

Well-Trained

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Jim has finished with his chores, and now his uncle Butch want to show off how well-trained Jim has become.

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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by *Wrestlr*

Because today was Saturday, Jim had no classes. Instead, he could savor the relaxed, obedient feeling as he washed and dried last night's dinner dishes, then stacked them carefully on the kitchen shelves. Everything had to be in place before Butch came home. Jim knew that. The feeling kept him focused on getting his chores done quickly, efficiently.

On most Saturdays, Jim would have done his chores naked, the way Butch liked; but today was different. Today Jim wore a loose gym shorts and that familiar black cap, similar to a baseball cap--nothing else, though he still felt odd wearing anything at all. But, Butch's orders, so he had to.

Finished with the dishes, the last of his chores, the youth paused to gaze out the window over the sink. He caught a glimpse of himself reflected in the pane. He eyed his short-clipped dark hair poking out from under the cap, his boyish face, the half-zoned expression on his face, the result of the cap at its lowest setting, then lower to his wide shoulders, his maturing, trimly muscular physique. At nineteen, a college sophomore, he was no longer a boy; his face may have still looked young, but he noted with pride that he was more man than youth from the neck down.

Hot summer sunlight blazed on the street outside. Recognizing the two figures he saw jogging down the sidewalk toward the house, Jim fumbled at his crotch unconsciously.

Butch was in front of course, a dark-haired man in his late twenties, a sweat-stained T-shirt clinging to his powerful shoulders and barreled chest, narrow shorts binding to his massive thighs. Following him was his new friend Dan, dressed like Butch; Dan was slim and athletic, a lean redhead of maybe twenty-two, only a few years older than Jim.

Jim watched the two men do a few cool-down stretches, then trot up the driveway and enter the garage. "Hey, kid!" Butch bellowed from there. "Bring us some water!"

Jim blinked. *Kid*. Any command that included the word *kid* had to be obeyed immediately. He hurried to get two bottles of water from the refrigerator, then hustled down the short hallway.

Butch had converted most of the garage into a miniature gym, with weights and exercise equipment, a large alcoved shower room at the far end, complete with the scent of sweat and disinfectant--the sweat Jim and Butch dripped after working out, and the disinfectant Jim used to swab down the area as one of his chores. The only unusual feature of the garage was the small mass of equipment, farther back, nearly invisible in the far shadowed corner, and the nest of chains and cables dangling from the rafters there.

Dan and Butch were slouched back side by side on the plank bench along one wall, and Jim practically felt Butch's narrowed gaze rake over his bare chest as he passed them the bottles.

"Thanks, Jim," Dan said with a friendly smile; his eyes fast-flicked up and down Jim's nearly naked body, a look of discreet lust. They had been introduced, briefly, earlier that day. Dan looked away, a too-late attempt to disguise his attraction, and took a deep swallow of water. "That sure hits the spot."

"Finish your chores, kid?" Butch asked coolly.

"Yes, sir." Jim understood the glint in the man's eyes: Butch intended to show him off. *Kid, kid, kid* kept ricocheting through his head, and he looked down at the floor, obediently. "Yes ... sir."

"Get your workout done too?" Butch nodded toward the fitness equipment. "The full routine?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay." Butch peeled off his shirt and wiped his solid, hair-thatched chest and broad armpits, then tossed it at Jim. "Give him your clothes, Dan. He'll have 'em washed and clean before you head home."

"Uh ... Okay. Right." Dan seemed uncertain but squirmed out of his T-shirt and passed it to Jim. The redhead's slim body had more muscle than Jim had first thought, and Dan's hard-plated chest was slick and dotted with freckles, small pink-tipped nipples at each side. Jim liked his handsome face, and decided that, maybe with a few more muscles like Butch, Dan would be damn hot.

Dan moistened his lips as Jim turned to take the clothing to a hamper on the other side of the room. He felt Dan's eyes on him the whole way.

Dan said, "It's real crazy, the way he does whatever you say."

"I've trained him," Butch acknowledged openly. "He's my older brother Paul's son."

Dan false-snickered, "Damn, I thought maybe he was just your roommate or something. I should've known you and Jim are related. The way he's built, I mean."

"Shit," Butch snorted. "He wasn't built worth a damn before I went to work on him. He was a real screw-up, a pothead punk, got in a little trouble with the law too, so Paul gave him to me a couple of years ago. He knew I'd whip Jim into shape."

"Whip'?" Dan asked, a nervous frown creasing his forehead. "You mean--?"

"Hell, that's the best way to start getting a punk kid squared away. Shows them you mean business. Then you can move on to other, better ways of training." He drank, then pointed to shadowy far corner and the chains hanging from the rafters. "The first night, I strung him up over there and laid my belt on him. He took his licks like a man--cussed me up one wall and down the other, too--but I wore him down. Then I hooked him up to the equipment, and it took effect right away 'cause he had no resistance. That's when he started learning to toe the line." He grinned at the head-down teenager. "Right, kid?"

"Yes, sir," Jim muttered.

Dan peered at the darkened corner, sounded suspicious. "What sort of equipment?"

"See, that's the thing. It's special gear. He's wearing part of it now. Take off your cap, kid, and show it to Dan."

Kid. Jim had to obey. He lifted the slightly oversized cap from his head. His thoughts immediately seemed to clear a bit. He held the cap out to Dan.

Dan leaned forward and took it. He frowned at the flexible circuitry inside, then asked, "What's it do?" The obvious question.

"Weeell," Butch drawled, "the way Paul explained it to me, it puts out this electromagnetic field, stimulates parts of your brain. Feels real good--real, real good. If you're a weak-willed pothead punk like Jim here was, it works you into a suggestible state where you learn to take instructions and guidance, and over time those orders sink in permanently--"

Dan interrupted: "Like, 'Don't smoke pot'?"

"Sure," Butch nodded. "But if you're strong-willed, it can't get in your head, so pretty much all it does is make you feel real good." He grinned easily. "So which would you be, Dan?--Weak-willed ... or strong-willed? Wanna check it out and see?"

"Shee-yit! I ain't weak-willed, that's for damn sure. I'm definitely real strong-willed."

"Try it on and see?"

"Hell, no! I'm not putting on nothing that's gonna mess with my head."

Butch swallowed another mouthful of water. "You sure? It feels real good. Jim and I can tell you from personal experience. Right, kid?"

Jim responded with, "Yes, sir."

Ignoring Jim, Dan eyed Butch. "You tried it yourself?" He sounded surprised.

"Sure. Long time ago. Felt pretty damn good, like I told you."

"Huh," Dan grunted. Then he swept his sweat-damp hair back with one hand and seated the cap atop his head with the other. He sat back against the wall, his expression expectant.

"Give it a second," Butch said, around another swallow.

Dan's eyes went wide. "Hey!--I feel it. It feels like a whole lot of little ... little ..." He blinked. His eyelids sagged to half-closed, as his body slowly slouched back against the wall, hands settling onto the bench as his arms and legs fading into limpness.

"Sure feels good, don't it," Butch snickered. Jim watched Butch eye the swelling lump in the crotch of Dan's shorts: a dick half-hard and rising. "You sure do like it," Butch drawled to Dan, planting the idea. "Yeah, you sure do like it--a lot. You'll want to try it again, and soon too." He took another leisurely swallow from his water bottle, as if giving the idea time to settle. Then he reached up and wiped the cap off Dan's head, dropping it into his lap, where it concealed his erection.

Dan sat there, blank-faced. Almost half a minute went by before he blinked and inhaled sharply. "Whew! That was ..." He shuddered. He suddenly blushed and shifted his legs and posture, leaning forward, as if to keep Butch and Jim from noticing his erection. "That was kind of intense. Is it always like that?"

Butch shrugged. "Sure. But that's just the first part. When it's a weak-willed guy and the cap's got his attention, the equipment starts boring into his mind. Then you can start giving him instructions and replacing bad habits with good ones. Get him off drugs; get him to start taking care of his body. That's what I did with Jim. Got him to replace pot with stuff that helped him build up his body."

"Like weight-lifting?"

"More than that. Check his tits." Butch drank again, swallowed, nodded at Jim's wide, dark nipples. "I used clamps and weights on them until they grew. The same goes for his cock and balls."

"You're joking?" Dan suggested warily.

"Nope, not joking at all. By the time I'm finished, he'll have the biggest dick and the toughest nuts in town." Butch smiled at Jim. "Drop your shorts, kid. Strip and give me those rocks."

Kid, kid, kid. "Yes, sir," Jim whispered and obeyed quickly. The youth hunched, pushed his shorts to his ankles, stepped free; and when he straightened, fully naked, a band of untanned flesh showed at his naked hips. Wisps of black hair trailed downward from his navel to the swatch of trimmed pubic wire at his groin, and his long, thick prick curled heavily over his loose-sacked testicles. Without a word, he stepped in front of Butch, arms at his sides, his genitals offered. As Butch cupped his testicles, Jim took a deep breath.

"Jesus!" Dan hissed as he watched the man grip Jim's balls and squeeze brutally. "You're hurting him!"

"He's learned to take it," Butch said with sureness as he pressured the scrotum.

Jim felt himself going somewhere distant in his mind, just as he had been trained, going to that trance-place where he was aware of the pain but let it wash past him, as if it were happening to someone else. Jim's body relaxed, his hands hanging loosely, and his head tilted slightly back, a blank expression tinged with what could have been either agony or ecstasy.

Butch chuckled. "Anybody who gives this stud a knee in the crotch is in for a big surprise. That's part of the training I've given him." He released the teenager and nodded his head toward Dan. "Stick your nuts in his hand, kid. Show him how tough you are."

Jim, rousing a little but still in the edges of his trance, was compelled to obey. He took another deep breath, and then he moved in front of the redhead.

Dan hesitated, his gaze fixed on the youth's crotch, and after a moment, he reached up to cup Jim's dangling balls. Slowly he clenched his fingers, and Jim stiffened again, jaws locked, fighting the pain. Dan was a virtual stranger, and Jim felt less trust, more embarrassment, so he had trouble letting go. Doing so would have been easier with the cap--but he would have to do this himself. He had been trained; he could do this himself. He sucked in another tight breath and tried to let the distance take him again. Another jolt of pain burned through his body, make him winch--and then he felt it: that familiar calmness unfolding through him, draining the pain away. His body relaxed. He exhaled. The pain was so far, far away now.

"God!" Dan murmured, letting go. "Those are some real rocks!"

"How about his dick?" Butch asked with obvious pride. "He wasn't hung worth shit until I broke him in on the diet."

"Yeah, he's got plenty of meat," Dan admitted, hushed. "Uhh, what kind of diet? I mean, a guy ends up with whatever size cock he gets, don't he?"

"Bullshit." Butch tossed his head and the bottle back and downed the last of his water. "Cum and sweat--that's what made his pecker grow. He didn't dig it at first, but he's learned how good it is for him." He stretched his legs and pawed the lump in the front of his shorts, grinning at Jim. "Hey, kid, I worked up a real good sweat, jogging this morning with Dan. Want it? Come and get it, kid."

Jim still felt far, far away, but--*kid, kid*--he knew the order must be obeyed. He made the effort to rouse himself from the quiet depths enough to say, "Yes, sir!"

From the corner of his eye, Jim saw Dan stare in disbelief, but he knew what he had to do: obey the order--no shame, just perfect obedience. Unashamed and naked, Jim knelt before Butch and began licking the insides of the man's hair-glazed thighs, then buried his face in Butch's mounded shorts-crotch.

"Hungry?" Butch asked with amusement, and he pushed himself up, stood over Jim, pushed his running shorts past his knees, revealed his sweat-stained jock-strap. "Bet you're real hungry, kid. Take down my jock and wash me clean. It'll make your cock grow--right, kid?"

Whimpering with eagerness, Jim jerked the strap down and tongue-lapped Hank's forest of damp pubic hair, the loosened testicles, the swelling dick.

"Holy shit!" Dan exclaimed. "You sure got him trained!" He watched wide-eyed as Jim finally pulled back, exposing Butch's thick, inflamed rod. "Hell, big dicks must run in your family."

"My brother Paul put me on the same training when I was younger than this kid," Butch explained. "That's how I knew it'd work. I used to be an even bigger fuck-up than Jim here, but Paul trained me with the equipment, like our daddy did him. Paul got me on the routine and put me back on track." He gave Jim the hint of a grin, then nodded to the redhead beside him. "Climb over there and get another meal from Dan, kid."

The order had to be obeyed. Automatically, the youth crawled to the other man and gripped his shorts. "Hey!" Dan yelped, tensing and pulling away automatically when Jim finger-hooked the waistband. "I dunno about this."

"Go ahead; let him suck you. He's damn good," Butch said. "Trained him myself."

Dan forced himself to relax a moment later. He raised his hips, allowing Jim to strip his shorts and briefs to his calves. He spread his knees to give Jim easier access. His rod was already heated, a glistening column of ivory-slick flesh jutting from a patch of auburn crotch-hair, and Jim began licking willingly.

"Take it easy on my nuts!" Dan hissed. "They're not rocks like yours, damn it!"

Jim heard Butch make a grunt of satisfaction, saw from the corner of his eye that Butch was watching him suck Dan. Butch kicked free of the last of his clothing. Burly and nude, he sauntered across the room, and Jim heard him at the cabinet where the bottle of lubricant was kept on a shelf. Jim could not see the older man, but he heard the squirt of liquid, the wet sound as Butch greased his soaring erection thoroughly. Hank's feet between the kneeling muscular youth's calves nudged, and Jim spread his legs, never interrupting his head-bobbing rhythm on Dan's cock as he lifted his tight-curved ass to Butch: an offering.

Jim felt the man move into position behind him. "You're going to get two loads of cum this time, kid," Butch chuckle-growled as he pulled the device out of Jim's ass: about four inches long, an inch wide but narrower just above the base so Jim's sphincter would hold it in place, shiny silver.

"What's that?" Dan asked. "Kind of fancy for a butt-plug."

"Something like that. It's part of the gear I use to train him. Put it in him this morning, just before you got here, to remind him who gives the orders."

Butch set it aside, and he spanked Jim's butt cheek briskly with his other hand. "Get ready for your second load of cum, kid. That ought to add at least half an inch to your pecker, I bet." Jim felt Butch press his buns apart, felt the older man centered his bulging cock-head against Jim's puckered opening. "Yeah, bet you're ready for this, kid!"

Jim grunted. He took Dan's tool throat-deep and held it, as Butch's powerful lube-slick rod probed into his tail; this way Jim's harsh groan was muffled by Dan's filling cock.

"I don't believe it!" the redhead gasped. "He took your big ol' cock like it was nothing! He's sucking me off, and you're plowing that big, fat dick up his butt at the same time!"

"I told you I'd trained him. He loves it, too. Don't you, kid?"

"Rhhz-rrruh," Jim moaned around a mouthful of cock.

Butch, hands on Jim's hips, pumped the solid length of his meat into the clenching asshole, while Dan grasped Jim's skull and squirmed his cock around the suctioning mouth. Jim let himself fade back into the trance-state, giving up control again, letting them use his body aggressively.

"Awwwh!" the redhead groaned at last. "Gonna pop!" An instant later, he tensed and threw his head back, and then a hoarse pleasure-cry broke from his throat as he orgasmed. Jim barely registered the taste of Dan's cum in his mouth as his body swallowed automatically.

"Drink that cum, kid!" Butch ordered, clamping himself against Jim's back and humping feverishly. "You're going to get my load, too--*now!*" He howled into his climax, and his thick-muscle body shook with the force of each blast he delivered into Jim's guts.

Exhausted, none of them moved for several minutes. By then, Jim had awakened from that quiet place in his head. Butch unpasted himself from the youth and mussed his dark hair affectionately. Looking up, Jim saw Dan slouched back on the plank bench, eyes closed, still panting, and Jim ran his palms upward over the trim torso and tweak-pinched the small nipples, grinning as the man winced and tried to squirm away.

"C'mon, Dan," Butch said, pulling back and sliding his heavy, relaxed cock free from Jim's butt, then swinging to his feet. "Let's hit the shower."

"Uh ... Sure ...," Dan gasped. "Good idea."

Jim stayed on his knees while Dan stood up and eased his shrunken dick away from his mouth, and he waited until he was sure both men were in the shower alcove. Then Jim sank back on his haunches and gazed down at his still-rigid cock. "Uncle Butch," he muttered, shaking his head as he thought back over what had just happened, smiling slightly, "you're one fucking son of a bitch, and you know I know it!"

Jim forced his hard-on to cool down, and then he climbed to his feet and strolled to the shower entrance. Butch and Dan were trading places under the single spray in the oversized alcove and soaping themselves. When Butch spotted the youth, he pointed to the far corner of the stall. "Over there, kid," the man ordered, "and on your knees. You know how drinking a whole bottle of water makes me need to take a leak, kid."

Jim blinked--*kid, kid*--and he obeyed, had to, backing into the corner. The distance already taking him again would protect him from shame.

"I said, on your knees, kid."

Jim hunkered down, head lowered, and Butch stepped in front of him, tugged his prick, and began to piss. The acrid, body-hot stream sluiced over the youth's muscled torso and made golden puddles in his crotch, and he stayed motionless until it ended.

"Say 'thank you,' kid."

"Thank you, sir," he mumbled as Butch shifted away.

"Your turn," the man said to Dan, unconcerned. "Give him a good bath."

Dan took Butch's place, looking uncertain but ready to give Jim a second drenching, and Jim saw Butch smile with satisfaction as he soap-lathered his hands. Then, after a moment of pee-shyness, Dan began to piss, tentatively, then with growing force. Butch moved in close behind him and cupped the redhead's firm ass cheeks in his foam-covered palms. Dan jumped, his urine-stream swinging wildly for a second before he steadied himself. Jim knew Butch was sliding his soapy fingers into the sharp crevice between Dan's butt-cheeks, and Dan was letting him. The piss stream faded. Butch grinned loosely as he gently explored the hair-spiked passage, and Dan gasped as Butch massaged the crinkled opening. Jim saw the redhead shiver at the sensation.

Grinning broadly now, sure of himself, Butch moved back beneath the shower spray, rinsed. Dan looked disappointed as Butch stepped from the stall to grab a towel and dry himself. A moment later, Dan eagerly followed him, maybe hoping for more.

Jim stayed on his knees, piss-stinking, waiting. Over the still-running shower, he heard a short burst of someone's voice outside. Maybe, he imagined, Butch had played on Dan's curiosity, convinced him to put on the cap again--and kept it on him this time until the full effect locked in. Or maybe Butch had slid in behind Dan--Jim knew from experience that Butch was strong and quick--and clamped Dan in a sleeper hold; almost as soon as he realized what was happening, Dan would have been passing out, and struggling would only put him out faster. Or maybe Butch had told Dan to follow him into the rest of the house where they would find him something to wear while Jim washed his sweaty clothes.

Either way, Jim waited until he was sure the two men had left the room beyond. Then he stood up and sloshed under the pelting shower, soaping and scrubbing from head to toe, twice. He cleaned himself automatically, remembering the first time Butch had taken a leak on him and trained him to wash up thoroughly afterward.

He also remembered that first time, still a little buzzed from the quarter of a joint he had managed to smoke in

secret before Butch caught him, and Jim fought back, but Butch still managed to get him snapped into the handcuffs and strung up in the chains, and Jim had struggled and screamed and tried to twist away as Butch methodically whipped his back and ass--fought until he spent all his strength and had nothing left, until he could only hang there in the chains, weak and trembling, taking each new blow with a low groan more of exhaustion than stoic acceptance of the inevitable. He remembered how Butch unlocked the chains and carried his limp body to the chair, and the sudden spike of agony as his freshly whip-burned back slapped into the chair. Jim had been too exhausted to put up more than a token resistance as Butch fastened the wrist straps, the ankle straps, the sensor-laden strap across his chest, until the youth was too tightly bound to move anything except his head. And then Butch had pulled the cap into place on his head. Jim had immediately felt the sensation, like a thousand little pinpricks all around his mind, both itchy-irritating and intensely erotic at the same time. He remembered the humiliation he felt as his cock hardened in response, knowing he should have somehow found the strength to fight back harder, knowing the machine was digging into his mind, starting to make changes, knowing because his uncle was standing there telling him exactly what would happen, as Jim felt the world slowly slip away and go dark. He remembered that once he had really loved the way pot made him feel, had almost been addicted to the stuff. But since that first time in the chair, he had never taken, never wanted, another toke. He had instead become addicted to toking on his uncle's cock. And he liked that so much more than pot.

Jim shook his head to send away the memories. Finished with his shower, he took his time drying off. Would Butch want him to get dressed again? No matter--his gym shorts had disappeared. He strolled naked into the main part of the house. He found Butch settled, still nude, in his armchair in the living room, working on a can of beer.

"Where's Dan?" Jim asked warily.

"He might have left, or he might be around somewhere," Butch said cryptically.

Jim considered this. He easily envisioned Dan getting dressed, maybe in his own sweaty shirt and shorts, maybe in clean clothes borrowed from Butch, and making a quick escape, embarrassed by what went on in the garage and the shower stall. He could also imagine Dan, capped and docile, being led--or being dragged, naked and unconscious after Butch's sleeper hold--into the equipment area, being laid out and strapped down and hooked up to the machines, the cap securely on his head, and the metal butt-plug up his ass. Butch was giving no sign of which scenario had actually happened.

Butch nodded to the coffee table. "I popped you a beer. Figured you'd need it."

"Thanks." Jim picked up the waiting can and swallowed deeply, then faced the burly man. "You're working on something with Dan, right?"

"What makes you think that?"

"You made me put on the cap this morning, and you started calling me *kid* when you came back from jogging with him. You know I'll do whatever you say. You haven't needed to use the cap or call me *kid* since--"

"Since I trained you," Butch acknowledged, completing the youth's thought, and he grinned, viewing Jim's matured physique and genitals. "You sure aren't a kid anymore."

"Shit." Jim drank again, feeling warm and proud; but at the same time, he was troubled by what had happened. "So, what about Dan?"

"Right now," the man answered quietly, "I'd say he's curious about what it'd be like to take some heavy training himself."

"His balls are real tender."

"So were yours when I started working on them. You popped his nuts when he creamed, right?"

"Yeah. And you finger-fucked him while he was pissing on me."

"I only played with his asshole, just to give him the idea." Butch paused to drink. "Think you could train Dan, pal?"

Jim blinked with surprise. "Me? How come?"

"It's time you used your experience. Also, I figure your first fuck ought to be into a virgin butt."

"Hot damn!" Jim tossed down the last of his beer and gazed at the man impishly. "Hey, Uncle Butch, how about letting me practice on your ass? I've always wanted to--"

"Cool it!" Butch ordered sharply. "You can do anything you want with Dan, but nothing changes between you and me. Understand?"

"Okay." Jim looked down, almost shy. "Hell, I don't *want* anything to change between us."

"That's more like it. I'm going to go right on giving the orders and busting your nuts whenever I feel like it, and you're going to do what I say." As if to enforce what he'd said, Butch raised one hand. "Give me your balls, kid."

Jim shuffled forward, presenting his dangling genitals obediently, and he watched the man grasp them, fingering his large, heavy testicles and cock tauntingly.

"Uncle Butch," he murmured as the dreamy distraction began to take him away from the pain. "... Getting ... hard ... on ..."

"Didn't you unload when you were sucking Dan and taking my load up your ass?" The clenching hand relaxed, released Jim's testicles.

"No," the youth admitted as his head cleared. "I ... would've, if you'd grabbed my dick like you usually do when you fuck me."

"That's why I didn't," Butch snickered. "I wanted you horny as hell when Dan and I were done with you, punk!"

The man hunched forward and took the youth's swelling cock-head into his mouth, rolling it over his tongue sensuously. When Jim's shaft was rigid with heat, Butch slid to his knees and took it throat-deep, wrapping his arms about Jim's hips and urging him downward.

"Butch!" the youth groaned, gripping the man's powerful shoulders for support as he lowered himself to the floor and settled on his back. "Keep that up, and I'll cream real quick!"

"Bullshit!" Butch barked, releasing Jim's spit-wet rod and watching it spank back against his belly. "If you shoot before I tell you to, I'll give you a training session you'll never forget!"

"You son of a bitch!" Jim grumbled, trying to hold back a grin. "You're the one who got me so damn hot!"

"And I'm going to keep you that way until your nuts ache." He stretched on his side next to Jim and ran his fingers over the youth's muscle-arched chest. "Remember the first time I went down on you, pal? I barely got

started before you popped."

"Hell, that was my first blow-job ever. I was just a punk kid back then."

"That's why I took you out in the garage and whipped you like never before, and slapped the cap on you, and hooked you up to the equipment. So you'd learn to do what I say." He drew a deep breath. "We've come a long way since then."

"Yeah, I guess so." Jim brought one hand up to brush Butch's lush chest hair, avoiding his gaze. "If you hadn't taken over, I'd probably still be a punk kid."

"Yeah, probably," Butch agreed, still admiring the muscular youth. "You're getting to be one hell of a stud."

"Just trying to catch up with you."

"Keep right on trying," the man chuckled, then reached down to grip Jim's rigid prick. "We'll do some more muscle-building in the garage this afternoon."

"Okay," Jim mock-sighed as Butch twisted down face-to-crotch, offering his potent dick to the youth at the same time. "How come you didn't tell Dan the whole truth? That *strong-willed* and *weak-willed* crap was a bunch of bullshit. Either way, the equipment's gonna get in a guy's head and reprogram him--hell, that's what it's *designed* to do. How come you didn't tell Dan the whole truth about the equipment and why I do whatever you say, Uncle Butch?"

"Cause I didn't want to spook him. Maybe I sent him home to think on it some more. Or maybe I got him all trussed up and strapped to the chair and hooked up, so the equipment can start breaking him down and reprogramming him to be obedient, and you can get to work training him." Butch grinned. "Hey, I'll make you a bet. We'll go out to the garage and check out the equipment. If Dan's there in the chair, you and I'll start training him. But if he's not, you'll sit down and let me put that cap on you and the dildo up your butt and give you a nice, long training session. Which do you think it's gonna be?"

"Shit, I'm not taking that bet, Uncle Butch." Jim fingered the man's testicles gently and flicked his tongue once along Butch's cock-shaft. "Besides, you don't need to put me in the chair to train me. You've worked me over, whippings and tit-clamps and all, and you reprogrammed me so I'll do anything you say. But, more than that, you've built me up and made me into the kind of guy who turns a stud like Dan on." He took a fast breath. "And you taught me that a punk kid sometimes needs a fucking son of a bitch like you to keep him in line."

"You got it, kid! Tell you what--maybe we can wait a while about checking the equipment room to see whether Dan's there or not. C'mere."

They locked together, licking and caressing and sucking and trading loads and then doing it all again, and several hours passed before they got around to checking the equipment room.
