

Discipline!

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Tanner has plans for disciplining the wrestling team. Then he encounters someone with other plans.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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Discipline!

by *Wrestlr*

He was going to be the toughest leader in the whole wrestling camp, Tanner told himself; he had to be because he had the toughest job: keeping the new team members in check for the next month. Hell, he was going to be the toughest captain this team had ever seen. They would go to the state finals this year for sure--every damned one of them!

Tanner recalled all the times the craggy head coach had praised him, "You're practically a Marine"--and Coach would know because he had been a Marine when he was Tanner's age, and he had told Tanner plenty about the good old days in the Corps. "Discipline: that's what these college brats respect," Coach always grouched, ignoring that Tanner himself was one of those college brats.

Tanner was starting his senior year, his final season as a college wrestler, so he was the same age or only little older than his teammates. Those punks on the wrestling team had elected him captain and he was going to take the role seriously--he would sure as hell show those guys some of Coach's real Marine discipline!

Of course, Tanner had not been in the Marines himself. He had recently turned twenty-one. When he entered college a few years before, the coach had inspired him to get even more serious about the sport and about

working out to build his muscles and strength; yes, the coach introduced him to Marine discipline, and Tanner knew it worked too--his maturing muscular physique was proof of it. And if he was not exactly a Marine himself?--Well, maybe he would join up in a year, once he graduated. In the meantime, Coach was hosting this month-long training camp for the wrestling team, and then they had the season coming up. This training camp was more than just a chance to improve their skills--it gave Tanner the opportunity to establish himself as their captain. Tanner's job, Coach said, was the same as any leader's: to win the team's respect and make them better than they were. Tanner took that instruction seriously. Yes, Tanner nodded to himself, he would whip their sorry asses into shape and show them how Coach's Marine Corps discipline could make them all winners too, just like him.

The team had arrived by bus earlier today, at some back-country land Coach owned--*Middle of bum-fuck nowhere*, Tanner thought, shaking his head balefully--fifteen miles from the nearest town, and miles from the nearest neighboring houses too. Then, backpacks heavy with gear and supplies, they hiked up the side of the mountain to where they would make camp, the same place Coach had been hauling their asses the previous years Tanner had been part of the team, for a month-long wrestling training camp before fall classes started. Out here, no signal and no outside world; that meant no phones, no Internet, no email, no girls, no booze--no distractions. Just team-building and intensive training in the great outdoors, like Coach said, to get them training-focused, get a head start on the coming season. And it was going to be a great season too--their best!--state championships, all of them--if Tanner had to whip their asses himself.

Tanner was assigned to handle the newcomers--the incoming freshmen joining the team--get them started off the right way, Coach's way. They had set up their tents earlier, made dinner, stowed their gear. *Time to tell 'em what's what and tuck 'em in for the night*, Tanner thought. Training would begin in earnest tomorrow, right after an early breakfast.

He tromped back and forth in front of the slouching newcomers, the heels of his hiking boots rasping in the dust. He was stripped to the waist, and wisps of dark hair glistened against the weightlifter-developed arcs of his chest. He carried a willow swagger-stick in one hand--he had cut it from a tree they passed on their hike--and he slapped it against one jeans-clad leg with a resounding *thwap* as he glowered at the wide-eyed youths watching him.

"You guys do what Coach and I say, and you'll get along real fine here at training camp," he growled. "Maybe you'll even get good enough to go to state finals this year." He tapped the stripped willow against his jeans again. "If you don't learn what discipline's all about, though, you'll get your ass kicked off the team." He spun to glare at the sophomore in the periphery, Jay, who had been assigned to help him with the newcomer orientation. Tanner grinned and marched toward him, like he imagined a Marine drill instructor would in front of a new gang of pecker-head recruits. "Remember that time you fucked up real bad last year, Jay? Maybe you'd better tell these cherries about that while I check on the other punks and get 'em tucked in for the night." Tanner marched off toward the winding trail. "And turn out those lights before you hit the sack, dammit!"

He fingered his flashlight, not that he needed it to see the familiar trail in the moonlit night, and tromped a few yards out of sight around the corner of the tree-lined trail, then stopped and listened. After a moment, he heard the buzz of voices behind him and he knew Jay was detailing his experience of how he had run afoul of Tanner and his discipline last year, and how Tanner had punished him and whipped him into shape.

Jay was taller than Tanner but younger, good-looking and well-built, and when he had arrived at the wrestling camp last year as an incoming freshman, he had antagonized Tanner with his *what-the-hell* attitude from the first. The third day, Jay had disappeared after breakfast, probably to find a private spot in the woods to jack off, and Tanner had pounced the moment Jay reappeared and took him on a forced march down to the creek, well beyond sight or sound of the camp and the coaching staff. There, Tanner had cut a willow branch and stripped it, making the whip-like swagger-stick similar to the one he carried now. Then he ordered the

arrogant newcomer to drop his pants and kneel on all fours before him. As Tanner expected, Jay refused, so the older, stronger wrestler had to jump him and force him to the ground. In their struggles, Tanner had easily managed to work Jay's shorts down around his knees.

Jay had a deep tan except for his shorts-protected ass, and the slick, creamy buns had glistened in the sunlight. Tanner made the limber length of willow whistle through the air, and Jay had yelped in pain as it lashed across his unprotected butt. Tanner ordered him to shut up and take his punishment like a Marine, and then he gave the cringing newcomer a long, slow beating. Yeah, Tanner remembered with satisfaction how, in spite of the fuck-up's agonized wails and pleas for mercy, he had continued to lay on the blows, until those flesh-pale arcs glowed with crisscrossed crimson welts.

When he finally quit, Tanner ran his hands over Jay's bruised, heated ass cheeks, and an unexpected sexual thrill swept into him. He yanked his inflamed cock from inside his jeans and jerked off all over the whimpering stud, his cum raining down on Jay's shoulder and chest. That always struck Tanner as sort of funny, remembering, because Jay's dick was stiff as hell too, like getting whipped bare-ass and sprayed with cum turned him on somehow. To complete the humiliation Tanner stood in front of Jay and ordered him to beat his meat and shoot his cum all over himself. *Wild!*

Jay had sure shaped up since then. Yeah, for the rest of wrestling camp last year, whenever Tanner was horny, all he had to do was snap that swagger-stick, and Jay had sure jumped eagerly to give him a really good hand-job--and probably would again this year, too. Tanner smirked, figuring Jay was leaving the sexual parts out of his recounting to the newcomers.

The flashlights and lanterns in the newcomer tents behind Tanner started to go out, and he stood there in the sudden darkness, everything silent except for the night-sounds of the woods. He brought one hand up to his bare chest and stroked the solid, hair-brushed arcs, then rubbed downward to the bulging crotch of his jeans. He felt the sex-hungry pressure beneath the coarse cloth, and he slipped his hand inside his waistband and downward and probed his fingers around to toy with his heavy, thick-shafted cock and ever-ready balls.

He thought about Jay's increasing willingness to jack him off, and he decided that, next time, he would make the damn punk get down on his knees and suck. Hell, that was what any Marine drill instructor would probably make a pecker-head like Jay do! Suck cock--or get fucked in the ass. Yeah, maybe he would make Jay strip down and bend over, grab his ankles, present his ass to Tanner for a good fucking. That was why Tanner made sure Jay was assigned to be his tent-mate. Tanner already had Jay trained to never say a word to anyone, and now he would get all the tail he wanted--and no one would ever know!

Tanner flexed his bare shoulders and chest in the cooling night air. Hell, by the end of the first week in the late-summer heat out here in the middle of nowhere, half the guys on the team would be tromping around in their underwear and skinny-dipping in the creek; by the end of the second week a lot of the guys would be going around bare-butt all the time and wrestling naked the *what-the-hell* Greek way. Tanner smirked and rubbed the thickening tube inside the crotch of his jeans. Maybe he would even find a second guy who would submit to Marine discipline and suck Tanner's cock or take it up his ass--or even a third. *Hell of a way to run a training camp*, Tanner grinned to himself and smacked the willow swagger-stick against his thigh.

"Discipline!" he hissed, and the sound of his own voice in the quiet night shook him back from his reverie. "Damn right!"

He finger-stroked the semi-stiff log in his jeans one last time, enjoying the flicker of sensation along his sensitive prick and the cool night across his chest and back, but like a good Marine he had his duty to perform. He eased his hand out of his jeans and began his patrol of the area.

Every night, after the guys went to bed, Tanner or one of the coaching staff would be making a last check to

ensure the athletes were safely settled down. "Look out for your men"--that's what Coach had told him--"Look out for them, and they'll look out for you, just like when I was in the Marines."

At the fork in the path, Tanner paused, hearing footsteps. "That you, Tanner?" a voice grumbled in the darkness. Not the head coach, Tanner realized with a little disappointment, but the newly hired assistant coach.

"Yeah, it's me."

"Get the new guys all settled in?"

"Pretty much. Jay's getting them squared away now." For a moment Tanner fantasized about what making this new coach submit to his discipline would be like. Tanner barely knew him--the assistant coach had joined the staff just weeks before. He was maybe thirty, good-looking, but he did not command the same respect as the head coach. Tanner considered what making the new assistant coach kneel would require. Would Tanner have to whip him into submission? Would the man kneel and beg to suck Tanner's cock in return for mercy? If Tanner kept up the pressure, would the assistant coach surrender his ass? *Crazy!*

Tanner snapped out of his fantasy. He would deal with this new coach later--the month-long wrestling camp would give him plenty of time. But tonight Tanner still had a job to do. "Thought I'd help with bed-check on the others."

"Divide and conquer?"

"Something like that."

"Which way you want? Right or left?"

Tanner had no real preference. His own tent was in the group down to the left, but he knew Jay had not yet had time to finish with the newcomers and be waiting in their tent when Tanner arrived. Tanner had time to kill. "Right, I guess," he said, and set off down the right-hand path. "G'night, Coach."

Swagger-stick in one hand and unlit flashlight in the other, Tanner marched down the path toward the next set of tents. No lights. Except for the sleep sounds from inside the canvas walls, the occasional cough or grunt or snore, this group of tents was silent. Everything seemed in order--except ...

Scowling, Tanner strode toward the dying embers of a campfire in front of the farthest tent. "Damn pecker-head fuck-ups," he growled to himself. "They didn't douse their fire!"

Coach had one rule: They were allowed to have a campfire, provided they dug the pit, gathered the wood, and took responsibility for it--which meant they had to make damn sure the fire was out before they hit the sack.

"Discipline!" Tanner murmured as he hunkered and poked the orange-red embers, sending a few quick-dying sparks into the air. "I'm sure as hell going to discipline some pecker-head for this!"

He squinted his eyes, working on that Marine-hard expression Coach always used. The dim light emphasized the muscled fullness of his arm as he poked the embers again, and he thought about what Coach had told him about having the toughest job in camp and being tough enough to handle it, and disciplining the guys, and--

He heard muffled sounds from that tent on the end, set slightly apart from the others. Excited whispers and aroused snickers. He frowned. Tanner was not sure which two wrestlers had holed up in this tent, but he knew damn well what they were doing. "Dumb-ass jerk-off artists!" he whispered, and he stalked silently toward the tent.

He paused, listening to the hoarse breathing, then a stifled groan of pleasure, and he felt the sex-response flare in his groin. He reached for the tent flap--those idiots had not even zipped it shut--were they *begging* to be caught? *Idiots!* He shook his head, dismayed at their stupidity, and then he ducked into the tent and flicked on his flashlight, hissing, "Okay, pecker-heads, what's going on in here?"

Doug and Marty had spread their sleeping bags together on the ground, and they were sprawled facing each other, naked, each holding the other's steel-hard prick in his hand. "Jesus!" Marty exclaimed in alarm; he had been the one with his back to the flap, and now he spun in surprise to face the intrusion, one hand trying to cover the rigid column jutting from the tangle of hair at his crotch. "Tanner!"

"Damn right! Beating your meat, huh?"

"Hell, a little hand-work never hurt nobody," the other one, Doug, snickered, leaning back and displaying his powerful build and thick-swollen prick openly. "How about dropping your pants and joining us?"

"Don't smart off to me," Tanner ordered, and he brandished the swagger-stick in his free hand. "Want this laid across your damn bare butt?"

"Shit, no!" Doug's smile disappeared fast. "You let me have it once with my pants on once last year, and that stung bad enough."

"That was just a warning, asshole." He glowered at the two naked youths, snapped the stick against his leg threateningly. "You punks are in real trouble. You didn't douse the fucking campfire."

"We were going to," Marty muttered, avoiding Tanner's gaze. "Only, we got to messing around in here, and Doug said--"

"Marty'll take care of it," Doug interrupted with cool authority, and then he squinted at Tanner. "Why don't you turn off the flashlight? I don't mind going blind from jerking off, but that light's another story, dammit!"

Tanner ignored the request, playing the beam back and forth over the two naked athletes, and he felt the Marine-strong sense of power over these idiot pecker-heads.

Marty's red-gold hair glistened in the harsh light, and his head was bent forward as he stared down at his fading hard-on. At nineteen, his features were a mix of boy and man, and his skin was flecked with freckles against pinkness. His wide shoulders emphasized the breadth of his slick, muscle-plated chest, and his torso slimmed long and lean to his narrow, ivory-pale hips, his long, ruddy-tipped prong dangling outward and down over his motionless fingers.

In contrast, Tanner noticed, Doug was not exactly cowering before him. Doug was lying back as if putting himself on display, flinching only when the flashlight beam struck his eyes. His black hair was clipped short, his face was more maturely cut than Marty's, and he was burly and full-muscled, like Tanner himself, and he sported a massive cock and balls, deeply tanned skin, chest hair smeared toward the dark, broad-rimmed nipples.

"Okay," Tanner agreed and flicked off the flashlight without knowing why he was giving in to Doug's request. As his eyes adjusted to the dimness, he took a deep breath. "Dammit, is that pot I smell? You pecker-heads've been smoking weed in here!"

"Hell, most of the guys light up once in a while," Doug shrugged, and he twisted to grope in the shadows. "Want a toke, Tanner?"

"Why not?" he answered without thinking, then glowered again but too late. *Oh, well*, he decided, *even*

Marines need a little R-and-R once in a while, and a little pot won't hurt. They'll run out in a few days, so might as well enjoy it while they got it. Pot'll get these punks horny again and maybe I can make 'em suck my cock.

Tanner settled on the paired sleeping bags, completing a circle with his two naked teammates. Doug was already passing a crumpled joint to Marty, who lit it, took a quick inhale, and offered it to Tanner. The team captain took it.

They puffed and passed the joint in silence for a few minutes, and then Marty turned on his belly, grinning up at Tanner. "You've got a real good build, Tanner. A real good tan, too."

"You two're in pretty good shape yourselves."

"I don't tan worth shit. Doug does, but redheads like me just get freckles." Marty stifled a giggle.

"You pecker-heads are high as fucking kites," Tanner grouched. "Maybe I ought to stake you out bare-ass somewhere in the boondocks like the Indians used to do. Let the sun sweat some of the cockiness out of you."

"I'd just get my butt sunburned," Marty giggled.

"Want me to burn your ass with my stick?" Tanner threatened, nodding to the swagger-stick he had laid on the sleeping bag beside his flashlight. "Or maybe I ought to tie you two pecker-heads to a tree and whip you with a belt. That's what they did to fuck-ups in the Navy in the old days, Coach says, tied them to the mast and flogged them!"

"Shit," Doug muttered, "you wouldn't flog us just for messing around, would you?"

"Wanna bet?" Tanner felt a return of the Marine-tough control he had over these studs. "Or do you want me to haul you over to see Coach right now? Man, I bet he'd give you a dose of discipline you'd never forget!"

"No, thanks." Doug wet his lips, then forced a grin. "Crap, you know what it's like to be hard-up and need to get your rocks off."

"Damn right! But I sure as hell don't go around trading hand-jobs without making sure the tent flap is shut tight." He passed the last of the joint to Doug. "I've got a couple of cunts lined up back home, and every time I--"

"But we're way out here in the woods for the next month," Doug noted pointedly, and the joint flared as he took a final drag before dousing it in the jar lid they had been using as an ashtray. "What do you do? Jerk off a load out in the bushes?"

"Hel, no--that's kid-stuff."

"Yeah," Marty agreed with serious innocence somewhere in the warm, smoke-filled dimness. "I saw the kids out there doing it last year."

"So what do you do, Tanner?" Doug insisted.

"You punks probably don't know from shit," Tanner bragged as he slouched back on his elbows, and he snorted at the redhead. "Ever had a blow-job, Marty?"

"No. But Doug's told me about--"

"I've had a couple," Doug interrupted. "They were damn good--better than jerking off, that's for sure! But

what's that got to do with anything?"

"Asshole!" Tanner answered scornfully, and he laid back, one arm crooked behind his head. Maybe a little sex-talk would get them horny enough to chow down on his cock? Damn right it would, he decided. "Last week, I hitchhiked down to the Junction, and this cock-sucker picked me up."

"He--?" Marty interrupted with a disbelieving giggle. "A guy? You let some some strange guy suck your dick?"

Tanner shrugged. Getting these fuckers to go down on him was going to be too easy! He just had to reel them in. "Sure. Nothing wrong with that when there's no cunts around. Cock-suckers are even easier than cunts--most of 'em are better at it than girls, and you don't gotta go through the trouble of taking 'em out on a date neither. No, just find yourself a hungry cock-sucker and let 'em do what they do best. This one?--Shit, he couldn't wait to go down on my damn meat." Tanner reached down, slow and obvious, and rubbed the crotch of his jeans, feeling the swelling pressure of his genitals trapped beneath the clothing. "Yeah, he pulled off the road and in nothing flat he had my prick out of my pants and in his mouth!"

"Good, huh?" Doug asked, pressing in against Tanner.

"Man, he sucked like it was the best cock he'd ever tasted. And that wasn't all." He was getting turned-on, and he surely did not mind showing off a little in front of these dumb pecker-heads. He popped open the top button on his fly and ran his fingers over his flat-curved belly. "That stud was staying at the motel near the Junction, so we went there for a beer, and then--well, he wanted to get fucked."

"In the ass?" Marty whispered, awed. "You stuck your dick up his ass?" Then more giggles.

"You're so fucking high," Tanner scolded. "Shit, I don't care where I stick my dick when I'm horny. That son of a bitch stripped down and threw his legs in the air; and, yeah, I screwed him until he was out of his damn mind!" He slid his zipper-fly all the way open and tugged out his inflamed cock. "Fuck, sure he was a guy, but he was a good lay."

Tanner's prick flared from his hair-filled groin, wide-shafted and swollen, though the inside of the tent was too dark for it to be seen clearly, he realized, so likely Doug and Marty were not getting the full benefit of his show. No matter. They could probably see enough. He stroked his rod with his fingers, knowing the naked athletes on each side of him were watching, and a bubble of liquid oozed from the puckered slit in the tip of the broad-spread crown and glistened in the dim light.

"Man," Marty whispered appreciatively, "that's one big cock!" His own dick seemed to be stiffening again, and he shifted his legs to accommodate it.

Something caught Tanner's eye, a glint of something at Marty's balls. Tanner fumbled for his flashlight and hit the beam. "Ow," Marty protested at the light, as Tanner aimed it at his scrotum.

"The fuck is that?" Tanner muttered. A flat metal band, dull silver and a quarter-inch wide, circled Marty's nut-sack, snugly, at the intersection of pouch and cock-root.

Marty giggled uncomfortably, but Doug said coolly, "It's kind of like a cock ring--keeps his dick hard. Isn't that right, Marty?"

"Yeah."

"You like it, Tanner? Maybe we'll let you try one on."

"Shee-yit," Tanner grumbled. "I don't need no cock-and-balls jewelry to keep my dick hard. I don't have no trouble down there."

"That's for sure," Marty said, eyeing Tanner's erection. "Think mine'll ever be as big as yours?"

Tanner smirked, pleased to have his dick become the center of attention again. "Want to play with it?" He switched off the flashlight, lay back, worked his jeans down to mid-thigh, and now he was a Marine drill instructor using sex to shape up a couple of fucking recruits. "Go ahead, Marty. You too, Doug."

Marty nodded, still giddily high. "Sure!" He grabbed Tanner's rigid iron stroked it with one hand, fumbling his large, loose-hanging testicles with the other.

Doug patted Tanner on his back, a tingling familiarity, buddy-like, before squeezing his muscled shoulder. "You dig this kind of action, huh, Tanner?"

"Damn right! Like I said, I don't care where I stick my dick when I'm horny," the team captain grinned. "I've got an idea. 'Stead of disciplining you fuck-ups, I'll settle for having both of you suck my rod. You first, Marty. Then Doug."

"Jesus!" Marty objected. "I've never--"

"Want me to whip your butt?" Tanner growled with a nod toward his swagger-stick, and he squirmed his pants down a few inches to his knees, exposing himself more fully. "Start sucking, pecker-head!"

"Do it," Doug confirmed.

Marty hesitated, then bent forward obediently, his gaze fixed on the potent male column. He drew in a deep breath and gripped the rigid shaft, holding it upright, and then he licked at the bulging crown before slipping the glans-tip into his mouth.

Tanner watched the redhead's virgin lips enclose his swollen cock-head, and his grin widened as he felt the first, inexperienced brush of tongue and teeth against his sensitive flesh. Yeah, he had ordered Marty to suck cock the way a Marine drill instructor would order a recruit, and Marty was obeying like any scared pecker-head recruit would! Marty's technique was beginner-clumsy, but Tanner did not care. He had ordered Marty to suck, and Marty was sucking. For a moment, Tanner dreamed he was a drill instructor--and Marty was a fuck-up recruit--and Tanner had taken him out in the boondocks and ordered him to strip and flogged him until he begged for mercy--and then Marty had crawled up to him to get face-fucked--and--*fuck!*

Tanner felt the sex-surge in his loins, and he sure as hell did not want to pop his load yet.

"That's enough for now," he barked, grasping Marty's head and jerking him free from the throbbing column. "You can try taking my meat all the way down after Doug works on it a little." Tanner looked over at the other athlete beside him. "Your turn. Suck, asshole!"

"No sweat," Doug answered without concern. "Only, get all the way out of your pants first. I need room if I'm going to work on that dick of yours."

Tanner blinked angrily at the rugged-built stud's brashness. He had wanted Doug to crawl the way Marty did, and here the damn punk was acting like he was agreeable to sucking Tanner's dick. *Hell!*

Tanner wriggled out of his hiking boots, socks, and jeans, fully naked now and ready to cut loose--he would get his dick sucked, and maybe he would fuck one of their asses--maybe beginner Marty's, or maybe Doug's if he sucked cock worth a damn. "Get to work, Doug," he ordered, lying back naked and aroused. "And you'd

better do a better job than Marty did, or else!"

"Yes, *sir!*" Doug replied in an exaggerated military tone, swinging over to kneel between Tanner's spread legs, and then he looked up with a mocking smile. "It looks like you get as horny as Marty and I do, right, man?"

Before Tanner could answer, Doug was hunched over, lapping Tanner's cock-head into his mouth, licking and sucking it deeper, deeper, and playing with Tanner's balls at the same time--

Shit, Doug was acting as if *he* were the Marine drill instructor, not Tanner, and Tanner fought to regain control--

Only, he felt--

Dizzy. Hard to concentrate. And not just from the pot, which should have worn off by now. What the fuck? He must be hornier than usual--the long hike, the mountain air, having these two naked jocks submitting to his authority and ready to work on his cock. Must be.

Tanner struggled to clear his head. He just needed to take control again, like a real Marine drill instructor would. "Okay, pecker-head ... show me how well you ... suck my cock. Get to it ... cock-sucker!"

With calculated slowness, Doug opened his jaw wider and took all of Tanner's hard dick into his mouth and throat--held it there for a long moment--lips to pubic hair, fingers wrapped securely around churning nuts, making Tanner hiss--and then that son of a bitch pulled back, freeing Tanner's quivering prick but still holding his clenched nuts.

"Okay, Marty," Doug said quietly, "let's see how well Tanner can suck cock."

"Yeah!" The redhead bounced up and straddled Tanner's chest, thrusting his pink-tipped rod toward Tanner's upturned face. "Slurp on my meat!"

"Buuullshee'it!" Tanner slurred. He moved to throw the teenager off him, but his arms wouldn't work quite right, couldn't muster much force. Then he winced at the stab of pain from Doug's grip around his balls. "Jezzzus! Ease off ..."

"Get your damn mouth on Marty's dick," Doug ordered coldly. "Otherwise, I'm going to bust your nuts!"

"Leggo ... bastard! Leggo ... or I'll whip your ass from here to--to--"

Something was wrong. Dizzier than before. Tanner's arms and legs refused to work properly. His body tipped back. He felt woozy, but the pot should have worn off long ago. This was something else. "Fuck ... What did you pecker-heads do ... to me?"

"Transdermal patch," Doug replied, as though the answer was obvious. "When I slapped your shoulder a minute ago. Nothing major--just a little sedative to make things easier. It'll wear off pretty soon, so I'll have to make this quick."

Doug and Marty had Tanner pressed face-down before he realized what was happening; Tanner tried to shove, but he could not push both of them away, and somebody's weight on his shoulders and neck held him down, and his arms were pulled behind him--

Something like handcuffs clicked into place around his wrists.

"Lemme go, pecker-heads ... When I get loose, I'm gonna ... gonna ..." He had to make them respect his authority, like a Marine drill instructor busting a pair of recruits, whipping them into shape. Tanner rolled on his side, tugging at his wrists. He was limber; maybe he could try to pull his ass and legs through the loop of his arms, and at least then his handcuffed wrists would be in front of him, so he could put up a decent fight, maybe force them to hand over the key.

Marty's cock waved in Tanner's face, and the team captain turned his head away from it. "Suck him!" Doug demanded.

"Better let me go ... or I'm gonna ..."

"You ain't gonna do shit unless we say so," Doug barked, smacking the back of Tanner's head. "Go on; yell for help, big guy. Wait'll the other guys get a look at you like this. Unless you want them to see, you're gonna do exactly what we say."

Tanner understood: If their other teammates saw him naked and trussed-up like this--and by a couple of lightweights like Doug and Marty!--they would never respect him, never again. Between the drug keeping him woozy and the handcuffs keeping his arms pinned behind him, Tanner could only see one option--and he did not like it.

"Suck him," Doug demanded again, and his grip tightened around Tanner's nuts--*hard!*

Tanner's breath hissed between his clenched teeth, and then Marty was rocking forward, shoving that heated tool at his face. Tanner struggled against the handcuffs for a moment. What other choice did he have? Surely he could find a different way out of this? But then the slick cock-head was against his lips. Decision time. Tanner knew he could bite it, or just clamp his mouth shut, or--

Doug squeezed his damn nuts again.

With a muffled groan of pain and submission, Tanner opened and let the cock-crown slip into his mouth, and then he was swallowing the hot, potent taste of maleness.

"He's got it," Marty exclaimed, voice quivering with excitement like a virgin getting his first blow-job. "He's sucking me! Man, it's the wildest thing I ever felt!"

Dazed, Tanner raised his head and sucked, and the pressure on his testicles eased, only to be replaced by a metal-cold band around the base of his ball-sack, the sound of a latch clicking shut.

"Crap," he gasped, coming off Marty's cock. "What the fuck're you bastards doing?"

"Just a little something I bought with me," Doug announced proudly. "Like the one Marty's wearing. Turn around and show him, Marty."

Marty scrambled onto all fours, presenting his ass, less than a foot away from Tanner's face.

Doug switched on the flashlight, shining the beam at the floor of the tent, so the indirect light was less blinding to Tanner's dark-adjusted sight. There around the root of Marty's nut-sack was the dull silver metal Tanner had seen earlier, only from this rear angle he could see that it was more than just some kind of cock-ring. It did not actually encircle Marty's cock at all, just around the root of his scrotum, and it connected to a flattened piece that ran along Marty's taint, back toward his ass crack. It seemed to end right at his hole. Tanner peered closer and realized, no, the end disappeared *into* the edge of Marty's asshole! Tanner's first impression was that it went into Marty's hole just at the edge, so it would not interfere with shit coming out or a cock going in, but then the weirdness of what he was seeing struck him. *What the fuck?*

And Doug had just snapped one of those what-the-hells on Tanner? *No fucking way!*

Tanner tried to thrash against the handcuffs, but the best he could manage against the drugs and the restraints was a few jerks and twitches.

"Hold still," Doug scolded, with a hard slap against Tanner's bare butt cheek. "I need a minute to get it positioned right, dammit."

Since his thighs were spread with Doug crouched between them, Tanner had limited leverage. He could not reach Doug or push him away, not with those damned handcuffs, and his position was wrong for rolling or twisting. Tanner felt Doug press the thing up along his perineum, the ridge of skin that ran from his ball-sack to his ass--and then he felt a series of pricks, like the thing had tiny little needles that were piercing the skin along both sides of his taint.

"Get the fuck off me," Tanner yelled, not caring who heard.

"Gag him," Doug responded calmly.

Tanner sucked in a deep breath to holler again, and a ball of cloth pressed against his face, as Marty shoved something into Tanner's mouth--a rolled up sock, or somebody's underwear. *Humiliating!* Marty held the gag in place. Tanner's *No, don't--get off me* came out, "Nnn, wunnn--nurr umph muuph."

"Just another second," Doug said, distracted by something. "Almost there."

Cool liquid touching his hole. What the fuck? Lubricant, Tanner realized. Doug was lubing his ass! Tanner clamped his ass cheeks together as tightly as he could, squeezed his sphincter shut too. He tried to thrash again, grunting into the makeshift gag and Marty's palm.

Somebody's hand pressed down hard in the small of Tanner's back, pinning his hips to the tent floor. Doug had the leverage and pried Tanner's butt cheeks apart. Tanner felt Doug's slickened fingers tease around his butthole, guiding something cool and hard to it, pressing, pushing the tip of something into the opening.

"Just a little more," Doug coaxed.

Tanner felt the tip slip inside his ass. At first he thought that was it--surely they would let him up now--but that thing--it kept sliding into his ass, like it was telescoping, feeding itself deeper into his guts.

"There we go," Doug announced triumphantly. "Un-gag him, Marty."

As soon as Marty pulled the cloth free, Tanner growled, "Get that fucking thing outta my ass right now, dammit."

"Now, now," Doug scolded with an audible smirk as he pushed down on Tanner's lower back to hamper his squirming. "You haven't even felt what it can do yet. Give it a couple of minutes."

"It's too tight around my balls. It's jabbing my taint. It'll wreck me! Take it off!" Tanner tried not to yell too loudly--he did not want the other guys to come running and find him trussed-up like this, naked and handcuffed, with something strapped around his balls and stuck up his ass. The guys would laugh themselves sick and never respect him again.

"Hell, it's not heavy or tight enough to wreck you, you big baby," Doug muttered, getting to his feet. "We're going to leave it there until camp is over, or maybe until you graduate. I guess you could get it taken off, but I sure wouldn't want anyone pawing around with metal cutters that close to *my* balls. And once it gets started in

a couple minutes, you might just decide you never want to never take it off. Right, Marty?"

"Yeah!" Marty agreed. "I was like you when he slapped this one on me a few days ago. All I wanted was to get it off me. I probably should have tried harder too, but it was stuck on me pretty good and I didn't wanna damage myself trying to pull it off. Then later--well, you'll see for yourself." Marty's voice dropped quieter, as though he was embarrassed to admit what he said next. "It'll be like nothing you ever felt before. It's real addictive. Now?--Now, I guess I'd do almost anything rather than take it off."

Tanner felt the thing compress a little more firmly around the base of his ball-sack, a snug pressure, anchoring itself; and he felt that tip in his ass move out a little and then back in, as if trying to locate some placement. "What the fuck is it doing, anyway?"

"It's looking for the right spot. It's loaded with sensors and shit, so it can find just the place. You'll know when it does. Shouldn't be much longer."

"I'll get you bastards for this. You know that, right? I'm going to--"

"You're going to do what we say," Doug corrected him, his teeth showing in a sure smile. "I don't care what you do to the other guys with that damn discipline of yours, but you're gonna do what I say, understand?" He scooped up Tanner's swagger-stick and held it in his fist.

"Like hell I will," Tanner grouched as he felt something happen inside him, inside his ass. The pressure around his scrotum, the tingling along his taint--and then suddenly, up inside his ass, he felt a little zap. "Oh!"

"That's your prostate, Tanner. Ever had someone stick their finger up your ass and massage it? Well, this is gonna be like that, only a helluva lot more intense."

And it did not feel half bad. The sensation was like fullness, and needing to piss, and cumming, only not quite, all rolled up into one. Underneath him, his cock was hardening. "What fuck are ..." Tanner found the sensations too distracting; his concentration kept breaking. He might have liked this under different circumstances, but now, here, he needed to get control of the situation again, and quickly, before--

"Oh--!"

"I think he likes it, Marty," Doug chuckled. "He's gonna be a natural. It's gonna seduce him even faster than you."

Seduce? Tanner disliked the sound of that.

"Oh, *fuck!*" This jolt of pleasure up inside Tanner's ass was stronger. Whatever the probing end of that thing was doing, it was zeroing in on increasingly more intense ways to do it. Tanner understood now why some guys might like this ass-play stuff, and he might have too if not for the handcuffs and their disrespect for his Marine discipline and authority, so he tried to stay angry. But then the thing set to causing another jab of pleasure. Another. Then another. Tanner was almost cross-eyed from the intensity. "*Fuck!* What's it doing to me?"

"It's going to overload your nervous system. That's the way it works. It's learning what feels good to you, and it's gonna use that to wear you down, 'til you're so out of it you can't resist any more. Feel those little jabbing things sticking in your skin between your balls and asshole? It's pumping you full of stuff, and it's learning where your most responsive spots up inside your butt, and it's gonna send you soaring. Pretty soon it'll have you feeling like you're cumming and cumming, only it won't stop. It'll make you cum two or three times before you get to the big one. And the big one?--Maybe you'll pass out from how strong it gets--most guys do--and that's when all that stuff it's pumping in will really go to work on you."

Tanner felt--What the heck was he feeling?--That thing seemed to be pressing around his nuts a little tighter, and its grip was prickling the skin along his taint harder too, like it was preparing for something. His hard cock quivered underneath him, trapped between his body and the rough canvas tent floor. Tanner sucked in a tense breath, all of his attention focused on anticipating--

And his balls--

And his cock-head--

And--

The probe in his ass began a long, slow push deeper again, finding and nudging his prostate in a way that felt like a small electric shock. "Fuuuuck," Tanner drawled. Then something happened along his taint and where the metal tongue entered his ass, and up inside him, like a jabbing assault that lit up his nervous system. "Fuck!" Tanner barked as he came--came hard--flying fast and high through the intense sex-pleasure, his balls convulsing, his ass clenching, his cock pulsing as his cum spurted underneath him.

"Attaboy," Doug gloated. "That's the first one."

"He's real loud," Marty observed. "Somebody's gonna hear."

Tanner lay there, panting, too spent to bitch at them. He felt the thing move in his ass, probing again, and he groaned. "Come on, guys ...," he huffed, barely above a whisper. "You had ... your fun ... Now get ... this thing ... offa me ... I won't tell nobody ... Just ... get it off me, okay?"

The probe did something else, and Tanner sucked in a breath. "What the fuck ..." Another jolt made him groan. This thing was not stopping. His freshly spend cock twitched. Tanner liked to cum two, sometimes three, times when he was having a really good jack-off session, but this was humiliating and he just wanted the experience to end. "What the fuck's it doing?"

Doug snickered. "Like I told you, it's learning. It just made you cum, and it's gonna make you cum again soon, and it's gonna be even better."

Marty groused, "Someone's gonna hear him if he hollers again. Think we should gag him?"

"Got a better idea," Doug said. "Grab his other arm, Marty. Let's get him on his feet. We're going for a walk in the boondocks."

"Shit," Tanner huffed, his breathing mostly normal now, even though he was feeling that thing in his ass slowly nudging, searching. Sure, by the second week of camp, a lot of guys would be running around bare-ass or wrestling naked the Greek way, but this was different. "I'm not going outside bare-butt," Tanner told Doug, "especially not with my nuts locked up like this and that thing up my ass!"

Doug and Marty paid no attention. Each grabbed one of Tanner's arms and hauled him upright. Tanner refused to give them the satisfaction so he did not even try to get his feet under him--he was not sure he could stand, anyway, not this soon after that powerful climax that left his body so weak. Well, he decided, if they were gonna do this, he could not fight them, but he would not make things easy for them, either. He left his legs limp, and his teammates seemed content to hold him up, like they were carrying a large sack of flour.

"Want us to wake up your buddy Jay and the other guys and let them see you handcuffed and those locked-up balls? They'd probably laugh their asses off at you, dick-head." Doug let his words sink in.

Tanner glared for a moment, then lowered his head in surrender.

"That's what I thought," Doug grinned. "C'mon, Marty."

Doug and Marty dragged Tanner, naked, and limp-limbed except for his half-erect cock, out of the tent. With his hands still cuffed behind him, being carried by a grip on each arm was uncomfortable, but Tanner knew a Marine would take it without complaint, and so would he. He hoped none of the guys in the other tents looked out and saw his humiliation. The warm night air lapped at his nakedness, and he tugged at the handcuffs covertly again, testing their hold.

Doug and Marty left the semicircle of tents and headed down a trail, toward the creek, and by the time they passed the boundary of the camp, Tanner was almost enjoying the pressured sensation around his nuts.

They were too far from camp now for anyone to hear them. "How're your balls and ass doing?" Doug asked almost casually. "Hurt?"

"Not exactly." Tanner wet his lips. "Shit, that thing's giving me one hell of a hard-on!"

Doug nodded, grinning. "That's what it's supposed to do." He fell silent until they reached the dark stand of willows beside the slow-running stream. They laid Tanner down on a mossy patch a few feet from the water. "Is this where you brought Jay, last year?"

Tanner looked around. "Uh, I dunno ... I guess it was somewhere around here." He frowned at the ground. "So, Jay told you what happened out here?"

"Sure," Marty answered quickly. "He told everybody. I think he's proud of how good he took your discipline."

"Maybe he is," Doug agreed coolly, and he faced Tanner directly, flipping the willow swagger-stick in his hand. "Hey, maybe we'll do Jay next, see how long he lasts compared to you and Marty. What was it for you, Marty? Four times?"

"Five," Marty declared proudly. "But the last two times, I was shootin' blanks, 'cause my balls were so empty."

"Yeah, well, Tanner here ought to be going for his second any minute now. What'd'ya say, Tanner? You feel it working in your ass? That hard-on of yours feeling all tingly and ready to cum again yet?"

"Fuck you."

"There's that ol' team spirit, captain! Coach would be so proud of you ... 'cept he's in his tent sleeping it off with one of those things snug around his ball-sack."

Tanner's eyes shot wide. "What? No way! Coach'd never--"

Doug squatted and tapped the ground with the end of the swagger-stick, an inch away from Tanner's nose. "Remember when Coach went into the woods to piss after dinner? Marty and I went down to join him, and I back-slapped one of those transdermal patches on him without him knowing, same as I did you. Once he got good and woozy, we got his shorts down and got his nuts cinched up, and we let the thing do its number on him. He bitched and moaned like hell, but we were too far down the woods for anybody to hear. His magic number was three--by the third time he came, he was fucking out of it. Passed right out. We dragged him back to his tent, and the thing's working on him right now, while he's dead to the world." Doug snickered, remembering. "We were gonna do the new assistant coach tonight too, only you showed up at bed-check instead of him. Man, tappin' that new coach was gonna be so sweet!--The campfire was gonna reel him in, and then he was gonna catch me and Marty having ourselves a circle-jerk, and then we were gonna jump him. Hell, it was a good plan too. You know, 'cause you walked right into it yourself." Doug tapped the ground

again, while Tanner's brain tried to process everything he had just said. "Well, I guess we'll have to get the new coach tomorrow."

"No fucking way."

"Oh, we got lots of ways. I got a whole backpack full of those things back at the tent, one for every guy here. It's gonna be great. Once you and the coaches and a couple of other guys are converted, I'll have you walking around bare-ass and the rest of the team will see your new ball jewelry; they'll all want one too. Hell, they'll probably march right up to my tent and beg me to clip one on 'em!--Like an assembly line. It's gonna be so sweet. By the time camp's over, I'll have the whole team converted. Easy as can be!"

Tanner narrowed his eyes. "Doug, you're so fucking full of shit, I don't see how you can--can--"

Something was happening.

"Heh!" Doug leaned close, and Tanner felt the tip of the swagger-stick brush lightly along the shaft of his amplified hard-on. Doug grinned widely. "Looks like somebody's ready for number two."

Tanner's erection pulsed and that metal thing was digging around in his butt again, poking in a slightly different spot that he realized felt really good. Suddenly his cock and balls and ass were kicking into high gear, practically buzzing, and he felt himself flush, sweat prickling out under his arms and in his crotch, as the pleasure built quickly, unbearably, so strong, too strong, too much--

"*Yurgh!*" Tanner hollered as his body bucked into orgasm. A jet of pleasure burned through him as his cock and balls unleashed their load and his ass clenched around the invading probe, and Tanner soared higher and longer than ever before into the clouds of sex ecstasy, his body tight, every muscle tense and straining to release more sperm, more juice, more everything, more and ever more.

When it finally, finally ended, Tanner lay spent on the moss, too limp to do anything except gasp for breath.

"That's two," Doug snickered. "Still think the rest of the guys are gonna say no when you tell 'em how good it feels?" He tapped Tanner's shoulder with the stick. "Hey, I got an idea. We should give you a taste of your own medicine, just for a change of pace. A little pleasure-pain contrast. You up for a little Marine discipline? Think you can take it the way Jay took it?"

Tanner lay there in the half-moonlight, too post-orgasmic weak and too exhausted, aware that Doug held the stick and that the arcs of Tanner's tail were bare, exposed for anything the other wrestler decided to do.

Doug positioned himself, raised the switch, took careful aim, and brought it whistling down to smash across Tanner's taut ass cheeks. Tanner wrenched his head up, eyes and teeth clenched, as the livid pain cracked through him, but he made no sound. He could take this. Whatever they dished out--pleasure, pain--he would take it. No way was he going to beg them to take that damned thing off his balls! If Coach were here, he would squint at Tanner drill sergeant style and tell him what a damned fine Marine he was for taking it like a man.

Doug passed the switch to Marty, and the redhead hesitated, then copied Doug's action. Tanner felt this second welt, equally brutal, cross the first Doug had laid on his ass cheeks. Tanner winced and bit his lower lip to keep from crying out. Marty whipped a second time, a third, and Tanner was at the cusp of bellowing in pain and rage.

"That's enough, Marty," Doug said with calm authority. "Want some more discipline, Tanner?"

Tanner thought about it. He had thought he could tolerate everything they threw at him, but now he

reconsidered. He could take the orgasms from that thing at his balls and ass, or he could take the whippings, but could he take both? Too much? "No ...," then quieter, "No, sir."

"When the guys see the marks on your ass, they're going to damn well know you've been the one taking the discipline instead of the one giving it out. Think they'll respect you after that? And when they see that lock around your balls ... Well ..." Doug trailed off into a chuckle. He took the stick back from Marty, and he grinned at the redhead's rigid prick. "Hot to get your rocks off, buddy?"

Marty nodded eagerly. "Yeah!"

"Okay." Doug turned back to Tanner. "Sit up, Marine." He waited until Tanner had pulled up onto his knees on the uneven ground, still clumsy with his hands cuffed behind his back. He waited until Tanner was watching before he threw the swagger-stick into the dark trees. Then Doug nodded toward Marty's enthusiastic erection. "Suck Marty off, fuck-head. He's never gotten his cock sucked before--"

"Never?" Tanner interrupted. So that explained why Marty had squawked like a virgin earlier.

"Never--so he'll cum quick. You got maybe two minutes before number three hits. Let's see if you can suck him off before then."

Tanner considered his few options. That pleasure-fluttery feeling in his ass and stomach, and the rising of his cock again toward full hardness, confirmed that something would be happening soon, something powerful. With his hands cuffed, he was at their mercy, and Doug was obviously in charge. Whatever hold Doug had on Marty, the redhead seemed happy to follow the other wrestler's orders; Tanner could not think of a quick way to turn Marty against Doug. If Tanner wanted the cuffs off and that thing unlatched from his balls and ass, the smart move seemed to be to play along, just a little longer maybe, until he could see a path to winning. Well, okay. That meant doing what Doug said, and Doug had said to suck on Marty. Tanner eyed Marty's erection, not believing he was really thinking about sucking it. Marty was a sophomore--a decent-enough wrestler, but hardly more than an innocent punk kid--nowhere near Marine-disciplined enough, nowhere near worthy of Tanner putting his mouth on the punk's rod. But what other choice did he have? That probe in his ass was poking around in a new spot that it found interesting, and Tanner's traitor cock seemed to agree. He would not last much longer. What choice did he have?

He took a deep breath, and he bent forward and locked his lips about the head of Marty's lance-tipped cock, average length, slim, easy to suck. Tanner gulped down on it, taking more and more of the ivory-slick shaft until his face was buried in the amber-haired crotch.

"He's doing it! Man!" Marty exploded, gripping Tanner's head and holding it in place as he hip-rammed automatically. "Oh, man--it feels so wild! I'm going to pop, and soon!"

Tanner fought to keep from choking. Marty could not seem to figure out what to do with his hands and hips, all awkward clenches and thrusts. Tanner smiled around his mouthful of cock because somehow Marty's clumsiness seemed both amusing and unexpectedly hot. Then he remembered he was being forced to suck, was not supposed to be enjoying it, so Tanner scowled--or as close to a scowl as he could manage with Marty's cock wedged into his jaws.

"Slow down, Marty," Doug said with authority. "Take your dick out of his mouth and cream all over the son of a bitch. Give him a facial."

"But--I wanna make him swallow it."

"I said, cream on his face."

"Yeah, okay. Good idea." Marty did exactly as Doug directed; he pulled back, jerking his inflamed iron from Tanner's lips, and then he aimed it at the kneeling wrestling captain, hand-pumping the spit-glistening shaft furiously. "Ah! Gonna cum! Here it--*Ahh!*"

Tanner closed his eyes and felt the first spurt of hot stickiness spatter across his cheek and nose. He heard Marty's hoarse gasps of ecstasy, and then the projectile cum was splashing on his chest and abs in repeated bursts--one even smacked hot and wet on Tanner's overheating erection--and then--

Zammo!

--Tanner was cumming, harder than ever, flying through ecstasy hard and fast, like a baseball slammed by a home-run swing, being knocked out of the park and into orbit. Flying and flying, faster and faster, higher, more intense, so intense he nearly let go and let the sensations take him apart, but he held on, clamped down, held himself together. His spasming body tipped to one side and he fell, and the impact of his shoulder against the grass and dirt added a different flavor to the stew of sensations in which he was drowning ...

When Tanner could open his eyes again--had he passed out?--no?--almost?--he felt Marty's liquid cum drooling down his face and chest. Tanner looked up, and Doug was standing behind Marty stroking his back and ass lazily.

"So you liked your first blow-job?" Doug chuckled. "Tanner here's a pretty good cock-sucker, huh? Next go-'round, you can take your time and shoot your load down his throat."

Marty wagged his three-quarter hard-on in the night air. "Cool!--I'm ready right now!"

"Bullshit," Doug snickered, patting the eager redhead on the butt. "Go back to camp, buddy. Tanner and I'll be along pretty quick."

"Uh, but ..." Marty could not hide his disappointment. "Okay, sure."

"And douse that damn campfire," Doug ordered with quiet firmness as Marty headed toward the shadows, and Tanner watched Doug watch the redhead's slim, pale ass shift with his easy, masculine gait.

"Marty's a horny guy," Doug mused to no one in particular. "Maybe that's why he lasted until the fifth time." He looked back at Tanner and their eyes met. "Coach went three times before it finally zonked him out. Seemed like number three almost got you too, Tanner. Think you can match Marty at five, or is the fourth one gonna do you in? Don't feel bad if it does--most guys don't make it past four."

No way was Doug telling the truth about Coach, Tanner decided. Coach was a tough guy, still Marine-fit and Marine-strong, and no way would he just drop his pants and let Doug slap one of those ball-huggers on his nuts and stick the end up his ass. No way! Tanner had tried asking them to take that thing off his nuts, and he had tried begging--well, now he was done with begging. If they were going to put him through this, he decided, he would just have to tough it out. Even if Doug really had slapped one of those nuts-things on Coach, the ex-Marine would find a way to get it off. So would Tanner, if not for those damned handcuffs. He would just have to tough it out; he just needed to hold on to his discipline and make sure he stopped getting aroused--had to think of something else, stop himself from cumming. That was what Coach would do, and when Tanner saw him tomorrow and told Coach how he had fought it off, Coach definitely would say what a fine job he had done, a damn Marine-fine job!

All Tanner needed to do was keep his mind off his balls and that thing shifting the pressure around his nut-sack and poking away sensuously inside his ass. He needed to change the subject, maybe keep Doug talking. "What the fuck is the deal between you and Marty?" Tanner asked him.

The other wrestler shrugged. "He had a real strict upbringing; he's practically still a virgin. Close to zero experience. He's ready for plenty of sex, but he's just now finding out what his dick's for. So I been taking it slow with him. I don't want his first time to be a *wham-bam* thing."

"Awful kind-hearted of you," Tanner murmured sarcastically.

Doug glared at him. "Shut the fuck up. Just 'cause I'm easing him into it don't mean I'm a wuss." He stood over Tanner, legs spread, fingers scratching at his potent genitals openly. "He can't suck cock worth a damn yet, but he's learning quick. His ass is still virgin too. With you on board, I figure we'll give Marty a chance to fuck some ass for the first time--*your* ass! I'll show him how to fuck you, and then I'll show him how getting his ass plugged feels, and before the week's out I'm going to be screwing that tight butt of his for real, a dozen different ways. I'll screw him nonstop for the rest of wrestling camp, maybe all the way through the end of the season. And when I'm not screwing him, maybe I'll ride your ass too."

"Got it all planned out, huh? Well, forget it. No one fucks me."

"Damn cocky guy, ain't you?" Doug squatted and reached down to pat the Tanner's head, still grinning. "That's 'cause you haven't experienced what happens after that thing knocks you out. Won't take long now, and then you'll see. When you wake up, all that stuff it's filling you full of will have reprogrammed you to do what I say willingly, just like Marty. And if you do really well, maybe I'll share Marty's little tail with you, after he's plugged you and I've plugged him. You wouldn't mind fucking him, right?"

Tanner gulped for air as that thing did something intense up inside him again, sensations building. His cock was going from half- to full-hard again. Tanner look up at the rugged, naked stud standing over him, and Doug must have seen what was happening in Tanner's eyes. Doug laughed softly, and Tanner's head fell in embarrassed submission.

"That's why you're doing all this, Doug? The handcuffs, the ring around my nuts and all--that was all to break Marty in, huh?"

"Naw. I just went after Marty first because he was lived close by and I could get to him before we came up here for camp--but being the first to fuck him is gonna be a real turn-on, too. He's real innocent, and hardly even knows what he wants. I like the idea of introducing him to sex a little at a time. It's like a seduction, you know? But getting the whole team under my control has always been the plan. Marty's virgin ass is just a bonus."

Tanner nodded respectfully. "Man, you'd make one hell of a Marine, pal."

"I'm not your 'pal,' Tanner," Doug growled, and he flipped his rigid cock at the prone wrestler. "Now suck my dick, fuck-head."

Tanner dropped his gaze again to Doug's crotch, and he focused on the potent column thrust toward him. It seemed thicker and more powerful than Marty's, and Tanner struggled to raise his head and shoulder off the ground so he could reach his mouth toward Doug's cock.

Tanner remembered the first time he tasted a guy's sex-hot prick and cum. His cousin Bill had visited, on leave from the Marines, a couple of years ago. Tanner had been fascinated with Bill's burly physique and his tales of Marine ruggedness and discipline. At the time, Tanner was only just realizing how into guys he really was. Bill had gotten semi-drunk one night and ordered Tanner around, making him march back and forth and do pushups and more, and Tanner had been so turned-on that he had obeyed every order, even when his Marine cousin had "disciplined" him a little, made Tanner strip naked and go down on him. And before he left, Bill had taught Tanner to suck cock, and gave Tanner his very first taste of sperm when he came in Tanner's mouth, and he gave Tanner his very first blow-job too, and even fucked his virgin butt--and spread

his own ass cheeks to get fucked! *Crazy!*

And now Tanner was trying to sit up in the shadows down by the creek outside of camp, naked and handcuffed and about to give a blow-job to the stud-wrestler who had locked that thing around his balls and poked the end of it into his ass--and Tanner sure as hell was not afraid to show Doug that he was not a dumb virgin punk like Marty. If he had to suck, Tanner was going to do a Marine-fine job of it!

Tanner's own erection banged between his thighs as he moved, and the motion of his ass cheeks made his hole clench around that intruder probe. Tanner had been trying to ignore it, but now his attention caught on it. As he bent his head forward to run his lips over the thick head of Doug's cock, worshipping it silently, Tanner realized how close he was to orgasming again.

With Doug's dick right in front of him, no way could Tanner wrangle his mind away from sex-thoughts. Well, all right then, he told himself--he would just have to be Marine-strong and push his way through. Tanner closed his eyes and inhaled the warm, lush scent of Doug's maleness as the first inch of shaft followed the head into Tanner's mouth, and his tongue washed the underside of the throbbing iron. He felt the other wrestler's strong hands caress the back of his scalp with quiet authority, a slight pressure urging Tanner's head forward, matched by a gentle push of Doug's hips. Tanner let Doug's cock slip, another inch, another, farther and farther into his mouth.

He smelled the aroused maleness of Doug's pubes and balls.

Tasted the salty-musky funk of the hard dick impaling him.

The thrill of being naked in the warm night.

The breeze that played past his back and ass and chest.

His own cock hard and throbbing.

The prickle of sweat breaking out in his armpits.

Restrained, helplessness--that overwhelming feeling of submission--being made to take it like a Marine. Marine discipline. Following orders.

Automatically, Tanner began suctioning the flesh-column.

His ass twitched.

His cock began to tingle.

Balls tightening up snug against the metal band.

That thing prickled at Tanner's taint. More injecting?

Something inside Tanner spread warm lightning bolts of fullness and an odd pleasure, like he was about to piss and cum at the same time.

Another inch of dick-shaft in his mouth, another.

Cock jerking--breeze on chest--lips stretched--smell of crotch--taste--heaviness of cock in mouth--taste--hands--

Suddenly Tanner was there--right there--orgasming, body arching, eyes clamped shut, lost in the euphoria-lit

darkness inside his eyelids. He was cumming again, unable to think of anything but what he was feeling, unable to feel anything except his body erupting, coming apart, and everything was different, not cresting and sliding back down like a normal orgasm, but building, building more, rising, sending him skyward, flying higher, dissolving him, overpowering, slowing down, stretching out, rising, breaking him apart, one long glide through a steady intensity, not fading but slowing down at its plateaued level--stretching out, slowing until time seemed nearly to stop--everything so still inside and out--holding the intensity--slowing--

Tanner opened his eyes. A hint of daylight from outside one canvas wall. Dawn?--Just past? He was lying on the floor of a tent, probably Doug and Marty's, and his whole body felt limp and leaden, achy and exhausted, as if he had not actually slept at all. The handcuffs had been removed; he could move his arms again.

He slid a hand into his crotch, under his cock, which was too spent even to manage his usual morning wood. He found the circle of metal at the root of his balls. He eased a little pressure on it. It seemed firmly in place, not painful but snug. He pushed harder at it. The sack-ring tightened, and something stung at his taint. Well, he was practically a Marine; he could take it. He pushed harder--and an electric stab of pain erupted from his taint, crackling through his nerves like lightning--and he gasped and yanked his hand away.

Fucking hell! He would definitely not be trying *that* again soon!

Marty, naked, sat on a sleeping bag. He turned toward the flap of the tent just as it lifted and Doug, wearing a pair of gym shorts, hiking boots, and a backpack, climbed through and then zipped the entry shut behind him.

"You were gone a long time," Marty said.

"Coach's doing fine," Doug told Marty. "He was waking up, so I gave him the good word. He'll be there for breakfast. And I stopped by sleeping beauty's tent on my way back; I caught his buddy Jay by surprise. Got his nuts banded before he knew what was happening. He went four times. He's sleeping it off--probably be ready around lunchtime." Doug slipped off the backpack, set it aside, settled himself cross-legged on the floor. "Speaking of sleeping beauty, how's he doing?"

Marty glanced back at Tanner. "Fine. He woke up a minute ago, right before you came in." A little snicker. "I think he tried to pull it off his balls, too."

Doug huffed a single muffled laugh. "Bet that stung like hell. You say anything to him yet?"

Marty shook his head, *no*, which seemed to satisfy Doug.

Since they knew he was awake, Tanner pushed himself weakly up onto one elbow. Doug squatted next to him and clamped his hands on both sides of Tanner's head, forcing Tanner to look him in the eye. "Okay, take deep breaths. This is important, so listen close and obey."

Something made Tanner's concentration zero in on Doug.

"By now that thing's gotten into your head, so listen up. These are the rules. Rule number one is: I'm in charge. If I tell you to do something, you'll do it, and you'll do it well, to the best of your ability. No lies, no backtalk, and no excuses. Say 'yes, sir' if you understand."

Before he realized, Tanner heard himself say, "Yes, sir." A little spark of pleasure snapped through his head. Not like the sex-pleasure of cumming, but more like the intense satisfaction of knowing he had done something right--like scoring a key point in a difficult wrestling hold, or winning a match--only more intensely focused on *this* as the reason why. He had done what Doug said, and gotten a flash of something that felt really good in return. This must be how Marines felt when they followed an order, he decided.

The surprise of it must have showed in Tanner's eyes because Doug grinned and said, "Yeah, you liked that, huh? Figured you would. That's how it works--it gets into your head, and it uses your own brain to reward you when you know you're following orders, or to punish you when you know you're breaking the rules. Which brings us to rule number two--"

Tanner's head swirled. Rules--bursts of pleasure when he said *yes, sir*--everything happening so quickly, blurring into one long, blissful feeling of detachment, like he was connected only to Doug's voice, and he agreed to everything the other wrestler said. The more Doug talked, the more Tanner felt himself accepting everything. Then:

"And finally, rule number six: You can do anything you want when it comes to disciplining the other guys, but you're gonna leave Marty and me alone. You can play your 'Marine discipline' games with the rest of the team, but I'm calling the shots and you don't order Marty or me around. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good man. Say 'thank you, Doug.'"

Tanner found he was grinning dopily. "Thank you, Doug," he said, and felt another tap of pleasure.

Doug let go of Tanner's head and gloated over his shoulder. "Hey, Marty, I think he likes it!"

Tanner's head started to clear. What had just happened? Why were his balls and ass tingling and his cock hard as a steel rod?

Doug saw Tanner's erection and snickered. "Dopamine. People think it gives you a good feeling, and it does, but it's really tied up in your brain's incentive-motivation system. Each time you do what I say, what thing's put in your head is gonna make your brain release a little squirt of dopamine as a reward. Pretty soon you'll do just about anything to keep those little rewards coming. It'll be like I'm your commanding officer and you're addicted to following my orders, mister Marine-wannabe."

Marty added, "Feels good, doesn't it? I tried to fight it some at first, but it's ... Well, it's real addictive. You'll see. It'll wear you down too. After a day or two, I gave up even trying to resist and went along with it, and now everything feels so right all the time."

Tanner sat up, trying to cover his erection with his hand. He looked around the floor, reached for his jeans.

"No." Doug's hiking boot stomped on Tanner's pants, preventing retrieval. "No clothes. Not until wrestling camp is over. Say 'yes, sir' to show you understand."

Tanner thought about this. Sure, a lot of guys wrestled bare-butt or tromped around bare-ass naked after a couple of weeks, when the sun, sweat, hard work, and unwashed clothes just made going naked convenient and kind of thrilling too. But, to start going around nude on the first day of wrestling camp? That would be embarrassing--or it also might be a real turn-on, a *what-the-hell* way of intimidating the team into respecting him, like stripping naked at weigh-in before a match to send a message to an opponent, like *here's what I got and I don't care if you see, bring it on if you think you got something better*. Yeah, that could be fun--a lot of fun. Coach, Marty, and Tanner showing up naked and sack-banded at breakfast on the first full day of camp? Tanner anticipated the way seeing his swinging dick and his balls and that metal thing around them in the coming days might intimidate the guys, make pushing them easier. Marine discipline. Yeah, maybe Doug was right. Seeing Coach and Marty and especially Tanner--team captain, their leader--sack-banded would make the other guys line up for Doug to do the same thing to them. Discipline. Making them follow orders. Pushing them to be the best. Making them all winners. State championships--every last one of them.

Tanner let go of his jeans, pulled his hand back, looked up at Doug, and said, "Yes, sir." Some little purr of pleasure-contentment flicked through his head. *Oooh, yeah!* He leaned back, as if displaying his naked body to his two teammates. Yeah, he decided, he could get used to this.

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"Okay, here's the plan," Doug declared. "After breakfast, Tanner, you're gonna lead the rest of the team on that run Coach has on the schedule. I need him for something else, so just tell the guys there's been a change of plans and he had to take care of some last-minute something. You're the captain; they'll do what you say. Meanwhile, Marty and me and Coach are gonna find that new assistant coach. We'll jump him and get his nuts cinched up good and snug, and he'll probably be out like a light long before the rest of you get back from the run. And this afternoon, when the assistant coach and your buddy Jay show up naked like good recruits with those things around their sacks too?--That's gonna make a lot of the guys curious, and some of them will probably walk right up and ask me to put one on them too. Damn hot, right?"

Doug paused, then appeared to think of something else. "Say, Tanner, I got another idea. Tonight at lights-out, instead of tucking the newcomers into their tents, what if you and Jay and I, maybe Coach too, hustle them down to the creek. We'll tell them it's like a team initiation or something--tell 'em everybody has to go through it if they wanna be on the team. Get 'em stripped naked, and tell 'em to bend over and grab their ankles. I'll put one of these things on each and every one of them. Then you and Coach can make 'em do pushups or jumping jacks or something 'till the things start to take effect. Man, when the first of those newbies throws a rod, all the rest will throw one too. And when the first one cums, I bet all the others will fall in line and cum too--'cause they'll know it's inevitably gonna happen to them. They'll fall in line, and they'll fall like dominos, fast and hard, one after another. Man, I bet none of them makes it past three times!"

Tanner could imagine the situation happening exactly as Doug said. The newbies were just a bunch of horny punk kids; they would go down fast and never know what hit them.

"Great idea, right, Tanner? We'll talk to Coach--and Jay too, when he wakes up--and get them on board with the plan. Say 'yes, sir,' Tanner."

Tanner heard himself saying, "Yes, sir," and he knew absolutely that he would carry out Doug's plan, knew absolutely he would make Doug's plan work, and any newcomer who tried to refuse to go along with the plan would taste Tanner's Marine discipline. *Yeah!* "Yes, sir," he said again, grinning.

Doug had an erection. It pushed at the front of his gym shorts. Marty saw it; so did Tanner; and Doug noticed they were staring at the barely restrained ridge. "Marty," Doug said easily, "maybe you better go down to the creek and get cleaned up, then head over to breakfast. Tanner and I got something to do, then we'll be along in a little while."

Marty began with a disappointed "But--" before changing his mind. "Yes, sir." He slipped out of the tent, closing the entry behind him.

Doug finger-traced the outline of his cock-shaft through the thin fabric. Tanner's eyes traced the path of that finger.

"Like what you see? Wanna see more?" Doug coaxed quietly.

"Yeah," Tanner breathed, unafraid of Doug but suddenly nervous that someone nearby might overhear.

Doug eased the elastic waistband of his gym shorts down to the top of his pubic bush. "Yeah? Say 'please.'"

"Show me your cock ... please." *Yeah!*

"Say, 'please, *sir*.'"

"Please, sir, show me your cock." *Oooh, yeah!*

"If I show it to you, you're gonna have to suck it. You still wanna see it?"

"Please, sir." *Awww, yeah!*

The root of Doug's erection came into view as the waistband slid lower. An inch of shaft, then another, and soon his rod swung free into the air as he pushed his shorts to his ankles and stepped free of them, naked except for his hiking boots.

Doug swaggered closer to Tanner in the confining tent.

Tanner took a breath and reached for Doug's ram.

"You know how to suck cock better than most," Doug murmured. "Somebody taught you pretty good."

Tanner thought back again to his Marine cousin Bill, the first time Bill had made Tanner strip down and kneel down to suck his cock, and the first time Bill sucked Tanner's, and the first time Bill bent him over and fucked his ass, and then Bill bent over too and let Tanner learn to how fuck using his ass.

Snapping back to the present, Doug's cock-knob just a few inches away, Tanner took a deep breath and opened his mouth, let Doug slide the first several inches of head and shaft into his mouth. Tanner went down on him quickly, enjoying the buzz that came from obeying his orders now. He suctioned Doug's prick all the way down into his throat, until his lips were buried in the crisp wire at the base of Doug's vein-marked shaft, and then he brought his hands up to clasp Doug's solid thighs, supporting himself as he began sucking in earnest. He wanted to do a Marine-fine job, wanted to take the damn athlete off in a hurry and make him cum hard. He felt Doug's leg muscles quiver beneath the lightly fleeced flesh. Tanner pushed his fingers upward over Doug's wrestling-hard stomach, and higher to the full-arched chest and hard-pointed nipples. His head bobbed hungrily at Doug's crotch.

Tanner looked up and saw Doug standing motionless, watching with a confident smile. He knew what Doug was seeing: Tanner the muscular, strutting team captain, Tanner the would-be Marine, on his knees, obeying the order he had been given and sucking cock. Tanner licked and sucked and slobbered, trying every trick Bill had taught him and even a few Tanner thought up himself. He was impressed with Doug's self-control, the way Doug held back from cumming, making the suck-job last, only slowly reaching the inevitable stage when his balls started to boil over, gripping Tanner's head; and he hip-pumped his cock into Tanner's throat, making Tanner noisily choke, a glaze of sweat breaking out across his brow, his heaving shoulders, and powerful, tanned back as he sucked and sucked.

Tanner felt the muscles in Doug's stomach flutter, and he wondered what snapping one of those sack-huggers on Doug would be like. Doug had said they were in the backpack--all Tanner would need to do was reach that backpack--*None of the rules say I can't!*--and pull one out, and--

Doug groaned as the sex-heat rose in him. "Yeah, you sure suck good," he growled, squeezing Tanner's head and jamming it down and back, down and back. "I'm gonna to squirt my load, but not all over you like Marty did last night. I'm gonna dump it down your damn throat." He gasped again, excitement rising, and he cock-rammed Tanner's mouth harder, and his voice dropped to a hoarse whisper. "And you're going to swallow it, cock-sucker. Every fucking drop--*Uh!*"

Doug arched his spine, driving his quivering rod throat-deep and throwing his head back in a silent howl of ecstasy, and then his cum was belching into Tanner's mouth--slow, repeated bursts--and Tanner drank it

down, swallowing, swallowing every spurt.

Tanner grabbed his own hard-on and pumped at it, hard and fast. *Fuck!*--he was cumming already! Tanner went through all the fury and pleasure and total masculinity of ejaculation, flying high, his overtaxed balls clenching almost painfully as they squeezed out what little cum they had built up since last night--and then he was drifting--slowly drifting back down to reality--

Doug freed his slow-fading dick from Tanner's hungry mouth. Tanner nuzzled that cock last time, feeling oddly contented, and looked up at his new commander.

"Good job," Doug muttered at last, still panting. "You're going to get plenty of my cum from now on."

"Okay," Tanner agreed humbly. "Yes, sir." And he sank back on his heels, licked his lips, and gazed up the other wrestler. "You cream a lot harder than Marty does."

"You'll get used to it." He surveyed Tanner's sweat-glistening nakedness and the still half-erect prick standing up from his shadowed crotch. "You haven't lost that hard-on since I put the sack-hugger on you. It turns you on, huh?"

"I--I dunno ... I guess so. The weight ... The pressure on my nuts ... It does things in my ass ... and in my head ..." He drew a deep breath, then shrugged. "I guess I don't have much choice about wearing it."

"Got that right. You don't have much choice about a lot of things from now on, dick-head."

"Yes, sir--I know."

"Like I told you before, that's one of the rules: You can do anything you want when it comes to disciplining the other guys; but when it comes to Marty and me, I'm calling the shots, right?"

"Yeah," Tanner repeated. "Yes, sir--I know."

"And you're gonna be around a lot in case Marty and I want to use your mouth--or your ass--to get our rocks off again. Marty and me, we're gonna be draining our balls down your throat or up your ass a lot from now on, and maybe I'll let you drain yours in Marty's, once I get him broke in real good. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Another silent moment passed. "You better go wash up in the creek," Doug commented casually, "then haul your damn ass down to breakfast." He stepped back to give Tanner a clear path to the tent entry. "You can go on being the big drill instructor to the rest of the dick-heads on the team, but I'm your commanding officer from now on, right?"

Every Marine had a commanding officer. His cousin Bill had said that; Coach had also said it. Tanner had always thought Coach was supposed to be his commander, but what if--

Tanner made his decision. "Yes, sir," he whispered as he passed Doug, passed through the entry.

The flap closed behind him. The early sunlight warmed his naked body. A trace of a breeze tickled the dark hair dusting his chest and groin. He enjoyed always being naked during the last half of camp, and this year he was getting a head start. Who cared what the rest of the team thought? Anyone who gave him shit would get a taste of discipline: Tanner's swagger-stick across their asses. Yeah, the others would fall into line soon enough. And once Doug's plan got underway--

Tanner knew he should fight back against Doug's authority, or at least test the limits. *He* was the team captain, after all, not Doug, and he was the better athlete too--he could wrestle that punk Doug into submission any time he wanted. Sure, Doug had told him to go to the creek and wash up, but he had not said to go *directly* to the creek. Tanner thought about maybe detouring to Coach's tent, or the one Tanner shared with Jay, maybe trying to pry the sack-huggers off of them before they got addicted--wouldn't that show Doug who was *really* running this camp! Or maybe Tanner would just stroll roundabout to the creek, going his own way, taking his own sweet time. These rebellious thoughts resulted in a queasy feeling in Tanner's stomach and a painful pinching along his perineum. *Ouch!* Obviously that sack-hugger thing had a couple of ways of disciplining anyone who violated orders. Which made sense, he decided.

Besides, somehow--maybe it was the sexual overload of the last twelve hours, or that thing attached to his balls and ass and how comforting and *right* the steady presence of it there felt--somehow Tanner found he had already accepted Doug as the one in charge.

Tanner found himself taking a step, toward the creek, toward completing Doug's order, and he felt a little burst of that satisfaction-pleasure reward in his head. *Ahh!*

Maybe Marty was right, Tanner considered as he walked along the path toward the creek; maybe these things were addictive. After the number of times Tanner had gotten his rocks off over the last twelve hours, and if his orgasms were that strong every time, hell, he might not mind getting addicted, just a little bit. He could still try to turn the tables and get one of those bands on Doug himself. And if that never happened, well, being the drill instructor and captain in charge of the entire damn wrestling team except for Doug and Marty was still a pretty good deal. And he could get used to taking Doug's cum often too, if that was the price.

Tanner would need to break off another willow switch to replace the one Doug had thrown away last night. Maybe, he wondered, he could even talk Doug into adding a rule about embracing Marine discipline, to help Coach and Tanner kick the other wrestlers' asses into shape; that would come in real handy after they nailed the newcomers tonight--a rule like that would get them on board with hard training early, and hard training would make them all winners. *Yeah!* Just like Coach always said, discipline was these pecker-head punks would respect.

Tanner reached down, fumbled his fingertips across the metal around his spent, limp-hanging testicles, grinned as he traced the snug band that clenched securely about them. "Yes, sir!"
