger band member on his knees sucking cock as the loser. Jeff grabbed my head and made me suck cock.

We headed back to the room without showering and flicked on a motorcycle race. Brian and Nick began laying odds with one another as the four of us sat around the TV. Each time a bet was lost, the loser got double fucked—mouth and ass—by the other team.

Nick did better than usual betting for he and I and all told we fucked Brian and Jeff (I only got my dick sucked; Nick got to fuck all the ass) ten times while Nick and I only lost one race.

Nick dragged me to a private shower with just him and explained that we were going to go off-Ranch again. In fact, I we were going to hit a spanking party in San Francisco and then spend the night at the Marriot and enjoy some other local sites.

I agreed readily and headed out without showering. Gunther greeted the two of us in the lobby, my wallet and keys to one of the Priuses in hand.

I drove us into the city and to the downtown Marriott. Nick went completely unrecognized as we checked into the hotel and went up to our room.

In the room, Nick had me take a shower with him and fucked me bareback in the shower. No condoms for clients.

Cleaned up, he took some “clothing” for me to wear to the party out of a suitcase along with a variety of corporal punishment implements. I was to be his “daddy” and publicly spank and whip him at this party. He would be wearing a hood the entire time.

The taxi dropped us off in front of an unassuming house in a borderline neighborhood. Nick was already hooded and on a leash; I was wearing biker’s leathers. A small line of about ten, mostly older, guys was waiting for the party to start.

## Sex Party

Nick’s fake ID worked like a charm and both of us were in without being recognized.

Per his explicit instructions, I quickly led him down to a basement dungeon area.

I set up shop by restraining him face down to a table with a pillow under his midsection.

It was quite a sight: One hooded, twink boy band boy, face down, ass bare and exposed, back bare and exposed, and a sign: “Fag Boy: Please Use and Punish Me” hanging from the ceiling nearby. I placed a strip of condoms and lube at one side and a variety of corporal punishment implements on another.

Without hesitation, I let out a barrage of blows with the razor strap at full force. This quickly bruised his ass up and then I followed up by fucking his ass while wearing a condom to avoid trouble with the DM.

I then stood aside and invited a variety of men to use the faggot similarly.

After twenty guys, the night was over. His ass looked like ground beef, but I could tell he had enjoyed the humiliation and the use thoroughly. I took Nick back to the hotel and we fell asleep with him embracing me, still hooded.

In the morning, he was awake before me and I found him soaking in the bathtub.

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey, you get want you fag boy,” I said.

“If only I could have more of that,” he said.

“Couldn’t you get the other boys at the *Ranch*?”

He interrupted, “It’s just not the same. The boys at the *Ranch* are all too ‘perfect’ for lack of a better word. They would be consciously trying to avoid hurting me. The guys last night were using me thoroughly.”

“Nice to see that this time is different then last,” I joked, “I suppose I won’t need to beat

you up or anything?"

"Nah," Nick said, "but that was way cool."

After a pause, Nick added "Brian was supposed to be taking your friend Jeff to a piss party."

I asked, "Want to catch a movie at the Metreon?"

Nick smiled, "yeah that would be way cool."

I helped Nick out of the tub and inspected his ass. Serious bruising was evident, but nothing that would require immediate medical attention was visible. We showered together and then headed off to the theaters.

Nick wanted to see "Star Wars II: Attack of the Clones", but the next showing was not for a half hour. We popped into the Sony store and he dropped a couple hundred on PS2 games and he insisted on buying me a Vaio laptop.

I politely tried to refuse, but he insisted. The theater was empty enough and we were reasonably isolated enough that once the lights went down, Nick freely reached into my pants and began to fondle my cock.

Somewhere in the middle of a scene I quietly orgasmed to my guest's loving ministrations.

I then zipped up quietly and reciprocated.

Back at the hotel, he set me up with an AOL account charged to his card so he could "stay in touch with me while touring." I commented that he seemed to really be able to take a thrashing. He shrugged and remarked it was less than he ever got for misbehaving.

"Ok, so you are RchHypSlv9 AT aol.com," Nick explained, "I already have paid Mr. X to ensure that you will be available to chat with me at certain times."

"Thanks," I said and taking a cue from his eyes, quickly kneeled to suck his handsome cock.

"Can I take you out to a fancy dinner," Nick asked politely.

"Nick you know you can do and have anything you want," I responded.

"Strip," Nick said picking up the razor strap, "good, I want to turn your ass into ground beef like mine and then dress you up in a tuxedo and take you out to dinner."

I quickly removed my clothing and bent over a chair and stretched my legs apart to make my ass an easy target for Nick's blows. Nick laid in with a vengeance and I stayed absolutely quiet and still as he brutalized me. When my ass was bruised beyond easy recognition he fucked me bareback while I remained over the chair and then told me to get dressed for dinner.

"Ok, this restaurant is Berkeley," he said as we went downstairs and requested the car.

At the restaurant, the reservations were in my name. I found myself having a difficult time sitting on my sore ass and wondered how Nick seemed to be so at ease.

At Chez Panisse we were treated to an elaborate multi-course dinner. Nick selected several

expensive wines and we enjoyed them thoroughly along with dinner. Nick picked up the thousand dollar check without an after thought and we headed back to the Marriott.

## **Basketball Finale**

The next morning Nick suggested we head back to the *Ranch*. Brian and Jeff were playing one-on-one in front of a small audience of employees. They greeted us as we joined them. Nick stripped off his shirt and teamed up with his lover Brian to whip Jeff and I handily.

In front of the twenty-odd assembled employees Brian and Nick took turns forcing Jeff and I to suck cock. They whipped the audience into a frenzy and kept commenting on how “humiliating” it must be to make straight boys suck cock.

Then they invited the other employees to “have at us.” We were total jailbait on the court.

Nick and Brian headed off to start a tour.

After all of the employees finished with us, Mr. X was standing on the court and escorted Jeff and I inside.

“Good work both of you,” Mr. X said inside his office. He inserted his finger in our anuses and made us stand at attention. “Mr. Langley, I see Nick’s fondness for the strap was well in evidence this trip. Mr. Allen you got to drink lots of piss.”

“The dollar amounts you boys draw are phenomenal,” Mr. X continued, “as he had both of us sign for huge tips.”

“Mr. Langley, or is that RchHypSlv9, we will have to discuss ‘your laptop’ and email responsibilities,” Mr. X continued as he put the laptop on his desk. I remained paralyzed at attention.

Gunther stepped in and put his finger into Jeff’s and my anuses and then led us out of the room with a finger in our ass. Gunther led us to the small “hetero” room that Jeff and I shared apart from the other employees. The nudie female pictures on the wall were quite the draw and we were left there alone. As Gunther left, Jeff and I found ourselves watching some of the hetero porn on the video screens and jacking off.

## **New Het**

The door to our small room opened and Colin entered with a young man who looked quite similar to Jeff and I. The boy was completely under and Colin talked freely about how “Tristen” was the newest heterosexual member of the team.

Colin had the three of us stand in the center of the room and instructed all three of us to focus on the red LED message boards.

All three of us were naked, buttocks and backs pressed against buttocks and backs.

The messages began in earnest.

Hours later, Colin permitted me to move and led me down to Mr. X's office where I was placed in front of the Vaio that Nick had purchased for my use. After I finished the email, I was returned the training room and positioned precisely against Tristen's and Jeff's naked backsides and ordered to remain in place.

We stood in place for over a day, unable to move as were force fed instructions about being heterosexual but cooperating in any sex acts required. As quickly as our forced training began, Colin permitted the three of us to move freely about the room to relieve ourselves, eat, and rest on the floor.

The room as windowless and with Tristen in need of intense training, Jeff and I were getting a refresher course out the wazoo.

My only release from the training was for daily email and some brief IM sessions with Nick.

Colin then asked me politely to begin taking "my injections again" and I found myself taking them twice a day and then helping Tristen do the same. Jeff was taken off to visit a client—Ben I think—and so it was just Tristen and I.

I somehow sensed that the two of us would be taking an extended trip.

## **Camp Pendleton**

Tristen and I were escorted down to a military-style van in United States Marine Corps uniforms. For the first time I became consciously aware that Tristen was African-American and that he was one of very few non-Caucasian employees of the *Ranch*.

Colin was wearing an MP uniform and I noticed that Tristen and I were wearing uniforms. I realized that my insignia was for a Lance Corporal and the absence of an insignia on Tristen's uniform made him a Private.

It took over ten hours and Colin did not let us out of the back of the truck for what seemed like a day.

At the gates of Camp Pendleton, we were shoed in and we drove to a small bunker off to one side of the base. Colin marched us out of the van and into an underground facility. I noticed that there were several senior ranking officers who I immediately saluted.

Tristen was slightly slower and took a blow with a riding crop from a drill sergeant.

(To be continued...)

## **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/>>

\$\$