

Survival Canyon

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1 Survival Canyon: 0. Backdrop

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Foreward

The foregoing are my collected memories of my years as a Canyon Guard. Much has been written about our roles and our lives, but never before has a guard discussed his or her part in our Justice system.

I worked the Canyon for 6 years and had many prisoners during that time. I was the last Guard to leave the Canyon before it was destroyed in the rebel – I mean New Government – offensive. To my knowledge I am also the only surviving Canyon guard since when the attack came, I had just departed by two days.

My shuttle was captured en route to Chiron 7 and I was imprisoned on the penal colony constructed at Milano Prime. After 30 years of imprisonment I have been released by the new government, “reformed” of my evil ways.

Now, I want to take some time to share with you the details of my life in the Canyon as no one else can.

T.L. ORION IV RES-HAM-NORTH Jan 1, 6039

Backdrop

Yes, Sir I bark loudly. I turn quickly and head for the showers. I've just finished a 5 year tour of duty in the corps, my last mission to Bophat's small moon to contain the spread of the VZ-7 virus had been a success. Now, I was home and my tour was over.

What now. I showered quickly and then headed back to the small office I had used when at base here on Polima. I flicked through the channels on the videoscreen. The government network, Channel 1, was replete with success stories about the containment of the virus.

An interview with me discussed the peaceful – what a lie – techniques we used to contain

the infected population without endangering ourselves. Thank goodness, nobody but the corps had easy access to planets like Bophat or its moon.

On channel 2, I watched the predator beasts mauling prisoners sent to the canyon for execution. 24 Hours of executions. With our government's reach spanning 50 solar systems with seemingly countless planets, moons, mining asteroids, and space stations, there was never a short supply of prisoners and evil doers. The government had a simple policy, first crime, 2 years in the canyon, second crime, death.

The canyon's location is kept secret and aside from the adjudicators and the guards who work the canyon, nobody knows the location. All prisoners for either type of sentence are deposited in the canyon at the start of the month after sentencing.

Those who have a prayer, are escorted by guards for their 2 year torture and confinement. Those who don't, usually die over the course of days. In the more exciting months, a prisoner will elude the predator beasts for a whole month. Those who do are usually former members of the corps with good survival skills and a healthy dose of luck. Betting over how long such a person will survive becomes heated. The record according to the commentators on 2 is 79 days back in 5952.

Channel 3 is gender segregated, Channel 3 Male offers the hover cam shots of male prisoner torture and confinement and Channel 3 Female offers the same for female prisoners. Ratings for both channels are higher than for anything else. The prisoners are brain wiped fairly thoroughly before torture confinement and the various contortions that go through over the 2 year sentence and the tortures gets to be highly entertaining. Especially because this is the closest thing to entertainment available on the videoscreen.

Future

I had signed up for the corps at 18, and now at 23, I had successfully graduated into the ranks of the officers – in the field during our last mission – and could probably have stayed on if I passed the final evaluation.

On my desk was a message from Chiron 7 where most of the government has been based for a century, I looked at the code number on the message and could not determine the origin, perhaps a private home? But who did I know on Chiron 7? Besides, nobody but government officials lived on Chiron these days.

Call

I entered “Chiron 7: XX79AV999BIK” into my videoscreen and the Corps logo popped up along with the “Call Processing Screen”. Mentally, I computed the trip time, ten weeks in a ship, so that would be 10 sec by phone.

And roughly, 12 seconds later, a young woman appeared on the screen and indicated that she worked for prison services and that they could use someone like me. My mind went

blank, the black clad prison guards that worked the canyon were some of the hottest items in the realm, holo-cards, holo-vids of special tortures all got sold throughout and they got a chunk of the money, so I heard. One rotation, 2 years, in the canyon, if you were liked, had a good Z-rating with the audience and you could be a multi-billionaire.

The credit signs flashed in my head and the rest of the conversation passed with it.

I was on my way to Chiron for an audition.

Audition

Ten weeks later, my shipped arrived at the Chiron 7 spaceport. The young blond, Adjudicator Nan met me at the port. We took a skimmer down to the planet's surface, talking only briefly about the audition and training process.

By mid day, I had been given one of the black suits and was standing in front of the first audience. Turn, this way, turn that way, flex your muscles. Show your ass. Strip. Masturbate. This was the Z-rating estimate, the government found that the more attractive the torturers, the more people watched, and that was good for the government it meant people knew what happened to law breakers. Few people watched Channel 2 unless there was a good prisoner making the month, and in that case it was to track bets. Torture was easier to watch.

I was dismissed after 4 hours of posing and modeling.

That night, I got the word, I had received a high Z-correlation and would be permitted to undergo the training.

Training

The training itself is a disappointing procedure, you are knocked out with anesthetics and some surgeons put a wetware implant along with some other hardware into your body.

Six days later when you come to, you are set to go.

The knowledge conveyed is immense, and they don't like the guards to have to much time to adjust to it since the audience likes to see the torturer learn the ropes at first.

I was assured that I would be given four hot prisoners for my first 6 months and that at the end of 6 months, if I have maintained high Z-ratings, I will be given more prisoners and a full stint, 2 years with my own option for 2 more.

Technology Discussion

Now is as good a time as any to explain how the wetware works. I didn't understand this until a good 2 or three months into my first stint in the Canyon, but the principle is simple

enough. This also may explain why I found the first few weeks in the canyon, early chapters, so confusing.

The wetware contains electronics and memory information about forms of torture, survival, maps of the Canyon, and instructions. Additionally, the wetware provides additional strength to drive neural impulses; communications functions; and protective modifications to your phermones to keep the predator beasts from attacking you.

According to a book I read, the Federation has outlawed the use of wetware technology since their takeover, and I can't say I blame them. The wetware not only provides me with all this information, but it helps you use it and feel good and sexually aroused about using it.

While I am certain that many humans could torture their fellow humans without this assistance, the wetware makes it an erotic pleasure to inflict pain on others. Because I was captured before my system could be disabled, I am still afflicted with the desire to torture others although the therapist handling my case for release assures me that as long as I don't expose myself to temptation, I should remain in control of the wetware.

Trial

Barely awake still from the drugs, I sign the agreement and the profit sharing on the holo-cards and vids. Then, I am clad in a black Canyon guard uniform and equipped. Adjudicator Nan rushes in to the equipment room as I make my selections out of ignorance mostly and hurries me to the courtroom.

Ten young individuals are in the prisoner's docket. The accusation is draft evasion on Paragon. The Paragon system was only recently acquired and to maintain order, newly acquired systems must provide all males by age 23 for a 3 year stint in the corps. This takes place for the first 20 years that a system is within our government. By the end, there is much intermarrying with women and children from distant lands sent home and the population is more heterogeneous.

Of course, there is always resistance. I remember putting down a rebellion on Anax in 5997 during my first year in the corps. We went from building to building capturing rebels. By the time we finished, narry a rebel could be found. All of them were sent to the Canyon for execution. I watched many of the executions on TV on the way back to Polima base, the rebels went quickly and there was little betting.

These resistors were the first batch from Paragon, by the time we hit the Canyon with them, their tortures would be plastered throughout public videoscreens on the planet along with pieces from their sentencing.

I notice two other Canyon guards enter the courtroom and stand next to me.

We watched the trial proceed. Each stepped forward and announced their name and requested leniency. Each received, the minimum punishment, 2 years in the canyon. The trial ended quicker than you can imagine and the young 23 year olds began crying and pleading for mercy as guards hauled them from the courtroom. This was already playing back on

Paragon, there would not be much more of this next time the draft division of the corps arrived. These 10 would be examples.

I followed the other two Canyon guards to a waiting area where I was handed a picture of 4 of the prisoners. My wetware beeped audibly and then I put the picture in the shredder and sat with the other guards.

First Time

The other guards teased me gently, first time they said. I didn't really recognize them, they were obviously taking the 2nd 2 year stint, but weren't famous yet. I myself had collected guard holo-cards before joining the corps, I had all the hot men, and even a few of the women. When I joined the corps in 5997, I sold my collection, but I kept my holo-card collector subscription and I'm on top of the prices, I didn't know their faces, they didn't have high Z-ratings with viewers. They weren't hot.

We talked quietly about the Canyon and what to do on landfall. I asked if they missed their homes or their families, they laughed, they loved the Canyon and this was their 10th stint. Twenty years, I thought, they were in their forties and still doing this. Not famous, they must enjoy torture.

I wracked my brain to recall them from Channel 3, but couldn't.

Before we left, I called home and left a message, my parents had probably already seen me on the vid-screens, this was such a major trial, but I wanted to just drop a note. "Orion IV: RES-HAM-NORTH-0415," I dialed from memory, no logo appeared, just a "Please Wait" message, they were not home, and I left a brief message telling them I had a great time in the corps, was looking forward to my new job, and I would be in touch at 6 mos after my evaluation.

When we got the page to move to the transport ship, I said good luck to them and they just grinned.

I strapped myself in to the transport ship next to four of the prisoners who I recognized from the trial. They were asleep, drugged. There were at least another 20 in the cabin also asleep, those were executions.

I laid back and felt the needle inject me with a sleeping drug.

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2 Survival Canyon: 1. Landfall

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Landfall

The last thing I can remember distinctly before I awoke was a series of shining lights. Now I was attired in a black Navy SEAL like uniform. I don't recall being a Navy SEAL or anything like that. I remember being a kinda of average sort of guy about 24 and not a whole lot else.

As I sit up and look around me. I am in a field. There are others also awaking from consciousness around me. At first I could not recognize any of them. They looked mostly to be male, none were attired as I was.

I got myself up and felt my body. It was intact.

Surroundings

I was wearing black boots. And a black rope was surrounding my shoulder and looked to be fairly long.

I looked around further. There was fairly dense forest around us. We were in a circular field. Some more of the people were coming around. The grass was fairly low and I could not make out any sources of food or water.

Decision

I helped some of the people up. Some wandered off dazed. Some I felt like I recognized. Names began to come to my head, but nothing clicked and screamed yes.

I decided that we needed to find food and water. Soon.

I was not certain where we were, why we were, or anything, but I knew that food and water were needed.

Selection

I would estimate that initially there were 30 people in the field. Several had wandered off. Now 20 or so remained. I sensed danger, but I could not be certain from what or why. I examined the situation and the faces before me.

Names began to come to me. I felt like a haze was selectively keeping me from knowing anything. I selected 4 young men. Each could not have been more than about 23-26 themselves. Somehow, I felt like I knew them and perhaps they knew me.

I took my 4 and we headed off in the direction of the sun. Not knowing why or where I felt it might lead us, I felt it would offer a consistent path. Others were scattering and running terrified.

As we put some distance between us and the point of landing, I felt certain I heard some screams. I moved my group faster. Most of them were not as equipped as myself and some were wearing sandals.

We kept walking well into the sunset when we came upon a cliff.

Escape

Water ran along the bottom of the cliff.

The other side seemed miles away.

I loosened the rope and suddenly knew what to do with it.

I anchored a metal claw and helped my troop down.

And then lowered myself using climbing skills that suddenly seemed innate.

We were on a ledge that seemed prepared for us.

Just as I reached the ledge, a huge predatory animal with blood dripping from its mouth and unlike anything I could recall ever seeing before appeared.

I would have sworn I could feel blood dripping onto us. I pushed us against the ledge and the creature seemed satisfied that we were not an easy meal.

The water was still thousands of feet below perhaps and now I am certain that some of the unfortunate people we landed in the forest with died in the maw of that monster or others like it.

I kept my group pressed against the ledge and I leaned over to see the limbs of what must have been a human. It lands on the ledge. The predators let go of it. A warning?

I kick the limb to the ground. I encourage my group to break into pairs. Patrick and Rafael I put together. Their names, came to mind.

I arranged them against a rock together. It would be cold. Their bodies would keep one another warm. Same for Brian and Stephen. Them to the other side of the ledge. Both pushed against the cliff.

I sat watch. I didn't know if the animals could jump down and reach us. As I sat keeping watch over my newly adopted charges I waited. They were terrified but exhaustion, confusion and terror mixed within them and slowly they fell asleep against one another their bodies locked against one another.

Resources

In the darkness I gradually felt my eyes adjust. The moon was bright here.

Inside each of my boots, I found a knife.

I had the rope.

But still no food, and I wasn't certain where if anywhere safety lay.

I looked at my charges fondly. I couldn't identify them yet I knew their names and I was the best equipped to do anything about our new situation. They had already taken orders from me that was a good sign. And they trusted me.

My next move would have to be the one that would get us water at a minimum. Wind chilled the ledge. I felt it in my bones, my charges stayed wrapped against one another, warm. I pulled against the ledge and pulled my legs to my chest and fell asleep, cold and alone.

Morning

Sun streamed across the chasm. The ledge obscured the direct fall of light onto our ledge. I woke first and roused my charges. We needed to reach a safe point above the water soon or face death.

It looked to be several hundred, perhaps thousand, feet to the bottom and helping my four charges down would not be easy.

Slowly, plateau by plateau we wound our way down. As we reached another ledge close to the bottom I stopped our progress. It seemed so close to our grasp now, water.

I stopped us on the ledge. Their clothing had tattered on the way down. Mine was still firm. The sun was causing them to sweat. Their clothing would be the first to come to me.

I claimed it from them one at a time. I tied it in a rope around them and draped it around their shoulders sideways, the clothing would be important for warmth and letting it get destroyed on the chasm walls would not be productive.

Naked I became aware of how attractive they each were. The exhaustion and fear that racked our bodies prevented any complaints or protests, and they did not appear embarrassed by their nudity with one another.

I watched the river from here. High enough that no predator should be able to reach us for a few hours. I wanted to see if anything came, attracted by our scent. I also needed to know if anything would drink the water. The boys sat next to each other. I paired them again as before and encouraged them to rest their bodies against one another.

No resistance, no embarrassment.

Water

I saw it. A bird landed at the edge of the river and drank. The bird appeared harmless and yet also unfamiliar.

I stared at the sleeping men by my sides, we needed to get them water, but we also needed somewhere to stay, somewhere sheltered and warm.

I stared up and down the river. In the distance I felt certain I saw a rock covered island.

That would be our destination. The current did not seem too strong and the river did not seem overly deep from here.

Move out.

I roused my troops.

We descended the last leg of the cliff as the sun started setting, one day into our new world we had found water that looked like it might be safe to drink. I told the boys not to drink more than a few sips. Quenching the thirst, Brian finally let loose a stream of urine into the river.

His uninhibited display triggered the same in the other men. Stephen turned away and pissed onto the sand.

Patrick and Rafael pissed into the river.

Nothing seemed to attract any predators here in the valley, but I wanted us to move out. I waded into the water and walked carefully to the middle, no fish approached and the river did not come up much past my knees.

I beckoned the boys to follow me and they did. Their naked bodies were glistening in the sun. Each unique. Rafael's hairy and stunning. Brian's smooth and useful. No words came to mind for the feelings I had.

We walked.

The rocks loomed closer as the sun set fully.

We reached the rocks just as the last drips of twilight passed.

The moon was rising and the water glistened on their wet bodies in the light.

I settled them on the rocky outcropping. I paired Patrick and Rafael, and Stephen and Brian again.

Me alone.

They seemed fine. We needed food.

Sleep

Sleep came easily tonight. They were exhausted from climbing down the cliff and the warmth of their companion's body. I took my clothing off and let it dry on the warm rocks that had been heated by the sun. Their bodies were nestled against the rocks. I stretched on a rock and stroked my hard cock in the sun.

I wanted something. What? Who? When? Why?

Night passed uneventfully.

Nothing came to the rock and when the sun woke us the boys all were fine but a bit dehydrated. I encouraged them to drink slowly from the river again.

Once again they relieved their urine publicly. This time more ashamed. I stood behind them as they unleashed torrents of warm yellow piss into the river. I put my clothing on again.

I took their clothing from them. Stephen looked ready to object.

But stayed silent.

We needed food. Ahead was another island that looked to be covered with foliage. The possibility of food loomed for me, and my stomach growled. I took their clothing and concealed their clothes and shoes under a rock where it would remain safe and walked with them to the next island.

I set Stephen and Brian to collecting some wood and instructed them to take two loads of it each back to the other island and then stay put. I took Patrick and Rafael with me, we headed deeper into the foliage and found some fruit bearing trees. I had them collect some berries and cautioned them against eating them without knowing if they were poisonous first.

We collected berries from five bushes and headed back to the rocky island on which we had slept. I laid the berries on different rocks and set Rafael and Patrick to watching if birds ate them. Since the water had been safe, I assumed that anything the birds would actually eat probably would be reasonably safe.

It just made sense.

The birds went for two of the five types of berries we had selected. I sent Patrick and Rafael back to the other island to return with the berries. I sat down with Stephen who was sulking against one of the boulders.

The sun was striking his face and skin and warming it. His body looked stunning. I wanted him.

I next to him, my back pressed against the rock. My cock stiffening in my pants, him naked. I place and arm around his shoulders gently and pulled him against me.

“All right?” I asked.

He shook his head.

“What do you remember?”

“Nothing,” he responded.

“Do you recognize me?”

“No.”

“Are you willing to trust me?”

Shrug

“You seem scared to be here,” I remarked in general.

“Aren’t you,” he responded.

“Yes, but right now, I want to survive which we are doing well so far.”

“Yeah,” he responded non-committally.

“Look, do you have a better option than sticking with me?”

“No,” he said, looking to the ground as if for answers.

Food

Patrick and Rafael returned with food interrupting my time with Stephen.

I cautioned all of them to eat slowly and started a fire with the timber that Stephen and Brian had collected. We ate the berries timidly and drank some more water. So far so good.

Less tired and fatigued, I sensed that their resistance to my leadership and orders might grow, but for now as we sat around the fire quietly none of us remembering where we had come from, none of them certain who they were, none seeing good options.

Regimentation

I didn’t know what was acceptable where we were from, but certain primitive urges had been dominating my thinking and would continue to do so. Pairing the boys had come naturally. It kept them separate enough that all four would not band against me and yet at the same time provided a natural confidant.

Stephen rose to go away from the fire and our circle again and I followed.

We resumed the conversation.

“I want to go home,” he said.

“So do I, but I’m not sure where that is,” I responded.

The sun begins to set as day two in this new world falls around us.

I see Patrick and Rafael curl up against a rock near the fire as Brian sits staring at the fire absently.

I place an arm around Stephen and walk with him to the far end of the island and standing with him we look up at the still full moon. I feel certain that this isn’t home and that where we are might be far away. I can’t find the words to say this to Stephen and instead pull him against me and feel his warm flesh against my body as I hold him parentally.

We walk back and Brian is still gazing into the fire, I send Stephen to sleep with Brian, both naked, both pressed, flesh against flesh. Patrick and Rafael are already deep in sleep and I do not interrupt it.

I stretch out again along the hot rock that had drenched in the sun’s rays all day. My cock hardens again as I stroke it idly.

What does the future hold?

I wake in the morning and realize that Stephen is gone.

Search

I rouse the others and Brian looks particularly chilled and disturbed. I comfort him and we all urinate together in the river. I ask them to stay put while I seek out Stephen. I spot a moving figure on the bank of the river and wade across.

I also spot one of the predator animals that had devoured others at the landfall site. Screams come from the rocky island where the others are. I move as quickly as I can in the water without making more noise.

The noise of the other three boys screaming distracted the animal from its stealthy approach towards Stephen. I came up onto the beach and pulled my knives and moved myself facing the predator in between it and Stephen.

Stephen finally stopped in his tracks as if finally hearing his brother’s cries and the predator pounced.

Time stood still.

In what could not have been more than a few seconds the creature closed the 100 plus feet between it and me ready for a meal. My knives in my hands outstretched intercepted the beast, my arms longer than it’s claws reached. The beast’s force caused it to impale itself

upon my outstretched blades. Its claws did not tear my outfit in spite of the fact that they dragged across it. I withdrew the blades quickly and stabbed the creature repeatedly till I felt certain it was dead.

Stephen approached me and I grabbed him and headed back into the water leaving the predator's carcass on the beach.

Punishment

I sat Stephen on a rock apart from the other boys and told him to stay. He was terrified.

I cleaned my blades in the water careful to remove any blood from them and reinserted them in my boots. I turned my attention to the other boys and sent them to do their chores of wood and berry collection on the nearby island.

I had them ignore Stephen. They were still paralyzed with fear, and I couldn't blame them, I was terrified as well.

I let the day pass only occasionally glancing to Stephen, making him sit apart in the sun and heat without food or water as the rest of us relaxed.

As the sun set on our third day I had the other boys sit on the far side of the fire and I approached Stephen.

I pulled him off the rock like a small child. At what had to be 25, if he had ever been spanked as a little kid, that was long in the past. Now it would be the present.

I stood him in front of the others naked and exposed. I turned him around and showed his butt to the other boys. They did not know what to expect. Instinctively, I did, he needed punishment and discipline to correct his bad behavior and he had to be made an example of.

I had personally cut three switches off a ground shrub during the day for this moment.

I announced that Stephen had endangered us all and himself. Running away would not be tolerated.

I pushed him over and had him grab his ankles.

From the ground, I lifted the first switch and brought it across his buttocks.

Even in the setting sun, the mark left by the switch was clear and visible. Stephen let out a howl and released his hands from his ankle. I put a hand on his bent over back and pushed him down again. "Ankles" I barked.

Then I cracked the switch across his buttocks again, another distinct line.

Another satisfying yelp.

Patrick, Rafael and Brian sat watching in stunned silence. If they were outraged they didn't express it and I felt fairly certain that Brian was a bit turned on.

I began scolding him out loud between the cracks.

I informed all of them that we needed to stick together to stay safe and that in the future I would punish them for wandering off severely. "Stephen knew better than to go across the river," I said. "He knew how dangerous this world was and he did it anyhow."

CRACK

I beat the switch across his buttocks again. Stephen howled in pain again.

And Rafael seemed poised to get up and do something, but Patrick put a hand on his shoulder and seemed to quell any intervention. I had their approval for the punishments and I had their trust.

I carried out the rest of Stephen's punishment brutally and methodically. First I beat his ass senseless, each stroke of the switch producing distinct clear lines on his buttocks. The lines deepened and widened as every inch of ass flesh turned red, then welts began to rise. I moved on. He was having trouble standing and I made him separate his legs apart and remain bent over as I beat his thighs. I worked the back of each leg separately turning them red with the switch as Stephen howled in pain and cried. Welts and lines marked his entire lower backside and Stephen fell to the ground unable to stand. I beckoned to Patrick and Rafael to hold him up. They grabbed their fallen brother from the stand and held him between them and kept his legs apart as I tortured the disobedient boy's testicles.

I used the switch on that most sensitive and private part of the body with complete indifference to his howls of pain and disbelief. Rafael and Patrick kept him on his feet and his legs apart to permit the punishment to continue.

When I finished his ass, thighs, groin, cock, and balls had all been reddened and welted by the switches I had prepared. He was utterly alone and in unbelievable pain.

This was pain unlike anything he had ever experienced. This was frontier justice and this was also going to be the last time Stephen tried to run away.

I left the crying brat on the same rock I left him on all day, this time sore everywhere and alone. I kissed Rafael and Patrick warmly and thanked them loudly for their assistance in this matter. They cuddled against the fire. I claimed Brian for my own that night and standing a few feet from Stephen's crying body we watched him. After I was satisfied that Stephen understood my lesson, I allowed Brian to go comfort him for a bit and when the crying stopped I took Brian to bed with me leaving Stephen in excruciating pain, alone.

Sex

I copulated with Brian that night. He gave himself to me willingly. He smooth young flesh touching mine, I knew him then. I remembered him, and my life in the world from whence we came. I entered his body, 3 times. First my tongue lubricated his hot tight, formerly heterosexual ass. Next I worked my fingers inside him. His pleasant moans drowned out over the crackle of the fire and Stephen's crying pleas for the pain to stop.

As Patrick and Rafael slept locked in a warm embrace, I was taking this pretty little straight boy somewhere very new. I knew this. I had him.

My fingers worked his ass looser and looser. Finally, I felt his mind wanting my cock. My throbbing 8" cock was ready and I slid my cock into his virgin ass like it was virgin pussy. My lips locked around his mouth, his legs in the air, me entering him. Taking him, claiming his virginity. Mine. Him, mine.

I worked my cock slowly and steadily so as not to hurt his tender ass. Slowly the pressure in my cock built to the point that I needed release. Inside my mind, I heard him plea for me to let it fill him. And so I impregnated his man-pussy with my cum.

He was mine.

They all were.

We fell asleep locked in an embrace, Stephen howling still, begging for help, Brian still in a daze, and me with more knowledge than ever about one of my charges.

The Future Awaits

We all awoke to the sun. Stephen was on the rock, trying vainly to avoid laying on any sore parts of his lower body. It was not very successful. I approached and took him off the rock into my arms and held him kissing him on the forehead and then just holding him for a while. He apologized profusely and swore nothing like it would happen again.

I took him over to the others and we all pissed into the river together. Our collective future in this new world awaited.

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Fatherhood

A week had passed since landfall by my estimation. Each day was so like the previous, exact temperature, no rain, no clouds, warm dry sun. Cool nights. Full moons, night after night.

This could not be Earth.

My mind still felt shrouded in a haze. Like someone had erected a barricade in my mind to me.

The others didn't seem to be recalling any more, they accepted the names I had given them as if they belonged – I knew for Brian it did, but throughout our time in the canyon, I think they all suffered from the same mental block that was afflicting me.

My judgment that a week had passed was mostly based on the fading welt and switch marks on Stephen's body. I estimated that would have to take at least 3 or 4 days on top of the three that I had clearly counted before the switching.

Since then things had been uneventful. The berries appeared to provide adequate nutrition and produced no solid wastes – unusual and I would like to think impossible, but I can't remember. The sun did not burn our skin in spite of the boy's constant exposure, and my frequent exposure.

They had adjusted to nudity and the group pisses.

Problems loomed.

Order

It was inevitable that after a few days with food, water, and no predators, dissent would emerge.

Patrick was the first.

He wanted to explore beyond the canyon and get away from me.

He announced this, he spoke for Rafael, who looked to the ground unwilling to commit to this charge but also not sure that he wanted to stay after what he saw me do to Stephen.

I took Patrick aside and sat him on the rock. He seemed unsure then whether to bolt, fight, what to do. So he sat. I joined Rafael on the floor, he seemed scared. I asked him if he wanted to leave to. Looking up at Patrick on the rock, he knew what would happen, “No,” he said clearly to me.

I sent him off with Brian and Stephen to fetch wood and food.

Patrick moved as if to get up and join them, I put my body between him and the rest of them and sat him back on the rock.

Then I sat down next to him.

“Do you really want to get eaten by those beasts?”

“I don’t want to be here.”

“I don’t think any of us want to be here.”

“I want to go home.”

“We all do.”

“I want to get away from here.”

“We are safe here.”

He shook his head. Monsters would come, he needed to run away.

Punishment

Patrick stayed on the rock terrified of the predators, but more terrified of me. He didn’t bolt, he just sat scared.

After dinner, as the sun set I brought him over to the rest of the group.

I turned him about and bent him over and had him grab his ankles.

During the day, per my previous practice, I had cut some switches for later use.

I asked the other three what an appropriate punishment would be. Stephen spoke first.

“The switch, Dad.”

The word “Dad” surprised me, my cock throbbled in my pants.

Rafael was next to concur, “He needs to stay here dad. Make him stay.”

Dad again. I was protecting them.

It made some sense.

Brian concurred and provided the third and final vote for punishment.

“Stephen and I will help hold him dad.”

Patrick pissed onto the ground in fear. Stephen smiled.

I lifted the first switch off the ground and began applying it to his buttocks violently.

Pain

The boys have never talked about their punishments with me after the fact. Aside from the first time I punished Stephen, all future punishments occurred after I put someone aside and the other three children concurred in the punishment. If multiple kids were involved, all those not involved voted.

It was terribly isolating and I made sure that their bodies suffered much more than their minds.

I knew how badly I hurt their bodies by the tenderness of their flesh and the marks on them for days afterwards.

No one ever complained though, no one dared.

Patrick

His ample buttocks were already ablaze with red lines from the switch.

And he was yelping loudly in pain. I used one hand to keep him bent over and worked his ass until he collapsed on the ground crying in pain.

Brian and Stephen quickly approached and lifted him and forced him to stand and pulled his legs apart. Stephen knew how this felt and yet he helped, they all did when they weren't on the receiving end.

My switch brutalized his inner thighs, the back of his legs. Slowly painfully. Brian and Stephen held him in place as he screamed, nobody would help him.

His testicles and cock were the next targets.

He begged, but they held him tight.

10 strokes on each of those most sensitive body parts and then Brian and Stephen carried him over to the rock to stay for the night.

I took Rafael in my arms and kissed him paternally. We watched over the crying Patrick who could find no position to lay comfortably in. After a bit I let Rafael comfort him briefly, Rafael then came back to me and like I had with Brian a few nights earlier, I took him to me.

Rafael

His beautiful hairy body was under me. He is thin and well proportioned his skin glistening and yet still dry. We kissed passionately. I felt his mind now. He had a lover. A lover at the landfall site. He didn't know. I wouldn't tell.

He was gay though and sexually experienced.

I sucked his cock while he reciprocated. We sixty-nined for hours in the moonlight. The light falling on our skin as we passionately sucked making love with our mouths and cocks. Finally we let loose in each others mouths at the same moment. Then he fell asleep wrapped in my arms.

Morning

The sun shone down and we all awoke slowly. Patrick hadn't slept, and was in agony. I brought him over to us and holding him talked to him and told him we all loved him and that I was certain he could behave properly. He nodded and said he would.

We all pissed together into the river.

After a bit I realized that we could not be sure the weather would stay this good or that the food this plentiful, we needed to build a settlement.

I had not seen any predators on the far side of the canyon. It seemed safe.

Our peaceful start to the morning was interrupted though.

A human, male, came falling down the cliff and predators mobbed the beach eating it. The boys screamed in terror. I took us all to the forest island where the berries were and kept them back.

I drew my knives and we all watched in horror.

I couldn't recognize the male that they ate, but it meant that others had survived and weren't doing very well. My boys were safe. Patrick approached shaking and sore and kissed me. He thanked me for punishing him. And promised that he would behave.

The predators showed no interest in crossing the river. Possibly too deep or possibly they preferred not to enter water for some unknown reason. They also did not appear to be on the other side of the ridge, but I felt we were safer in the middle of the river. It was less likely that anything would cross and it provided us two escape routes.

Survey

I took the time now that I had some rest behind me to survey the forest island from which we were getting our food.

The two islands made like yin and yang to one another. The rocky one covered with sand and large boulders and rocks designed to capture the sun but also provide a crude circle or ring or protection. The largest stones were big enough – and smooth enough – to form a crude tanning bed. And they were arranged in a ring. The center of the ring was a sandy beach like composition that also got and stayed warm in the sun.

The other island was grassy and there were trees and bushes growing on it. The bushes provided berries and switches for discipline. The trees were tall and the branches seemed fairly high up, perhaps a shelter could be built from the branches and leaves? Or a shelter might be built in the tree tops?

Those decisions all suggested the need for tools and equipment.

The boys did not seem capable of this planning yet and so I decided that it would all have to fall on my shoulders. After studying the two islands further over a course of days, I decided that we were meant to stay on the rocky island and use the other forested island for supplies.

Also, I noticed that the berries that the birds wouldn't eat on the first day we laid them out had disappeared and only the 2 types of berries we were eating continued to grow.

I felt like a human rat in a lab experiment.

This world was designed to test us? To test me? To test something? To seek something? And we were the rats in the maze. But, was there an exit?

Tool Maker?

Patrick and Rafael began interacting more sexually with one another after the first few weeks by my estimation and life calmed down to a pleasant pace. Each day was boring and yet rewardingly safe. More slowly still, Brian and Stephen seemed to become more sexually active with one another also.

I meanwhile was crafting our first axe. I had sharpened a hard narrow stone and wedged it into a stiff twig and then tied it with reeds I allowed to dry in the sun. I didn't really expect it to work, and my expectations proved right, I needed stronger binding material to hold my stone blade to the shaft.

I experimented with the mud from the forest island, trying to make clay like pots with some limited success.

It appeared that my experiments would be doomed to failure for now; although, I continued trying.

Tensions

Things had been going smoothly for a while. I was waiting for the other shoe to drop, for this sick experiment we were trapped in to end, we had survived it should end, we should

be able to go home.

I didn't know what the boys thought, they were calling me dad now regularly, even though I might have been younger than them by a year or so. I lusted after their naked bodies wanting each of them, but not wanting to hurt them. I wanted them to want me.

It didn't take much to sense the tension when I saw that all four of them had slept separately for the first time since our arrival and my sheparding of them into couples.

What was happening?

I looked around at their faces as they rose, they needed a change perhaps?

No answers seemed instant. They each went separately to piss into the stream.

Perhaps their memories had been aroused? Mine were still a fog.

Perhaps... a million questions, and 4 confused scared boys that trusted me.

One by one I went to them gently. I wrapped my arms around them and talked and listened. Mostly listened.

They were scared.

They wanted to go home.

I slowly reconnected each to their partner and eased them into the routine of the day. But this would just be temporary. They needed to find something rewarding here, I would give them projects.

But before that thought processes, a fight, Brian and Rafael were fighting with each other.

Fists were flying. I pushed Stephen and Patrick back and aside and then pulled Brian and Rafael apart by their ears.

Something else was at work here, perhaps there had been some scriptious sex across the couples I set up? Or too much testosterone?

Or just another test.

I plopped the two fighting boys on separate rocks facing away from each other.

I took Stephen and pulled him aside, the marks from his last punishment were gone now and I held him and talked to him asking what he knew about what was going on. I did the same with Patrick. Nothing.

Then I sat with each of the fighting boys looking for an answer. It wasn't a question of whether I would need to punish them, but if you only pull out the tops of weeds you will still have weeds. I needed to get rid of the roots.

Roots

Nudity. Nudity is scary, I've got clothing, and I assume since they did too it was probably the norm to have clothing where we came from. Actually I felt fairly certain of it.

Homosexuality is scarier. It represented even more carnal desires in our home world. I knew that from having had sex with Brian and Rafael separately.

I had somehow chosen a structure for them to live with and now perhaps that very structure was the problem.

Or perhaps the fact that they could live with this structure was the problem, they just needed more guidance. What to do.

I walked away from the problem to ponder it.

First Tool

I went back to the forest island and selected two thick fallen pieces of wood as my starting point.

I came back to the rock island and turned the boys to face each other and then sat down with the two pieces of wood.

Painstakingly, I worked the bark off each piece and then began whittling them into shape with my knife. Gradually I smoothed the edges and rounded the tip out to the full handspan width. Then I created the grab point to remove the plug. I repeated the procedure with the other piece of wood.

Then after satisfying myself that each crudely crafted wood dildo was smooth enough that it would not itself wound the boys I looked up at them. Patrick and Stephen were sitting close by watching me, their eyes wide and their cock's stiff.

Brian and Rafael on the other hand looked struck with panic.

My crude dildos were when finished roughly a good sized man's foot in length and they went from two fingers wide at the tips to about a hand span wide towards the base. Then, the wood plug narrowed again so it could lodge itself stuck in a man's ass.

I took the first plug. and went to Brian and took him over to the river away from the other boys. I kissed him as he pissed in terror. I dipped the plug into the water. Softly he said, "Please Dad." I let the plug soak in the water briefly to lubricate it slightly and then bent Brian over. He started sobbing softly as I inserted the wood plug into him. It slid in slowly and with no small amount of whimpering, screaming, cursing, and a tremendous amount of pain. By the time I got it entirely inside him Brian was sobbing in pain from the discomfort. I pushed the plug past the opening so it would lodge itself inside him.

Slowly I let him stand up careful to allow the plug to adjust within him.

He cried like a baby now, bawling, begging me to remove it. I had no such intentions. And

I slowly walked him back to the other boys allowing him to go at his own pace, experiencing the pain of a huge plug and inside him.

I made him turn around so the others could see the plug.

I called Rafael to come to me, he hesitated but decided that whatever that might gain would be made worse by me in the end and approached me. I asked him again what the problem was, Brian was still bawling from the pain of the plug filling his ass cavity so fully.

Rafael talked now. He thought Brian had slept with Patrick.

eyes roll

I pulled the boy to me, there isn't any room for jealousy here. And offered him a choice, the dildo for a day or a thrashing with a switch. Brian was crying and pleading for the plug to come out so Rafael was caught in indecision, the pain of me whipping him with the switch like he had seen done to Stephen and Patrick or wearing a plug for a day.

He cried in my arms and pleaded with me not to punish him. I looked to Patrick and Stephen who both voiced the need for punishment. Neither of them seemed sure which would be the more severe punishment.

I waited patiently and when it became apparent that he was not planning to choose, I bent him over and began inserting the plug. The howls of pain from this well worn ass should give you a sense that this was quite a thick plug and its length added to the level of pain that was created. By the time it was inserted he was in tears and the two plugged boys were quite the bawling babies.

I put them on the same rock and forced them to face one another. Then, I took some of my rope and lashed the cocks of the two boys being punished together with but 3 inches of slack between the cocks, this was going to be a long night for them. They continued crying and with their cocks lashed together they would be unable to roll onto their stomachs to relieve the pressure of resting partially on their backs.

I also took the liberty of tying their hands together with the extra lengths of the rope. They wouldn't be going anywhere.

I went to Patrick and Stephen and kissed them both warmly. Patrick expressed horror that Rafael though he was sleeping with Brian. I reminded them they could have sex however they wanted. They took each other quickly and passionately on the ground. Patrick's tan well built body against Steve's paler and lankier body. They looked beautiful in the moonlight.

I stroked off watching my four boys, two making love, two crying in pain. I savored the moments and shot my load standing in the moonlight.

By the morning, Brian and Rafael had gotten no sleep and I untied their hands and cocks.

I forced them to do their chores under my watchful eyes still in pain from walking with the plugs, the soreness from the stretching of their fuckholes may have worn off, but forcing them to bend and work with the plugs exacerbated the pain. I watched in pleasure as they cried and did their chores.

Finally, at the end of the day I stood them in front of the other boys and removed their plugs slowly to reduce the level of pain involved at that point. Patrick and Stephen came quickly and comforted their exhausted and sore partners.

I let them sleep. In the morning things seemed to return to normal for our little colony. We pissed together into the stream and afterwards both Brian and Rafael made a point of apologizing for the fist fight. I kissed them warmly and held them.

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