

Jack Hamilton

Chapter 1

So let's get one thing clear right from the start. Jack Hamilton is a terrible person. On the surface, he's pretty much perfect. At seventeen, he had just started his senior year of high school, he had the body, he had the looks, captain of the football team, loved by everyone.

Now dig a little deeper and what you really find is a shallow, vindictive, bigoted thug. With every passing year at school, Jack grew more and more unpleasant. Take away the popularity and the football and he would just be known as the school bully, but of course being little Mr Perfect somehow made it okay for him to do truly terrible things to people.

Guys got stuffed in lockers, thrown in dumpsters, beaten mercilessly, girls were ridiculed and belittled, had vile rumours spread about them, called sluts and bitches, all of this at the hand of Jack Hamilton. Any difference, he picked on. Any weakness, he ridiculed. And the gays, Jack had a particular hatred of the 'filthy faggots'.

So if at any time, you begin to feel even the slightest bit sorry for Jack, just remember this one thing – Jack Hamilton is not a nice person!

It was the end of the first week of senior year for Jack Hamilton. He was pleased with the start he had gotten off to. His position as Captain of the football team had him almost royalty in the hallways of Holmepoint High School. He had already cemented his reputation with the new batch of freshman who had rolled in that week, putting the fear of Jack into them. Football Practice had just finished and Jack had decided he wanted to hang out in the park with his most loyal cronies.

The seventeen-year-old strutted through the park, heading for his favourite spot with Elliott and Danny in tow. Elliott had been Jack's best friend for as long as they could remember. They had played together on the Junior Varsity team in their freshman year and Elliott had continued on it even after Jack had been promoted to varsity the following year. He had chosen to drop out of the team several months earlier to focus on his studies, but remained just as close to Jack, the two mostly inseparable.

Jack barely knew Danny really. He was on the football team with him, but beyond that Jack simply accepted his presence because he always seemed to do as he was told. As the three of them rounded a dense cluster of trees, they came across the benches they used for their all-too-common alcohol consumption. They intended to have just a couple of beers tonight, Elliott's suggestion for a celebration of their first week. As the bench came into the sight, they found it occupied.

"All hail the Captain!" one of the figures on the bench called out. It was Bryce, a junior and another member of the team, accompanied by Lincoln and Aaron, also sixteen.

“What are you doing here, Bryce?” Jack spat. He truly despised his younger teammate, mainly because actually offered a genuine challenge to Jack's supremacy. Despite being a year younger, Bryce was substantially bigger than Jack. The two competed at everything.

The two young men with Bryce barely registered on Jack's radar. He knew enough about their skills on the field to use them effectively, beyond that they were less than nothing to him.

“What, can't we spend a lovely evening with our wonderful Captain? Bryce said completely insincerely.

“Get lost. This spot's ours, go find your own!” Jack snarled, fists clenching.

“Oh, you wanna fight?” Bryce said, seeing Jack's reaction. He jumped to his feet, squaring up to the slightly-shorter teen.

“Woah, woah, calm down!” Elliott said quickly, jumping between the two and pushing them apart.

Bryce sniggered. “Yeah, that's it, protect your boyfriend!”

“I'll fucking...” Jack started, attempting to lunge forward. Again Elliott held him back.

“STOP!” Elliott yelled. “You get into a fight and go home covered in bruises, questions are gonna get asked. You know the school's rules on fighting!”

Jack looked furious, but stopped trying to get to Bryce.

“Look, if you wanna shut him up, let's find another way!” Elliott said calmly.

“What you got in mind?” Bryce asked, looking eager at the chance to take Jack on.

“Erm... I dunno. Something sporty, not football...” Elliott mused.

“They could race!” Lincoln offered.

Bryce scoffed. “No way, do I look built for speed?” To prove his point, he raised both arms and flexed his massive biceps. The man really was a mountain of muscle.

“How about this?” Aaron offered, reaching into his bag and pulling out a basketball.

Jack grinned. “Sounds good to me!” He was confident in his basketball skills and jumped on the chance to put Bryce back in his place. “Unless you're chicken!”

Bryce looked a little less confident, but wasn't about to back down from a challenge, especially from Jack. “Let's do it!” he said, grabbing the ball off of Aaron and heading in the direction of the park's basketball court.

“Clear the court!” Jack yelled as they approached.

A couple of younger boys heard Jack's command and ran, recognising who he was immediately,

leaving the court empty for the six teenagers.

“You've so got this!” Elliott whispered to Jack. “Why don't you see what you can get out of him for it!”

Jack looked at Elliott for a moment, eyes narrowing. Then he grinned as an idea came to him. “Whadda you say we make this interesting?” Jack asked.

“What are you thinking?” Bryce asked, dumping his bag just off the court where Lincoln, Aaron, Elliott and Danny now stood.

“If I win... you drop out of the team!” Jack said, a wicked grin spreading across his face.

“What? No way!” Bryce laughed, shaking his head.

“So you ARE chicken!” Jack taunted, quickly grabbing the ball.

“Fine!” Bryce snapped, snatching the ball back. “I lose and I quit the team. But if you lose...”

Jack was prepared, he expected a similar challenge in return, but was still confident.

“You run from here to the lake and back... naked!” Bryce said with a slight sneer.

“What?” Jack asked in shock, suddenly turning pale.

“Now who's chicken?” Lincoln called out.

“Fuck you!” Jack yelled over at the younger boy, then looked back to Bryce and said, “Fine, deal. Straight shots. First to five wins it! El, toss a coin. I call heads!”

Elliott reached into his pocket and pulled out a coin and flipped it. He looked over at Jack and shrugged. “Tails!” he said sadly.

Jack looked unhappy, already being at a disadvantage, cursing his decision to make it first to five. He stood aside, letting Bryce prepare to take his first shot. He could feel a knot in his stomach. Why did Bryce have to pick a forfeit involving nudity? Jack was supremely confident about his appearance, but only if he remained clothed. He wasn't sure whether it was something from his childhood or maybe the way he was raised, but taking his clothes off in front of people had always been an absolute phobia for him. Even in the locker room, he would have his clothes off and uniform on before anyone else could see. His underwear never came off though, he simply refused outright to shower at school. That meant that he really just had to win now. Avoiding nudity and getting Bryce off the team at the same time, he had to do it.

Bryce took aim, threw the ball... nothing but net! “And that's how it's done!” he taunted Jack, as he stepped back out of the way.

Elliott caught the ball as it bounced and tossed it to his friend. Silently, Jack lined up and took his first shot. It went in easily. “No, THAT'S how it's done!” Jack taunted back, with a sneer.

Elliott passed the ball again and Bryce took his second shot. It hit the rim and bounced away, sending Lincoln running after it.

“Ha. Loser!” Jack laughed as he caught the ball. He waited for Bryce to move aside then took position to shoot again. This was his chance to take the lead.

“Enjoy your naked run!” Bryce taunted, just before Jack took the shot.

Jack scowled, then turned back shakily. He hated to admit it, but the other teen really was getting under his skin. Fear of his possible nakedness was beginning to creep in and taking over his thoughts. He jumped and shot. The ball missed the basket completely, flying past the other boys.

“Wow, you really wanna get naked, don't you. You don't need to make it quite so obvious!” Bryce teased.

“Fuck off!” Jack snarled back angrily. His hands were trembling now.

Bryce took his third shot, scoring his second point. Losing the lead only served to increase Jack's nervousness as he missed his third shot. Bryce shot again, taking the lead three-to-one.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!” Jack muttered under his breath as he stood trying to stop his hands shaking ready for shot four. He took a deep breath, threw the ball and watched it fly through the air. It bounced off the rim, bounced off the other side and fell into the net. “YES!” he called out happily.

“Won't help, it's still three-to-two!” Lincoln called out.

“Yeah, hurry up and lose, naked boy!” Aaron joined in. It was rare to see the star athlete sweat like this so the two sixteen-year-olds were making the most of it.

“Shut the fuck up!” Jack screeched.

“Don't worry, you won't be able to hear them when you're across the park, streaking!” Bryce added with a grin.

“Just fucking shoot!” Jack said through gritted teeth, hands clenched but still shaking.

Emboldened by Jack's misery, Bryce easily scored his fourth point, the older teen once again missing. Bryce caught the ball as it was thrown back again.

“One more point and your ass is mine!” Bryce chuckled. He casually tossed the ball.

Jack's breath caught in his throat as he watched the ball soar through the air. He heard cheering before he truly realised what had just happened... he had lost!

“Time to pay up... Captain!” Lincoln said happily as the four spectators rushed the court.

“Fuck off, I'm not doing it!” Jack insisted, shaking his head. He turned to walk away.

Bryce reached out and grabbed him. "You made a bet, you lost, you pay up!"

Jack tugged his wrist free of Bryce's meaty hand. "Fuck off!"

"Oh gee, what's the rest of the team gonna think when we tell them you not only lost to Bryce, but backed out of a bet? That's really gonna hurt that wonderful reputation, isn't it!" Aaron said, smiling cruelly.

"Fine. I pay up and none of you tells anyone I lost. Got it?" Jack demanded. Momentarily, his pride had overtaken his fear.

The other five all shrugged and nodded their agreement.

Jack sighed heavily and reached for the bottom of his t-shirt. He turned as he pulled it off, facing away from the others to try and hide his body, although he knew they were probably going to see it anyway. Still gripping the t-shirt, he pulled down his shorts and boxers in one single motion, flushing bright red as he realised he had just bent over with his bare arse showing to the other five boys. He stepped out of them and picked them up. With one hand covering his cock, he turned back slightly to Elliott.

"Look after these!" Jack ordered, shooting Bryce an angry stare. He wouldn't have put it past the big bastard to have run off with them. He knew they would be safe with Elliott though.

The lake wasn't far, just a few minutes walk away, so at a full sprint Jack knew he would be there and back in no time. Not wanting to remain exposed any longer than he had to, he took off at full speed. He heard cheers from behind him and angrily cursed himself for losing. As he ran, he prayed desperately not to come across anyone else. It was bad enough that the five back on the court had just seen his back. If he ran face first into a stranger, they would likely see a lot more.

For just a moment, he considered turning back right there. The other wouldn't know he hadn't made it all the way to the lake. He thought better of it. His agreement had been that this would all remain confidential so long as he paid up on the forfeit. He wasn't about to give them anything to catch him out on. He made it to the lake edge without seeing anyone else, then started the run back.

He figured it was his lucky day when he got all the way back to the court without being seen. The main drawback was that as he ran towards them, they could see the front of his body. He was proud of his upper torso, it was extremely well-muscled, obviously not to the extent of Bryce who was huge, but enough to show he put in a lot of work. Best of all was the dark hair covering his chest and the thin line of it down his stomach. Whenever he saw some of the other boys his age with their smooth bodies he felt especially manly. He kept a hand covering his cock and balls, although his bush was on show for all six of the others to see.

'Wait, six?' Jack thought as he looked at the group. 'There should only be five.'

As he got closer, the extra person suddenly became obvious. He was younger and shorter than the rest of the group and clearly stood out because of his bright ginger hair.

'What the fuck's that faggot doing here?' Jack thought as he saw Ben, a fifteen-year-old he knew all

to well from school.

“The fuck you doing here you little homo?” Jack snapped angrily as he got closer. “Couldn't wait to get a good look at me?”

Ben grinned and waited for Jack to notice something else.

“The fuck... are you recording me?” Jack screamed as he saw Ben holding up his phone. So enraged by the boy's presence, and actions, Jack lunged forward with both hands, revealing his cock to the camera.

“Back off!” Bryce called out as he and Lincoln each grabbed one of Jack's arms.

“GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME!” Jack snarled, struggling to get free. Lincoln wasn't too much of a challenge, but Bryce's strength was undeniable.

“I said back off!” Bryce repeated, then pushed Jack back as Lincoln held out a leg to trip him.

Jack fell prone, suddenly realising he should cover up. “Fuckers. Elliott, gimme my clothes.”

“Oh, you mean these?” Ben taunted, holding up Jack's clothing like a trophy.

“Elliott, what the fuck?” Jack demanded of his friend as he climbed to his feet.

“Come on, we can get them back,” Jack said, looking first to Elliott and then to Danny. “It's three against four, we can take them!”

“No!” Elliott said, shaking his head. “Sorry Jack, it's not three against four. It's six against one!”

Jack's friends both moved to stand beside the other four boys, arms crossed, staring coldly.

Jack looked more angry than hurt, although Elliott suspected he was feeling both. Standing there, covering up with both hands now, the Captain looked truly pathetic. “The fuck's going on?”

“It's time to pay!” Ben said with barely-concealed rage. He put down the phone and pressed a few buttons.

“I already paid, I did the run!” Jack insisted. He peered down at his feet and said, “Oh what, you gonna penalise me for keeping my shoes on?”

Bryce smirked. “No, he doesn't mean pay for that!”

Jack frowned, confused. “Then pay for what?”

“Honestly Jack, the fact that you don't know is actually part of the problem!” Elliott said, shaking his head. “You know what, I think it'll be better if you figure it out for yourself.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? Just give me back my fucking clothes!” Jack demanded, fists clenched tightly. He was more than ready to fight his way to Ben, even if it meant going through

Elliott.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," Ben said, walking forward, the other boys parting to let him through. He held out his phone. "I've got a video titled 'Jack Hamilton's naked forfeit' ready to upload to YouTube with a single press of a button. So unless you want the entire world to see... little Jack, you should just do everything we tell you!"

Jack's jaw clenched. He wanted to play strong, to tell them to go fuck themselves and upload the video, but his fear gripped him once again. "Fine, whatever, I'll do whatever faggoty shit you're talking about, just give me back my clothes!"

Ben smirked and shook his head. Normally Jack's insults hurt, but now the tide had turned. The barbed words now seemed more like the desperate, futile flailing of a doomed man. "You heard him, let's do this 'faggoty shit' then. Turn around!" Ben ordered.

"Wow!" Jack exclaimed, "You really love butts don't you, butt-boy!"

As soon as Jack's back was turned, Bryce stepped forward and pulled both of Jack's arms behind his back.

"The fuck!?" Jack exclaimed as he felt something cold on his wrists. As he tried to pull them back, he realised he was cuffed. "Get these fucking things off of me!" he demanded, turning round, so angry he simply didn't care that they could all see his cock, shrivelled from fear.

Ben stepped forward and slapped Jack with a ferocity that even took his cohorts by surprise. "You've gotta mind your language, boy!" Ben said angrily. "From now, you swear, you get punished. Now shut up and follow us!"

Ben turned and started walking away, followed by the others, leaving a shocked and dazed Jack standing on the basketball court.

"Or stay there, I don't really care!" Ben called back.

Jack reluctantly followed, running up to the group and trying to remain in the middle for fear of being seen. The other six may have seen him naked now, but there was no need to let anyone else see him if it could be avoided.

When they reached the parking lot, they headed for Jack's car, a sleek red convertible that he had been given by his parents when he turned seventeen. It was his pride and joy and nobody else was ever allowed to drive it.

"Look, you've had your fun," Jack said, looking round nervously as he heard cars passing by. "Now let me go and give me back my clothes!"

The other laughed, filling Jack with an ever-increasing sense of dread.

"You kidding? Our fun is just getting started." Ben teased. He opened the passenger seat of Jack's car and said, "Get in!"

“Fuck off, only I drive it!” Jack insisted.

Ben shook his head. “What did I say about swearing? Put him over the hood!” He said, instructing Lincoln and Aaron.

Jack found himself being walked to the hood of his car, then pushed down onto it, his cheek pressing against the metal. “What are you...” he started, but let out a yelp of pain before he could finish his question.

Ben stood swatting at Jack's bare rump with his hand, five hard smacks on each. After the shock of the first swat, Jack remained silent, not wanting to give the younger boy the satisfaction of hearing him in pain. When it was done, he was allowed to stand up.

Ben offered him the door again and angrily, under the gaze of his six captors, he got in. Elliott retrieved Jack's keys from the pocket of his shorts and jumped into the drivers' seat, while Ben jumped into the back. Bryce, Lincoln, Danny and Aaron all piled into Bryce's car and followed as Elliott pulled out of the lot.

“Why are you doing this?” Jack asked Elliott as they drove. He hoped that talking might distract him from the stomach-churning fear he felt every time they passed anyone. He knew they could mostly only see that he was shirtless, but even that was enough to send waves of humiliation through him every time.

“Just... ugh, fuck Jack, you're fucking impossible!” Elliott complained, shaking his head. “You're so caught up in yourself.”

“You know I'll fucking kill you for this when it's over!” Jack snarled. Suddenly, he felt hands come down over his shoulders.

Ben leaned forwards, sliding his hands down Jack's chest, a finger and thumb grabbing each nipple and squeezing. He heard the older teen gasp and pull away very slightly, but nowhere near as strongly as he knew he could. “When this is over, I've got a feeling you'll be thanking him!” Ben whispered in Jack's ear. He leaned forward and looked down. “Oh, and whadda you know, I think I found your on switch!”

Horried at his own reluctance to pull away, Jack looked down and saw what Ben meant. His dick had not popped up to full erection, but it was definitely showing signs of growth. He tried to argue back, but as the young fingers continued to squeeze the sensitive nubs, he went totally weak.

By the time the two cars reached their destination, Jack's cock had finished swelling and now stood proudly at its full seven inches. Jack wanted to cry. Being naked and handcuffed felt humiliating enough, but to be aroused too. Nobody guy had ever seen him in the state before.

“Where are we?” Jack asked, looking up at the house they were now parked in front of.

“My place,” Ben said, jumping out of the car then opening the door for Jack. “Don't worry, nobody's home so you don't need to worry about anyone else seeing you... well not so long as the neighbours aren't looking. I'd suggest you run!”

Jack peered round at the nearby houses nervously, then swung his legs out, stood up and raced to the front door. As he ran, his erection slapped up and down between stomach and leg, making him feel even more stupid and exposed. Once he reached the door, he cowered in a corner, trying not to be seen until his 'friends' arrived.

"He looked pretty keen to get inside!" Lincoln laughed loud enough for Jack to hear as they all walked up the path, deliberately slow.

"He wouldn't be if he knew what was coming!" Bryce added.

"Just open the fucking door!" Jack demanded, then immediately regretted it.

The naked teen stood there, expecting to get turned around for another spanking. Instead, what he got was a sharp slap to the balls from Ben. "No swearing!" he snapped as Jack doubled over in pain. He reached across and unlocked the door, pushed it open then led the still-moaning Jack in.

The house was much smaller than Jack's expansive home. His parents were comfortably wealthy. By the looks of it, Ben's family weren't quite so well off, but still seemed to be getting by okay. Jack occasionally looked round at the boy. Jack knew what Ben's issue was with him, he had made the boy's life hell almost from the day he came to Holmepoint High School. Jack had been responsible for outing Ben, which had gotten the boy bullied quite a lot from several sources, although Jack knew he was one of the worst.

"Make yourselves at home, guys!" Ben said with a sweet smile to the other five young men following them in.

Bryce and Lincoln jumped onto the sofa, kicking off their shoes, while the other three took some bags of supplies through into the kitchen as Ben stood with Jack who was just beginning to recover from the ball-slap.

"So what's the deal then?" Jack asked wearily. "You all sit around, laugh at me some more and then I'm free to go?"

"Something like that. Stay here, don't move!" Ben ordered.

Jack figured for now it was best to play along, so he remained where he had been positioned, looking down and noting thankfully that without the stimulation to his nipples, his cock was beginning to go down.

Ben returned several seconds later, carrying what looked like handcuffs, but with a slightly longer chain.

Jack started backing away, Bryce and Lincoln peering at him over the back of the sofa and laughing at his expression. "What's that?" he asked nervously.

"Stand still!" Ben said, ignoring Jack's question.

"No, what are you doing?" Jack demanded, continuing to back away.

“Look!” Ben said sharply, lunging forwards. He grabbed Jack's balls and squeezed, making the seventeen-year-old stumble back against the wall. “The way this is going to work is that we will tell you to do things and you will do them. If you refuse, if you resist or if you so much as question us, your pathetic naked body goes all over the internet and you get more of this!” Ben squeezed harder to emphasise his point.

Jack's eyes watered as he strained to hold back a yell. He simply nodded, hoping Ben would take his acceptance as a sign to let go. Thankfully, the vengeful fifteen-year-old did exactly that, releasing his grip.

“Now stay still!” Ben repeated, then knelt down in front of Jack. He secured a restraint to Jack's left ankle, then to his right. “Okay, well you're not going anywhere now, so let's get these off.” He said, standing up and turning Jack to get to the handcuffs. “Give us any reason not to trust you and they go right back on. Understand?”

Jack nodded, moving his feet slightly. The short chain kept them less than a foot apart. They would make walking difficult and running an impossibility, not that he would anyway. There was no way he was stepping out those doors without his clothes again and even if he did, he no longer had the keys to his car and had no idea where he actually was. He had been so distracted by Ben's hands on the way over that he had paid no attention to their destination.

The other three returned from the kitchen, joining Bryce and Lincoln. Ben sat with them too, then looked to Jack and called out, “Okay slaveboy. Bring us some drinks. Soda for me!”

“I'll take a beer!” Bryce called out.

Jack stared, listening to their requests, mentally taking note and considering telling them all to just fuck off. He resisted though, not simply because that choice of words would have got him punished, but also because he hoped that a few menial tasks done naked and they might get bored, releasing him. Scowling, he shuffled off towards the kitchen. He grabbed their drinks and carried them back through, handing them out one-by-one.

It was absolutely humiliating to be standing there naked, serving drinks to his juniors but he was determined not to give any of them another reason to make things worse.

“Good boy, you're learning fast,” Ben said, slapping Jack gently on the rear as he passed the armchair the fifteen-year-old had occupied. “Now, I want to put my feet up!”

Jack looked round for a footstool, but couldn't see any sign of one, then looked back at Ben as the realisation struck him.

“That's right, boy. Down you go,” Ben said, raising his legs.

Jack walked towards his tormentor, dropped to his knees then crawled into place, feeling the feet come to rest on his back. Already red with anger, Jack could feel himself blushing more as he realised the position he was now in perfectly revealed his butt to the other guys. Still, it was better than the alternative and potentially having to look at them. He began to wonder how he could look any of them in the eye ever again.

As Jack continued to play the human footstool, the other six just chatted and drank, mostly ignoring him. In a way, that almost felt worse. He didn't want their ridicule, but at least when they did that they acknowledged his existence. Being ignored, he truly did feel like part of the furniture.

They had Jack do a few more chores for them as they sat enjoying their evening – more drinks, a bit of light cleaning, some exercises, nothing too strenuous. Jack was beginning to think that things might be drawing to a conclusion. Sadly, he couldn't have been further from the truth.

“So, who fancies a show?” Ben asked with a grin. He got a cheer from the others while Jack simply looked terrified. “Stand over there,” he instructed the naked teen, pointing to a spot in the middle of the room.

Jack hesitated, but as soon as he saw Ben begin to move, he shuffled into place.

“Good, now let's see you get hard!” Ben said casually.

“What? No way. Nuh-uh, not happening!” Jack said, shaking his head.

“Ah, this'll be good,” Bryce whispered to Lincoln with a snigger.

“Are you... refusing to do as you're told?” Ben asked coolly. His expression was neutral, but Jack could sense the danger he was in as the younger boy stared at him.

“No, just... can't I do... something else? I can do more chores for you!” Jack attempted to bargain, his hands subconsciously moving down to try and conceal himself.

“So you ARE refusing. That's fine. We'll let you leave,” Ben said.

“We'll what?” Bryce demanded, sitting up sharply.

“You... you will?” Jack stuttered, taking a few steps forward.

Ben grinned. “We will, but the handcuffs go back on and you won't be getting your clothes or car back!” he explained as he stood up and headed for the door. “So off you go then!” He opened the door and gestured for Jack to leave.

Bryce and the other looked back and forth between the two. They knew that Ben wasn't bluffing, he really would allow Jack to leave. They also knew that there was no way he would do it.

“Fine!” Jack snapped. He grabbed his cock and started tugging at it in an attempt to get an erection as he had been ordered.

Ben closed the door and sat back down, watching the older teen struggle for several minutes. Through both a mix of nervousness and a lack of actual arousal, Jack simply get get hard.

“Pathetic!” Bryce called out.

“Look at his limp little dick!” Aaron added.

"All hail the impotent Captain!" Lincoln taunted.

Jack could feel himself getting angrier and angrier at the comments and his own body's refusal to obey his wishes. He could hardly believe he was actually hoping to get hard in front of six guys, but here he was, tugging away.

"Hey, you wanna see something fun?" Ben asked. "One of you go up and play with his nipples!"

"No way!" Bryce refused. Secretly, he did want to get his hands on Jack, purely to make him suffer, but he didn't want to look too keen.

"I'll do it!" Elliott said with a grin. He jumped up and approached Jack, ignoring his contemptuous stare.

Jack took a step back and raised his hands to protect his chest.

"Nope, none of that!" Ben insisted, jumping out of his seat, handcuffs ready.

Moments later, Jack was cuffed once again. This time though, Ben also reached up and put a blindfold on him. Jack hated being cuffed again, but found himself strangely grateful to have his vision obscured. Although it made him feel much more vulnerable, he was now spared the laughing faces of his teammates.

Elliott grabbed a nipple and gently rolled it between his thumb and forefinger. The football star let out a low guttural groan completely involuntarily getting hysterical laughter from the spectators. Elliott reach up with his other hand, now squeezing both rigid nubs gently.

As Ben had expected, Jack's cock was immediately up to full size once again. "Keep going!" he called out to Elliott who had a fairly sizeable bulge of his own.

"Please stop," Jack whispered to his former friend, almost panting now.

Elliott simply laughed and continued. For several more minutes, the nipple-play continued. Jack was lost in a haze of humiliation and arousal. Being so turned on in front of the others would have been bad enough alone, but for it be done at the hands of a guy was almost too much for Jack to bear. Worst of all, he could feel something else building.

"Oh God, oh God no," Jack whimpered, his legs trembling as Elliott's torture continued.

"Guys, I think he's about to..." Elliott started, but Jack erupted before he could finish the warning.

With a high-pitched whimper, Jack felt his cock explode. A heavy burst of cum shot out, flying several feet in front of him, landing just short of Bryce's feet. The second shot reached almost as far, the third less than that. Spurt after spurt continued to splat heavily onto the hard-wood floor. Elliott stared at the erupting cock, but continued teasing his friend's nipples.

Eventually, as the orgasm began to subside, Jack's legs finally gave way. He feel to his knees, but without his hands to steady himself, collapsed onto his side, cock still twitching.

Ben waved Elliott back to his seat, then stood over the naked teen. He reached down and pulled off the blindfold, a slight smirk flashing across his face as he saw a hint of wetness around Jack's eyes. He grabbed a handful of hair and pulled Jack's head towards the nearest splatters of cum on the floor.

"Look at his mess you've made. Clean it up!" Ben ordered.

"W... with what?" Jack asked breathlessly.

Ben reached down and grabbed Jack's face, squeezing his cheeks and making his tongue pop out. "With that! And don't miss a drop!"

Jack was starting to think that leaving may have been the best idea. If he had the strength right then, he might have got up and left, but the hands-free orgasm had sapped his strength entirely. 'Maybe this is it,' he thought to himself, 'Maybe after this they let me go!' He shuffled round, not daring to look up at anyone.

He moved a little too far and felt wetness on his cheek, so moved back slightly and started licking his spunk off the floor. He had never tasted his own seed before. While it wasn't entirely unpleasant, the manner on which he was tasting it was enough to make him retch. He licked up the small puddle, then moved onto the next, working his way across the floor.

As he got to the last splatter, he could see the feet of his teammates right in front of him. He still didn't dare to look up. Instead he just licked it up and then called out, "All done!"

"Good, now kneel up!" Ben commanded.

Jack took a deep, shaky breath, then knelt up, finding himself face-to-face with Bryce... who was holding out his phone. Jack's eyes widened with shock.

Bryce laughed at the terrified older boy, kneeling there naked, embarrassed and with remnants of cum smeared over his face. "You put on a good show!" Bryce said, moving the camera in closer. "Something else for the Internet, you know, if you misbehave!"

"You... you wouldn't..." Jack said, just about ready to cry.

"Oh I would!" Bryce said. "You know I'd love to. But I think I'd prefer having you as my slave, so be a good boy," he said, then reached down and unzipped his pants. He pulled out a semi-erect cock. "And give me a blow job!"

Chapter 2

THEN

Despite being a Junior, Jack sat with the Seniors on the football team, the whole group laughing collectively at the team's new recruits. More than half of the team was made up of Seniors, but the rest were Juniors and there were even two Sophomores. Jack had taken a particular dislike to the two youngest team members. Who made the team was down to the coach, but that didn't mean the young Captain had to be happy about it.

Jack had always been proud of joining the varsity team so young and while he still held the record for being the youngest in the school, these new boys, Bryce and Lincoln had come dangerously close to breaking that record. More worryingly, it became apparent almost immediately that Bryce had his eyes set on Jack's position as Captain. That was simply unacceptable to the vicious sixteen-year-old.

As soon as Coach Sanders announced the team, Jack had made the decision to bring back a long forgotten tradition from the past of the team – hazing. While he was tempted to go all out, making the new team members strip and commit sordid sexual acts as he knew had been done in the past, he had also been warned about the possible repercussions of that sort of thing. Instead, he opted for something else.

“You look so pretty!” Jack called out with a laugh to the new guys.

Bryce, Lincoln and the other noobs had all been ordered to put on a selection of ladies clothes, then had their faces covered with make-up, mostly giving them over-emphasised red lips making them look more like drag queens than women. Once they were dressed up, Jack had proudly led them through the school halls, forcing them to pose with anyone who wanted a picture, encouraging insults and ridicule from the other students.

While the Juniors had gradually been allowed to return to the locker room and take off the embarrassing outfits, Jack had singled out the two sophomores for some extra humiliation.

“Come on Brycie, you too Linky, give everyone a show!” Jack taunted. “You're gonna stay here until you've earned your place on the team!” As he said it, he pulled a wad of dollar bills out of his pocket and started handing them round to students. “Come on pretty ladies, come and earn your tips!”

Bryce, who was dressed in a tiny crop top that was stretched absurdly over his well-toned chest and a tiny denim skirt that barely covered his ass and cock reluctantly followed along. He wanted to kill Jack, but he knew the captain had all the power and he needed to be on the team. Lincoln, who had been forced into nothing but a two-piece bikini lagged a little further behind. Faces flushed bright red, they started approaching the students who had been handed the money by Jack.

A female student, openly laughing in his face, tucked a dollar bill into the waistline of Bryce's skirt.

“No, no. Not like that!” Jack said, coming back and snatching the dollar back. “I said you've gotta earn it. Dance for the lovely lady!”

Bryce scowled at Jack. It was taking every last ounce of self-control he had not to punch the smug teen in the face. Gritting his teeth, he started gyrating his hips, raising his hands in the air as he did his best to dance 'sexily' for the girl. Lincoln copied, knowing he would likely be the subject of Jack's ire if he didn't. The dance moves got a renewed round of laughter from the students in the hallway who started cheering, hollering and whistling for the two dancers.

Jack simply stood back with the seniors, laughing at the ritual humiliation.

NOW

Jack was frozen in place, Bryce's cock inches from his face. He had been ordered to suck it and already knew the consequences if he didn't. He had just been recorded by the younger teen crawling across the floor and licking up his own cum, the result of a hands-free orgasm. As he considered moving back and refusing the command, all he could see in his mind was his mother watching the video in absolute disgust and disowning him.

“Please...” Jack begged weakly.

“Suck it! I won't tell you again!” Bryce snapped.

Face screwed up in disgust, Jack leant forward, feeling the eyes of the other teens in the room burning into him. He glanced at Bryce's cock for a moment and found it was not quite what he had expected. Not that he ever thought about Bryce's cock, or anyone else's for that matter, but he was still somehow surprised by it. Bryce was big for his age. He had started working out heavily, almost obsessively when he had been accepted onto the team, quickly bulking up into an absolute tank of a young man. His chest was huge, his abs legendary and his biceps had been known to rip the sleeves of many of his shirts in the midst of a pose, which he loved to do.

He was a fairly attractive young man too, yet another thing that made him seem more of a threat to Jack's supremacy of the school. With his dark, cropped hair and piercing hazel eyes, he seemed to have his choice of the girls at school. He liked to keep a very light stubble, something that stood out even more when he was amongst his classmates, many of whom were yet to even start shaving. The cock, though, that was what surprised Jack. He knew the stereotype about the big muscular guys, how they were so often trying to compensate for tiny junk. Even at semi-hardness, Jack could see that the stereotype certainly did not ring true in this particular case.

Jack leant closer and, almost in tears, poked out his tongue and licked the head of the large, cut dick. With his hands behind his back, he was finding it hard to balance and suddenly slipped. The cock plunged fully into his mouth, making Bryce gasp.

“Fuck, the boy's keen!” Bryce called out happily. “You really want that cock, don't you?” he asked, grabbing Jack's hair and lifting his head up.

Coughing from the sudden intrusion into his mouth, Jack's eyes began to water as he looked up.

"No, I don't!" he argued feebly.

"Sure you do. Now down you go!" Bryce said with a cruel grin. He thrust Jack's head back down, his rapidly stiffening cock filling his Captain's mouth.

Jack didn't have time to think about how it tasted, he was simply doing his best not to choke as Bryce started fucking his face. He wondered how any gay guy or girl could ever do this willingly. It was painful, degrading and downright disgusting. Coughing and spluttering, he could feel the cock swelling in his mouth as his nose pressed against coarse, wiry pubes. Struggling for breath, Jack was taking in deep breaths through his nose although that came with the unfortunate side-effect that he was essentially sniffing Bryce's crotch.

"You're a crap cock sucker!" Bryce admonished the restrained boy, releasing his grip on Jack's hair. "Use your tongue!" he commanded.

With his head free, Jack considered pulling off entirely, but knew that if he tried, he would simply be forced back down again. He lifted his head slightly though, allowing his tongue to slide around the swollen head of Bryce's tool. His movements got a series of happy grunts from the large sixteen-year-old, indicating to Jack that he was doing it right.

It sickened him to think that he was sucking cock at all, let alone doing it well, but on he went, following his commands, praying for it all to end. He knew deep inside though that this wouldn't end. He had started serving the others under threat of having his nudity publicly exposed, then he had started committing these depraved acts under threat of having his naked servitude and orgasm publicly exposed. He had absolutely no doubt that this, too, was being recorded to be used as leverage against him. It was a vicious spiral and he knew that he was trapped. At this point it was either do as they said, play along until they got bored and be released or walk away and face public humiliation.

"Okay, turns out you're not a bad cock sucker after all," Bryce said happily, relaxing back into the sofa as Jack continued to suck. "I'm sure your Mom would be so proud if she found out!" he said mockingly, getting a growl in response from the naked boy. Knowing how pissed off Jack was somehow made the blow job more arousing and Bryce felt his orgasm coming.

Jack stumbled backwards as Bryce suddenly stood, pushing him away. Laying awkwardly on the floor with his hands behind his back, Jack looked up in horror as the large teen stood over him, stroked his cock a couple of times and started shooting thick globs of cum all over him.

"Ah fuck!" Jack complained a glob landed on his cheek. The rest landed across his body, peppering him with gooey white blobs.

"Swearing again!" Bryce said, grinning as he flicked the last of the cum from his cock and slid it back into his pants. "Ben, what's the punishment?"

Ben looked overjoyed, not only at the humiliation Jack had been handed by Bryce, but also at the fact he got to dish out another punishment. Not that he needed an excuse to make the older teen suffer, but at least now it felt more justified. "I think you should lick up the cum again!" he ordered.

Jack looked at the boy in disgust. It had been bad enough when it was his own. The thought of

licking up someone else's was repulsive. That was when he realised the other problem. "How? I can't lick my own face!" Jack said sharply.

"You're gonna roll over, rub the cum onto the floor, then lick it off that!" Ben explained calmly, getting looks of both amazement and admiration from the others.

"Fuck, that's nasty!" Danny said with a chuckle.

"Oh come on!" Jack complained.

Ben grabbed his phone and quickly snapped a shot of Jack, then held the phone down to show him. "Naked and covered in cum, maybe that could be your new facebook profile pic! Whadda you think?" he asked with a sly smile.

Jack took a deep breath and rolled over onto his front. He could feel the wetness of Bryce's load sandwiched between his body and the wooden floor. He pushed himself along with his feet, ensuring to rub his cheek too to get rid of the glob stuck there. He left a wet, slimy trail as he moved, like an over-sized slug before turning himself round to slide the opposite way, this time lapping up the sticky mess with his tongue. He was breathless by the end of it, partly from the occasional retching, but also because manoeuvring himself in that way was proving quite tiring.

"So who's next?" Ben asked, looking to the other four.

Aaron, Lincoln, Danny and Elliott glanced round at each other. A couple of them were visibly ready for a little oral attention but it was Lincoln who volunteered. "I'll do it!" he said happily.

Jack sighed, tipping his head backwards to look at the other teens. He tried rolling onto his side to get up, knowing what he was being asked to do, but was stopped by a foot on the shoulder.

"Don't worry, I'll come to you!" Lincoln said happily as he stood up. Completely care-free, he dropped his pants and boxer-briefs in a single motion and stepped out of them.

Jack stared up at the sixteen-year-old, amazed at the apparent ease of his exposure. He couldn't help thinking how he could have avoided all of this if he had been as carefree about his body as Lincoln appeared to be. The point was emphasised further as Lincoln pulled off his shirt over his head and threw it aside, now standing there in just his socks.

Lincoln was a polar opposite to Bryce. While the other boy was dark and muscular, Lincoln was a slender blonde, his fair hair always a mess, but fashionably so. His slim torso clearly showed he had good muscle definition. While he lacked Bryce's bulk, he was certainly no slouch in the gym although he trained more for speed and endurance than power. Being blonde, he was fairly smooth, with just a smattering of hair on his lower legs, a modest bush and the beginnings of pit hair. His cock was already rigid. It looked to be similar in length to the one Jack had just been sucking, but seemed somewhat wider, although that may simply have been because Jack was looking up at it looming over him.

Wondering what was about to happen, Jack shuddered slightly as he saw Lincoln position himself with a foot either side of his head and then begin to kneel. He pointed his cock downwards as he got lower. Jack kept his mouth closed as the tip pressed against his lips, but a slightly more

insistent push made him open up and accept it. As the cock slid inside the warm, wet cavity, Jack snorted when he felt Lincoln's balls land on his nose.

Much like it had been with Bryce, if he wanted to breathe it meant sniffing an intimate part of one of his teammates. Jack closed his eyes wanting to avoid staring straight into Lincoln's butt-crack, but a quick yell from Ben to keep them open and he found himself forced to watch the teen's rear as he bobbed up and down, fucking his mouth.

"MMMMFFFF!" Jack mumbled, all sound muffled by the teen sitting on his face. He felt Lincoln's hands reach down and grab his nipples. He felt his cock stiffening, despite his orgasm less than fifteen minutes earlier.

There he was, naked, restrained with a naked Lincoln sat on his face and fucking his mouth, yet Jack's mind was on something else. He felt appalled at himself for his reaction to nipple stimulation. It was something he had never experienced before. When he jerked off, the focus was on nothing but the cock and when he was with a girl, it was either basic fucking or playing with the girl's tits. Getting turned on because of nipples seemed like something girls were meant to do, not guys, which made his own feelings of exhilaration all the more embarrassing.

Before he knew what was happening, Jack heard Lincoln moaning the suddenly his throat was filled with the teen's spunk. Unprepared, he started choking. Lincoln's cock pulled out and Jack leant to the side, intending to spit it out.

Ben was on him in a shot, pressing a hand over his mouth. "Swallow it!" he hissed.

Jack was retching, coughing into Ben's hand, desperately trying to get rid of the thick load but eventually realised he had no choice and gulped it down in two swallows.

Satisfied that Jack had done as commanded, Ben pulled his hand away and smiled down at the exhausted teen. "You look like you need a break!" he said sympathetically.

"Yes please," Jack nodded, relieved at the sudden offer.

"Great, who wants pizza?" Ben asked. He got a unanimous yes and went off to place the order, leaving Jack alone with the other five.

"Why are you doing this?" Jack asked as soon as Ben was out of the room. "Has the little faggot got something on all of you too? Is that it? Is he making you do this?"

"Un-fucking-believable!" Elliott said, laughing incredulously. "You know Jack, there's been a few times I've sat here watching this where I've thought 'maybe he doesn't deserve this', then you go and open your mouth and prove me wrong." He got up and knelt at Jack's side, leaning in close. "You deserve every single thing we're gonna do to you!" He punched his fist down into Jack's stomach then stood and stormed out of the room.

Jack doubled over in pain at the impact, wheezing slightly. The rest of the boys simply laughed, then started a conversation, completely ignoring Jack.

When Ben walked back in, placing something down on his way. He immediately noticed Elliott's

absence but said nothing. Instead he moved over to Jack, giving his pained expression a puzzled look. "Okay, all ordered, should be here pretty soon. Now I think it's time to get you ready!"

"You're gonna make me answer the door naked, aren't you?" Jack groaned unhappily as he rolled onto his back again.

Ben grinned. "No, but I like the way you think. Guys, a hand please?"

The other four got up from their seats then roughly lifted Jack up onto his feet. Jack attempted to struggle free of their grip but knew it was ultimately pointless. Cuffed on both his wrists and ankles, he couldn't have gone anywhere even if he had escaped their grasp. He felt a sudden sense of relief though as the handcuffs were undone. Danny immediately grabbed one arm, holding it down at his side, while Bryce got the other.

"Okay, bend his arm," Ben instructed.

Bryce did as requested, bending Jack's arm so his hand ended up above of his shoulder. Jack watched in dismay as Ben presented a length of rope and began wrapping it around his folded arm. Round and round he wrapped it, then looped it round itself and tied it off in a large knot. This effectively left Jack completely unable to unfold his arm. They did the same with his other arm as Jack began to look more and more distressed.

Occasionally, one of the four holding Jack reached down and tweaked a nipple, laughing collectively as the restrained teen's cock kept alternating between hard and soft.

"Okay, down on his back again!" Ben ordered.

Jack sighed as he found himself getting put back down on the ground. As soon as he was down, the others set about tying his legs in much the same manner as his arms, bending them first then wrapping rope around and through the middle. When they were done, they flipped him over.

Jack quickly realised what they had done. They had made him completely unable to stand, having to crawl around on his elbows and knees to get anywhere. "Oh come on," he groaned, his limbs already aching.

"Aww, he's like a little doggy!" Aaron taunted, running his fingers through Jack's hair, then giving him a quick swat on his rear.

"Yup, and doggy's probably getting thirsty by now," Ben said, stepping across the room. He picked up the dish he had placed down on his way in and placed it on the floor in front of Jack. "Come on puppy, have a drink!"

Jack stared at it, yet another insult to him from the younger teen. He simply shook his head and said, "I'm not thirsty!"

"I SAID DRINK!" Ben yelled furiously. He grabbed a handful of Jack's hair and pushed him face first into the bowl.

Jack's arms splayed out to the side and his knees slid back and he hit the ground, his face going

straight into the bowl of water. He coughed and spluttered, water going in his nose and mouth as he gasped at the shock of the boy's violence. For a brief second he worried he might drown, but as his face splashed and tipped the bowl, most of the water drained out of it.

Coughing up the accidentally inhaled water, Jack pulled his head free of Ben's grip and looked up at him. "YOU'RE GONNA FUCKING KILL ME YOU LITTLE PSYCHO!"

Ben looked furious, eyes wide with rage. He stormed across the room to a small pile of supplies that had been prepared for the evening. He came back a moment later sporting a large wooden panel. Without warning, he swung it as hard as he could onto Jack's bare rump.

SMACK!

This time, Jack didn't stand a chance of concealing his pain. The paddle was brutal, sending a sharp jolt of pain through Jack's whole body.

"THAT'S FOR SWEARING!" Ben yelled. He dropped the paddle again with another loud SMACK! "That one's for yelling at one of your masters!" SMACK! "And that one's for calling me a psycho!" he said, calming just a little as he vented his aggression.

Jack was openly sobbing now, laying there battered and helpless. Ben continued to stand over him, wielding the wooden board.

"Hey," Lincoln said, standing up and taking the paddle gently from Ben. "Why don't you... cool down for a minute."

Ben was breathing heavily, slightly shaken by his own actions. He found himself extremely grateful of Lincoln's intervention, letting the older boy take the paddle. He nodded and headed out of the room.

Elliott was sat outside in the back garden. Just down the back steps was a bench beneath a large tree. He had been sat there ever since he punched Jack and was only just beginning to calm down. He looked round as he saw movement, Ben walked out of the back door.

"Hey you," Elliott said with a smile. That was when he saw the teen's expression. "Hey, what's wrong?" he asked, standing up.

Ben dashed down the steps towards Elliott, diving into the arms that were stretched out as he approached.

"What's wrong?" Elliott asked in a gentle whisper as he wrapped his arms around Ben.

"I just... I kinda lost control just now!" Ben said back unhappily.

"Hey, we kinda knew that might happen. We both know how you feel about him!" Elliott said back, sliding a hand up Ben's back, letting his fingers disappear into the boy's hair.

"I know. I just... I don't like it. I wanna make him suffer so much, for everything but I hate the way it makes me feel!" Ben mumbled.

"Not all of you hates it!" Elliott sniggered, feeling a firmness against his leg.

Ben pulled away slightly, blushing at his erection. "Shut up. You were pretty hard in there too!"

"Yup, and I can't wait to put it to good use!" Elliott replied with a cheeky grin. He leant down and planted his lips on Ben's, the two kissing for several seconds.

Ben chuckled as they parted and leaned his head against Elliott's chest. "I love you!"

"I love you too!" Elliott replied, kissing the top of the boy's head. "And I am SO glad you thought of all this!"

"Hey, I couldn't have done it without you!" Ben said gratefully. "Using the fear of nudity against him, that was your idea. This wouldn't have happened without you! Any regrets?"

Elliott looked thoughtful for a moment, letting his arms rest on the younger teen's shoulders. "Just one... I haven't fucked him yet!"

Ben chuckled at his lover's comments and nodded, "Don't worry, all in good time!"

When the pizzas arrived, Ben was true to his word and didn't make Jack go to answer the door. Instead he took the pizzas and placed them on the coffee table, the six dressed guys all tucking in to them. Jack just looked on hungrily, not wanting to give them the satisfaction of hearing him ask for food.

"Hey, looks like puppy's hungry!" Elliott said, seeing Jack eyeing up the pizzas. "Here, boy. Come and get it!" He pulled off a part of the crust and held it in the palm of his hand.

"I'm not eating out of your hand!" Jack snapped.

"You'll do as you're told or you'll get the paddle again!" Bryce said quickly, trying to avoid Ben's intervention.

Jack sighed heavily and crawled along on his elbows and knees to Elliott's lowered hand. He shot his former friend an angry glare, then moved in to take the morsel. Annoyingly, he found it pulled away at the last second.

"Oh, too slow, pup!" Elliott taunted. "Let's play fetch instead!" He threw the pizza crust across the room, then looked down at Jack.

"You kidding me?" Jack asked in annoyance, looking up again.

"Go get it boy!" Elliott said enthusiastically, like he was talking to an actual dog.

With another sigh, Jack turned and crawled across the room. When he reached the dry bit of bread, he grabbed it with his mouth and swallowed it. The entire routine was attracting lots of laughs and taunts from the others.

“That looks fun. I wanna go!” Lincoln said happily. He pulled off a piece of his own slice of pizza and threw it backwards towards the front door.

Jack looked at Ben for a moment, but the boy's expression very clearly told him he would be forced to do it if he failed to do it willingly. Back and forth Jack crawled across the room, chasing the bits of food the others threw for him, occasionally being ordered to stop at his bowl and get a drink. Every part of him ached already and as much as he wished otherwise, he had no doubt there was more still to come.

Jack was made to clear the pizza boxes away. They were balanced on his back and he was told to take them through to the kitchen and advised he would receive a spanking if he dropped them, which he inevitably did... three times! So three times they were placed on top of him again with his butt growing an increasingly dark shade of red.

As Jack crawled his way back in he looked up nervously at the six ominously silent teens looming over him.

“Aww, poor boy, look how sore that butt is!” Elliott teased, leaning down and rubbing the red cheeks.

Jack flinched and pulled away. Not because it hurt, but he was so pissed at Elliott that he didn't couldn't stand his friend's touch, especially not somewhere so intimate.

“Do you think we should make it better for him?” Ben asked, his tone sounding concerned, but his expression implying otherwise. “Get him up on the sofa.”

Elliott, Lincoln and Bryce lifted Jack roughly onto the sofa, finally bringing him up to eye level with everyone else again for the first time in hours.

“Nah, other way up,” Ben said, gesturing to flip him over.

Jack got thrown over onto his back, staring nervously at the young men now standing over him.

“You two, pull back his legs!” Elliott ordered Aaron and Lincoln. The two happily complied, reaching forward to grab the ropes binding Jack's legs and pulled. Jack doubled over, his butt raising into the air. It also brought the seventeen-year-old's cock directly over his own face.

'At least it's not somebody else's,' Jack thought to himself.

“Here you go,” Ben said, handing a bottle of lotion to Elliott, a glob of it already in his other hand.

Elliott took the bottle, squeezed some out then the two of them started gently rubbing it in to Jack's sore-looking cheeks.

The restrained boy actually let out a slight mew of happiness as he closed his eyes. After all the

misery and suffering he had endured so far, it actually felt nice to have someone touching him so tenderly, even if it was a faggot and a traitor touching one of his most private areas. His eyes suddenly shot open as he felt a finger slide into the crack.

“Whoa, hey!” he called out in shock. He felt himself reddening on the cheeks again as he looked up and saw his own cock swelling, right above his face.

The finger dug a little deeper, making contact with his hole. He squirmed desperately to get free, but with his arms restrained and his legs being held, he could barely even wiggle. There were now two fingers in his crack, moving in opposite directions, he figured one each from Elliott and Ben. They caressed back and further, sending little ripples of unwelcome pleasure through the jock's body every time they slide across his tightly puckered sphincter. The back and forth movements slowly came to a stop, both fingers positioned in a most unwelcome spot.

“No no no no no no,” Jack pleaded. It didn't take a genius to figure out what was coming next.

As one, Elliott and Ben pushed down with the tips of their fingers. Jack's hole resisted at first as the teen clenched, trying desperately to keep them out. Once he realised that all it would do is make it hurt more, he conceded and relaxed, the tips of the two fingers sliding in together as the puckered opening retracted.

“Aaaaah!” Jack grunted, more from shock and discomfort than actual pain. When he realised what was going to happen, Jack had briefly envisioned their fingers being thrust in savagely, finger-fucking him furiously. Instead, they were being surprisingly gentle, the two digits working in slowly.

“How does it feel, Jacky?” Bryce taunted. “You like having your ass played with?”

“Fuck off, I'm not faggot!” Jack grunted, his humiliation from his position shattering any chance he had of holding his tongue.

Ben and Elliott grinned at each other then said in unison, “No swearing!” They pushed down hard, both fingers suddenly plunged in all the way to the knuckle.

“Yaaaah-ooooh!” Jack called out, at first in pain from the violent intrusion then suddenly feeling something else, something... new! “What the hell's that?” Jack asked desperately.

The two tormentors, fingers still fully inserted, took turns pressing firmly on Jack's magic spot.

“That'll be your prostate!” Elliott said with a chuckle. He leaned down and looked at Jack's throbbing cock. A single bead of precum had oozed from the tip. A look further down revealed Jack's eyes were now tightly closed. “Open your mouth!” he instructed.

“Nuh-uh!” Jack mumbled, squeezing his mouth closed as tightly as his eyes.

Elliott pulled his finger most of the way out, leaving the tip just inside, then thrust back down hard. Jack yelled out in pain, mouth opening wide. Elliott smiled at the reaction and said gently, “Good now, now keep it open!”

As the two teens resumed their alternating prodding of Jack's sensitive prostate, the bead of

precum grew and grew until it was heavy enough to drip. Just as Elliott had planned, it fell straight into Jack's mouth.

"Ugh!" Jack scoffed immediately, although the taste wasn't entirely unpleasant. His reaction came mostly from knowing what he was doing and a desire to not appear like he was enjoying it. While he was hating every second, he felt entirely betrayed by his own cock. Why was it hard... and oozing? He couldn't explain it.

"Anyone else want a go?" Ben asked the other four spectators.

Lincoln jumped forward. "Yeah, I'll do it!" he said happily, lubing a finger with the lotion. He stepped round the sofa and took Ben's place.

The swap-over triggered a series of switches. Aaron took Elliott's place, Danny took over from Lincoln, Bryce replaced Aaron. Round it went until all six of them had taken a go at fingering their captive. They all took great pleasure in mocking Jack for his ongoing precum production, especially each time another drop fell into his gaping mouth.

Having his most intimate parts played with had felt like rock bottom to Jack, like he could literally sink no lower. That was until he felt it building! By the time it got back round to Elliott and Ben fingering him, he knew an orgasm was imminent. He thought of every unsexy image he could conceive, he tried desperately willing his cock to go down or his prostate to stop sending those little ripples of pleasure every time it was prodded, but nothing worked.

The six teens all watched in amazement as Jack's laboured breathing gradually turned into quiet whimpers, then loud moans before finally giving way to a frustrated shout of pure delight as his cock began spurting his second load of the evening. Much like the precum, the fraught seventeen-year-old's spunk mostly landed in his mouth. He swallowed it without instruction, mostly because he knew spitting it out would be punished and he hated the thought of it just sitting there in his mouth.

A few splatters managed to cover his cheeks, the thick liquid feeling unpleasantly warm on his skin. It only sat there a second before he felt a finger on his cheek, scooping it up. As the finger entered his mouth, Jack heard the single word command, "Suck!"

He opened his eyes and looked up to see Lincoln staring back. He took a breath, then closed his lips around the younger boy's finger and sucked it clean.

"Hey, good idea!" Ben sniggered. As Lincoln's finger emerged, he reached down and pushed his own finger into Jack's mouth.

Jack retched at the thought of where the finger had been, but did his best to suck anyway.

"Eww!" Danny and Bryce both called out.

"Jack, you nasty little bitch!" Aaron said, laughing and averting his eyes.

Jack's legs flopped heavily onto the sofa as they were released as Ben pulled out his finger. He lay there, panting for a moment, lost in his own thoughts. Twice now they had made him cum. Yet

neither time had they so much as touched his cock. He had never even known such a thing were possible, so for these guys to know his body seemingly better than he knew it himself was humiliating. He stared blankly at the ceiling, avoiding looking at any of his captors.

“So what's next?” Danny asked eagerly. Unlike Elliott, Ben, Lincoln and, to a certain extent, Bryce, who were mostly showing their own signs of physical arousal, Danny was getting no sexual thrill from Jack's torture. Instead, he was simply getting a great deal of satisfaction from knowing he was suffering for all the things he had done over the years.

“Well we've loosened him up. No point letting that go to waste!” Elliott said, grabbing his erection through his pants.

“You want some privacy?” Aaron asked, unsure if Elliott would want to be watched.

Jack's former best friend smirked as he saw the naked teen glance at him. “No, it's little Jacky's first time. That deserved an audience. Untie his legs!”

The group set about releasing Jack's legs as Elliott began to undress. Jack found himself watching, trying to make eye contact with his friend in a desperate attempt to convince him to stop. Elliott's body had changed somewhat since Jack last saw it. He had seen his friend undress in the changing rooms back when they were on the junior varsity team together and he had been well on the way to becoming as muscular as Bryce, but that had stopped when he dropped out of the team to focus on his studies.

Elliott had continued working out, mostly out of habit from his days on the team, but his focus had mainly been on cardio, so he had now slimmed down somewhat, but still showed excellent muscle definition across his chest and stomach. If anything, being tall and slender he now had more like a swimmer's build. He had really grown into his looks too. Being the blonde-haired, blue-eyed boy, he had always been cute, but as he matured that had blossomed into handsomeness. Jack often questioned his friend about why he wasn't fucking every girl in school. Between the looks and the body, Jack had always insisted he should be 'drowning in pussy'.

Jack let out a sigh of relief as he stretched out his legs, bending them back and forth a few times to try and get the feeling back in them. He was allowed only a brief reprieve as Elliott stepped in front of him, entirely naked. Jack stared open-mouthed. As long as it had been since he had seen Elliott shirtless, it had been even longer since he had seen him entirely naked. His cock hung out in front of him, rock hard and easily nine inches long.

“Dude. Respect!” Bryce said with a sly grin, giving Elliott a fist-bump.

Elliott grinned at the reaction. His cock was his favourite part of his body and while he had been a little nervous at stripping off in front of the others, he knew he would impress. “Come on,” he said, grabbing Jack's arm and pulling him up from the sofa.

“Please don't,” Jack begged in barely a whisper as he was led around the back of the sofa. “I can't have that thing inside me!”

“Shut up!” Elliott snapped, then pushed Jack over the sofa, bending him over and exposing his hole. He quickly slipped on a condom and applied some of the lotion, feeling a little self-conscious

as he stroked the full length of it, but feeling a little aroused at all of the looks of admiration. He stepped forward, guiding the tip into Jack's hole.

"Please," Jack repeated. He had his eyes closed, head tilted down towards the sofa cushions.

Elliott reached forward and grabbed a handful of Jack's hair, the light brown locks gripped tightly between his fingers. He pulled hard, jolting the teen's head upwards and barked, "Open your eyes. Look at them. See them watching you! You close your eyes and I will make this REALLY hurt!"

Jack was almost hyper-ventilating. He wanted to cry, to literally break down and sob in a way he hadn't done for the best part of a decade. He looked at the five spectators, forcing himself to hold back the tears. Being helpless, getting fucked, that was already horrific enough, but looking the others in the eye somehow made it infinitely worse. Knowing they could see him, see his humiliation, standing there watching with expressions of disgust and amusement.

Satisfied that Jack was obeying, Elliott moved forward again, his cock pushing into Jack's rear. As the boy was behaving for now, he kept it slow and gentle. He wanted Jack to suffer, but at the same time he was eager to teach him that behaviour would make things easier and misbehaviour is what earned the real pain. Once he was a couple of inches in, he started pulling back. In he went again, this time an inch further. He continued in this way, in and out, deeper and deeper.

Once he reached about seven inches, he decided to go no further. Jack was a bastard and he needed to suffer, but this was his first time. There was a big difference between a bit of suffering a severe rectal trauma! As much as he wanted to feel the full length of his shaft inside Jack's tantalisingly tight hole, he knew it was probably best not to do that just yet.

Jack was still breathing heavily. Thankfully, although long, Elliott's cock wasn't particularly thick. He could barely imagine how something that long would feel if it was more hefty, he hoped he would never have to find out. For now, his former friend's cock was more than enough to keep him distracted. His own cock was providing a certain level of distraction itself. Despite his orgasm minutes earlier, despite all the pain and embarrassment, it somehow remained ramrod-stiff.

"Oh God he's so tight!" Elliott groaned in delight as his thrusting sped up. His face was a flushed from both the exertion and from fucking for a crowd, but any self-consciousness he felt was easily brushed aside knowing how much worse it was for Jack. "Ah, yeah!" Elliott called out, feeling his imminent release. He pulled out, yanked off the condom and stroked his long tool a few times. His cock began spurting thick wads of spunk onto Jack's back. He didn't achieve quite the same impressive distance of Jack's earlier orgasm, but it was a very hefty load.

Relieved to have the pressure gone from his rear, Jack somehow felt more exposed as he felt the warm goo coating his lower back. A moment later, he felt lips against his skin and he realised Elliott was licking the cum off of him. It felt bizarre, but he felt relieved at the fact that at least he wouldn't be forced to swallow another guy's spunk again.

Elliott grabbed Jack's shoulder, pulling him up, but immediately pushed him down onto his knees. Grabbing the restrained teen's cheeks, he tilted his head back and forced his mouth open. He leaned over, bringing his lips to just a few inches above Jack's own.

Staring up at Elliott in shock, Jack thought they were about to kiss. Instead, the taller boy's mouth

opened and he spat his entire load directly into Jack's open mouth.

"Ah yes!" Bryce called out, applauding Elliott's treatment of Jack. It triggered a round of cheers from the others.

Elliott stared Jack straight in the eye until the kneeling young man reluctantly swallowed the cocktail of spit and cum, then stood up and accepted the adulation of the others. Jack slumped to the floor, leaning heavily on the back of the sofa, exhausted. He wasn't sure how much more he could take.

"Okay, my turn!" Ben called out happily as Elliott returned to the front of the sofa. "Come on Jack, round here!" he called their slave.

With his arms restrained and legs still weak, Jack struggled to stand, but eventually made it up. As he looked at the other six, he could see Elliott was already half-dressed, while Ben was doing the opposite.

The ginger fifteen-year-old was already shirtless. It was obvious that he did little exercise or sport as he lacked any of the muscle definition of the other in the room, but he was still in fairly good shape, mostly just flat and smooth. The freckles covering his nose and cheeks continued down his neck and onto his shoulders and chest, contrasting heavily against his milky-white skin. Most of the time his eyes were hidden by his long, messy hair, but occasionally there was a slight flash of emerald-green as his eyes appeared.

The teen yanked down his pants first, revealing a very obvious erection barely contained in small, white briefs. These too were gone in a few seconds, revealing a thick, five inch erection, topped with a small patch of ginger pubes, the only hair on the boy's body.

'At least he's not as big as Elliott!' Jack thought to himself as he watched the boy approach. By now he had lost the will to fight back and just sighed, asking, "Where do you want me?"

"Oh, don't worry!" Ben said, reaching up and tapping the taller teen's cheek gently with one hand. "I'm not gonna fuck you. You're gonna fuck me! Untie him!" Ben ordered the others as he jumped and landed flat on his back on the sofa.

Jack wasn't sure how to react. Being restrained, being fingered, being fucked, they were all things that had been done TO him. He had not been given any choice, not that he expected to be given much choice about this, but this was HIM doing things to one of them. It felt... strange! He was still lost in thought as his arms were finally released. As he had done with his legs, he stretched and shook them out, getting the feeling back in them.

Elliott stepped forward and handed Jack a condom, then moved towards Ben, lotion in hand. Instead of passing the bottle to the boy, Elliott squirted a little out then reached down and lubed his hole for him. Ben giggled, Elliott sniggered back, the two exchanging a look that didn't escape Jack's notice.

Staring at the two ring-leaders, he undid the condom and slid it on, then knelt on the sofa as Ben raised his legs.

"Come on then, show this 'faggot' how a real man fucks then!" Ben taunted.

"I... erm..." Jack stuttered, not sure what else to say. He looked down at Ben's hole, positioning his cock against it. A glance to the side showed that the others were watching just as intently as they had when he was getting fucked.

Bryce was groping an erection through his pants as he stared, Danny and Aaron were whispering to each other and sniggering while Lincoln had actually pulled his cock out and was openly masturbating.

"Oh wait, one more thing!" Elliott said quickly, then reached into his pocket and pulled something out. He moved over to Jack and placed a small foam plug in each ear.

Jack was confused, wondering why they might have wanted to obscure his hearing, but shook it off. He pushed forward, feeling his cock enter the teen's rear surprisingly easily. He groaned. Despite the ease of entry, the boy's hole was pleasantly tight, squeezing against his rigid cock. He tried his best not to think of why he was still so hard, concentrating solely on doing what he had been ordered to do. At this point, there seemed little else they could do to him, so the continuing hope that each task would be his last was now growing stronger.

As Jack's weariness grew, he was finding it increasingly tempting to tell them all to fuck off, that he didn't care what they put online, he simply wouldn't do any more. Yes it would be humiliating, but at least it would end and they would doubtlessly get into a lot of trouble for it too. Then his mind changed and the thought of having people see him naked or getting fucked just got too much for him. He flipped back and forth between defiance and obedience as he starting thrusting in and out of Ben.

As he glanced down, he could see the boy was talking, but with the earplugs in he had no way to know what it was. At the same time, Elliott was hanging over Jack's shoulder, phone in hand. Occasionally it moved forward enough for Jack to see the screen, seeing his own cock penetrating the ginger boy.

"Ugh, I'm getting close!" Jack moaned surprisingly quickly. How he could be ready to produce a third load truly confounded him, but he could feel it building anyway.

He suddenly felt himself being pulled back, his cock popping out of Ben's hole suddenly, the smaller teen jumping at the sensation. The plugs were yanked out of Jack's ears.

"That's enough!" Elliott said, grinning wickedly.

Jack felt a sudden sense of frustration. To be forced to fuck the little gay-boy had been embarrassing, but at least he had thought he might be able to cum and finally get his cock to go down. Instead, he remained right on the edge, deprived the pleasure of cumming.

"That was perfect!" Bryce said happily.

"And hot!" Lincoln agreed, quickly slipping his cock back into his pants, mildly embarrassed at his own actions.

“So we got it?” Ben asked, standing up. He pulled on his briefs, a tiny wet patch quickly appearing as the precum from the tip of it was soaked into the material.

“Oh you bet we did!” Elliott said happily.

Jack sat on the sofa, looking at the others in confusion as they gathered round him.

“So tell me, Jack. What would you say if we ordered you to walk out into the middle of the street right now and jerk off for everyone to see?” Elliott asked.

“I'd tell you to...” he started, then remembered the rule about swearing. “I'd tell you I'm not doing it.”

“Okay, how about if we said you have to...” Ben said, mulling it over for a moment, “Go into school on Monday and pee yourself in class!”

“No. No way! That's it. You've had your fun but we're done!” Jack insisted. He stood up and pushed passed the others, looking round the room. “Where are my clothes? I'm going. Post what you like, I'm done with the whole lot of you faggots!” he snarled angrily.

“Oh really?” Elliott asked, grinning.

Jack found the smile almost as alarming as the lack of immediate repercussions for his outburst.

“Why don't you watch this?” Elliott said, holding out his phone and clicking play.

Jack stared and saw himself fucking Ben. “Yeah, I don't care. Post it, send to whoever the fuck you like, you'll get more shit for it than I will!” he said with a shrug. He simply didn't care now. He had been pushed too far.

Elliott grinned again and turned up the volume.

Jack listened, finally hearing what Ben had been saying while getting fucked. “No. Please stop. Aaah, it hurts. I'm sorry. Please let me go. Please. Stop!” Ben pleaded.

Jack froze, trembling.

“Can anyone tell me what that looks like?” Elliott asked, his smile now a wicked grin.

“Yeah,” Bryce said with a smirk. “It looks like about eighteen months in prison!”

“Yes it does!” Elliott agreed. “From this moment on, you belong to us!”

Jack felt nauseous. He couldn't believe he had walked right into it. He had held it back all evening but couldn't do it any more. He fell to his knees, sobbing heavily, his face buried in his hands. After a few seconds, he felt arms wrap around him.

Through his tears Jack heard Elliott whisper in his ear. “I know it doesn't seem fair, but remember... you brought this all on yourself!”

Chapter 3

THEN

Ben sat alone in the cafeteria. He was already two weeks into freshman year at Holmepoint High School and had yet to make any friends. He might have been able to actually talk to some of the other students had he not found himself absolutely paralysed with fear over the prospect of his secret getting out.

On his very first day, he had seen a group of football players calling one of the older students a queer and a faggot before shoving him into a locker. It had made him feel sick. He wondered whether the poor victim was even gay, or if the bullies had just singled him out and used the term as an insult. Either way, he was determined never to let them find out his secret and treat him like that.

The part that Ben had found most disturbing, however, was that the football team Captain, who appeared to have been the ringleader in the abuse had somehow crept into his fantasies. Jack Hamilton, that was the older boy's name. He had heard it on the first day. One of his only conversations with another student had involved a warning about Jack, to steer clear of him at any cost. Yet somehow, that night at home, laying in bed, images of the football star had snuck in amongst the other fantasies.

The attraction had grown by the day to the point where Ben would stare at Jack from a distance whenever the jock wasn't looking. A few times he had nearly been caught, but had managed to look away just in time. He sat eating his lunch and doodling in a notebook. He kept finding himself writing JH + BS inside little cartoon love hearts, admonishing himself for doing so before starting on another. He was so lost in thought, he never even heard the footsteps behind him.

"The fuck 'd'you keep looking at?" a voice demanded from behind him.

Ben slammed the book shut and span round, only to be confronted by the very subject of his fantasies. "You.. I... I..." Ben stuttered, his already pale skin turning almost ghostly-white.

"You into me? Is that it?" Jack demanded, now backed up by a couple of other football players.

Ben wanted to run or to have the Earth open up and swallow him. Instead he sat there frozen in place, stuttering nervously.

One of the other guys reached down and snatched the notebook off the table. Ben reached for it but got held back.

"JH and BS? Ha, look, he's in loooove!" the football player jeered.

"Aww, is that true? Do you love me?" Jack taunted, his loud questioning now starting to draw a crowd. He leaned down towards the terrified-looking fourteen-year-old. It almost looked like the jock was about to kiss him. Instead, he moved his mouth just an inch away from the boy's ear and asked, "Are you gay? Tell me now and I'll make all of this go away."

Ben found himself somehow aroused by his proximity to Jack, his cock beginning to swell. More and more people were starting to look now. Jack could make this go away? He had to let him do it. "Yes, I am!" Ben whispered back, ready to cry.

"He admits it! He's a little faggot!" Jack called out loudly, standing up and sneering at Ben's horrified expression.

"But.. you said..." Ben mumbled.

"Watch out guys, we got another homo on the loose!" Jack said, grinning ecstatically at the boy's distress.

"He's got a boner!" one of the growing crowd called out.

Jack looked down and saw the bulge and burst into laughter. "Pervy little faggot gets off on this shit!" he called out.

Ben burst into tears, snatched his notebook back and ran, chased by the taunting jeers of what felt like the entire school.

NOW

Jack was finally beginning to regain his composure. For just the briefest moment, it almost felt nice to be in his friend's arms, then reality began to set back in.

"Get off me, you... filthy faggot!" Jack yelled, pushing Elliott away.

The other teen stumbled back, falling roughly to the ground as Ben and Danny reached down to help him. He took their hands and stood, looking down at the naked seventeen-year-old. He sighed and said, "You just can't help yourself, can you?"

"What the fuck d'you want from me?" Jack demanded, sniffing heavily.

Bryce began to answer, "We just want you to..." but was cut off by Elliott raising his arm.

"Don't tell him. See how long it takes for him to figure it out for himself. Besides, I think we're gonna keep him too busy for that to even matter!" the angry teen explained. Part of him had wanted to give Jack a slight reprieve several times throughout the evening, but every time he tried, Jack simply reminded him of why he was there in the first place.

"Why don't we set some ground rules up front then, so that little Jacky knows what's going to happen!" Ben suggested.

Jack flinched at being called 'Little Jacky'. He wanted to stand up, to tower over the small teen, to see who was the small one then. He decided in that moment that when this was over, Ben would be first to suffer. Jack was going to get him and he was going to make it hurt!

“Ugh, get him up off the floor, he looks so pathetic down there!” Ben said in disgust.

A couple of the other moved towards Jack, but the naked young man jumped up onto his feet and snapped, “I can do it myself, fuckers!”

“Sit!” Ben said, mentally keeping track of Jack's outbursts and swearing. He pointed to an armchair which Jack eyed for a moment, then went and sat. The others all took seats around the room except for Ben who paced back and forth. “So here's the deal. You belong to us now. From this point on, you will obey every command given to you. Minor transgressions will be punished by us in any manner we see fit, but if you outright refuse to comply, I go straight to the police with that video. A sworn statement from me and actual footage of it happening, I doubt there'd even be a trial, you'd just be put away. I looked it up, I'd say you'd get about eighteen months which probably doesn't sound that long, but good luck getting by with a criminal record like that!”

Ben continued pacing around the lounge as he spoke, Jack's eyes fixed on him, his face a mix of fear and loathing. “So yeah, we'll give you orders, you'll obey us. You will also show us respect at all times. In public, that will simply mean being courteous, but in private you will address each of us as Sir. Our orders can be made twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. This isn't a part-time job, you are entirely ours to do with as we see fit. Understand?”

Jack scowled, but he knew the boy was right. The video was entirely damning and he simply couldn't risk a criminal record. Apart from destroying his future, it would completely devastate his family. “Yes,” he said reluctantly, but added, “Sir!” after getting a raised eyebrow from the boy.

“Now believe it or not, we're doing this to help you!” Ben went on, ignoring the incredulous snort from Jack. “So here's our commitment to you. This stays with us. We six are your masters, that will not be a power passed on to anyone else. We will involve other people, and while you will treat them with the same courtesy as us, they will not be permitted to give you orders. Furthermore, we will ensure that your life goes on as close to normal as possible. You will still attend school, complete your homework, attend football practices and complete any other tasks you may be required to do at home, but outside of that, we do whatever we want! Understand?” This time Ben looked round the whole room, seeking their agreement.

The other five conspirators and Jack all nodded their understanding. It was quite amazing seeing the boy command their attention so eloquently, especially considering the fact that he was still clad in only his briefs. Jack wondered how he could do it. The younger boy's body was nowhere near as impressive as his own yet he could never do that.

“Well now that the formalities are over with. Who wants to have some fun?” Ben asked, rubbing his hands together gleefully.

The others exchanged glances. The earlier reluctance to get physically involved was gradually wearing down, but there was still a little hesitance in them. There were a lot of smirks however, as they all pondered over their individual ideas for their new slave.

Eventually it was Bryce who reached down and grabbed his cock through his pants. He had already cum once that evening, but was very visibly ready to go once again. “Come on then, slaveboy! Stand up!” Bryce ordered as he too stood up. The muscular sixteen-year-old quickly stripped,

flashing some quick poses at the others as he pulled off his shirt. His cock popped free as he pulled down his pants. He looked to Elliott and requested, "Condom!"

Jack shuddered and let out an almost-inaudible moan, knowing what Bryce's request meant for him.

"A little space please, guys!" Bryce requested, looking back at Lincoln and Aaron who had been sat with him on the sofa. He rolled the condom down his solid tool and sat back down, then beckoned Jack over. "Come on Captain, time to go for a ride!"

Jack's shoulders slumped as he stepped forward. It was like it was all starting over again. When he had decided to leave, he thought that was the end, that even with any humiliation he feel for his exposure he at least was free of the commands. On the bright side, at least his cock had begun to soften as he listened to Ben explain his situation. In a way, his erection had been the worst part of all this. The others could force him to suck cock, to get fucked, to crawl around and do anything they wanted, but it was all forced and beyond his control. His own cock however, how they reacted was entirely on Jack, he almost felt betrayed by his own anatomy. He stood now in front of Bryce, waiting for his instructions.

"Climb on!" Bryce said, holding his cock so it pointed forward towards Jack a little and gesturing to it with his other hand.

"I... you..." Jack stuttered, clenching his teeth. He let out a sigh, knowing it was pointless to complain and turned around, facing away from Bryce so he could 'take a seat'.

"Nuh-uh!" Bryce said, reaching out and grabbing Jack's wrist to pull him back. As Jack turned back to face him, he took hold of the other wrist too and started pulling Jack towards him. He grinned as the older boy realised what he was doing. "Yeah, that's right. You're gonna look me RIGHT in the eye!"

"Oh come on!" Jack groaned. As he got pulled closer, he knelt on the sofa, a leg either side of Bryce. He got pulled closer and closer until his crotch was pressed against Bryce's chest. He felt the younger teen's hands let go of his wrists and grab his hips.

Bryce reached round and grabbed Jack's rear, his fingers digging into the pale cheeks, marvelling at the way they tensed in response. He spread them, then started pulling Jack's down onto his cock.

"Aaah," Jack moaned as he felt the teen's rigid dick pressing into his hole. Instinctively, he reached forward and grabbed Bryce, one hand on the back of his neck, the other on his shoulder. He looked down as he realised what he was doing, made eye contact, blushed and let go. He let out another moan as he slid lower, more of Bryce's thick tool impaling him.

"I said you're gonna look me in the eye!" Bryce said, reached up and grabbing Jack's head, forcing him to look down. He smirked at Jack's glowing red cheeks and the slight wateriness in his eyes. As he felt a firmness on his stomach, he glanced down and saw Jack was completely boned up again.

'Fuck!' Jack thought to himself as he caught Bryce looking at his erection. 'Why the fuck are you hard? Go down!' he screamed at his cock inwardly. As he started moving up and down on Bryce's cock, he felt his own tool sliding against the teen's muscles. After being forced to cum twice

without having the pleasure of his cock touched, it actually felt nice to feel his cock getting some actual physical stimulation. Somehow, the fact that it was thanks to the body of his biggest rival somehow made it better. Perhaps it was simply from having the added pleasure of pressure on his prostate once again.

While his hole ached already, Jack's prostate was loving every second, sending bolts of pleasure through his entire groin every time he sat all the way down onto Bryce's boner. He waited for Bryce to announce to the others that Jack was hard, knowing it was a perfect opportunity to humiliate him more, the younger teen never said a word. Instead, he just pulled Jack a little closer, sandwiching the rigid shaft between their bodies.

Bryce was grunting happily in time with Jack's movements. Until that evening, he had never touched another guy, never wanted to, rarely even thought about it. He would especially never have thought about Jack in that way, but right then in the moment, he was simply just rolling with it. He had found their dominance of the older teen incredibly arousing, which was unexpected. He knew he was going to enjoy enacting their plot against Jack, but he had not expected quite this type of enjoyment. He found himself briefly wondering what it meant for him, but dismissed it casually. Jack was in this very predicament because he had allowed his own fear to control him, Bryce wasn't about to go down the same path.

"Damn his ass is hot!" Bryce growled, throwing his head back and slapping Jack's rump.

The sudden sharp blow to his behind made Jack jump, clenching his butt as he did so. The sudden tightness brought Bryce's head snapping back up, pressing against Jack's chest as his arms gripped tightly round the naked slave. The chain reaction continued, the sudden bodily contact paired with Bryce's pleased moans pushed Jack over the edge and his cock spasmed out his third load of the evening. Jack and Bryce were wrapped tightly round each other as the thick goo oozed out between them, both breathing heavily.

"Oh God," Jack mumbled as the humiliation began to creep back in. He hated being in Bryce's arms yet somehow it felt safer than letting go and feeling alone again in the room of tormentors.

"That one's our secret!" Bryce whispered and winked at the older boy as he pulled away.

Jack was dazed. He felt both amazing and awful following his orgasm, then on top of it Bryce was apparently being nice to him. He had already learned that evening to be aware of 'nice' as it was normally a precursor to something worse. He let go too and continued slowly bouncing on Bryce's cock.

"Hey, no point letting a hole go to waste!" Ben said from behind Jack.

The helpless slave felt himself getting pulled backwards. It was quite uncomfortable, his back arching as he followed Ben's pull. The younger boy had pulled off his briefs and was standing there naked and erect. He pulled Jack's head down between his legs and pointed his cock down into the jock's mouth.

Jack felt like he was going to topple. While he was still sat on Bryce's cock, most of the weight of his body was now tipped backwards. He managed to stay up though, mostly thanks to the way Ben's legs gripped vice-like onto his head. He did his best to stuck the boy's cock, swirling his

tongue round and round the head, but he had to keep opening his mouth to take loud gasps of air as his nose was blocked by the boy's smooth balls.

The others gathered round now. They had kept their distance when Bryce was fucking Jack alone, but Ben's involvement now acted as an invite for them. Danny and Aaron stood on one side of him, Lincoln and Elliott on the other. Jack felt a hand on his stomach, tracing the shape of his abs. Then another hand joined, and another, and another. With Bryce's cock still thrusting away inside him, Ben's boner in his mouth, blood rushing to his upside-down head and now the added feeling of the dozen hands on him, Jack was in a state of euphoric confusion like he had never felt before. Had his mouth not been full, he knew he would have been yelling, but whether they would be shouts of pleasure or moans of discomfort he truly did not know.

Lincoln and Danny each had a hand on one of Jack's nipples, pinching and squeezing them, laughing with the others as the boy's cock danced in response. The head was wet and sticky from the orgasm minutes earlier, but most of the spunk had been rubbed in as the two teens pressed together, making it look like he had just been pre-cumming heavily.

Jack was actually grateful for the way he had cum with Bryce. Had he not, the teasing of his nipples would likely be pushing him towards another hands-free eruption. As it was, relieved of the pressure somewhat, the teasing just felt intensely good. He almost didn't want it to stop.

Within seconds of each other, Bryce and Ben both ejaculated inside Jack. He did his best to swallow Ben's load, although a little bit dribbled out the corner of his mouth as he gasped for air. He found himself quite grateful for the fact that the others had been sensible enough to use condoms with him, not only for protection, but also because his ass would have doubtlessly been oozing a thingy dribble of its own by this point!

The two teens continued thrusting into either end of Jack until the last remnants of orgasm had subsided and their post-ejaculatory sensitiveness began to kick in. All the while, the other boys continued their teasing and caressing of Jack's body. He couldn't help thinking that the sensation might have been nice had it been girls' hands instead of guys. Yet somehow, despite his repulsion at the two cocks spit-roasting him, the dozen hands on his body and his recent series of orgasms, his cock was once again back to full-mast.

"Damn, Captain!" Bryce said with a sly grin, lifting Jack clear of his softening dick, "That ass is something else!"

Jack just managed to hear the comment as Ben stepped away, the hands caressing him stopping their teasing to instead help lift him to his feet. He felt a tiny swell of pride at the compliment, but it quickly faded into embarrassment as he realised what the other boy was saying. "I never knew you were a dirty faggot too, glad you enjoyed my ass, homo!" Jack snapped, the taste of Ben's spunk still on his lips. AS soon as he said it, his shoulders slouched and his head dropped. He had simply spoken his mind without thought of the inevitable repercussions.

"Dude, get the fuck over it. It's the 21st century. Some people are gay!" Bryce said, shaking his head at the ridiculous insults.

"Oh, so you ARE gay?" Ben asked, grinning devilishly.

Bryce shrugged. "Who the fuck cares. If I see something and I wanna fuck it, I'm gonna fuck it. What does it matter whether they've got a dick or a pussy!" He got up as he spoke and casually flexed his muscles slightly, happily putting a show on for Ben, knowing the gay teen would be enjoying it.

Elliott saw Ben eyeing up Bryce's rippling chest and smacked him gently on the arm, triggering a snigger from his lover and a dismissive shrug. Elliott couldn't help smiling back, then shook his head as he looked to Jack. "You see Jack, nobody's bothered but you. So spout all the childish names you like. The only person who's gonna suffer is you!"

"Whatever. Just get the fuck on with it. Who's next?" Jack asked. He looked to Danny and Aaron, then turned his ass towards them and asked, "You two fags having a go?" Before he got any response, he felt a hand slam into the side of his head. Caught off guard by the unexpected ferocity, he fell to the ground, clutching at his face.

Everyone stared at Elliott whose hand was still raised over the fallen teen. "I told you!" Elliott growled through gritted teeth. "You keep saying that stuff and I'll make you REALLY suffer!"

Jack stared in disbelief. In all the years he had known Elliott, he had never raised a fist once. As far as Jack recalled, he had never even seen his friend truly angry, yet now as he lay there in a daze staring up, he felt genuinely scared of him. "I'm sorry, okay. Fuck!" Jack mumbled, head still reeling.

"You're not sorry, you're scared!" Elliott said sharply. He looked at his own hand, clenched it a little tighter and forced it down to his side. He knew that if he let go now, let all the years of anger come flowing out now in a single burst, he was likely to kill Jack.

"Whadda you say we... call it a night? It's getting kinda late anyway," Ben said, glancing at the clock on the wall.

"Fine by me!" Jack said immediately, but flinched as his words made Elliott jerk, making it seem like another stroke could be moments away.

"Get up!" Ben ordered Jack, then turned round and headed for the pile of Jack's belongings. He reached in and fished out the keys to Jack's car. "Here ya go!" he said, tossing them to Jack as he got to his feet.

"What, so you're just... done for the night? I can go?" he asked, suspicious of his imminent freedom.

"You can go, but we're not entirely done!" Ben said with a grin.

"Whatever," Jack huffed, stepping towards his pile of clothing. He stopped when the others all started laughing. He wanted to lash out and punch every single one of them as he realised what they were laughing at.

"You don't get your clothes back!" Danny said with a mean smirk.

"Fine, whatever!" Jack repeated himself, marching towards the door. He wanted to just march out,

stroll to his car and drive off. The thought of letting them see they were getting to him was painful. Yet he still couldn't bring himself to do it. Being in the house naked with six tormentors had seemed as bad as it could get, yet somehow the thought of stepping out into the world totally exposed felt so much worse. He stopped at the doorway, fists clenched. He swallowed his pride and turned to beg one last time. "Please don't make me do this! Please don't make me drive home naked!"

"Okay," Aaron conceded immediately, grinning at the shocked expression on Jack's face. "We won't make you drive home naked. We'll make you drive us home. Where you go after that is up to you!"

"Let's go!" Danny said happily, heading for the door. Aaron and Lincoln followed him.

Having his own car, Bryce would be driving himself home and Elliott seemed to be showing no signs of leaving any time soon, not that Jack was in any state to notice. The thought of just driving directly home was terrifying, the reality of how long it would take to drive all the way to three other houses too was almost more than he could bear.

"Oh come on, someone's bound to see. I'll get arrested!" Jack complained.

Elliott, still on edge from his earlier outburst marched over to the door and pulled it open. "Possibly arrested for driving naked or definitely arrested for rape... what's it gonna be?"

Jack was still a little taken aback by his formerly-meek friend's ongoing aggression towards him. He raised his hands submissively and replied, "Fine, I'm going!" He walked out of the door, stopping only briefly to look round and ensure nobody was walking past. He sprinted to the car, vaulted over the door and slunk down in the drivers' seat. Looking back angrily, he found the other three following him, slowly and noisily.

Lincoln stood in the middle and seemed to contract to both of the others in different ways. While he was average height and slimly built, Danny was tall and broad. The seventeen-year-old looked substantially more than a year older than Lincoln. He lacked quite the same muscle tone that Bryce had and could most accurately be described as just 'very big'. He was certainly not the kind of guy anyone picked a fight with, one of the primary reasons Jack had always let him hang around. He also lacked Elliott's handsomeness or Ben's cuteness, but wasn't what you would call ugly. Average was probably the best description, plain even. Big and plain, that was Danny!

Aaron however contrasted Lincoln mostly in his colourations. Walking next to the pale blonde, Aaron looked decidedly dark. Being one-quarter Mexican, he had inherited the almost-black hair and dark eyes, while his skin in normal conditions looked more like a strong tan. Walking next to Lincoln though, he seemed a lot darker. At sixteen, he was yet to fill out quite like some of the others. While that meant he had some impressive speed that the coach put to good use on the field, it also made him a common target for Jack's abuse. Aaron often found himself catching the eyes of girls at school with his mix of delicate features and dark, piercing eyes but years of taunts from Jack had undermined any confidence he might have had about following up on the looks.

"Hurry up!" Jack hissed as the three teens got slowly closer to the car.

"Hey we're coming, keep your pants on!" Danny called back, eliciting a round of laughter from both the group approaching the car and the other three who were still stood at the doorway

watching them leave.

“See ya real soon Jack!” Bryce called out from the house.

Jack flinched at the both the volume and the use of his name. At the same time, he felt a twitch in his cock. Was it fear of what Bryce meant? Was it a reaction to Bryce himself? Or was it simply nothing more than his fear of exposure kicking in.

A few more goodbyes were shouted and Jack finally pulled off. His instinct was to really put his foot down, but the last thing he needed was to be pulled over for speeding so he stuck to the speed limit and started following the directions to Aaron's house as he was apparently the closest. Jack quickly got an idea of where they were, having been somewhat disoriented by arousal when they drove to Ben's house earlier in the evening.

The naked driver flinched at every vehicle they passed, caught between a desire to check if they were looking and mortal dread that he might actually make eye contact with them. Thankfully, they all kept their hands to themselves so Jack managed to stay soft all the way to Aaron's house. He jumped out of the car and bid them all a quick goodbye before Jack pulled off again.

As they drove along towards their next destination, Lincoln and Danny both noticed Jack was holding back a little as they followed behind a pick-up truck. They had no doubt that normally Jack would have driven straight past it.

“Overtake it!” Lincoln said from the passenger seat, pointing to the truck.

“But... they'll...” Jack stuttered, his face somehow both pale with fear and blushing with embarrassment at the same time.

“Do it!” Lincoln snapped firmly.

Jack pulled out and started to overtake.

“And slow down!” Lincoln added as they got alongside it.

Jack whimpered, but obeyed.

“Damn, you've got balls kid!” a voice shouted from the truck.

Jack glanced sideways to see a man in his late-thirties to early-forties staring down at him.

“He's got more than that!” Danny called out. He reached forward, a hand sliding down over each of Jack's shoulders. He started pawing at Jack's nipples which were solid from the wind blowing past them.

Jack stared forward at the road, not wanting to see the man's face as his cock instantly jumped back to full firmness.

“Ha, nice!” the man called back.

“Hey, want some fun?” Lincoln yelled back.

“What? No!” insisted, almost swerving into the truck as he looked back and forth between Lincoln and the other driver.

“Sure, follow me!” the man said, then suddenly accelerated ahead.

“You heard the man, follow him!” Lincoln said, gesturing to the truck.

“You can't do this!” Jack said, both a statement of disbelief and a desperate plea for mercy.

Danny's hands let go of Jack's nipples and an arm wrapped tightly around his throat. “We can do whatever the hell we like!” Danny growled in his ear.

Jack coughed a little as his throat was released, then sped up to follow the other vehicle as commanded. They drove for a few minutes before the truck pulled off the road. The trail they drove onto was rough, but showed clear signs of use. The truck handled the terrain with no problem, but Jack's sleek car was designed for smooth roads and struggled slightly. They stopped once they were out of the immediate sight of the road.

“If he asks, you lost a bet and you're our slave for the night. Say anything more and you're dead!” Danny said quickly, prompting a nervous gasp from his victim.

“Come on, out you get, let's have a good look at you!” the man said, appearing from the far side of his truck.

Jack took a deep breath and got out, extremely conscious of his still-firm cock bobbing out in front of him. He saw the man looking him up and down and reluctantly found himself doing the same back. The man was as tall as Danny and quite muscled, but still smaller than the brutish teenager. He wore tight jeans that revealed a sizeable bulge and a red and black checked shirt with the arms torn off, the seams fraying messily. The shirt was undone about halfway down, revealing a nicely muscled chest covered in neatly-trimmed hair. The man had a cocky grin on his face as he stood, rubbing his heavily-stubbed chin with one hand.

“What's your name, boy?” the man asked, his accent clearer now, distinctly Texan.

“J... Jack!” he stuttered in response, shaking visibly. Being exposed in front of his friends had been tough, being seen by other drivers even tougher, but standing here and being eyed up by this man like a side of meat was almost more than he could handle.

“Nice to meet ya Jack. Nice night for it!” he said with a wink. “I'm Hank!” He held out a hand courteously.

Jack shuddered, staring at the outstretched hand but making no move to take it.

“Now now, Jack. Don't be rude!” Lincoln said, nudging Jack from behind.

Jaw trembling, tears ready to flow again, Jack reached out and accepted the greeting. Hank's hand felt huge as it wrapped tightly around his own, rougher too. Suddenly, before he had time to react,

Hank had pulled, spun Jack round, wrapped an arm around his neck and held him tightly against his body.

Jack yelped out in surprise and Danny moved to assist him, but Lincoln held him back as he saw Hank give a playful wink from beside the naked teen's head.

Hank pressed his nose into the nap of Jack's neck, took a deep sniff and growled. "Oh you smell good!" he said, his voice low and gravelly. He thrust his crotch forward, his huge bluge pressing into Jack's rear. "You wanna suck it or ride it?"

Jack whimpered, truly terrified of the man holding him. Danny and Lincoln both sniggered. The sly looks Hank kept giving them revealed he was just teasing Jack, so it was highly amusing to see him so scared safe in the knowledge he was in no real danger.

"I... I..." Jack stammered.

"Pick one or get both!" Hank said gruffly, then licked Jack's cheek.

"I..." Jack tried again, but between his shaking and his desperate desire not to burst into tears again, no words came out.

"Fine, both it is!" Hank said happily. "Now on your knees, boy!" He released his arm from around Jack's neck then pushed down on his shoulders.

Jack dropped to his knees. He would have looked to the other teens for help, but from their laughing it was clear none would be forthcoming. He heard brief movement behind him, then Hank moved round, coming back into view, now naked aside from his boots. His pecs were firm and tight, his stomach solid, all coated in a fine layer of short dark hair which led down to a neat little bush. What sat beneath that was anything but little. The cock that stood to full attention, curving up towards the darkening sky, was easily the length of Elliott's, with the girth of Bryce's. It's head was flared and dark purple, a tiny drop of precum already oozing out.

Hank grabbed at Jack's hair, pulling his head back with one hand while holding down his jaw with the other, pulling the teen's mouth open. He thrust his meaty tool into the gaping maw so hard and fast that Jack thought it was going to burst out the back of his head. Instead, it just stopped when it hit the back of his throat. The man pulled back and thrust in again, fucking Jack's face.

"Use your tongue, boy. Get it nice and wet or this next part is gonna hurt like hell!" Hank warned Jack.

Tears were streaming down Jack's cheeks now, as much from fear as from the choking he did every time the bulbous head slammed into his throat. He still did his best to lick it though, terrified of what the huge tool might do to him unlubricated.

"Damn he's got a hot mouth!" Hank growled to nobody in particular as he continued his face-fucking. Based on the pleased sounds the man was making, he appeared to be getting close to cumming. Obviously not wanting things to end so quickly, he pulled his cock free of Jack's mouth and stepped behind him. A sharp push and the boy fell onto all-fours.

Hank spat into his hand and rubbed it into Jack's hole.

“NO!” Jack yelled out, surprisingly high-pitched. He now burst into tears once again, full-on sobbing as he felt the fingers on his aching hole.

“Ah, geez kid, calm down. If you're that scared, I'm not gonna hurt ya!” Hank said with a sigh. He grabbed his own cock, gave it a few quick strokes and with a loud grunt spurted a heavy load all over Jack's back and butt cheeks. Flicking the last few drops from his softening dick, Hank stood and looked to Lincoln and Danny. “He got a phone?” he asked.

“Oh, yeah!” Lincoln said, reaching into his pocket. Ben had handed it to him on his way out, with instructions to return it to Jack before sending him home. He handed it to Hank.

The man tapped away on it for a couple of seconds, then squatted down beside Jack who was still crying and in the same position he had been put. He placed the phone down on the ground, placed a hand on Jack's back and whispered, “You ever wanna pick up where we left off, you give me a call!”

Jack nodded as he continued sobbing, barely taking in the man's words.

“Thanks for the fun, boys!” Hank said with a playful grin, then headed back to his truck, pulling on his clothes as he went. A few seconds later, the truck started up and he was gone, leaving Danny and Lincoln to deal with a still-crying Jack.

The two teens squatted either side of Jack, intending to help him up, actually feeling a little sorry for him.

“You enjoy the show, you dirty fags!” Jack spat the words like venom.

“Fuck's sake!” Danny muttered, shaking his head. It was almost like he wanted to be hated. “Just get up!” he said angrily, standing and dragging Jack onto his feet. “Come on, get in the car and drive.”

Despite Jack's nudity and a few lewd comments shouted from passing vehicles, the remainder of the trip was fairly uneventful, Danny getting out at his house before Jack returned Lincoln home too.

“See you tomorrow, Jacky!” Lincoln taunted as he got out.

“Fuck off!” Jack snapped back, then sped off with a screech of tyres. He knew he would likely pay for his disrespect, but he didn't care right then.

Alone at last, Jack wanted to scream. In the course of a few hours, he had gone from being the man in charge, the Captain, the idol of his peers to being nothing more than a naked sex toy to his friends and, apparently, anyone else who wanted him. Worst of all, it had all happened because of his own fear of public exposure, which he had now ended up enduring anyway.

It was only when his own house came into sight that he realised his final hurdle... he was naked and his parents were home! He drove up to the house as quietly as he could manage, staring

nervously at every window in the house, terrified that any of his family might be looking. Satisfied that nobody was in sight, he quickly peered around at the neighbourhood and jumped out, phone and keys in hand. A quick but silent dash later, he was at the front door. He slid the key in, unlocked the door, cursing every click then opened it.

A quick look inside showed the coast was clear, so he silently shut the door and dashed for the stairs. He was almost to the top when he heard a voice from downstairs.

“Jack, is that you?” It was his Mom.

“Yeah, it's me. Going to bed. Night!” he called back, still moving as fast as he could towards his room. He slammed his bedroom door behind him, relieved to have made it without being spotted. He headed straight through into the bathroom and clicked on the light. He stood and looked at himself in the mirror.

He was a mess, remnants of cum on his cheeks as well as the dried load stuck to his lower back from Hank. His hands, feet and knees were filthy and he was drenched with sweat. Worried he might lash out and smash the mirror if he had to look at himself for another second, he turned on the shower.

He stepped in, feeling the filth of the evening washing away. He closed his eyes as he let the jet splash against it, running his fingers through his hair. While it couldn't exactly solve all of his problems, the shower certainly made him feel physically better. Once he was dried off, he walked back into his room and collapsed onto his bed.

Feeling himself begin to fall asleep, he suddenly shot up with a start as his phone beeped. He grabbed it, both scared of what he might see and of what might happen if he failed to reply to one of his new masters. It was a message from Elliott.

[Be ready at 10 tomorrow. We'll be by to pick you up!]

[Why are you doing this to me?] Jack replied back immediately. After ten minutes with no reply, he sent another message. [Why won't you talk to me? I thought we were friends?] More time passed, no reply. [For fuck's sake El, don't ignore me!]

Jack was distraught, hovering somewhere between upset and angry. When his phone finally beeped again, he jumped at it eagerly, hopeful to get some kind of response from his friend. Instead, he found nothing but a picture of himself, fucking Ben. Angrily, he threw his phone across the room and curled up. Sleep soon took him, thoughts of what tortures may lay ahead filling his head.

Chapter 4

THEN

“Come on you little pussy, my Grandma could lift that!” Jack taunted, pushing down on the bar pressing into Aaron's chest. “You wanna make varsity, you gotta be stronger than granny!” The young Captain's taunts generated a round of jeers from the other players who had yet to finish in the gym.

Aaron was gasping to breathe. The weight he had set to bench press was a slight challenge to him, but he had been confident he could do it. He had been working hard lately, determined to start bulking up like the other guys on the team. Coach kept telling him not to make it a priority, that there was plenty of strength on the team already and that he was most valuable for his speed, but Aaron still wanted to get bigger.

He would have been able to carry on with his set with minimal discomfort if the varsity Captain hadn't turned his attentions on him. He had swaggered over, calling Aaron the usual names intended to insult either his size or his part-Mexican heritage before leaning onto the bar and pushing it downwards.

“I... can't...” Aaron gasped. “Can't... breathe!”

Jack shook his head in disgust. “Fucking useless. You'll never make the team you scrawny little taco-jockey!” he let go of the bar and turned to walk away, laughing as the younger boy gasped for air.

It took every bit of Aaron's remaining strength to lift the bar back up, but he managed to do it, his arms wobbling as he gulped down huge breaths of air into his burning lungs. The rest of the players had followed the Captain out of the gym and into the locker room amid a chorus of laughs and name-calling.

Aaron took a few more breaths, then swung his legs round on the bench and sat up, still panting. He hated Jack, he truly did. He sometimes wondered why he remained on the team, why he kept placing himself close enough to Jack to be a victim of his bullying, but the answer was always the same. Aside from the fact that he simply loved the sport and couldn't imagine his life without it, he wanted to go to college! His family managed to get by fairly well, although he knew that they sometimes struggled with money, especially with four children so he didn't want to burden them with college fees, so a football scholarship was his best chance to make something of himself. There was no way he would ever quit the team because of Jack Hamilton, no matter how nasty his words.

Figuring that he had the gym to himself now anyway, he continued with the remainder of his workout before heading to the locker room to shower. Everyone else was gone, making the room strangely echoey and haunting. He quickly stripped, grabbed his towel and headed into the shower. He let the warm water wash away his stress, doing his best to forget about Jack and his taunts. He closed his eyes and leaned with one hand against the wall as the water flowed.

A few minutes later, he turned off the water and span round to grab his towel from the hook on the wall but froze in shock as he saw it was gone. "Fuck!" he muttered, immediately realising someone had to have taken it. He ran out of the showers and back to his locker only to find it was empty too. In place of his bag and clothing, all he found was a sombrero! "Fuck fuck fuck!" he repeated. It had to be Jack.

'At least school's over!' Aaron thought to himself. He knew he would have to venture out of the locker room in order to get home, there was no way he could spend the night there as he would simply have to face exposure the next morning as well as getting into trouble for staying out all night. The school should be mostly empty by now so he could avoid being seen by too many people.

He briefly considered attempting to make it all the way home, but the distance made it both unfeasible and terrifying. Instead, he was going to have to face a little exposure and head to the teachers' lounge. Being naked in front of any member of the faculty was a little daunting, but at least he knew they would help him.

He looked at the hat that had been left, knowing it was a deliberate racial slur by the Captain and reluctantly grabbed it. At least it would protect his dignity slightly. He walked to the door, took a deep breath and stepped out. The hallway was empty, so he dashed along it to the next corner. He had to cross a large atrium next, which was a large open space, stretching up to the very top of the building with walkways around it on each floor. He peered up and couldn't see anyone so he dashed across in the direction of the faculty lounge.

As he got halfway across, he heard a shout. "Nice hat, hombre!" It was undeniably Jack. "You want your shit back?"

Aaron stopped and looked round, then saw Jack emerging on the floor above him, several other football players at his side. They dangled Aaron's bag and clothing over the railing.

"Give it back!" Aaron demanded, his cheeks flushing red.

"Let's see you wear the hat properly!" Jack demanded.

"Fuck off!" Aaron snapped back immediately, then noticed the phone pointed at him.

"Do it or your little streak goes round the whole school!" Jack taunted.

Aaron sighed. While he wasn't keen for the whole school to see his ordeal, he wasn't exactly shy about his body so he figured he may as well do as they said and get it over with. He raised the hat, covering his cock with his other hand and placed it on his head. He looked up to his tormentors and asked, "Happy now?"

"Ha, you look fucking ridiculous!" Jack sniggered. He signalled the others and they dropped Aaron's possessions before turning and disappearing. "Later, tonk!" Jack called back as Aaron ran to start dressing.

NOW

Jack giggled and moaned happily. It felt so good. The mouth on his cock was doing amazing work. Suddenly, consciousness began to creep in. Realising he had been dreaming, Jack wondered why he could still feel the mouth on his cock. His eyes shot open and he stared down to see a mess of orange hair.

"The fuck?" Jack asked,, sitting up suddenly, his cock pulling out of Ben's mouth. He looked round, bleary-eyed and saw Elliott standing there.... recording it all of course! "How did you..." he started.

"Your Mom let us in. I told her you were meant to be ready at ten so she said we should come and wake you!" Elliott explained, grinning as Ben stood up. "Figured this was better than an alarm clock!"

Jack glanced at the clock and saw it said nearly quarter past ten. He looked for his phone, then remembered angrily throwing it across the room the night before.

"Now hurry up and get dressed!" Elliott ordered, throwing a shirt, pair of shorts and jock strap at Jack.

"Oh what, you dressing me now?" Jack asked, looking at the clothes.

"Funny you should say that, we're going shopping. You need a new wardrobe!" Elliott replied.

Eager to cover up, Jack grabbed the jock strap and pulled it on. With his still semi-hard cock now contained, he climbed off the bed and went to grab a pair of boxers from a drawer. He usually wore a jock strap on any day he was going to be playing football, but always wore other underwear over it.

"Erm, no!" Elliott said, pushing the drawer closed, narrowly missing Jack's fingers. "I gave you all you're going to wear, so get dressed!"

Jack scowled but pulled on the shorts and shirt, under the watchful gaze of his two owners. He followed them out of his room as soon as he was dressed and headed down the stairs.

"See you later Mrs H," Elliott said cheerfully as they saw Jack's Mom down the hallway.

"Nice to meet you Mrs Hamilton," Ben added with a sweet smile.

"You too Benjamin," Mrs Hamilton replied. "You boys have fun!"

"Oh we will!" Elliott replied, sniggering as Jack scowled again.

Jack looked around as they got outside. He had been expecting to see all of the others waiting for them, but there was nobody in sight, just Elliott's car alongside his own on the driveway.

"Not brought the whole homo-gang today then?" Jack asked resentfully.

Ben saw Elliott's fists clench and turned quickly to intervene. "Oh my God, Jack. How are you not

getting this yet? Seriously, it's like you WANT us pissed at you!"

"What have you fags got to be pissed about? You're not the victim here, I am!" Jack snapped back.

Elliott couldn't hold back now. "You... you think you're the victim? You don't have a fucking clue do you, off in Jack-World, doing whatever the fuck you like, saying what you like, not a fucking thought about anyone else!"

"Hey, ease off," Ben said, rubbing Elliott's back gently with one hand, the other pushing Elliott's chest to make him back off a little. "Let him keep being a dick, you know he's the one who'll suffer for it."

Elliott glared at Jack a little longer, then looked to Ben, his expression immediately softening as he nodded. "Come on, get in!" He got into the car, Ben opening the passenger seat door for Jack before getting in the back.

Jack was confused. He still couldn't understand how anyone else could have reason to be pissed. He was the one who had been targeted, nothing had happened to any of the others, so how could they be angry at him?

"Okay, let's get the rules straight for today. You do what we say, as soon as we say it. You don't argue, you don't question, you just do it, no matter what it is. Understand?" Ben explained from the back as Elliott drove. As he saw Jack shaking his head in annoyance, he added, "Alternatively, we can drive straight to the police station now and show them the evidence. You prefer that?"

Jack huffed and shook his head again. "Fine, I'll do whatever faggot things you say!"

Elliott swung his hand out to the side, fist clenched, smacking as hard as he could into Jack's crotch.

"UUURRGH!" Jack grunted at the sharp hit to his balls. He doubled over and felt like he was going to throw up as sharp jolts of pain surged through his entire body.

"Keep using that word and I'll start doing a lot worse!" Elliott snapped, putting his hand back on the wheel.

Jack remained silent for the rest of the drive, the slowly ebbing throb in his balls a constant reminder to behave. Once they were parked, they piled out of the car, Elliott and Ben walking along with the slightly-limping Jack close behind.

Jack felt like everyone was looking at him, like they all knew what he had done the night before, that he was a slave to the two teens walking ahead of him. He couldn't help wondering if any of them had seen him last night when he had driven round naked, the thought filling him with dread. "Where are we going?" he asked nervously.

"I told you earlier, you need a new wardrobe," Elliott replied, now substantially calmer than he had been in the car.

A few moments later, they turned and headed into a clothing store. Jack continued trailing behind.

He knew how easy it would be to just turn and walk the other way, but Elliott's anger at him over past twelve hours suggested to him that he genuinely would turn in the video to the police and have Jack arrested, so he forced himself to stay.

Ben and Elliott started browsing, discussing things as they picked them up, occasionally looking at Jack and smirking. Eventually they turned, holding out a t-shirt to Jack.

"Try it on!" Ben said with a smile.

Jack looked at it. It was a fairly innocuous looking t-shirt which was surprising, he had expected much worse. He took it from the boy and looked round for the fitting room.

"Oh, no, you don't need to go in there!" Ben said, seeing Jack's eyes falling on the cubicles at the back of the shop. "You can do it here!"

"But..." Jack started.

"Don't argue, don't question!" Ben repeated his words from the car.

Jack sighed and looked round. The shop was fairly quiet, but a few people were milling around. He quickly unbuttoned his shirt and let it slide off his shoulders, then pulled the t-shirt on. It was tight, uncomfortably so, showing off every bump and curve of his muscles. "It's a bit small he said, tugging it down. It barely reached the waistband of his shorts.

"It's perfect. We'll have it!" Elliott said with a smirk.

"You're kidding. I Can't wear this in public!" Jack argued.

"Take it off!" Ben ordered.

Jack happily complied, peeling off the shirt and pulling it over his head. Ben immediately took it off of him as Elliott reached down and grabbed Jack's own shirt. He pulled it back as Jack reached for it.

"May as well keep it off, you'll be trying others!" Elliott said, smiling wickedly.

"Fine!" Jack huffed, then crossed his arms in front of his chest as the other two resumed their browsing. Blushing heavily by now, Jack kept glancing round. Needless to say, the handsome, shirtless seventeen-year-old was attracting a few looks. As he saw two members of staff talking and pointing, he hoped they would come over and tell him to cover up. It would be embarrassing, but at least he would be allowed to put his shirt back on. Unfortunately, they continued watching, apparently enjoying the show.

Ben and Elliott had Jack try on several more tops. None of them were the type he would ever have chosen for himself and he hated every one of them. He thought that his shirtlessness was as bad as it was going to get... until they started looking at shorts.

"Okay, try these on!" Ben said, offering Jack a small pair of denim shorts. Once again, Jack glanced to the fitting rooms, only to get a dismissive shake of the head from Ben.

“Fuck!” Jack muttered. He looked round and immediately regretted it. The people watching were no longer being subtle, he was starting to draw a crowd. Three members of staff, two girls and a guy, all around Jack's age were watching and sniggering. A young couple in their twenties were edging closer and a few single people also watched from a distance.

He yanked down his shorts, leaning down to untangle them from his sneakers. He immediately regretted it. The jock strap put his bare ass on show to his spectators, actually getting a few whistles and a quiet cheer in response. He immediately stood and turned, embarrassed, then realised instead they now had a full view of the front instead.

He started pulling on the denim shorts. Much like a few of the shirts he had tried on, the shorts were too small and barely fit him. As he did them up, he looked down. His bulge was obscene, especially as it had inexplicably begun swelling a little.

“Fuck that's hot!” one of the spectators called out as Jack stood there in nothing but shorts and sneakers.

“Perfect!” Ben said from behind Jack. “Whip 'em off, we'll see what else we can find.”

Jack obeyed, keeping his front to the growing crowd but covering his bulge with both hands, eyes fixed on the ground, cheeks burning. Every time he got handed another item of clothing, he tried it on then handed it back to his tormentors.

“Right, I think that's enough!” Elliott finally announced, his arms piled high with Jack's new clothes.

The declaration got a moan from the crowd. “Doesn't he need underwear?” someone called out, getting a laugh from the others.

Ben looked thoughtful for a moment, then said “Nah, not today!”

With the show mostly over, some of the crowd began disbursing. Some remained though, watching the near-naked teen as long as possible. Elliott pulled Jack's wallet from the pocket of his shorts and handed it to him.

“You can pay!” Elliott said with a snigger.

They stood at the checkout while the assistants folded it all into bags for them. The young man saw Jack's own clothes and asked, “Want me to bag these too?”

Elliott laughed at the suggestion, especially as Jack looked terrified, but shook his head. “Nah, don't wanna get kicked out of the mall just yet!” He handed the clothes to Jack who eagerly got dressed, then offered his card to the cashier.

“Thanks very much, come again!” the shop assistant called after them as they left, the three bursting into laughter.

Jack's cheeks were still burning as he asked moodily, “Are we done now?”

“Nah, still another shop to visit,” Ben said, then laughed in a way that sent a chill down Jack's spine. As they walked, Ben pulled out his phone and sent a text. His phone beeped a few minutes later and he looked to Elliott. “We're good!”

“Great, let's go!” Elliott said happily. “Come on, Jacky. You're in for a treat!”

Jack whimpered slightly, wondering what had got his two owners so happy. They walked to the back of the mall and stopped at a store with blacked out windows. “You... you can't be serious!” Jack said, staring in shock. He knew what it was, an adult store. “We're underage, they won't even let us in!”

Ben grinned. “It helps to know people. Come on.” Ben pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Elliott stood aside, letting Jack enter, visibly nervous. Once they were inside, Elliott flipped the open sign to the 'closed' side and locked the door. They made their way through a second door and the shop came into view.

Jack had never been anywhere like it. He had see that sort of place in porn videos online, but being in there in person was different. Various toys and other paraphernalia lined the walls and shelves, mannequins stood around garbed in assorted fetish gear. There were several men wandering round, all of whom stopped and stared as the three teens came in.

“What's going on?” Jack asked in a barely audible whisper.

“Well you were such a good boy in the clothes store,” Elliott said, patting Jack on the cheek, “That we figured we'd get you some new toys to play with!”

“I don't.... want any of these!” Jack stuttered, looking round at a long line of dildos to his side.

“Hey Ben!” A man said from behind the counter, walking out to hug the ginger teen.

“Hey Zee,” Ben said back with a grin, accepting the hug happily.

The man was in his mid-twenties, sleeve-tattoos covering both of his bare arms and disappearing beneath the shoulders of a white tank-top. Both ears, one eyebrow and his lower left lip were pierced. “You must be Elliott! Heard a lot about you!” he said, looking to the blonde boy at Jack's side. He too got a quick hug. Finally his eyes fell on Jack, narrowing slightly. “And Jack!” No hug for him!

“Hey, nice to meet you, Zee,” Elliott said cheerfully.

“Well I can't keep the shop closed up for too long, so whadda you say we got on with this?” Zee suggested.

“Get on with what?” Jack asked nervously, shrinking back a bit as the other men in the store began gathering.

“Hope you don't mind a few spectators!” Zee said with a snigger. “They're a few of my regulars, they can keep a secret!”

Elliott laughed. "Oh yeah, the more the merrier!"

"Great, come on guys, you won't wanna miss this!" Zee said, beckoning the other men to come round. The customers varied in age from a little younger than Zee to a guy who looked to be in his late fifties, ten of them in total. His eyes narrowed again as he looked at Jack. "Clothes off!"

Jack gasped at the command, but remembered what Ben had promised. Only they were his masters, nobody else.

"Do it!" Ben ordered, sending Jack's hesitation.

For the second time that morning, Jack stripped down to his jock, attempting to cover himself up with his arms as he stood exposed in front of the strangers.

"All of it!" Zee snapped, looking to the jock.

A nod from Ben and Jack reached for the elastic waistband. Shuddering with fear, he pulled it down, then stood, crotch covered with both hands.

"Daaamn, sexy boy!" one of the spectators said happily.

Zee grabbed a box from behind the counter and reached into it. "From what you told me, I thought you might like this!" he said, pulling out a short chain with a small clamp on each end. He approached Jack with it.

The nervous teen started backing away, but found himself stopped by Elliott, who grabbed one arm and one of the spectators who grabbed the other. "What is that?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

Zee grabbed one of the clamps, squeezed it open, then closed it on Jack's left nipple.

"Urgh!" Jack grunted. There was a momentary sharpness to the feeling, then just pleasurable pressure. Before the other clamp had even been put on his other nipple, his cock was halfway up. He grunted again as the other end of the chain was secured, triggering him to go fully erect.

"Fuck, you weren't kidding. This guy really loves his nips!" Zee sniggered, then slapped Jack's erection. He looked to Ben and said, "So you can just leave them on and obviously they have a bit of an affect on little Jack, or you can try just pulling on the chain a little." He reached out and did as he had explained, triggering another pleased groan from the naked teen.

"That's hot!" Ben said happily, watching Jack's cock twitch excitedly. He reached out and had a go, gently pulling on the metal links, making his victim whimper with unwanted delight.

"Or if he misbehaves, you can just do this," Zee said, grabbing the chain and yanking hard.

The chain pulled away and both clamps popped off of Jack's sensitive nubs. "FUCK!" he called out as he felt a sharp pain through them both.

"We'll definitely take one of those!" Elliott said happily. "What's next?"

Zee placed the chain down on the counter and reached into the box. He pulled out a small latex butt plug. "This is the smallest plug we do. If he's a beginner like you say, you'll want to start him on this."

"That's not going near me!" Jack insisted, attempting to pull away from the two men holding him.

Zee grinned as he pulled out a large bottle of lube, pumping a little onto the plug, coating the small toy as he approached Jack once more. "Turn him round!"

Jack really began to fight back now, but as two more men joined Elliott and the first man, he found himself overpowered, getting turned round and bent over by force.

"You may wanna relax!" Zee said jovially as he knelt down and pressed the tip of the plug against Jack's hole.

"Fuck you! Fuck you all! You dirty fucking fags. Let me go!" Jack screamed back at the man.

Zee shook his head. "Wow, you're right, he's a real charmer!" Sniggering at the teen's protests, he thrust the plug inside in a single motion, any intention to be gentle instantly shattered.

"Oh fuck!" Jack called out, his tone giving away that the sensation wasn't entirely unpleasant to him.

Zee turned back, grabbed something else from the box and handed it to Ben. "Here you go, try this!"

"What is it?" Ben asked, frowning at the small black box. He pressed the red button on it and Jack let out another moan.

"It vibrates?" Ben asked, grinning at Zee wide-eyed.

Zee and the rest of the men were laughing at Jack's moaning, several of the men groping erections through their clothing. "Yeah," Zee replied. "Just one setting, it's only the basic model, but I figured it could be fun for you guys!"

"Oh yeah!" Ben said with a devilish grin. "This'll definitely be fun!"

"Stand him up!" Zee ordered, prompting Jack to be stood back up and turned round, still held by the three men and Elliott.

"You fucking homos, I'll make you pay for this!" Jack growled, furious at the men, but equally angry at himself. His cock was beginning to ooze precum from both the nipple and anal stimulation.

"Oh we gotta do something about that mouth!" Zee said, shaking his head. He reached into the box and then once more approached Jack menacingly. He reached up and grabbed Jack's face, squeezing his cheeks tightly until the boy's mouth opened. He reached up and placed red ball into the opening, then reached round the back to do up the attached straps.

Elliott looked at the ballgag, making eye contact with his former friend, then sniggered. "Wow, a way to actually shut him up. Definitely having one of those!" he laughed.

"Argh gggg kuh yuh!" Jack attempted to speak at Elliott, but the words were indistinguishable.

Jack continued to struggle against his captors, squirming against their hands even as Zee pulled another toy from his box of terrors. The teen's eyes widened and he began squirming less as Zee pulled out a short black stick, about eighteen inches in length. At first he thought it may have been a dildo, but it was not really the right sort of shape.

"This should help keep him in line!" Zee said happily. He reached out and poked the tip of the stick into Jack's stomach, just to the side of his treasure trail. There was a loud zap and Jack let out a yelp of pain through the gag. "This is the Tazapper. It won't cause any serious harm or leave anything more than a miniscule mark, but it stings like a son-of-a-bitch! It's perfect for," ZAP! "Keeping," ZAP! "Disobedient," ZAP! "Boys in line!" ZAP!

Jack was whimpering and trying to back away from the zapper with each jolt, causing his audience to laugh hysterically.

"Hold him really still!" Zee said with a grin, then looked to Ben and said, "You really wanna make it sting. Try this!"

With the four men holding Jack, he stared down nervously as Zee got closer, the head of the zapper moving torturously slowly towards his crotch. The tip made contact with his balls, triggering a yell of shock from the teen.

"Or this!" Zee added, then caught the tip of Jack's cock with it.

Jack's legs buckled and he dropped to the floor, whimpering, the four men letting him go.

"Why don't you two come see what else I've got. The rest of you, why don't you teach little Jack what bukkake is!" Zee instructed.

The other men needed no further prompting. As Elliott and Ben moved over to the counter with Zee, they formed a tight circle around Jack. Each holding down an arm or leg with a foot, the teen had forced to lay there helplessly, fully exposed, butt plug still buzzing away as he saw ten cocks emerge from the mens' pants. They all started stroking as they stared down at him.

"What's bukkake?" Ben whispered to Elliott as they followed Zee.

Elliott looked back and smirked. "Not quite sure, but I think it's pretty messy!"

Zee started showing them a few other toys he had picked out. The young man had been friends with Ben for about six months now. The two had met online and a friendship had blossomed quickly, although Zee had always been careful to keep the relationship non-sexual, despite the horny teens constant attempts to the contrary. Over the months, he had heard a lot about Jack and the things he had done, so it gave him great pleasure now to help Ben get a little revenge.

Meanwhile, Jack continued laying there eyes closed to avoid the sight of ten men jerking off over him. He was glad his eyes were closed as he felt the first splatters of cum landing on him, a long string of goo landing heavily across his face and a few more on his chest. The first orgasm acted as trigger for the rest. One after the other, the men began shooting their loads, more and more warm, thick cum landing all over Jack.

By the time Elliott and Ben returned from the counter, their new toys discretely bagged, the men had started backing away, leaving a repulsed Jack laying covered in their spunk. Elliott reached down and undid the gag, sniggering at Jack's face, his eyes still tightly closed to avoid getting cum in them.

"Ah, take it out!" Jack gasped, referring to the plug still buzzing inside.

Elliott could see why Jack wanted it out, his cock looked just about ready to explode. As tempted as he was to make him lay there and add another load to the mess covering him, Elliott didn't want him getting off (literally) that easily. He reached down between Jack's legs, which he parted willingly, and yanked the plug out unceremoniously.

"Oh God!" Jack gasped, ecstatic to be free of the buzzing, but slightly regretful that his cock had now been allowed the pleasure of release. He felt something soft land on his stomach and realised it was a towel.

"Clean yourself up. I've got a business to run!" Zee said as he headed back to the counter.

Elliott dropped the gag and plug into the bag with their other toys then kicked Jack's clothes to his side as the naked teen started wiping the cum off of himself. Satisfied that the show was over, the other men returned to their browsing.

"You sure you don't want anything for these?" Ben asked, gesturing to the bag of goodies.

"Nah, they're on me," Zee replied with a grin. "So long as you promise to make the little homophobe suffer!"

"Oh don't worry, we've got that sorted!" Elliott sniggered.

With Jack cleaned off and dressed, they bid goodbye to Zee with more hugs and then headed out of the shop, flipping the sign back round to 'open' on the way.

"Did you enjoy that?" Elliott asked tauntingly as they headed back along through the mall.

"No!" Jack snapped moodily.

"Really? Cos it looked like this," Elliott grabbed Jack's crotch, "Said otherwise!"

"Get off of me you..." Jack started, then paused as he realised what he was going to say.

Elliott sniggered as he realised Jack was beginning to learn. "Good boy!" he said condescendingly.

The three teens spent a couple more hours in the mall. They had already got everything they

wanted to get for Jack, but now simply made him follow them round, occasionally teasing him or threatening him with embarrassing tasks. They stopped for lunch at the food court but bought nothing for Jack, instead making him beg for food off of their plates. Every now and then, they would pinch or squeeze a nipple, watching with amusement as Jack blushed at his growing bulge, especially when they caught a passer-by staring at it.

By the time they finished at the mall, Jack was hornier than he could ever remember feeling before. Between the constant nipple teasing, the earlier anally-induced near-orgasm and the fact that he was simply an over-hormonal teenager, his cock now seemed to be permanently hard. As they drove away from the mall, he worried what his two tormentors might do with his painful arousal. As they pulled over at the side of the road, he suspected he was about to find out.

Mercifully, the fear of what was coming paired with the prolonged lack of stimulation on the journey had allowed his cock to go down. As much as he dreaded what may be about to happen, a small part of his mind was quietly grateful that he might be about to cum. It felt like it had been days since he was last able to release a load.

“Stand up!” Ben ordered, opening the back door of the car for Jack to emerge.

Jack looked round nervously. It was an empty street with no sign of any other person, but still he was nervous. Ben reached for his waistband and tugged down the shorts and jock strap in one go.

“Here ya go!” Elliott said, grabbing something from the trunk and handing it to his younger friend.

“What's that?” Jack asked nervously as he saw a small object pass between the two.

“Shut up!” Ben said bluntly.

Jack watched in horror as Ben started handling his cock, the object in his hand being taken to pieces before being put back together around his soft tool. With a small metal click, Ben let go and stood back. The half-naked teen was horrified as he saw his manhood contained in some kind of metal cage. “What the hell..” he gasped, looking up at the other two.

“Fits perfectly!” Elliott said, placing an arm around Ben's shoulders as they beheld the chastity device.

Jack tugged at the cage, but any attempt to remove it only seemed to cause pain. As long as the padlock was on it, it wasn't going anywhere!

“Hehe, yeah. I like it,” Ben said with a smirk. He held his hand out to Elliott, two keys laying in his palm. “One for each of us. His cock belongs to us now!”

“You can't do this!” Jack complained. “Please, I won't touch it if that's what you want, but I can't wear this thing!”

Ben walked closer and said, “Can't? That's strange, cos it looks like you already are. I think what you mean is you don't WANT to wear it, but in case you haven't figured it out yet, what YOU want doesn't matter any more. You belong to us. Got it, boy?” He thrust a hand forward and grabbed the cage, twisting slightly.

“Ah,” Jack grunted in pain, then nodded and replied, “Yes!”

“Yes what?” Ben asked, twisting further.

“Yes Sir!” Jack replied immediately.

Ben let go and smiled. “Good, now back in the car!”

They all got back in and headed straight for Jack's house. When they pulled up on the driveway, Ben looked into the back and said, “Get out, we're done with you today!”

“Really?” Jack asked in shock. Not that he was keen for more, he had just expected an evening of torture much like the previous night.

Ben looked serious now. “Yeah,” he replied with a nod. “We keep saying we're not doing this for fun. Well, it is fun, but... there's another reason. All I want you to do tonight is think about what we're doing to you and consider why we might be doing it! Understand?”

“Yes,” Jack nodded, glad to be getting off lightly. When Ben's eyes narrowed, he added, “Sir!” He got out of the car and started towards the door.

“Jack!” Ben called out from the car, prompting the other teen to look back. “I meant it. Please think about everything. The sooner you learn, the sooner it ends!”

“Okay, I will!” Jack said with a dismissive shrug. He turned back to the house and scowled. ' I know why you're doing it! It's cos you're a dirty faggot who's totally hooked on me, you little cunt!' he thought to himself.

True to their word, Elliott and Ben left Jack alone for the rest of the day. He had showered twice, not feeling clean after the first, convinced he still had remnants of cum smeared all over him. As he lay in bed that night, he couldn't get Ben's words out of his mind. The more he thought about it, the more he convinced himself that his tormentors were nothing more than faggots and bastard who got a thrill from abusing one of their betters.

All day the cage irritated him, a constant reminder of his need to cum, a desire which only grew stronger as the day passed. As he lay in bed, his cock kept swelling against the cage making Jack wish he could just yank the torturous device off and cum. Desperate to avoid the terrible desire, he went to sleep early. Just after midnight, he awoke when he heard a message arrive on his phone.

[What are you wearing?] the message asked. It was Bryce.

[Shorts] he replied. He would normally have gone to bed naked, enjoying being unrestricted by clothing in the privacy of his own room, but tonight was different. Every time he had looked down and seen his cock in the cage, it had angered him, so he had put shorts on.

[Take them off!] Bryce sent back.

[Why?]

[Don't ask questions, just do as you're told!] Bryce insisted.

Jack sighed as he pulled off the shorts. He briefly wondered why he had done so, it would have been easier to just say he had done it, the younger teen would never have known. [Okay, done]

[Great, now come outside. I'm in the back garden!] Bryce messaged.

"What?!" Jack exclaimed aloud. He dashed to window, parted the curtains and looked down. It was dark and hard to see, but he could just about make out a figure standing there looking up at his window. [What are you doing?] He saw the figure illuminated slightly as he looked at the screen of his phone.

[I said don't ask questions, just come out here! And don't get dressed!] Bryce instructed.

[Fine. On my way!] Jack conceded. He tossed his phone onto his bed, then crept to his door and opened it. He listened for a moment and, hearing no signs of movement, walked silently to the stairs and went down. It felt strangely scary to be naked in his own house. Before he had been enslaved, his nudity had been restricted to his own room and nowhere else. He made his way down the hallway, into the kitchen then quietly slid open the French doors. Right outside was the wooden decking, the smooth wood cool against his bare feet, a slight breeze caressing his naked body.

"Bryce?" Jack hissed, squinting through the darkness.

"Down here!" the reply came.

Jack made his way down the steps onto the lawn, Bryce finally coming into sight. "What are you doing here?" Jack whispered.

"I was on a date tonight. She was so fucking hot, I swear I was rock hard all night," Bryce started, "And she kept teasing me about what we were going to do, but then she changed her mind and said she 'didn't feel ready yet' or some bullshit like that!"

"Erm... that sucks," Jack said, attempting to sound sympathetic.

"Yeah, it fucking does. So I'm there, horny as fuck with no girl and I start thinking 'I need to fuck someone!' and guess who comes to mind!" Bryce explained.

"What? No!" Jack said, realising the implication.

"Come on, I know you want it!" Bryce said, stepping closer, his face only inches from Jack's.

"No, I don't. I'm no..." Jack started, but stopped himself again. "I'm not gay!"

"Hey, neither am I!" Bryce insisted, placing a hand on Jack's arm. "But I'm horny!"

"Please Bryce, don't make me!" Jack pleaded. It felt humiliating to be begging his rival not to fuck him, but he really didn't want anything else up his ass today, although the slight twitch in his

sphincter hinted that may not be entirely true.

“You seemed to like it last night!” Bryce said with a snigger. “I fucked the cum right outta ya!”

Jack's breath caught in his throat as he remembered the way he had ejaculated as he rode Bryce's cock. “That was... it was just...”

“Yeah, you know you liked it. I bet you're hard just thinking about...” Bryce stopped mid-sentence. He had reached forward to test his theory, but found cold metal instead of warm flesh. “The fuck's that?” he asked in shock.

“Ben... and Elliott. They... locked me up!” Jack stuttered, glad that the darkness hid his blushes.

“Fuck that's... actually kinda hot!” Bryce said with a snigger.

Jack shook his head. “Not for me, it's not.” he said unhappily.

“So you can't get hard or jerk off or anything!” Bryce said, almost laughing.

“No!” Jack replied.

“But you wanna?” Bryce asked cheekily.

Jack wanted to say no, but he was still aroused from the day's activities. “Yes,” he replied awkwardly.

“So why don't I... give you a ride and see if we can get it to happen again. I get the fuck I want, you get to cum... it's a win/win!” Bryce offered.

“I... I... erm...” Jack stuttered.

“This isn't an order!” Bryce said, surprisingly softly. He leaned forward and kissed Jack's shoulder gently. “This is an offer. I want to fuck you. Do you want to let me?”

Jack was shuddering, his breath shaky. His cock had swollen as much as the cage would allow, the pressure only adding to his arousal. “I'm not... sure...” he stammered.

“It's okay, I won't tell anyone, this is just between us!” Bryce whispered in his ear, his lips brushing against them. He kissed Jack's cheek, adding another gentle peck between each word. “Just. Our. Little. Secret!” After the final word, he paused with his lips right in front of Jack's, their noses touching, heavy breaths mingling.

“Do it!” Jack gasped, then pushed forward to press his lips on Bryce's.

Their arms wrapped around each other as they embraced, lips parting, tongues wrestling. Their lips parted, Bryce's mouth nuzzling into Jack's neck, getting a groan of pleasure from the older boy.

“I don't have protection!” Bryce whispered.

“Are you clean?” Jack asked breathily.

“Yeah!” Bryce insisted.

“Then do it! Fuck me!” Jack said, feeling his cock twitch in its cage. He pulled away slightly and squatted down. He undid Bryce's jeans and yanked them down, then pulled his erection free of his boxers and took it eagerly in his mouth. 'What are you doing?' he screamed at himself as he slicked up the other teen's boner with his saliva. 'I don't care, I've gotta cum!' he told himself.

Bryce leant down, pushed Jack onto his back then lifted his legs into the air. He fumbled for a moment in the darkness but managed to find Jack's hole, pushing the head of his cock into it.

“Oh God!” Jack groaned as he felt the thick rod opening him up.

Bryce pushed in slowly until his balls pressed against Jack's rear, then grabbed Jack's hands and put them around his neck. “Hold on!” he growled.

Jack gripped on tightly, wondering what was about to happen. Bryce stood, easily lifting Jack's full weight as the older teen wrapped his legs around Bryce's waist.

“Oh Shit!” Jack chuckled as he got lifted into the air.

Bryce started to fuck him hard, lifting his whole body up and slamming it back down. Their bodies pressed together, slightly uncomfortably because of the cage, but they didn't let it bother them. Jack leaned in and started kissing Bryce once again. He was completely lost in the feeling of his building orgasm. Bryce's cock was working his magic once again and he could feel himself getting close.

“Oh God, don't stop, I'm almost there!” Jack gasped, pulling away for a moment.

“Me too!” Bryce replied, thrusting firmly. The younger teen began grunting.

Jack felt warm wetness filling him inside. It was an unusual sensation but quite a welcome one as it pushed him that tiny bit closer to his own release. He was breathing heavily, right on the verge of cumming.

Bryce stopped humping and lowered the breathless teen to the ground. “How was that?” he asked.

“Awesome... but I didn't... cum yet. Just a bit more. Please!” Jack gasped.

“I wasn't talking to you!” Bryce sniggered.

“What?” Jack asked, confused.

“It was perfect!” another voice called out.

Jack looked round in shock. There were other people walking towards them. He recognised the first voice as Lincoln. “What's going on?” Jack asked, suddenly shaken out of his post-orgasmic

pleasure.

“Oh God, don't stop!” Aaron teased. “That was priceless!”

Bryce remained silent as he pulled his jeans back up. Jack looked up at him, unable to make out his expression. “But I thought... you mean... you set me up!”

“Now who's the faggot?” Lincoln taunted, squatting down. He tugged at Jack's cage, making him flinch.

Jack felt sick. He wasn't sure what he thought was happening with Bryce, but he had never expected it to be another mean trick. He had enjoyed what they did, or at least he had at the time. Now, though, he had no idea what to think.

Laughing quietly to each other, the others left, completely disregarding the naked teen laying on the lawn.

Despite the humiliation of being used for the entertainment of his teammates, Jack still needed to cum. He thought back to the previous night, how he had been made to cum by his tormentors without touching his cock. Maybe he could do it himself. He thrust a finger into his ass while playing with a nipple.

The feeling began to build again, but before he could cum his embarrassment overwhelmed him. The realisation that he had just willingly allowed Bryce to fuck him, that he had actually kissed another guy by choice and the fact that it had all been nothing more than a set-up to degrade him further all hit him at once. His hands dropped limply to his side. The need to cum was still there, but the desire to make it happen had melted away. Instead he just lay there, staring into the night sky, silent tears streaming down his cheeks.

Chapter 5

THEN

“Come on Jack, isn't that enough?” Danny asked, already shrinking away from the aggressive teen.

Jack turned and grabbed the front of Danny's shirt, pulling his face close. “I'll say when it's enough. So unless you wanna be kicked off the team, you'll fucking do it!” Jack growled, eyes wide with rage.

“Okay, fine!” Danny conceded, prompting Jack to release him. He turned to face the smaller, ginger boy and did his best to look scary. Considering how he towered over Ben, it was quite easy to do. He swung open the locker door and looked Jack's current victim, grabbing him by the collar and pushing him into the opening.

“Stop it!” Ben pleaded, struggling in vain. With Jack, Danny and Elliott all gathered round him, he had no chance of escaping.

Danny pushed Ben the rest of the way in and Jack slammed the door.

“Just pretend it's a closet, you spent fifteen years in one of those, you should feel right at home you little faggot!” Jack laughed. He looked to Danny who started laughing too, then Elliott who just shrugged blankly. “Whatever, that was fucking funny!”

“Let me out!” Ben pleaded.

Jack banged both hands on the locker repeatedly, the noise echoing around the room.

Elliott flinched, knowing how loud and intimidating it must have been to the boy inside.

“Shut the fuck up. You say another word and kick the crap outta ya!” Jack yelled. He walked away and beckoned the others to follow. “Come on, I'm bored of the little fag!”

The three teens headed out of the locker room. Danny looked to the others and asked, “What you guys wanna do?”

“I need a beer!” Jack said moodily. “Let's head to the park.”

“Come on, shouldn't we let him out?” Elliott asked, looking back to the lockers.

“What? Why out him in there if you're just gonna let him out?” Jack asked, looking at his best friend questioningly.

“But it's Friday and most people are already gone. He could be stuck in there all weekend!” Elliott explained.

Jack began laughing. “Yeah, that'd be awesome.” He looked to Danny who wasn't laughing, the

bigger teen realising what he was doing wrong and instantly joining in.

Elliott forced a smirk. "Yeah, that'd be... great. Oh, hey, erm... I'll catch up with you," Elliott said, backing away. "I just remembered Higgins wanted me to come see him about some homework I fucked up on. He might still be here."

"Whatever!" Jack said dismissively, still sniggering at the prospect of Ben being trapped all weekend. Laughing along reluctantly, Danny followed.

Satisfied that the others were gone, Elliott ran back into the locker room. As he got closer to the locker containing Ben, he could hear quiet sobbing. He opened it up and the teen flinched back, obviously scared of further abuse.

"Hey, it's okay, you can come out now!" Elliott said, giving a gentle smile.

"Where's... where's Jack?" Ben asked nervously.

"He's gone. It's just me!" Elliott said, then backed away to give Ben space to step out.

"Thanks," Ben said, wiping tears from his cheeks and sniffing.

Elliott felt awful knowing he had played a part in hurting this poor, sweet kid. "I'm... erm... I'm sorry... for what we just did!"

Ben shrugged and sniffed again. "I'm kinda used to it by now!"

Elliott could see he was trying to be tough, but the way he was shaking indicated otherwise. He gently placed a hand on the boy's back and guided him to a bench, letting him sit before sitting beside him. He said nothing, just sat beside Ben letting him regain his composure.

"You're not... like them!" Ben eventually said, looking round at Elliott, his sad, green eyes still watery.

Elliott looked panicked. "Wait, whadda you... I mean, sure I am. I'm just a... a normal guy!" he stuttered nervously.

Ben frowned, wondering what had got the older teen so nervous. "No, I meant... you're not a dick. I mean yeah, you hang with Jack and let him do all this stuff, but you don't like hurting people!"

"Oh... yeah, I... I guess you're right!" Elliott said, taking a deep breath. He had been momentarily terrified that the boy was hinting at something else.

"Wait, what did you think I meant?" Ben asked, frowning, still trying to figure out the nervous reaction.

"Oh, nothing I just... just got confused!" Elliott said, smiling nervously.

"No!" Ben said bluntly, grinning at having the older boy somewhat off guard. "I said you're not like the others and you started freaking out. What is it?"

"It... I..." Elliott stuttered, then frowned and stood up. "Whatever, I was just trying to be nice!" he snapped and started walking away.

"You're gay, aren't you?" Ben called out after him.

Elliott turned back, eyes wide. He looked round, scared that the entire school had suddenly turned up to overhear the accusation. "Shut up!"

Ben stared, open-mouthed. "You... you are, aren't you!"

Elliott stomped back, fists clenched. "I said shut up!"

"It's okay, I won't tell anyone. It's just... I was starting to think I was the only one in the school. But... I'm not... am I?" Ben asked.

Elliott's heart melted as the sad, green eyes suddenly shone with a slight hint of hope. He wanted to deny it. Having anyone find out was his biggest fear and actually admitting to it aloud seemed like it would always be impossible. He stared, caught between his own fear and Ben's hope.

"Elliott... I... I don't wanna be alone any more!" Ben pleaded.

Elliott's breath caught in his throat. He stepped forward and pulled the boy into a tight hug. "You're not. Not any more!" Elliott whispered. "And neither am I!"

NOW

After a brief exchange of messages Sunday morning, Jack had been granted most of the day off. Sunday morning was the usual visit to Church with his family, then they had gone to visit Jack's grandma for the day. Ben had stuck to his word, allowing Jack to live his life as normally as possible and granting him the time with his family without intrusion.

Jack was grateful for the brief reprieve. After the events of the previous night, seeing any of the others filled him with dread. Up until his midnight encounter with Bryce, the things he had done had been humiliating simply because of the deeds themselves. Now though, he had to face the added humiliation from the fact that he had chosen to let Bryce fuck him.

He had slept restlessly for the remainder of the night, the laughs of his teammates haunting him. Why had he done it? Why had he so willingly and eagerly allowed Bryce to take him. He could have quite easily blamed his horniness, his desire to cum, but that would only truly explain the fucking, that was the part that would have given him the physical release he desired.

The part that truly haunted him was the kiss! Bryce's lips had been on his ear, then his jaw, then his cheek, that had been all him and Jack shuddered as he remembered how good it had felt. When their lips met though, that was all Jack, he had moved forward into it, he had parted his lips to let Bryce's tongue inside, but why? He was not attracted to Bryce, far from it, he hated him. Bryce had been a constant thorn in his side for years, challenging his authority on the team, threatening to

rival his popularity plus... he's a guy!

All through the day, the doubts and questions played on his mind as his cock repeatedly swelled and deflated in its cage. His need to cum had not abated and he cursed Ben and Elliott for locking his cock up. It would have been so easy to disappear to the bathroom for a few moments, give his cock a few strokes and release the tension, but alas it was not an option.

He had been ordered to report in to Ben when he returned from visiting his grandma. They had stopped for food on the way home, making him a bit later than he expected, but he sent a message to his new owner advising that he was now available. He had briefly considered not messaging at all, making out that they had stayed late but he knew that if his lie was discovered, the vengeful teen would make him suffer (more) for it!

[Come meet us in the park. Basketball court!] the message came back from Ben.

Quickly getting changed, Jack jumped in his car and drove to the park unusually slowly. Once again he was torn between his need to cum and his desire to avoid further humiliation at the hands of the others. The fact that they were meeting in the park did not bode well for Jack. After all, it was only two nights ago that his downfall had originated in that very spot.

He wandered through the park, his heart pounding more and more the closer he got. When he arrived, he saw his six owners on the court. It looked like they had been there a while. Ben and Elliott were sat together on the side. Jack actually noticed just how closely they were sat together, but just assumed they were discussing new ways to torture him. The remaining four were actually on the court itself, playing 2-on-2. All four were shirtless, their torsos shining with a fine sheen of sweat.

Once again Jack found himself wondering how they could all be so open about their bodies. It was like they didn't care who saw them. He simply couldn't imagine feeling like that. Even now, having been totally exposed in front of the six teens, he still felt nervous at the thought of undressing in front of them.

"Hey Jacky!" Lincoln called out as he saw their slave approaching.

The game stopped and everyone turned to watch his approach, making him feel even more nervous. He felt like he was walking funny because of the cock cage and became even more aware of it under their taunting gazes. He stared at the ground as he approached, hands in his pockets, shoulders slumped, all of his mannerisms polar opposites to the cocky, arrogant way he carried himself just a few days before.

"Aww, someone doesn't look happy!" Danny teased.

"Yeah, you need a hug?" Aaron asked. "Maybe Bryce can help! I'm sure you wouldn't say no to that!"

Jack's cheeks reddened but he continued staring at the ground. He couldn't even bring himself to say something back to them.

"Hey, you look at us when we're talking to you!" Lincoln snapped angrily.

Jack sighed and looked up, his eyes falling on each of them in order. Bryce was last, he could barely stand the thought of seeing him. He had been on his mind all day and he had yet to figure why he had done the things he did. As their eyes met, Bryce smiled but it wasn't vindictive, not like the cruel grins the other bore. It only served to confuse Jack more.

"Catch!" Bryce called out, throwing the ball to Jack. As he caught it, Bryce added, "Come on, we got a game to play!"

Jack approached the court gingerly. "What's the game?" he asked quietly.

"Strip basketball!" Bryce said with a grin. "One on one!"

Jack let out a low groan. He knew the odds were going to be stacked heavily against him. "Fine," he sighed. "Who'm I playing?"

"I'll start!" Lincoln said with a smirk.

The others cleared the court, leaving just Lincoln and Jack. Jack started dribbling the ball, waiting for Lincoln to make his move. As the younger teen lunged forward, Jack spun to the side and made a dash for it. He quickly found a problem. His cage made running more than a little uncomfortable. As he tried, it tugged on his balls sending a sharp twinge of pain through his abdomen. He fell to his knees, groaning, the ball bouncing away slowly. Lincoln was on it in seconds, scooping up the ball and taking his shot. Before Jack was even back on his feet, it was over.

"Come on, this isn't fair!" Jack complained. "I don't stand a chance with this thing on!" He gestured towards his crotch.

"Oh Jacky Jacky Jacky," Lincoln said, approaching him, patting him condescendingly on the cheek. "It's sweet that you think we give a fuck about fair, but... no! Now, you lost so get something off!"

Jack's face screwed up angrily. He already knew how this was going to go and he could do nothing to stop it. He reached down and grabbed the bottom of his t-shirt, pulling it up over his head and tossing it off the court. Despite being no more exposed than most of the other guys, he already felt uncomfortable showing so much skin.

"Come on then, let's go again!" Lincoln said, moving back to their previous starting point. This time, he started dribbling, sneering at Jack.

Jack formulated a quick plan, he just had to get the ball. He faked left, Lincoln taking the bait and moving right. Jack swiped out with his hand and snatched the ball away. Before Lincoln could turn back to him, he span on the spot, jumped and threw the ball. It flew through the air, bounced on the hoop, then dropped in.

Despite the fact they were supposed to be against him, the other five couldn't help cheering for the excellent shot. Jack grinned, happier with the cheers than his actual success.

Lincoln didn't look happy at his loss, but couldn't help acknowledging what Jack had done. "Nicely played!" he said with a nod. "Guess it's my turn to pay up!"

Jack watched as Lincoln casually shucked his shorts, standing there in just his baggy boxers. The lack of concern Lincoln showed once again irked Jack, he simply couldn't comprehend it.

"Guess I'm swapping out. Who's next?" Lincoln asked, heading over to join the others.

"My turn!" Aaron said, running on to take his place, grabbing the ball on the way. "Let's go, little Jacky!"

They took their positions, but rather than dribbling, Aaron just jumped and took a shot. Jack turned to watch the ball fly and realised it didn't look quite as good a shot as his own had been. Before he had the chance to react Aaron ran past him towards the basket.

The ball hit the backboard and bounced off. Aaron intercepted it, jumped and dunked the ball. He turned to face Jack and grinned. "I may not be able to shoot like you, but I can definitely outrun you!"

Jack cursed himself for not running straight after the ball. If he had managed to get it first, he might have won that one. As everyone stared at him, he paid up for the loss and yanked down his pants.

Danny came on next, scoring twice against Jack, making him kick off his sneakers and then pull off his socks.

What Jack had been dreading came next, Bryce took to the court. They moved to the centre of the court and faced off. Bryce started dribbling, eyes fixed on Jack. "Hey, erm... about last night..." he said quietly.

"Save it!" Jack snapped. "You had your fun, just forget it."

"No, I just..." Bryce started, but stopped himself.

"I said save it!" Jack repeated. "You think I'd believe anything you say now anyway, you... fucking homo!"

"You're a dick!" Bryce said with a scowl. He charged forward, shoulder-barging Jack and knocking him to the ground before dashing to the basket for a slam-dunk.

"Ah come on, that's a foul!" Jack yelled, climbing back onto his feet.

"Let's go the referee!" Bryce said with a grin, looking to Ben.

"No foul, you lose!" Ben called out with a snigger.

Jack walked over to face the group, visibly unhappy with the decision. "Fine, whatever!" He pulled his underwear down and stepped out of it, standing completely naked on the court, caged cock at eye level for Ben and Elliott who were still seated. "Happy now? Can I get dressed again?"

"Nope, you'll keep playing!" Elliott said flatly.

"I've got nothing else to take off!" Jack said, crossing his arms in front of himself.

"I know. Instead, when you lose, you'll get to put something on!" Elliott explained.

"What? That makes no sense!" Jack scoffed. "But fine, come on then." He stomped back onto the court, followed by Bryce who was staying on.

As they started, Jack simply remained still, arms crossed, making no attempt to get the ball. He watched as Bryce dashed to basket and scored again.

"There, I lost, can I put something on?" Jack demanded, walking back to Elliott again. He reached for his discarded underwear.

Elliott pulled the clothing away and grinned. "That's... not what you're putting on!" he said with a chuckle. "You're putting this on!" He reached into his bag and pulled out the nipple clamps they had got from the sex shop the previous day.

"No. Nuh-uh. No way. Not here, not like this. You can fuck off!" Jack insisted. He reached again for his clothing, but found hands immediately grabbing him.

Jack struggled, kicking out with his legs until Ben and Aaron grabbed one each and held them down. Elliott stood and squeezed one of Jack's nipples before attaching the first clamp. They all laughed at Jack's reluctant moans of pleasure. Elliott attached the second one and then for fun gave the chain a gentle tug.

"Oh, looking good!" Lincoln teased as they released him.

"I said no!" Jack snapped. He undid the first clamp, shuddering slightly at the sensation.

"Oh, such a naughty boy!" Elliott said scornfully as the others grabbed Jack again, stopping him taking off the other one. "Fine, you won't play nicely with your new toys, we'll just have to stop playing!"

"You sick fuckers. Are you getting off on this?" Jack snarled at the guys holding him.

"Yeah, kinda!" Lincoln sniggered honestly. Just to emphasise the fact, he pressed his erection into Jack's hip.

Elliott laughed at Lincoln's comment and the look of repulsion on Jack's face. He resecured the clamp, then reached back down into his bag and pulled out the plug that had been inserted into Jack back in the shop. As Jack watched in fear, he lubed it then, rather than turning him round, reached between Jack's legs as Bryce pushed down on his shoulders, making him squat. The plug was pushed up into Jack's hole, making the naked teen grunt.

"Come on, do you have to do this here? I'm gonna get arrested if someone sees me!" Jack moaned, his sharp tone softened slightly by the pleased sensations in his nipples and ass. Once again he found himself blushing at the fact that he enjoyed the two toys.

“Turn him!” Elliott instructed, reaching into the bag again.

As Jack got turned, he felt the unpleasantly familiar sensation of cuffs on his wrists. With his hands secured behind him, his captors' hold on him was loosened a little.

“Now, let's get this off!” Elliott said, looking at the cage with a grin as Jack was turned to face him again.

Jack was conflicted. On the one hand, he hated the cage and having it off would feel great, but at the moment it was the only thing preventing him from sporting a very public and doubtlessly rock-hard erection. He felt his cock trying to swell the moment Elliott started handling the cage. Piece by piece it was removed until his dick was freed. As he had expected, it was solid in seconds.

“Anyone fancy going for a walk?” Ben asked, standing up.

Lincoln pulled his shorts back on while the others grabbed their shirts, tucking them into the waistbands of their jeans as they started walking, following the youngest member of their group. Jack's clothing had been balled up, currently carried under Danny's arm.

“Wait, where are you going?” Jack asked, panicking. Naked, erect and stimulated by the toys he had assumed they would torment him some more. Their sudden departure served only to confuse him.

“Like I said, we're going for a walk,” Ben said, turning and walking backwards as he stared at Jack.

Jack stepped towards them, shuddering slightly as the plug moved inside him. “What about me?” he asked pathetically.

“Come with us, stay here, go home, I don't really care!” Elliott said without even looking back.

Staying there was out of the question, it was too open. It was already quite miraculous that they hadn't already been seen. Going home was similarly out of the question. Even if he had been able to get there, he wouldn't be able to explain his situation to his family. That only left following the others, although that presented problems of its own. As he had discovered from the two steps he had already taken, the plug teased his prostate with each step he took, making his cock twitch and dance. On top of that, where were they walking to? Who would they meet along the way? Regardless, they had the keys to the cuffs and might, if he behaved well enough, release him, so he ran after them.

Running proved to be worse than just walking, the sharp movements sending debilitating ripples of pleasure through him. The surprising sensation caught him so off guard that his knees buckled and he stumbled to the ground, thankfully on grass rather than asphalt. “Fuck!” he called out, taking a deep breath.

The rest of the group looked back and laughed, but slowed down a little while he climbed onto his feet and walked as quickly as he could bear to catch up with them.

“Look, I don't want you to punish me for speaking out of turn... Sirs, but... how exactly are you going to explain this if we bump into anyone?” Jack asked nervously, head jerking from side to side

as he looked in the direction of every little noise he heard.

The others looked to each other, mostly shrugging. It was not something they had given much thought to.

“Fine, let's try this!” Ben said, stopping the group. He retrieved Jack's underwear from Danny and knelt down, letting Jack step into it. He pulled it up, ensuring to arrange Jack's erection so that it provided the most obvious bulge possible. As he gave it a quick squeeze, a small wet patch appeared. Next, he undid the cuffs, letting Jack's hands drop to his sides.

“What, that's it?” Jack asked, hoping for a little bit more than that.

“Yeah, now you just look like a big pervert!” Ben sniggered. “But if you try to remove the clamps or the plug, the underwear comes back off and cuffs go back on. Got it?”

“Yes Sir!” Jack replied immediately.

The group continued walking, chatting to each other. Occasionally one of them would make a derisive comment about Jack, or tug on his chain, watching with delight as the wet patch grew bigger and bigger.

As unpleasant as he found the concept of cumming so publicly, Jack kept hoping that the underwear rubbing on his sensitive cock head, the pressure on his prostate and the tugging on his nipple chain might actually push him over the edge. It had now been almost two days since he had been allowed to cum, probably the longest he had abstained since first discovering masturbation. Sadly though, his orgasm remained teasingly beyond his grasp.

As they walked, a young couple appeared walking the opposite way down the path, both looking to be in their early twenties. Jack averted his gaze as they got closer, knowing they were talking about him from the way they were laughing.

“Wow, someone really enjoys the park!” the guy sniggered as he got closer.

It was at that moment that Ben reached into his pocket and pressed the button on the remote, starting the butt plug vibrating. Jack's legs buckled once again, dropping him to his knees, gasping with excitement. Instinctively he looked at the strangers and saw them sniggering at him. They obviously had no idea what was going on, but it seemed they had made a pretty good guess.

“Oh my God, is that... Jack Hamilton?” the girl asked, finally looking at Jack's face rather than his body or wet bulge.

Jack gasped. Being seen was bad, being recognised was worse!

“You know him?” Elliott asked with a delighted grin.

“Yeah, he dated my sister... well only until he fucked her, then he dumped her, told everyone she was a slut! It devastated her!” the girl said, her face contorting with rage. “You bastard!” she yelled. She ran forward and swiftly kicked Jack in the balls.

Jack had taken a few hits to his delicate parts over the last couple of days, but nothing like this! The kick was savage, the girl really held nothing back. It was only when because her boyfriend held her back that he didn't get another one.

Jack's yell of pain was muffled as the pain got too much for him and he threw up on the grass beside the path, then curled up into a foetal position, moaning and grabbing his poor balls.

"Jesus, that was brutal!" Danny said in shock.

The guy was now dragging his girlfriend away. She yelled back at them, "Whatever you're doing, make it worse. MAKE HIM SUFFER!"

"Wow, always nice to meet a fan, huh Jacky?" Elliott sniggered.

Ben turned the plug off and knelt down at Jack's side. "Sorry, if I'd known she was gonna do that I'd have tried to stop her!" he said, placing a hand on Jack's arm.

"What are you talking about? That was fucking awesome!" Elliott laughed, getting a snigger from the others.

"You've obviously never been kicked in the balls. Wanna see how it feels?" Ben asked angrily, glaring at his lover. Elliott's smile quickly faded at the younger boy's obvious fury. He turned back to Jack and asked, "Are you okay?"

"GET YOUR DIRTY FAGGOT HANDS OFF OF ME! OF COURSE I'M NOT OKAY!" Jack screamed, lashing out at Ben and pushing him away.

"I WARNED YOU ABOUT SAYING THAT!" Elliott yelled back furiously, seeing Ben fall backwards.

"Don't!" Ben said, raising a hand to halt Elliott's charge.

Jack had curled up again, desperately praying for the agonising throb in his crotch to subside, eyes closed tightly. He suspected he had a punishment coming for pushing Ben and calling him a faggot, but he didn't care. Nothing could hurt as much as his aching balls. He flinched slightly as he felt a hand reach down onto his chest. To his surprise, the clamps were released gently, then a hand reached down the back of his underwear and the plug was slowly pulled out. He remained motionless for a few more minutes. He could hear talking, but in his pained haze he didn't really register what it was.

Several more minutes passed and Jack finally uncurled, looking round. He expected his captors to all still be there, waiting to pile on more misery. Instead, all he saw Ben, sitting quietly beside him.

"Hey, feeling any better?" the ginger teen asked with a meek smile.

Jack frowned, wondering what was happening.

"Your clothes are there if you wanna get dressed," Ben said, gesturing to Jack's other side.

Jack sat up, the movement triggering a new wave of pain. Despite the discomfort, he reached for

his shirt and pulled it on, followed by his pants. As he started pulling on his socks, he looked to Ben again who just smiled back.

“What, you wanted me all to yourself, did you?” Jack sneered.

Ben shook his head. “No, I was just the only one who wanted to stay behind and make sure you were okay,” he replied.

Jack didn't know what was more shocking, the fact that his teammates were willing to just leave him there or that Ben wasn't! “Yeah, I suppose if anything happens to me, you can't fuck me over any more, right?” he asked angrily.

“Why are you like this?” Ben asked, shaking his head. “Why are you always so angry? Why do you lash out at everyone and everything?”

“Oh I don't know!” Jack said sarcastically as he pulled on a sneaker. “Why don't you let me torture you for two days and see how angry you get!”

“I don't just mean today. I mean before all of this. You just... you see people and you just seem to want to hurt them or make the miserable! I just... I don't get why!”

“Ugh!” Jack scoffed, pulling on the other sneaker. “Is this where I'm meant to tell you everything? Have some kind of emotional breakdown and thank you for showing me the error of my ways? That ain't happening, homo!”

“For real? Jack you're just... you're impossible. Just... get up,” Ben said, looking more disappointed than angry at the name-calling.

“Why? Am I getting punished?” Jack asked mockingly.

Ben shook his head. “No, Elliott was my ride home and I told him to leave me here with you! So you're taking me home.”

“What? Driving naked or something?” Jack asked with a sneer.

“No, you're just taking me home!” Ben said coldly, starting to walk towards the parking lot.

Jack frowned. He didn't want a punishment or mean task, but it seemed strange that Ben was being so forgiving. He quickly caught up with the boy and walked at his side. “If you're expecting me to say thank you, you'll be waiting a long time!”

“I'm not expecting anything,” Ben said, continuing his slow walk.

“What?” Jack asked after several more moments of silence.

“I didn't say anything,” Ben replied.

“I know, that's what's weird,” Jack said, his brow furrowing.

"You don't wanna talk and I don't have anything to say. That's all!" Ben explained.

The silence fell once again, making Jack increasingly uncomfortable. "Are you... like... still in love with me? Is that what this is about?"

Ben felt a knot form in his stomach. He occasionally remembered how he had felt when he started at Holmepoint High School, how he had been so drawn to the star athlete until he had publicly outed and humiliated him. In general though, it was something he tried not to think about. He stopped and glared at Jack. "I was never in love with you. I had a crush, that was all and then you went and used it to fucking humiliate me in front of the whole school. Funnily enough, that sort of thing fades quickly when your crush spends every fucking day making your life a living hell. So no, I am NOT in love with you!" he snapped furiously, then walked away quickly.

Jack stood there in shock and was about to follow when he saw Ben turning back to him.

Ben marched back, getting right in Jack's face. "And you know what, you are such an insufferable, bigoted, small-minded, petty, vindictive little thug that nobody could ever love you. You are literally the worst person I have ever met and you are going to spend your whole life miserable and alone! And you know what, you deserve it. So go fuck yourself! I'm going home!"

"Wh... what about your ride?" Jack asked, shaken by the outburst.

"I'll walk!" Ben shouted back, not breaking his pace. Once he was out of sight of Jack, he pulled his phone out of his pocket and dialled Elliott.

"Hey cutie, you okay?" Elliott asked as he answered. "How's the date with Jack going?"

"You were right. He can't be helped. At least... not yet!" Ben said with a sigh.

"You okay?" Elliott asked sympathetically.

"Not really. But you know what, I'm in now. All the stuff we talked about doing. I'm totally in. I thought maybe if I reached out he might... I dunno, let me in, but he's just impossible. We're gonna have to break him!" Ben conceded.

"You sure? I know you were a bit... cautious about some of it," Elliott asked, knowing how reluctant the younger boy had been to go through with the full extent of their plan.

Ben took a deep breath. "Oh I'm sure. One way or another, we WILL help Jack, even if we have to completely destroy him to do it!"

Chapter 6

THEN

Jack was stood at the end of the school's main corridor, several of his teammates gathered round, most of them accompanied by girls. They were mostly just talking and horsing around, waiting for the bell to ring to signal homeroom. Jack's attention was not on the conversation though, his eyes were fixed down the length of the corridor, anxiously waiting for the owners of some of the lockers to arrive.

"Hey hey hey, watch this!" Jack said, smacking a couple of the guys and pointing to Aaron who had just walked in.

The young quarter-Mexican headed straight to his locker as he did every morning, oblivious to the dozen people watching from afar. As he pulled the door open, he staggered backwards as the contents of the locker fell out towards him. Tripping over his own foot and landing on the ground he found himself covered in a massive pile of tacos. At the same time, there was a click from inside the locker and a recording of 'La Cucaracha' began playing.

The corridor fell deathly silent, the mocking music echoing loudly for several moments before it got drowned out by raucous laughter.

"Ha, fucking awesome!" Jack said loudly, doubling over with laughter.

"You're such a dick!" one of his teammates chided him, albeit whilst laughing too.

Aaron tried to get up, but his food slipped on the pile of sloppy food and he fell back into it face first triggering a new wave of laughter.

"Oh fuck... that's... that's too good!" Jack continued laughing. "But... but... there's more..."

"What did you do?" Helena asked. She was Jack's current girl of choice and trailed round everywhere after him. She didn't look quite as amused by the show as Jack clearly was.

"Shit. Oh shit, there he is!" Jack said, the laughter stopping a little as he pointed to the entrance.

Ben had just walked in, glanced quickly at the spectacle of Aaron's predicament and tried to move on unseen, quietly grateful that someone else seemed to be the target for once. He went to his locker and pulled it open but quickly realised something was wrong as the door almost pushed itself open as soon as he unlatched it.

All at once, several dildos swung out of the locker on short lengths of rope, smacking Ben in the face, a small air cannon launched a cloud of pink glitter into the air and a recording of 'YMCA' started playing, the music clashing with the repeating loop of La Cucaracha from Aaron's locker.

The students were torn, unsure which of the two pranks was most amusing. Neither Ben nor Aaron were at all amused, absolutely no doubt in their minds who was responsible for it.

Slamming his locker shut, Aaron stormed off towards the bathroom to try and clean himself up., mocking laughter still echoing through the halls. It quietened down a little as the door closed behind him and he stood at the wash basins, staring into the mirror. The initial impact of the messy food paired with his accidental slip back into had ensured he was pretty much covered. He turned on the faucet and splashed water onto his face, closing his eyes.

He heard the noise from the hallway get louder again and assumed someone had come in to mock him further. "Fuck off, I'm not in the mood!" he yelled angrily.

"Neither am I!" a voice said back with equal vitriol.

Aaron opened one eye and looked in the mirror to see who had walked in. It was Ben, sparkling in pink glitter.

"You too, huh?" Aaron asked sympathetically.

"Yeah," Ben said, approaching the sinks. "Looks like Jack got you worse though!"

"Oh, how did you ever guess who did this?" Aaron asked sarcastically.

Ben scowled. "He's just... such a cunt!"

"I wish we could.... just... I don't know... do something!" Aaron said, shaking his head.

"Maybe we can!" Ben said, grinning.

NOW

"Wake up, fuckface!" Elliott said loudly, slapping Jack firmly on the cheek.

Jack woke with a start and instinctively jumped away from the attack, falling out the opposite side of the bed, landing on his back with a heavy thud. "Fuck!" he yelled out angrily.

Ben jumped onto the bed, reached down and slapped his other cheek. "No swearing!" he growled angrily.

Both cheeks stinging, Jack struggled to his feet and looked at the two teens who had invaded the privacy of his room.

"Go and shower, you fucking stink!" Elliott said derisively, pointing to Jack's bathroom.

Barely awake and completely shaken by the unexpected assault, Jack simply nodded and headed in to shower. Before he reached the door though, Elliott was on him. His hand gripped round Jack's throat and slammed him against the bathroom door. "I gave you an order, you will acknowledge it appropriately!" He glared into Jack's eyes for a moment, then released him.

"S... sorry.... yes... yes Sir!" Jack said, scared of his former friend's ferocity. He went in and started up the shower, then pulled off his short and t-shirt, stepping in.

"How are the balls?" Ben asked, doing his best not to sound actually concerned, but mostly failing.

"Still aching," Jack replied. He paused, wondering whether he should have added a 'Sir' at the end of his answer, but when no immediate repercussions occurred, he figured he was okay.

"We didn't lock you back up," Ben called from the other room. "You didn't cum did you?"

"No Sir," he replied. "It hurt too much!" he added.

"What, so you tried?" Ben asked.

"No Sir, I just meant my balls hurt so much that I wouldn't have even dared to touch anything down there!" Jack replied honestly. He had spent most of the previous night with an ice pack on his crotch, desperate to numb the nagging pain from the kick he had received.

Amazingly, it wasn't the worst thing he felt that night. The things Ben had said to him in the park had cut him deeper than he would have expected possible. Jack was under no illusion that he was a good person, but to be called the 'worst person' Ben had ever met and that he would die sad and alone, it was tough. As he hobbled his way back to his car, he had wanted to just sit down and cry, but by the time he had driven home, the sadness had turned to anger. He had gone to bed seething, intending to carry his rage over to the next day, to let rip on Ben when he saw him, but that had been immediately thwarted by his vicious wake-up call.

With no other questions forthcoming, Jack finished his shower, dried off a little then wrapped the towel round his waist and walked back into his room. As he entered, he saw Ben and Elliott standing at his closet, browsing the selection of new clothes they had made him buy at the weekend. He had almost forgotten they were there and kind of hoped they had too. He hated almost all of it and was already dreading having to venture out in public wearing it.

"I say this one," Ben said quietly, grabbing something.

"With the denim?" Elliott asked, taking something else.

Ben sniggered. "Yeah, perfect!"

As one, they turned to face Jack. They were actually taken aback for a moment. Standing there in just his towel, his hair damp and messy, chest and stomach shining with a fine sheen of moisture he looked incredible! Giving each other a brief, knowing grin, they held out the clothing they had chosen.

Jack accepted the two items, immediately worried by the small items. The first was a small pair of denim shorts, the other a powder-blue tank top. He frowned at them, looking almost pained then looked to his two masters. "Ah please no, I can't!" he begged.

Ben scowled. "I'm not in the mood for arguing. Do as you're fucking told or you're going down!" he snapped, pulling out his phone, clearly threatening to pass on the incriminating video.

Jack's shoulders slumped as he realised he had little choice. Still shy about exposing himself, despite how intimate he had already been with the two younger guys, Jack turned away to pull his towel off and finish drying himself, painfully conscious of their eyes on his naked rear. Sufficiently dry, he headed for his underwear drawer.

“Did we give you underwear to put on?” Elliott snapped.

Jack sighed and shut the drawer, then picked up the denim shorts from the bed where he had thrown them and stepped into them. They were even smaller than he remembered them being in the store. It was actually a struggle to pull them up. They secured properly, but sat embarrassingly low, the top of his butt crack and bush visibly showing. He let out an unhappy moan as he looked down to see his pubes poking out above the waistband. Trying to pull them up higher did little to cover up and effectively just gave him a wedgie, accentuating his already emphasised rear even more.

Ben and Elliott were sniggering to each other as they watched him struggle.

Next Jack grabbed the tank top. He started pulling it on, finding that it too was unpleasantly tight. It was like a second skin on him, clinging to every line and curve of his musculature. The neck was cut quite low and revealed a decent patch of his chest hair while also showing off his arms quite well too. The bottom of the tight top only just reached the shorts.

“Come on, I look ridiculous!” Jack said, turning to face his tormentors.

They continued sniggering as they saw what was happening. Every time he moved, the tank top started to rise up, revealing a first just a thin sliver, but with every movement an increasingly large strip of his torso. They weren't sure what was more embarrassing, the butt crack on the rear or the pubic hair and furry stomach round the front.

Realising what was happening, Jack moodily tugged the hem back down.

“You don't look ridiculous, you look...” Ben started, but never finished, instead grabbing his painfully obvious bulge. He looked to Elliott and grinned. “Have we got time?”

Elliott glanced at Jack's clock and shrugged. “Yeah, but be quick!”

“Oh I will be!” Ben said with a sheepish grin, unzipping his pants. “Get over here and suck it!”

Grateful of the distraction from his attire, Jack approached the younger teen and knelt in front of him as he pulled his erection out of his underwear. He approached it cautiously. Just about every time he had sucked cock so far, they had fucked his face. He had been given little control over how he did it, he had mostly focused on just not choking. Now though, Ben seemed content to let Jack do it however he saw fit.

He reached up with one hand, wrapping it around the shaft and opening parting his lips to take the head. He let his tongue slide around the sensitive tip, getting a strange sensation when he heard the delighted giggle it caused in Ben. He started stroking his fingers up and down the shaft as he took more of the solid cock into his mouth before sliding it back out and in again.

Jack was just beginning to get into the rhythm when Ben suddenly grabbed his hair and pulled his head off. It was surprising. He had expected to be swallowing the boys load, not that he minded avoiding it.

Ben gave his cock a few strokes and began groaning as he began spurting thick globs of goo into Jack's hair. Before Jack could move away, he reached down and ran his fingers through Jack's light brown locks, the cum disappearing into it. "Now you'll smell of me all day!" Ben said with a wicked snigger.

Jack was less than happy. As if going to school in the tiny, tight clothing wasn't bad enough, he had to do it with the smell of another guy's spunk in his hair too! As he stood up, he found the tank top had already risen half way up his stomach, quickly pulling it back down.

"Hmm!" Ben said, staring at Jack thoughtfully.

"What?" he asked moodily.

Ben looked to Elliott. "Something's missing, isn't it!"

"Yeah, you're right!" Elliott said, nodding. "Oh I know!" he said, grinning broadly. "Shorts down!"

Jack wasn't sure whether an order to remove the shorts was a good thing or bad, but he popped them open and wiggled them down to his ankles. As he looked round, he saw Elliott approaching with the butt plug. "Nuh-uh, no way, not at school!" Jack insisted. He tried to step away but with the shorts round his ankles he started toppling over.

Jack fell face-first onto the bed, his butt positioned perfectly. Ben jumped onto his back to hold him down as Elliott held the other teen's legs down and started pushing the plug inside him. Had Jack complied willingly, he might have used lubricant, but as he had resisted he would have to live without it. He groaned unhappily as it went inside him, his sounds muffled by his bed.

Ben jumped off and Jack pushed himself up off the bed to stand once again. He reached round towards the plug.

"You even think about it and you'll get another kick in the balls!" Elliott warned sternly.

Jack visibly flinched at the threat. He was definitely in no hurry to repeat the previous night's pain. "Fine, can I pull these up?" he asked, gesturing to the small shorts round his ankles.

"Sure!" Elliott said with a shrug. As Jack bent down, he pressed the button on the remote and burst into laughter as Jack stood straight back up, looking a mix of angry and shocked. "Problem?"

"No... Sir!" Jack said through gritted teeth, then leant down once again, the plug buzzing in his hole. He pulled the shorts back up, tightening them up again, although this time it was just a little tougher. Blushing heavily, he looked down and saw that his bulge, which had already been quite pronounced before, was now even more prominent. The vibrating plug was making his cock swell, even against the pressure of the tight denim. The stiffening cock was snaking up towards his right hip.

“Enough of that!” Elliott said, clicking the button again and getting a sigh of relief from Jack. “We want to save some of the battery for at school!” he added with a mischievous grin.

“Come on then, let's go!” Ben said happily. It was an unusual experience actually looking forward to going to school for the eager fifteen-year-old. Ironically, the reason he normally dreaded it was now the reason he was eagerly anticipating arriving.

Squirming a little and hoping his cock would deflate quickly, Jack followed the others out of his room. As they made their way down the stairs, Jack's Mom emerged from the lounge as she often did when she heard Jack coming down.

“Slept late again, did you?” she asked with a slight chuckle. The smile dropped away as her eyes fell on Jack, the thin strip of flesh round his mid-section showing from the walk down the stairs, the skimpy clothing showing just about everything else. “You kids and your weird fashions!” she said dismissively, then turned and walked away. “Have a good day, boys!”

Jack wanted to die. He wanted the house to just collapse on top of him and kill him right there. The worst part was, that was from one person seeing him. During his day at school, hundreds would see him! Ben and Elliott stepped outside, but Jack paused in the doorway, looking round nervously.

“You're gonna have to get over it. There's no way you're gonna be hiding from anyone today!” Elliott said with a smirk, then held out his hand. “Keys!”

Somehow, that was the biggest insult of all. Up until Friday night, nobody but Jack had ever driven his car. Now though, Elliott was getting quite comfortable with it. Reluctantly, he held out the keys.

“Shotgun!” Ben yelled out and hopped over the door and into the passenger seat.

“In you go then!” Elliott said, pointing to the back seat before snatching the keys. As Jack walked away, Elliott gave him a playful slap on his rear, getting an angry glare in response.

The two in the front paid very little attention to Jack as they drove, just chatting casually between themselves. It was a deliberate ploy to increase Jack's anxiety, knowing that sitting there in silence he would be contemplating the day ahead.

It was a nice morning, but with the top down the wind was harsh and had a very slight chill. As they neared the school, Ben peered into the back seat and sniggered at Jack. “Bit cold are ya?” he asked with an impish grin.

Jack looked down and saw that his nipples, already quite visible through the tank top, were now rigid, clearly poking out. Out of pure reflex, Jack's hands crossed over his chest, a palm covering each of the solid nubs. It wasn't really a sensible move though, as the sensation of his own hands against the erect mounds sent ripples of pleasure through his body, actually making him shudder. He had actually managed to make things worse. He was now embarrassingly-attired, nipples obvious and now his cock heading the same way, with school barely seconds away!

“Please. Please guys, I'm begging you, don't do this. Let me go home and get changed. I promise, I'll behave, I'll be nice, I'll do fucking anything just don't make me do this!” Jack pleaded.

The two teens in front could hear the sincerity in Jack's voice. He was truly terrified of his imminent exposure and they believed he really would do anything they wanted to get out of it, but a decision had been reached now. Jack had screwed up too many chances to repent, chosen to be aggressive and bigoted when he should have known better, so no more chances would be given. From here on, he would do everything they wanted.

"Jacky, I appreciate the offer," Ben said mockingly, "But you've got nothing to offer us. You'll already do anything we want and unless you want things to get worse, and believe me, they can get MUCH worse, you'll behave and be nice!"

Jack could feel his jaw trembling and he hated it. He had cried more over the last couple of days than in the previous ten years, but he was determined not to do it now, regardless of the gut-wrenching terror that gripped him. On top of all the other embarrassments they were piling on, he would not walk into school blubbering like a little girl too!

Elliott pulled into the school parking lot, taking the spot that was unofficially reserved for Jack. The fact that someone else was driving Jack's car already drew a few wandering eyes and that was before the star athlete had even climbed out.

Jack was almost hyper-ventilating as he shrunk down in his seat, hoping to remain there unseen as long as possible. Elliott had other ideas though. He opened the door, instead of jumping out as he usually did, then tilted the seat forward to allow Jack to step out. "Come on then!" he said completely straight-faced.

Ben was not hiding his emotions quite so well, a massive grin plastered across his face.

"You should go!" Elliott said to his young lover.

"What? Why?" Ben asked unhappily, the smile vanishing instantly.

"He walks in with you, looking like that, people are gonna suspect you're involved. I think it'll be a LOT more fun if they think he's just changed his style!" Elliott explained. "You don't have to go too far, you can still stay close by and see what happens."

Jack had frozen while they spoke, offended that they were talking about him like he wasn't there, but grateful of the momentary pause. As Elliott looked down at him and cleared his throat, Jack continued moving, standing up beside the car.

Immediately people began to stare. Seeing Jack in anything other than baggy jeans, t-shirt and letterman jacket would have been unusual, but showing so much skin as he was now was beyond anything any of them had ever expected to see.

Jack heard a whistle from behind him and turned to see who it was, but with people beginning to gather, it was impossible to tell who. His cheeks were burning bright red, but thankfully the humiliation had shrunk his cock, eliminating one of the causes of his embarrassment.

"Looking good, Jack!" a voice called from the forming crowd.

Jack wasn't sure whether he would have preferred the comment to be sincere or sarcastic. Either way, he wasn't going to just stand there and let the other students gawk at him. "Come on, we're going in!" Jack said to Elliott, marching towards the main entrance.

Elliott happily followed. He knew he could have made Jack stay there for longer, but as he had explained to Ben, acting normally and making it look like Jack had just chosen to change up his look would make it all the more embarrassing. More importantly, it would be interesting to see if he continued to act like the petty thug he knew him to be.

Jack walked as purposefully as he could manage, doing his best to ignore the probing eyes of every student he passed. Every few steps, he had to reach down and tug the bottom of the tank top down for fear of exposing either the front or back of his abdomen to the other students. At the same time, the plug moving inside his ass kept threatening to swell his cock once more. About halfway to the entrance, he spotted Lincoln, Danny, Aaron and Bryce, obviously waiting for him.

"Oh, that's a good look!" Danny taunted.

"Yeah, for a hooker!" Aaron added, getting a laugh from the others.

They tagged along behind Elliott and Jack, throwing out a continuous stream of mocking taunts.

"Go to your locker!" Elliott hissed at him quietly.

Jack turned pale. He knew the number of 'pranks' he had pulled on people using lockers. Was this revenge? What was going to fall out of his when he opened it? He did as ordered and went to his locker, deliberately standing aside as he opened it, but surprisingly found nothing unusual about it.

"Here, put this in!" Elliott said, handing Jack a text book.

"Oh... kay," Jack said, frowning a little. As pranks went, this one seemed a little tame, but he placed the book in as instructed, still expecting something to jump out at him.

"Not there, on the top shelf, right at the back!" Elliott said, standing aside. The other four all spread out too while Ben lingered further down the corridor.

Jack reached up to put the book in the spot Elliott had requested, having to stand on tip-toes, arms fully outstretched to push it to the back. He instantly realised Elliott's intention as he felt air around his mid-section. Fully stretched out, the tank top had ridden right up to his navel, his belly button, treasure trail, butt crack and top of his bush now fully on-show. He stepped back and reached down to correct it, but felt Elliott grab a hand.

"Leave it as it is!" Elliott hissed at him.

Jack was tempted to disobey, his hands faltering for a moment.

Lincoln stepped closer and whispered to Jack, "You disobey and we'll have those shorts off you in seconds!"

Jack audibly gulped. He felt nauseous already at his current level of exposure. The thought of being

entirely naked from the waist down the hallway felt like a gut punch. He sighed and dropped his hands to his sides, leaving his stomach exposed as he turned back to the hallway.

The amazed stares were already turning into mocking sniggers. Jack walked with his tormentors towards the group of their teammates at the other end of the corridor.

“What the fuck are you wearing?”

“You look like a fucking whore!”

“Is it laundry day or something?”

The taunts from his own teammates were seemingly endless, but surrounded by the large jocks, he was thankfully shielded from most other prying eyes in the hallway.

“Is this your way of coming out?” one of them asked with a snigger.

The question triggered something in Jack. He lunged forward and grabbed the other teen by the throat, slamming him back against the locker. “I'm no fucking faggot. You ever say I am again and I'll kick your ass. Got it?”

“Jesus, I was just kidding!” The football player replied, rubbing his throat as Jack released him. “But yeah, whatever, sorry!”

Jack was so incensed by the implication that he had completely forgotten what he was saying around most of his masters. His face quickly dropped as he turned and saw Elliott staring at him, his face so blank and expressionless that it actually scared Jack a little. He knew right away that he was going to suffer because of his choice of words.

Before Elliott could do anything, the bell rang for homeroom and the corridor burst into a flurry of activity. As Jack wearily tagged along behind Danny and Elliott, as they were headed to the same place, he felt occasional slaps on his rear. It seemed his 'chosen' attire made his rump a prime target for teasing, while his obvious embarrassment emboldened some of the other students to strike. With the corridor so busy, it was impossible to tell who was doing it so he simply continued walking, eyes fixed on the ground.

Sharing almost every class, Elliott was perfectly positioned not only monitor Jack all day, but also continue his torment and heighten his humiliation. At every chance he got, he would flick or squeeze a nipple, making Jack's cock swell repeatedly. Word of Jack's appearance had spread quickly round the school and everyone seemed to be going out of their way to look at him whenever he was in the hallways between classes.

Elliott was also getting good at timing his activations of the butt plug, usually doing so whenever Jack was required to speak. This caused Jack to get more and more strange looks, his voice wavering and cracking regularly as he felt bolts of pleasure rippling through him. In the one class that Elliott and Jack didn't share, Danny was able to take over the torment, his timing almost as good as Elliott's.

As the bell rang for lunchtime, Jack grabbed hold of Elliott's arm, holding him back in the

classroom. Danny stayed also, not wanting to let Jack out of his sight during his ongoing ordeal.

“Look, I know I'll regret asking this,” Jack said in a hushed tone, “But please, PLEASE, you have to let me cum. My balls feel like they're gonna burst!”

Danny and Elliott sniggered at each other. They had been so busy tormenting Jack and making him miserable that they had almost forgotten the pleasurable side-effects of their teasing. It had also been almost three days since Jack had been allowed to cum too. The weekend had been a series of humiliating edgings, so all of that added together probably meant Jack was the most desperate to cum he had ever been!

“Sure, why don't we go strip you in the cafeteria and jerk off for the whole school to see!” Elliott suggested, his tone still quiet as few other students still lingered, pointing and laughing at Jack.

The star athlete actually looked even more laughable than he had first thing that morning. Having the toy repeatedly buzzing inside him, his nipples played with and generally being terrified every single second, Jack had been sweating profusely. The powder-blue tank top clearly showed the wetness, huge patches of it under his arms as well as on his chest and back. His hair, normally styled neatly at all times was a mess, half of it wet with sweat and sticking to his forehead and neck, the rest poking up all over the place, remnants of Ben's cum not really visible, but still very much there.

“No, I didn't mean...” Jack argued quickly, then lowered his tone. “I didn't mean anything like that. Can't we just go somewhere and... and have you do some more of the...” he paused, trying to be careful about his choice of words, “The sex stuff. Please I've got to cum!”

“Huh, so he wants more of the 'sex stuff' then?” Elliott mused quietly, mocking the choice of words as he sniggered to Danny.

“I don't WANT it. I just, I need to.... you know... let it go!” Jack stammered, getting increasingly flustered.

“Hmm, okay, I'll give you a chance,” Elliott said with a grin.

“Hey, get outta here!” the teacher called to them, seeing the three teens still lingering in his classroom.

“We're going,” Danny said quickly, then led the way out.

“I'm gonna do the... thing... that we talked about. Guessing you're not interested?” Elliott asked Danny cryptically.

“Nah, I'll pass,” Danny replied, shaking his head.

“You're welcome to watch!” Elliott said playfully as they headed for the cafeteria.

“No way, you know I don't miss lunch!” Danny insisted.

Elliott laughed and nodded. For just a moment, Jack could have mistaken him for the old Elliott,

the quiet, happy, carefree teen who had been his best friend mere days before, rather than the vengeful master he had seemingly become.

“Go tell the others we'll be up in the store room near the Chem Lab upstairs,” Elliott instructed.

“Cool, have fun then, see ya after lunch,” Danny said, continuing walking as Elliott veered off towards the stairs, Jack close behind.

A few students were still passing in the opposite direction, headed to get food, occasional laughs passing the two by but they remained silent towards each other as they walked up the stairs.

Glancing round and seeing nobody else in the upstairs hallway, Jack finally spoke. “Hey Elliott, I think... we need to talk,” Jack said cautiously.

Elliott didn't respond, he just kept walking.

“El, come on,” Jack pleaded, speeding up a little to grab at his former friend's arm.

“GET OFF!” Elliott snarled, pulling his arm free of Jack's gentle grip. “We'll talk when I'm ready. For now, just shut the fuck up!” He stopped and just stared at Jack, cheeks burning, eyes wide.

Jack was torn. Part of him could see how angry Elliott was, to the point where it was actually intimidating to behold, making him want to back down, but the other part of him was angered by being spoken to in that way. He was still deliberating how to react when they were interrupted by a noise from behind them.

“WAIT FOR ME!” Ben called out enthusiastically as he reached the top of the stairs and saw them.

“Shh!” Elliott hissed at his exuberant lover. “We're trying to be discreet here!”

“There's nothing discreet about this outfit, am I right Jacky?” Ben asked with a massive grin, bounding up to the two older teens and slapping Jack's butt.

“Just... come on,” Elliott said, his anger at Jack dragging his mood down, but his pure delight at seeing beginning to drag it back up.

“Aww, someone in a bad mood?” Ben asked, almost mockingly, grabbing onto Elliott's arms as they continued their walk towards the store room.

“Not any more!” Elliott said back, reluctantly smiling.

They were soon at the store room and after a quick look to make sure nobody else could see them, all three stepped inside. Jack peered round nervously as the light flickered and came on. The room was pretty bare, shelves on either side with piles of unused equipment and books, a mop of broom leaned in the corner and not much else other than that. The space between the shelves was about a ten foot by ten foot square.

Jack wanted to ask what was happening, but he already knew that wouldn't like the answer.

“Get 'em off!” Elliott said, pointing to the shorts and tank top.

Jack glanced round at the door. There was no lock, so anybody could just walk in. The prospect of being found naked in a store room with a known homo was terrifying.

“I SAID get them off!” Elliott repeated himself, his tone making it clear that if he had to do so again, Jack would really regret it.

With trembling hands, Jack reached down and grabbed the bottom of the tank top and started pulling it up. Wet with sweat and skin tight, it was difficult, but he managed to pull it free and stood facing the other two teens nervously. Ben raised an eyebrow and nodded towards the shorts. With a sigh, Jack undid the button and lowered the zipper. The denim felt slightly damp from his profuse sweating, but thankfully was not quite as soaked as parts of his top. Still, it was enough to make sliding them down his legs hard work. He had just got them to his ankles when the door swung open.

“Whoa, watch where you point that thing!” Lincoln said, walking straight in to a perfect view of Jack's butt.

“Shut the door!” Jack demanded, struggling to move out of view of the hallway but tripping over the shorts instead. He landed in a heap on the ground, surrounded by laughter. Thankfully though, the door closed as Bryce walked in behind Lincoln. Scowling at the mocking noises, Jack kicked off his shorts and remained seated on the ground, in no hurry to expose himself more than he had to.

“So lil Jacky here wants to cum and I thought maybe we could give him a chance to earn it,” Elliott said, looking to the other three.

“How?” Jack demanded quickly. The prospect of being allowed to cum was wearing away any resistance he might have had to whatever they were planning.

“Who wants a blowjob?” Elliott asked with a grin.

“Me!” Lincoln, Jack and Bryce called out in unison.

Elliott sniggered and nodded. “Yeah, I thought so. Okay, gather round then!”

With Jack still sat on the floor, the other four formed a circle around him, bulging erections plainly obvious all round.

“So here the game, Jacky,” Elliott said, towering over the seventeen-year-old. “From when I say go, you've got fifteen minutes to make all four of us cum. You're allowed to use your hands too, but when we cum it's gotta be in your mouth. Fail to make all four of us cum, or fail to swallow our loads and you lose. Succeed and you win a prize! Got it?”

Jack was still struggling to get used to the concept of sucking cock, so the prospect of having to suck four, eagerly, was quite upsetting. However, with the possibility of being allowed to cum if he succeeded, his qualms were mostly easy to put aside. He watched as the four teens around him dropped their pants, four rigid cocks popping out and pointing straight at him.

Without wanting to delay any further, Elliott simply said, "Go!"

With surprising speed, Jack's mouth was on the cock directly in front of him, which happened to belong to Lincoln. He bobbed his head back and forth quickly while his tongue lashed at it, hoping to speed his teammate to a quick conclusion. As he sucked, he remembered what else Elliott had said, that he could use his hands. Peeking left and right, he saw Bryce and Ben both standing patiently, waiting for their turns. Gingerly, he reached up and grabbed each of their cocks.

It was a strange sensation feeling his fingers wrap around them. Having only ever stroked his own cock, being able to hold them at a different angle was a little disorienting. At the same time, the size of them felt noticeably different too. His own erection was easily seven inches, while the thickness was such that, when grasped, his fingers barely met. Ben's little five inch cock was slimmer, the tips of Jack's fingers overlapping slightly as he wrapped them round. Bryce was the other other extreme, the fat cock preventing his fingertips from getting anywhere near each other.

Still eagerly sucking Lincoln, doing his best not to think about the seconds ticking by, Jack began jerking off the two younger teens. It didn't take long before Lincoln was grunting and thrusting his cock firmly into Jack's mouth, his spunk coating the back of the boys' throat. Barely taking a second to recover, Jack moved round to suck on Ben, the youngest of the group already making happy mewling noises suggesting he was beginning to get close.

Thankfully, Bryce and Elliott positioned themselves either side of Jack so he could stroke them too. Not long after he started sucking, Ben added his load to Lincoln's, on its way to Jack's stomach!

Two to go, Jack began to wonder how he was doing for time. He also found himself more than a little distracted by his own cock. Already teased beyond his wildest imagination, it was now rock hard and pointing skyward, precum dribbling down it and dripping off his balls onto the floor. He moved onto the next cock round in the circle, Elliott's. He was still amazed at the length of his former best friend's cock. Nine inches of meat was now trying to force its way into his throat. He gagged occasionally as he tried to take it deeper than he could manage, but from the way Elliott was groaning, it was clearly good for him.

Jack was so caught up in making Elliott cum that he almost didn't hear Bryce's excited moans. Pulling away from Elliott, he took Bryce's thick meat into his mouth just in time to swallow a third load. Once he had consumed every last drop of Bryce's spunk, he moved back over to Elliott and sucked as fast as he was able. Now with both hands free, he started stroking the base of it with one hand while caressing the balls with his other.

Elliott certainly appreciated the effort, leaning slightly onto Jack's shoulders as the surprisingly good blow job weakened his knees. 'He's a fucking natural at this. He must hate that!' Elliott thought to himself with a smirk. "Ah yes!" he called out excitedly as he felt the initial spasms of his orgasm.

Breathless from his vigorous blowing and slightly nauseated by the four loads he had eaten, Jack slumped back down onto the floor and looked up. "How did I do?" he asked weakly.

"Well I enjoyed it!" Ben said with a grin.

"I meant the time. Did I win?" Jack asked, sounding a little shaper than was probably wise.

Elliott glanced at his phone, then at his three co-conspirators and finally down at Jack. His expression was blank, giving nothing away. Eventually though, he smiled.

Jack's heart dropped. He assumed that only his failure would make Elliott smile like that, but when the other teen responded, "You did it!" Jack began to grin too.

"Ah damn!" Ben said moodily, forgetting momentarily what they had planned. When he remembered, he grinned too.

"So I can cum?" Jack asked, hopeful.

Elliott reached down and pulled up his pants, realising he was the only one not to have done so yet. As he leant down, he also picked up Jack's discarded clothing. As he buckled his jeans he looked down at Jack and replied, "Well you actually have a choice between two prizes!"

"I think I choose to cum!" Jack said instantly.

"You may want to re-think that!" Lincoln said with a snigger.

"Yeah, option one is that you get to cum, option two is that we let you have your clothes back," Elliott explained, holding up the shorts and tank top.

"Wait, what?" Jack asked in shock. "So if I cum, you take my clothes? But if I wanna get dressed and not be left stranded here naked, I don't get to cum?"

"That's right. So what's it to be?" Elliott asked, smiling smugly.

"You... you're all... I just..." Jack stammered, jaw clenching angrily. He wanted to say a lot, to swear at them, tell them what bastards they were for dangling an orgasm in front of him then taking it away from him. He knew that they knew that he would never choose to be naked, but by doing it this way, they had not banned him from cumming, he had chosen not to do so himself, which only seemed to make the frustration worse. "I'll take the clothes!" he finally replied.

Laughing at Jack's very visible frustration, they tossed Jack his clothes then headed straight out, making a show out of not caring about Jack's possible exposure from the open door. Jack quickly dressed, or as quickly as he could. Between the dampness from his morning's sweating and the new sheen covering him, it was hard to pull the tight clothing on properly. His cock was yet to go down, very visibly bulging up towards his right hip. Worryingly though, the precum from his near-permanent state of arousal was beginning to form a wet patch almost as obvious as the sweat marks on his tank top.

"So as you chose not to cum, I feel I should formalise this. You are not permitted to cum without permission from one of us. Understand?"

"Yes Sir," Jack mumbled unhappily, the ban only serving to remind him how much he wanted it.

Jack's lunch was very rushed, most of the break being taken up with the store room task. It was a good thing though. Being in such a hurry made it that little bit easier to ignore the points and

stares from the other students as he sat amongst them in the cafeteria.

The afternoon went much like the morning, with Danny and Elliott teasing Jack mercilessly. By last period, turning on the butt plug was making their victim grunt aloud uncontrollably each time it was turned on, getting him even stranger stares than the ones he was already receiving.

Jack had never been so grateful to hear the final bell as he was that day as it meant most of the other students would be heading home. He knew he still had football practice to contend with, but at least the number of people who would witness his ongoing embarrassment was substantially more limited.

The next problem Jack found was in the locker room. He was going to have to change in front of his teammates and without underwear to conceal himself, he would be naked before them for the first time. As he reached down to release his shorts, Jack considered just keeping his back to the rest of the changing teens and was about to do so when he remembered the plug. There was no way he could let them see it. After his outburst that morning about never wanting to be called a faggot, it would have been hard to defend himself morally if the team then saw him with a sex toy up his butt. That left him with just the one option, face them and let them see everything.

Thankfully, being free of nipple torture and without the toy having been on for some time now, Jack's cock has shrunk down to just semi-hardness. It still felt pretty daunting to expose himself after all this time hiding, but at least they wouldn't see him hard too! He was exposed for barely more than a second between slipping off his denim shorts and slipping on his other shorts for the practice.

It felt strange to be wearing the baggy shorts with no underwear underneath, but he felt a little more comfortable than he had all day. Even as he looked down and saw how visible his cock was in the baggy shorts, it still seemed a step up from the skin-tight denim.

While Elliott and Ben remained in the bleachers to watch the practice, the team were too far away for the remote control to work. That meant Jack didn't have to contend with the toy vibrating inside him, although just having it there was proving tough enough. Any time he ran, he felt his legs wobbling from the pressure on his battered prostate.

The Coach had quickly noticed that Jack was off his game a little, regularly shouting at him to try harder or pay attention. Bryce was particularly enjoying that part. One of his main reasons for getting involved in the plot against Jack was to make a play for the Captaincy. If the Coach was already seeing flaws in Jack's focus, then he was one step closer to getting what he wanted.

As practice finished and they all started heading back into the locker room, Danny ran up behind Jack and whispered in his ear, "Don't even think about skipping the shower! From now on, you ALWAYS shower!"

Jack groaned. He had felt nauseous at being exposed for just a second when getting changed. If he actually had to shower, then he would be seen for a lot longer... and what about the plug? As they got inside, Jack froze a little as he saw the rest of the team casually stripping down. How could they all be okay doing that? It still made no sense to him. He pulled off his shirt, letting it drop onto the bench as he kicked off his sneakers and socks. Many of the others just walked to the showers naked, not bothering with a towel, but a couple had one wrapped around their waist, meaning

Jack wouldn't stand out if he did the same.

He wrapped the towel around himself before pushing the shorts down and stepping out of them. He took a deep breath and walked towards the sound of running water.

"Oh, Jack!" Danny said as he walked by. When the Captain glanced at him, he revealed the remote control, grinned and pressed the button.

"No.... ah!" Jack groaned. The pleasure was insane. His prostate had been well and truly pounded by all the running around he had done during practice. Adding vibration to that now was like nothing he had ever felt before.

"Oh, and let's not forget this!" Danny added. He glanced round quickly. When he was sure nobody else was looking, he reached forward and grabbed Jack's nipples, squeezing and twisting.

Jack's hand shot up to his mouth, stifling a loud groan, instead emitting little more than a high-pitched whimper. He was so close to shooting that he wasn't sure he could actually hold it back. Danny let go of the nipples and he let out a breath. His cock had shot to full firmness in a matter of moments.

"Come on then!" Danny said, leading Jack to the showers.

"No... please... I need... a second!" Jack pleaded in a whisper as he was dragged along. The towel rubbing against the sensitive head of his leaking cock kept him dangerously close to cumming. As the showers came into sight, he shuddered. There was most of the team, positioned around the large open area under the various shower heads.

He stepped towards the towel pegs on the wall and reached down. He gave a final pleading look to Danny who just shook his head. Almost in tears, Jack pulled the towel away. Simply being in the showers was enough to draw a lot of attention to the team Captain, but as the towel was pulled aside and his erection popped free every eye was on him.

"Way to go Cap!"

"Enjoying your shower?"

"Holy shit!"

Just about everyone was calling things out to him, but Jack did his best to drown it out, just stepping slightly to the side, thankful that the shower head nearest the towels was vacant. He wanted to turn away, to hide his boner from the team, but he was painfully aware of the plug in his ass too. He reached back and turned on the shower, water immediately flowing down over him. He quickly glanced round the room but immediately regretted it, seeing how many of the team were staring, including Aaron, Lincoln and Bryce.

Danny hung his towel up, then walked past Jack, taking the shower beside him. Amongst the ongoing shouts and laughs from the rest of the team, he was able to give his next instruction without being heard. "Soap yourself up and focus on the nipples!"

“No, please!” Jack begged, knowing what would happen.

“Do it or I let everyone see your toy!” Danny hissed, his eyes darting down towards Jack's ass.

Jack was grateful of the water flowing down his head and onto his body as it concealed the tears he was sure were flowing. He pumped a heavy glob of shower gel from the dispenser on the wall and began soaping himself as instructed. He was delaying getting to the nipples, but in doing so was just putting on an even more erotic show for the rest of the team.

The insults and laughs quickly quietened as a few more cock's in the room found themselves in a similar state to Jack's drawing mockery and ridicule for their owners.

“Nipples!” Danny hissed.

Breathing heavily with pure terror, Jack slid his hands up and began soaping his chest, allowing his fingers to repeatedly encircle his sensitive nipples. It took mere moments before he let out a loud groan, drawing all attention back to him. The whole team watched on as Jack's cock erupted in a massive fountain of cum. The first spurt shot several feet across the room, splatting heavily onto the floor beside the central drain. Shot after shot continued to fly. To Jack, who felt like everything was already in slow-motion, it seemed to go on forever. He staggered back against the wall, close to collapsing on the ground.

Jack's mind was racing as fast as his heart. The orgasm was more intense, more pleasurable than any he had ever felt before yet at the same time was the worst thing he had ever felt in his life. Having his peers see him doing something so intimate, so private, it was so humiliating that he thought he might actually die right there on the spot. It finally ended, his cock stopped bouncing and the last dribbles of spunk dripped off, washed away by the flowing water.

The team was in stunned silence, staring wide-eyed at their Captain's sudden ejaculation. What followed next was a mixture of laughter and applause. Mostly, they were actually quite impressed by his ample cock and huge load, but that didn't mean they were going to let him off easily. With Jack still standing there, weak-kneed and dazed, they began to finish their showers, walking past him to leave the showers.

“Am I done?” Jack asked unhappily, the toy still buzzing inside him and threatening to swell his cock once more.

“Sure, I think you've done enough!” Danny sniggered.

“Good show, slaveboy!” Lincoln taunted as he passed.

The way Jack's day was going, he actually expected to get back in the locker room and find his clothing had been stolen. He didn't know whether he was relieved or disappointed to see that the tint shorts and tank top were still there when he got back. As he pulled on the sweat-soaked clothes, he thought about how pointless the shower had been. The team were still shouting taunts at the humiliated Captain as they began to leave but Jack tried not to listen.

Dressed once again, Bryce indicated for him to wait for them so he hung back patiently. He realised that the buzzing in his ass had stopped but couldn't remember it turning off. He wondered if that

meant that the battery had finally died. He could only hope!

Once Lincoln, Bryce, Danny and Aaron were finished dressing, he followed them out to where Ben and Elliott were waiting. Aaron and Lincoln excitedly conveyed what had gone down in the showers to the other two, occasionally sniggering at Jack who found it painful to hear them talking about one of the worst moments of his life.

"I can't believe I missed it!" Ben said unhappily.

"Oh don't worry," Elliott said, having listened to the entire tale with a completely straight face. "You'll still get to see a show?"

"I will?" Ben asked, half hopeful, half confused.

"Oh yes!" Elliott said, a cruel grin spreading across his face. "Remember earlier, I banned little Jacky from cumming. Well it looks like he broke the rule. I feel a punishment coming on!"

Chapter 7

THEN

“Hold him down!” Jack commanded.

“Get the fuck offa me!” Bryce demanded as his teammates grappled him, holding him down.

“Lincoln, you do it!” Jack ordered, not wanting to sully his own hands with the task. He threw the tube of Bengay to the younger player.

“You're not fucking do this!” Bryce snarled angrily as he struggled against the hands holding him down.

“I told you before we started, whoever did the slowest lap time, gets Bengay to the balls. Maybe that will encourage you to run a little faster!” Jack said matter-of-factly. “Now Lincoln, rub it in or you get it too!”

Lincoln looked round at his teammates nervously. He knew that Jack only had any power here as long as the majority obeyed him. Perhaps if someone stood up to him, said no to him, others might follow and then they could topple the little dictator. As always though, he didn't dare to take the risk. If he attempted such a coup and failed, Jack's wrath would be terrifying.

“Sorry bro,” Lincoln said sympathetically to Bryce as he squeezed some of the thick cream from the tube.

Bryce's shorts and jock strap had been yanked down to mid-thigh, his meaty cock flapping back and forth wildly as he struggled in vain.

Lincoln reached down and grabbed Bryce's cock, holding it aside as he started rubbing the cream into his balls. The larger teen winced for a moment as the cream felt cold. Lincoln kept rubbing until it had all been soaked up. He had been so caught up in completing the task that he hadn't even noticed what had happened in his other hand. Bryce's cock had begun to swell, not visibly yet, but it was definitely starting to feel thicker and firmer.

Through his discomfort, Bryce shot Lincoln a look that clearly begged 'don't say anything!'

Lincoln nodded to his friend and gave a weak smile. “All done, let him up!” he called out.

Without waiting for an okay from Jack, the others let go and Bryce quickly pulled his shorts back up, thankful to be able to conceal his still-thickening tool. “Ah!” he called out as the burning sensation began to kick in. He desperately pawed at his balls, hoping that his jock strap could absorb some of the cream, but it was totally in vain. The sensation only strengthened more and more with each passing second.

Jack stood laughing at the younger player's pain, most of the others joining in with his laughter, more out of fear of receiving the same treatment than out of actual humour.

“Right, let's take another lap. Whoever's slowest... after little Brycie here... gets the same!” Jack said with a wicked grin.

The whole team took off like a shot. As inhumane as the threat was, it had certainly done its job and inspired the team to work harder! That was just a pleasant side-effect for Jack though, he had already won his prize, Bryce was suffering!

NOW

As the small group of teens walked along towards the parking lot, Jack found himself getting increasingly annoyed at the constant stares from Ben, who walked beside him. The younger teen just kept looking and grinning.

“WHAT?” Jack said sharply to the younger boy.

“Did you really shoot your load in front of the entire team? I mean, like, without even touching?” Ben asked in awe, his own cock visibly hard at the prospect.

“I don't wanna talk about it!” Jack said moodily. He had thought that walking through the halls in his skimpy outfit, the entire school eyeing his bulge was the most humiliating thing he could experience until that moment in the showers. The orgasm had been truly astonishing, but in how it felt and how it looked. Never before had he shot that far or felt pleasure so intense. Was it so strong because of the excessive build-up, or was it somehow enhanced by the abject embarrassment he had felt at the time. Either way, it had set his mind racing.

“Well I'm telling you to talk about it!” Ben said. His tone was jovial, but his expression made it apparent it was most definitely an order. “How did it feel?”

'Amazing!' Jack thought, almost smiling at the memory of the sensation, but stopping himself at the last second. Instead he continued to scowl and just replied, “Embarrassing!”

“So aside from us lot, are they, like, the first people to see you cum?” Ben asked curiously.

Jack smirked. “You mean, am I a virgin? No fucking way, I've been fucking girls since I was younger than you” He was attempting to brag, but quickly realised that telling the little homo about his female conquests was never really going to impress.

“Is the butt plug still in?” Ben asked as they neared the cars. Jack nodded silently in response, so Ben added, “And is it still vibrating?”

“No, thank fuck. I think the battery died!” Jack said, the relief apparent in his voice.

Ben sighed and shook his head. “Swearing again Jack, you really are a slow learner!”

“Oh, no, wait, I'm sorry!” Jack said apologetically.

“Too late,” Ben said with a gleeful grin. “If the plug's not vibrating any more, we may as well take it out. Come here.”

“Wait, what? Here?” Jack asked, panicking. The parking lot was a short walk from the school buildings and the few remaining cars mostly shielded them from prying eyes, but that didn't lessen Jack's fear at all.

“Yes here, now stand still!” Ben insisted.

“What you doing?” Elliott asked, seeing the other two stopping to face each other.

“The plug's battery died, figured we may as well take it out!” Ben said flatly.

Elliott sniggered, knowing how much Jack would have been hating where they were doing it. “Fair enough, but make it quick. I wanna get on with this!”

Jack shuddered, not knowing whether he was more scared of having the plug removed so publicly or whatever Elliott had planned for him. He looked down, his breathing getting heavier as Ben reached for the tiny shorts and undid them, then pushed them down to mid-thigh. He wanted to look around, make sure nobody was looking, but couldn't bring himself to do it, too scared of making eye contact with anyone. He let the younger boy spin him around and bend him over. “Oh God!” he grunted as he felt Ben grab the base of the plug and yank it out.

“Okay, you can pull 'em up!” Ben commanded as the rest of the group walked away, laughing at the brief humiliation that had just been inflicted.

Jack quickly pulled up the shorts and did them up, then followed behind the others. It felt strange having the plug gone. His hole ached from having the toy inside him all day and it was somewhat more comfortable to have it gone, but at the same he felt somehow... empty! He cursed himself for having such a faggoty thought. Ass stuff was for the gays, so he forced himself to try not to think about it.

Jack got into his car as Elliott once again took the wheel. As always, Ben joined him in the front while the other four followed along in Bryce's car.

“So what are you gonna tell the team about what they saw today?” Elliott asked as they drove.

“Oh... I... erm...” Jack stuttered. He hadn't thought about it yet. A tiny part of him hoped he would never have to talk about it, but he quickly realised how naïve that thought was. Their normally body-conscious Captain had come to school in a revealing outfit, then joined them in the shower with a rock-hard cock then spontaneously ejaculated in front of them. Of course there would be questions. “I don't... know!” Jack replied honestly.

“Well I'll leave it up to you to decide,” Elliott replied, then added, “But just so you know, if you even think of trying to tell anyone else why you're really doing all this stuff, you'll be in more trouble than you ever thought possible. Got it?”

“I won't, I don't want anyone to know,” Jack replied immediately.

“Well keep doing as you're told and nobody ever needs to!” Ben said with a slight chuckle.

“Where are we going?” Jack asked, wanting to change the subject. He had expected to be taken to the park or Ben's house again, they seemed to be the preferred spots for his torture. Instead, they had headed to the freeway that connected the North side of Holmepoint to the South side, avoiding the city centre. It was also busy with traffic heading from other parts of the state towards Phoenix.

“You'll see when we get there!” Ben said smugly, but moments later they pulled off the freeway, so he added, “Oh never mind, I guess we're here!”

Jack looked confused. There was nothing nearby, just the road heading into Holmepoint and the busy traffic of the freeway behind them. The only thing that really stood out was the large bridge that crossed the freeway. It had been built years before in anticipation of a massive redevelopment project that had fallen through for financial reasons.

“Come on,” Elliott prompted, getting out of the car. He headed straight for the bridge, joining up with Bryce, Lincoln, Danny and Aaron. Ben hung back slightly, ensuring Jack followed.

“Okay, clothes off!” Bryce commanded as Jack eventually reached them.

Jack hated that command. Despite how much time he had spent naked over the last few days, it got no easier to do, especially out in the open as they were now. He sighed, wanting to resist but knowing they would give him no choice. He pulled off the tank top, still slightly-damp with sweat, then looked hopefully at the group as he reached for the shorts. Would they be merciful, would they perhaps let him retain a little of his dignity? Their mixed expressions of amusement and annoyance quickly provided the answer. He pulled the shorts down and stepped out of them.

“Okay, what now?” Jack asked unhappily.

“I'm sorry, since when did footwear stop being counted as clothing?” Bryce asked angrily.

“Yeah, learn to do as you're fucking told!” Elliott snapped, balling his fist and ramming it into Jack's stomach.

“Ugh!” Jack grunted, doubling over. Struggling to catch his breath, he kicked off his sneakers and pulled off his socks, feeling the warm concrete beneath his bare feet. It still amazed him how much of a difference being barefoot made. It somehow made him feel even more exposed feeling the ground beneath his feet.

“Let's go!” Elliott ordered. They started walking on, leaving Jack's clothes on the ground where he had dropped them.

“People are gonna see!” Jack said in shock as he realised they were heading onto the bridge. They had been far enough from the road for them to not really be seen by passing drivers, but once they started along the bridge he would become a lot more visible. There was only a short, metal railing along the side of it, giving him absolutely no cover.

“Hey, I said you were gonna put on a show. Can't have a show without an audience, can you?”

Elliott asked rhetorically.

Jack looked ready to cry at the thought of being seen by all the passing strangers, but reluctantly walked along with the group as they started up the slope of the bridge. Once they reached the point where they were almost directly above the freeway, Elliott stopped.

“Okay, we'll stay here, but you keep on going!” Elliott ordered, gesturing for Jack to continue. “You'll walk until you're above the middle of the road, then you will stand by the railing, face the oncoming traffic and jerk off.”

“Ah dude, I love it!” Aaron said happily. He and the others had not been made aware of what Elliott had planned, so the command was as much a shock to them as it was to Jack.

“Sounds pretty easy though. The horny little fucker'll probably cum in seconds!” Danny added.

“No he won't!” Elliott said with a smile. “Jacky, you're gonna jerk off without cumming until no less than one hundred cars have passed by!”

“Please, no!” Jack begged. A hundred cars? That meant a hundred drivers, plus passengers! Being seen naked by one stranger made him want to throw up, hundreds though? That was entirely unthinkable.

“Two hundred!” Elliott said firmly.

Jack wanted to protest, but it was clear that any attempt to do so would only increase the number further. Instead he resigned himself to his imminent exposure and turned to walk further along the bridge. Once he reached the spot that had been ordered, he stopped and stepped closer to the railings. The freeway was moderately busy, not like rush hour, but enough cars were passing to suggest the two hundred cars might actually pass quite quickly.

With the other teens now beginning to shout and jeer at him, Jack took hold of his cock and began stroking. Annoyingly, he was hard in moments, although he did his best not to think about why. As he looked down at the road, he could just about make the faces of the passing drivers. They were clearly looking upwards, the naked man on the bridge painfully obvious to them.

Jack looked away, unable to handle their stares, but quickly realised he had no choice but to look. He needed to know how many cars had passed so that he knew when to shoot. If he did it too soon, he knew there would be a punishment. He could just wait longer, but if he could avoid being seen by any more people than was absolutely necessary, then he would.

He began counting as he stroked. One, two, three, four, five. His cock was rigid as his hand stroked back and forth. It had only been just over an hour since his last orgasm, but he definitely had another load ready to go. After being deprived of orgasms all weekend and then spending all day being torturously edged, he felt like he could shoot about a dozen loads. Thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four. So many people had seen him now, his cheeks were burning, his legs shaking, stomach churning.

Many of the cars were sounding their horns as they saw Jack in action, making it even more obvious that he had been seen. Each honk of a horn made the spectating teens cheer even louder

at Jack's humiliation.

As Jack neared one hundred, he had to slow his stroking. He had been so caught up in counting, that he had barely noticed how close he had got himself to cumming.

“KEEP STROKING!” Elliott called out, seeing Jack's hand stop moving.

“I'LL CUM!” Jack complained.

“YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO HOLD IT BACK. I TOLD YOU TO JERK OFF UNTIL TWO HUNDRED CARS HAVE PASSED, SO FUCKING DO IT!” Elliott yelled back over the cheers of the others.

Jack started his hand moving again, albeit very slowly. He tried to focus entirely on the counting and not on the seemingly-inevitable orgasm. He reached one-hundred-and-fifty but knew he couldn't last much longer. He was groaning loudly, the pleasurable edging ready to give way to ejaculation at any moment. One-hundred-and-sixty. One-hundred-and-seventy. One-hundred-and-eighty. Jack squeezed his eyes closed, desperately trying to will himself not to cum yet actually pleading aloud to himself not to do it, triggering more teasing from the other teens.

“FUUUUUUCK!” Jack yelled out as it finally got too much for him and his cock erupted, spurts of cum flying over or through the railing to the road below. It had felt almost as good as the orgasm in the showers. He had to grab the rail with his free hand to remain upright.

“GET OVER HERE NOW!” Elliott screamed angrily.

Elliott's tone, the post-orgasmic come-down and the fear that he had just failed all mixed together as Jack quickly approached his tormentors.

“I told you two hundred!” Elliott said, eyebrows raised. “You shot after just one-hundred-and-ninety-three.”

“I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I couldn't hold back any more!” Jack whimpered apologetically.

The entire group watched on, amazed to see Jack actually apologising for something. They never thought they would see him like that. Perhaps he was making progress after all.

“Wow, I guess he really enjoyed it then!” Aaron teased.

“I did not!” Jack insisted.

“Either way, he failed. So what's the punishment for a failing a punishment?” Lincoln asked excitedly.

Elliott chuckled wickedly. “Well you know what they say... the show must go on!”

Jack was sat in the restroom stall, naked and once again stroking. He had not been allowed to re-dress after leaving the bridge, riding naked in the back of his own car as almost seemed to be

standard practice by now. He had been taken back to the park and ordered out of the car. Thankfully they never went far, the restrooms were virtually next to the parking lot.

The naked teen had been ordered to sit in the stall with the door open and begin jerking off. He was under strict orders not to cum unless it was caused by another person. He was also forbidden to close the door, regardless of who came in. He had been sat there for nearly ten minutes already, jumping at every sound, worried about who could walk in and see him. The possibility of being seen was not even his biggest concern in that particular moment, it was Elliott's final order that played most heavily on his mind.

“You will say yes to anything that's requested!” he had commanded.

Eventually someone had walked through, heading to the urinals. It was a man in his mid-forties. He paused momentarily, eyeing the naked teen and up and down for a few seconds before continuing on as normal. Jack had been terrified that man may ask for something and that he would have to say yes!

Less than an hour earlier, Jack had been seen by a couple of hundred passing motorists, but being seen up close by that one lone man somehow felt worse. Perhaps it was the look in the man's eye, the smirk on his face as he had sized Jack up. The man could see his face much more clearly than the drivers had. He could pass him in the street some time and be recognised him. That was the fear!

Thankfully, without Elliott and the others actively watching him, he was able to take brief breaks from his stroking when he felt himself getting close to cumming. He found it amazing that he could even get hard after his two earlier orgasms in relatively quick succession, yet there he was, edging once again in the public space.

A few more guys came in, one standing to watch for a couple of minutes, but the other two passing by relatively quickly, obviously not interested.

Jack wondered how long he had to stay there. Elliott had not specified a time for this punishment, instead just telling him to 'stay put until we come and get you'. He kept thinking about his clothes, wondering whether they were still in his car out in the parking lot or if the others had left entirely.

He was shaken from his thoughts as he heard footsteps approaching once again. Someone appeared outside the stall. He looked young, probably around Ben's age. His eyes lit up as he saw Jack sitting there naked and hard.

“Fuck!” the kid exclaimed in shock. “Having fun?”

Jack remained silent, just staring at the boy. The young teen's cheeks had flushed as bright a red as Jack's own. Jack looked him up and down. He was a scrawny kid, about five foot tall, with jet black hair and dark eyes. Most notable was the movement in his pants, his cock visibly swelling before Jack's eyes!

“Is it okay if I watch?” he asked nervously.

Jack's jaw clenched. “Yes,” he said reluctantly.

“Awesome!” the kid said happily. He reached down and groped his erection through his pants. He stood staring for a minute, occasionally glancing round at the door, apparently as nervous as Jack. He moaned happily as he continued squeezing his bulge, eventually reaching down to unzip. He pulled out a small but solid cock. He grinned as he saw Jack look at it. “You wanna suck it?”

“Yes,” Jack said again, feeling his stomach churn. It was terrifying and humiliating knowing he had been ordered to do it, but that wasn't what disturbed him most, it was the way his cock twitched in his hand as the boy approached him. He leaned forward and took the boy's cock into his mouth.

“Oh shit!” the boy exclaimed, one hand grasping at Jack's hair, the other grabbing his shoulder.

Jack closed his eyes and sucked. He was going quickly, vigorously. It wasn't that he was keen to pleasure the boy, he just wanted to get it over with. Being caught naked in the restroom would be hard enough to explain, but being naked and sucking a kid's cock, that was likely to get him in as much trouble as Ben's fake rape video.

“You're fucking good at that!” the boy groaned excitedly. “I'm gonna.... ah fuck.... I'm gonna cum!” His voice was high-pitched already, but in his near-orgasmic state it was more like a squeak.

Jack swallowed the cum. He was starting to get used to the taste of it. It seemed preferable to having the boy cum on his face or chest. He eventually opened his eyes, released the boy's cock and looked up. “What the fuck?” Jack exclaimed in shock as he saw the boy's phone pointing down at him.

“Hey, that was my first blow job, I wanna remember it!” the boy said with a chuckle.

“Yeah but.... wait... erm.. how old are you?” Jack asked, having terrifying flashbacks to the moment Ben revealed the video to him.

“Fourteen, why?” the boy asked, lowering the phone to zip up his pants.

“Oh shit, oh fuck!” Jack muttered. After being threatened with the other video, he had started doing some research, wondering whether Elliott was just trying to scare him. He had been unhappy to learn that Elliott was right. At fifteen, the things Jack had done with Ben would indeed have earned him an eighteen-month sentence. This kid though, he was even younger. Depending on how he was tried, that could be up to a life imprisonment. “Delete it. Delete it now!” Jack snarled, jumping up.

The boy was too quick, he turned and ran.

“Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!” Jack repeated to himself, pacing back and forth in the restroom. He wanted to chase the boy, catch him, force him to delete the incriminating video, but a naked man chasing a boy and assaulting him, that was hardly likely to go unnoticed. Instead, he walked back into the stall, closed the door and stared blankly at the floor.

“Guessing it went well then!” Ben laughed as he saw his friend run around the corner to their

hiding spot.

"Just like you said it would!" the boy replied.

"And did you tell him you're fourteen?" Ben asked.

"Yup. I thought I'd have to just blurt it out, but he actually asked. It caught me by surprise, I nearly said sixteen but stopped myself! So now he thinks I'm only fourteen!" the boy answered, beaming with pride.

"Perfect!" Elliott said excitedly. "Send me the video!"

"No problem," the boy said happily. He pressed a few buttons on his phone and sent on the video.

"Now delete it!" Elliott added.

The boy looked unhappy. "Aww, do I have to?" he asked, pouting.

"Yeah you do!" Ben said, snatching the phone to make sure it was deleted. "That was the deal. You get a blowjob from Jack and we get the video!"

"Fine," the boy replied, taking the phone back. "You ever need me to get a blowjob from a hot guy again, you let me know, okay!" he said to Ben with a slight chuckle.

"I might take you up on that!" Ben laughed back, then gave his friend a quick hug.

The boy ran off, waving back at his friend momentarily.

"You're an evil fucking genius sometimes, Elliott. I don't know whether to be impressed or scared!" Lincoln said. As with the bridge, this plan had been arranged between Elliott and Ben only, leaving the rest to just watch and be amused/impressed.

"Thanks," Elliott said with a grin.

"So we gonna go and get him? He's gotta be totally freaking out in there!" Bryce asked, looking in the direction of the restrooms.

"Nah, let's make him wait a bit longer!" Aaron said.

"Yeah, and not a word about having the video to him when we do get him. I want this as a.... back-up threat if he starts misbehaving. Got it?" Elliott instructed.

The rest of the group nodded their understanding.

"So what's the plan for tomorrow?" Danny asked, hoping to hear about the next tortures planned for Jack.

"Nothing!" Ben said, getting confused looks in response.

“Nothing? As in, you've not planned it yet?” Aaron asked, frowning.

Ben shook his head and smiled at Elliott. “No, nothing as in we're not going to do anything to him.”

“You going soft or something?” Danny asked unhappily.

“Definitely not!” Ben said, grinning as he grabbed at his cock. The double-entendre got a laugh from the others.

Elliott laughed, but then addressed the others. “It's all part of the plan. We just torture him constantly and he'll just get more stubborn. I know Jack, we gotta mess with his head. An entire day of worrying about what we're going to do, but nothing actually happening, it'll totally screw him up. He'll be terrified all day of what he thinks is coming!” he explained.

“Oh I like that!” Lincoln said happily, revelling in the prospect of making Jack miserable.

“Not just that, though. I want him to try and have a normal day at school,” Ben explained. “After what happened today, he'll have a pretty hard time. I want him to know that life as he knows it is over, he can't go back after what we're doing to him!”

“Okay, you too. Both of you, evil geniuses!” Lincoln said, looking back and forth between Elliott and Ben.

“Hehehe, thanks,” Ben said with a delighted grin.

“So I'm thinking after we go and get him, I'll just let him go home and worry himself stupid about everything, unless anyone has any other requests,” Elliott said, looking round the group.

Bryce and Elliott looked at each other and grinned, then to Elliott and said, “Actually, mind if we take him home?” Bryce asked slightly sheepishly.

“You wanna fuck him again, don't you?” Danny asked, shaking his head.

“Fuck yes!” Bryce said instantly. “His ass is amazing!”

Elliott nodded. “You're not wrong there. Fine, you two can take him home and do... whatever it is you wanna do on the way.”

Jack was on his knees. He had gotten so worked up worrying about the video the boy had taken that he had actually thrown up. He had just flushed when there was a knock at the door. He stood and unlocked the door, pulling it open.

“I'm sorry, I know you said...” Jack started, but his apology was halted by the clothes thrown at him.

“Get dressed!” Elliott ordered. He watched as Jack quickly started pulling on the shorts. “I'm going home and I'm taking your car. Bryce is gonna take you home. I'll come by to pick you up for school

in the morning.” He didn't wait for a response from Jack. Instead he just walked out.

Jack didn't know whether to be relieved or scared that Elliott hadn't even commented on his failure to follow orders. He quickly pulled on the tank top, socks and sneakers then headed out of the restroom. Elliott was long gone, along with Ben, Danny and Aaron. Only Bryce and Lincoln remained.

“Come on,” Bryce commanded, heading towards the parking lot.

Jack was freaking out. As far as he knew, there was a kid running around somewhere with a video that see him imprisoned for life. He wanted to talk to them about it, to tell them what had happened, but they seemed disinterested in his presence, listening to his problems was doubtlessly something they would care about even less.

Bryce and Lincoln were talking about football as they headed to the car. It was a conversation Jack would have happily joined in with under normal circumstances, but it didn't seem appropriate for him to just chat casually with two of his tormentors. They ignored Jack all the way to the car, just talking to each other all the way to Lincoln's house.

As they got out of the car, they walked around the house rather than going to the front door. There were steps at the side of the house leading down to the basement door. Lincoln unlocked the door and let them in. As they got inside, Jack realised that the entire basement was Lincoln's room. His bed area was in one corner, a lounge and TV in another, bathroom in the third corner and then stairs leading up to the rest of the house in the fourth corner.

'Nice place,' Jack thought to himself, but didn't verbalise it. It still didn't feel right to just talk casually to his two junior teammates.

“It's getting late, let's make this quick!” Lincoln said, glancing at the clock. “Get your clothes off!”

For what felt like the hundredth time that day, Jack undressed although this time he wasn't alone. Bryce and Lincoln both undressed too. It was strange seeing the two naked together, they looked so vastly different. Bryce with his bulging muscles, Lincoln with his slender frame. The one thing they both had in common though was their rigidly hard cocks.

Jack almost felt relieved, sending what was about to happen. He certainly didn't revel in the thought of sex with the two younger teens, but at least that was all it was. No public exposure, no strangers seeing him or doing things to him, it was just him and them!

Lincoln opened a drawer in the corner and pulled out a couple of condoms and a bottle of lube. “I'm having his ass first!” he said, almost growling. He ripped open the condom and slid it on before applying some lube. “Bend over!” he barked at Jack who remained in place, but leaned over forward.

Lincoln moved behind the older teen, rubbed the remnants of the lube covering his fingers onto Jack's hole and then began to push his dick inside.

Jack let out a low, almost content, groan. The feeling of emptiness after having the plug removed had not gone away and he cursed himself for actually feeling happy to have something inside him

again. As Bryce moved in front of him and pushed his cock into Jack's mouth, the tortured teen found himself almost looking forward to Bryce's turn.

He kept thinking about what had happened a couple of nights earlier, how he had willingly allowed Bryce to fuck him. The whole thing had turned out to be a set up to humiliate him further, but until that revelation, it had actually felt amazing. He had kissed Bryce, that was the part that surprised him most. Wanting to ride his cock made a sort of sense, it could make him orgasm, something he had desperately needed at the time, but what purpose did a kiss serve? Was it a by-product of his extreme horniness, did it just come naturally when fucking someone in that position or was it simply that he wanted Bryce? It couldn't be that. He hated Bryce. The young jock had been a constant pain to Jack, a constant rival, a challenger to his superiority. It was just the horniness, it had to be!

"Oh God, seriously, this ass!" Lincoln groaned. He slapped Jack's butt cheek with one hand as he continued thrusting in and out.

Bryce was enjoying the blowjob, but it was Jack's ass he wanted. "Can we swap yet?" he asked hopefully.

"Not yet, I'm almost... ah yeah... almost.... fuck... just a bit more.... yes... yes.... aaaah!" Lincoln moaned happily as he shot his load. He pulled out once his orgasm subsided and slapped Jack's butt once again. "He's all yours!"

"Great!" Bryce said happily. He grabbed the bottle of lube from where Lincoln had left it and squirted some into his hand, then began stroking it onto his erection.

"Don't you want a condom?" Lincoln asked as he flopped onto the sofa.

"Oh!" Bryce said, blushing slightly. They hadn't used one on their previous encounter so the thought hadn't crossed his mind. He looked to Jack.

The older teen simply shrugged, mostly just beyond caring what happened at this point.

Bryce sat down, grabbing Jack's arm and pulling him closer. He kept pulling until the naked seventeen-year-old had straddled his lap. He reached down with one hand and positioned his cock with the head against Jack's hole then looked him in the eye.

They both shuddered as the solid tool slid inside, then inhaled sharply in perfect, unplanned synchronisation. For a moment, it was like everything else dropped away, delightful ripples of pleasure seeming to bounce back and forth between them. The bizarrely pleasant moment was rudely interrupted by Lincoln who jumped onto the sofa beside them.

"Yeah, ride him little Jacky!" Lincoln taunted.

'Fuck off!' Jack thought, but managed to avoid blurting it out.

"Wow, you really like Bryce's big ol' dick, don't ya boy!" Lincoln teased, reaching down to give Jack's newly-hardened cock a squeeze.

“No. It just.... it's the angle and... and...” Jack stuttered, trying to convince himself as much as Lincoln.

Bryce watched Jack get gradually more flustered, cheeks reddening, brow beading with sweat. If the older teen wasn't such a colossal cunt, he might have actually been cute! More concerned with his own pleasure than Jack's desperate floundering, he reached up and grabbed his chin, turning the older boy's head towards him. “Ignore Link, just... do it!” he suggested gently, thrusting his hips up to emphasise his point.

“Okay,” Jack agreed. He did his best to ignore the ongoing teasing and barrage of insults from Lincoln as he slowly slid up and down Bryce's chunky cock. He gradually got faster and faster as he felt an orgasm beginning to build. He really needed to figure out what it was that was making him feel like this. If it was simply the position he was in, he needed to find a way to replicate it because as much as he hated to admit it, it was a truly staggering sensation. On the other hand, if it was Bryce that was making him feel that way.... he couldn't bring himself to think about that possibility.

“I'm gonna cum. Are you?” Bryce asked breathily.

“Not quite yet,” Jack whispered back.

“Maybe this'll help!” Bryce said with a smile. He leant forward and took Jack's nipple into his mouth.

“Oh God yes!” Jack gasped as the sensation of Jack's lips around his nipple shot through him.

The yell of delight began the chain reaction. Feeling a wave of excitement, Bryce began to cum inside Jack, which in turn triggered Jack to cum on Bryce's stomach.

Once again, what could have been a nice moment was ruined by Lincoln who continued his stream of insults and abuse.

“For fuck's sake Link, give it a rest!” Bryce snapped angrily. He shoved Jack aside and stood up, heading to Lincoln's bathroom to clean up.

Wondering why Bryce was so annoyed, Lincoln stood too, grabbing a pair of shorts and pulling them on. He looked over to a slightly-dazed Jack and called out, “Get dressed, we're finished with you!”

The comment hurt more than it was probably intended to. Jack felt cheap, like he was nothing more than a toy for their amusement, one that they had not apparently finished playing with. Once again the tiny shorts and tank top were pulled on, barely concealing anything but giving Jack at least a slight sense of comfort.

Bryce emerged from the bathroom moments later and pulled on his own clothes. By then, Lincoln had turned on his xbox and started up a game. “See ya tomorrow!” he called out as Bryce headed for the door.

“Yeah, see ya,” Bryce called back. “Come on Jack, I'll take you home.”

The two teens headed for the car and got in silently.

They had not long pulled out of Lincoln's driveway when Bryce said, "I'm starving, I haven't eaten tonight. You must be pretty hungry too, right?"

Jack was caught a little by surprise. Still feeling cheapened and once again beginning to worry about the video that had been taken earlier, he had not expected the question. "Oh, erm... yeah I guess I am." Hunger had not been something that had even crossed his mind, but now that it had been brought to his attention he felt ravenous.

"You fancy a pizza?" Bryce asked as he drove.

"Oh what, let me guess. I have to go get it naked. Or you're gonna cum on it before I eat it? Or you're gonna make me crawl round like a dog and beg for it?" Jack asked sharply, automatically suspicious of the question.

"No!" Bryce said, holding back his annoyance slightly. "I was just being nice. Now d'you want a fucking pizza or not?"

Jack felt suddenly sheepish. "Erm, yes... please!" he said quietly.

"Okay then!" Bryce said with a nod. He drove on for a few more minutes, then pulled up outside the pizza place they often used when doing things at Lincoln's place. "Stay here, I'll be right back."

Jack found himself suddenly alone, with no orders, no humiliating tasks, just him and his thoughts. He kept thinking of the kid, what he might be doing with the video, who he might be showing. Perhaps he had already shown it to the police. Maybe they had gone to his house to look for him, maybe his parents knew all about it, knew their son was a criminal. What would they think of him? What would he say to them? How could he ever look his Mother in the eye again? His life was over, all because of that kid, all because of one blowjob.

"Hey, you okay?" Bryce suddenly asked as he opened the door.

Jack jumped at the other teen's sudden appearance, gasping to catch his breath, not even realising he had been holding it as he got lost in his thoughts.

"What's wrong?" Bryce asked. He knew it was a very open question, considering what he was helping to do to Jack, but it still seemed like something was particularly bothering the older boy.

'Tell him!' Jack thought to himself. 'Tell him what happened!' He knew what he wanted to say, but couldn't bring himself to say it. "Nothing, I'm fine!" he insisted.

"Okay, you hold these!" Bryce said, handing the two pizza boxes over as he climbed in. "It's too busy round here, let's go somewhere quiet."

Jack sat cursing himself. That was it, that was an opportunity to share his worries about the boy and he had missed it.

Bryce drove away from the pizza place and stopped a few minutes down the road. They had parked

next to a park, much smaller than the one where Jack had been tortured so often over the last few days. This one was just a small patch of grass with a few trees on one side and playground equipment on the other. They got out and headed for the trees. Bryce took a seat, leaning on one of them and gestured for Jack to hand him the pizzas and sit beside him.

Jack looked round nervously. "So... what? Aaron and Danny are gonna pop out any second with cameras again, are they?" he asked suspiciously.

"No, this isn't some trick, this is just dinner. Now give me my pizza before I make you!" Bryce said with a slight grin.

Jack handed a box to Bryce then sat down and opened the other one. He pulled out a slice and cast the box aside as he began to devour it hungrily.

Jack was already onto his third slice before Bryce spoke. "It wasn't my idea!" he said quietly.

"What wasn't?" Jack asked, his mouth full of pizza.

"The... the thing, the other night. Recording you... asking me to.... you know!" Bryce mumbled.

"You seemed pretty into it though!" Jack said, swallowing and lowering the remainder of the slice, not wanting to keep eating while they were talking.

"I was. I mean... ugh!" Bryce growled angrily, not able to express what he was thinking. "Look, the stuff I told you was true. I had a date, total cock tease, I was horny and I wanted to fuck. But I made the mistake of telling the others that I was going to your place to... take care of it and they just kind of... seized the opportunity!"

"Whatever, doesn't really matter now, does it!" Jack said moodily. It did actually make him feel a little better about it, but in general he was still just too pissed with the entire situation to really care why Bryce had done it.

"Fine, yeah, whatever!" Bryce replied back moodily. "I was just... trying to... yeah, whatever, forget I said anything!"

The two went back to eating in silence. Once again Jack's mind wandered onto the boy, his mind filling with terrible thoughts, all the possible outcomes if the video got out. Eventually it was enough to even stop him eating, his hand slumping down to his side.

"What's wrong?" Bryce demanded, "And don't tell me it's nothing, you look like you're about to throw up!"

Jack looked at the younger teen and opened his mouth, intending to insist everything was fine. Instead, as his eyes met Bryce's, it finally got too much. With a pathetic whimper, Jack burst into tears. He sat back, not wanting Bryce to see him in such a state. He expected some kind of comment from Bryce. His biggest rival, one of his torturers and one of his most poorly-treated teammates could see him sobbing like a little kid. Such a show of weakness was just begging mockery. Instead, he felt an arm slide around his shoulders, pulling him sideways into a tight hug.

The close contact felt nice, the younger teens muscular arms wrapping around him. It wasn't enough to stop him crying, but he felt a little less self-conscious crying onto Bryce's shoulder. After a few minutes, he had calmed enough to try talking between sobs. "It was... in the restroom... this kid... I sucked him... he filmed it... but... but... he's... fourteen!" Jack gasped weakly.

Bryce felt a slight twinge of guilt. Jack was a cunt. He was a thug, a bully, a racist, a homophobe, a misogynist, a bigot. He was literally the worst person Bryce had ever known and he entirely deserved everything that had been done to him, but even knowing all of that, he somehow felt a slight pang of sympathy for the crying teen in his arms.

"Hey, shh, it's okay," Bryce whispered reassuringly. He knew the truth. He knew the boy was not fourteen and that there was no risk of the boy sharing it and part of him wanted to tell Jack. This was what they wanted though. They wanted him broken down, torn to pieces so he could really see himself for what he was. He fought his urge to tell Jack, instead taking solace in the fact that he was at least providing a little support.

"But... what if he...shows anyone?" Jack whimpered. "My life... would be... over!"

"He can't!" Bryce blurted out, instantly regretting it.

Jack sat up, pulling out of the hug. He looked at Bryce inquisitively.

"He can't show anyone, because he doesn't have the video!" Bryce explained. He figured that would be enough to calm Jack, without completely giving away the truth. "We caught him coming out of the restroom, Elliott made him send the video to him then deleted it off the kid's phone!"

"What?" Jack asked in surprise. "Elliott has it?"

Bryce just nodded.

"Wait..." Jack said, frowning. "Why... would you tell me this?" He was once again eyeing Bryce suspiciously.

"Look at the state of you!" Bryce commented. "I couldn't let you stay that upset. I don't like seeing people suffer, I'm not you!"

Jack was conflicted over the comments. On one hand, he felt good knowing that Bryce was actually being nice to him for real, but at the same time, it was hard hearing Bryce suggest that he liked to see people suffer. "I don't... do that!" he said defensively, but with absolutely no conviction.

"So the things you do to everyone around you, that's all normal is it?" Bryce asked, amazed that Jack could even attempt to defend himself.

"Yeah, it is!" Jack replied sharply.

Bryce stared at Jack for a few seconds, trying to comprehend what he was hearing. "Seriously, you don't see anything wrong with the things you do?"

Jack simply shrugged.

“Oh my God, you're unbelievable!” Bryce said, shaking his head.

“Why do people keep saying that to me?” Jack asked with a scowl.

Bryce was disgusted. For a moment, he thought they were making progress, that perhaps sharing that moment together, helping Jack in a moment of weakness might be a step in the right direction for the older boy, that he might begin to reflect on his actions but clearly not. He remained as oblivious as ever.

“Let's go!” Bryce said, standing up.

“What about your pizza?” Jack asked, looking at the barely-touched box beside him.

“I've lost my appetite!” Bryce said moodily.

Jack got up and started following. “Wait, are you... pissed at me?”

“No!” Bryce snapped.

“Kinda seems like you are!” Jack insisted. “What did I do?”

Bryce stopped and looked back at Jack. “Ya know, you could be... amazing. I mean, you're smart, cute, athletic, charismatic and sexy as hell, but then you open your mouth and there's this.... horrible personality that just hides all the good stuff!”

“I... erm... I...” Jack stuttered. He wasn't sure what to say. Once again Bryce had said something that made him feel both amazing and devastated at the same time. “You think I'm cute AND sexy? You really are a faggot, aren't you!”

“Shut up!” Bryce snapped angrily.

Jack grinned, happy to back on the other side of it for once.

“I'm right, aren't I. You're a total faggot and you're totally into me. That's it, isn't it!” Jack sneered.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP!” Bryce yelled. He grabbed Jack by the throat but quickly realised what he was doing and let go. “Fine, you know what, yeah, doing things with you has kinda made me start thinking about myself in other ways and yeah, maybe I do have a bit of thing for you, but you know when that really started?”

Jack shrugged.

“It started when YOU kissed ME!” Bryce snapped. Jack's face dropped. “OH yeah, you remember that, don't you! The way YOU kissed ME, the way YOU wanted ME to fuck you! So who's the faggot now?”

“I'm not gay!” Jack snapped furiously.

“Oh really? So if I did this...” Bryce started, then leaned in, placing a hand on Jack's neck. “You wouldn't try to...” He never got a chance to finish, Jack's lips were on his.

The kiss lasted for several seconds before they pulled apart.

“Why did you do that?” Jack demanded angrily.

“I didn't, you did it!” Bryce insisted.

“Nuh-uh, that was you!” Jack argued back.

Bryce frowned back at him. “What? No way, that was totally you. All I did was lean closer, like this!” He leaned in once again the teens were kissing.

Jack pushed Bryce away. “Stop doing that!” he snarled.

“I'm not doing it. You're doing it, for fuck's sake!” Bryce said angrily.

“Fine. I'm gonna move closer, don't kiss me!” Jack said calmly. He stepped up to Bryce again, their faces barely inches apart. “See, nothing's... nothing's happening!”

“Yeah, I... I guess... it's not!” Bryce mumbled back.

Their breathing was heavy and perfectly synchronised.

“Bryce...” Jack said weakly.

“Yeah,” he whispered back.

“I really wanna kiss you!” Jack finally conceded.

“I wanna kiss you too!” Bryce said back. He leaned in, placing his forehead and nose against Jack's.

“I'm not gay!” Jack said quietly.

“Me neither!” Bryce agreed.

They moved as one, bringing their lips together, neither knowing what was really happening or what they were feeling. They simply needed to do it.

Chapter 8

THEN

“What the fuck d'you call this?” Jack demanded furiously, staring at Danny in disgust. He was sat with several other senior members of the team, most of whom were eagerly scoffing down their own burgers.

“It... it's what you ordered,” Danny said nervously as everyone started watching him.

“No, double bacon cheeseburger and diet coke!” Jack insisted. He pulled the burger open. “I don't see bacon, or cheese. Just a fucking burger!” He hurled it hard at Danny, the meat patty slapping against his cheek and falling to the ground as he flinched.

“I... I'm sorry!” Danny apologised. “I asked for...”

“Save it!” Jack yelled. He took a slurp of his drink and spat it out on the floor. “And I asked for a fucking diet coke. This is regular coke. God you're so fucking useless!” He stood up and walked to Danny, pulled the top off of his cup and tipped it over Danny's head. “Now go and get me what I fucking ordered before I kick you off the team for just being so fucking God-damn stupid you moronic cunt!”

Shivering from the ice-cold drink dribbling down his neck and soaking into his clothes, Danny turned to head back inside the restaurant. His fists were clenched. If it was anyone else, he would have pounded the crap out of them, but this was Jack! He had the power to end Danny's football career so he had little choice. Besides, it was better to be on Jack's good side. Outbursts like this were rarely aimed at the guys Jack let close to him, so it was better to endure them than get on his bad side and make an enemy of him.

'One day!' Danny thought as he made his way back to the counter. 'One day it'll be the other way round. He'll get what's coming to him!' He told himself that regularly, sometimes it was the only thing that could get him through Jack's abuse.

He ordered what Jack had requested, ensuring to double-check this time that he had got exactly what the Captain had asked for, ignoring the stares he was getting from the staff as the coke continued dripping down from his hair.

“Here you go,” Danny said, handing over the order to Jack. “Double bacon cheeseburger and diet coke.

“About fucking time you brainless dick. Now fuck off, I'm sick of the sight of you!” Jack snapped angrily.

'One day!' Danny kept thinking to himself as he walked away.

NOW

When Jack awoke, it was still dark. He was a little startled as he felt the arms wrapped around him and the body pressed up against his back. He had almost forgotten Bryce was with him. After they had kissed last night and Bryce had driven Jack home, he had invited the younger teen inside. Needless to say he eagerly accepted.

Bryce had fucked him two more times, although it had only made Jack cum once. After that, they had lay down together on Jack's bed, spooning. That was how they had fallen asleep and it seemed neither of them had moved since.

Jack pulled away slightly and sat up. As he looked down at Bryce, he could just about make out the other teen's eyes opening, a smile spreading across his face in the darkness.

"What time is it?" Bryce croaked.

"Still early," Jack replied.

Bryce rolled onto his back and held out his arm towards Jack who happily accepted the invitation and lay back down, resting his head on Bryce's muscular chest, a large arm wrapping around his shoulders as he nestled up against his side.

Jack closed his eyes. He felt a gentle kiss on the top of his head right before he fell back to sleep.

"Aww, isn't that adorable!" A voice called out tauntingly.

Jack's eyes shot open and he rolled away from Bryce, finding Ben standing over him. "Oh, I..."

"Did you have fun on date night?" Ben teased.

Bryce grinned at the two other teens, then looked to Jack who looked completely aghast at being found in such an intimate position with another guy.

"I... he... he made me!" Jack stuttered, jumping out of bed, grabbing a sheet to cover himself. That was when he noticed Elliott over at his desk, playing with his computer.

"What?" Bryce asked, frowning, more than a little confused.

"Yeah, he... he... ordered me to... to let him sleep here, then he... he just... kept making me, like... lay with him and stuff!" Jack stammered, staring wide-eyed at Elliott who now approached him, completely unable to look at Bryce.

"Is that true?" Elliott asked, eyebrows raised incredulously, looking from Bryce, to Jack and back again.

Bryce swung his legs round and sat on the edge of the bed, shaking his head. "Yeah. That's right. I made him!" he said, his tone literally dripping with disgust.

"I need to shower!" Jack said. "I have to... erm..." he headed for the bathroom, unsure of what he was trying to say.

"You have to what? Wash the gay away?" Bryce called after Jack as he disappeared into the bathroom. "Best make it a long fucking shower after all the gay I made you do!"

"Hey, you okay?" Elliott asked quietly as Bryce started dressing.

"Fine!" Bryce snapped sharply. As soon as he was dressed, he stormed out.

By the time Jack emerged from the bathroom, Ben and Elliott had picked his outfit for the day and laid it on the bed.

"Wh... where's Bryce?" Jack asked nervously.

"Already gone. Now hurry up and get dressed!" Elliott said firmly, then moved towards the door, tapping his foot impatiently.

Jack was relieved to see that he was being allowed to wear regular shorts today, rather than the tiny denim ones he had been forced into the previous day. He had even been given underwear too, which was a surprise. The top made him a little less happy though. It was a tank top, but an extremely loose one with a very low neckline and sides. As he pulled it on and glanced at himself in the mirror, he realised that most of his body could be seen from the sides, his nipples even becoming visible if he moved the right way. It did a great job of showing off his muscles and body hair.

"Come on," Elliott said, heading out of the bedroom with Ben close behind.

Jack was once again a passenger in the back seat of his own car as they made their way to school. He felt so much better than he had the night before. His fear over the video the boy had taken had completely torn him up, so when Bryce told him that it was now in Elliott's possession it had calmed him significantly. Now though, he had something else to worry about – Bryce!

He sat there, cursing himself for how he had reacted. Why had he told Elliott and Ben those lies? He knew all too well that Bryce hadn't forced him to do anything, he had willingly done everything, and it had felt amazing! But what did that mean?

When they got to school, Elliott and Ben got out of the car and just walked off, not saying a single word to Jack, leaving him slightly at a loss for what to do. Was he being left without orders or was he supposed to just stay there and wait to be told what to do? It bothered him that he had already allowed himself to become so conditioned as to even think that way. Determined not to let them get in his head quite so much, he headed toward the school. Aside from the difference in his clothing, he was determined to make this a normal day.

As he strode up to the main doors, he already felt his confidence ebbing. People were looking at him. Did they always do that? He was normally so caught up in his own things that he rarely paid any attention to 'the little people'. So was this normal? Were they just looking because he was Jack Hamilton, star athlete, Captain of the football team, king of the school, or was it something else?

Were they talking about what he had worn yesterday or his choice of clothing today? Had the other guys on the football team shared what had happened in the showers? Did they know the things he had done? Did they know he had woken up beside another guy that morning?

By the time he opened the doors and stepped into the main hallway, his confidence had completely melted away and his determination was fading rapidly. He wanted to slam the door and run back to the car, to drive away and never come back. He began to sweat, hands shaking as once again all eyes fell on him.

“Looking good, Jack!” another student said as they passed him, heading back outside.

Was that a compliment? A taunt? It was impossible to tell. Was he being mocked or admired? He had no idea and it was beginning to infuriate him. Clenching his jaw and balling his hands into fists in an attempt to steel his nerves, Jack spotted a group of his teammates stood about halfway down the corridor. He headed straight over to them.

“Morning, losers!” he said as forcefully as he could manage.

They all looked him up and down, slight smirks on their faces. “Morning Jack,” one of them replied. “Nice outfit!” another one added. “How's it going?” another asked.

Once again he was unsure if the comment on his outfit was sincere or not, but the rest of the comments seemed relatively normal. With a gentle sigh of relief, he settled into the conversation, happy to back to a sense of normalcy. When the bell rang and he headed for homeroom, he saw Elliott again, but his former friend still didn't acknowledge him. It was beginning to get a little unnerving. Why was he being ignored? Were they being nice and giving him a day off? That seemed unlikely. They had to be setting him up for something. Even Aaron, Danny and Lincoln carried on as normal when they saw him during the day, not acting any differently to the way they would have done before this entire thing started!

By lunchtime, Jack was completely on edge. He kept expecting one of his tormentors to pop up around every corner, to suddenly receive some horrific command or order, but still nothing came. The worst he got was the occasional snide remark or slight hint of teasing by his teammates about what had happened in the showers. Nothing too overt, just enough to let him know that they were not going to forget it any time soon. It was beginning to chip away at his sanity a little, the fear of what was to come mixed with seeing the affect it was already having on his social standing.

The afternoon passed as uneventfully as the morning, which only served to heighten Jack's sense of dread. This had to be a plan, something nasty had to be coming! As he made his way to football practice, he spotted Bryce, Danny, Aaron and Lincoln making their way to the locker room.

“Hey Captain!” Lincoln called out as they spotted him.

There were other players nearby, so Jack attempted to act naturally, but his stomach churned with every step, wondering if his four teammates were planning something for during practice. What bothered him most though was Bryce! The younger teen had avoided him all day and now wouldn't even look at him. Every time he tried to move close to talk to him, someone else got in the way.

Worrying about what was coming, Jack was distracted throughout practice. The comments and jokes from the team over Jack's outfit and behaviour the previous day also seemed to multiply as more and more of the team gathered together. Spurring each other on with their taunts, by the end of practice it was an almost constant barrage of jokes at Jack's expense.

Whilst Jack was relieved when it was finally over, the thought of heading back into the locker room with the others was less than appealing. It came as quite a relief when he saw the Coach approaching.

"Jack, can I talk to you please," he requested, gesturing for the team Captain to approach.

Jack broke away from the group and walked slowly towards the man. "What's up, Coach?" he asked as normally as he could manage.

"That's what I was going to ask you, Jack!" the older man replied. "Your head's not been in the game the last couple of days."

"Oh, erm... just... a lot on my kind I guess!" Jack lied.

"Well get it sorted and quickly. It's already affecting the team. They were barely listening to you out there today!" Coach said unhappily.

"S... sorry Coach," Jack stuttered. "I'll get on top of it!"

"Make sure you do, Jack. If you're not up to being Captain, there are plenty of others who are!" he warned.

It felt like a punch to the gut. Someone else being Captain of the team? He couldn't let that happen. Being Captain was everything to him. It was a source of his power over the team, it was a symbol of his superiority, he would not let that get taken away. No matter what the others were gonna do to him, he had to ensure he left it off the field from now on! They could take a lot from him, but not that, never that!

"Don't worry Coach, I'll do better!" Jack reassured the man, then turned and walked back towards the locker room.

As he got inside, he noted the eerie quietness. The locker room was empty, although the piles of clothing and pads dotted around the room indicated they hadn't gone far. He could hear the sounds of running water coming from the showers. He briefly considered just grabbing his bag and going, but Danny had told him the previous day that he was ALWAYS to shower from now on. Reluctantly, he undressed, slightly concerned that even as he slowly stripped, nobody emerged from the showers.

Thankful not to have the toy up his ass today, he wrapped a towel around his waist and headed to where he expected the others all were. As he got closer, he could hear quiet talking. Once he stepped inside, the talking stopped, all eyes on him.

"About time!" Evan, one of the other Seniors, called out to him.

"Yeah, we've been waiting for you, Captain!" Trent, a junior, added.

"Wh... what for?" Jack asked nervously, clutching tightly at his towel as the small army of naked guys all eyed him up.

"Well you seemed to enjoy putting on a show for us yesterday, we thought you might wanna do it again!" Evan said, getting a few laughs and jeers from other players.

Jack gulped. "What? No, I just wanna shower!" he said weakly.

"Oh, he wants a shower!" Trent said, grinning wickedly. "Why don't we give him one then!"

Before Jack knew what was happening, several other team members, including Danny and Aaron, had grabbed him, thrown aside his towel and forced him onto his knees in the centre of the room, right above the central drain.

"What are you doing? Get off of me?" Jack yelled out as he was held down.

"This..." Evan said, standing over Jack, holding his cock. "This is for putting bengay in my jockstrap!" He started urinating, the heavy stream hitting Jack in the face.

Jack pulled away in disgust. The others backed off a little, not wanting to get pissed on, but the tight circle they had formed allowed them to keep Jack contained, several hands pushing him down every time he tried to stand.

"And this is for making me dress like a girl during hazing!" Trent added, starting to piss on him too.

"This is for calling always calling me Miguel!" another teen called out, adding another stream.

Jack curled up into a ball, more and more stream of urine shooting at him, drenching him as they reminded him of every mean thing he had done.

Danny, Aaron and Lincoln were all in the circle but remained quiet, just watching Jack suffer.

When the piss finally stopped flowing, Jack felt a hand grab at his hair, pulling his head up. "Now jerk off!" Evan growled at him.

Too scared to disobey, Jack reached down to his crotch and started pulling at his shrivelled cock. He felt hands pulling at him, stretching him out of his foetal position until he was laid on the floor staring up at the team. Several of them were sporting erections already and were now stroking their cocks too. Inexplicably, Jack was hard in seconds.

Jack was whimpering as he stroked, totally shell-shocked by the sudden and brutal attack by his team. It didn't take long before the first load of cum splattered down onto him, then another, and another. Within minutes, half of the team had cum on him. His own stroking was slow but he felt an orgasm building although by the time it got close, most of the team had turned away to finish their showers.

When he realised nobody was actually looking at him, Jack stopped his hand moving, letting it

drop to his side.

“We didn't say stop!” Trent called out.

Jack shuddered and grabbed hold of his erection once again. Somehow it actually felt worse having nobody watching than it was having the whole team standing over him. When they observed, he had felt like he was performing for their sick, twisted entertainment, but now it seemed to serve no purpose at all other than to humiliate him.

“Uh!” Jack grunted as he finally added his cum to the dozen other loads covering him. By then though, most of the team had already left. None of them spoke to him, they didn't even look down at him laying there covered in piss and cum, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Eventually it was just Jack and Lincoln left, the younger teen hanging back deliberately. “Come on, let's get you cleaned off,” Lincoln said, squatting at Jack's side to help him up.

“How could you do this?” Jack asked weakly. “Ben said.... he said... it would only be you six but you... you told the whole team, you...let them.... you let them do this to me!”

Lincoln turned on one of the shower heads and manoeuvred Jack under it. “We didn't tell them anything, Jack!” Lincoln explained.

“What?” Jack asked in shock.

“Seriously. This wasn't us. We had nothing to do with this!” Lincoln insisted.

“Then.... why?” Jack asked, trembling.

“They were all talking, about what happened in here yesterday. I guess... they saw a... a weakness or something and it all... just came out.” Lincoln said, washing cum off of Jack's chest as he just stood there.

“But you... you still let it happen!” Jack said accusingly.

Lincoln shook his head. “Yeah we did, there was no way we were stopping something from happening, but be glad we were here to talk them down!”

“Talk them down?” Jack asked, slightly shocked.

“Yeah, they wanted to do...” Lincoln paused, taking a breath. “They wanted to do MUCH worse things to you. If Bryce hadn't stepped in...”

“Bryce?” Jack asked, eyes wide. Bryce had tried to help? Even after the way Jack had treated him!

“Yeah, he pretty much told them that if they even considered touching you, they'd have to go through him!” Lincoln said, smiling gently.

“Why are you helping me?” Jack asked suspiciously. “I thought you hated me!”

"I do!" Lincoln said honestly, "But you belong to us, remember. That means we have to look after you!"

Jack wasn't quite sure how to take that. It should have felt wrong for him to feel like he belonged to anyone, but somehow hearing Lincoln say that they would look after him actually felt... nice! Perhaps it was just what he had been through. Compared to that, anything would seem nice!

"I... I've got it from here," Jack said as he realised he was standing there letting Lincoln wash him.

"Okay," Lincoln said with a gentle smile. "I'm going to get dressed. You just take a few minutes, give everyone else a chance to leave, alright?"

"Yeah, thanks," Jack said, nodding.

When he finally emerged from the showers, he was relieved to see that it was only Lincoln and Danny left in the locker room.

"You okay?" Danny asked as he saw Jack.

"Not really!" Jack replied frankly.

"Jack, you need to know, this wasn't us!" Danny insisted.

"I know, Lincoln already said," Jack replied as he started to dress. He wondered if their comments were supposed to make him feel better. If anything, they were making it worse. In Jack's mind, what his six tormentors had put him through so far was just their twisted idea of fun and nothing more. Having the entire team turn on him though, that really hurt. Each of them had yelled at him why they were doing it and while most of it had been almost incoherent in the cacophony, it made him begin to realise just how much he had hurt them.

Perhaps it was the same for Elliott, Ben and the others then. Maybe they weren't just using him as a plaything to satisfy some horrific fetish. Maybe they had their reasons too. Maybe this was... his own fault?

Once Jack was dressed, the three of them made their way outside. Elliott, Ben and Aaron were already out there, but Bryce was once again absent. Jack really needed to see him. He needed to apologise for the way he had acted that morning and to thank him for what Lincoln said he had done, but it seemed that wouldn't be an option.

Ben approached Jack as soon as he saw him. "They told me what happened. Are you okay?"

"People keep asking me that. I think the answer's pretty fucking obvious, isn't it!" Jack snapped moodily.

"I... I..." Ben stuttered, unsure how to respond.

"Hey, he was just trying to be nice!" Elliott called out, overhearing the exchange.

"Oh, go fuck yourself! If you're trying to be nice, here's an idea.... stop fucking torturing me!" Jack

snarled.

Elliott's jaw clenched. Through gritted teeth he replied, "You've just been through something unpleasant, so I'll let that one go, but remember your place! I can take you down with the push of a button, and what happened to you in there is nothing compared to what they'd do to you in a prison shower. Got it?"

The other four looked on intently, worried they might have to physically keep Jack and Elliott apart as they both looked ready to lunge.

Had it just been the fake rape video Elliott was holding, Jack might have actually just snapped, turned on Elliott and accepted the consequences, but now he held the other video too and that was simply too much to lose. "Yes... Sir!" Jack replied, seething.

"Considering what happened, I was going to give you the night off, but as you still seem determined to keep proving what a cunt you are, we'll proceed with things as planned!" Elliott explained. He was being sincere. When Aaron and Bruce came out of the locker room and told him about what had happened, he couldn't quite find it within himself to pile more misery onto his former friend, regardless of how much he hated him. Seeing how he had spoken to Ben though, what little sympathy he had developed quickly vanished.

Jack was literally trembling with rage. "I'm a cunt? I'M A CUNT? WHAT ABOUT ALL OF YOU?" he screamed at them. "You actually had me doubting myself. For just a second I thought perhaps some of this was my fault, but it's clear now, this is YOU!" He had squared up to Elliott now, eyes wide, fists tightly clenched ready to strike. "This is you, you faggot and your faggoty friends! You made the team do that, I don't know how but this is ALL YOU. They fucking worship me, I'm like a fucking God to them and you managed to infect them all with your... your... homo shit and turn them against me and I'm gonna FUCKING KILL YOU!"

Jack swung his fist faster than any of the others could react. It connected squarely with Elliott's jaw, making him stagger backwards, clutching at it. One foot caught on the other and he hit the ground, landing heavily on one knee. Jack tried to lunge at him again, but Danny, Aaron and Lincoln were on him in moments, only just managing to hold him back between the three of them.

"GET OFF ME YOU FUCKING QUEERS!" Jack screamed furiously, straining to pull a hand free from the other three.

Ben had immediately run to Elliott's side. He winced as he saw a cut on Elliott's knee, shortly above a scar he had gotten years before. "Are you okay?" he asked quietly, placing a hand on his lover's back. He frowned a little at the look on Elliott's face. He didn't look angry or annoyed or even shocked, he looked almost... pleased! "Ei? What's going on?" Ben asked quietly.

"I'll tell you later," Elliott said back gently, then turned to Jack, his expression twisting into something more sinister. "Faggot. Homo. Queer. Use any word you like, all it shows is that you're still an intolerant prick. Now unless you calm down and apologise to each one of us in the next ten seconds," he reached into his pocket, pulled out his phone, started up the video the boy had taken the previous night and turned it to face Jack. "This gets sent to the police, posted on the internet and sent to every single person you've ever known!"

Jack's face dropped. Elliott was a little taken aback that Jack didn't even seem surprised to see it. While it definitely had the desired effect of shocking him into calming down, he was hoping to see a lot more confusion on his former friend's face.

'Wait, did he.... know I had this?' Elliott thought to himself as Jack stared. 'Bryce! That son of a bitch must have told him!' Realising Jack had already been allowed several seconds to comply, he said calmly, "Five seconds to go. Five, four, three, two..."

"Okay, I'm sorry!" Jack blurted out, his rage entirely supplanted by fear.

"For what?" Ben asked, moving to stand at Elliott's side once again.

"For... for calling you all... those names," Jack said, slowly sobering from his anger and realising how much trouble he was going to be in now.

"Pathetic!" Elliott said, shaking his head. "I mean, literally the least believable apology ever. Never mind, we'll see if you can do better later!" He turned to look at Lincoln. "We still good to use your place?"

"Yeah, everyone's out for the night, but they never bother me in my room anyway!" Lincoln replied.

Elliott reached into his bag and pulled out a pair of handcuffs. He threw them to Lincoln and said, "You'd best put these on him, he seems a bit volatile tonight. We'll see you at your place, just gotta grab some stuff! C'mon Ben."

Elliott dashed off towards Jack's car with Ben following behind. As suggested, Lincoln cuffed Jack while Danny and Aaron held his arms behind his back. He had stopped struggling by now, seeing the video was more than enough to quell any thoughts of resistance.

Jack and the others had been at Lincoln's place for about twenty minutes before there was a knock at the door. Lincoln let Elliott and Ben in, both teens grinning at the sight of Jack who was still cuffed, but had now been stripped and blindfolded too.

"He cause you any bother?" Elliott asked as he walked in.

"Nah, but he did mouth off a few times, but we soon spanked that out of him!" Aaron replied with a wicked grin.

Ben walked to the sofa where Jack had been laid and pulled him onto his side. "Wow, he must have REALLY been mouthing off!" he said with a snigger, seeing Jack's bright red butt cheeks. Just for good measure, he added a quick swat of his own, making Jack inhale sharply from the sting of it.

"Nice," Elliott said with a chuckle. "Now stand him up, I wanna get started."

Lincoln and Aaron pulled Jack roughly onto his feet.

“Open your mouth,” Elliott commanded and he rummaged through the heavy bag on his shoulder.

Instinctively, Jack clenched his lips tightly together.

“Open your mouth,” Elliott repeated calmly, but this time added, “Or I'll make you!”

Jack exhaled sharply through his nose, clenched his jaw a moment, then let it drop open.

Elliott placed a pill onto Jack's tongue, opened up a bottle of water and held it to Jack's lips. “Swallow!” he ordered.

Jack wanted to spit it out. He didn't know what he was being given, but he knew that he wouldn't like it! Fearing what would happen if he didn't comply, he gulped down some water and swallowed the pill.

“Great, now stand still!” Elliott said, placing the bottle down.

As Jack stood there, he heard movement and a little sniggering. He flinched as he felt a hand touch his chest. It was covered in something wet and cold. A couple more hands joined it. They were covering his body in something, but he had no idea what. Once his chest and stomach had been covered, beginning to feel cold and tingly as the mysterious substance coated him, he felt his hands being released from the cuffs. Immediately they were lifted into the air and held above him. The hands continued their work, covering his pits while a couple more of them worked around his cock and balls. Finally, his ass was coated in it, feeling incredibly slimy between his butt cheeks. The tingling feeling he felt across the rest of his body seemed even more intense across his balls and asshole.

“What is that stuff?” Jack asked shakily. He got no response.

“Don't move until we tell you to!” Elliott commanded.

Jack was left standing there, unable to see, the discomfort in his sensitive parts increasing by the second. The others were on the opposite side of the room talking quietly amongst themselves, an occasional laugh echoing round.

“Ah, this is really starting to burn!” Jack eventually called out as his balls felt like they were on fire. He thought back to some of the things he had done to his teammates and wondered if he had been coated in bengay. It would explain the burning sensation, but it didn't smell right.

“Okay, that's long enough!” Ben eventually called out. He walked over to Jack and pulled off the blindfold. “You can go and shower now if you like!”

Jack's eyes took a second to adjust to the light, but then he looked down and saw the white goo covering his torso. “What is this stuff?” he asked nervously.

“Go and shower!” Elliott repeated Ben's words as a command.

Jack sighed and dashed off to the bathroom. As keen as he was find out what it was, washing it off of his stinging nether-regions was the priority right now. He turned on the shower and stepped in,

not even waiting for the water to warm up. He shuddered as the cold water cascaded down him, but it was a welcome relief from the burning. After a few seconds, the water warmed up and he started rubbing the cream off of his chest.

“What the hell... oh fuck!” he called out as he realised what was happening. As the cream washed away, his hair was going with it! “YOU FUCKERS. YOU ABSOLUTE FUCKING CUNTS!”

All Jack could hear was hysterical laughter coming from Lincoln's room as he continued watching his hair flow down his body and into the drain. Every single hair on his chest, stomach and private parts was simply gone, leaving him smoother than he had been for years! Even with the cream gone, his balls and asshole continued to burn so he turned the shower down and let the cool water relieve it a little.

Eventually he turned off the water and stepped out, grabbing the nearest towel to dry himself off. He looked in the mirror and flinched. He was amazed what a difference it made. He looked about fifteen again! He walked back out to where the others were waiting, looking less than impressed with their latest trick.

They all gathered round quickly, hands touching him, feeling how now-hairless skin.

“Damn, he's almost as smooth as you now, Ben!” Lincoln chuckled.

“Yeah, well that might change when Ben actually hits puberty!” Danny teased.

Ben actually laughed. “Fuck you!” he said back, nudging the older teen jovially.

“Why? Why would you do this?” Jack asked, looking round the group.

“Believe it or not, it's to save you some pain!” Elliott said cryptically. “Now I just need to test something!” He reached out and squeezed one of Jack's nipple.

“Shit!” Jack called out in shock. His nipples actually felt even more sensitive now.

Everyone stood back now. Nobody had touched Jack at all since the brief nipple squeeze. Jack frowned as he realised they were all staring at his now-bald crotch. As he looked down, he saw his cock twitch a little, then again, and again. With every beat of his heart, it seemed to be swelling just a little more. Within less than a minute, he was sporting a rock-hard erection.

“Damn that's good stuff!” Danny said with a grin.

Jack was confused for a moment, then remembered the pill. “You gave me a fucking viagra!”

“Hey, it's not like it's your first!” Aaron taunted, grinning for a moment before being glared at by the others.

“What?!” Jack called out in surprise.

Before he could follow up with any questions, Ben had stepped forward and squeezed Jack's boner. “Yeah, he's ready!”

“Ready? For what?” Jack asked nervously, doing his best to ignore how good Ben's hand felt around his rigid tool.

Elliott turned away for a moment, picked something up and looked back at Jack. “Ready for this!” He was holding a large cylinder, filled with a thick blue substance. “Come on, before it sets, hold him still.”

“Before what sets?” Jack asked, trying to back away but finding himself stopped by the others.

Once again Jack felt his hands being cuffed before he got tilted forward, his erection being guided into the cylinder.

“Oh God, what is it?” Jack asked in disgust as his cock disappeared into the viscous fluid. It continued all the way, his balls dipping into it too, the edges of the cylinder pressing against his body.

“This shouldn't take long, just hold him there a few minutes,” Elliott explained.

Jack was clearly terrified, wondering what horrific thing they were doing to his cock.

The minutes passed and Elliott reached a finger round the edge of the cylinder to test the fluid. It felt solid now so he gestured for the others to let Jack go. As he was allowed to stand properly again, Elliott and Jack began pulling the cylinder away.

“Aaah,” Jack called out as his cock stuck slightly but quickly came free.

“You see, now imagine doing this if you had hair!” Elliott said with a snigger.

Jack was indeed thankful not to have his pubes stuck in this stuff, but wondered what it was for anyway. He looked down at the cylinder and saw that the fluid had set solid, leaving a perfect impression of his cock and balls in it. “Oh shit!” he mumbled as he realised what it was for.

“Oh, finally caught on, did ya?” Ben asked with a grin.

“Actually, you gave me the idea Jack. Earlier you told Ben to 'go fuck himself', didn't you! Well now, thanks to this, you're gonna literally be able to go fuck yourself!” Elliott explained, taunting Jack with the mould.

Chapter 9

THEN

“What's wrong you little faggot, don't you want a closer look?” Jack called tauntingly after the boy. He was walking out of the public restroom just a dozen or so feet behind another teenager.

“What's going on?” Evan asked as he saw the younger boy walk out quickly with Jack close behind.

“I was having a piss and that dirty little homo was trying to check out my cock!” Jack called out loudly. “Where you going, faggot?”

The younger boy looked back nervously for a moment but carried on walking away.

“Hey, I asked you a question!” Jack called out, speeding up to try and intercept him, his friends following.

The boy sped up in response and within moments was running through the park at full speed, Jack and the other football players hot on his heels.

“Come on, little fag. Don't you wanna play with us?” Jack called out tauntingly. The boy wasn't fast, Jack and the other athletes would have had no trouble catching him, but for now they were just enjoying making him run.

“Leave me alone!” the boy called back, tears streaming down his cheeks, terrified.

Jack laughed at the boy's terrified whimpering. “Last chance to stop before we make you!” he called out. When the boy didn't slow, Jack gestured for his friend to keep up and piled on the speed, catching up to the younger teen in moments. He grabbed the boy's shoulder, spinning him round and making him trip over his own feet.

“Please... please don't hurt me!” the boy pleaded desperately, cowering as the five bigger teens surrounded him.

“Why were you checking out my cock?” Jack asked surprisingly calmly.

The boy's hands were trembling, eyes wide with panic. “I... I wasn't... I just... I happened to.... to look round, right when you did!”

“Of course you did!” Jack said, smirking in disbelief. “Well you got a good look at me, so let's get a good look at you! Strip him!” he commanded.

The other four players swooped down onto the prone boy, two pulling at his shorts, two grabbing his shirt. He struggled against them in vain, the large athletes easily pulling the clothes off, slightly ripping the shirt in the process. The boy sat there in just his briefs and sneakers, crying.

“Take them off!” Jack said to the boy, gesturing to the underwear.

“No... please!” the boy begged, his voice a barely-audible squeak through his sobbing.

“Fine, don't then. Guys...” Jack said, gesturing to his teammates again.

The four of them paused for a moment, glancing at each other, but with Jack watching them closely they soon complied. They reached down, each grabbed part of the boy's waistband and pulled. With a loud rip, the white briefs were ripped to shreds in seconds. The boy's hands were immediately in his crotch, covering up.

“Ha, look at the little homo, he's playing with himself!” Jack taunted. He glanced round, seeing the bank of the lake a short distance away. “Throw him in the lake, that might help him cool off a bit!”

Again the others hesitated briefly before complying, but eventually picked up the struggling boy easily and carried him down to the edge of the lake. Jack followed, picking up the boy's shirt and shorts but leaving the tattered remains of his underwear where it had fallen. Watching in amusement as the other four threw the boy into the cold water, he tossed the clothing into the upper branches of a nearby tree.

“Next time keep your eyes to yourself you dirty little faggot!” Jack called out as he walked away laughing.

NOW

Jack lay in his bed, staring across the room at the dildo. He knew his was breaking the rules by not having it inside him, but with nobody there to enforce the rule he didn't see any harm in popping it out. The problem now was that he couldn't stop staring at it. It was a perfect mould of his own cock. Normally he was quite proud of the size of his cock, but now he was cursing it.

His tormentors had taken great pleasure in making Jack fuck himself with his own cock all night and had then sent him home with one of the new toys inside his ass, with the command to keep it in until told to remove it. They had used the mould to make several different versions. One was a full model of his cock and balls with a large suction cup attachment on the base to allow it to be stuck to smooth surfaces. Another one had a vibrator inside it. The third one was the one now sat on his desk. It was a basic copy of just his cock with a flat base.

It had thankfully been heavily lubed before being pushed inside him, which made made it a little less uncomfortable, but that also meant it began to slide out every time he walked. Just walking from Lincoln's house to the car it had almost popped out completely, his ass naturally repelling it. He had to keep pushing it back in, effectively fucking himself. When he had sat down in the car, that had thankfully stopped it sliding out, but instead presented another problem as it pushed the toy further inside, stimulating him further.

Stimulation was something he was in no short supply of, however. The viagra he had been given earlier in the night was still still in his system. He had been forced to milk himself to orgasm no less than five times throughout the evening by his tormentors. It was only after the fifth ejaculation that his cock finally softened enough for him to be put back in the chastity cage that he had hoped

to never see again.

Once he got home, he had immediately removed the dildo, washed it to avoid having his room smell of ass and placed it on his desk before going to bed, expecting to sleep easily considering how exhausted he was. Another part of him refused to let him sleep though. Thanks to the viagra, his cock kept swelling as much as it was able to within his cage, causing both a substantial amount of discomfort and a desperate desire to cum once again.

'I need Bryce!' he thought to himself. 'One ride on his cock and I'd be shooting in seconds! Fuck, no, I can't think about that sort of thing. That's some gay shit right there! Besides, I doubt Bryce is gonna be doing me any favours any time soon!' He shook his head, rolled over and closed his eyes.

A minute later, he sighed, sleep still eluding him. He rolled onto his back, threw back the covers, clicked on his lamp and looked down at the cage. 'Fucking thing. Why'd they have to put it back on me? Those fucking faggots. I should probably try to stop calling them that, Elliott gets all pissed about it. I don't get why he's so angry at me or why he's so defensive Ben, the little... faggot. Fuck it, he's a faggot. I can use that word in my own fucking head! Fuck, man up Jack, don't let them get to you like this!'

'Right. If I can't sleep cos I need to cum, then I gotta cum!' he thought to himself. He reached down and stroked his chest. It felt bizarre being smooth again, he couldn't even remember last time he had been like that. 'Right, nipples, don't fail me now!' He grabbed a nipple with each hand and began rubbing and squeezing them. Immediately his cock twitched in the cage. He flinched as his cock tried to swell against it, but continued playing with the sensitive nubs.

'Oh shit this is good!' he thought, his breathing growing heavier. He continued for a few minutes, wave after wave of pleasure rippling down his body from his chest to his encased dick. 'Fuck, it's not enough!' he thought in absolute frustration. 'Okay, I'm only this cos I have to!' he told himself as he released his left nipple and slid his hand down between his legs.

"Uhhh!" he groaned aloud as he allowed his index finger to slide inside his aching hole. "Oh fuck!" he muttered as he slid it further inside. "Yes, yes, yes!" he repeated as he felt an orgasm building once again, the dual stimulation of nipple and hole edging him even closer.

A few more minutes passed and despite the abject pleasure he was feeling, the orgasm remained elusive. Beginning to get desperate, he looked over to the desk. 'No, you can't!' he told himself, eyeing up the replica of his own cock. 'But I have to!' he replied to himself.

Pulling out his finger and releasing his nipple, he swung his legs round and got off the bed, giving his aching balls a gentle squeeze as he stood. He paced slowly across the room and grabbed the toy around the base of the shaft. It felt so bizarrely familiar, it truly did feel like gripping his own dick. He walked back over to the bed to lay down again, staring at the dildo nervously. 'Fuck it, I gotta cum!' he told himself, lowering the toy between his legs.

He began pushing it into his hole, but without lube it didn't seem like it was going to go in without significant pain. 'Fuck!' Jack thought. He tried thinking of anything he could use to lubricate it, but couldn't think of anything. With an unhappy sigh, he spat into his hand and started lubing his hole with his own saliva, then raised the dildo to his mouth with the other hand. 'Come on, you don't need it this much!' he told himself as he considered sliding it in.

The hand lubing his hole pushed inside slightly, sending a jolt of pleasure straight to his cock. 'Fuck it, yes I do!' he told himself, plunging the dildo so far into his mouth that he actually gagged a little. He coughed, but let his tongue slide around the silicone-rubber toy, moistening it sufficiently for what he intended to do with it.

Pulling it out, he immediately lowered it back down between his legs and pushed the head, his own cock head essentially, against his hole and began pushing it inside. "Ah yeah, that's it!" he moaned aloud as he felt it filling him up again.

He let his hand make its way back to his nipple as he started fucking himself. His muted groans began growing louder and louder, more and more intense, getting as loud as he dared to without alerting the entire house to what he was doing. The orgasm was building, and building, and building... but was still just out of reach. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" he repeated to himself. It truly did feel amazing, but he needed to cum. His cock was literally flowing with precum now.

"Wait, I know. Do it like I do it with Bryce!" he whispered to himself. He whipped the dildo out, sprang up onto his knees and placed the dildo between his legs. He started lowering himself onto it. It didn't quite have the same feel as Bryce's cock. Mostly it lacked the girth of his younger teammates monster, but Bryce's dick had a wonderful curve to it that made it hit just the right spot.

Jack closed his eyes anyway, determined to finish what he had started. He began bouncing on the dildo but it still didn't feel right. 'Fuck, I neeeeeed Bryce!' he whined to himself. He glanced back and grabbed a pillow, holding it in front of himself, his arms wrapping around it. Closing his eyes again, he continued bouncing on the replica of his own cock, biting the top of the pillow, imagining that it was Bryce's shoulder, that the younger teen was pressed up against him. "Oh Bryce, fuck me, harder, please!" he begged lost in the fantasy.

A few more minutes passed and he still hadn't managed to achieve orgasm. His asshole was throbbing, his dick ached as it continued attempting to swell against the cage and the pillow was drenched in precum.

"Fuck it!" he snarled angrily, throwing the pillow aside. He reached down, yanked out the dildo and dropped it off the side of the bed. "I just wanna cum!" he groaned, reluctantly beginning to accept the fact that he simply couldn't do it alone.

He curled up again, pulling the covers right over his head, determined to ignore his infuriating desire.

Eventually, he was just beginning to drift off to sleep when he heard his phone vibrate. He considered ignoring it, but curiosity got the better of him. It was a message from Elliott.

[You're in trouble for taking out the dildo, but well done for putting on an impressive show!] the message said.

Jack sat bolt upright in bed, eyes wide, re-reading the message. Elliott knew? But how? How could he know the dildo was out and how had he seen what Jack had just been doing? He looked round the room, wondering if Elliott might actually be there or if he had somehow hidden a camera in his

room. The phone vibrated again.

[It's your computer, fucktard. Your webcam is set to broadcast 24/7. I can see you right now!] Elliott replied.

Jack felt furious. They had taken so much from him over the last few days, the privacy of his room one of the few things he had left and now even that was gone too. Once again his anger seemed aimed solely at Elliott. Again he found himself wondering why Elliott was even doing this. Sure, most of the others could probably find reasons to be pissed at him, but why Elliott? Jack had never been anything besides a friend to him.

[Elliott, please can we talk about all of this?] he requested, attempting to suppress his rage.

[Put the dildo back in and go to sleep!] Elliott replied.

[Please talk to me!] Jack sent, grabbing the dildo and sliding it back inside his throbbing hole. He eventually fell asleep, waiting futilely for a reply.

For once, Jack was awake before Elliott and Ben invaded his room. He had woken up early after rolling over onto the dildo which had slid out of him during the night. He showered, pulled on some underwear and sat waiting for the other two teens to arrive. It felt humiliating to think that he had to wait for them to pick out his clothes. On the bright side, whatever they chose for him today wouldn't be worsened by visible erections, his cage prevented that particular embarrassment.

"Morning Jack," Ben said with a smile as he walked in and saw him sitting on the edge of his bed.

"Morning Sir!" Jack replied without even thinking about the words.

Ben approached the bed and patted the pillow. "Morning to you too, Bryce!" Ben teased, making it apparent that he too had seen what Jack had done, or tried to do, during the night.

Elliott laughed aloud at Ben's teasing, particularly as he saw Jack blushing bright red, all the way down to his bare shoulders. He paused for a moment. Jack had shaved after his shower, so with his smooth jawline and now hair-free torso, Elliott couldn't help marvelling at how much Jack looked like he had a few years ago, back when they were actually good friends. He felt a slight twinge of nostalgia as he thought of the good times they used to have.

Elliott had started to worry over the last couple of days that what they were doing to Jack had stopped being about helping him and simply become a matter of revenge. In fact, after hearing what the football team had done to him, he had been close to ending it all, actually considering deleting all the incriminating footage and releasing Jack as a lost cause, but then Jack had said something last night that gave him hope.

' You actually had me doubting myself. For just a second I thought perhaps some of this was my fault,' those were the words Jack had used during his angry outburst. He didn't expect the others had really even picked up on it, but being closest to Jack, it called out loud and clear to Elliott.

There was doubt there, possible self-reflection. Jack had actually begun to consider that the things happening to him were the result of his own actions!

Part of him wished Jack would just hurry up and figure it out. That was the same part of him that wanted to rush forward now, wrap his arms around his friend and apologise for everything. It was a constant struggle for Elliott to keep that part of him under control, to keep pushing Jack further and further towards his eventual breaking point.

Shaking himself from his thoughts, Elliott headed for the closet to choose today's outfit. Both parts of the outfit mattered today for different reasons. He wanted a top that showed off as much of Jack's chest and upper body as possible. The way he had been on show the last couple of days, everyone would have seen his hair. Now that he was smooth, Elliott wanted to make sure they noticed. Jack was so body-conscious that he was bound to be humiliated further by having everyone know that he had shaved. The bottom half was also significant. He didn't need it to show off an erection like the tiny shorts on Monday had, he needed them loose.

Finally picking a low-cut tank top similar to the previous day's and a pair of small but fairly loose shorts, he handed them to Jack who began to dress. "Erm, did I tell you to put on underwear?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

Jack sighed. "No," he replied.

Elliott swung a hand and slapped Jack. It wasn't a hard slap, just enough to shock him. "No... what?"

Jack sighed again, holding his cheek. "No Sir!" he said unhappily. He pulled his leg out of the shorts that were halfway on and then slipped the underwear off before beginning to dress again. Just as he got the shorts up, he heard Elliott clear his throat. He looked up to see his former friend gesturing towards the dildo that lay on his desk.

"I have to have it in?" Jack asked, looking completely downtrodden.

"I don't recall ever giving you permission to even take it out," Elliott replied coldly.

Jack pulled off the shorts one more time and approached the desk. He picked it up and realised that once again it lacked lubricant.

"No need to be shy, it's nothing we haven't seen before!" Elliott smirked.

"Hey, maybe this'll help!" Ben said, sensing Jack's reluctance. He grabbed the dildo from the older teen and held it against his crotch as if it were his own erection. "On your knees, boy!" he commanded.

"Oh come on!" Jack moaned, but seeing neither of the others back down, he dropped to his knees and opened his mouth as Ben moved closer.

The sniggering fifteen-year-old used the dildo to fuck Jack's mouth for a few seconds before pulling it out.

Blushing even more now, Jack stood up and looked round for the dildo which had now been handed to Elliott. He stared in angry shock as he saw his former friend pull a small bottle of lube from his schoolbag and apply it to the toy.

"If you had that, why did you make me..." he started, his voice trailing off, not wanting to verbalise what he had just done.

Elliott shrugged and smirked. "For fun! Now bend over!"

Jack scowled, but leaned over onto his desk. He felt the other seventeen-year-old's fingers applying more lube to his hole, then begin pushing the toy into him. He had thought by now that his ass might have actually started stretching. It was not something he wanted, but it would certainly make tasks like this a lot easier. His hole remained as tight as ever though.

Once the toy was sufficiently inserted, Jack was granted permission to dress. He did so quickly, then followed the other two down the stairs, walking a little awkwardly. About halfway down the stairs, he felt the toy sliding and reached back to push it in.

"Morning son!" Jack's father said as he walked down the hallway past the stairs.

"Moooooorning!" Jack replied, a surge of pleasure shocking him at exactly the wrong moment as the dildo pushed back inside.

"Morning Mr H," Elliott said, smiling at the knowledge of what was really happening.

"Morning Elliott. And good morning to you, too, young man!" Mr Hamilton added, looking to Ben whom he had never seen before.

When Ben failed to reply, Elliott looked round at him only to find him staring at the man, eyes wide with what appeared to be shock. "Ben," he said, trying to get the boy's attention. When he didn't immediately respond, Elliott added, "This is Mr Hamilton. Mr H, this is Ben!"

"Pleasure to meet you!" Mr Hamilton said politely before continuing down the hallway into the lounge.

"Ben, you okay?" Elliott asked, seeing that his young lover had still not moved since seeing Jack's father.

"Oh, erm... yeah!" Ben said, forcing a smile. "Come on, let's get to school!" He jumped down the last few stairs and dashed for the door, Elliott and the awkwardly-walking Jack close behind him.

The ride to school was both pleasurable and torturous for Jack. Every bump the car hit seemed to nudge the dildo in his ass, a not entirely-unpleasant sensation but at the same time to continuing stimulation kept forcing his cock to try and break out of the cage. As they drove, he kept finding his eyes drawn to Ben. Ever since this all started, he seemed so cheerful, always smiling and laughing... except for Sunday evening in the park. The things he had said still played on Jack's mind. At first he had just thought the little fag was bitter and resentful, looking for any way to lash out back at him. The longer Jack's ordeal went on, though, the more he began to worry it might have actually been true.

'You are literally the worst person I have ever met,' Ben had told him, going on to add, 'You are going to spend your whole life miserable and alone.' Until this all began, Jack never really had much of a concept of being alone. Aside from always being surrounded by other members of the team and a seemingly-endless stream of girls (who seemed to be steering clear of him lately), Elliott had always been there. The two had always been best friends.

Jack allowed his gaze to wander to the other side of the car, to Elliott. He still wanted to talk to his former friend alone, to find out why he had turned on him. If nothing else, Jack wanted to know what he could have possibly done to make him so angry. That would have to wait though as they were just pulling into the parking lot.

"Okay, the dildo stays in all day!" Elliott ordered, turning to look at Jack in the back seat. "In morning break and at lunch, head straight to the store room we used on Monday. Got it?"

"Yes Sir!" Jack replied immediately. He was far from happy with the instruction, but all things considered it could have been a lot worse. If anything, the part he was dreading most was seeing the rest of the football team.

After the things they had done to him in the shower the previous day, he had a feeling that what little of his reputation he thought he had managed to cling to had actually been irreparably shattered. What did that mean for him as Captain though. When the team had just been a little insubordinate, the Coach had threatened to strip Jack of his Captaincy. If he went out with them in outright revolt, there was little doubt about what would happen.

He made his way up to the front steps, avoiding eye contact with anyone, particularly when he had to reach back and attempt to discreetly push the slippery dildo back up between his cheeks. As he walked through the doors, it felt like the entire world stopped. It seemed like most of the football team was in the corridor, gathered together in various little groups.

Trent and Evan, the two who had acted as ringleaders broke away from their respective groups as soon as they saw Jack arrive and headed straight for him.

'Fuck, what now?' Jack thought. He looked briefly to Elliott and Ben who were a short distance behind him, but they both shrugged.

"Hey... erm, Jack," Trent said nervously.

"Yeah hi Cap," Evan added looking equally worried.

"Erm... morning," Jack replied. He had expected insults and abuse so their quiet fearfulness came as quite a shock.

"Are you... are you okay?" Trent asked quietly, looking round and gulping.

Jack frowned, wondering if this was part of some elaborate set-up. "Yeah I guess so," he replied cautiously, moving to the side of the door as some other students came up the steps behind him. The dildo began to slip down a little.

“Look, about yesterday...” Evan started, but his voice seemed to trail off.

Jack's puzzled frown turned into an angry glare. “What about it?” he demanded.

“You haven't, like, told anyone about it, have you? I mean, like, your parents or, like, a... a teacher or anything, have you?” Trent stammered, turning a little pale.

“You kidding? I posted it on facebook, tweeted it, popped a few shots on insta and check your phone, I even sent a few snapchats about it!” Jack replied, watching as his teammates looked increasingly terrified. “You fucking kidding me? Why the fuck would I want anyone to know about it?”

“Oh, erm, good. We just, erm... on behalf of the team we kinda want to.... apologise,” Evan said, barely daring to look at Jack.

“What?” Jack asked, looking genuinely shocked.

Evan nodded. “We mean it. What we did was kinda out of line!”

“Kinda? Kinda out of line is insulting your Mom or stealing the last slice of pizza. What you guys did was so far over the line, it just.... I mean, seriously, what the fuck!”

Trent sighed. “You're right, but you... kinda drove us to it!”

“What, so this was my fault?” Jack asked, eyebrows raised.

Elliott and Ben exchanged looks for a moment, intrigued by the entire exchange.

“No, well, yes... but...” Trent stammered. He took a deep breath, his brow furrowing, clearly preparing to say something difficult. “Jack can I... be honest with you?”

Jack simply shrugged.

Trent took another deep breath and started, “Okay, you're a good Captain, like seriously, one of the best. You just have to look at the trophy case to see that, but...” he paused briefly, “But sometimes... or most of the time really, you're a bully. We get that you need to be tough on us on the field, that's what gets us the results, but it's like... all the time. You seem to get off on making us miserable and eventually it just gets a bit much. Last night, all the anger and frustration just kinda reached a tipping point and.... well, you know what happened.”

Jack was more than a little shocked. As was becoming the norm lately, he felt both proud and ashamed of what was being said to him at the same time. Did they really see him as a bully? Most of the time he was just playing, doing guy stuff, or at least that was what he thought.

Elliott watched intently. He knew how important this was. In the space of barely more than twelve hours, the football team had made the point he was trying to get across, punished Jack for it, confronted him with the truth and given him the chance to talk about it. It was like his entire campaign against Jack condensed into a handy bite-size chunk. The question was, how would Jack respond?

"I think what we're saying is... we're sorry," Evan added to Trent's explanation of what had happened. "And we still want you to be Captain, but... just, stop being such a cunt!" He added a playful smile at the end, hoping Jack might be able to take it in good humour.

Jack laughed, the gentle chuckling seeming to alleviate the fear on both Trent and Evan's faces. It stopped as abruptly as it started, Jack's face contorting into pure rage. "You think you all get to do what you did, then just tell me its my own fault, apologise and think everything'll be cool? Are you fucking stupid?"

As the terror returned to the two football players' faces, Elliott looked genuinely disappointed.

"You run back to the rest of the team and you tell them this from me. Because of what you did, I now have the power to get you expelled or even arrested, so if any one of them so much as looks at me funny again, that'll be it, I'll see you all go down for it. As for how I treat you all," he snarled, stepping forward and grabbing the collar of Trent's letterman Jacket, "I'll do whatever the fuck I like and you'll thank me for it. Got it?"

Trent nodded rapidly, then dashed off down the corridor with Evan.

Jack looked round at Elliott, seeing the look on his face. "And what's your problem?"

Elliott's jaw clenched. Silently, he shook his head and walked away.

Relieved to have managed to turn the situation with the team around, but still worried about Elliott, Jack headed towards homeroom. "For fuck's sake!" he muttered to himself as he pushed the dildo back in again.

For morning break, Jack headed to the store room as instructed. Lincoln and Elliott both fucked him quickly whilst he sucked off Ben, all while they tortured his nipples and did everything else they could to arouse him. Already infuriatingly horny from his attempted orgasm during the night, Jack had crossed the line from frustrated to desperate. By the time the dildo was re-lubed and shoved back inside him, he was actually pleading with his tormentors to let him cum.

Jack had to rush to get to his class after break, which in itself only made his discomfort worse. Attempting to run with the dildo in not only battered his prostate, but it also forced the toy out more rapidly making him reach round every few seconds to shove it back in. When he sat down in class, he inadvertently grunted with pleasure as the dildo moved in further. Worst of all, the wet patch from his seemingly-endless stream of precum was becoming somewhat obvious.

When he returned to the store room at lunchtime, Ben tossed him a granola bar and bottle of water and said he had a few minutes to eat it. Jack's heart dropped as he realised that meant he was likely to be tortured for the entirety of the lunch break. In a way though, he was glad to be back in the small, secluded room. He had been getting comments all day on his personal grooming habits, his lack of body hair very much noticeable in the low-cut tank top. It seemed that with every passing day, the other students were getting more and more bold with their taunts towards Jack, their fear of him ebbing with every humiliation that was piled on him.

“Clothes off!” Elliott commanded as soon as he walked in.

Ben, Lincoln, Aaron Danny were already there, but Bryce remained absent from the group, much to Jack's relief/disappointment.

With a disgruntled huff, Jack pulled off his shorts and tank top. It worried how quickly he was getting used to being naked at school, albeit only in the little store room that had become his own private torture chamber. He still wished there was a lock on the door, but had come to accept by now that people didn't really pass by it much at lunchtime so there was minimal risk of having anyone walk in.

Once he was naked, he stared at Elliott, awaiting further instruction. Staring back, the other teen reached down and began to unbuckle his belt, then let his pants drop to his ankles before pushing down his boxer-briefs.

“On your knees!” Elliott commanded.

Jack complied, mentally preparing himself for the prospect of a cock shortly entering his mouth. Elliott approached, cock semi-hard, the long tool swinging back and forth. Instead of directing the meaty tool into Jack's mouth, Elliott turned around.

“You were an asshole tom Evan and Trent this morning, so now you get an asshole as punishment!” Elliott said with a slight smirk. He wished he had remained facing Jack so he could see his slave's expression. Instead, he just reached back, grabbed both sides of Jack's head and pulled it forward so his face disappeared into the crack.

“Ugh!” Jack groaned, pulling free. “No fucking way, I'm not going near your ass!”

Elliott looked back angrily. “You'll do as you're fucking told or you'll get worse!”

“No. NO! Fuck you, no I'm not doing it. Not that!” Jack refused. He had put up with a lot, followed a lot of orders, done a lot of 'faggoty' things, but that seemed just a step too far.

“Fine,” Elliott said. He looked to the others. “Get him on the floor!”

The other four pounced on Jack. Already down on his knees, he was easily subdued by the four other teens, each taking a limb and holding him flat on the ground. Jack wanted to shout at them to stop, but he was more worried about anyone out in the hallway hearing him and coming in to investigate. Although he knew the others would likely get into trouble, it would also likely trigger the full exposure of the things he had done to everyone in the school!

Elliott kicked off his pants and underwear, freeing his legs up more, allowing him to stand with a foot either side of Jack's head. He began to squat.

“Oh come on, please!” Jack begged.

The pleading was futile, Elliott ignored it, continuing down until he was sitting on Jack's face. His hole was positioned over his mouth, his cock and balls covering Jack's nose and eyes. He really

began to squirm, muffled noises coming from his covered mouth. Elliott raised his ass a little and asked, "Sorry, I didn't quite catch that!"

"I can't breathe!" Jack gasped!

"Then get your tongue in there or next time I stay on longer!" Elliott replied, sniggering to the other tormentors. He sat back down, but this time held up his balls so as not to cover Jack's nose.

It took a couple of seconds, but eventually Elliott felt the tip of Jack's tongue press against his hole. It felt incredible, but almost stifled a moan, but realised it would actually torment Jack more to know that his misery was causing Elliott such pleasure. "Come on, you can do better than that!" Elliott growled down at Jack.

The tongue continued poking at Elliott's hole, but failed to do much more. Elliott shook his head. "Looks like he needs a little encouragement!" he suggested. He looked back at Ben and Aaron who were holding down Jack's legs. "Pass his legs up here!"

The two teens began raising Jack's legs until Elliott took hold of them, pulling them back further and holding them under his arms. Jack was now doubled over, his ass exposed to Ben and Aaron, the dildo beginning to slide out.

"Hey, none of that!" Aaron said, slamming the toy back in firmly, getting a muffled grunt from Jack in response.

"Why don't you give him some encouragement!" Elliott suggested, looking first at Ben, then at his discarded pants, then back to Ben again.

The younger teen grinned, immediately knowing what Elliott was suggesting. He reached for the pants and pulled out the belt. He doubled it over, holding the end with the buckle in one hand, slapping it down into his other with a loud crack.

Elliott grunted as Jack's terrified whimper send a little vibration of fear through his ass.

Ben swung round and brought the belt down onto Jack's ass with a loud slap. If Elliott hadn't been sat on his face, the yell from Jack probably would have been heard on the other side of the school. It did what Elliott had hoped and spurred the naked teen on to try harder. His tongue started working around the hole, pushing into it, sliding back and forth across it.

"Ah fuck, he's a fucking natural ass-licker!" Elliott taunted. He was exaggerating. Jack was quite good, but far from the best. That title was firmly held by Ben, but he knew that it would once again make Jack feel even worse. As he felt Jack's tongue beginning to slow, he gestured for Ben to swipe again.

The belt connected with the bare ass. This time though, the dildo had emerged slightly. As well as the sharp pain across his cheeks, Jack also felt the impact deep in his ass on the other end of the toy. He whimpered again and tongued Elliott's hole more vigorously.

"Anyone else want a turn?" Elliott asked the others.

“Fuck yes!” Lincoln said eagerly, jumping up to shuck his pants and underwear. His cock was rock hard but he felt no shame in showing it off, he was long past that point with his friends by then.

As Elliott stood, Jack gasped for air. Even without his nose covered, Jack was finding it hard to breathe with someone sitting on his face. He groaned as he saw another ass lowering down onto his face. As much as he hated to do it, he immediately thrust his tongue into the newly-arrived hole, fearing another swipe from the belt.

“Do I need to hit him again?” Ben asked, sounding almost hopeful.

“N... No!” Lincoln moaned. He had never been rimmed before so he had little frame of reference, but he seemed to think Jack was already doing a pretty good job.

“Oh, okay,” Ben pouted, dropping the belt. Wanting something else to do, he reached out for the dildo that was beginning to emerge once again. He pulled it out until just the head remained inside, then thrust it back in. He chuckled as it first made Jack moan and then Lincoln, Jack's moan sending pleasurable vibrations through his ass.

As Jack clenched from the sudden violent thrust, he started pushing the dildo back out again. Once it was about halfway, Ben slammed his hand onto it again, causing a similar reaction to before. It continued over and over, slamming in, pushing out, slamming in, pushing out.

“Let's try that with something else!” Elliott said, rolling a condom down his cock. He gently nudged Ben aside, slid out the replica of Jack's cock and pushed his own tool inside.

“Ah fuck,” Elliott moaned as he fucked his former friend.

Danny and Aaron both seemed a little uncomfortable. They were holding down Jack's arms, although he had long given up struggling against them. They loved seeing Jack suffer, but were both substantially less keen to watch the gay sex going on in front of them. Neither of them were even slightly homophobic, they had no problems with gays or gay sex, but it simply did nothing for either of them... usually!

Elliott grinned as he saw Danny reach down and rearrange his bulge. “You wanna go?” he asked with a cheeky grin. “If it helps, you can pretend it's a girl's ass!”

Danny looked nervous, glancing at Aaron. As the other totally 'straight' guy in their group, the two seemed to have an unspoken bond of non-involvement in that sort of thing. Aaron just shrugged, clearly not bothered about it.

“Fuck, why not, I need to get off!” Danny said, standing up and releasing Jack's left arm.

“Okay, I'm... almost.... aaah!” Elliott moaned as he shot his load. He pulled out and moved aside, catching his breath. He reached into his bag and grabbed a condom from the stash he now kept with him at all times. He handed it to Danny who looked somewhat nervous.

The large teen didn't strip, he simply unzipped and pulled his cock out. It was moderately thick, about six inches and already solid. He slipped on the condom and knelt down behind Jack. He paused his cock into the well-lubricated hole. Despite the fucking he had just been given by Elliott

and the prolonged presence of the dildo, he was pleasantly tight.

“Ah yeah,” Danny growled as he slid all the way in. “Shit, I see what you guys were talking about. That's one hot piece of ass!”

Elliott laughed, knowing how much it would be upsetting Jack to hear how good his ass was at pleasing another guy.

Before they had finished, Ben and Danny had also taken a turn getting rimmed by Jack while Lincoln had fucked his ass. Ben was now straddling Jack's chest, his cock pulled out of his zipper and shoved in the older teen's mouth while the others were standing over them, dressed once again. The dildo had been lubed one again and shoved back in position.

Suddenly, they heard the bell ring.

“Shit, I totally lost track of time!” Elliott called out in shock. His next class was on the other side of the school. He reached down, grabbed his bag and headed for the door.

The other four all did the same, leaving Jack to roll aside and try to hide from sight of anyone who might be passing. Still naked and somewhat exhausted, it took a few minutes before Jack was out of the room and heading for his next class.

By the time he got to the Chem lab, he was a few minutes late. He opened the door, hoping to sneak in relatively unnoticed. Sadly, that was not to be.

“Mr Hamilton, good of you to join us!” Mr Wendell, the chemistry teacher said as Jack stepped through the door.

“Sorry I'm late,” Jack apologised.

“Well it's your first time, but don't let it happen again!” Mr Wendell said, getting a breath of relief in response from Jack. “Not so fast. As you're already on your feet, why don't you come up to the front, I need an assistant!”

Jack moaned quietly. The dildo was sliding out again and he was hoping to sit down quite quickly to push it back in. He headed to the front and placed his bag down. As he did so, he pressed his back against the wall, pushing the dildo back in and stifling a moan.

“Come on, we don't have all day!” Mr Wendell said.

Jack approached the teacher's desk, standing behind it where the man pointed. As teachers go, Mr Wendell was one of the less unpleasant ones in the school. Somewhere in his mid-to-late twenties, if he hadn't dressed so clearly like a teacher, he could potentially be mistaken for one of the older students. Many of the female students seemed to like him for obvious reasons, with his youthful handsomeness and what appeared to be a fairly impressive physique hidden beneath the suit.

“Good, stand there and hold this!” Mr Wendell instructed, handing Jack two large glass beakers. A small tube came from each down to another beaker at the bottom.

Jack rarely paid attention in Chemistry. He got by with decent grades, but it never really interested him so he usually tended to faze out during Mr Wendell's descriptions of the experiments he displayed. Today was no different, Jack paid very little attention to what the man was saying but for very different reasons to usual. He was solely focused on clenching his butt cheeks to keep the dildo in. With his hands occupied, he would have no way to push it back in if it started sliding.

Mr Wendell went on with the experiment, talking to the class about what he was doing. Jack would feel most of the eyes were on him, although he didn't dare look up to confirm it. With his arms raised, his pits were also exposed to the class, further emphasising his bodily-baldness to them.

Despite his best efforts, Jack could feel the dildo beginning to slide, little by little. Thankfully though, it seemed the experiment was coming to an end.

"Although the one drawback," Mr Wendell went on with his explanation, "Is the amount of hydrogen sulphide the reaction releases. Don't worry, there's not enough produced here to be harmful, but in a moment, you may get the smell of rotten eggs, but I assure you it's just the experiment and not Mr Hamilton!" he joked.

The students burst into laughter, making Jack's already reddened cheeks an even deeper crimson. Suddenly, the smell of phosphorous hit Jack. Aside from being an unpleasant scent, it tickled his nose. The tickle quickly turned into something stronger. Jack took an involuntary deep breath in. He realised what was about to happen but was too slow to stop it. He sneezed with fairly substantial force. As his whole body clenched, the slippery dildo shot out of his ass, dropped out of the leg of his shorts and hit the floor with a thud.

Whilst the teacher's desk hid the toy from the rest of the class, Mr Wendell saw what happened, looked down at the replica of Jack's cock and stared wide-eyed at the boy.

Jack froze as panic gripped him.

Chapter 10

THEN

“Ah come on,” Jack said pleadingly.

“No!” Helena insisted, leaning away from Jack.

“What, not even a blow job?” Jack asked in frustration.

Helena crossed her arms in front of her chest as Jack reached for her breast once again. “Jack, no means no! I don't wanna do anything here!” She looked round at the darkened parking lot.

Jack had pulled in unexpectedly on the way home from their date saying he had wanted to 'talk', but as soon as the engine stopped, Jack got started. Helena had been okay with making out at first, but within a few minutes, Jack's hands had begun to wander which was when Helena had pushed him away.

“What, so if we go somewhere else you might stop being such a fucking cock tease and actually do something!” Jack snapped angrily. “Fine, where d'you wanna go?”

Helena scowled. “I'm not going anywhere with you as long as you're talking to me like that!” Helena said defensively.

“Oh what, now I've hurt your fucking feelings? Gimme a fucking break. I've only put up with you for the last couple of weeks because I heard you were easy. Now you're telling me I wasted my fucking time?” Jack scoffed.

“You really are a total jerk, you know that!” Helena snapped. “The other girls kept telling me what a dick you were to them, but I thought you weren't like that. But they were right, you're a pig!”

“Hey, at least I don't fucking look like one, you ugly whore. Now get out of my fucking car, you're stinking it up, piggy!” Jack said, sniggering.

Helena got out of the car. Luckily they weren't too far from her house so she started off down the road.

“Oh by the way, piggy, I'm still gonna tell everyone I fucked you and I'm gonna tell them you begged for more, like the filthy whore you are!” Jack called after her before driving away.

NOW

Jack gulped, unsure whether to say anything to Mr Wendell or if he should reach down and retrieve the dildo that he had just ejected onto the floor.

Mr Wendell cleared his throat, recomposed himself and approached Jack. He took the two beakers his student was holding and placed them on his desk, simultaneously kicking the dildo slightly so it rolled under his desk and out of sight. "Thank you, Mr Hamilton, you may go and take your seat now!" he said calmly.

Jack nodded nervously and moved across to where he had left his bag.

"But if you could come back and see me at the end of the day so I can talk to you about your homework please," Mr Wendell added.

"Yes Sir!" Jack replied. While it was a relief that the teacher hadn't just picked up the dildo and revealed it to the class, the thought of having to come back and talk to him about it at the end of the day was almost as bad.

Jack took his seat and the lesson went on. As always, Jack paid little attention. For once though, he had a good excuse. He sat there wondering what was going to get him in more trouble, not keeping his dildo in as Elliott had commanded, or expelling it spectacularly right in front of one of his teachers. He figured that, despite the embarrassment, he would get less hassle from Mr Wendell than from Elliott. The teacher was bound by school rules and his duty of care to his students, while Elliott was pretty much able to do anything he liked.

Once the lesson was over, Jack filed out with the other students, barely noticing their teasing as he felt Mr Wendell's eyes on him.

"How's it going, Jacky?" Danny taunted, following Jack out of the room and smacking him on the ass. He aimed for the middle, deliberately hoping to hit the dildo. He frowned when all he felt was Jack's butt. "Geez, how deep have you got that thing? You must really like it!" he chuckled, giving little regard to who might overhear.

Jack looked round nervously. With people already staring at him constantly, it was hard to tell who was already looking and who might have heard Danny's comment. "Shut up!" he hissed angrily. "There's nothing there!" He hadn't even thought about what he was saying, he was just too angered by Danny's suggestion that he liked having his ass stuffed. He had intended to keep quiet about losing it until the end of the day, hoping to get it back before any of his tormentors could notice it was missing.

"You took it out?" Danny asked.

Jack blushed at the prospect of having to describe what had happened. "No, it... it kinda.... fell out!"

Danny laughed aloud for a moment then asked, "What? When?"

"Back in there!" Jack said, pointing to the room they had recently vacated. "When I was at the front and I sneezed."

"Oh my God!" Danny said, eyes wide with amazed amusement. "Did Mr Wendell see?"

Jack nodded, getting more laughter in response. "That's why he wants to see me at the end of the

day!"

"Oh, this is too good. I gotta go!" Danny said, immediately running off down the hall, leaving Jack thoroughly bewildered.

Never before had Jack dreaded the end of the school day quite so much. He was sat in his last class of the day, staring at the clock and just willing the hands to stop. Elliott was in the same class, but had not acknowledged him the whole time.

Jack's heart felt like it stopped as the final bell rang. While everyone else, Elliott included, got up and dashed out, Jack gathered his books together slowly. He made his way back down the corridor towards the chem lab, occasionally getting nudged by the heavy flow of students heading past him to leave.

He was so caught up in his dread of what was to come that he almost didn't realise what the other students were doing. They actually had the nerve to barge into him? Just a week ago, they would have moved aside to let him pass. He could walk into a hallway and the students would just part, like Moses parting the Red Sea. Now though, it was like he was nothing to them. Was that all it took? A few days of embarrassments and humiliating outfits and the reputation he had spent his high school career building was already in tatters.

Perhaps it could be salvaged. After all, the football had turned on him, but he had managed to turn that around. Perhaps if he could end things with Elliott and the others sooner rather than later, the entire ordeal could be forgotten and he could retake his rightful place at the top. That didn't seem likely to happen though. While the football team had backed down, obviously scared of Jack, it seemed Elliott, Ben and the others showed no signs of doing the same. In fact, with the mounting pile of incriminating evidence and embarrassing footage they were stockpiling, Jack worried they might never let him go!

Jack stopped dead in his tracks, turning pale and feeling nauseous. 'What if they never let me go?' he thought to himself. 'What if this is it? What if this is my life now? Stuck serving a bunch of fags forever. Fuck, what else would they make me do? I've fucked, been fucked, sucked cock, licked ass, kissed a guy... oh God, Bryce! He's still avoiding me! No, wait, that's good. He's a dick, he made me do all that stuff. Ugh, stop it, keep saying it all you like, you know he didn't make you do anything!'

Jack shook his head and continued walking. Suddenly, even seeing Mr Wendell seemed like a more fun idea than continuing that particular train of thought. He reached the Chem lab and knocked on the door.

"Come in!" Mr Wendell called out.

Jack took a deep breath and stepped inside. "You... wanted to see me, Sir?" he asked nervously as he pushed the door closed behind him.

The teacher gestured for him to approach, watching as Jack walked closer. "So," he said, opening his desk drawer and gingerly picking up the dildo, dropping it onto his desk. "What have you got to say for yourself?"

Jack was torn. What should he say? Elliott had threatened him the previous day, saying how much worse he would make things if Jack ever told anyone the truth, but if he told Mr Wendell everything now, that would be it, it would be over. Elliott and the others would be in deep shit and he would be free. If he told them he had been forced into it all, the worst he might face was a little public humiliation when people found out about it all, but public humiliation was becoming a daily occurrence now, so would it really be that much worse?

'Do it. Tell him. You know they'll never let you go, they're gonna torture you forever. Tell him now and end it!' he told himself in his head.

But what if they didn't believe him? What if he was prosecuted for raping Ben or committing a sexual act with the fourteen-year-old kid in the park restroom. Life in prison, was it worth giving up everything he had, his entire life just to avoid a few humiliating tasks?

"I... I just... I was..." Jack stuttered, unable to come up with any explanation.

"Jack?" Mr Wendell asked. "Well?"

"I... I don't know..." he continued stammering.

"Do you really think this appropriate to bring into a school? I understand that teenage years are all about experimentation, but it has a time and a place!" Mr Wendell said firmly.

"They made me!" Jack said, his eyes widening with fear as he realised what he had said. It was too late to go back now!

Mr Wendell frowned. "Who made you?" he asked with concern.

"The gays!" Jack said angrily. He had been close to tears until a wave of rage washed over him. If he was going to tell someone what had happened, he was going to make sure it looked as bad for them as possible.

"The gays made you do it?" Mr Wendell asked, almost smirking.

"Yeah. Ben. Ben Starsmore, he's a sophomore. And Elliott Farnsworth. They started it. Also Lincoln Harkness, Danny Smith, Aaron Carson and Bryce Jones. All of them, they made me do all of it!" Jack blurted out.

"Okay Jack, take a seat," Mr Wendell said, stepping out from behind his desk and gesturing to the first row of desks. Jack sat down as the teacher leaned on the front of his desk, folding his arms. "Tell me what happened!"

Jack started right at the beginning, with the bet in the park, although he claimed they had cheated to win and then assaulted him when he refused to pay up, forcing him to comply. From there, the entire story unfolded, but twisted to Jack's perspective. He did everything he could to make it clear that he had been forced to do everything. Some parts he had left out, such as his intimate encounters with Bryce, not wanting to explain it. Instead, by the end he had painted a picture of savage violence and even death threats against Jack and his family from the vicious 'gang of

faggots' as he had taken to calling them.

Mr Wendell had remained silent throughout the whole thing, nodding his understanding occasionally as Jack rambled on. He stared at the student for several moments after he stopped. "So why do you think they did it?" he asked.

Jack frowned. It wasn't a question he had expected. "Well, cos... they're perverted fags, this is just the sort of shit they do!" Normally he wouldn't have dared to use that sort of language in front of a teacher, but considering the personal and intimate details he had just shared, he figured he could make an exception.

"Think about what you just said, Jack. Do you see anything wrong with it?" Mr Wendell asked gently, folding his arms across his chest and raising a hand to rub his lightly-stubbed jaw.

"Sorry, I know I shouldn't swear," he said apologetically, slightly annoyed that after everything he had just revealed, his language was the main focus of the teacher's thoughts.

"No, not that!" Mr Wendell said, shaking his head. "I counted no less than thirty-two times now you've used terms like fag, faggot and homo. You know we don't accept offensive terms like that in this school, don't you?"

"Erm, well... yeah, but... considering what they did, you can probably understand I'm a bit pissed at them!" Jack explained. He scowled angrily. "Besides, is that really the important thing here? They... they made me do things, those faggots have to pay!"

Mr Wendell raised the hand on his jaw up his face to rub his eyes, squeezing them closed while he thought. Lowering his hand and opening his eyes, Mr Wendell shook his head, looking disappointed. "Okay, wait here, I'm going to get someone who can help!"

Jack watched as the man left, figuring he was going to fetch the Principal, or perhaps even call the police. The way Jack had portrayed events to the teacher, he had made it sound like he had been the victim in all of it so perhaps the police were going to be needed. It would be incredibly satisfying to see Elliott and the others taken away in handcuffs!

A few minutes later, he heard several sets of footsteps approaching. He turned towards the door, eager to get this over with. Mr Wendell walked in, closely followed by Elliott, Ben and Lincoln.

"Wait, what are they doing here?" Jack asked angrily, jumping up from his seat as the door closed.

Elliott sighed. "What did I say Jack? What did I say would happen if you told anyone?"

Jack looked terrified. He looked to Mr Wendell for support, but the teacher simply smiled wickedly.

"But... but... you... you're meant to.... you're a teacher!" Jack stammered at the man.

"Yeah and you're a homophobic little dick!" Mr Wendell replied sharply.

"HEY, I ASKED YOU A QUESTION!" Elliott yelled angrily. "What did I say would happen?"

"You... you said I'd be in worse trouble!" Jack replied. While he had dreaded the repercussions of coming clean about everything that had happened, he at least felt a slight ray of hope that he would be free of Elliott. That hope had now shattered, leaving behind only greater fear than he had ever felt before.

"That's right. You've really fucked up this time, Jacky!" Ben said, looking almost as angry as Elliott.

"And trying to make us out to be the bad guys, big mistake!" Lincoln added.

All three were slowly advancing on Jack who was attempting to back away but rapidly running out of space. "You can't let them do this!" he demanded of Mr Wendell.

"I'm not LETTING them do anything. In fact, I'm not even here!" Mr Wendell said, picking up a bag from under his desk and heading for the door. "Have a good night everyone!" he said with a polite smile, then left.

"How the fuck did you do that? How did you get him on your side?" Jack demanded, still edging away.

"Ha!" Lincoln laughed sharply. "Are you kidding? We don't need to GET anyone on our side. Everyone's already on our side, Jack. Everyone hates you, how can you not see that yet?"

"The... the team don't hate me!" Jack stuttered. "They apologised!"

Lincoln laughed again, shaking his head. "They're scared, that's why they apologised but believe me, they still hate you! The funny thing is, it's not even you they're scared of!"

"Wait, what? Then who?" Jack asked as he finally reached the wall behind him, running out of space to escape.

"Not important right now. You've got... slightly bigger concerns!" Elliott said, eyes narrowing. "For this, perhaps it's time for us to start sharing one of your videos!" Elliott reached into his pocket, pulled out his phone and started up a video. He turned it to face Jack, the screen showing footage of Jack sucking a cock.

Backed into a corner, both literally and figuratively, Jack lashed out. He snatched the phone from Elliott's hand, pushed between him and Lincoln and shot across to the other side of the room. "Fuck you, I'll just delete it all!" he said, desperately trying to delete the video while avoiding tripping over desks. He glanced back and realised none of them were following him.

"Oh come on Jack, do you really think we'd just keep one copy?" Elliott asked, looking amused at his former friend's naivety. "In fact, why don't you just go online a moment. Go to www.Jackhamilton.com and have a look!"

"Wait, what?" Jack asked, eyes wide with fear. He opened up the internet browser on Elliott's phone and typed in the address. What loaded up was a black page with a single text box on it, marked 'password' and a button marked 'enter' next to it.

"Password is Jackisgay, all one word, capital J!" Ben called out, sniggering.

Jack's hands were shaking so much he was having trouble typing, but he eventually put in the password and hit enter. He let out a sob as the page loaded. It was every video of him that they had taken, some of which he didn't even know existed. He dropped against the wall and slid down it onto the floor, pulling his knees up to his chest and burying his face in his arms. He started crying, the feeling of absolute despair and hopelessness too much to bear any longer.

He heard chairs being moved round him. As he looked up, he saw Ben, Elliott and Lincoln all sat around him. Still crying he shook his head and asked weakly, "Why are you doing this?"

"The fact you've not even figured that out by now really just shows how much you need this!" Elliott said back. "Now I think we've been a bit too lenient on you so far. The fact that you keep disobeying and even had the nerve to try telling on us suggests you're maybe not quite afraid enough yet. So here's the deal. From this point on, you disobey or disrespect us, and we give someone the web address and password for your site. Maybe they'll watch it and see all the stuff you've done, maybe they'll share it and you'll get arrested, who knows, that'll just have to be the risk you take if you dare to disobey us! Got it?"

Jack sniffed. "Yes," he replied weakly.

Elliott swung his hand out, slapping Jack's already red cheek sharply. "THAT'S YES SIR!" he snarled furiously.

"Yes Sir!" Jack immediately answered.

"You belong to us now!" Ben said with a wicked grin.

"Yes Sir," Jack repeated.

"Say it!" Lincoln ordered.

"I belong to you!" Jack said without hesitation.

"Again!" Lincoln barked.

"I belong to you!" Jack said, his jaw trembling.

"Good. Now, we're gonna go head out to the car. You might want to take a minute to get yourself together, you look kinda pathetic!" Elliott said derisively as he stood up. "Come on guys!"

The three of them put their chairs back, grabbed the dildo from where it was sat on Mr Wendell's desk and headed for the door.

"Oh yeah, Jack," Ben said, looking back. "Don't walk out to us. Crawl!"

"What?" Jack asked, eyes wide. He couldn't be serious.

"I said... crawl, on your hands and knees, from where you are, out to the car. Got it?" Ben explained.

Jack opened his mouth to complain then remembered the threat. "Yes Sir!"

As soon as the door closed, Jack began sobbing once again, cursing Elliott and the others for their commands, furious at the teacher for being complicit in his torture but mostly just angry at himself. If he had kept his mouth shut, this wouldn't have happened. Perhaps if he hadn't been such a dick to everyone, none of it would have been happening at all. No, he refused to accept that. Regardless of how much they tortured him, how miserable they made him, he would never accept that this was his own fault. Jack knew he was the victim in all of this, any thoughts to the contrary were simply unacceptable.

Wiping his eyes, he crawled over to where he had left his bag, slung it onto his bag and crawled for the door. Thankfully, with the day over there wouldn't be too many people around, but he knew that there was no way he would do this completely unseen. He reached up and pulled the door open and started crawling towards the exit as fast as he could manage.

"The fuck are you doing?" someone called after him.

"He's fucking lost it!" another student sniggered.

"Oh my God, that's so stupid!" a voice called.

Jack didn't look up at any of the comments or taunts, instead focussing on the floor directly in front of him until he reached the main exit. There were more people still hanging around outside, attracting more yells and laughs as he crawled down the steps. The rough asphalt was a lot harder on his hands and knees than the smooth corridors had been, but in a way Jack appreciated it. Focusing on the pain helped him ignore the other students.

"Oh sorry, about that!" someone called out as they barged hard into his side, knocking him over.
"Didn't see you down there!"

Again, Jack refused to look up, instead just shaking his head and getting back onto his knees to continue crawling. With a barrage of shouts following him, he made it across the parking lot to his car where Elliott, Ben and Lincoln were waiting, watching his approach with great amusement.

As Jack got close, Ben moved towards him and squatted. "Did you enjoy that?" he asked.

"No Sir!" Jack replied honestly.

"Why not?" Ben asked.

"I felt... stupid and... and small!" Jack replied, his tears from earlier threatening to return.

"That's good!" Ben said with a nod.

He didn't sound gleeful as Jack had expected, he actually sounded a little sympathetic. So surprised by the boy's tone, Jack actually looked up for the first time, his expression quizzical.

"What you felt doing that, that was how you made me feel, every single day. Think about that for

me please, Jack,” Ben said gently, placing a hand on his back. “Imagine being made to feel like that ALL the time!”

Jack's breath caught in his throat as he looked at Ben, horrified.

Ben just nodded gently, patted Jack on the back and stood, offering a hand to help him up.

Everyone had gathered together at Lincoln's place again. The privacy afforded him by the location of his room and the willingness of his parents to allow visitors meant it was the perfect spot for them all to hang out. On Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, the members of the football team would all complete their homework at school before being allowed to attend football practice. As it was Wednesday, they had all decided to do it at Lincoln's place before continuing with their activities with Jack.

It seemed strange to Jack at first. Without him being forced to strip or commit any sordid sexual acts, it was almost like he was just hanging out with friends. They talked quietly amongst themselves, helped each other with their homework and acted like everything was normal. Jack found himself wishing it could carry on like that, not only because it meant he wasn't being abused, but also because it was nice to actually be surrounded by friends, something he had never really experienced before and as such, didn't even realise what he was missing.

Once the homework was done, they fell back onto their usual choice for sustenance, pizza! Lincoln and Aaron were first to finish up with their work, so they headed out to get it while the others finished. When they returned, Jack felt his heart sink as he saw it was from the same place Bryce had got it from two nights before when they had eaten together.

Bryce was still conspicuously absent. Nobody really spoke about it or questioned it, but the gap he left was still painfully apparent.

'Fuck, I need to cum!' Jack mused to himself as he contemplated Bryce's absence. 'I bet he could make me cum in seconds!' He felt a little strange thinking about needing a guy to be able to cum, but his desperate desire to do so was beginning to dwarf any other thoughts in his head.

“What time is it?” Elliott asked as they finished off the last of the food.

Ben looked at his phone. “It's a quarter past eight,” he called back, handing a pizza box to Lincoln who was clearing up.

“We should probably get going soon then,” Elliott said grinning.

“You guys sure you don't wanna come?” Ben asked, looking first at Danny, then Aaron.

“Nah, it'd be fun to see, but that place sounds scary!” Aaron replied, waving his hands dismissively.

'What place? Fun to see what? Scary?' Jack thought to himself. He wanted to question it, but worried that with Elliott's new zero-tolerance policy, it might get him punished.

"Yeah, same here," Danny agreed. He stood from his seat and gestured for Aaron to follow. "Come on, you can take me home!"

"I can? Ah gee, thanks, real kind of ya!" Aaron replied sarcastically as he stood. "See you guys tomorrow. Have fun, Jack!" he said with a snigger.

Shortly after the other two left, Elliott led Ben, Lincoln and Jack out to the car.

"Erm, where are we going?" Jack asked as politely as he could manage.

Ben was almost bouncing with excitement. "Well we want to buy you some new toys, but if we keep putting stuff on your card, your parents are gonna cut you off, so we figured you could just make a little extra money!"

"How?" Jack asked, already fairly certain he wasn't going to like it. He glanced briefly at Lincoln who was sat at his side.

"Don't look at me!" Lincoln replied with a shrug. "This ones news to me too!"

It was almost nine when they reached their destination, Ben hurrying everyone out of the car as he kept checking the time. "Come on, we're gonna be late!" he said, pacing back and forth while the others got out.

They had pulled up in a parking lot outside a large, fairly nondescript building. There were large doors at the front and seemed to be a lot of noise coming from inside, two large men standing either side of the entrance.

"Hey guys!" Ben chirped merrily as they approached.

Jack's nerves, already fraught, seemed to get even worse as the men smiled back at the young teen. Ben carried on past the door, heading round to the rear of the building. As they reached another door, Ben quickly knocked and opened it right away.

"Hey, it's Ben. Anyone here?" the teen called out as he walked inside, followed by Elliott, then Jack and finally Lincoln who looked almost as nervous as Jack.

"Oh hey!" a voice called back a moment later. A man appeared from a doorway, smiling as he saw Ben. He was in his mid-thirties, pretty average-looking, slightly overweight and seemingly a little flustered. "I was worried you weren't gonna show!"

"Hehe," Ben chuckled cheekily, "No way, I wouldn't miss this opportunity!"

The man tussled Ben's hair as he got closer, then looked to the other three. "Ah, you must be Elliott," the man said. He looked Elliott up and down, then back at Ben, winked and added, "Nice catch!"

Ben chuckled again, blushing slightly. Elliott did the same.

The man's smile quickly faded as he looked at the next in line. "And you must be Jack!"

Jack wasn't sure what to be more afraid of, the fact that this stranger knew his name, or the fact that his demeanour had changed so rapidly on recognising him. "Erm, nice to meet you... Sir!" Jack said, tentatively offering a hand.

The man looked at the outstretched hand briefly, then shook his head and looked back to Ben. "It's about to begin, but if you hurry we can put him on last!" He looked at Jack again. "Are you sure he's old enough?"

"Sure. Jack, gimme your ID!" Ben ordered.

Worried about what he might need to be old enough for, Jack complied, pulling his wallet from his pocket and retrieving his ID. He handed it to Ben who showed it to the man.

He looked at it for a moment, then frowned. "Wow, well he certainly doesn't look twenty-one, but okay. I'll go take a copy of this for our records and give it back later. Go get him ready!" Without another word, the man vanished back through the doorway.

Jack immediately regretted his choice of ID. He carried his genuine drivers licence with him at all times for obvious reasons, but he had also obtained a fake ID some time ago in order to buy beer.

"Come on, this way!" Ben said, striding confidently down the hallway towards a different door.

As they walked in, Jack, Elliott and Lincoln stared in amazement. The room was brightly lit, with large mirrors all around and huge racks of clothing lining one wall.

"Ben, what is this place?" Jack asked nervously.

"It's a... club!" Ben answered cryptically. "For men who enjoy the company of other men!" he added with a grin.

Jack looked round again, this time looking more closely at the racks of clothing. There were all sorts of different outfits, hats, vests, thongs, and other assorted garments, some in brightly coloured fabrics or leather or rubber, some plain, some sparkly and sequined. "A strip club?" Jack asked, suddenly feeling faint.

Ben grinned. "Well that's only one of the things they do here, but yeah, that's why we're here tonight! They're holding auditions for new dancers and I managed to get you a slot!"

"Fucking awesome!" Lincoln said excitedly.

Jack had never been so scared in his life. Taking his clothes off for his tormentors was hard enough, even now after they had seen him naked so many times, but to do it in front of a stranger who was there specifically to see him get naked, he couldn't do it! Yet, Elliott had given him no choice, it was an order. He was to do it, and to do it to the best of his ability. If they doubted that Jack was giving it one hundred percent, they would give someone the password to his site.

The one saving grace was that he had been allowed to wear a mask. It had been a struggle to get them to agree to it, but Jack thought quickly. He pointed out that if someone recognised him, unlikely as it might be, they could let on that he was under-age and then it would all be over. Jack almost wished he hadn't suggested it. If the truth had been revealed, at least he wouldn't have to go through with it. At least it was just an audition though. He figured it would be one or two judges, maybe three or four at a push which wasn't too bad. He just had to hope he didn't get the job otherwise it was fairly certain he would be getting seen by a lot more guys!

He had been dressed in a cowboy motif. He was now wearing a large pair of leather boots, tearaway assless chaps, a leather thong, a gun belt with a toy guy holstered either side, a vest fringed with tassels and adorned with a large sheriff's star, a black mask with two eye holes covered the top half of his face and finally he wore cowboy hat to top it all off. It felt humiliating to see himself like that once the others had dressed him. He had been released from his chastity cage which should have been a relief, but as soon as his cock was free it had swollen to full firmness in seconds and had yet to go down.

Once he was dressed, Ben ushered him through to the next room, a wall of sound hitting them as they opened the heavy door. Two other guys were standing there waiting, along with the man who had greeted them on arrival.

"Oh yes, looking good!" the man said excitedly as he saw Jack, raising his voice to speak over the loud music coming from the performance area. "Sorry, I never introduced myself before, I'm Isaac."

Jack nodded politely and smiled, despite his churning stomach.

"Okay, so here's the deal. When it's your turn, you'll go out there and you can pretty much do whatever you like. Some of our guys just strip down to a thong or g-string, others go all way. Some even go a 'little further' if you get what I mean. Anyway, like I said, it's up to you what you do but you're trying to impress the audience so I'd give them a good show if I were you!"

"Wait, what? Audience?" Jack asked, eyes widening with panic. He took a few steps toward the opening to the stage and looked out. The stage was a large T shape, about twenty feet wide at the top and running about the same distance out into a busy crowd. "Oh shit!" he muttered to himself.

"Yeah, good crowd tonight!" one of the other waiting guys said eagerly. "I'm Felix by the way!" He held out a hand to Jack.

The terrified teen looked the other man up and down. He only looked to be a few years older than Jack was, but his body was impeccable. Perfectly chiselled muscles, strong jawline, twinkling blue eyes and short dark brown hair. He was currently dressed as Superman, the tight lycra revealing every muscle as if he were wearing nothing at all. "J... Jack!" he eventually replied nervously, shaking the other man's hand.

Felix looked Jack up and down and smiled. "Nice, they always like a theme," he said, then reached forward and pulled the front of the vest apart slightly. "And the smooth twink look, yeah, they're just gonna eat you up. I'm glad there's more than one spot available!"

Jack should have been happy at the other man's praise, but the thought of actually getting the job, of having to do this more than once filled him with mortal dread.

As the music from out in the club stopped and loud applause filled the room, a naked man dashed back through the opening. Jack stared at him nervously as he passed. He was sporting a somewhat sizeable erection.

"Damn!" Felix said, also eyeing the man up. "Good thing the body and face aren't as hot as that cock, otherwise he'd definitely be getting the job!"

"Okay Jacob, you're up!" Isaac called out to the other waiting man.

Jack and Felix watched as the other man disappeared onto the stage, music starting up as he went.

"Hey Jacky!" Ben taunted as he approached from behind, giving his exposed ass a gentle spank.

"Ah!" Jack yelped, jumping in surprise, his attention focused entirely on the stage.

"So you thought about what you're gonna do out there?" Ben asked with a cheeky grin.

"Probably throw up and pass out!" Jack replied honestly.

Ben laughed. "Oh relax. Honestly you could just go out there, strip and not even move and they'd love you. You're hot!" Ben blushed slightly at giving Jack the compliment.

"Thanks," Jack replied, not sure that his hotness was a particularly good thing right then.

"Look, just go out there, move around a bit, try and stay in time to the music and take everything off. The audience usually likes sudden reveals, so tearing off the chaps or vest suddenly will really help. And when you rip off the thong, try covering up with the hat for a while, naked but not actually showing everything really gets them going!" Ben explained.

Jack stared at the boy in amazement. "How the hell do you know all this stuff?" he asked in shock. "And how do you even know this place. They might have bought my fake ID but you'd never pass for an adult!"

Ben shrugged. "I met Isaac online, we chatted a lot, nothing... you know, inappropriate, just talking. When he told me about his club, I pestered him into letting me see it and I've been coming here every chance ever since. I don't get to go out there," he said, pointing to the public area where the crowd were cheering for Jacob. "I mostly stay backstage, help out with a few bits. Isaac says I'm kinda like their mascot or something!"

"Wow, that's..." Jack started, but wasn't really sure what to make of it.

"It's somewhere I can hang with people who don't judge me for being gay!" Ben said, the words a little more pointed than he had meant them to be. When Jack said nothing in response, he just shrugged and said, "Well we're gonna go find a spot where we can watch from. Have fun out there!"

As he saw his three owners disappearing through a door, he felt a knot in his stomach. He hated them all for what they were doing to him, but right then he would have given anything to have

them back, to have someone he knew there to reassure him. Instead, all he could do was stand and wait.

Once Jacob's turn was over, Isaac appeared to usher Felix on, leaving Jack entirely alone as he waited. Felix's turn seemed to fly by, barely moments seeming to pass before he reappeared at the stage entrance, stark naked, sweaty and grinning.

"Fuck, that was hot!" he said excitedly. "I nearly came, but I figured I should at least save something for the proper shows! Always leave them wanting more!" he added, grabbing his erection and slapping it into his other hand.

"Okay Jack, you're up!" Isaac called out at last.

The music started up, some generic country track to match Jack's cowboy look. He took a deep breath and stepped through the opening. He was momentarily blinded by the lights, but as he regained his vision, he began to see exactly how many people were actually going to be watching him. There had to be hundreds of them. Hundreds of gay men, staring at him, already undressing him with their eyes.

His stomach felt like it had been set on a spin cycle and a loud voice in his head was screaming it him to turn and run away, but he kept thinking of Elliott and what he would do to Jack if he did. He closed his eyes for a moment, then started stepping down the stage, attempting to move in time with the music. He made his way to one side of the stage, trying to dance as seductively as he could, but feeling quite ridiculous doing it, then back over to the other side. The few times he dared to look down into the crowd, he was amazed to see that they all appeared to be smiling, not the mocking kind of grins he had grown accustomed to at school, but genuine smiles of enjoyment.

It actually made it all easier. He was still terrified of taking off his clothes, but knowing that for the first time in a week he was the subject of admiration rather than ridicule lifted a weight from his shoulders. Slowly he got into the rhythm, moving back to the centre of the stage. Actually beginning to smile, he thought back to Ben's advice, grabbed the legs of his chaps and pulled. The poppers down the side ripped open and the chaps came away much to the obvious delight of the crowd.

Jack made his way down the catwalk part of the stage. The large round space at the end of had a pole in the middle Jack looked it for a split second but decided against trying it. Falling flat on his face could not only be humiliating, but might make Elliott think it had been done deliberately as an attempt to sabotage himself. Instead he made his way round it a couple of times, occasionally bending over to show off his ass to the crowd.

As much as he hated to admit it to himself, on some level he was starting to enjoy it. The cheers and shouts from the audience made Jack feel like he actually had some power again, something that been stripped from him recently. Turning to face the crowd, Jack leaned back against the pole, raised both hands above his head to grab it and started sliding down it, spreading his legs as he did so to give the men directly in front a perfect view of his leather-clad erection.

He slid back up again, then reached for the vest and ripped it open, revealing his smooth torso. He let it slip down his arms then tossed it to the back of the stage. He couldn't believe what he was doing. He was on a stage in front of hundreds of gay men, wearing little more than boots and a

thong!

He danced his way back up the stage, turned to face the crowd briefly again then span to face the rear once more. He reached down and undid the gun holster, looking back seductively over his shoulder as he tossed it aside, then reached up to grab his hat. He lowered it in front of his crotch, then grabbed pulled at the popper on one side of the thong, pulling it open. Swapping hands with the hat, he undid the other side, then yanked the thong free, twirled it over his head and threw it to the ground.

The crowd was going wild as Jack stood there naked, his ass clenched tightly. He span around, thinking he would toss the hat aside next when another idea hit him. His seemingly-permanent erection was still with him, so he let his eyes sweep across the crowd, but quickly realised what a mistake that had been. Reality suddenly hit him like a ton of bricks. He had been so caught up in performing that he had almost forgotten who he was performing for – faggots! A whole crowd of dirty homos were staring at him, yelling and cheering, wanting more and more of him! He froze, his hand dropping away without thinking. Unintentionally, he did what he had set out to do before looking at them, leaving his hat hovering in mid-air, supported by his boner.

He wanted to run, but he knew that if he didn't at least go all the way and show the audience everything, he would likely face punishment at the hands of his tormentors. Doing his best to ignore the repulsion he felt over the audience, he reminded himself that he was masked, that they wouldn't know it was him so it didn't matter that he was naked. It wasn't Jack being exposed to all those men, it was just some stripper. He forced a smile and went on.

Jack did a couple of body rolls, letting his hands slide across his bare chest and down his sides before he eventually grabbed the hat and tossed it aside, revealing his cock to the raucous crowd. He moved back down to the end of the catwalk, deliberately dancing in a way that made his cock bounce wildly. He slowly dropped to his knees, inwardly seething at the hundreds of eyes glaring at him hungrily. He started stroking it as the horny men cheered, the ones at the front reaching up, hoping to touch him.

It felt great to have his erection back in his hand again but it seemed bitter-sweet to be doing it in front of all the gays. After the frustrating night and day he had just endured, he wanted to cum more than anything, but Felix's words echoed through his mind. 'Always leave them wanting more!' He also couldn't help thinking that he had not actually been given permission by Jack, Ben or Lincoln to cum so he figured it was safer not to.

In a single fluid motion, Jack jumped from his knees right up onto his feet and gave a bow, before heading back and off the stage, cheers and applause following him. He stopped as he got backstage, leaning on a wall to catch his breath.

“Holy fuck that was hot!” Ben called out as he led the others back.

“Thanks!” Jack said with a genuine smile, forgetting himself for a moment, simply enjoying the praise

“You look like you enjoyed it!” Lincoln chuckled.

“Of course I didn't!” Jack snapped.

“Yeah right, you look about ready to pop!” Ben said, grinning.

Jack was glad he was already breathless and panting as it hid the way he was blushing at the accurate observation. “Okay, well... that's just cos I'm horny as fuck! Erm, I mean... erm...” he stuttered, realising he had just sworn.

Elliott smiled. “It's okay, we'll let that one slide.” he said, pleased with Jack's obvious embarrassment.

Jack stared at his former friend for a moment. For just a split second, it felt like things were back to the way they had been before, back to the days when Elliott actually smiled at him rather than his now-constant scowl.

“Go and get dressed, it's getting late!” Elliott ordered.

“Okay!” Jack said, happy to be allowed to put clothes on.

“Lincoln, go stick his cage back on!” Elliott added.

“Yeah, that may have to wait a while!” Lincoln said, reaching out and gently swatting Jack's still-present erection.

Once Jack was dressed and his semi-hard cock was squeezed painfully back into its cage, they headed back out to the car to head home. While most of their parents were fairly lenient with what time they got home, none of them really liked to push it too much on a school night.

The conversation in the car had been energetic and excitable, discussing the club, Jack's routine, what other costumes he could wear. It was mostly Ben and Lincoln talking, but Elliott joined in a few times and even Jack spoke up occasionally, but quickly silence himself as he realised he was just giving them more ideas.

Soon enough, Jack was home again and once again laying awake in bed. Thankfully he had not been ordered to put the dildo back in. Whether that was by choice or simply forgetfulness from Elliott and Ben Jack didn't know, he was just glad to be free of it. While he still had that nagging feeling of emptiness inside him, having any stimulation to his prostate would have made his already difficult level of arousal totally unbearable.

He lay there going over the day in his head. Somehow it had been simultaneously the best and worst of the week. The debilitating hopelessness he had felt when he realised Mr Wendell was on Elliott's side and the threats of exposure that came after it had felt horrific. The realisation that the worthlessness he had felt crawling out of school was how he had made Ben feel so often was almost debilitating. Then had come the strip club. He had expected it to be terrifying and humiliating, but somehow, on some level he couldn't help feeling like he had enjoyed it. He thought about it for a moment, wondering if it was because of the mask. Being exposed was humiliating, but only because people knew it was Jack they were seeing. If all they could see was a naked guy in a mask, the humiliation seemed to be gone. He also couldn't deny that being the subject of the crowd's adoration almost felt like being the top dog at school again.

He sighed as he rolled over and tried to sleep. Once again it was his desperate desire to cum that kept him up. 'Fuck, where's Bryce when I really need him!' he thought to himself. His eyes hot open as an idea came to him. 'Maybe Bryce actually could help! If I just feed him some false apology, he might get over it. Then at it'll take is a little sexy talk, he'll get turned on and need to fuck something and that's when I'll suggest him coming over! Jack, you're a fucking genius!'

[Hey Bryce, not seen you around the last couple of days. You okay?] he typed out on his phone and sent.

Ten minutes later, no reply had come. He figured there was a good chance that he was just asleep, but just in case he added on, [I'm really sorry about the other morning. I shouldn't have lied to the others!]

Jack was beginning to think he would get no reply when his phone eventually vibrated.

[No, you shouldn't!] Bryce answered.

[I know. Can you forgive me? It's not been the same without you!] Jack sent. He felt a bit stupid saying it, but justified it to himself by thinking, 'It really hasn't been the same, there's been nobody to fuck the cum outta me!' He grinned as his plan appeared to be working.

[I suppose I might be able to consider it] Bryce replied.

[Good. Thank you. So how have you been?]

[Fine, just doing the usual stuff really, nothing exciting] Bryce answered.

[Not been on any more dates?] Jack asked, beginning to lead the conversation to where he wanted it.

[You mean have I been turned on and left gagging for a fuck? lol] Bryce asked.

[Yeah. Should I expect you to turn up at my house again? Hehe] Jack sent.

[Is that what you want? For me to come over, fuck you senseless again?] Bryce asked bluntly.

[Not gonna say no to that!] Jack replied eagerly.

[Yeah, that's what I thought. That's all you want isn't it, it's why you messaged me. I bet you're not even sorry, you just need to cum. You know what then, fuck off and I definitely don't forgive you! I'll see you when you're ready to apologise for real but based on how fucking slowly you learn, I'll be waiting a long time!]

Jack stared at his phone. As pissed as he was that his plan had failed, he realised that what upset him most was knowing that Bryce was still angry at him. What confused him was why. Before all of this started, Bryce was always pissed with him, it was his default setting, mostly because Jack went out of his way to make the younger player's life a misery, so why did it bother him so much now?

Still frustratingly unsatisfied and with his head swimming from everything that had happened, Jack

eventually fell asleep.

Chapter 11

THEN

“Look at the little girl cry!” the sniggering teenager taunted.

Elliott was on the floor, cowering in fear from the three bullies. At ten years old they were only a year older than him, but they seemed so much bigger than him as well as having the number advantage.

He had been sitting on the swing, minding his own business when the three older boys had come along and started calling him names. At first he tried to ignore them, as he had always been taught to do, but they seemed insistent on getting a response from him, their shouts growing more and more aggressive as they started to surround him.

Worried for his safety, he had taken off at a full-speed run in the direction of his home. Unfortunately, one of the older boys was a lot faster than him and caught up quickly, sticking a leg out to trip him up. Elliott had hit the ground hard, hurting his leg and knocking the wind out of him. Scared of what was to come and in a lot of pain, he had started to cry as they towered over him.

“Only little girls and little faggots cry, so which one are you?” the lead boy sneered.

Elliott couldn't respond, he was sobbing too heavily.

“Why don't we take a look and see for ourselves!” one of the other boys suggested. He reached down and grabbed Elliott's shorts and underwear, yanking them both down at once while the other two held his arms to stop him struggling.

“No, please!” Elliott begged as his clothing was pulled off.

“That little thing barely counts as a cock, so I guess he really is a little girl after all!” the lead boy taunted as Elliott was exposed.

“Hey, what are you doing?” a voice demanded angrily. “Leave him alone!”

Another boy was running towards them. He looked younger than the three bullies, but his aggression and the determined look, coupled with the element of surprise caught them off guard. The new arrival knocked the first boy down before he could react, then faced the other two who immediately released Elliott's arms in preparation to defend themselves.

“Come on then, let's see how tough you are with someone who can fight back!” the boy snarled at them.

“Whatever, we're done here!” the lead boy said, climbing to his feet and backing off, attempting to make it look like he wasn't retreating.

Elliott sniffed and wiped his eyes, pulling down the front of his t-shirt to try and cover up a little. Glaring at the retreating boys for a moment, the other boy reached down and grabbed the discarded clothing, handing it to Elliott and awkwardly looking away while he dressed.

"Thanks," Elliott sniffed quietly.

"No problem," the other boy said back casually. Able to look round now, he flinched as he saw the large cut on Elliott's leg, just below his left knee. "Ouch, that looks nasty. Want me to help you home?"

Elliott nodded, not wanting to look down at the wound. He accepted the hand that was held out to help him, wincing as he put pressure on the leg. "Thanks," he repeated. "Erm... my name's Elliott. Elliott Farnsworth."

"Hi Elliott," the other boy said back with a big grin. "I'm Jack Hamilton, nice to meet you!"

NOW

Jack awoke and opened his eyes as he heard his door open. Ben and Elliott arriving to choose his outfit and take him to school had become his new alarm clock. As he looked up today though, he only saw Elliott. Finally, he had his former friend alone. There was so much he wanted to say, so much he needed to ask, but none of it would come out. Instead, he lay there motionless, simply staring at the other teen.

Elliott stared back, standing frozen to the spot.

It must have been at least ten minutes they remained there, eyes locked on each other, so much to say on both sides, yet no words passed either of their lips. Elliott was the one who eventually moved, silently walking to Jack's closet and looking through the selection of clothes they had got for him.

Taking that as his cue to move, Jack dashed to the bathroom and quickly showered. He returned minutes later with a towel wrapped around his waist. He almost smiled as he saw Elliott had made his bed. His Mom always nagged him for not making it and Elliott was obsessively today, so back when they used to hang out together, he had always made Jack's bed upon arriving in his room. He wanted to say something about it, but just like before it seemed no words were going to pass his lips. On the bed, his outfit for the day was laid out for him, a pair of white cotton shorts and a plain white t-shirt, quite a conservative choice really, considering some of the other things he had been made to wear so far.

As Jack approached the bed, Elliott stepped in front of him. With his eyes once again fixed on Jack's, albeit momentarily, he reached down and pulled off the towel, letting it drop to the floor. He dropped to his knees and reached out for Jack's chastity cage. He undid the padlock and started disassembling it.

Jack was already getting hard even before Elliott had finished removing the device. He glanced over at the chosen outfit for the day and noticed unhappily the lack of underwear once again. He

had a feeling that he was going to be hard for a lot of the day, and in the light shorts, it was going to be more than a little obvious to his schoolmates.

With the device removed, Elliott stood up, placing the device into his bag and gesturing for Jack to dress. Minutes later, they were heading out of the front door and getting in the car. Jack wasn't quite sure where to sit. All week, Elliott had driven and Ben had sat beside him while Jack was banished to the back. With Ben absent, the passenger seat was empty, but Jack didn't want to presume anything.

Elliott glanced round, sensing the hesitation. He sighed and gestured to the seat. "Just get in!"

Jack got in as instructed and they set off for school. They had been driving a few minutes before Jack asked, "No Ben today?"

"Nope," Elliott replied flatly.

After a few more moments of silence, Jack asked, "Is he... off today?"

"Nope," Elliott said again.

"For fuck's sake Elliott, can't you even talk to me?" Jack asked, exasperated.

"Nope!" Elliott answered once more.

"You're gonna have to talk to me eventually!" Jack said insistently.

Elliott turned his head and glared for a second before looking back at the road.

"Oh wait, let me guess... nope?" Jack asked moodily. He was determined not to get himself in any more trouble today. He was going to obey every command to the letter, be respectful to his captors, anything that was necessary to get him closer to potential release and avoid unnecessary punishments, but his frustration with Elliott was really testing his resolve. "Fine, whatever. Silent treatment means no orders. That's good for me!" he said, relaxing back into his seat.

Elliott wanted to talk, or at least a part of him did. He wanted to just grab Jack and shake him and spell out for him exactly why they were doing all of this, to guide him in the right direction, but he couldn't do it. At the same time, another part of him also wanted to grab Jack, but that was the part of him that wanted to start hitting him and not stop until there was nothing left of him. In a way, it was these two conflicting personas that prevented him from speaking. Letting them remain balanced against each other seemed to keep them in check. The good side would ruin all of their plans if he allowed it out and the bad side... mostly he was just scared of what would happen if he gave in to that part of himself.

Both seventeen-year-olds were relieved when they got to school, glad to be out of the car and away from each other.

No commands were given and Elliott quickly ran off towards the school, so Jack just began making his own way over. He was greeted by an increasingly-varied range of taunts from the other students. Some continued to tease him about the week's fashion choices and others continued to

target his personal grooming habits but today now had the added bonus of comments about his humiliating crawl out of the school the previous afternoon. Thankfully he was able to carry his bag in front of him to hide his erection, which seemed to automatically pop back up seconds after managed to get it down.

He breathed an audible sigh of relief as he got inside the building and made his way to his locker, dropping his bag on the ground in front. He glanced round as he opened it. Something was strange, too many people were watching him. He realised just a moment too late that his locker had been booby-trapped. He thought back in that split second to all the things he had rigged lockers with over the years and prepared himself for the worst. As the door swung open, several large containers of water tipped out towards him, drenching him in a sudden deluge.

“Oh!” he said as he realised what had happened. Compared to some of the other possibilities, a bit of water didn't seem too bad. It was a warm day so he would dry soon enough with no harm done.

Other students were laughing at the prank, but Jack was confused by just how much they were laughing. That was when he looked down. He realised that Elliott's choice of clothing had been very deliberate. The thin white material of his shorts and t-shirt clung to his body and had gone almost transparent. Every bit of him was on show, the shape of his pecs, the firmness of his nipples, the outline of his abs and then most embarrassing of all, a painfully obvious erection and his balls which felt achingly large from his two-day abstinence.

“Don't even think about covering up!” Danny hissed in his ear, approaching from behind. “Just walk to homeroom... slowly!”

“Oh God!” Jack whimpered quietly as he closed his locker. Why did this have to be today? This was even worse than the tiny outfit he had worn on Monday. That had at least hidden the essential parts. The wet clothing he wore now left absolutely nothing on the front of his body to the imagination.

He started walking, unsure whether the wetness on his face was from the prank or his own tears. He had never felt so exposed in his entire life. Every student in the school seemed to be in the hallways that morning, watching in hilarious amusement as the football Captain basically did a naked walk through the school.

Aaron was waiting by the door when Jack finally reached his destination. He burst into raucous laughter as he saw Jack's embarrassing approach. “Hey 'muchacho',” he said sharply. “This one's for that time you stole my clothes. You remember that, do you? Well this is how exposed you made me feel. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did!”

Jack stared back at the younger teen, thinking back to how he had humiliated him. He wanted to reach out and strangle him, punch him, anything to wipe the smug grin off of his face. Instead, he just walked into the room and sat at his desk, ignoring the teases and taunts from the other students.

By the time Jack headed to first period, he had dried off enough so that his clothes were no longer transparent, but they were still moist enough to cling slightly to him. His t-shirt clung to his chest, the material moving ever-so-slightly back and forth across his nipples whenever he moved, helping to ensure that his cock remained either hard or semi-hard almost constantly.

Jack sat at the back of the room for his first lesson of the day, shifting uncomfortably in his seat. When Elliott and Danny sat either side of him, he figured he was in for more torment.

As soon as the teacher started talking to the class, Elliott slipped his phone out of his pocket and sent Jack a message. [Get your cock out and start jerking!]

Jack heard his phone vibrate in his bag. It was water-resistant, so had survived his drenching on arriving that morning, but he had decided to keep it in his bag just to be safe. Subtly he reached down and retrieved it, knowing it was from Elliott. He read it and looked at his former friend in dismay.

[Now! And keep going til I tell you to stop, but no cumming!] Elliott added when Jack hesitated.

Looking round nervously, Jack pulled the front of his shorts down, tucking the waistband under his balls. He took hold of the thick shaft between his thumb and two fingers, stroking it gently, trying to avoid any overt arm movements.

From the opposite side, Danny had pulled out his phone to record it. They were always looking for new clips to add to Jack's site.

His two days of teasing and denial meant Jack was on edge within minutes. Somehow, as much as he hated it, Jack found that doing it in such a risky place actually heightened the excitement. He had to keep stopping and starting to avoid cumming, hoping constantly that Elliott would allow him to stop soon. By the end of the class, none of which Jack had paid the slightest bit of attention to, all it took was for him to slide a single finger down his shaft to make his boner twitch wildly.

As the bell rang, Jack looked to Elliott who nodded his approval to stop. Jack quickly pulled the shorts back over his cock as he went to stand from the desk, but almost doubled over as the material rubbed against his sensitive cock head.

As the three of them headed out of the room, they were greeted by Ben who eagerly ran up to them as they emerged. "Oh my God, you gotta see this!" he said excitedly, holding his phone out to them.

The small group moved to the side of the hallway and Elliott took the phone, Danny and Jack moving in close on either side of him to look. What they found was a blog titled 'The sexy styles of Jack Hamilton'.

"What the fuck?" Jack asked, eyes wide with fear. "What have you done? You said you wouldn't share!"

"We didn't!" Ben replied, grinning. "Just read it. Sounds like you've got a fan!"

They went to the blog's first post, reading it quickly. 'Hi and welcome to my blog. I'd like to introduce you to someone. This is Jack Hamilton!' Underneath it was Jack's yearbook picture from the previous year. 'Jack's a student at my school. He's probably the most popular guy in school and the Captain of the football team too!' next was another picture from the yearbook of Jack in his football gear, helmet held under his arm. 'Another thing you should know about Jack, which you've

probably already noticed, is that he's fucking hot!' What followed next was a little more surprising. There were a range of photos of Jack, some taken from Facebook or Instagram, others seemed to be candid pictures that Jack had never seen before.

“Oh my God, I don't know whether you should be flattered or frightened!” Danny said with a snigger.

The first post went on. 'As you can tell by my picture collection, I've always been a fan, but it wasn't until this week that I was inspired to share his hotness with the world! If you think he looks good in normal clothes or in his football gear, just wait until you see how he's started dressing now! Stay tuned, I'll be posting every day from now on. Today's post will be up as soon as I've gathered all the pics!'

“Oh fuck, who is it? Whose blog is it?” Jack demanded, looking from Ben to Elliott and back again.

Ben shrugged. “No idea, they haven't put their name on it, guess they want to remain a secret admirer!” he said with a coy grin. He reached out and grabbed the phone back. You'll have to look it up yourself if you want to see more, I gotta get to class!”

Jack barely acknowledged the younger boy's departure, he was already fishing his phone back out of his bag. He opened up the browser and typed in 'the sexy styles of Jack Hamilton'. The blog came up as the first result. Jack went straight back into it and skipped over the first post as he walked slowly towards his next class.

The second post seemed to be all about his outfit on Monday. Right at the top of it was a picture of Jack in the tiny denim shorts and tight tank top. 'Check out this hot little number. He actually came to school dressed in this outfit. Bit of a change from his usual look but I'm not complaining! Check these out!' More than a dozen pictures followed, taken from various angles throughout the morning. There were ones showing him walking round with his midriff showing, revealing his furry stomach and pubes or the top of his butt crack.

The blog went on. 'It looks like Jack was enjoying the outfit as much as I was!' Next came a bunch of zoomed-in shots clearly showing the bulge of his erection.

'Looks like it really was a 'hot' look for Jack!' the next comment said, followed by a load of pics showing his sweat patches forming on the tank top around his pits, chest and back. They grew progressively bigger as the pictures went on until the entire tank top was drenched with sweat, sticking to his body.

“Holy shit!” Jack muttered to himself as he saw the pictures. It was bad enough just seeing that the pictures existed, but knowing they were online for the world to see was almost more than he could bear.

“Damn!” Danny said, scrolling through the pictures. Jack hadn't even realised the other teen was walking along behind him, headed for the same class. “I hate to say it Jack, but you look fucking HOT in these pics!” Danny said in amazement. Throughout the week, he had been so caught up in embarrassing Jack, in making him feel totally humiliated that he hadn't really given much thought to what the other students might have actually been thinking. He had heard their taunts and mocking, but what they were actually thinking about was not something that had crossed Danny's

mind.

“Gee, thanks. I'm so glad my online exposure gets you so fucking horny!” Jack hissed angrily.

“Hey, watch it, I get that your pissed, but just because Elliott isn't here that doesn't mean you can talk to me like that!” Danny warned him.

Jack gritted his teeth, inhaled sharply through his nose then let out a disgruntled sigh. “Fine, I'm sorry Sir!” he said quietly as they reached the door to their next class.

Once again Jack paid no attention to the lesson, instead he continued reading through the blog. Tuesday and Wednesday's each had their own posts along with increasingly large numbers of photos. He had seen a large number of students throughout the week taking pictures of him and his humiliations with their phones, but figured they were for their own amusement only. He had not dared to venture onto Facebook yet for fear of what he might find. Whoever owned this blog seemed more than happy to troll through everyone's pages and gather every photo that had been taken of him.

He was surprised to see that there was already a post for that morning. The blog said, 'Jack got pranked this morning. Looks like Jack chose a bad day to go commando!' The pictures that followed were virtually pornographic. You could see everything. It was like Jack's worst nightmare come to life, exposed for everyone to see!

'Aaron. This one was all him! I'll fucking kill him!' Jack thought angrily, eyes widening with barely-concealed rage.

At lunchtime, Jack was actually glad when he got summoned to the store room. The prospect of going into the cafeteria, knowing they would all be looking at him, taking pictures of him, mocking him openly, it was not something he particularly enjoyed the thought of. Compared to that, an hour of sucking cock almost sounded appealing.

Once Jack got there, he realised it was not going to be quite as easy as he thought. On arriving, he was stripped and tied to a chair. He was a little reluctant to let them restrain him. He spent most of his time in the store room scared of someone walking in, but knew that he could at least cover up moderately quickly. If he was tied up, he would be reliant on someone releasing him before he could conceal his modesty.

All it took was a stern stare from Elliott to convince Jack to comply and before he knew it, he was entirely at their mercy, tied to the chair with the vibrating replica of his own cock shoved up his ass.

Lincoln, Elliott, Ben, Danny and Aaron all set about teasing and edging Jack. They took it in turns, three at a time while the other two watched, chatted or just ate their lunch.

“Oh God!” Jack moaned repeatedly as they teased his nipples or played with his cock. He had felt tongues all over his body, hands exploring every intimate inch of him, all while the toy buzzed away inside him.

Every time Jack felt like he was as desperate to cum as was possible, it seemed to grow even

stronger. A couple of times he actually attempted to free his hands, intending to simply grab his cock and stroke himself to satisfaction. Fortunately the ropes were too well secured and all he achieved was a lot muscle-flexing, the sight of which only spurred Ben on to tease him more.

After half an hour, Jack's moaning had turned to begging. "Oh God, please, please you have to let me cum, please, I'll do anything. ANYTHING! Seriously, I'll do it just pleeeeeease let me cum!" he begged. He had completely disregarded the last remains of his dignity by this point. He didn't care what he was saying, he didn't care what they thought, he just needed the release more than anything.

Attempting to push himself over the edge, he started raising his ass off the chair and dropping back down again, fucking himself on the vibrating replica of his own erection. As had been the case two nights before, it got him close but not quite over the edge.

'Oh God, I need Bryce. I need his cock!' Jack thought to himself. He looked round, confused as he realised everyone had stopped moving, staring at him in shock. That was when he realised he had actually said it aloud instead of just thinking it! "Oh, I... I just..." he stuttered, but it was too late, they had heard it.

"Wow, now that's a pretty... faggoty thing to say, isn't it!" Elliott taunted, reaching down and giving Jack's boner a single stroke.

"Aaah!" Jack moaned as his cock twitched, just another single stroke away from orgasm. "No... I didn't... I was..."

"It's okay, Jacky!" Elliott said, his tone gentle but his choice of nickname teasing. "There's nothing wrong with it, I thought you'd see that by now!"

"Yes there... is. It's just... wrong!" Jack gasped, his cock still spasming slightly from its near-orgasm.

"What's wrong? Being a 'dirty faggot'?" Elliott asked, throwing Jack's own words back at him. At the same time, he reached down to give another gentle squeeze as the others all stood around, intrigued by the exchange.

"I never... used... those words!" Jack said defensively. He had finally learned not to use the derogatory term he was so fond of, so he wasn't about to let Elliott punish him for something he hadn't done. "Just being... gay. It's... wrong! It's.... it's disgusting!"

Elliott was unsure whether to be pleased or pissed. Jack actually seemed determined not to call them faggots any more, which was probably the most progress he had made so far, but for him to still have the attitude that gay was wrong was so disappointing.

"Well in that case," Elliott said, giving a final teasing stroke, "I should probably stop touching you. After all, it'd be 'wrong' for another guy to make you cum, wouldn't it. That'd just be 'disgusting', wouldn't it!"

"Ah no, wait," Jack pleaded, realising he had just talked himself out of a possible ejaculation. "I didn't mean..."

“Too late! Untie him!” Elliott snapped, cutting him off as he turned away.

The others looked a little disappointed. There was still time left in their lunch break so they could have teased him a lot more, but they understood why Elliott was ending it.

As his hands were released, Jack genuinely considered grabbing his cock and jerking off. Realising that even if he could manage it before they restrained him again, the repercussions would likely be horrific, Jack resisted.

Elliott reached into his bag and turned back to face the others. The chastity cage was in his hand. “Well as Jack doesn't want to do any wrong, disgusting gay stuff, we may as well lock him back up for the day!” he said with a wicked grin.

“Yeah, good luck with that!” Ben sniggered. He was on the ground in front of Jack, untying his ankle. He looked at Elliott, then nodded towards Jack's erection.

“Oh I think we can make that go down!” Elliott said slyly. “Stand him up and hold his arms!”

“Wait, what are you...” Jack started as Aaron and Danny pulled him to his feet and held his arms behind his back.

Elliott stepped forward and swatted his hands at Jack's balls, an audible slap echoing round the room, for a moment, soon joined by a grunt of pain from Jack. “Just do that every ten seconds until he goes down, then put this on him!” he said, handing the device to Ben.

Ben took the device, taking hold of Elliott's hand for a moment at the same time. He smiled up at his lover for a few seconds, getting a brief smile back before he scowled once again and headed out, leaving the others to finish off without him.

The slap certainly seemed to be doing the job. The pain rippling through Jack was quickly softening his boner. The slap was nowhere near as hard as the kick he had received in the park a few nights earlier, but it was still enough to feel extremely unpleasant.

Not entirely soft right away, Ben added another couple of slightly more gentle slaps before the cock had shrivelled down completely.

Satisfied that their presence was no longer needed, the other three headed out, leaving Ben to secure the cage alone. As he did it, he occasionally glanced up at Jack. There was wetness around his eyes from the hits to his balls. He wasn't looking back down at Ben though, his eyes were fixed on the door.

“Why won't he talk to me?” Jack asked sorrowfully.

Ben shrugged. “Guess you'd have to ask him that yourself! I'm his boyfriend, not his keeper!”

Jack stared down in shock. “You're his what?”

Ben clicked the padlock into place on the chastity cage and stood up, facing away from Jack. “Oh, nothing, forget it!”

“No, you...” Jack started, reaching to grab the boy's shoulder. He stopped though, suddenly very aware that he was still naked. He grabbed his shorts and started pulling them on as he asked, “He's your boyfriend?”

Ben wasn't sure why he was so weary about confirming it. While Elliott wasn't 'out', the other guys knew they were together and in a way he figured Jack must have guessed it by now. It wasn't like they were all over each other all the time, but they hadn't exactly hidden it from him either. If anything, it served to show how oblivious Jack truly was to his supposed-best-friend's life.

“Yeah, okay, he is. Guess that makes us both pretty 'wrong' and 'disgusting' to you, right?” Ben asked, shaking his head as he turned to see Jack pulling on his t-shirt.

“No, well... erm, kinda, but... erm... how long?” he stammered. “I mean, how long have you two been together?”

Ben tilted his head, thinking about it and working out the dates in his head. “We've been hanging out for about... six months I guess! Properly dating, only about a month or so” he replied with a non-committal shrug.

It was like all the pieces had suddenly dropped into place for Jack. All the times Elliott had been 'unavailable' over the Summer, every time he explained his absence with a dismissive 'I was just busy' or some other lame excuse. That must have been time he was spending with Ben. Jack wanted to ask so much, but the questions eluded him as he stammered, “So... are you two...”

“Look Jack,” Ben interrupted, “I get that you've probably got questions, but I'm honestly finding it kinda hard to stand here talking to someone who thinks I'm wrong, just for being the way I was born. Catch ya later!” He explained moodily as he dashed out of the room.

Since the incident on the store room, Jack had mostly been left alone. He wasn't really sure whether it was a blessing or a sign of bad things to come, but the afternoon passed fairly painlessly. Having quickly finished his homework, as best he could having missed most of the first two classes of the day, he headed eagerly to football practice.

After what had happened in the showers on Tuesday night, Jack had convinced himself that it was all over. The team would never listen to him, the Coach would remove him as Captain and his entire football career would be over. It still amazed him how quickly it had all returned to normal. He was glad the team had come to their senses and realised that how they had acted was unacceptable. He had no doubt from the fear on Trent and Evan's faces that they had delivered his message to the team word-for-word. Hopefully now that meant they were all back under his control.

Obviously there were four clear exclusions from his control, Aaron, Danny, Lincoln and Bryce, four of his tormentors. While he expected they would follow along with the rest of the team and obey his orders, he was under no illusion that he actually had any kind of power over them!

As Jack reached the locker room and began to change, he cursed himself for forgetting something

quite significant – he was still wearing the chastity cage. Being seen with it would actually be worse than when he had walked into the showers with his erection. A boner was normal, it happened to all guys, but being locked in chastity, that was something he doubted any of them had even seen before. More importantly, it gave a very clear message that Jack wasn't the one in charge, his keyholder was!

He faced the wall as he pulled down his shorts, quickly pulling on his uniform before anyone could see the device. Once he was fully prepared, he headed out to the field where most of the team were already jogging slowly round the field to warm up.

“Everyone, get your asses over here!” Jack yelled as he neared Coach Sanders.

The older man raised an eyebrow as he looked round at Jack inquisitively.

“What? I'm the Captain, I'm in charge!” he said bluntly. He knew that in reality, the Coach was very much the one in charge, but he was determined to convince the man that he still had the authority to hold his position. “Okay, I want ten laps from everyone in full pads, then onto the field. First string is taking on second!”

The other players all glanced at each other hesitantly, not responding at first. Jack was about to yell at them again when he heard someone clear their throat which seemed to prompt a response from everyone else, who called out in unison, “Yes Captain!”

As the team started piling on their pads, Jack glanced sideways at Coach Sanders.

“Okay, point taken!” the Coach said with a wry grin.

As the last of the players finished the laps and made their way onto the field, Jack gestured for them to split into the two teams. He had a definite reason for the exercise he had chosen – Aaron. The feeling of walking through the halls, wet and exposed was still fresh in Jack's mind and he wanted to make someone pay for it.

Jack was the first string quarterback while Aaron was a second string linebacker. Against a strong team, Jack knew he could rarely run the ball himself, often passing it (reluctantly) to another player, but against a weaker team such as their own second string, he liked to showboat and claim all the glory for himself. All he needed was one good run and revenge could be his!

The practice match started and annoyingly, Jack kept finding himself forced to hand off the ball. Just as he was beginning to think he might miss his chance, he found an opening. He rushed the field, heading straight for the end-zone, avoiding the entire defensive line. The way was clear, he could easily get the touchdown, but he had other plans. Accepting that Jack was getting through, most of the second string gave up the chase, not wanting to waste their energy pointlessly. Aaron, however, charged at Jack.

'Perfect!' Jack thought to himself. He could have veered away, dodged the tackle entirely and scored, instead he turned the opposite way, heading straight for Aaron. He lowered his shoulder, piled on the speed and slammed into the younger player hard. The tackle lifted Aaron off the ground for a moment, Jack's momentum twisting him in the air. He could have just carried on, there was nothing Aaron could do to stop him now. Instead, Jack discreetly grabbed at Aaron's

shirt and pulled him down hard, making out he had lost his footing in the tackle.

Aaron landed head first into the ground, weighed down by the extra bulk of Jack pulling down on him. The two tumbled onto the grass, landing in a heap. Jack scurried round quickly to look Aaron in the eye.

“Sorry bout that, 'muchacho',” he said with a wicked snigger. The smile quickly dropped from his face as he saw Aaron laying there motionless, eyes closed. “Aaron. Aaron!” he repeated frantically.

By now, the rest of team was gathering, worried about the hard tackle and painful looking landing.

“Don't move him!” Coach Sanders called out, running towards them.

“I... I was... he...” Jack stuttered.

“Someone call 911!” Coach Sanders called out, dropping to his knees beside the unconscious sixteen-year-old.

At the hospital's insistence, most of the team had gone home. With the exception of Jack, pretty much the entire team had followed the ambulance that had taken Aaron away. Now, just a few of them remained in the waiting room along with Coach Sanders and Aaron's parents.

Jack walked in nervously, spotting Mr and Mrs Carson. He headed straight for them. Before he could get there, Danny jumped up out of his seat and ran at the team Captain.

“WHAT THE FUCK D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING HERE?” he yelled grabbing Jack by the throat and slamming him against a wall.

“Hey, ease off!” Coach Sanders called out, jumping up to pull Danny off of the other student.

“YOU DID THIS TO HIM!” Danny snarled, not loosening his grip despite the Coach pulling at his arms.

“It was a tackle that went bad, could have happened to anyone!” the Coach said, attempting to calm Danny. “Now let go before I have to make you!”

Danny was panting furiously, virtually foaming at the mouth with rage as he stared at a terrified-looking Jack. Reluctantly, he let go and stepped back, fists still clenched.

Before any of them could say any more, a Doctor emerged from a door on the opposite side of the waiting room. “Mr and Mrs Carson?” he enquired.

“That's us!” Mrs Carson said frantically. The half-Mexican woman looked very much like she had been crying. “What's going on, is he okay?”

“He's regained consciousness and we have started our assessment. There don't seem to be any serious head injuries beyond a fairly sever concussion...” the Doctor started.

“Oh thank God!” Aaron's mother declared happily.

“But... I'm afraid there appears to be some... loss of movement. We're still looking into how severe it is.” the Doctor explained.

Mrs Carson burst into tears, her husband didn't look like he was far behind doing the same thing as he wrapped his arms around her.

“You paralysed him!” Danny said, eyes glazing over as he started to look back in Jack's direction.

Jack turned and ran, fearing for his own safety around Danny and horrified by the results of what he had done.

Bryce hung up the phone. He had been calling Danny every half hour to see how Aaron was doing, hoping there might be some good news, but so far it only seemed like bad. He slumped onto his bed, thoroughly miserable.

His week had started off so well. The plan to bring down Jack was going exceptionally well and there had even been the unexpected side effect of 'something' happening between himself and Jack. Every time he closed his eyes, he was back in Jack's room, holding him as he slept. It was a bizarre feeling. In almost every way, he hated Jack, yet there he was, thinking about him constantly.

Then the week had taken a sudden and seemingly-endless nosedive. First Jack had completely pissed him off by denying what had happened between them, belittling it and lying to the others about it. It didn't matter that they all knew the truth, that wasn't the problem, it was the fact that Jack, who he had genuinely started to care for could so casually turn on him and lie like that. Despite the older teen's betrayal, Bryce had still spent all week doing his best to try and help Jack, not that he actually knew about any of it! The only attempt Jack had made at reconciliation had turned out to be a very transparent attempt to get him back into bed, simply to take care of his own physical needs. Now, to top it all off, Aaron, one of his best friends was laying paralysed in hospital.

As he lay there, thinking about what to do he heard a tiny tap at his window. Then another, and another. Someone was throwing small stones at it, clearly attempting to get his attention. He got off his bed, dimmed the lights so he could actually see outside and pulled open the curtains. Standing there, arm positioned ready to throw another tiny stone was Jack.

Bryce stared at him for several seconds before he sighed, opened the window and called down quietly, “Stay there, I'll be right down.”

He had just been wearing boxers, so he pulled on a t-shirt and crept out of his room. It was late enough that everyone else in the house had gone to bed already so he did his best not to disturb them. As he got to the back door and opened it, he found Jack waiting right outside. Instead of inviting him in, he stepped out onto the deck, the wood cold beneath his bare feet.

"If you're here for a fuck, I'm not in the mood!" he said sharply.

"I'm.... I'm sorry," Jack mumbled, barely even daring to look at Bryce.

"For what?" Bryce demanded. He knew that no apology ever came easily to Jack, he was just so used to being right all the time, and even when he wasn't, the people around him were usually just too scared to disagree with him.

"For being a dick and... and... for lying to Elliott and Ben about you making me sleep with you," Jack said, his voice weak and croaky.

Bryce sighed. "Okay, thank you for apologising," he said, then thought back to their text conversation the night before. "But I'm still not gonna fuck you! We're good, but we're not... there, not yet anyway!"

Jack shook his head. "That's not why I came," he said back in barely more than a whisper.

"Then why are you here?" Bryce asked, curious.

Jack finally raised his eyes to meet Bryce's. Even in the dim light, Bryce could make out the pain and sorrow in them. "Because I don't have anyone else!" The statement was as much a shock to Jack as it was to Bryce.

Jack had never been alone before, not truly alone as he felt right then, isolated, forced to bear his burden alone. He was carrying so much and it was threatening to crush him at any moment. "I hurt Aaron!" he said shakily.

Bryce wanted to tell him to leave. He had accepted his apology, but forgiveness was still a long way off and he was right, he had been the one that had hurt Aaron, even if it had been by mistake. So why wasn't he saying the words? Why wasn't he making the older teen leave, forcing him to suffer alone. That had been the plan. Isolate him, take everything, break him down to nothing. It seemed so simple in theory. In practice though, it was substantially harder. Knowing what a terrible person Jack was, knowing how he had hurt Aaron knowing that he was supposed to be miserable for his own good, it made no difference to Bryce.

"Come here!" he said holding out his arms.

Jack fell into them, closing his eyes as he felt muscular arms encircling him.

Chapter 12

TUESDAY

"Guys, come on, you gotta hear this!" Lincoln said excitedly, hurrying Danny, Aaron and Bryce into the locker room.

"What's going on?" Danny asked, slightly confused.

"It's the rest of the team, they're planning something. And it's BIG!" Lincoln said, grinning ecstatically.

The four teens made their way into the locker room and found most of the team gathered together in various states of undress. By the looks of it, a normal conversation while they were changing had blown up into a full-on plot!

"Come on, you saw him in there last night. He's totally not himself. This is the perfect opportunity!" Trent said eagerly, trying to spur the others on.

"Yeah," Evan agreed. "Just think about all the shit he's put us through. Keith, remember the time he trapped you in a locker in the girls locker room. If I recall correctly, you were naked too, right?"

All eyes turned to Keith, who blushed momentarily at the memory before anger screwed his face into a scowl.

"And Jaime," Trent went on, following Evan's lead. "I'm sure you remember the time he rubbed chillis all over your jock strap. Bet that stung like a mother-fucker!"

"Too fucking right it did!" Jaime agreed.

The two ringleaders went on, riling up the crowd as Danny looked to Lincoln. "Did you put them up to this?"

Lincoln smirked. "No way, didn't have to. This is ALL them! Jack's gonna get it!"

Bryce stood back, watching the scene unfold, eyes narrowing as he watched Evan and Trent.

"So whadda we do?" someone called out.

"Whatever we fucking want!" Trent said aggressively, fist clenching symbolically.

"Yeah, we get him in those showers and make him suffer for all the shit he's done." Evan added.

"I'm gonna kick the shit out of him!" Keith said with a wicked cackle.

"I'm gonna fuck some sense into him, make his ass pay!" someone else added, getting a cheer from the others.

“HEY!” Bryce called out sharply. “Don't get carried away!” he stormed forward to the middle of the group, looking round all of them before focusing on the two ringleaders.

“What the fuck's your problem?” Trent demanded.

“You do what you need to do, say what needs to be said to him, but you so much as lay a finger on him and you answer to me, got it?” Bryce snarled.

Trent stared back for several seconds, considering the possibility that if it came to a fight, the team might side with him and he could take Bryce down, but it wasn't worth the risk. “Fine!” he said sharply, then grinned. “We won't touch him!”

Bryce knew from his expression that this was far from over and Jack was most certainly going to suffer, but at least he had managed to stop it getting too out of control.

WEDNESDAY

Bryce stormed through the corridors. Most of the team were long gone by the time he was finished in the locker room the previous night. He had a feeling that it was deliberate, that they were trying to avoid him. Bryce knew that feeling all too well. Ever since Jack had lied about what they had done, Bryce had been actively avoiding him.

He finally spotted Trent down the hallway, accompanied as usual by Evan, which saved him the effort of having to track them down separately.

“Hey dude!” Keith greeted Bryce as he approached.

As one, Trent and Evan looked round to see who Keith was talking to. Their eyes widened as they saw who it was.

“You two, this way!” Bryce snapped, completely ignoring his other teammates. He grabbed the backs of both of their collars, dragging them away and down another, quieter hallway. He released them, pushing them both against a wall.

“Hey Bryce, what's up?” Trent asked, attempting to act casually.

“What the fuck was that last night?” Bryce demanded furiously.

Evan shrugged. “What? We said we wouldn't touch him and we didn't!” He smirked slightly at the loophole.

“You do realise, what you did, what YOU TWO started, that's assault. All Jack has to do is tell one teacher, or a parent or the police and that's it, you two go down along with half the team. You get that, right?” Bryce said, deliberately trying to scare them.

Evan smirked again. “Yeah, but it's all our word against just his!”

“And mine!” Bryce replied immediately. He saw both of their faces drop. “That's right. He decides to come forward about it, I'll tell them everything!”

“You wouldn't?” Trent asked nervously.

“You bet your fucking ass I would,” Bryce insisted. “Unless you go and put it right. Do whatever it takes. Apologise, grovel, beg, whatever it fucking takes!”

“No way, he's lost it. We finally took him down. We can't give in to that dick again!” Trent argued.

Bryce grabbed them both by the throats, slamming them against the wall and lifting until their feet were barely touching the ground. “Just fucking do it!” He glared for a moment, then dropped them, immediately turning to walk away.

THURSDAY

“Okay, I want ten laps from everyone in full pads, then onto the field. First string is taking on second!” Jack called out.

“Tell him to go fuck himself,” someone muttered.

“I'm not doing anything he says!” another player mumbled.

From behind them, Bryce cleared his throat. He had made it clear to the team that Jack was still in charge and that regardless of what had happened at the last two practices, they were still to obey. The reminder of the large teen's presence was enough to scare the disobedience out of them.

“Yes Captain!” the team responded.

Bryce looked over as every started peeling away and saw Jack grinning confidently at the Coach. ‘Why the fuck am I helping that dick?’ he thought to himself as he followed the rest of the team.

NOW

Bryce had barely slept. After Jack had arrived, he had brought him up to his room and the two had lay down together. No words were exchanged before Jack fell asleep. Bryce had nodded off after a while after but had woken up barely an hour later and had yet to get back to sleep.

He was laying on his side, head propped up on a pillow, one arm under Jack's neck, the other one draped across his stomach. He had been sleeping peacefully for a while, breathing rhythmically, looking peaceful and, as much as Bryce hated to admit it, looking quite cute. Eventually though, he began to frown, occasionally letting out gentle moans.

Jack started to squirm, his moans turning into mumbles and then gradually into words as his breathing deepened. “No... I... no...” he started. “The spiders, they're... they're on me...” Jack mumbled, hands beginning to move slightly.

"Shh, it's okay," Bryce whispered in his ear. "It's just a dream, you're okay," he added reassuringly. He reached up and gently ran his fingers through Jack's hair.

Jack's sleep-talking quickly subsided, quietening down into gentle moans again before silencing entirely, his breathing going back to normal.

Bryce eventually got to sleep too, still holding Jack. He woke a couple more times during the night as he felt Jack stir, his dreams disturbing him again but it never lasted long with Bryce there to comfort him.

As it started to get light, Bryce awoke once more. He leaned back to look at his clock and realised the alarm would be going off soon so decided to lay there awake for a while rather than trying to sleep any more. He had barely moved during the night, so Jack was still curled up against him. His movement to look at the clock had woken the elder teen who blinked a few times before looking up.

"Morning," Bryce said with a sweet smile.

Jack smiled back, but it quickly faded as memories of the previous day crept back in. "Morning," he said back with a sigh.

"You okay? You seemed like you had a few bad dreams," Bryce said, concerned about his restlessness during the night.

Jack blushed. Considering Bryce had seen him naked, fucked him and everything else they had been through, it seemed strange that something as simple as knowing about a few bad dreams could embarrass Jack. "Oh, I... yeah, guess I have some things on my mind!" he said quietly, gently nuzzling his head against Bryce's chest. Suddenly he sat up sharply and looked at the younger teen. "Oh, any news from Danny?"

Bryce shook his head, getting a dejected sigh in response.

Jack flopped back down, resting against Bryce once more before actually thinking about what he was doing. He pulled away slightly, blushed again and said, "Sorry, I... erm..." he wasn't really sure what he was apologising for, so it was hard to find the words.

Bryce smiled. "Don't worry about it," he said, then glanced at the clock. "We still have some time if you wanna lay back down!"

Jack grinned and replied, "Or we could..." he started, then leaned in to kiss Bryce.

Bryce raised a hand and pushed Jack back as he leaned away. "No!" he said firmly. "This..." he started, then gestured to the bed, "This isn't an 'us' thing, this was just me looking after a friend who was upset. I told you last night, we're not there yet!"

"Sorry, I just... assumed.." Jack mumbled. He didn't know what was more confusing, the fact that he had tried (and wanted) to kiss a guy or the fact that he actually felt a knot in his stomach as he realised how much he had damaged things between them by lying to Elliott and Ben. "Oh shit!" he

said, suddenly remembering, "I stayed out all night. My parents are gonna kill me, and Elliott's gonna be seriously pissed that I'm not there when he goes to pick me up! Oh fuck, I'm dead."

Bryce smiled. "Don't worry about it. After you fell asleep, I got your Mom's number off your phone and messaged her. I told her you were upset about Aaron and that you'd come round, but fallen asleep. She didn't seem thrilled, but I doubt she's too pissed. I messaged Elliott too, told him you were here and that I'd take you to school today."

Jack stared in amazement. "I... erm... thanks," Jack said humbly. "I know I don't deserve to have you looking out for me, but... I'm... glad you are!"

Bryce smirked. 'If only you knew!' he thought to himself, thinking back over the last few days. The smirk soon turned into a frown as Bryce psyched himself up to ask a question that had played on his mind all night. He took a deep breath and asked, "Jack, about Aaron... what happened with him... was it really an accident?"

Jack felt numb. Did Bryce know the truth? Had he figured out Jack's plan for revenge on their teammate? "Whadda you mean?" he asked uncomfortably.

"Well Aaron was in on what we've been doing to you. I thought maybe you'd seen it as some kind of opportunity to get some payback!" Bryce explained.

"What? No! It was an accident!" Jack lied defensively.

"You promise?" Bryce asked, sounding almost hopeful.

Jack smiled, mostly trying to hide the searing guilt he felt inside. "Yeah, I promise!"

Jack made his way into the school. For the first time that week, he wasn't embarrassed by his outfit. Bryce had leant him some clothes to save him driving all the way across town just to get changed. The things he wore, while slightly too big for him, weren't part of some plan to humiliate him!

Throughout the week, Jack had gotten used to being watched by the rest of the students. Whether it was for his clothing, his changes in body hair or his often-prominent erection, all eyes seemed to be on him. Today was no different, but somehow it felt worse. Today they were looking at him because they knew what had happened with Aaron.

As was always the way at Holmepoint High School, word had spread fast. While various versions of what had happened had spread and grown as it passed through the student body, two simple facts remained absolute – Aaron had been paralysed and Jack had been the one to do it. Half the people watching him glared with anger, furious at the young man who had hurt one of their fellow students, the other half watched him sympathetically, knowing how hard it must be to live with that knowledge.

Fortunately for Jack, he was the only one who knew it had been a deliberate attack! Had that part become public knowledge, things would be substantially different.

Minutes after arriving at the school, there was an announcement over the PA system asking Jack to go to the Principal's office.

Bryce, who had brought Jack to school and followed him inside, rested his hand on Jack's shoulder. "You want me to come with you?" he asked quietly as students all around intensified their whispering.

Jack blushed as he realised he wanted to say yes and turned even brighter red as he realised that all he really wanted was to dive back into Bryce's arms. His feelings for the younger teen were confusing and scary, something he had not yet taken the time to really think about. All he knew was that the only time in the whole week when he had felt even remotely safe was when Bryce's arms were around him.

He smiled weakly and shook his head. "I'll be fine, but thanks," he said, starting to walk away.

It only took a minute to reach the Principal's office. As he got there, he knocked quietly and waited a moment until he heard a voice inviting him in. As he opened the door, he found the Principal sat at his desk, Coach Sanders sat opposite him and a third man, someone Jack didn't recognise, sat off to the side.

"Come in Jack, have a seat!" the Principal said with a gentle smile, gesturing to a seat beside the Coach.

Jack shut the door and sat down nervously, remaining silent.

"Don't look so worried, Jack. We just need to ask a couple of questions about what happened yesterday. Are you happy to talk now, or would you rather we have your parents present?" the Principal asked.

"No, I'm fine!" Jack said. Had he been sat entirely on his own he may not have been so sure, but he had the Coach at his side which reassured him. "Am I... in trouble?" he asked cautiously.

The three men exchanged quick glances before the Principal smiled again and shook his head. "No, not at all, we just need to check a few details. Coach Sanders had filled us in on most of what happened. We know that last night at practice, a game took place between teams made up of the first and second string respectively. We understand that the game proceeded as normal, until an injury brought it to an abrupt end and it's that injury we need to discuss. Coach Sanders advised us that you had the ball, saw an opening and ran the field, is that right?"

Jack nodded.

"And from there, you broke through the defensive line, correct?" the Principal went on, getting another nod. "Now from there, we understand you headed towards the second string's linebackers, yes?"

"That's right," Jack said, beginning to get increasingly nervous.

"Now, from what we've heard," the Principal said, leaning forward slightly in his seat, "There was

an opening you could have very easily taken and scored the touchdown. Do you recall that?"

Jack thought for a moment. Obviously he knew it was correct, it was how he was going to answer that mattered. He decided on a simple, "Yes I do."

"Uh huh," the Principal said, glancing at the man to his side. "So, why didn't you take that opening? Surely an easy opening makes more sense than taking on a linebacker!"

"Sir, do you play football?" Jack asked, surprising them all.

The principal smiled. "I'm getting a bit old for that now, but I was in my High School team, yes."

"So when you were playing a match against an opposing team, what was the main priority?" Jack went on, feeling slightly smug at the way he had taken control of the conversation.

"Scoring of course, and winning!" the Principal answered.

"Yeah, and how about practice. What's the main priority in that?" Jack questioned.

"Getting better, improving the team, that sort of thing," the Principal said casually.

"That's right," Jack agreed. "The game we played last night wasn't a competitive match, it was practice. I mean, I was never gonna let us lose it, not against the second string, but we were up by enough points that one more touchdown really didn't make much difference. Sure, I saw the opening, but I'm the Captain so I'm always looking for ways to improve the team too. Watching an opposing quarterback score achieves nothing, being given a chance to try and stop him, that's how they learn, it's how they get better at the game!"

The principal looked at the other man, who nodded gently. "Okay," he said, "That makes sense. Now there does seem to be some question about the... ferocity of the tackle. Do you have anything to say about that?"

"Well if you'll excuse the language, Sir, when I'm on the field I'm a tough son-of-a-bitch. When I tackle someone, I mean it. Just look at all our wins since I became Captain. You don't get that kind of winning streak without playing hard!" Jack explained. The answer came easily to him because, for the most part, it was entirely true. When he was on the field, he was serious, he played for keeps. He looked briefly to the Coach.

"He's not kidding. He's a tough kid!" Coach Sanders backed Jack up.

"And you're sure this was just an unfortunate accident?" the Principal asked.

The Coach looked at Jack once more, the nervous teen nodding. "Yeah, I'm sure!" the Coach replied.

"Then that's all we need for now," The Principal said, looking more than a little relieved to have the entire conversation over with. "Thank you for your time, Jack."

Jack smiled and stood, immediately heading for the door. As he reached it, he turned back and

asked, "Is there any news on him yet?"

"Yes, we got an update from his father a short while ago," Coach Sanders answered. "Fortunately, they believe things aren't quite as bad as they could be. The next couple of days are crucial, but they remain hopeful of significant improvements!"

"That's great!" Jack said happily as he turned to leave.

Shortly after Jack had left, Lincoln caught up with Bryce, the two standing at the side of the main hallway, talking about Aaron. They had both received a text message from Danny updating them on the situation and had been discussing it ever since. Bryce had explained to Lincoln how Jack had come round the previous night, but had left out most of the intimate details.

"Hey guys," Ben said as he and Elliott approached the other two.

"Hey lil dude," Bryce said back to him with a grin.

Ben tried to look annoyed at Bryce's greeting, but his shy grin made it painfully apparent that he actually kind of liked it. "Shut up you... big... person!" Ben said back, trying to think of some kind of insult but failing completely.

"Ah, weak comeback!" Lincoln chuckled.

"You're a weak comeback!" Ben retorted.

"Wow, you really suck at trash-talking lil dude!" Bryce teased.

Ben grinned. "Only with people I like, otherwise I'd destroy you. But wanna find out what else I suck?" he asked playfully.

Bryce laughed, and nudged Ben's arm as the younger boy stood beside him. After the unpleasantness of the last couple of days, it actually felt amazing to smile and laugh again. It felt slightly wrong to be doing it while Aaron was laying in hospital, but he had done already enough moping that week!

"Hey, you okay?" Lincoln asked, realising Elliott hadn't said a word. He had barely even looked up at the exchange between the other two.

"Yeah, just... thinking," Elliott said with a sigh.

"About what?" Lincoln asked, leaning down to look up into Elliott's face as the older boy continued to stare at the ground. He grinned as Elliott looked at him, but got nothing but a frown back.

"Jack!" Elliott replied. He raised his eyes to look round the others one at a time, gauging their reactions to the name. "I was wondering if we should... maybe... stop what we're doing to him."

"No way!" Lincoln insisted abruptly.

Bryce wasn't quite as emphatic as Lincoln, but still seemed hesitant about the idea. He frowned at Elliott and asked, "Why would we?"

"Because of Aaron," Elliott explained. "It hardly seems right to... to... play around while he's.... like, paralysed!"

Ben sighed. "I suppose you have a point," he said dejectedly.

"What? No way!" Bryce disagreed. "I can't believe you'd even say that!" he said directly at Elliott. "I think some of us are in this for really different reasons. For some its payback, others it actually is just kinda fun to see him suffer, but not you, you're different! Ever since the start, you've been the one insisting you're doing this to help him. Is that still true or were you just talking shit the whole time?"

Elliott actually looked offended. "What? No, I meant it. I wanna help him, he's my..." he paused mid-sentence, realising what he was about to say. He let out a hearty sigh and he looked round the others, then continued, "He's my best friend!"

"Exactly!" Bryce argued. "If we stop now, all that'll happen is he'll go on the way he was, but he'll just be extra pissed at all of us. That's NOT helping him. We have to keep doing this because I think you're right. I think we really can help him!" It seemed strange to Bryce that he was advocating continuing Jack's torture. He had spent so much of the last few days helping him and comforting him that encouraging further abuse seemed almost counter-intuitive, but he knew things the others didn't. In a lot of ways, despite his recent absence, he had seen a lot more of Jack than the others had and he genuinely believed he was beginning to see a change in him!

Elliott looked mostly convinced, but still seemed slightly hesitant. "Whadda you guys think?" he asked the other two.

Lincoln grinned. "Honestly, I don't really care if we can help him or not, I'm just having fun messing with him!"

Elliott laughed. "Well I appreciate the honesty!" he said back. He looked to his boyfriend. "Ben?"

The youngest of the group looked thoughtful. He knew Elliott's reasons for stopping, they had discussed it in length on the way in to school that morning, but Bryce made a good point too. He kept thinking back to the night in the park when he had been alone with Jack. He had said awful things to the older boy. Although he truly believed what he had said, a small part of him hoped Jack would prove him wrong somehow. He decided to listen to that little voice once again as he nodded and said, "Bryce is right. We gotta see this through!" As he finished talking, he felt his phone vibrate so he reached in and pulled it out.

Elliott shrugged. "Well I guess that's that then. We're in it til the end! Guess I'd better start thinking of something for tonight then!" he said with a smirk.

"Wow, how's this for timing. I just found something for Jack to do tonight!" Ben said excitedly as he looked at his phone.

Jack had hidden himself away in the bathroom stall. He figured that being called to the Principal's office would provide him with a suitable alibi for skipping homeroom. He just needed some time to himself.

He had amazed himself in the Principal's office by managing to talk himself out of what could have been very bad situation. Of course, being free of blame and free of guilt were two very different things! No matter how he tried to distract himself, he just couldn't take his mind off of Aaron.

What if the paralysis was permanent? Even if it wasn't, his football career was almost definitely over? What did that mean for his future? Jack remembered Aaron once saying that he was depending on a football scholarship to get into College. He felt a wave of guilt wash over him as he remembered teasing Aaron about it, mocking how poor his family was that they wouldn't be able to afford College without the scholarship. That possibility was gone now, all of it.

"Get over it!" Jack hissed quietly at himself. "It was just an accident, it wasn't your fault!" he lied to himself. "If you want everyone else to believe that, you've gotta act like it's true. Fucking get it together!"

'Yeah, but what if they find out?' Jack thought, trembling slightly. 'What if Bryce finds out? Or Elliott? Fuck, who cares about that prick. He won't even talk to me, fuck him! Why? Why won't he talk to me?'

Jack shook his head, wondering how he got from Aaron to Elliott. "No, forget it. You're Jack fucking Hamilton!" He took a deep breath and slammed the stall door open, then strode out into the hall just in time for the bell to signal first period.

Walking along and attempting to appear carefree, he casually pulled his phone out of his pocket. He had a few messages and notifications, mostly various forms of social media that he had been steering clear of for fear of what he might see about himself. One thing caught his eye right away. It was an email from Isaac, the owner of the club he had gone to for his 'audition'. He briefly considered simply deleting it, but he saw Ben had been copied in so it would be pointless. Opening it up with a mix of excitement and trepidation, he started to read it.

'Hi Jack

Congratulations, I'm delighted to tell you that your audition was successful. My customers LOVED you and they definitely want more! You need to do some work on your dancing, you'll only get by on being hot for so long, but I can put you in touch with someone to help with that!

Anyway, the hours are pretty flexible. We have shows on the main stage six nights a week so just let me know each week what days you're free and I'll see where I can fit you in. Now you won't get paid for the work you do, that way I don't have to deal with a mountain of paperwork, but you get to keep one hundred percent of all tips. I know that doesn't sound too fair, but believe me, some of my customers can be VERY generous if they like you! Ben said you were happy to do shows with some of the other performers which opens up a lot more options. Tips for these shows get shared out equally between all performers.

I'm not sure if Ben had filled you in on some of the 'other' job opportunities at my club, but that's something we can definitely discuss. I've already had several requests for your services! Ben advised me that you are likely willing to do whatever is required, so I should think we'll be able to make good use of you.

Anyway, welcome on board, email me back with your availability and we can get you started!

Isaac'

Jack hadn't even realised he had stopped walking until someone nudged past him and nearly knocked the phone from his hand. 'Other job opportunities?' Jack thought. 'Requests for my services? What the fuck is this place?' He had almost been looking forward to the possibility of getting on stage again. It was a bizarre feeling, enjoying the thought of being seen stripping. Had he been asked to do it anywhere else, it would have terrified him, but doing it on stage for a horny, ravenous audience, somehow that did it for him!

What worried him now was the other parts. What had Ben gotten him into? He couldn't even pretend not to have gotten the email as Isaac had copied Ben in on it too. He figured for now he would just have to wait and see what happened.

At lunchtime, it was with more than a little trepidation that Jack approached the cafeteria. So far, during his week of torments he had spent his lunchtimes in the store room, servicing his tormentors. When he had been advised to go to the cafeteria instead, he had expected the worse. They wouldn't make him do anything quite so public and overt would they? If nothing else, there were faculty members present who would surely step in to stop anything too extreme.

It was with a note of pleasant surprise that Jack walked in and saw Elliott, Ben, Lincoln and Bryce all sat together, waving him over.

"Erm... hi," he said nervously, looking round and expecting something unpleasant to happen.

"Relax!" Lincoln said, seeing Jack's hesitance. "You're just here for lunch. We already got you something!"

"Really?" Jack asked in shock. As he looked down at the table, he saw five trays in front of the four guys.

Ben slid the fifth tray towards the seat nearest Jack and smiled. "Yup, now sit down."

"Yes Sir!" Jack said with a relieved smile, taking a seat. "Look, I'm not complaining but..."

Elliott looked round at him. "We're just giving you a break. I should imagine you've had a tough morning so we're going easy. Don't get used to it!" he said, very nearly smiling.

Jack stared back at his former friend. He had actually spoken to him and, more significantly, had actually shown a little consideration. Jack grinned, even more than he had intended to. It felt great to actually be treated like a normal person for a change, rather than the slave he seemed to be

turning into.

The atmosphere was surprisingly jovial and lively, aside from the few minutes they had spent discussing Aaron. Once that was out of the way, they had gone back to laughing and joking with each other.

“So Jack, had any interesting emails?” Ben asked when the conversation lulled.

Jack immediately blushed. It was obvious that Ben had seen the email and judging by the looks on everyone else's faces they were also aware of what it had said. “Yeah, I got the job!” he said, smiling but still red-cheeked.

“You really stripped on stage?” Bryce asked, shaking his head. He had heard all about it from the others, regretting immediately that he had missed out.

“Yeah, I did,” Jack said, smiling coyly.

“He's a fucking natural!” Lincoln said enthusiastically.

“Really? That good?” Bryce asked, his mind racing with images.

Ben nodded eagerly. “Fuck yes. I tell ya, from the second he started,” he gave a hand gesture to indicate an erection, getting a laugh from the others. “Like, rock hard. And I wasn't the only one!” Ben said, nudging Elliott in the side.

Jack stared at Elliott in surprise, but it was Elliott who blushed this time.

“Shut up!” Elliott said, staring down at his tray.

“Damn! I'm gonna have to see the next one then!” Bryce said eagerly, glad that the table hid his stiffening cock.

A sudden thought occurred to Jack. “Hey, Ben... what are the, erm, other opportunities Isaac mentioned?”

All eyes fell on the young mastermind. He simply grinned and chuckled wickedly.

Lunchtime had almost made Jack forget the nature of his relationship with the others. He soon found himself reminded of it as soon as they set off for the club. They had to stop off at Lincoln's place to pick him up. As soon as they pulled up near his house, Ben looked to Jack and commanded, “Strip!”

Jack looked round nervously. In the open-top car, sat in the middle of a residential area he could so easily be seen by anyone passing by. Regardless, he obeyed the order and pulled off the clothing he had borrowed from Bryce that morning. Moments later, the only thing he wore was his chastity cage.

Ben grabbed the clothes, jumped out and headed to the door to Lincoln's basement room. He knocked and Lincoln soon answered.

Ben handed over the clothes then headed back to the car with the last member of their party.

Jack couldn't help noticing the distinct lack of clothing in Ben's hand when he came back. He had expected to be given something embarrassing to wear rather than just being left naked. Without mentioning Jack's nudity, Ben and Lincoln got in the car and Elliott pulled off.

Jack flinched every time they passed another vehicle or a pedestrian. He knew they could see him, Elliott occasionally slowing down when they were alongside another vehicle to let them get a better look. He found himself suddenly appreciating the cage, it was all that saved him from showing off an erection along with the rest of his body.

Bryce and Ben, who sat either side of the naked seventeen-year-old in the back of the car, had decided to tease him while they drove. Their hands were all over him, sliding up and down his stomach, the slightest hints of stubble appearing. Occasionally they would tease a nipple, obviously not too much, the last thing they wanted was having him erupting before they could really enjoy it. The part that aroused Jack the most, however, was when one or both of them started kissing and nibbling his neck, ear or shoulder. The warmth of their mouths felt amazing on his wind-chilled skin.

By the time they reached the club, Jack had left a puddle of precum on the back seat. As they got out, Ben saw it, smirked at Jack and said, "Don't leave the car in a mess like that. Clean it up!"

Jack looked round for a tissue or something he could use before he heard Ben clear his throat. He looked at the boy, his expression making it clear what he meant. With a sigh, Jack leant into the back of the car, giving the parking lot a perfect view of his bare ass as he licked the seat clean of his own precum.

"Good boy!" Ben said, getting a slight chuckle from the others as they headed to the building's rear door.

To say Jack was scared would be somewhat of an understatement. Despite his nudity, upon entering the building he had felt fairly confident about the situation. That confidence had quickly disappeared once Jack was led downstairs and away from the main 'strip club' part of the building. He had been allowed to put a mask on again, but even that gave him little comfort once he saw where he was being taken to.

The room he was shown into could best be described as a dungeon. Jack thought he had seen everything last weekend when they visited the sex shop, but the range of toys and equipment they had in the dungeon made it look like nothing! There appeared to be several 'stations' around the room, each with a couple of different pieces of equipment clearly designed for securing someone in place in a set position. Two of the walls were lined with cabinets and display cases overflowing with every gadget and gizmo a sexual deviant could ever desire!

The room itself was quite large, but seemed even bigger as the other two walls were lined with massive mirrors. While Lincoln, Ben, Bryce and Elliott had looked enthralled by the place, Jack had grown increasingly pale with each passing second as Isaac showed them round. Once he had shown them the sights, he stopped to explain, mainly for Jack's benefit, how it all worked.

"Okay, so despite the way this may look, this is NOT a brothel. I don't provide whores and that's not what you're here for!" Isaac said definitively.

Jack wasn't sure whether that was supposed to be reassuring in some way, but it only intimidated him further.

"The guys I provide here are volunteers. That means you're here by choice and everything you do, you do by your own choice!" Isaac went on, either not hearing or disregarding the smirks from Jack's captors. "As such, you simply have to say the house safe word at any time and all activity will stop. All my patrons are very much aware of this rule and failure to follow it will result in immediate and permanent expulsion from the club."

Jack nodded his understanding. That part actually did make him feel a little more at ease.

"So sometimes you'll be in here with just a single person, although that's rare as it's quite pricey, but you may also find groups of up to thirty guys. Similarly, you may be the only one of my workers in here or you may be working with others. When you are working in here, you obey the commands given to you by the customers. Should they order you to do something that breaks one of your hard limits, which we can get to later, you can advise them of this, with respect, and then carry on as with any other commands they give you. Understand?" Isaac explained.

By this point, Jack's hands were literally shaking, but he nodded anyway.

"You have probably noticed the mirrors," Isaac said, pointing to the two mirrored walls. "There are private rooms behind those. Some of our patrons only wish to watch a show rather than get involved so we offer reduced rates for spectating from those private rooms. If the light is on above a mirror, it means that room is occupied, so if all those lights are on Jack, make sure you put on a good show. The tips upstairs are good, but down here you can make a fortune!"

"Okay," Jack said quietly, glancing round at the various lights. The prospect of being in the room with thirty guys had seemed daunting enough, but to have people spectating too, he could already feel himself blushing.

"Now, with regard to your mask, nobody will ever try to remove it. Privacy is treated almost as strictly as safety here. The patrons will respect your privacy and they will expect you to do the same in return. Not all of our customers are out or single, so some will choose to also wear masks, so discretion is absolutely essential. We lose our customers' trust and I lose my business and that's no good for any of us! I guess that brings us onto tonight. Obviously you're... slightly limited in your capabilities," Isaac said, raising an eyebrow and gesturing to the chastity cage, "But fortunately a lot of my regulars are less interested in what they can do to your cock and more interested in what you can do to theirs! As such, you'll just have a group of six in here tonight with you."

"S... six?" Jack said nervously.

Isaac frowned at Jack's obvious fear. "If you're not ready for this, you don't have to do it!"

Jack looked from Isaac to his four owners. The looks on their faces made it clear that backing down was not an option here, so he gulped, nodded and said, "No, I want to do it!"

Isaac chuckled and slapped Jack on the back, "Good man! Your customers should be here soon, I'll bring them up when they arrive," he said, starting to head towards the exit. He looked back to the others and called out, "You guys go through that door over there, take a left then go into Room Three. You can watch from there!"

Jack watched Isaac leave, but at his last comment his head shot round fast to stare at the others. "You're gonna watch?"

"Hell yeah, Jacky," Lincoln said excitedly. "No way we're missing this show!"

"Oh God," Jack moaned, eyes lowering to the ground.

"Yeah, just one thing you should know though, Jack," Elliott said coldly. "That safe word... that's not for you. You do whatever those guys want you to. WHATEVER. THEY. WANT!" He emphasised the last few words slowly and clearly to really hammer it home for Jack.

"That's right!" Ben agreed. "You chicken out and say the safe word and we let each of the guys in here leave with a password to your site!"

Jack felt like the world was collapsing in around him. The kindness he had been shown at lunchtime had made him think briefly that maybe his ordeal was coming to an end. Even the playful journey over to the club had been mild compared to some of the other things they had done to him. This, however, felt like he had just been thrown right back into the worst of it all. As he looked round the room, his mind was already racing with the things the six strangers might do to him.

The four other teens headed for the door Isaac had pointed out. As they headed out, Lincoln looked back and gave a devilish grin. "See you shortly!" he said with a chuckle, looking over at the mirror.

The door closed and Jack stood alone in the silence. A few moments later, one of the lights came on above a mirror, suggesting that the others had reached their designated room.

Jack was more than a little surprised as the door opened and his six 'customers' walked in. He had given little thought to his expectations, but what appeared still seemed different to him. The six men who entered were already naked, clearly not wanting to waste any time. After all, Jack figured, they were probably paying for this experience by the hour, so time was of the essence for them!

Of the six men, three were masked. Jack quickly looked at them as they walked in. The man in the blue mask, who Jack figured he may as well refer to as 'Blue' had a fairly impressive body. If Jack had to guess, without seeing his face, he would have placed him somewhere in his late thirties, maybe early forties. He was well muscled, with a chest full of dark hair, speckled with the very occasional grey. His cock, standing rigid thanks in no small part to the thick metal cock ring at the

base stood at a very thick seven inches.

The man in the Red mask, or 'Red' to Jack, looked somewhat younger, maybe in his early twenties. He was not in quite as good shape as Blue, his stomach beginning to hint at chubby, his smooth chest entirely untuned. His cock, unaided by a ring, also stood rigid, a modest five inches, topped with a small patch of dark pubes, the only hair on his body.

The third masked man, 'Green' looked to be slightly older than Blue. His body looked to Jack like one that had been well cared for, built up to quite significant musculature, but then allowed to slip a little for a couple of years. There was still the visible shape and muscle tone, but with just a hint of flabbiness creeping in. His cock and balls were contained in a thick rubber device that forced his cock to remain hard, standing at six inches, while pulling his balls down almost painfully far.

The other three unmasked men somehow seemed more sinister to Jack than their concealed counterparts. It almost felt like they had nothing to hide and as such, nothing to fear from Jack. The first of them, a blonde man in his late twenties, was eyeing Jack hungrily already. Jack quickly dubbed him 'Blondie'. He was very slightly on the chubby side, but at substantially over six feet tall, he just seemed huge compared to some of the others. His cock was equally chubby, only five inches long but far too thick to fit a single hand round.

Beside Blondie stood a short, almost painfully slim dark haired man, barely older than Jack. His most significant feature was his impressive body hair. For someone his age, he was unusually hirsute, chest covered in a thick blanket of fur, a wide trail running down his stomach and a huge bush above a six inch erection. His legs and forearms were equally hairy, contrasting heavily with his pale skin. Jack dubbed this one 'Hairy'.

Jack's eye was immediately drawn to the cock of the last member of the group. It was nothing short of monstrous! Eight, maybe even nine inches, impressively thick and with a large dark-purple mushroom head. Beneath it hung two equally oversized balls. The owner of the cock, who Jack dubbed 'Monster' was similar in age to Blue or Green. He was big, like Green appearing to have had a past of substantial gym work which had slowly been forgotten. Most of his torso was hairy, but neatly trimmed rather than unrestrained like Hairy.

"Hi," Jack said tentatively.

"Shut up. You speak when spoken to!" Blondie warned, raising a hand but holding it back.

Jack instinctively shrank back from the raised hand, but only slightly as he realised it was only a threat.

"Over here!" Blue ordered, grabbing Jack's arm and pulling him towards one of the stations.

It was a short wooden bench, about waist high. Jack was forced to lay down on it, a thick leather strap was pulled over his back to hold him down, his legs pulled wide apart and secured to the floor. Jack whimpered slightly as he realised what was coming. He was perfectly positioned to be fucked in both ass and mouth.

"Back up, me first!" Blondie said, pushing the others aside.

Jack was relieved to notice large dishes of condoms at each station, alongside the range of lubes. Blondie picked one up, slid it on quickly and lubed Jack's ass roughly with two fingers. With no real warning, Blondie thrust the full length of his cock inside Jack.

"Ugh!" Jack moaned as he felt himself getting impaled. He glanced over at the mirror, knowing the others were watching. He immediately regretting it, feeling his stomach churn as he thought about their eyes on him. He wasn't able to look for long as he soon felt hands grabbing his head. He couldn't look up far enough to see who it was, but he recognised the cock rapidly approaching his mouth as the thick tool belonging to Blue.

The two men fucked both ends and were not gentle about it. Jack found himself thinking about Bryce. While the vigorous fuck was shocking but not entirely unpleasant, he just couldn't help imagining Bryce's cock inside him. Once again he was shaken from his thoughts by the activities of his customers. Both his arms were lifted up, each hand finding itself on a solid dick. Unable to look, he was forced to guess who they belonged to. The one in his right hand was easy, the girth alone told him it belonged to Monster. The one in his left hand was not quite as distinct. It was only when he felt the rubber device that he realised it was Green.

"Stroke faster!" Someone yelled at Jack as his hands slowed. It sounded like it came from Monster's direction, but it was hard to tell.

Suddenly, obviously meant to encourage him to speed up, Jack felt a sharp lash against his back. With Blue's cock halfway down his throat, he was unable to look at who was whipping him or what with, all he could do was grunt with pain, the vibrations of his noise clearly stimulating Blue, the man groaning with delight. The whipping did its job, Jack sped up his stroking.

"My turn, move over!" a slightly weasely voice said, pushing Blue aside.

Jack took a few deep breaths in the few seconds his mouth was empty before he saw another cock approaching, the excessive hair surrounding it making it clear it belonged to Hairy. He smirked quietly to himself as he thought about the voice he had just heard, it fit with the scrawny man perfectly. Hairy was a lot less vigorous in his approach, mostly letting Jack actually suck his cock rather than fucking his throat.

Whilst the gentler approach was a relief to Jack as it meant he didn't keep gagging, it also meant he had to focus on it more. As he did so, his hands slowed a little, attracting another quick lash across his back.

"Ah yeah!" A voice called out from behind Jack, likely Blondie. He felt the man's cock slide quickly out of his ass.

A few seconds later, he felt warm wetness covering his lower back and butt cheeks. The feeling of another guy's cum on him was one that he was begrudgingly getting used to. Given very little time to recover, he felt another cock immediately slide inside him. The new dick filling him slightly split Jack's focus, triggering both his hands and mouth to slow a little. Simultaneously he got two lashes over his back from the whip and firm thrust from Hairy into his mouth.

"Mmmfff!" Jack groaned from the synchronised shocks.

What followed was a seemingly endless spit-roast with a rolling roster of cocks in both ends of Jack, as well as his hands. With no clock to watch, Jack had little concept of how long they were doing it. All he could really do to occupy himself was to constantly try and figure out whose cock was whose, not a game he had ever expected he might play! He did manage to keep count of how many loads had been shot however. He had swallowed three and had three shot over his back and ass.

'Please let that be it!' Jack thought to himself as he felt the sixth load. 'You've all shot, now time to go home!'

When Jack felt the strap across his back and the ankle restraints being released, he thought for just a moment that his hopes had been realised. He winced a little as he stood, both from the stiffness of being held in the same position for so long, but also because of the stinging on his back from the lashings.

"Get over here!" Blondie ordered, grabbing Jack's hair and virtually dragging him across the room.

Jack found himself positioned between two posts, his arms stretched up and out to the side, then held securely in place with restraints. His legs were once again pulled far apart before being secured. He glanced at some of the equipment nearby, most of which he didn't recognise but could make an educated guess about. He spotted a couple of blindfolds nearby and actually began to hope that one might be put on him. Not knowing what was happening had to be easier than seeing the six men circling him like a pack hyenas playing with a weak gazelle.

"Okay, who's up?" Blondie asked, moving away as he finished securing Jack.

"Me!" Hairy called out, groping at his rigid cock as he approached their slave. He moved behind Jack, rolling a condom down his shaft as he walked. He moved behind Jack, grabbed a hip with one hand and guided his cock into the teen's ass with the other, sliding as far inside as his six inches would allow.

Jack felt the young man's body press against his back. It was a strange feeling, he was all sinew and (surprisingly soft) hair. His arms slid round Jack's sides, then up his body before curling up over his shoulders, pinning himself against Jack. It was a strange position, but Jack quickly realised the reason.

Blue approached him holding some kind of flogger, a handle attached to several dozen thin strips of leather. He swung it round then swiped it against Jack's torso. Had Hairy simply wrapped his arms around Jack, they would have been taking the brunt of the hit. Instead, they were up and out of the way, meaning Jack felt every bit of it.

"Aaaah fuck!" he yelled out.

"WE. TOLD. YOU. NOT. TO. TALK!" Blue yelled out, lashing at Jack with the flogger as he said each word.

"Ah, stop, please!" Jack begged.

"SHUT. THE. FUCK. UP!" Blue repeated the process all over again.

Jack whimpered at the latest round of lashes, his body feeling like it was on fire each time the leather strips whipped against him. He could hear Hairy laughing in his ear, his cock seeming to harden inside him in response to Jack's pain.

'Say the word!' Jack quickly thought to himself as he remembered the safe word Isaac had told him during their tour. 'They told you not to, but they can't have known you'd be getting treated like this... could they?'

Jack opened his mouth to speak, wishing he could move and get away from the flogging, but stopped himself as a thought occurred to him. 'Aaron!' he thought to himself. 'He's in pain, he can't move but he doesn't get a safe word, so why the fuck should you? If Aaron can't just say a word and stop the pain, then neither can you. You deserve this! No, you deserve worse. You crippled him! This is the least you deserve!'

As Jack inwardly admonished himself for his actions with Aaron, the flogging and fucking continued. As Hairy finished fucking him, Red took over while Blondie took over round the front, choosing to use a crop rather than a flogger.

The more it hurt, the more Jack steeled himself, screaming louder and louder in his own head that he deserved this. Tears were streaming down his cheeks from the pain, but still he refused to say the word.

"Fuck this kid's tough!" Blue whispered to Monster as the gruelling punishment continued. He was both amazed and turned on, standing there stroking his cock excitedly.

"Yeah, and look at the way he's leaking, he fucking loves it!" Monster whispered back, looking at the steady stream of precum from Jack's long-suffering cock.

Red finished fucking Jack, immediately replaced by a very-excited Blue who shot within a minute of resuming his fucking of Jack. After Red, it was Blondie's turn round the back as Blue took over, picking up the flogger he had discarded earlier. With Jack's stomach and chest already looking painfully red, he began focussing on Jack's legs.

By the time Blondie, followed by Green, had finished fucking Jack his legs were as red as his upper half. That was when it all stopped. His vision blurry from the streaming tears, Jack blinked and looked up to see what was happening. He took a shaky intake of breath as he saw Monster moving up to stand in front of him.

In both positions Jack had been in, he had yet to have Monster's enormous tool inside his ass. Back on the other bench, he had shot down Jack's throat but that was as much as he had done so far. Jack sobbed quietly at the prospect of not only having the gigantic cock inside him, but also at the thought of the flogging continuing. He stung all over so much.

"I'd say that's enough flogging," Monster said with a cocky smirk. "At least, on the front anyway. You two, release his legs," he commanded, pointing to Red and Hairy, then gestured to Blue, "You focus on his back!"

Jack wondered what was happening. If Monster wasn't intending to go behind him, was the

fucking over? Had he escaped the inevitably painful fuck?

The massive man grinned as Jack's legs were released, grabbing them and lifting them up. Although the man supported a lot of Jack's weight, the rest of it was pulling straight down on his arms, tightening the muscles across his back and sending shooting pains up them.

Jack whimpered. He outright refused to say the safety word, the image of Aaron laying unconscious on the field flashing through his mind every time he considered it. Unwilling to stop it himself, he kept glancing at the window to the room his owners occupied. Were they still watching? Were they enjoying it? Why wouldn't they come and help him? Why would they let him suffer like this? They didn't know what he had done to Aaron was deliberate, so they couldn't possibly think he deserved it, could they?

The million thoughts flying through Jack's head vanished in an instant as he felt his hole being stretched. Monster was beginning to push his cock inside. So far, Bryce had been the biggest he had ever taken but Monster made Bryce's cock feel no bigger than a finger.

"Aaaaah!" Jack moaned as he felt his hole stretching further and further. 'Is that a cock or a fucking fist?' Jack thought to himself. The thoughts again didn't last long, a new torture distracting him.

Blue now had two floggers, standing behind Jack as Monster lowered him slowly onto himself. He span both of them round expertly, like a cheerleader twirling batons and gradually brought them closer and closer until finally the tips began to make contact with Jack's back. Over and over the tips of the floggers both bit into his back, quickly reddening his skin.

"I deserve this!" Jack whimpered, eyes closed. He didn't know if Monster had heard him and he didn't really care. He just had to get through this.

Further and further the oversized cock slid into Jack. No sooner had the full length entered him, it began sliding back out until only the mushroom head remained inside. Down he was pulled again, the cock stretching him once again as Blue continued his flogging, switching after a few minutes to alternating diagonal strikes down Jack's back.

As Monster grew faster and faster with his fucking, Jack could feel his cock straining against the chastity cage. Already painfully aroused before the entire ordeal began, Jack had been hard almost the entire time, but now, his ass fuller than it had ever been before, it felt like he might actually burst out of the device.

'Oh God, what if I cum? Will they see it from over there?' he thought, glancing at the window again. 'Who cares? It's been so long, I need to cum. Maybe it's about size! Bryce is big and he makes me cum, this guy's so big he's bound to do it too!'

"Harder!" Jack requested without thinking about it. His eyes shot open as he heard himself, looking up at Monster in shock.

"You got it, kid!" Monster said with a snigger. He was true to his word. Almost immediately he sped up, thrusting in and out harder and faster.

Jack almost blacked out. The pleasure from his ass, mixed with exquisite pain, the stinging from his

entire body, the straining of his cock, his mind racing with thoughts of Aaron and the others. He completely lost any sense of what was happening, only coming back round when he felt Monster lean against him, wrap his muscular arms around him and grunt heavily as he shot his load.

Jack almost wished they were doing it bareback. He was so close to cumming and he thought that perhaps feeling the man's cum inside him might push him over the edge.

“Oh fuck!” Monster growled as he pulled out, lowering Jack's legs to the ground.

Drenched in sweat, stinging over almost every inch of his body and pained from the positions he had been put in, Jack collapsed to the ground as his wrists were released, kneeling up with the last bit of his strength. Panting, he looked up as the guys gathered round him. His heart sank at the prospect of more.

“You did good, kid!” Monster said with a sly grin.

“Fuck yeah, I think we've got a new favourite!” Hairy agreed with a snigger.

“Not many guys can take a pounding quite like that!” Blue added.

Jack felt a strange sense of pride at the comments. He wanted to thank them, but his throat was dry, he was still panting and, despite the flogging being over, the tears still seemed to be trickling down his cheeks.

Giving a few more compliments, the group turned and headed out of the room, leaving Jack kneeling on the floor where he had fallen. As soon as they were gone and the door was closed, he flopped down onto his side and curled up into a ball, sobbing.

He never even heard the other door open. The first he knew of his friend re-entering the room was when he felt a hand on his back.

“If it's any consolation,” Jack heard from above him. “That was seriously fucking hot!” He recognised the voice as Lincoln. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but ultimately had the strength to do neither, even the tears had stopped now.

The hand on his back moved to his arm, the only part of him that wasn't reddened and stinging. It felt nice, gently rubbing up and down in an obvious attempt to comfort him. He opened his eyes and looked at it, following the arm upwards, expecting to see Ben or maybe even Bryce. He was more than a little shocked to find it was Elliott. He gave his former best friend a puzzled look, but got nothing but a blank expression back, although the hand continued to gently comfort him.

Isaac emerged from his office as Ben led the group back up the stairs, looking ecstatic. “Jack, you have most definitely got the job!” he said happily, running forward and hugging Jack.

Still aching, Jack winced a little and didn't hug back, slightly shocked by the sudden affection.

“They. Loved. You!” Isaac said with a huge grin. “They definitely want you again some time!”

Jack groaned slightly as the others watched on in amazement.

“And I told you that you can do well out of it. On top of the fee, they each tipped you fifty bucks!” Isaac explained. “They said if they get you again without the cage, you can expect that to be at least doubled!”

“Whoa, fifty bucks each. Three hundred bucks just for getting fucked. Where do I sign up?” Ben asked with a huge grin.

Isaac chuckled at the boy's enthusiasm but shook his head. “You don't, not til you turn eighteen anyway! Speaking of which,” he said, turning his eye towards Bryce and grinning. “How old are you, sexy?”

Bryce blushed as Isaac eyed him up and down. “Erm... just sixteen!” he replied nervously.

“Ah!” Isaac said, backing away slowly, hands raised. “Well let's just forget I said that... but make sure to come back when you turn eighteen! My customers do love the muscles!”

Jack, who was leaning on Bryce for support and still very much naked, quietly asked, “Can we go?”

“Yeah,” Bryce replied, looking to his side. “Come on guys.”

The small group headed out of the door, handing Jack's mask back to Isaac on the way in exchange for Jack's \$300 tip. They headed for the car, Jack's nudity attracting a few comments from customers who were just arriving or leaving. Bryce helped Jack into the back and sat down beside him, Lincoln joining them, while Ben and Elliott sat in the front.

Getting late, it had cooled down significantly and Jack soon began to shiver as the car sped along. Without a word, Bryce leant forward slightly in his seat, slipped off his letterman jacket and wrapped it around Jack, placing an arm around him in the process.

At first, Jack was weary of allowing the others to see what was happening between the two, but he just felt so drained that he couldn't even begin to care. Instead, he gave in to it, leaning sideways and letting his head rest of Bryce's chest.

Within minutes, Jack was sound asleep, snoring gently as Bryce held him. Lincoln looked sideways at them and smirked a little, getting a hint of a shrug back from Bryce. It took a little longer for the two up front to notice, but eventually Ben peered round and saw them.

“Aww, that's adorable!” Ben said, seeing the two together.

The comment drew Elliott's attention. He looked up into the rear view mirror and saw Jack resting against the muscular teen. “Yeah... adorable,” Elliott agreed through gritted teeth. Clenching his jaw and tightening his fingers around the wheel, he turned his attention back to the road and kept driving.

Chapter 13

THEN

“Are we really gonna do this?” Aaron asked nervously.

Ben and Elliott exchanged stern glances, both blushing slightly. Their physical relationship was still quite new and they were still at the stage where it was hard to keep their hands off of each other. The rest of the time that they weren't all over each other, they focused solely on the plan that they now discussed with their potential accomplices.

“Yeah, we are!” Be said determinedly. “I don't know about you guys, but I can't take another year of Jack being a dick.”

Elliott gently nodded his agreement. At first, Ben, Aaron and Danny had made it clear that their goal in all of this was revenge. Jack had done some truly horrific things to them, and others, and they were determined to see him pay for it. Elliott had been a little reluctant to get on board with that.

He was the only one of them who had known Jack before High School. He was the only one who had known him as a kind, gentle boy, one who was brave and strong, who stood up to bullies and thugs. It saddened Elliott every time he thought about what Jack had been once and who he was today. At his insistence, the others had agreed that the focus of their plan should be helping Jack, making him see the error of his ways and not simply making him as miserable he he had to them.

“Still something missing though,” Elliott said, looking round at the other three and getting puzzled looks back. “Motivation! I really can't even begin to explain exactly how much Jack hates the thought of being seen naked. If you want him to risk that much, you're gonna need to give him a REALLY good reason to do it!”

“We need someone who can challenge him. Someone who can really get under his skin!” Ben said, thinking hard.

Aaron and Danny looked at each other, grinned and called out in unison, “Bryce!”

“Fuck, yeah, of course!” Elliott said, slapping his forehead.

“Who's Bryce?” Ben asked, frowning.

“He's a junior now. He's on the football team and Jack REALLY hates him. I mean, the way he rants about him. It's like 'Bryce did this', 'Bryce did that', 'Bryce is such a dick'.” Elliott said, mocking Jack's voice. “It's constant. You think you can get him on side?”

“To bring down Jack? No fucking problem. If he hates Bryce, then the feeling is very much mutual!” Aaron said happily.

“Plus the extra muscle will help too!” Danny added.

“Oh wait, I think I know the one you mean. Is he the big one? Arms bigger than my legs?” Ben asked, thinking of the muscular player he had often seen walking the halls.

“Yeah, that's him!” Elliott said, grinning as they came up with their next accomplice. “Oh my God, this could actually work!”

“Let's hope so. Jack's ruled this place long enough. Time to take him down!” Aaron said excitedly.

NOW

Jack had fallen onto his bed as soon as he got into his room, passing out rather than actually going to sleep. He awoke to the sound of the alarm on his phone, cursing his orders to be up early. He felt like he could have slept all weekend.

He stretched as he awoke, amazed to find that most of the pain from his session at the club the previous night were almost gone. Even the stinging across most of his body had gone, his reddened skin looking perfectly normal as he lifted the front of the t-shirt to check his stomach.

Standing up, he stretched a little more before pulling off his clothes and throwing them on the bed. He went and had a long, hot shower, the first one of the week that hadn't felt like he was being supervised by his owners. Had his cock not been caged, he would almost certainly have jerked off in there. As it was, his cock simply continued to throb in its restraint.

Once he had finished in the bathroom, he headed back into his room and checked his phone. He had just been ordered to be up early and to be prepared for any orders as they came in. Seeing none, he got dressed, happy to be able to choose his own clothes for a change. As he looked through his normal clothes, the items that had been bought for him the previous weekend kept catching his eye.

He had almost made up his mind what to wear when he gave in to his curiosity and started looking through the new things. He found a black tank top. It wasn't loose and revealing like the ones he had worn on Tuesday and Wednesday, instead it was tight like the one he had been forced to wear on Monday.

He pulled it on and looked at himself in the mirror. The tight top was like a second skin, showing off every muscle and curve. “Shit!” Jack muttered as he felt his cock twitch a little in its cage. To go with it, he chose a pair of his own shorts. They were quite loose and baggy, but he pulled them on without bothering to put underwear on first. As he stared at himself in the mirror again, he thought about how it would feel if his cock were free. It would likely be hard, tenting the shorts, teasing him as the material rubbed on the bed.

“Fuck, why am I doing this?” he asked quietly, letting his hand run down his stomach. He shook his head and turned away from the mirror. Another look at his phone revealed no messages yet so he sat down onto his bed.

As he sat, he pushed aside the clothes he had discarded earlier, remembering that they actually

belonged to Bryce. He glanced at them for a moment, a perverse thought crossing his mind. He tried to ignore it, playing with his phone instead. Every few seconds, he glanced at the clothes again before forcing himself to stop.

“Okay, just once!” he mumbled under his breath. He glanced at his desk, remembering the camera that could be recording at any time. He had to be subtle about this. He lay down on the bed, discreetly leaning his face towards the clothes, taking a deep breath. While there was the smell of his own body from being worn the previous day, the clothes smelled distinctly like their owner.

'Bryce!' Jack thought excitedly, his cock swelling as far as it could in an instant.

He reached for his phone, holding it out in front of himself, deliberately laying with the clothing right under his nose. He lay there, pretending to play a game on his phone, but secretly just inhaling the scent of Bryce. 'What the fuck are you doing?' he thought to himself. He shook his head, grinned and thought, 'Who cares, this is amazing!' He continued laying there, breathing in Bryce, losing himself in the pleasant sensation while he awaited his instructions for the day.

Any happiness Jack felt vanished the second he got the message from Elliott that read, [Be ready in ten minutes. We're going to the hospital!]

The five teens made their way into the waiting area, Ben up front, Jack as far behind as he dared to lag. Danny's face lit up as he saw them approach. He looked awful. His hair was a mess, he had heavy stubble and he was still wearing the clothes he had changed into after getting to the hospital with Aaron on Thursday night.

“Hey guys!” he said happily.

The others greeted him casually, but Ben just ran up to the much larger teen and threw his arms around him. Danny looked a little awkward at first, but then smiled and squeezed the boy firmly in response.

“Hey Ben,” Danny chuckled.

They had all felt bad about knowing he was there, but it had been at Danny's insistence that nobody had come to see them. Aaron wasn't taking visitors and the hospital were already getting irate over having Danny hanging round constantly, outright refusing to leave.

“How is he?” Bryce asked, resting his hand on Danny's shoulder as Ben pulled away.

Danny smiled, obviously a good sign, then he saw Jack lingering behind the others. “Jack!” he said, ignoring Bryce's question.

Jack had already looked scared at being back there, considering the way Danny had reacted to him the other night. “Erm... Danny, I just... erm...” he stammered. He felt like the large young man could see right through him, like he could see Jack's guilt, like he knew what Jack had done.

“I owe you an apology!” Danny said sheepishly.

"It's okay!" Jack insisted.

"No, it's not," Danny said, moving towards the young football Captain. "I was just... upset and... and I needed someone to blame!"

'Well I AM to blame!' Jack thought to himself.

"The Coach filled me in on what really happened and I'm sorry for yelling at you like that. This must already be pretty hard for you without me making it worse!" Danny apologise meekly.

Jack felt like he was about to throw up. As much of a relief as it was to be publicly free of blame, the guilt still burned inside him and Danny's apology was only making it worse. 'You shouldn't be apologising, you should kicking the crap outta me. Please, just... be pissed at me again!' Jack thought to himself as he stared back at his teammate.

"Jack?" Danny asked, getting nothing but silence from the other teen.

"Oh," Jack said, shaken from his thoughts, "It's... fine. I get it. So... how is he?"

Danny smiled again, looking round at everyone. "Late yesterday he actually managed to wiggle his fingers and his toes."

"Whoa, that's awesome!" Elliott said excitedly. "So what does that mean?"

Danny frowned a little. "I'm not too sure. The Doctors keep using all these terms I don't really understand, but when they explained everything to Aaron's parents, they actually looked happy, so I'm guessing it's good!"

"And... and he won't be paralysed?" Jack asked tentatively.

Danny shook his head, still smiling. "It doesn't look like it, at least not entirely but it's a bit too early to tell."

"That's gotta be a relief!" Lincoln said cheerfully.

Danny nodded, his lips pursing as if holding something back.

"Hey, bud, you okay?" Bryce asked, placing a hand on his shoulder again.

Danny nodded as his face screwed up, trying desperately to hold back tears. Realising it was useless, he shook his head and let out a quiet sob, then turned and dropped down into a seat, burying his face in his hands. "I'm sorry," he mumbled, his voice muffled. "I don't even know why I'm crying!"

Most of the guys just stared awkwardly at each other. A crying friend was not something they were used to! Thankfully, Elliott stepped forward and took the seat beside Danny.

"It's been a tough few days and I bet you've just bottled everything up and hardly even slept, am I

right?" Elliott asked.

Danny wiped his face with both hands and turned to look at Elliott. Smiling weakly, he replied, "Yeah, I'm exhausted!"

"How about this then," Elliott suggested. "We pay Aaron a quick visit, then we drop you off at home so you can get some rest? I'm guessing he's pretty much resting most the time anyway, so I doubt he'll miss you for a few hours."

Danny sniffed, wiping his cheek again. "Okay," he said with a grateful smile. He stood up and headed towards Aaron's room, closely followed by the others.

About halfway there, they were halted by a nurse. "Whoa, I don't think so!" he said sternly, holding out an arm to halt them. "Aaron needs to rest, I'm not having a whole army of visitors going in there disturbing him. Two of you at most and keep it short!"

"Geez, yes Sir!" Danny said with a slight smirk.

Despite his stern tone, the nurse smiled back. "Go on, whoever's going in, go in. The rest of you, back outside!"

"I've already seen him today," Danny said with a shrug, "So if two of you want to go in, it's fine. Just tell him I'll be back later!"

"Can I go?" Lincoln requested.

Most of the group quickly nodded their agreement. Jack remained silent, hoping someone else would choose to go in so he wouldn't have to face him.

"Jack, you should go too!" Danny said.

All eyes fell on Jack who gulped nervously and nodded, not wanting to explain his reasons to avoid Aaron. With the two visitors decided, the nurse ushered the rest of the group back out while Lincoln and Jack walked on.

Lincoln knocked quietly on the door and opened it, stepping inside. Jack followed close behind but froze as soon as Aaron came into sight. He was laying on the bed, strapped down or secured in place, most likely to prevent any sudden movements which might exacerbate his condition. There were monitors either side of him, with various tubes and wires all over the place.

Almost hyperventilating, Jack looked at Aaron's face and saw his eyes were closed. "He's asleep," he whispered to Lincoln, "We shouldn't disturb him!"

"I'm awake!" Aaron called out, opening his eyes. "Who's there?"

The two visitors moved over to the bed, Lincoln reaching the near side first, coming into Aaron's line of sight. He smiled as he saw him. "Hey Link," he said cheerfully.

"Hey dude, looking good!" Lincoln joked.

Jack reached the other side of the bed, Aaron's eyes shooting across to see who else was there. "Hey Jack!" he said, not quite as cheerfully as he had greeted the other teen.

"Aaron. I.... I..." Jack stammered nervously.

"Don't!" Aaron insisted. "If you were about to apologise, just don't!"

"But... but..." Jack stammered back.

"Look, I've heard what Coach had to say and I'm trying really hard not to blame you for this, but if you stand there acting like you have something to apologise for, I swear, paralysed or not I'll get out of this bed and kick your ass!" Aaron said back sharply. The heart rate monitor showed how angry he was getting, the prone teen's pulse speeding up sharply.

"Okay!" Jack said back. He wanted to run, to get as far away from all of it, to do anything he could to forget about the harm he had caused, but instead he remained frozen to the spot.

Aaron looked back to Lincoln. "So what have I missed with dickwad over there? What have you been doing to him?"

Lincoln was glad of the question. The brief exchange between the other two had left him feeling more than a little awkward. He recounted the story of what had happened in the club the previous night, including every sordid detail of Jack's torture.

Jack stood there, listening to Lincoln excitedly reliving one of the most unpleasant experiences of his life. It was awful hearing all of the details he had spent the last twelve hours trying to forget, but hearing about it seemed to be cheering Aaron up, so he just stood and let it happen.

"Fuck, man, that sounds intense!" Aaron said as Lincoln finished. "So you're taking him back there again, right?"

"Hell yeah. We get to put him through shit like that AND make money for doing it. If I had my way, he'd live there!" Lincoln laughed.

Getting talked about like he wasn't even there was making Jack feel more and more worthless and pathetic. Part of him wanted to lash out, tell them to shut the fuck up, but once again it was the other side of him that remained in control, the side that had prevented him from saying the safe word the previous night at the club. In some sick way, it felt like allowing himself to be this miserable assuaged the guilt that ate away at him every time he glanced down at Aaron.

The door suddenly opened behind them, the nurse stepping into the room. He looked unhappily at the two visitors and said, "I thought I told you to make it quick. Go on, off you go!"

"Time's up I guess!" Lincoln said, looking down at his friend. "Hey, we're gonna take Danny home so he can get some rest, he said he'll be back later!"

"That's cool, he needs it. Tell him I'll see him later," Aaron replied with a weak smile, looking somewhat pained. "And I'll see you guys soon. Keep me updated on..." his eyes flicked across to

Jack, then back to Lincoln, "You know what!"

Lincoln chuckled. "Will do. See ya soon bud, hope ya feel better!"

"Yeah, take care," Jack said feebly, following Lincoln out of the room under the Nurse's watchful eye.

Upon leaving the hospital, Danny had suggested that he might join the others for the rest of the day but as he had fallen asleep almost the second he sat down in the car, convincing him to go home and get some rest was an easy argument.

The remaining five gathered at Lincoln's house. Jack was almost relieved when they began issuing his orders as it served as a distraction from everything else that had happened that morning. He hoped that whatever they had planned could keep that distraction going. If he was too busy carrying out the commands of his tormentors, he could possibly try and forget his own feelings of guilt.

"So Jack, do you want to cum?" Elliott asked casually as the four teens all sat looking at Jack who had been ordered to remain standing.

"Yes Sir!" Jack replied immediately.

"How badly?" Elliott asked. "I mean, on a scale of one to ten, ten being the highest."

"Ten!" Jack answered without hesitation. He truly felt like he needed it. The last time he had been allowed to cum was now nearly four days ago, when he had been milked by the others in that very same room after being de-haired. Since then, it had seemed like one torturous orgasm denial after another. If they were thinking about letting him cum now, he would do whatever they wanted!

The others laughed at Jack's answer, the desperation in his voice obvious. Elliott stood up. "I reckon we can get that number even higher!" he said with a wicked grin.

"Ah no, El, please!" Jack begged.

Elliott took a quick step forward and slapped Jack sharply. "Only my friend get to call me El! You call me Sir!"

"Sorry Sir!" Jack apologised, finding himself more shaken by the very clear statement that they were not friends than by the slap itself.

Elliott pulled his phone out of his pocket and checked the time. "Okay, so I say we each get two hours of teasing Jack in any way we like. The only rules are that you have to keep him as close to the edge as possible and you can't let him cum!" Elliott suggested.

"Yes! Love it!" Lincoln said happily, then added, "And make sure to record as much as possible, Aaron doesn't want to miss anything!"

The others laughed, enthused to know that the injury had not dampened Aaron's determination to make Jack suffer. Jack moaned at the idea, but didn't speak up for fear of another slap.

"So what order are we having him?" Bryce asked, quietly keen to have Jack to himself for two hours.

While his four owners discussed the arrangements, Jack just lost himself in the thought of what was to come. Two hours each? That meant eight hours! Eight hours of teasing and edging and torturous denial. He genuinely didn't know if he could take it. He already felt like he would do literally anything to be allowed to cum. He was still contemplating his fate as Lincoln approached him, shaking him from his thoughts.

"Okay, clothes off!" Lincoln commanded.

With a sigh, Jack complied. Once he was naked, Lincoln dropped to his knees and unlocked the device. He was clearly inexperienced with it, fumbling with the various pieces and tugging at it, almost painfully, but eventually Jack was released. He grew to full hardness in moments, much to his dismay.

"Fuck, I... don't really know what to do with it!" Lincoln said nervously, looking round at the others. Ben was filming them while Bryce and Elliott were just watching.

Jack smirked at the comment and Lincoln's hesitation, wondering what his problem was. That was when it had occurred to him, none of them had ever really touched his cock, not in any significant manner anyway. His orgasms on that first night had been caused by nipple and anal stimulation and he had been forced to fuck Ben. The youngest of their group had sucked him awake the next morning, although it had stopped almost the moment he regained consciousness. Aside from that, all the other orgasms had mostly been by his own hand, albeit at their commands!

"Just.... play with it!" Ben said with a confused shrug. He was so used to playing with Elliott's cock that it now seemed like second nature to him.

Lincoln reached up and wrapped his fingers around Jack's shaft, getting a low guttural growl from him in response.

His cock had only been touched and Jack already felt painfully horny. He couldn't last as long as they had planned, it simply wasn't possible. He almost doubled over as Lincoln stroked his hand back and forth slowly. Although it felt amazing, he instinctively pulled away from his tormentor's hand.

"Okay, well we can't have that!" Lincoln said, standing up. "Bring him over here!" he requested of the others, pointing to an empty spot in the middle of the room between the separated areas.

As Bryce and Elliott pulled Jack into place, Lincoln went to a drawer in the bed area of his room and pulled out a long length of rope. Walking back towards Jack, he pulled over a chair and stood on it. Reaching up, he looped the rope over one of the exposed wooden joists that supported the floor above.

"Ah yes!" Ben said happily, seeing what Lincoln was doing. The sound Jack made was not quite as

keen.

Lincoln reached down and grabbed one of Jack's arms, securely tying the rope around his wrist. He let go of it and took hold of Jack's other arm. He pulled the rope until Jack's first arm was fully stretched out above him, then tied the rope to his other wrist. Satisfied with his work he stepped down, looking at the naked teen stood in front of him, cock jutting skyward and begging for attention.

"Okay, let's try that again!" Lincoln said with a snigger, taking hold of Jack's cock and sliding his hand teasingly slowly down its full length.

"Ah fuck!" Jack groaned, then immediately sighed as he realised what he had said.

"No cursing, Jacky. You know that!" Lincoln said, squeezing his cock firmly before walking away again. When he returned, he was carrying a roll of duct tape and one of Jack's own socks. He curled it up and raised it to Jack's mouth.

"Mm-uh!" Jack mumbled, lips squeezed tightly together.

"Oh I think so Jacky!" Lincoln said. He grabbed the naked teen's balls and tugged firmly.

"Aaaah!" Jack moaned, wincing in pain.

As soon as Jack's mouth opened, Lincoln shoved the sock in. He stuck the end of the duct tape to Jack's cheek, then pulled the roll right around his head twice before tearing it off and sticking the other end down.

Jack coughed a little as he got used to the oral intrusion, but soon settled into breathing through his nose.

With Jack restrained and gagged, Lincoln got back to playing with his cock. The other three headed over to the lounge area, settling down to watch the show. While Bryce and Elliott's attention was focused solely on Jack, Ben seemed more interested in his lover. He leant against Elliott's side, tilting his head over to nibble at his neck.

Elliott pulled away slightly but Ben just moved closer, doing the same again. Once again, Elliott pulled away.

"What's wrong?" Ben asked, looking hurt.

"Nothing, it's just... you know..." he gestured to the other three guys in the room.

"I'm sure they don't mind. They don't mind seeing us make out, they've seen both us do more with Jack, right?" Ben explained, leaning in again.

"Ben, no!" Elliott said firmly, but quietly.

"Why? What's the big deal?" Ben asked. He turned to face the others and asked loudly, "You guys got no problem if we make out, right?"

Bryce, Lincoln and Jack all turned to face them.

"I don't give a fuck what they think!" Elliott said angrily. "I said no, that means no. Got it?"

Ben stared at him for a few seconds, then flopped back in his seat, crossing his arms moodily. "Fine!" he pouted. Seeing Lincoln and Jack still looking at him, he snapped, "The fuck you looking at. Keep going!"

Lincoln shrugged and went back to playing with Jack's cock, spreading his precum all over.

Silence filled the room throughout the rest of Lincoln's time, aside from Jack's rapid breathing and occasional muffled moans every time he got dangerously close to cumming. About half an hour into the time, Lincoln had got bored with just touching Jack's cock and had ventured into the realm of cock-sucking. Of course, by that point, he couldn't really suck for more than a few seconds without risking Jack shooting his load.

"Want me to let him down, or you want him like this?" Lincoln asked, pointing to the rope holding Jack up as he looked at Ben.

"Best let him down for now, let him rest for a few minutes before I start on him!" Ben said. Based on the way Jack had been pulling at the ropes, he was likely in substantial pain from the ropes by now.

As soon as Jack was untied, he reached for the gag but felt his hands get slapped away by Lincoln with the comment, "We're giving you a rest, that doesn't mean we need to hear you talk!"

He was allowed to sit on the sofa for a while. He had been so torturously close to cumming that his cock stayed up for quite some time but eventually softened. It barely seemed like it had been down for more than a few seconds before Ben approached him.

"Okay, my turn... unless you say no, of course!" Ben said pointedly, the comment clearly aimed at Elliott although his eyes remained fixed on Jack.

Elliott said nothing, attempting to appear as if his boyfriend's jibe didn't bother him.

Ben reached down and took hold of Jack's hand, lifting it for a second to inspect his wrist. It was bright red and heavily chafed from the ropes Lincoln had used. "That looks sore," he said sympathetically. "If you promise to behave, I won't tie you back up, okay?"

Still gagged, Jack was unable to speak a response, but he looked Ben straight in the eye and nodded.

"Good boy," Ben said with a gentle smile, placing a hand on Jack's cheek.

Jack almost smiled back, stopped only by the gag. At the same time, his cock twitched a little, beginning to swell back to life.

"Oh, REALLY good boy!" Ben giggled, reaching down and giving the hardening cock a helping

stroke.

Jack's eyes closed as he moaned and let his head lean back against the sofa cushions. The short break had pulled him back from the brink of orgasm Lincoln had been teetering him over, but he could already feel it wouldn't take long to get back there.

Satisfied that Jack was fully hard, Ben quickly shucked his clothes, retrieved a bottle of lube and squirted some out. He rubbed his hands together briefly, then used one to stroke Jack's cock again while the other went down to lubricate his own hole.

The others were watching intently, initially curious about how the youngest of their group would use his time to tease Jack but now watching expectantly, knowing what was about to happen. Elliott's eyes were transfixed by his young lover as he watched him straddle Jack.

"Ben... don't you want, erm... protection?" Elliott quickly asked.

"Why, I'm not gonna let him cum!" Ben replied with a cheeky grin which broadened as he heard a slight whimper from Jack.

"I know, but you can still..." Elliott began but wasn't sure how to continue it. "I mean, it's better to be safe!"

Ben thought for a moment, briefly considering going against Elliott's advice simply to spite him but eventually relented, climbing off to retrieve a condom. He quickly applied it to Jack who still had his eyes closed then re-took his previous position.

As he began lowering himself onto Jack's solid dick, the older teen's eyes shot open. He found himself staring directly into Ben's eyes, the younger boy's expression a mix of lust and bemusement. His breaths were already growing deeper and more laboured as he felt Ben's smooth butt come to rest on his legs, the full length of his cock inside him.

Jack couldn't help looking the boy up and down. He was undeniably cute, something Jack had never really noticed before all of this, but perhaps it was just hard to see something like that when he was always terrorising him. His skin was smooth, pale and flawless like he had been chiselled from alabaster, a perfect vision of boyish youthfulness. His emerald green eyes seemed to sparkle as an impish grin spread across his face, a single hand raising to brush the bright ginger locks away to the side.

Jack was feeling more and more confused. The things he had been feeling for Bryce had been almost beyond his comprehension, but now he was sitting there analysing this naked boy and finding him more than a little appealing. As soon as it had started to feel good, having Ben sat there on him, it quickly faded into something more unpleasant. All the nasty words that had been exchanged between them in the last few days seemed to float through Jack's mind.

The things Ben had said to Jack felt like they should be making him angry but instead they just made him feel increasingly sad. At the same time, he kept replaying in his head the humiliation he had felt crawling out of school followed by the revelation from Ben that he had been made to feel that same way constantly by Jack. More and more things kept popping into his mind. Every mean thing he had ever done to Ben seemed to be trying to force its way to the forefront of his thoughts. Had

he not been so distracted by his ongoing desperate need to cum, he worried he might have actually cried for the boy.

Ben had begun sliding slowly up and down on Jack's cock, how own tool equally hard, pointing upwards between their bodies. The speed of his rise and fall was very deliberate, intended to keep Jack aroused without cumming. As he paused, nothing more than the head of Jack's cock inside him, he felt the older boy raise his hips in an attempt to fuck.

"Hey!" Ben snapped instantly, a hand swiping against Jack's cheek with a loud slap. "None of that, we go at MY speed!"

Jack let his hips go limp, sinking back into the seat and resigning himself to the torturous fuck. He briefly reached up and rubbed his stinging cheek, but dropped his hand just as quickly, not wanting to look weak.

Ben looked at him sympathetically and raised his hand again, this time slower, bringing it to rest on the reddened cheek, stroking it lightly.

Jack's eyes closed, almost involuntarily, as he pressed his cheek against the boy's hand. He had been handled so roughly, by so many people over the last week that any physical contact not designed to hurt or torment him felt absolutely amazing. He knew he shouldn't enjoy it, the touch of this 'faggot', but he couldn't help it any more. He was gradually becoming a slave to his own feelings almost as much as he was Ben and the others. Suddenly his eyes shot open as he realised he was beginning to feel the urge to lean forward and kiss him, finding himself thankful that his gag prevented it as a possibility, but still he knew the thoughts were there... but why? The only other guy he had ever kissed was Bryce and that had been done during a particularly intense fuck too, albeit he had been in Ben's position at the time.

Was it fucking a guy? Did that somehow force him to want to kiss? It was a possibility, but he had attempted to kiss Bryce the previous morning and they hadn't been fucking then. Why then? What could possibly make a straight guy like Jack want to kiss another dude, especially a known faggot like Ben!

Once again he was distracted from his musings by Ben's slow and teasingly-pleasurable fuck. Almost as if they were taking on a life of their own, Jack's hands found their way onto Ben's smooth thighs, slowly caressing up his sides. The moans of delight from the boy made it abundantly clear that he was appreciating the attention, the solid cock resting between their bodies twitching in response.

Amongst the confusing feelings of desire and lust, Jack couldn't help feeling a certain sense of satisfaction as he considered Elliott. His former best friend can't have been enjoying watching Ben ride him like that. These thoughts only spurred on Jack's movements more, letting his hands explore more and more of the boy's body as he slowly rode Jack to the edge.

Almost seeming to sense Jack's intention, Ben began to emphasise his enjoyment of Jack's touch. "Oh yeah, mmmm!" he taunted, smirking slightly at Jack. He buried his face into Jack's neck, kissing and nibbling at it gently.

Jack copied the satisfied noises Ben had been making. Unlike Ben though, the sounds were

completely sincere. His ongoing orgasm denial seemed to be arousing him more and more, the extreme sensitivity that had been focussed around his cock, ass and nipples seemed to have spread across his entire body, every inch of skin becoming one giant erogenous zone.

“Fuck that's hot!” Lincoln exclaimed to Bryce, who was sat at his side watching just as intently while recording it all on his phone.

Elliott huffed as he heard the comment. He wanted to leave, to walk out and stop seeing the two teens going at each other, but he refused to allow Jack the satisfaction of seeing it bother him.

Ben suddenly realised he needed to hold back a little, Jack's desperate moaning growing quicker and higher pitched as he moved closer and closer to release. He pulled back from Jack's neck and sat down onto his lap, taking his entire cock inside him. He stared into the older teen's eyes but only for a moment before Jack looked away awkwardly.

“Look at me!” Ben ordered.

Jack glanced back at him, but only briefly.

“I said look at me!” Ben snapped, grabbing Jack's chin and forcing eye contact. “Keep your eyes on me!”

Jack's heart was racing. He was already entirely at Ben's mercy, following his commands, obeying his every order but staring into his eyes during such an intimate activity was making him feel smaller by the moment. The boy was playing him perfectly, finding more and more ways to break him down, made worse by the fact that Jack knew he was helpless to prevent it.

“Stroke my cock!” Ben commanded, his voice weak as he slid slowly down again.

Jack looked down at the rigid tool poking up between their bare stomachs, the small patch of ginger hair contrasting strongly against the boy's pale skin. It was already wet, oozing large globs of precum. He grabbed hold of it, rubbing the slippery liquid up and down the shaft.

“Oh fuck!” Ben moaned as he felt Jack's fingers playing. He leaned back, his hands dropping behind him to rest on Jack's knees as he tossed his head back and closed his eyes. “Oh God, keep going!” the command sounding more like he was pleading.

Jack carried on as commanded, his hand getting more and more slick as Ben's cock spurted glob after glob of precum. The boy's breathing deepened, his pleased moans getting quicker, Jack could tell he was on the verge of release. Feeling cheated that Ben would cum while he most certainly wouldn't, Jack slowed his stroking, edging the boy intentionally.

Ben's head tilted forward, eyes shooting open as a wicked grin spread across his face, knowing exactly what Jack was doing. “You want me to edge with you?” he asked playfully.

Jack wanted to be miserable, he knew what was being done to him should have been repulsing him, but the boy's smile was contagious. It was only the gag that prevented Jack from grinning back. He nodded in response.

“Okay, let's see how long you can keep it up!” Ben said happily.

Jack eagerly accepted the challenge. If nothing else, having Ben's cock to focus on would distract him from the burning desire in his balls to ejaculate. He looked round to see if Elliott still seemed annoyed, feeling immense satisfaction at the expression on his face.

Meanwhile, Lincoln and Bryce were both watching just as intently as they had since the beginning, but Lincoln had now pulled out his cock and was jerking off openly. Despite everything they had done together, how many times they had all seen each other naked or getting sucked and fucked, something still seemed brazenly bold about their friend sitting and masturbating in front of them.

Jack continued teasing Ben's dick, his own cock getting ridden teasingly in response, both teens edging each other more and more. Jack eventually paused, keeping his hand around the head of Ben's boner.

Ben looked at Jack questioningly, but quickly realised what the older teen was doing as he pulled himself up off of Jack momentarily. As he did so, his dick slid through Jack's hand. All Jack had to do was hold his hand there and Ben would stimulate himself simultaneously to Jack every time he slid up and down.

“Fuck, I'm not sure how much more I can take!” Ben gasped as a jolt of pleasure shot through his crotch.

Jack raised an eyebrow, glaring at Ben. They had only been going about an hour. Even ignoring the past few days entirely, it didn't even come close to comparing to the amount of edging Jack had already endured.

“Oh, yeah, sorry!” Ben chuckled playfully. “Guess I can take a bit more!”

Jack gave the boy's cock a quick squeeze in response.

“Okay, I want this off!” Ben said, reaching up to the duct tape wrapped around Jack's head. He started pulling, getting groans of pain in response as it started pulling at stray hairs that had stuck to it. It was when it got to the layer of tape directly in contact with Jack's hair that it really started to hurt. Figuring it was best to just get it done, Ben yanked hard at the tap, eventually pulling it entirely off.

“Bleugh!” Jack grunted as he spat out the saliva-soaked sock.

“Better?” Ben asked with a grin.

Jack tried to speak but only an indistinct croak came out. He coughed to clear his throat and tried again. “Yeah, thank,” Jack said gratefully.

Ben smiled at the older teen then gestured downwards, indicating for him to continue his stroking.

Jack stared at him for just a moment. Now free of the gag, thoughts of kissing quickly crept back in. 'Elliott would hate it!' he thought to himself with a snigger. That decided it for him. He leant forward quickly.

Ben responded instantly, leaning back again and raising a hand to push on Jack's chest. "What the fuck you doing?" he asked in shock. "Oh my God, did you just try to kiss me?"

"N... no, no, I was just... I was..." Jack stuttered nervously. He had been so determined to make Elliott jealous with the kiss that he had never even thought about whether or not Ben would want it.

"Oh my God!" Ben said with a smirk. He looked back to others and called out, "Hey, the 'straight' guy just tried to kiss me. Did ya see that?" He began laughing, quickly being joined by Elliott and Lincoln, amused by Jack's actions.

"That's pretty faggy Jack!" Lincoln taunted.

"Yeah, something that gay is really disgusting!" Elliott added, throwing back Jack's own words from earlier in the week.

"I wasn't trying to kiss him!" Jack snapped. "I don't do that sort of shit!"

"Oh really?" Bryce asked, raising an eyebrow.

Frustrated by the edging and humiliated by the laughing and taunting, Jack's temper quickly frayed. "No, I don't. Not with guys, I'm no faggot!"

"Oh Jack!" Ben said with a hearty sigh, grabbing his head and making him face him once again. "I thought we'd gone beyond that sort of thing, but you just don't learn, do you?"

"Learn what? That you guys are all a bunch of fags. You're just in this to play with my cock. Look at you all. You're riding it, Lincoln's beating off watching it, Elliott can't take his eyes off and Bryce..."

"Bryce what?" Bryce asked, looking incredibly disappointed.

Jack felt a knot in his stomach. Things had only just improved with Bryce and here he was, completely letting him down again. He couldn't help himself, he was just too frustrated to care about being tactful or Bryce's feelings. He knew he was only a few hours into what sounded like a full day's edging and this might be his only chance to vent about it.

"You..." Jack started, pausing immediately, wanting to back down, to apologise to Bryce and save what he could. His anger, as always, got the better of him. "You're just as into it as the rest of the fags!"

"You know, Jack, enjoying this..." Ben snapped before Bryce could respond, sliding up and down on Jack's still-solid cock, "certainly seems to suggest you might be a faggot too, ya know!" Jack's eyes widened with rage as Ben went on. "I think maybe you ARE a faggot. I think maybe that's why you've got such a problem with us. You know what you are and you hate yourself for it, so you're taking it out on those of us brave enough to accept what we are. Admit it Jack, you're as gay as I am!"

"I'M NOT A FUCKING FAGGOT!" Jack yelled furiously. He stood, throwing Ben onto the floor,

jumping on top of him and punching him in the face, both fists flying repeatedly. "I'M NOT A FAGGOT. I'M NOT A FAGGOT!" He shouted with each punch.

Taken by surprise, it took a few seconds for the others to respond. Jack had got in a few hard hits before Bryce and Elliott dragged him off and threw him aside.

"GET THE FUCK OFF OF HIM!" Elliott snarled in Jack's ear as he pulled him back.

Almost as soon as he had been removed from Ben, the fury fell from Jack's face, replaced with fear as he realised what he had just done. "Oh.... fuck... Ben, Ben I'm... I'm sorry!" he mumbled.

Lincoln had gone straight to Ben's side as Elliott and Bryce pulled his assailant away. "Ben, you okay?"

Ben sniffed, reached up to wipe a small rivulet of blood from his chin and let Lincoln help him sit up. "Yeah, I've had worse!" he said shakily as he looked at the blood on his hand.

Elliott looked at Ben for a moment. His face screwed up with rage, he lunged at Jack, but Bryce blocked him. "MOVE, I'M GONNA KILL HIM!"

"Yeah, that's why I'm not moving!" Bryce insisted, easily holding back the smaller teen, a wrist held tightly in each hand.

"Oh yeah, protect your little boyfriend... AGAIN!" Elliott snapped furiously.

Bryce slowly lowered Elliott's hands, forcing them down to his sides. "I'm not protecting him, fucktard, I'm protecting you. I let you kick the shit out of him and you'll be the one who gets in trouble!"

"I'm sorry!" Jack mumbled, scared equally by his own actions and Elliott's fury.

"Way to go, Jack, you just love hurting people, don't you! First Aaron, now Ben!" Lincoln snapped as he helped Ben up onto his feet, handing him his underwear to cover up his modesty.

"I didn't mean to. This one... this one wasn't intentional, I didn't mean to do it!" Jack stammered, still shaken by his own actions.

"Oh that's okay then, we'll let you off!" Ben snapped sarcastically, wiping another drop of blood from a spilt lip.

"Wait..." Elliott said, calming suddenly. "This one wasn't intentional?" His demeanour calmed so much that Bryce willingly released his hands, letting him take a step towards Jack.

Lincoln, Bryce and Ben all looked at Elliott for a moment, confused for a second before realisation gradually struck, each of them turning to face Jack. They took a few steps closer along with Elliott, surrounding him.

"Jack, did you hurt Aaron intentionally?" Ben asked flatly.

Jack froze. He could deny it, refuse everything, avoid the blame once more but would they believe him? Why had he said that? Why had he allowed himself to get so angry that he put himself in this position?

“Jack!” Bryce said calmly, eyebrows raised, expression almost hopeful. “You... you promised me! Tell me you didn't hurt Aaron on purpose! Tell me you didn't lie to my face!”

“I... I...” Jack stuttered, backing away from the others, pulling himself up onto the sofa as they towered over him. “He... he told me that water prank was him, it... it was... humiliating and he laughed at me. I wanted him to pay. I didn't know he'd get hurt that badly! I didn't know!”

“You lied to me!” Bryce said. Being called a faggot by Jack was pretty hurtful, but this felt a million times worse.

Seeing the disappointment on Bryce's face made Jack want to curl up and die on the spot.

“You fucker!” Lincoln said, brow furrowing. He turned to Elliott. “He's gotta pay for this!”

“He will!” Elliott replied, not taking his eyes off of Jack. “He really will!”

Chapter 14

THEN

“Hiya,” Jack said happily as he approached Elliott in the quad.

“Hi!” Elliott said back with a grin. “Where've you been?”

“I was asking round about the football team. Tryouts are tomorrow night!” Jack said happily.

“Awesome. They're not gonna know what hit 'em!” Elliott said happily. The two of them had been the star players on the Middle School team and they were keen to do the same thing now. The smile quickly faded from Elliott's face as Jack sat beside him. “Can I... talk to you about something?”

“Sure, whassup?” Jack asked, listening to his friend but taking in their new surroundings. The High School seemed so alien to them and they were still trying to take it all in.

“Erm, well, I was just... erm...” Elliott mumbled nervously.

Jack turned now, focusing his full attention on his clearly-nervous friend. “Ei?” he asked sympathetically.

“It's just... lately... I've been thinking about... erm... us!” Elliott said, cheeks beginning to burn bright red.

“Us? What about us?” Jack asked, beginning to look slightly nervous himself.

“Well... about... erm...” Elliott continued stuttering.

He was cut off by the arrival of three older boys. At first glance, Elliott guessed they were probably sophomores, all wearing letterman jackets.

“You the guys who were asking about the football team?” the lead boy said, staring down at the two freshman.

“Err, yeah. Jack Hamilton, pleased to meet ya!” Jack said, standing and holding out his hand.

The football player looked at Jack's outstretched hand, then at his two companions before the three of them burst into laughter. “Jack Hamilton, pleased to meet you!” the guy said in a mocking tone.

Jack lowered his hand, blushing at the mockery. It wasn't something he was used to. At Middle School, he had been the guy in charge, everyone loved him, everyone respected him. Suddenly here he was, a small fish in a big pond.

“Come with us!” the second boy ordered.

They turned and started walking away. Jack began following but looked back as he saw Elliott still sitting. He gestured for him to come along, but Elliott shook his head, looking scared.

“Elliott!” Jack hissed through gritted teeth. He didn't know what was about to happen, but he knew he needed his best friend at his side to do it.

With a sigh, Elliott got up and the two younger boys caught up with the others. They couldn't help noticing how everyone quickly backed away as they marched down a corridor, seemingly terrified to get in their way.

“Wow!” Jack said, eyes widening as the scene played out before him.

As the three marched along, another freshman stood in their way, his back to them, oblivious to their presence. The lead boy shoulder barged him, spinning him round while the second did the same a moment later, sending him flying to the ground.

“Move it, loser!” the lead boy snapped.

“Yeah, out of the way....” Jack said as firmly as he could manage, nudging the prone boy as they walked past. He hesitated for just a moment, contemplating what he was about to do, then added, “Faggot!”

The three older boys looked back at the sound of Jack's comment and sniggered. “Ha, you learn quick, kid! Good job!” the lead boy said with a grin.

As they continued walking, Elliott looked round at his friend, frowning. “Faggot?” he asked quietly.

Jack looked torn. He could virtually feel the disgust coming off of Elliott in waves but at the same time, the praise from the older boy felt intoxicating. These guys clearly ruled the halls. Sure, it seemed they did it differently to the way Jack had done it at his old school, but this was it, his way back to the top.

“What?” Jack asked, shrugging at Elliott. “Just trying to fit in!”

NOW

It seemed like sleep was never going to come for Jack. In a way, he should have been feeling great. He had been threatened with eight hours of edging, but had only received three. His balls were certainly grateful, but his mind significantly less-so. The ordeal had only ended when he had accidentally revealed that he had hurt Aaron on purpose.

The fact that he hadn't intended to seriously injure him didn't seem to matter. All the others cared about was having something else to be angry at Jack about. Angry really wasn't a strong enough word to describe their feelings. Despite the fact that Jack had just assaulted him, it was Ben who seemed to be holding back the others from really making Jack suffer for his actions. The others had been ready to kick the crap out of Jack, but Ben refused to let them. Instead, he had put Jack back

in his chastity device, told him to dress then allowed him to leave.

Without the use of his own car, it had been a long and terrifying walk home from Lincoln's house. Every car that passed made Jack jump, terrified that the others had ignored Ben and decided to get him anyway. Every siren he heard in the distance made Jack cringe with fear at the possibility that they were looking for him.

When he eventually got home, he had headed straight to his room, mostly ignoring his family as they greeted him. They were surprised to have him home for dinner, especially on a Saturday evening, but he joined them anyway but barely spoke and hardly ate anything. Any time he was questioned about what was wrong he simply insisted, "I'm fine!"

He had decided to try and go to sleep early. Everything he had been through in the last week had been exhausting and he felt like he could sleep for days, yet somehow it eluded him. He refused to turn the light on though as he lay there awake. He knew the webcam on his computer revealed everything that happened in his room to the others, so the privacy of darkness was something he welcomed.

'Why?' he kept asking himself over and over. 'Why did you do it? Why did you hurt him?'

'You know why!' he would occasionally tell himself. 'He humiliated you, he deserved it!'

'He didn't deserve THAT. You ruined his fucking life!'

'He ruined yours first!' Jack thought angrily to himself.

'Oh what, so you got a bit embarrassed at school, HE MAY NEVER WALK AGAIN!'

'They started it!' Jack told himself. 'They started all of this. All of them. Aaron may be the one who's suffering, but they all started this. They did this to me, so whatever happens is on THEM!'

'Yeah!' Jack agreed with himself. 'I was just... living my life and those... those faggots decided to fuck with me. Well I guess now they'll learn, you fuck with Jack Hamilton, you're gonna suffer for it!'

Jack suddenly realised his fists were tightly clenched, each grabbing a handful of bedding, his breathing deep and laboured. He loosened his grip, forcing himself to calm down. If he allowed himself to keep getting that angry, he was likely to do something stupid. As much as he wanted to go to Elliott or Bryce or Lincoln and vent his fury, he knew it would only make things worse.

'Just stick to being a good boy!' Jack told himself. 'Do what they say for just a bit longer, they're bound to get bored of you eventually and end this. They've got to! Now, just relax and go to sleep. Don't think about them any more!'

Jack cleared his mind, shook the tension out of his arms and closed his eyes, determined to sleep. It seemed to be working, he could feel himself relaxing, the warm embrace of sleep creeping in closer and closer, until...

'Bryce's face when he found out I lied to him...' Jack suddenly thought. 'He didn't even look angry,

he just looked... disappointed. The way he looked at me... oh God!' Jack felt like he had been punched in the stomach.

'No. Stop that. Forget him. Sleep!' Jack thought firmly.

Again he relaxed, forcing thoughts of Bryce out of his head. Once more it seemed to work, but then...

'Ben had a serious black eye, and the blood... why the fuck did you do that? What, just cos he called you a fag? What the hell's wrong with you? And then he defends you from the others. He's the one you hit? Way to go Jack!'

'No, shut up. Just shut up!' Jack thought, raising his hands to rub his face, letting the fingers of one hand run through his hair, coming to rest under his head. "Right, sleep!" he muttered quietly to himself.

A few minutes of restful bliss were soon shattered by another stray thought. 'What the fuck is Elliott's problem? Sure, the others I get, but what's his fucking issue with me?'

'He's a fucking homo, that's what his issue is!' Jack told himself angrily, as if simply being gay explained everything, like the entire gay community had it in for him!

Jack paused again, this time losing himself in thought rather than trying to force thoughts out of his head, thinking back...

'I wonder how long he's known. D'you think he knew back then?' Jack found himself thinking. He flinched, not even wanting to think about the time his mind was wandering back to. They had been the hardest years of his life and he was in no hurry to re-live them.

'Ugh, whatever. Does it fucking matter why? He's just being a total cunt to you. You've never let him beat you at anything, you're not gonna start now. He won't beat you. D'you hear me Jack? He won't beat you, THEY won't beat you. Just man up and deal with whatever gay shit they throw at you. Who cares if they destroy your reputation. You built it once, you can do it again if you have to!'

Jack smiled to himself, emboldened by his own resolve. He knew he was right. He hadn't got to the top by chance, he had worked for it, fought for it.... sacrificed for it.

'You can beat them all!' he kept repeating to himself until he eventually drifted off to sleep.

"HURRY UP JACK, OR WE'LL BE LATE!" Mrs Hamilton shouted up the stairs to Jack, the third shout of the morning.

Jack had rolled over and gone back to sleep after being woken the first two times but now he knew the tone his mother was using was more serious. He jumped out of bed and quickly showered. He hated his Sunday clothes usually, but after being dressed in revealing or embarrassing outfits all week by his tormentors, the khaki slacks and white shirt were a welcomed eagerly.

Although it had taken him a while to get to sleep, once he did he had slept exceptionally well. That, along with the fact that he was not going to be facing the others any time soon actually left him feeling quite refreshed and positive about the day ahead.

He was last to the car, which traditionally meant he got stuck in the middle seat between his two brothers. Davis, the elder of the three siblings was standing with the door open, ready for Jack to hop in, before squeezing in too. As he sat between nineteen-year-old Davis and thirteen-year-old Willis, he found himself supremely glad that they were too old and young respectively to be at the same High School as him. It was bad enough having the whole school seeing his embarrassment, had his brothers known too it would have killed him. He still felt awkward though, as if they somehow knew. The same went for his parents in the front of the car. Every time one of them looked at him, he felt like they could see everything he had done.

Despite his paranoia, the car journey went as normal, the three siblings squabbling over who had elbowed who or who was taking up too much space. As was traditional, by the time they reached the church, both parents were about at their wits' end. Mr Hamilton parked the car and they all piled out, heading in the church. Despite Jack's tardiness, they were actually early, so the three boys were allowed to wander off by themselves until the service started while Mr and Mrs Hamilton mingled with some of the other parishioners.

While Davis and Willis made a beeline for their own groups of friends, Jack deliberately hid away in a corner, hoping to go unnoticed. There were far too many students from his school who went to his church and he was eager to avoid being seen by any of them.

"Well looky here!" a voice said snidely, a hand coming to rest on Jack's shoulder, making him jump.

"What... Elliott?" Jack asked in shock, seeing his former friend standing behind him, accompanied by Lincoln. "Lincoln? What are you guys doing here?"

Back when this all began, Jack had been promised that he would be allowed to go about his life as normally as possible, his tormentors not interfering with family time or other unavoidable activities. That meant Sundays should have been mostly off limits. On top of that, Elliott and Lincoln's families were both protestant, so it made no sense for them to be there.

"Come with us?" Lincoln ordered, gesturing to the restrooms.

"What, but... but Ben said... that... that you'd leave me alone when I'm with my.. my family!" Jack stuttered, looking round nervously.

"Yeah, well I assaulting out friend kinda changed the rules, so shut the fuck up and walk!" Lincoln hissed in Jack's ear.

Jack whimpered quietly. His resolve was still steeled from his self-pep-talk the night before, but he knew he had no choice but to comply. He walked off to the restroom, the other two following closely behind. As they got inside, they checked to see that nobody else was there, then Lincoln and Jack went into a stall while Elliott kept watch.

"Pants off!" Lincoln commanded.

With the two of them in the stall, it was cramped, but Jack complied, also removing his underwear as Lincoln gestured to it. "Wh.. what are you doing?" Jack asked nervously as Lincoln reached for the chastity device.

Lincoln didn't reply. He looked up briefly and grinned, then carried on removing the restraint.

Once the cage was removed, Jack immediately felt himself begin to swell. Fortunately, his fear kept it from growing a full-on erection.

"Turn around!" Lincoln commanded.

Convinced he knew what was coming next, Jack was quite surprised when he felt a toy somewhat smaller than the replica of his own cock being inserted into his hole. It took just a few seconds for him to remember the feeling of the remote-control butt-plug that had been used on him earlier in the week. He felt his cheeks beginning to burn bright red as he realised the insertion had prompted the erection he had been holding at bay. He felt Lincoln's hands grab his waist to turn him back round, not daring to look down as his swollen cock came into view.

"Ha, perfect!" Lincoln whispered happily. He reached into his bag and retrieved something else.

Jack looked down, but closed his eyes as he felt Lincoln's fingers wrap around his shaft. It had been so long since he had cum, and he had spent so much of that time painfully aroused that even the slightest touch was now sending ripples of pleasure through him. He felt a tightness around the shaft, shortly below the head prompting him to open his eyes and look down.

He stared in unpleasantly-aroused shock at the rubber ring around his dick. From the angle he was looking, it just looked like a normal ring. It was only when Lincoln squeezed something on the underside that Jack realised it was more than that. It began to vibrate. It was quite gentle, not really loud enough to hear, but strong enough to make Jack's knees wobble.

"Oh shit!" he muttered.

"Now put these on!" Lincoln said, handing Jack his slacks.

Jack took them and looked on in dismay as he saw his underwear being stuffed into Lincoln's bag. With the ring still buzzing away, he began to dress, grateful that the plug in his ass had not also been activated.

Lincoln coughed a couple of times, apparently a signal as Elliott called back, "You're clear!"

The stall door was opened and Lincoln stepped out, Jack close behind. Elliott burst into laughter as he saw Jack. His erection snaked across towards his left hip, blindingly obvious. Best of all, there was already a tiny, but very visible wet patch forming at the tip.

"Oh God!" Jack said, staring at himself in the mirror. "You can't do this. Please!" he begged.

Elliott stopped laughing, his face turning stern. "We can't?" he asked angrily. "Really? Cos I was under the impression that we can do whatever the fuck we want and you... you have to obey,

unless you want assault charges added to the list when you get arrested for rape! Wanna try it and see what happens?"

Jack wanted to argue back, but he knew he would only anger his former friend more. Instead he stared at the ground, putting his hand in his pocket in an attempt to make the bulge less apparent.

"Yeah, that's what I thought!" Elliott snapped. "Now get out there!"

Jack looked at the door, then back to the ground, heading out as instructed. As soon as they were back into the communal area, he felt the plug in his ass turn on. The vibrations caught him by surprise, his already-wobbly knees almost giving way entirely. He let out an involuntary whimper, prompting a few looks from the parishioners around him, but he continued walking, ignoring their stares.

Needing to get off of his feet, he headed into the church and took a seat on one of the pews around the area his family normally chose. While sitting made the feeling of the butt plug more intense, it did allow him to hide his bulge and the increasing wet spot more easily.

'They wouldn't do it, would they?' he asked himself. 'They wouldn't make me cum in church, surely!' He sat there, dreading the possibility. It kept playing out in his head, silence filling the room as the priest delivered his sermon as Jack edged closer and closer to release. As humiliated as he felt thinking about it, he couldn't deny the pleasure he was feeling. Having not cum for several days, he also knew that when it finally happened, it was going to be intense! 'They wouldn't!' he kept telling himself.

Eventually, the church began to fill as families filled the rows of pews, the Hamiltons more than a little surprised to find Jack already there.

Throughout the Mass, Jack didn't dare to look back and see where Elliott and Lincoln had sat. He knew they were there though as the settings on the butt plug kept changing, going from high to low at the most inconvenient times. He figured they were quite close by as they seemed to be able to see when he was getting close to release. Either that or they were just insanely lucky as Jack continued to teeter painfully close to the edge without actually going over.

As much as he hated being teased in that way, it was actually a relief as the Mass came to an end and he hadn't been forced to orgasm. The thing he was dreading now though was the walk back to the car. His erection was still blindingly obvious, while the constant stimulation of the plug and ring together had caused his wet patch to grow significantly.

Unsubtle as it was, he simply chose to keep his hands down in the way of the incriminating evidence. As they began to file out of the church, Jack stared down at the ground, convinced that if he made eye contact with anybody that they would somehow figure out what he was hiding.

As they got outside, the cool morning air was quite a relief. Jack had begun sweating towards the end of the sermon, an effect he was getting used to when being edged, so it was nice to cool off. Just a short walk to the car and he was free. The plug was currently turned off but walking was making it move against his prostate and he felt like he could blow any time. If he could get away in the car and out of range of the remote, they wouldn't be able to tease him any further.

"Oh, Jack!" he heard a voice call out. He looked round to see the Priest, approaching him and his family.

"Wonderful service today, Father Bernard!" Jack's mother said politely as the priest approached.

'Fuck!' Jack thought as he stopped. "Yes... F... Father Bernard?" Jack stuttered. His cheeks were flushing red. It felt bad enough to be hard and aroused around his family, but having the Priest there too made it a million times worse.

"I just wanted to say I heard about what happened to your friend," Father Bernard said solemnly.

"Yeah, it... Aaaargh!" Jack yelped as the plug turned on at full strength. His knees wobbled again and he staggered sideways into Davis.

"Jack, are you okay?" Father Bernard asked.

Jack steadied himself, doing his best to ignore the intense vibrations. "Yes, I'm fine," he said weakly, clearing his throat. "Yeah, Aaron... it was pretty bad."

The Priest, along with both of Jack's parents gave the teenager concerned looks.

"Well I'll be keeping him in my prayers. With the Lord's blessing I'm sure he'll be fine!" Father Bernard said with his usual optimism.

Jack barely heard the words. It felt like every muscle in his body was clenching, trying desperately to hold back what he knew was about to happen.

"FUCK!" Jack yelled out as his legs completely gave way. He dropped to his knees as the orgasm ripped through him. His barely concealed cock began to twitch and bounce in his slacks. Jack was gasping desperately as spurt after spurt of cum filled his slacks. Any that didn't immediately soak through dribbled down his legs to be soaked up by the fabric further down.

"Oh my word!" Mrs Hamilton exclaimed in shock.

By now, others were beginning to watch too. Mr Hamilton and Davis attempted to help Jack up, but he pulled away from them, cowering on the ground as his seemingly-endless orgasm went on and on. The vibrations of the two toys seemed to be prolonging it even more. As it began to subside, the vibrations grew increasingly torturous.

Jack looked up at the dozen faces staring down at him. To anyone looking, it would appear as if Jack had simply wet himself due to the wetness down his leg. He didn't know whether that was worse than having them know the truth or better, but either way he simply had to get out of there. He quickly jumped to his feet, pushed through the crowd and ran as fast as he could. He gave no thought to direction or destination, he just had to get away as tears began streaming down his cheeks.

As soon as he was out of sight of the church, he reached into his slacks and pulled off the ring on his cock, turning it off as he did so. Moving on a little further to somewhere even more secluded, he loosened the trousers, reached back and pulled out the plug. He actually considered putting

them in his pocket, worried about what Elliott or Ben might say about him losing the toys, but changed his mind at the last moment, tossing them into a nearby trash-can instead.

He started walking, but as he noticed more people in the street staring at the wetness spreading down his leg he sped up into a run again. He had no idea where he was going, everything around him was just a blur. He only stopped when he was unable to run any more, his shirt drenched with sweat, his hair matted to his head. He slowed to a walk and looked round.

With genuinely no idea where he had ended up, he found a quiet spot behind a large building and dropped to the floor. He pulled his legs up to his chest, folded his arms in front of him and rested his head on them. He felt like he should cry again, but nothing happened, he just felt numb. He remained sat there, long after the cum and sweat had dried up.

“Oh my God, you didn't!” Aaron said in shock, looking across at Elliott and Lincoln.

“Yeah we did!” Lincoln replied happily. “Then we sent him into the church for the service!”

“You didn't make him cum in the middle of it, did you?” Danny asked with a hopeful grin.

Elliott shook his head, smirking slightly. “Nope. Better!” he said happily. When he got inquisitive looks, he explained what had happened.

“Fuck, that's nasty!” Aaron said, shaking his head with a half-smile. “Bump it!” he said, raising his hand and clenching it.

Aaron had been wanting to fist-bump for just about anything that met his approval that morning. He was rapidly regaining movement in all of his limbs and he was absolutely ecstatic about it. Elliott grinned as he gently reciprocated the gesture.

“So where is he now?” Danny asked.

“Fuck knows, he literally ran off crying!” Lincoln said happily.

Danny and Aaron exchanged confused glances. It sounded like Jack was absolutely devastated and the others seemed more than a little gleeful about it. Jack had been their plaything all week and most of them had had a laugh or two at his expense, but Lincoln and Elliott now seemed to be getting some kind of sadistic pleasure from what they had done to Jack.

“Don't you think... it was maybe a bit TOO mean?” Aaron asked, frowning.

“Seriously?” Elliott asked. “You're laying in hospital because of him and you think humiliating him a bit is too mean?”

“Yeah I'm pissed at him, but this was an accident. He didn't mean for this to happen!” Aaron said sharply.

This time it was Elliott and Lincoln's turn to exchange a glance. They had not shared what Jack had

confessed with Danny or Aaron. They feared what might happen if they did. They had almost kicked the crap out of Jack themselves. If Danny found out about it, he doubted anything would stop him taking it out on Jack. While part of them wanted to see him suffer, they knew that taking things that far would probably bring everything out into the open and they would all be in the shit for what they had done to Jack. Instead, they had vowed to keep it amongst themselves and just make him pay in their own way.

“But what you did,” Aaron went on. “It kinda seems like you're getting off on it and if you are, well that just makes you even bigger dicks than Jack ever was!”

Lincoln and Elliott looked ashamed at Aaron's words. Even though they knew he would likely be saying very different things had he known the truth, his comment still stung.

“You saying you think we should stop all this?” Lincoln asked sheepishly.

Aaron shrugged as much as he was able to. “I don't know. I still wanna see him suffer and honestly, I'd like to see this 'nice' side of Jack Elliott's talked about, but...” he sighed, looking at Danny.

“I guess we were just kinda talking and... well, we're not sure that torturing him is really gonna get the outcome you want!” Danny explained.

“But if you...” Lincoln started, but Elliott raised a hand to halt him before he could say any more.

“What, so you guys are out? Just like that?” Elliott asked. “You don't wanna see him pay for what he's done?”

“Of course we do!” Danny snapped. “But... I dunno, how did you put it before, Aaron?”

“I think in this case, if you fight fire with fire all you're gonna get is a much bigger fire. You get what I mean?” Aaron asked.

“I guess I do!” Elliott replied. “Just... tell me this. Are you gonna try to stop us from carrying on?”

Danny and Aaron looked at each other then simultaneously shook their heads.

“Good!” Elliott said. “I respect your decision, but I'm in this to the end. Link?”

Lincoln looked torn, not about whether or not he was still in, but about telling the other two the truth. He had been then one to argue most strongly that they deserved to know, regardless of the consequences. With a sigh he nodded gently and added, “Yeah, me too.” He smiled meekly at Aaron and thought to himself, 'I'll make him pay for doing this to you, bro!'

Jack stood staring at the house. He had eventually decided he had to go home at some point, so he figured he may as well get it out of the way. He took a deep breath and walked up to the front door. On some level, he hoped he could just walk in and act like nothing had happened, that his parents would just go along with it, but he knew that simply wouldn't happen. He knew they would be mad at him for embarrassing the family in front of their Priest and other parishioners, he

just had to hope it wasn't too bad.

Almost as soon as he was inside, his Mom appeared in the hallway.

"Mom, I... I'm sorry..." Jack mumbled.

Mrs Hamilton ignored the boy's stammered comments and rushed forward, pulling him into a tight hug. "Where have you been? We've been worried sick!"

"You're not mad?" Jack asked, pulling back slightly.

"Of course not. You... had an accident. It happens sometimes, you've got nothing to be sorry about!" she said quickly, rubbing Jack's arm. "Come on," she said, leading him into the lounge.

"Glad to have you home, son!" Mr Hamilton said from the armchair as he saw Jack walk in with his mother.

"Thanks," Jack said sheepishly.

"So... what exactly happened?" Mr Hamilton asked cautiously as Jack sat down.

"I dunno, I guess I was just... holding it in and.... and lost control," Jack explained, hoping they would believe he had just wet himself, despite the slight stain on his slacks from the dried cum.

"Are you sure?" Mr Hamilton asked.

Jack blushed, wondering if the man suspected something else had been afoot. "Y.... yeah!" he stuttered.

"It's just... you've been acting a little strangely all week!" Jack's Mom said from her seat beside him.

Jack was torn, suddenly finding himself feeling a very familiar sensation. He felt exactly like he had when he was sat in front of Mr Wendell, deliberating whether to come clean. Suddenly he remembered the moment Mr Wendell had walked back into the room with Elliott and Ben, his breath catching in his throat. Surely that couldn't happen here, could it? There was no way his parents could also be in league with his tormentors, but then he never would have suspected they had a teacher on their side.

"Jack?" Mr Hamilton enquired as Jack sat in silence.

"No, everything's.... everything's fine!" he lied. They couldn't be on Elliott's side, but he couldn't risk telling them anyway. Somehow things seemed to get worse every time he went against Elliott's orders so he simply had to obey them for now. He just had to get through whatever sick and twisted things his former friend had planned and then he might be set free!

"Are you sure?" Mrs Hamilton asked.

Jack hesitated for just a moment again, but eventually nodded.

“Okay, well you know where we are if you ever need anything!” Mr Hamilton said with a warm smile.

“Thanks,” Jack said, smiling weakly as he stood up and headed for the door.

“JACK, YOUR FRIEND'S HERE!” Mrs Hamilton called from downstairs.

Jack sighed. He wondered who it might be. If it was Elliott, his Mom would have just let him come up and enter Jack's room. Whoever it was, he was likely in for some more torture or humiliation. Not wanting to keep them waiting, he dashed out of his room and down the stairs.

“So who did that to you?” Jack heard his Mom asking just as Ben came into view. One side of his face was bruised, the eye so blackened it had almost swollen closed, his lip split, a bright red scab formed on it.

“Oh, just... some bully at school!” Ben said, staring at Jack as he approached.

“That's just awful!” Mrs Hamilton said, shaking her head. “Jack, I didn't know there was a bullying problem at your school!”

Jack felt like his mother had just stabbed a knife right through his heart. He couldn't speak. Between seeing Ben and hearing his mother's words he wanted to just turn around and throw up.

“Don't worry, it's all in hand!” Ben said with a slight smile.

“That's good then. Are you coming in?” she asked, stepping aside.

“Actually I was hoping Jack might want to come out for a while,” Ben said politely.

Mrs Hamilton glanced round at the clock, then at Jack. “Don't stay out too late. It's a school night and you've been out quite late a few times already this week!”

“Okay Mom,” Jack said with a gentle nod. He quickly slipped on his sneakers and headed out the front door with Ben.

The two teens walked in silence for several minutes. Every now and then, Jack turned to Ben as if to speak, but words failed him. Eventually he worked up the courage to say, “I'm sorry, for... for that!” he said, pointing to Ben's injuries.

“I hate you,” Ben said, his tone calm, almost serene.

“I... I...” Jack stuttered.

“You can't be surprised at that!” Ben said, glancing round at the older teen. “You outed me, bullied me, nearly killed my friend and now this. How could I possibly not hate you?”

"Good point," Jack agreed.

"So I want you to tell me something. If I hate you, if everything you've ever done has given me reason to hate you, if you continue to spout your... your hate for gays and minorities and just about everyone who isn't you... why don't I want to hurt you?" Ben asked.

"I don't know. Why?" Jack asked, feeling as belittled as he was confused.

"No, I'm genuinely asking you. I want to know because I don't fucking understand it. I hate you and I have this power over you and yet I still can't bring myself to hurt you, not in the ways you've hurt me before. How can that make sense?"

"I don't know!" Jack repeated.

"And if you can hurt me the way you do, what does that say about me? Am I... so awful that I deserve to be treated like that? Do you really hate me that much? Again, I'm really asking you this because it's all I keep thinking about and it's driving me insane." Ben went on, beginning to get more and more worked up as they walked casually along.

"I... don't..." Jack stammered.

"You don't know, right, I got that!" Ben said shaking his head. "So what do you know, Jack? Do you even know why you do the things you do?"

Jack stopped, considering the question. After a few more steps, Ben stopped and looked back at him.

"Let me guess, you don't know that either!" Ben said, beginning to get visibly annoyed.

"Look, what d'you want me to say?" Jack demanded, taking a step towards the younger boy.

"I don't know!" Ben said back in a mocking tone.

The two stood staring at each other, Jack looking down at the shorter teen.

"Ugh, whatever, just... follow me!" Ben said, turning round and walking away quickly.

Jack followed along behind the angry boy until he turned off the path into side street, moving behind a dumpster.

"On your knees!" Ben said, pointing the ground in front of him as he began to unzip his jeans.

Jack obeyed, dropping to the ground and watching as Ben pulled out his cock.

"Now suck it!" Ben snapped. He wasn't even remotely hard yet and wasn't the slightest bit horny, he just felt like he needed to make Jack do something.

Jack took the flaccid cock into his mouth, sucking on it gently, running his tongue around the head. He kept going for a few minutes, the boy not getting and harder. He heard a sniff from above him,

but carried on. Gradually the sniffing grew louder and louder, so he let the boy's cock drop from his mouth and looked up.

Seeing Ben was crying, Jack asked nervously, "What's wrong?"

"I NEVER SAID STOP!" Ben snapped furiously, grabbing a handful of Jack's hair and pushing the older teen's face back onto his cock. "Yeah, go on, suck it. Suck the faggot's dick. How does that feel?"

Jack was beginning to get scared, not for his own safety, but for Ben. The boy was clearly distressed.

"Oh forget it!" Ben said, pulling Jack off and stepping aside, tucking his still-soft cock back into his pants. He raised a hand to his cheek, wiping a tear off with the back of his hand.

"Ben, what's wrong?" Jack asked, standing up, moving on front of the younger boy.

"Oh, like you fucking care!" Ben snarled.

"I... I do!" Jack stuttered, surprised to realise he was telling the truth.

"Ugh, forget this!" Ben said, wiping away the final tears. "You've made me cry enough. Not any more! I thought maybe you could give me some answers, help me understand some of this shit, but you're as clueless as I am so I'm done. Next time everyone wants to kick the crap outta you, I'm letting them! Go home, Jack!"

As Ben started marching off back onto the main street, Jack caught up to him and grabbed his shoulder, spinning him round. "Ben, wait!"

"WHAT?" he demanded angrily, pulling free of Jack's hand.

"I... I don't... hate you!" Jack said shakily.

"Then what? You spent the last year just..." Ben started, put paused, lips pursed tightly, shaking his head, breathing heavily, completely unable to speak.

'TELL HIM!' a voice was screaming in Jack's head. 'JUST TELL HIM!'

The two stood in awkward silence for several seconds before Ben shook his head once more and turned around again, walking away. This time, Jack let him go.

Following his confusing encounter with Ben, Jack had gone home and gone straight to his room. It was getting late and he had heard nothing else from his tormentors so he figured they were done with him for the day. He was thinking of going to sleep when he heard his phone buzz.

[Go to chaturbate.com and log in with username SlaveBoyJack, password Jackisgay] It was from Elliott.

Jack stared at the message, reading it a few times. It was not a site he had ever been on, but he had heard of it, so he knew what Elliott was leading up to. He briefly considered going to sleep and pretending he hadn't seen the message, then he remembered Elliott was probably already watching him. With a sigh, he jumped off his bed, sat in his desk chair and logged into the site as directed.

[Good, now start broadcasting!] Elliott messaged.

Jack clicked the button and watched as a window popped up, showing himself sitting there in his chair. Immediately he had four viewers. Based on the screen names he figured it was likely Elliott, Ben, Lincoln and Bryce. A few moments later, a fifth viewer appeared in the list. The screen name gave little away but he figured it was maybe Danny.

[Smile for the camera!] Lincoln commented.

Jack stared straight down the camera and attempted to smile, but it came out as more of a grimace.

[Let's see if we can get you some more viewers. Take your shirt off!] Elliott commanded.

A quick glance showed that Jack had already attracted a few more viewers, making him immediately uncomfortable at the thought of removing his clothes. In a way this should have been easier than stripping on stage. At the club there were hundreds of guys and they were right in front of him, yet here he was simply faced with a monitor and a list of names. He quickly figured it was about the anonymity. At the club, his identity was concealed by the mask while the guys watching were visible. Here, his identity was exposed while it was his viewers who remained unseen.

[NOW!] Elliott added after Jack hesitated for several seconds.

Jack glanced once more at the increasingly long list of viewers as he pulled off his shirt. Twenty people were now watching him.

[Play with a nipple!] Lincoln ordered.

Jack placed a hand on his stomach and slid it upwards until his fingers grazed the sensitive mound. He shuddered slightly, a mix of nerves and pleasure. He felt his cock twitch a little from the stimulation. His arousal made him feel even more awkward as he realised it was likely to be on show very soon.

[Both of them now!] Lincoln added.

Jack raised his other hand, one now on each nipple. Thirty viewers.

Other comments started coming in from the other viewers. Some saying hi, others making requests or demands. Jack ignored them all, focusing solely on the words of his owners. Despite the profuse blushing and the increasing feeling of unease, Jack was soon rock hard. One slight positive slipped into his mind – he was likely to be playing with his cock soon, something he had not been able to do for far too long! Admittedly it would be with an audience of fags and perverts,

but to actually feel his own fingers wrapping around his boner again would be incredible.

[Okay, stand back and drop your pants!] Elliott commanded. His order got several messages of support from other viewers.

The audience had just hit fifty as Jack stood and pushed his chair aside, taking a couple of steps back to give a full view. His hands trembled as he reached for his belt, unbuckling it slowly. Next he popped open the buttons on his pants one at a time. The chat room was going crazy with the excited comments and cheers. By the time Jack's pants hit the floor, he was nearing seventy-five viewers.

Stepping out of the pants and re-taking his seat, Jack scanned the chat for anything from his owners.

[Seventy-five viewers!] Ben had said moments earlier.

[You're on page one of the male cams!] Bryce had added.

Jack was tempted to disconnect the camera, to jump into his bed and hide. Screw the consequences, it couldn't be any worse than this humiliation, could it? Then he remembered some of the things that had already been done to him. They really could be worse and he had no doubt that disobedience at this point would be dealt with harshly. Once again he reminded himself of his earlier determination to see this through, to obey his 'masters' until they freed him.

[Look how hard you are!] Lincoln commented.

[Why so hard showing off to a bunch of guys, huh boy?] Elliott asked.

Jack gulped. It was a good question, one he wanted to ignore but he knew he wouldn't be allowed. He reached for the keyboard and started typing.

[Don't type it. Say it!] Elliott quickly commented.

[But they might hear me!] Jack said, referring to his family in their nearby rooms.

[Guess how many fucks I give about that!] Elliott replied. [Now answer the fucking question!]

"I..." Jack croaked, his mouth suddenly dry. He cleared his throat and tried again. "I'm just horny and I... I like playing with my nipples!" he said, barely louder than a whisper.

[Are you sure it's not because you get to show off for all these guys?] Lincoln teased.

"Yeah I'm sure!" Jack insisted.

[Cos that'd be disgusting, right?] Ben asked, referring to the way Jack had previously described the boy's sexuality.

"No!" Jack said quickly. "I'm just... not gay!"

[Dude, you look pretty gay!] another viewer commented.

[And you're putting on a show for a lot of gay guys!] another added.

[Make \$\$\$ at home today, click the link for more info!!!!111!!] another said.

"I'm not gay!" Jack said, louder than he intended.

[Shut up fag and lose the underwear!] someone commented.

[Do it!] Elliott immediately added.

Now more angry than embarrassed, Jack stood up sharply, almost knocking over his chair and pulled down his underwear, kicking it aside. His cock sprang free, pointing skywards, begging to be touched.

The chat went wild once more, viewers now in the triple figures.

[Sit down and calm down!] Bryce sent.

Had it been from anyone else, it likely would have riled him more, but as Jack read it, he pictured himself in bed with Bryce once again. "Calm down, it's okay!" he imagined the muscular teen whispering in his ear as he rested his head on the younger teen's chest. He closed his eyes for a moment as he imagined it and let out a contented mew before sitting back down.

[Who wants to see him stroke it?] Lincoln asked.

The viewers continued to flood in. By the time the comments replying to Lincoln slowed down, it was up to a hundred and fifty, all apparently very much in support of the idea.

[You heard them. Get stroking!] Lincoln sent.

Jack's mind raced as he wrapped his fingers around the thick shaft. His cock felt amazing in his hand, he absolutely loved jerking off and it was one of the things he had missed most during his ten days of servitude. On the other hand, having so many strangers watching him do something that had, until recently, been done in solitude was making his stomach churn. Thankfully though, it did nothing to soften his throbbing cock.

[Hey Jack, tell your audience when you last shot a load!] Lincoln taunted.

Jack stared down the camera, looking downright furious.

[I gave you an order!] Lincoln said when Jack remained silent.

"This morning!" Jack said, looking down at the keyboard.

[And where were you?] Lincoln asked.

"At church," Jack replied.

[Tell us what happened!] Lincoln insisted.

Jack's fists clenched, his stomach churned and felt like he could throw up thinking about it again. "I shot my load... in my pants... in front of my family and the priest!" he explained, trying to sound detached and indifferent, but the wavering in his voice making it clear how distressing it was.

Once more the chat room went into a frenzy, some saying he was sick, others saying it was amazing, many saying they wished they could see it! Since getting naked, the viewing figures had shot up well into the three hundreds.

[Wow, keep going like this and you'll be the top cam on the site!] Ben said.

[If we want that to happen, we should probably spice it up a little!] Elliott added. [Go look in your underwear drawer!]

Jack looked quickly round at the dresser, then back at the screen for a moment before standing up. His cock bobbed about in front of him as he walked, the viewers clearly appreciating the great view of his ass. He pulled open the drawer and saw nothing but socks and underwear. Knowing Elliott wouldn't have sent him over for nothing, he dug a little deeper until he found what he was looking for – it was a dildo, one of the ones made from the mould of his own cock, accompanied by a bottle of lube. He grabbed it and looked back to his desk.

'I can't do this!' he thought to himself. 'Not with all those people watching. I just can't!' He looked down. His cock was throbbing. 'What the fuck's wrong with you?' he thought at his own penis in frustration.

He slowly made his way back and sat down in the chair.

[Show us what you've got] Lincoln requested.

Reluctantly, Jack held up the toy. Five hundred viewers.

[Put it side-by-side with your own cock] Elliott ordered.

Jack leaned back in his seat and held the dildo along with his own skyward-reaching cock. It was immediately obvious that the two were identical.

[That's right, gentlemen. We are about to watch him LITERALLY fuck himself!] Elliott declared excitedly. [Lube it up, boy!]

Jack squirted out a little lube and began stroking it onto the silicone replica. It was bizarre how similar it felt to his own tool, the main difference being the temperature. The toy was cold to the touch compared to his warm, throbbing dick.

[Okay, legs up on the desk. Let's see that hole!] Lincoln ordered.

Jack shuffled down in his chair, the paused. Somehow the thought of having them see his hold was even worse than allowing them to see the rest of him. It was like the very last private part of his

body and he was about to lose that privacy too. Not wanting to risk getting another repeated order, Jack raised his legs, resting his ankles on the desk.

Eight hundred viewers.

[Congratulations, Jack. You're currently the number one cam on the site!] Ben announced.

[Get that toy inside you. I want a thousand!] Elliott demanded.

Now shaking all over, Jack moved the toy down, pressing the head of it against his hole. Involuntarily, he clenched. He took a few deep breaths to try and relax himself as he began pushing it in. He let out a gentle moan as it began to slide inside him.

On the show went, Elliott and Lincoln giving their orders, the viewers getting more and more excited as Jack grew increasingly humiliated by how own arousal. While he continued fucking himself, his masters had him alternating between playing with his cock and teasing his nipples.

The need to cum was growing. It was nothing compared to how he had felt the previous day, after days of denial and hours of edging, but still the need was there.

[Do you want to cum?] Elliott asked.

“Yes!” Jack replied immediately, rapidly passing the point of caring how embarrassing the situation was.

[Then beg for it!] Elliott replied.

“Please let me cum,” Jack requested.

[Nah, not good enough. I don't believe you want it yet. Fuck yourself faster and really tease those nips!] Elliott replied.

Jack let out a low groan, knowing that the commanded actions would push him closer to the edge, but weren't likely to take him over it. He had learnt that a few nights earlier when he had tried to make himself cum.

The audience, now well over twelve hundred was loving every second. The smooth, young jock pleasuring himself for their entertainment, completely at the command of the two viewers, every few seconds came a message telling Jack that someone had cum from watching him. Jack tried not to read the messages, but it became almost a compulsion. Was hearing about the other guys cumming holding him back from release, or pushing him closer to it? It was getting harder and harder to tell.

[Ready to beg yet?] Elliott asked after ten more minutes.

“Yes. Yes Sir. Please, please let me cum, please I need it!” Jack begged. He wasn't putting on a show or just saying what Elliott wanted to hear, the pleading was genuine.

[Much better. Okay then, you may jerk off for ten seconds. If you haven't cum by then, stop!] Elliott

commanded. [And go!]

Jack didn't waste a second. He thrust the dildo in hard and fast while his other hand pumped away furiously on his cock. His moans became desperate whimpers as he felt the orgasm nearing.

[Time's up!] Elliott said, prompting Jack to stop for fear of the repercussions of disobedience.

"No!" Jack whimpered.

[Don't worry, we're not stopping!] Elliott replied. [Keep going. Dildo and nips!]

Jack resumed his self-teasing, wanting more than anything to just grab his cock and shoot.

Several more minutes passed before Elliott said, [Okay, ten seconds again. Go!]

Again Jack jerked off frantically. Again he fell short of reaching his goal. Over and over Elliott had him try and fail. The naked teen was drenched with sweat, panting and whimpering.

[Okay, one more try! Go!] Elliott eventually ordered.

Jack's arm was exhausted, but he moved it as quickly as he was able to. The orgasm was so close, he had to do it this time. He counted down in his head. Ten. He had to cum. Nine. Think sexy thoughts. Eight. Riding Bryce. Seven. Oh yes, that's it. Six. Feeling Bryce inside you. Five. His arms around you. Four. His mouth on yours. Three. His cock shooting inside you. Two....

"YES!" Jack called out excitedly as his cock erupted into a spectacular fountain of cum. After he had drained himself earlier in the day, he was amazed he had anything left in the tank, let alone such an impressive amount. Spurt after spurt shot into the air, splattering down across his body, his arms, his legs and even his desk.

The audience, now numbering around fifteen hundred, went wild. The comments were coming in so fast they were impossible to read. Jack just sat there, his cock still twitching, dildo still inside, attempting to catch his breath.

'Fuck, that was incredible!' Jack thought to himself, tiredness starting to spread through his whole body. 'Even with all those guys watching, that was awesome. Or... was it BECAUSE they're watching. Admit it, you liked the stripping and now enjoyed this!'

Jack wanted to tell himself he was wrong as he sat there watching the number of viewers gradually decline now that the cum shot was out of the way, but he couldn't even bring himself to argue. Perhaps it had been good because of the circumstances, maybe it was because he was so horny from everything that had been done to him that week. He simply didn't have the energy to care.

"May I go?" he asked quietly.

Amongst the still rapidly-moving chat room, he managed to see Elliott's permission to leave. He signed off, briefly considered a shower but instead chose to just wipe himself down, then flopped into bed. He was asleep in seconds.

Chapter 15

THEN

“Go on, do it!” Craig said with a wicked grin.

“Are.. are you sure?” Jack asked nervously. The freshman football player stood towering over his classmate. Jack was quite large for his age, while the boy in front of him, despite being in the same grade, was significantly below average. It was one of the reasons he had been chosen as the victim for this particular game.

The slightly younger boy was on his knees, whimpering face pressed to the floor, bare ass pointing upwards to the newest member of the football team.

“Yes I'm sure, now do it. Spank the fag... unless you wanna join him? Is that the problem, little Jacky, are you a fag too?” Craig asked in a mocking tone.

“I'M NOT A FAG!” Jack snapped furiously. In a fit of rage, he swung the belt.

The prone boy yelped with pain as the leather strap connected with his ass.

Craig and the rest of the senior team members watching let out a cruel laugh. “That's it, Jack, good man. Put the fag in his place. We've got no room for his kind at this school!”

“Yeah, no fags allowed!” Jack repeated, his hands shaking as he swung the belt again.

Craig smirked once again. The kid had potential. Here he was, a freshman, newly accepted to the junior team, in an environment specifically designed to intimidate, yet somehow he was already beginning to assert his natural authority with the rest of the JV team.

“Again!” Craig called out, nodding his approval at Jack's immediate compliance, his earlier hesitation already gone. 'This kid is perfect!' he thought, grinning wickedly at the Coach who lurked in the corner.

NOW

Jack was frozen, not restrained, just unable to move his entire body. Even his jaw refused to obey, he wanted to yell out for help but all he could manage was a high-pitched whimper deep in his throat. The air around him was icy cold, the chill seeming to cling to his naked body.

A figure stepped forward, looming over him, smoke swirling around him, red light shining from behind, casting him in silhouette. Somehow he could make out the eyes, they seemed to glow against the man's darkened outline. Another figure stepped forward on the other side of his bed, equally obscured. Then another, and another, and another.

Jack wanted to cry out in panic as the figures kept coming. In moments he was surrounded, twenty

or so people staring down at him, circling him menacingly. Then more began to appear, above and behind the others, forming another circle. They were coming quicker now, a third circle appearing above the second.

On and on it went until all Jack could see was an endless tube of people stretching above him, each of them with glowing white eyes, thousands of them looking down and still he was frozen. The red light moved to the top of the tunnel and a final figure appeared. This one though was walking towards him.

Jack began to feel dizzy, as if gravity itself were changing. The tube of people was shifting, no longer forming a column into the sky above but instead making a tunnel. Jack was no longer laying, he was now standing against a solid wall, still frozen as the final figure walked towards him.

As the red light behind him began to dim, Jack's eyes adjusted slowly as Elliott came into focus.

"What's going on?" Jack wanted to say, but was still unable to talk. He could only think it instead.

"You want to know what's going on!" Elliott said, clearly a statement rather than a question.

'You can read my mind?' Jack thought.

"Of course I can. I've always been able to read you, Jack. Not there's much to read, of course!" Elliott taunted. He stepped closer, letting his fingers rest on Jack's shoulder as he spoke, slowly sliding them diagonally across his body to his hip.

'Where are we?' Jack thought.

Elliott leaned forward, his lips barely an inch from Jack's ear. "It doesn't matter," he whispered. "It only matters that you pay for what you've done!" he raised his hand again, repeating the gesture but this time digging his nails in a little, leaving four scratches across Jack's chest.

'Elliott, stop!' Jack thought, desperately willing himself to move or yell out.

"You have to pay!" Elliott whispered. Once again he raised his hand, scratching again, going deeper, leaving a trail of red as he broke the skin.

Jack's eyes widened, unable to scream out in pain. 'STOP!' was all he could think.

"YOU HAVE TO PAY!" Elliott screamed. Once more he raised his hand, this time pressing his fingers so hard against Jack's chest that they began to push inside him.

Jack shot up in his bed, hand raising to his chest in an attempt to stop a hand that wasn't there. He was drenched with sweat, panting heavily, shaking all over. Realising it had all been a dream he took a few seconds to calm himself before climbing off the bed and heading to the bathroom. He turned on the shower, using the toilet while he waited for it to warm up.

Despite his profuse sweating, Jack still felt cold as if the chill he had felt in the dream was lingering on. Thankfully though, the warm water of the shower began to wash it away. He stood there, head pointed upwards, eyes closed as the water sprayed down letting it all flow off of him. Suddenly his

eyes shot open again as he remembered seeing Elliott stand before him.

All at once, the fear he had felt in his dream, the abject terror, the pain, all of it came flooding back to him. He dropped to his knees and slumped into the corner of the shower cubicle, sobbing.

When Jack awoke, he was still in the shower. Somehow though, the water had been turned off and a couple of towels had been wrapped around him. Confused about what had happened, but quietly thankful that the rest of his sleep had been undisturbed by further nightmares, Jack climbed to his feet. He had to stretch himself out a lot, the position he had slept in had not been even remotely comfortable. Unfortunately he had no time to devote to figuring out who had put the towels on him as he heard his bedroom door opening.

“Wakey wakey Jack!” Ben called out. “Oh, are you here?” he added, seeing the empty bed.

Stepping out of the bathroom with one of the towels now secured around his waist, Jack said back quietly, “Yeah, I'm here!” He quickly looked round as asked, “No Elliott today?”

Ben looked back at the door nervously for a moment, then back to Jack and replied, “He's erm... dealing with something else at the moment, so you'll have to make do with just me.” The boy grinned. It was bizarre to see him like that after how distressed he had been the previous evening. It was actually still a little strange to see him happy at all. It seemed to contrast even more with the bruising on his face. The swelling around his eye had gone down significantly, but it was still discoloured and looking sore.

Before all of this started, Jack's only memories of Ben were of stuffing him in lockers, tripping him in the hallways or 'pranking' him in some way, all of which were obviously intended to make him miserable. Looking at the younger teen, Jack couldn't shake the memory of Wednesday night, when he had been made to crawl out of school.

It wasn't the actual crawling that had stuck with him though, it was what Ben had said afterwards. “That was how you made me feel, every single day. Think about that for me please, Jack, imagine being made to feel like that ALL the time!”

It had now been nine days and twelve hours since Jack's torture at the hands of the others had begun. Jack knew this because he often thought about it, considering how it felt like so much longer than it had actually been. Since Ben had said those things to him though, he couldn't help comparing his time to the younger boy's suffering. While Ben hadn't endured quite the same level of torture as Jack, he had lived with it for a year now. Jack was truly flabbergasted that the boy could even still find it in himself to smile after being unhappy for that long. Ten days and Jack already felt like he might never smile again!

“We're pretty early today so there's no need to rush anything,” Ben said casually, looking round Jack's room. Then a naughty grin began to spread across his face as he added, “So I may as well have some fun while you're unlocked.” He quickly pulled his shirt off over his head and dropped his pants and briefs. “Fuck me, slaveboy!” he called out cheerfully, diving onto the bed.

Jack very nearly smiled. He had just been called slaveboy, he was about to be forced to fuck

another guy (mostly) against his will and all of it was likely being recorded through his own webcam, but the boy's playfulness and enthusiasm was simply adorable.

"Yes Sir," Jack said shyly, still attempting to stifle a smile as Ben wiggled his ass at him. He dropped the towel and grabbed a condom from his nightstand. He did his best not to question why he was already semi hard even before he began, instead just telling himself to follow orders.

Ben was on all fours, ready to be fucked doggy-style when he suddenly jumped up and flipped over onto his back. "I prefer being able to see you!" he said with a sweet smile. He raised his legs high into the air, exposing his ass as he commanded, "Get in there, big boy!"

Jack shook his head as he stroked his cock to full firmness. He was beginning to see what Elliott saw in the boy. The sudden thought of Elliott shook Jack back to reality, flashes of his nightmare running through his mind. He found himself feeling quite relieved to have Ben there to distract him, as he slid his dick inside the boy, a hand holding each of his legs.

Ben's eyes narrowed slightly as he watched the pained expressions on Jack's face. He could tell something was bothering him, but he did his best to ignore it. He was supposed to be Jack's master, his torturer, he was supposed to make him suffer, not listen to his problems. As Jack began to fuck him, the urge to talk grew stronger and stronger, but still he resisted.

Finally, another idea popped into the boy's head. Don't talk to him, just distract him! "Kiss my leg!" he ordered.

"What?" Jack asked, frowning slightly at the strange order.

"I said kiss it!" Ben repeated.

Jack looked at the legs he was still holding. They were slender, pale and with just a hint of soft ginger hair around the shins. He took a deep breath, frowned once more and pulled one of them closer. He was amazed how soft the skin felt against his lips.

Ben mewed happily at the sensation. "Keep doing it!" he ordered.

Jack once again complied. He might have resisted or argued, but in that moment, following Ben's commands was better than being stuck in his own head with memories of the nightmare. He peppered the younger teen's lower leg with kisses, some brief pecks, others longer, occasionally allowing his tongue to slide out between his lips to lick the supple skin. He naturally found himself working upwards, towards the ankle, but stopped there, looking down at the boy as his fucking slowed down.

"Go on!" Ben said with a slight nod.

Jack gulped, then looked at the boy's foot. He had no idea what to do, so he simply continued with what he had been doing so far, kissing it all over. He couldn't help being amused at the slight giggles he heard any time his lips touched the sole. Unsure what to do next, Jack took the boy's big toe into his mouth, sucking on it gently.

"Mmm that's nice," Ben moaned happily, "But don't stop fucking!"

Jack hummed his understanding of the order as he sped up his thrusting, the vibrations of the noise making Ben mew happily once more. He continued working on Ben's foot a little longer before switching to the other one.

Suddenly the door opened, making both teens look round sharply. Elliott walked in, looking a little taken aback by what he saw. "What are you doing?" he demanded gruffly.

"Killing time!" Ben said playfully before looking to Jack and adding, "Keep going!"

"Ugh, just make it quick!" Elliott huffed, turning towards Jack's desk to avoid watching.

Despite Ben's order, Jack was completely unable to continue. Seeing Elliott so suddenly had caught him off guard. He froze, Ben's toe still in his mouth.

"I said keep going!" Ben repeated gently, not wanting to sound too harsh. When Jack said nothing and remained motionless, he reached forward and placed a hand on Jack's chest. "Jack, are you..."

"DON'T!" Jack yelled out, releasing Ben's legs and rolling away from him on the bed.

"What did you do?" Elliott asked, looking round to see what was going on.

"Nothing, I just..." Ben started, but stopped, shrugging. "I dunno, I guess we're done here!"

Jack cowered against the wall, desperately trying to calm himself. Rationally, he knew that Elliott wasn't about to plunge a hand into his chest, but the fear was still there, plaguing his thoughts. He forced himself to take a few deep breaths, letting his body relax a little. He moved round to sit on the side of the bed, Ben moving beside him, the younger boy looking up at him quizzically.

Elliott eyes shot back and forth between them, trying to figure out what was happening, but ultimately giving up and going about things as normal. He headed for Jack's closet, the other two quickly following.

Jack felt a sudden twinge in his stomach as he saw all his clothes he had been forced to wear the previous week washed and neatly placed back in his closet. His Mom always did his laundry and she had actually seen him in most of the new clothes, but to think that she had handled them, seen up the close the humiliating outfits, it somehow made it feel all the more embarrassing.

"Whadda you say?" Elliott asked, picking up the small denim shorts Jack had worn last Monday. "Should we make these a new Monday tradition?" he turned, waving the tiny clothing at the other two.

"No, we shouldn't!" Jack said weakly. He got an angry glare back from Elliott that sent a shudder down his spine. "What, you asked!" he said defensively, staring at his feet.

"Put 'em on!" Elliott said, thrusting them towards Jack.

With a hearty sigh, the other teen took the shorts and started pulling them on. Either he had forgotten exactly how tight they were, or they had shrunk a little in the wash as it was a struggle to

get into them. By the time he had done it, Elliott had picked out a top for him. It wasn't the same one as the previous week, but it was once again almost skin-tight.

Jack was halfway through putting it on when he felt hands at the waistband of the shorts. He jumped away, looking forward as he pulled the top over his head to see it was Elliott. It took every bit of self-control he had not to jump away again as Elliott reached forward once more. "What are you doing?" he asked nervously.

"Rearranging!" Elliott said without looking up. He undid the shorts and reached in. Jack's cock had been positioned pointing to the left. Elliott took hold of it and pointed it down the left leg of the shorts instead, then did the shorts up again. He gave Jack a wicked grin before turning away.

"You... look really good!" Ben said nervously as he looked Jack up and down. Elliott gave him another angry glare, to which he simply shrugged and replied, "What? He does!"

"Where's the butt plug? And the ring?" Elliott demanded, eager to change the subject.

"Oh, erm... I... erm..." Jack stuttered. He had tossed them in the trash the previous day after fleeing from his embarrassment at the church. He had forgotten about it and had hoped that Elliott might have too. "I lost them!" He took a step back, imagining some furious tirade from his former friend.

Elliott actually smiled, which in itself was probably more scary than if he had yelled. "Never mind, I guess we'll just have to take you to back to the shop some time for some new toys!" he said happily.

Jack, who already looked thoroughly miserable, somehow found a way to look even more distressed. The last time he had been taken to the shop it had been truly humiliating, so he was in no hurry to return.

Seeing Jack's reaction, Elliott sniggered and added, "But I think first we should head back to the club so you can earn some money to buy the replacements!"

"Awesome!" Ben said happily. "You wanna go tonight? I'll call Isaac!"

The boy was so excited he was almost bouncing. It hadn't been part of Elliott's original plan for the day, but he simply couldn't let his young lover down. "Sure, we'll get some food after he's finished at football practice, then we'll head to the club!"

Jack wanted to ask more, but he knew that even if he had been allowed to talk, he probably wouldn't have been told anything. He couldn't help wondering what Ben was planning. Would he be taking to the stage again, or heading to one of the private rooms? Either way, it was definitely not something to look forward to!

The journey to school, was somewhat uneventful, aside from the realisation of the implications of Elliott's 'rearrangement' of Jack's cock. When he had been walking out to the car, he found that as his cock moved along with his leg, pressed on by the tight shorts, it was somewhat stimulating. Not enough to bring on an erection, but enough to start building him up towards uncomfortable levels of horniness again. Furthermore, he realised with total dismay that should he actually pop a boner, positioned as it was, it would poke out of the bottom of the tiny shorts!

Just as they were pulling into the parking lot, Ben turned back to Jack, grinning. "Hey Jack, you checked out your blog today?"

"What? No, why?" Jack replied. In the madness of everything that had happened at the end of last week, Jack had all but forgotten the fan blog the others had found. 'The sexy styles of Jack Hamilton' was a page apparently dedicated to pictures of Jack, showing him in all the embarrassing outfits he had been forced to wear by Elliott.

"Well it looks like they... erm... well, have a look for yourself!" Ben said, barely containing his excitement.

Jack quickly pulled out his phone and found the page. The latest entry was horrifying... it was a series of screenshots of the show he had put on the previous night. Thankfully though, whoever posted them had censored them, putting various emojis in place to cover up Jack's cock, ass and the dildo. "Oh fuck!" Jack whimpered as he scrolled through them all. Even without being able to see the private parts, it was blindingly obvious what he was doing.

"You seen the caption at the end? Who wants to see the uncensored ones? Stay tuned!" Ben read out.

"Oh no, no no no, this... this isn't... this can't be happening!" Jack said, shaking his head in disbelief. He looked to Ben and then Elliott who had turned round to look now he had parked the car. "This is one of you, isn't it? Please, please just tell me it's one of you doing this!"

"I swear, Jack, we have no idea whose blog it is!" Ben said, the smile dropping from his face.

"But... but how did they... how did they know I was going on?" Jack asked, still shaking his head.

"Oh that's simple!" Elliott said with a polite smile. "I messaged them with a link to your cam. I thought they might be interested!" Elliott turned round and jumped out of the car.

Jack was seething. He wanted to jump out after his former friend and pound him into the ground, but he had too much holding him back. All he could do was follow and pray that nobody else in the school followed the blog.

It quickly became apparent, within seconds in fact, that this particular prayer was going unanswered for Jack. Every day he walked into the school now, more and more eyes were on him. They had all seen his outfits, they had all heard about his bizarre crawling and now, it seemed, just about all of them had seen him pleasuring himself in the blog's screenshots.

"Have a good night, Jack?"

"Great show!"

"Can't wait to see the uncensored pics!"

"That was a pretty small emoji!"

The comments were endless, the taunts all merging into one painful din of abuse and humiliation. Jack wanted to punch them, to stop and hit each and every one of them but it just couldn't happen. He wanted to shout at them to stop, to burst into tears and run away, anything at all, but he wouldn't allow himself. 'They won't win. They won't beat me! Ignore them! Ignore all of it! Don't fucking let them win!' he told himself.

He reached his locker, taunts still swirling around him from every direction. How could they all do this? How could everyone be against him. He was Jack Hamilton, they worshipped him, he was their leader. How could they turn? Why would they even want to? He stopped and stared at his locker. One of the pictures had been printed out and stuck to it. Angrily he reached up and tore it off, screwing it up and throwing it inside his locker as it opened. He was too distracted to consider the possibility of his locker being trapped again, but thankfully nothing jumped out at him. He shoved in his bag and just grabbed the books he needed for his first class of the day, then turned and headed to homeroom.

It was getting harder and harder to ignore the comments and taunts, but they did have one good thing about them. The anger, the humiliation and the absolute loathing of everyone around him was ensuring he remained soft. Walking through all of the abuse was bad enough, had he been showing a very obvious boner too, it would have been unbearable.

As he rounded a corner, the comments suddenly stopped. Looking round, he realised it was because two of the teachers were standing there. That was exactly what he used to do, act any way he wanted without teachers around, then be on his best behaviour when a member of faculty appeared. It was a trick he had learned from the a previous captain of the football team. He had always told Jack that staying off the teachers' radar was of utmost importance. You couldn't rule the school if the students ever saw you answering to someone senior and it was something Jack had very much taken to heart.

He briefly considered staying there in the corridor, near the relative safety of a teacher until the one facing away from him looked round. It was Mr Wendell.

The young teacher saw Jack, said something quietly to the other adult, then the two both looked at Jack in unison.

Jack had no idea what Mr Wendell had said, but his mind was so addled by terrified thoughts and feelings of betrayal that any hint of trust had been entirely shattered. In his mind, Mr Wendell had been plotting against him, involving the other teacher, now there were two of them on Ben and Elliott's side. He ran on, heading for the classroom, his mind still reeling. Maybe it wasn't those two, maybe the others had used Mr Wendell to turn more of the teachers to their side. Maybe the entire faculty were in on it with them. Could it really be the whole school, both teenagers and adults, against Jack?

"Oh God!" Jack yelled as the feelings of total despair shot through him. His stomach churned and he only just made it to a trash can in time to throw up into it.

Out of sight of the teachers, some taunting resumed, but others looked slightly alarmed, staring blankly at him. To Jack it was all the same, just more people watching him, judging him... plotting against him! He wiped his mouth with his arm and continued to homeroom, heading to one of the rear seats as soon as he was in the room.

As lunchtime rolled around, Jack felt a strange sense of relief as he entered the store room. Elliott had spent the morning classes teasing Jack's nipples or forcing him to play with himself through his shorts. As such, he had spent a large portion of the morning with the head of his cock protruding from the leg of his shorts. His leg was covered in dried on precum as he had been banned from wiping any of it off.

The physical torment, along with what was going in his own mind had drained Jack. As he entered the quiet room, he just wanted to curl up in the corner and sleep, although even that prospect brought with it the possibility of more nightmares.

The only good thing that had come from the morning was the news Danny, who had finally been forced to leave Aaron's side, had brought with him about Aaron. His recovery was going well. The paralysis appeared to have been from swelling around the spine rather than any kind of break or fracture so he was likely to regain full movement and be able to live his life with relative normality. As is often the case though, the good news came accompanied with some bad. Aaron had been advised to stay away from contact sports which effectively ended his football career as well as any hopes of ever achieving a football scholarship for college. It was just yet another thing added to the increasing burden on Jack's mind.

He was the first one there, so for now he just took a seat and waited. Next to arrive was Bryce who walked in, shut the door behind him and stared coldly at Jack.

"Hi," Jack said cautiously.

Bryce stared a moment longer, then shook his head and walked past Jack, placing down his bag and rummaging through it.

"What?" Jack asked, sounding almost angry.

"What? Seriously? You don't know why I'm pissed at you?" Bryce snarled, turning to face him.

"I dunno, cos I treated you like crap, cos I told the guys you forced me to sleep with you, cos I hurt Aaron, all the above? Take your fucking pick!" Jack snapped back with equal anger.

"What? No. Well yeah, I'm pretty pissed about most of that but..." Bryce said sharply, then paused a moment to compose himself. He sighed and shook his head once more. "I'm pissed because you lied to me, right to my face! I asked you if you hurt Aaron on purpose and you said no!"

"Oh, erm..." Jack mumbled, the anger suddenly giving way to shame.

"Yeah, oh!" Bryce said coldly.

"I'm... I'm really sorry. You weren't meant to find out!" Jack said nervously.

Bryce scoffed. "That's okay then, lie all you like so long as I don't find out about it!" he said sarcastically. "Fuck, Jack, you just can't help yourself can you! I thought Elliott was right, I thought I

could help you, I thought we..." he paused to take a deep breath again, "I thought we were making progress but you're... you're impossible!"

The words hurt, but something in particular caught Jack's attention. "Help me? Making me cum ISN'T HELP! Humiliating me in front of the whole fucking school ISN'T HELP! What the fuck have you done to help me?" he shouted angrily.

Bryce's expression caught Jack off guard. The angry accusation hadn't infuriated him, it just made him look increasingly sad. "You really don't have a fucking clue what I've done for you! You know what, Jack, you're probably right. I'm clearly not helping, so I'll stop. You're on your own now!"

"What?" Jack asked, frowning.

Bryce walked back to the door, reaching for the handle just as it opened.

"Hey, where you going?" Lincoln asked as he appeared.

"Away from that prick!" Bryce said, pointing to Jack. Just before he disappeared into the corridor, he looked back one last time and added, "Enjoy practice tonight!"

Lincoln stood there looking thoroughly bewildered. "What was that about?" he asked, scratching his head.

"I think we just broke up," Jack mumbled quietly to himself.

"What?" Lincoln asked, unsure of what he had heard.

"Forget it, can we just get on with whatever I'm here to do please!" Jack requested dejectedly. "Guessing I don't need these!" he said, peeling off the skin tight clothing.

Jack jumped aside as the door opened, trying to hide from view of anyone passing in the corridor. He was relieved to see it was only Ben and Elliott.

"We just saw Bryce and he looked seriously pissed. What happened?" Elliott asked as soon as the door was closed.

Lincoln shrugged and looked to Jack.

"I dunno, maybe he's on his period!" Jack said sharply. "Now why am I here?"

"Wow, slaveboy's got attitude today!" Lincoln said with a smirk.

"Yeah he has," Elliott agreed, frowning. "Maybe we need to fuck it out of him!"

Jack sighed. "Whatever," he said avoiding looking at the other three.

Elliott looked Jack up and down several times before finally turning to Lincoln. "Get on the floor, condom on and lube up well!"

“Yes Sir!” Lincoln said cheerfully, quickly pulling off his shirt.

Moments later, the blonde teen was laying flat on the floor, casually playing with himself as he waited for Elliott's next command.

“Jack, sit on it!” Elliott ordered, pointing to Lincoln's waiting erection.

Jack shrugged and moved towards it, too weary to particularly care. As he knelt with a leg either side of Lincoln and began lowering himself onto the younger teen's firmness, Elliott stripped off. Ben seemed more than happy to be standing back, recording it all, although the obvious bulge in his pants conveyed his enjoyment.

Jack was half-heartedly riding Lincoln when he felt hands on his back. He flinched momentarily when he realised it was Elliott, but once again forced himself to endure his former friend's touch. He was pushed forward until his chest was almost pressed against Lincoln's and then he felt it... the tip of Elliott's cock was pushing against his hole.

“Already occupied!” Jack called backwards.

“Always room for one more!” Elliott replied playfully.

“What? NO!” Jack called out as he realised what was about to happen.

Elliott's cock began to push harder and harder until finally Jack's ass began to stretch open further to allow it in. He let out groans of both pleasure and pain as Elliott slid in alongside Lincoln.

“Fuck!” Lincoln moaned from beneath them both.

Jack wondered if this was the plan all along. Had Elliott intended to do this with Bryce rather than Lincoln? His mind, and ass, boggled at the prospect. Bryce's girth paired with Elliott's length would have been insane, yet somehow the thought of it made Jack's cock twitch wildly, squished between his own stomach and Lincoln's.

“Holy shit!” Jack moaned as Elliott slid in further and further. So far it was only Bryce who had ever been able to make Jack cum from getting fucked, but if the feelings coursing through his crotch were any indication, that was about to change.

Finally getting his full length inside Jack, Elliott began to pull back before pushing in again, gradually ramping up the speed. Ben was still recording, but had now pulled his cock out of his pants and was jerking off as he watched.

Elliott was beginning to lose himself in the sensations. Jack's ass was already quite impressive, but sharing the hole with Lincoln made it extra tight and he knew he wouldn't last long. As he continued to fuck, he reached forward and grabbed Jack, pulling him back into an almost-upright position.

Although Jack was once again initially hesitant at Elliott's touch, he couldn't deny how good it felt having a body pressed up against his back, especially when he felt a face nuzzling into his neck, nibbling at it playfully. Jack giggled, the sound of it catching even himself by surprise.

The sound spurred Elliott on more, making him fuck faster and harder. Lincoln was first to cum, groaning happily as he shot. The younger teen's twitching cock pushed Elliott closer and closer to his own release.

"Ah, ah yes, oh... yeah," he moaned as he continued thrusting in and out of Jack, his arms wrapped around him, hands exploring his body, mouth inches from his former friend's ear. It finally happened, Elliott began to spurt, wave after wave of pure delight rippling through him, a gentle groan accompanying each one until the final spurt when he whispered, almost involuntarily, "I love you Jack!"

Jack, who had been right on the verge of his own ejaculation stopped dead, eyes widening as he took in what he had just heard. He looked down at Lincoln, the round to Ben but either they hadn't heard or had chosen not to react. He pulled sideways and looked back at Elliott who looked almost as surprised as Jack himself.

"Oh fuck!" Ben suddenly called out, stepping forward and shooting his load over all three of the naked teens.

"Your turn!" Lincoln called out, reaching out to grab Jack's boner.

Ben had barely finished shooting by the time Jack started. Whether intentionally or not, Lincoln ended up with his face covered in Jack's spunk, his arm dropping heavily to the ground.

The three naked teens began untangling themselves from each other. By now, most of them had the foresight to carry the necessary supplies to clean up after their lunchtime encounters. Aside from the noise of their shuffling around and re-dressing, the room remained silent.

Jack kept staring at Elliott, but the other teen refused to look back, looking almost embarrassed.

"See you guys later!" Elliott said quickly before rushing out.

Ben looked confused, wondering why his lover hadn't wanted for him. He quickly shrugged it off and looked to the other two. "We've still got some time, you guys wanna grab something from the cafeteria?"

Lincoln nodded his agreement.

As Ben looked to Jack, he added, "Unless you're too ashamed to be seen in public with a 'disgusting fag'."

Now even more exhausted and confused than when he had entered the room, Jack just shrugged. He couldn't even bring himself to say anything about Ben's choice of words. It was something he kept throwing in Jack's face and usually provoked some kind of response, but Jack was too preoccupied to bother.

"Geez, what's with you all today?" Ben asked as they peeked out of the room, walking out when they saw the coast was clear.

“What?” Jack asked, playing dumb.

“First Bryce, then Elliott and now even you're spacing out. Did I miss something?” Ben asked, frowning.

“Hey, we all days where things just... get to us!” Lincoln interjected.

Ben quickly realised how accurate the comment was. Less than twenty-four hours earlier, he had been in the alleyway with Jack, yelling at him, feeling lost and confused with no idea why. He figured it made sense that everyone else could feel like that. It seemed strange, however, that the comment had come from Lincoln. Of everyone in their strange little group, he had always seemed the most stable, always cheerful, happy to get involved, willing to help. He simply shrugged it off and continued on towards the cafeteria.

Most of the students seemed to be getting bored of taunting Jack by the end of the day. His refusal to respond was depriving their fire the fuel it really needed and although a few still tried, most just let Jack go about his classes as normal. He took it as somewhat of a moral victory when he realised his tactic was working, but he had no doubt that they would be re-energised by the next morning and it would all start all over again. For now he enjoyed what came as close to peace and quiet as he got any more. What made it seem even more serene was the sudden lack Elliott's teasing. During the one class they shared that afternoon, the other teen had deliberately sat on the opposite side of the room to Jack.

He quickly finished his homework after his final class before heading off to practice. It was only when he reached the locker room that he remembered the ominous comment from Bryce. He quickly shook it off. The team were the only people in school who still respected (or feared) him so he felt relatively safe as he made his way in.

Everything seemed normal as Jack changed into his uniform, the usual chatter going on around him. He distracted himself with ideas for plays and tactics that he could go over with the team or discuss with the Coach. When he got out to the field, he found the players already grouped together. It seemed a little strange, but he figured it would save time on calling them all in. He waited a few minutes for the last few to emerge from the locker room while talking to the Coach.

He went over his ideas with the man as well as what they would be covering on today's practice. Coach Sanders was used to letting Jack take the lead, so he told the young Captain what parts he things specifically he wanted covered and left the rest up to him. Happy that it would all be taken care of, the Coach headed back inside to 'take care of some paperwork' which Jack secretly knew was his code for 'go and have a smoke'.

“Okay everyone, gather round!” Jack called out.

Several looks were exchanged amongst the team and they hesitated for a moment before all grouping around Jack in a semi-circle.

“Here's the plan for today. Start with a couple of laps, then onto the regular Monday drills, you know the routines by now. Coach wants a stronger focus on Defence so I'll be round to cover some extras with you guys. Okay, get going!” Jack commanded, gesturing for them to start their laps.

Nobody moved.

Jack frowned. "I said get going!"

"No!" Trent said firmly.

"No? Whadda you mean no? Do as you're fucking told!" Jack snapped furiously.

"No!" Evan added.

"You're not telling us anything any more!" Trent hissed angrily.

"Wait, wh... what's going on?" Jack asked as the team began to form a full circle, surrounding him.

"We're done with, Jack," Trent said, smirking.

Jack turned, looking for a way out, but found none. "But... but... you said... you said..."

"I know what I said and I know you acted like a total dick after I said it!" Trent replied. "But now, you don't have your little bodyguard to protect you so we're done."

"My... my what?" Jack asked, scared and confused. As he glanced round the team, hoping to find a familiar face, anyone who might help he realised Bryce, Lincoln and Danny were all missing. Bryce! Was this what he meant? Did he know this was going to happen. Was he the 'bodyguard' Trent was referring to?

"You really don't have a fucking clue what I've done for you!" That was what Bryce had told him. Could this be it? Had Bryce held the team back from doing this? If he did... why? He was with Ben and Elliott, he was working to destroy Jack, why would he help?

"Hey, what's going on out here?" Coach Sanders called out, marching back onto the field.

The circle parted, much to Jack's relief, to allow the older man to get through.

"We need a new Captain!" Trent said bluntly.

"Why? What..." he started, looking round at Jack. "What's going on here?"

Evan stepped forward. "We can't put up with him any more Coach. We don't trust him and we won't play if he's the Captain!"

"We?" Coach Sanders asked. "You speaking for the whole team are you?" He glanced round. Every member of the team was nodding their agreement to Evan's proclamation. He took a deep breath. "Right, everyone go home. We're done for today!"

Several quiet conversations broke out around the group but they mostly remained stood where they were.

"I SAID GO HOME!" The Coach yelled furiously. The shout made the team burst into a full-on run

for the locker room, except for Jack who had to remain in place as the Coach grabbed his arm. "Not you!" He waited a few moments until everyone else was clear. "What the hell happened?" he demanded. "And not just with today? All of it? Don't think I haven't noticed you've been acting strangely. Wearing those ridiculous clothes, letting yourself become a laughing stock, attacking Aaron the way you did."

"I didn't..." Jack started, refuting the accusation of his assault.

"Save it. I know exactly what you did, Jack and I helped cover for you because I thought you'd got this all under control, but now... a full-on mutiny!" the Coach said in disgust.

"I'm... I'm sorry Coach. Maybe... maybe I can talk them round!" Jack said hopefully.

Coach Sanders shook his head. "Too late, Jack. You know what it takes to be Captain of this team. Craig trained you well enough but you're just not up to the task. I'm stripping you of your Captaincy! Now get out of my sight!"

"No, please!" Jack begged, distraught. He followed the man as he walked away. "Please Coach, this is all I have left!"

"If this is all you have left, then I'm sorry Jack," the Coach said, stopping to look at the distressed teen, "You've got nothing now!" The man's expression softened slightly as he saw tears forming in Jack's eyes. "Look, Jack, whatever it is you've got going on, you've gotta deal with it. We've got a school counsellor for a reason, or you could speak to your parents or I'm sure there's help you can find online. You did a good job as Captain, but... now it's someone else's turn. This team needs a strong leader and right now, that's not you. I get that it sucks for you, but it's not the end of the world. Go home Jack. Get the help you need and take care of yourself, okay!"

Jack sniffed and wiped his cheeks, nodding to the man. What he said made sense. He took a deep breath and headed for the locker room. As soon as he entered the room, it fell silent. He walked over to his locker and opened it. Realising the only clothes he had on him were the tiny shorts and skin-tight t-shirt, he decided to just keep his uniform on, stuffing the revealing clothing into his bag. As he turned to walk away, he once again found himself surrounded. Some of the team had already left, eager to use the extra time they had gotten from practice finishing early.

"What's wrong, Jacky, not taking a shower today?" Trent teased.

Jack sighed. He had hoped that making him lose his position might be enough for them, that they wouldn't put him through anything else. His mind raced. Before, they had pissed and cum on him and that had apparently been them holding back. What would they do to him now? Then a realisation struck him – none of his blackmailers were actually there, nobody could MAKE him do anything? He started laughing, mostly at himself. He had gotten so used to obeying commands that he had almost been prepared to follow theirs.

"No, I'm good thanks, but see you guys later!" he said, still chuckling, pushing through the crowd.

"I don't think so!" Evan called out, grabbing Jack's arm.

Another hand took hold, and another, and another. Hands started pulling at his uniform which

started to tear.

“You won't be needing this any more!” someone called out as his jersey was ripped off. His shorts quickly followed, then his jock strap.

“STOP! HELP!” Jack screamed out as he got forced to to the ground, naked. His jock strap was immediately balled up and stuffed into his mouth, muffling his cries.

Trent stared down at Jack, eyes wide, a look of pure anger plastered across his face. His hands were down at his crotch, grabbing at an obvious bulge. “After all the times 'Captain Jack' has fucked us up, I think it's time he got fucked instead!” Trent said, looking absolutely manic.

Jack looked terrified. Nothing he had done in the last couple of weeks had been voluntary, but none of it had been quite so aggressively forced upon him as this. The more he struggled and tried to scream out, the tighter the rest of the team held him down, ramming his jock strap back into his mouth.

“HEY!” a voice bellowed from across the room. Everyone stopped, turning to stare at the entrance.

Bryce was standing there, backed up by Lincoln, Danny, Elliott and Ben.

“That's a nasty prank you've got going there!” Bryce said, walking forwards.

“Wh... what?” Trent stuttered.

“That's all this is, right?” Bryce asked, getting closer. “A prank, stripping him like that. That's all you were going to do, right?”

“Erm... erm... y... yeah!” the smaller teen mumbled in response as Bryce reached the group. “Yeah, just... just a prank.” He turned to the group, whose bloodlust seemed to have faded quickly after being shocked back to reality. “Help him up, guys! Prank's over!”

A large number of the team didn't seem quite as intimidated by Bryce as Trent was, although that was likely because they weren't right in front of him. A few guys moved to help Jack, but the majority seemed unwilling to let go.

Elliott, Ben, Lincoln and Danny all sidled up next to Bryce, not the most intimidating group admittedly, but the numbers shifted the balance slightly in their favour.

One by one the players began moving away from Jack, heading back to their own lockers. Eventually it was just the five of them left in front of Jack who was still prone. Bryce and Danny helped him up, while Ben grabbed his bag and pulled out the shorts and t-shirt.

“Here,” Ben said, passing them to Jack as he spat out his shredded jock strap.

Jack quickly dressed and left with the others. Not another word was spoken to, or from, the rest of the team.

Chapter 16

THEN

Jack looked round the locker room nervously. This was always the worst part about practice, getting changed afterwards. Thankfully most of the team had already headed off to the showers, something Jack always skipped. Seeing the coast was clear, Jack quickly pulled off his jersey and reached for his t-shirt.

“Jack, can we talk?” Elliott requested, suddenly appearing round the corner.

Jack let out a yelp and jumped, dropping his t-shirt. He quickly scrambled to grab it, holding it up against his body. “Fuck's sake El, don't sneak up on me like that!”

“Well you keep avoiding me, so this seems like the only way I get to talk to you,” Elliott replied with a slight pout.

“I'm not... avoiding you,” Jack said unconvincingly, turning round to quickly pull on his t-shirt.

“Whatever, just wait for me outside so we can talk, okay?” Elliott requested.

Jack sighed and nodded. After he finished changing, he waited out in the car park near Davis' car. Jack couldn't wait until he was old enough to get his licence. He didn't dislike his brother, in fact as big brothers went, Davis was always pretty cool, but it was tiresome relying on him to get anywhere. It was only a few minutes before Elliott followed him out.

“I thought you might have run off again!” Elliott said with a slight snigger.

“Whadda you want Elliott?” Jack asked moodily.

The smile dropped from Elliott's face. “It's... well... erm...”

“Geez, spit it out ya fag!” Jack said beginning to get frustrated.

“That!” Elliott said sharply. “That's what I wanna talk to you about. The way you've started talking to people, the... the gay-bashing and... and the casual racism... it's.... it's not you!”

“Ugh, what are you, a fag-lover or something? Get over it, I don't mean it, they're just words!” Jack said defensively.

“Then... choose different words. I don't get why you're being like this,” Elliott said gently, wanting to sound supportive rather than judgemental.

Jack quickly looked around the parking lot, ensuring nobody else from the team was lingering nearby before moving in close to Elliott. “Look, if you tell anyone else this, I swear I'll kill you, but... Craig said he's chosen me!” Jack said in barely more than a whisper.

“For... what?” Elliott asked, wondering why Jack was being so secretive about it.

“For team captain, like not just JV Captain, but full-on varsity team Captain! Him and the Coach have seen what I can do and they want me to take Craig's place after he graduates!” Jack explained excitedly.

“That's awesome but... that doesn't explain...” Elliott trailed off.

“They said I have to prove myself, to them, to everyone. You've seen this place, you've seen the way they all are with Craig. He fucking rules this place. I gotta show them that I have what it takes off of the field as well as on it. So if that means I have to hurt the feelings of a few queers, then I'm fine with that. I gotta be Captain again!” Jack said sharply. He didn't look entirely comfortable with it, but he had a look of determination in his eyes Elliott had rarely seen before outside of a major football game.

“But why do you...” Elliott started.

“Look, I get it, you've always been, I dunno, the sensitive one of us so I know this shit'll bother you but... how about this? I do what it takes to make it to Captain then once I'm there, I can, like, change things from the inside.” Jack said with a confident smile.

Elliott knew how stubborn Jack was. Outright changing his mind was virtually impossible, so this concession was probably about as much as he could hope for, so he smiled and nodded back.

NOW

“Where are we going?” Jack asked, attempting to sound calm, but his tone virtually dripping with resentment.

“What?” Bryce asked, suddenly shaken by the broken silence.

“I said where are we going?” Jack repeated. “It's just that we've been walking for ten minutes already and we've basically gone in a big circle. So are we actually going somewhere?”

Bryce shook his head silently.

“Then what are we doing?” Jack demanded, stopping.

“I wanted to talk to you,” Bryce replied, stopping a few paces ahead but avoiding looking back.

Jack huffed and shook his head. “You know, that tends to work better when you... you know, actually talk!” he replied sardonically.

Bryce nodded and turned, finally looking at Jack. He looked terrible. Hair messed up, face pale, eyes withdrawn, shoulders slumped, yet at the same time, standing there in his tiny shorts, powerful legs on show, muscles rippling through his tight t-shirt, he also managed to look amazing. “That wasn't supposed to happen!”

Jack shrugged slightly, not quite following.

“The things they were doing... or going to do, I mean. I knew they'd turn on you, I just never thought they'd take it.... that far!” Bryce explained.

Jack sighed. “It was you, wasn't it. It was because of you that they held back that long, wasn't it?” Jack asked. It was a tough question for him to ask. Keeping the team under control was the one thing he had managed to do during all this craziness. The way that had backed down from him after their initial uprising had been the one glimmer of hope that Jack had remained some semblance of his old life. Now though, even that had been taken away from him too.

Bryce nodded gently. “Yeah, that day, in the showers... they... they wanted to hurt you Jack. I mean, like, really hurt you.”

“And you stopped them?” Jack asked.

Bryce nodded once more.

“And you scared them back into line afterwards, didn't you?” Jack continued probing, everything suddenly making so much more sense.

Bryce's eyes dropped to the ground as he nodded again.

“I can't believe I was so stupid. I really thought... I just... ugh, it doesn't matter, it's all gone now. I'm not Captain any more!” Jack said. The words tasted sour as he spat them. It felt like a totally alien concept to him. Since beginning High School, being Captain had been his goal, and once he achieved it, his life. Not having it any more simply wouldn't compute.

“I'm sorry, Jack. It's just earlier, when we fought I was so... pissed at you. I just went and told them to do what they like. When I saw the rest of the team coming out early and a couple of them mentioned what Trent and Evan were planning, I had to come back. I didn't want you to get hurt, but I... I just wanted you to suffer,” Bryce explained.

“Yeah, I think there's a lot of that going around!” Jack replied bitterly. Despite his anger and frustration, he couldn't help himself feeling bad as he saw the obvious distress on Bryce's face. “Thank you, though... for helping me, all the times you did. Out of everyone in the school, you were probably the last person I would have ever expected to do that, but I'm glad you did.”

Bryce smiled weakly. “Yeah, and you're the last person I ever expected to want to help, but... you're welcome.”

Jack attempted to smile back, but it was visibly forced, there was still too much going on in his head for anything even remotely close to genuine happiness to come through.

The two stood staring at each other for a couple of minutes. Both had more to say, but it was all caught up in a haze of pain and confusion. Their own feelings were so jumbled that they couldn't even begin to understand them, let alone put them into words.

It was Jack who broke the silence again. He looked back in the direction of the school and said,

“Are the others waiting there for us?” When Bryce nodded, he added, “We should probably go then, I know Ben and Elliott were talking about going to the club again tonight.” He started walking again.

“Wait, what?” Bryce asked, jogging briefly to catch up with him. “You... well, we kinda figured we should, I dunno, give you the night off or something.”

Jack scoffed and shook his head. “I've just had what was probably the worst day of my life. I've been... mocked and taunted and teased, I've been stripped of something I spent years working for and the guys who were supposed to be loyal to me just turned on me and tried to gang-rape me. Honestly, nothing could be worse than that, so I'm gonna go along with whatever shit those two have dreamt up, because I may as well at least make some money out of this shitty day!”

Jack's words cut deep into Bryce, knowing that he had been partly, or mostly, the cause of a large amount of the things Jack had just listed. The worrying part was the cold detachment in his voice when he spoke. “Okay, that's fair enough,” Bryce replied nervously as he followed Jack along.

They had all gone for dinner after leaving the school but the atmosphere had remained tense. Throughout the meal, Danny was the only one who really spoke a significant amount. After spending so much of the last few days at the hospital with Aaron, who had spent a large amount of that time resting, Danny had been deprived of social activity and was just glad to be around people again.

Ben occasionally spoke up too, attempting to brighten the mood with the cheerfulness and optimism that had begun to shine through in the last week. Elliott seemed to be avoiding talking to anyone now, not just Jack. Lincoln joined in now and then, blissfully oblivious to most of the drama going on between the others.

By the time the meal was over and Danny announced he was going back to the hospital to check in on Aaron, the tension was so thick in the air you could virtually cut it with a knife. A couple of them attempted to suggest the same thing as Bryce, about letting Jack have a night off, but the stern glare they got back from him soon made them back down.

Soon enough, they were all piled into one car heading towards the club. They were in their usual seats, Elliott driving, Ben beside him, Lincoln, Bryce and Jack in the back with Jack in the middle. Unlike the last time they came to the club, Jack was both dressed and not being teased. It made the journey seem to take so much longer.

About half way there, Bryce noticed slight movement beside him. Discretely, Jack's hand shifted back a little, making it's way onto the younger teen's, their fingers linking together and holding tightly. Bryce looked to the side, smiling slightly but Jack didn't respond, instead keeping his eyes focused straight ahead on the road.

As usual, Isaac was there to greet them all on their arrival. He looked a little taken aback as he saw the group, looking significantly more sombre than usual. “Everything okay guys?” he asked hesitantly.

All eyes turned to Jack who just shrugged and said, "Yeah, fine. What you got for me?"

"Well all I had was an opening on the main stage if you wanted to put on a show, although Mondays are pretty quiet out there, especially this early, but one of my guys just called in to say he can't make it. He was supposed to be entertaining a group of guests I've got coming. They're really generous tippers if you can impress them, but... well, they can get rough." Isaac explained.

"Whatever. If it's good money, I'll do it!" Jack said with a shrug.

"I'm not kidding, Jack. They've broken some of my toughest and most experienced guys before. You sure you're up for it?" Isaac asked, placing a hand on Jack's arm.

"I can take it!" Jack replied with a scowl, then glanced round at the others and added, "I can take anything, I'm the toughest fucker you've ever met!"

Isaac chuckled. "If you say so. Well you'll be in the same room as last time. They're not due for another half hour, but your partner's in there already."

"Partner?" Jack asked.

"Yeah, they want two of you for.... well, you'll see!" Isaac said, smirking a little as he headed back to his office. Just as the teens began walking away, Isaac peered back out and added, "By the way, don't forget our rules on discretion. Anything, or anyone, you see in that room tonight stays in the room. These guys are really valued customers but they need to remain discrete, so none of you had better fuck it up!"

The group nodded their understanding of Isaac's warning, then headed to the designated room, grabbing a mask for Jack on the way. While Jack went straight into the main area, the others veered off into one of the viewing rooms, a couple of them wishing Jack good luck but getting nothing in response.

As Isaac had advised, the other guy taking part was already in the room. He turned as he heard the door open, revealing a very familiar face.

"Oh, hi!" Jack said in surprise. "Felix, right?"

Felix looked confused as he nodded. "Yeah, have we..."

"Oh!" Jack said, realising what was causing the confusion, his mask. "From the auditions. I was the cowboy!"

A broad grin spread over Felix's face. "Oh yeah, cowboy Jack. So you got the job then?"

"Yeah," Jack replied with a nod, but not returning the smile. "You too, I guess!"

Felix chuckled. "Yeah. I caught your show. Hot stuff mate, seriously!" He looked Jack and up and down for a moment, eyes narrowing at the choice of outfit.

Jack felt himself blushing. "Thanks," he said shyly, particularly as he remembered his friends could

probably hear the whole conversation. He looked to the mirror for the room they had entered and noticed that the light wasn't on. To anyone in the room, it would appear as if there were no spectators. He wondered whether the others had done that intentionally or if they had simply forgotten to switch on the light.

"So did Isaac give you the warning about tonight?" Felix asked, flopping down onto a couch. He knew it was a while til they were due to start so he figured he would make himself comfortable while he could.

"Ha, yeah!" Jack smirked, "He was all like 'they're mean, they're tough, you can't do it' and I was like 'whatever dude, I can take this shit'."

Felix sniggered at Jack's show of bravado. "Glad to hear you're so confident, I'm not quite so sure!"

"Really?" Jack asked, "You look like you can handle yourself!" He nodded towards Felix, who sat there naked from the waist up.

"Oh you mean this?" Felix asked, flexing his arms, biceps bulging, pectorals stretching. He grinned as he saw Jack's eyes widen slightly at his show. "Yeah, there's a big difference between having muscles and handling pain. Under all of this, I'm a big wimp really!"

Jack smiled at the young man's honesty. Realising he was still standing, Jack walked round and sat on the opposite end of the couch Felix was occupying. "I'm sure we'll be fine. Just keep thinking of the tips!"

"Ha, yeah, you're not wrong. That's the only reason I'm back again. You know, I've made more in four nights here than I do in two months at my actual job!" Felix said with a grin.

"Fuck, seriously?" Jack asked, forgetting for a moment that the money he made was likely to be taken by Ben or Elliott.

"Hell yeah. I'm thinking of doing this stuff for a couple of years, saving it all up and then fucking retiring. The gays in this town have got some deep pockets!" Felix said excitedly. "Why d'you think I wanted the job so bad? The stripping's fun, but in here's the real money!"

The two continued chatting for a while, Jack beginning to visibly relax as time went on, happy to be able to talk to someone completely unaware of the shit-heap his life had become. As it got closer to the time their customers were due to arrive, Felix finished undressing, prompting Jack to do the same.

"You know, we should probably turn the light on!" Ben said cautiously as he noticed Jack looking in their direction.

"Nah, it's more fun if they don't know we're watching!" Lincoln smirked.

Ben looked torn. Not wanting to argue, he shrugged and said, "Fine, but if Isaac mentions it, we just forgot it, okay?"

“What's the big deal? It's just a light!” Lincoln said back, frowning.

“The big deal is that it's a rule and if we don't follow the rules here, we can get kicked out and I don't wanna lose this place!” Ben replied.

While Ben and Lincoln continued squabbling, Bryce and Elliott had settled on a couple of seats by the window, watching Jack talk to Felix. Bryce's arm was rested on the back of the sofa, his head propped up on his hand. He let out a gentle sigh as he continued to observe.

“What's up?” Elliott asked quietly, glancing briefly at the arguing pair behind them.

“Nothing. He just looks... I dunno, happy,” Bryce said, sighing again.

Elliott nodded, thinking for a few moments before he replied. “He's a dick!” he said bluntly.

“Yup!” Bryce agreed.

“He's a homophobe, he's sexist, he's a bully, he's selfish and he's just become one of the worst people I've ever met!” Elliott went on.

“You're not wrong!” Bryce agreed again, raising his eyebrows.

“So I just can't figure out why...” Elliott started, pausing again, face screwing up in contemplation. “I don't know quite how to put it.”

“Why you feel bad seeing him suffer?” Bryce asked.

Elliott gave a slight smile in response, nodding gently.

“That's because you're NOT a dick!” Bryce said, returning the smile. “I think if you're the kind of person who doesn't like to see people get hurt, then it doesn't matter who the person is. Good or bad, someone suffering is still someone suffering!”

“So it's not just me then?” Elliott asked, figuring the only way Bryce could understand his feelings so clearly was if he was feeling the same thing.

“Definitely not and I tell you what, it's confusing as hell!” Bryce said, shifting round in his seat to look straight at Elliott.

“Tell me about it!” Elliott smirked. “I know I keep saying I'm doing this to help him, and on some level I really am, but if I'm being completely honest... I wanted him to hurt!”

Bryce nodded, looking more than a little guilty. “I don't think you're the only one. I mean, before all this started, I hated Jack. I mean, like, really hated him. I used to wish he'd get hit by a bus or something sometimes, so when you guys came to me with this idea it was like a dream come true. But now, I... should still hate him. He's still the same jerk who made my life hell, but somehow I... ugh... I hate this... somehow I care about him. It makes no sense.”

“Yeah, I understand, it's hard both hating someone and being in loving with them at the same time,” Elliott said sympathetically.

Bryce smirked. “I said I care, I'm not in love with...” he started, then stopped, eyes widening with realisation as he looked at Elliott. “You meant yourself, didn't you?”

Elliott glanced nervously at Jack, who was still talking to Felix, then to Ben who was still occupied with Lincoln, then back to Bryce. He nodded, unable to look him in the eye.

“Oh my God, since when?” Bryce asked in shock.

Elliott chuckled, shaking his head. “Pretty much since the day we met!”

“Fuck!” Bryce exclaimed, staring at the other teen.

“Have you ever told Jack how you feel?” Bryce asked.

Elliott pouted. “That's kinda the problem. I'd tried so many times over the years but I couldn't do it, but today, at lunchtime... after we did... what we did, I accidentally said 'I love you' to him!” He was still looking at Ben every now and then, ensuring his young lover was too preoccupied to overhear.

“Wow, that's.... gotta be confusing!” Bryce said, looking back to Jack.

Both being new to this particular group of customers, neither Felix nor Jack knew quite how to react when the door opened. In filed the eight men they had been advised to expect. They were all fully dressed and currently all with their faces from nose to forehead covered by masks, making it hard to really tell much about them. The only distinguishing features they could make out at the moment were hair colours – two blondes, two brunette, two black then one ginger and one shaved.

“You two, over there, on the floor, don't move or make a noise until we tell you!” one of the blondes said sharply, pointing to an area over near some stocks.

Felix and Jack immediately complied, moving where directed and dropping to the floor. They watched as the eight men began to undress. Once disrobed, some began to put on leather harnesses from their bags, others simply remained completely naked. They chatted amongst themselves casually as they did it. It reminded Jack of the sort of conversations he would hear in the locker room from the team in preparation for a game.

Jack listened intently, hoping to get some kind of insight into what to expect. His first clue came when he heard one of them ask, “What teams we doing?”

The group exchanged glances as they continued getting ready. “And what stakes?”

“Just do the usual. If we gotta break in two noobs, we might as well keep it straightforward!” another replied.

“So Dads versus sons, winners fuck the losers?” one of them clarified, getting a murmur of response from the others.

Jack and Felix exchanged shocked, almost curious glances. “Dads versus sons?” Felix mouthed in shock. Jack simply shrugged in response.

As they looked, it gradually began falling into place. The eight could be quite easily paired up now they were undressing. Whether by cock size, hair colour or some other distinct physical feature, Jack matched them up in his mind. It was a somewhat surreal vision as it became clear, each of the four younger guys standing alongside a vision of what they would likely come to look like in twenty or so years.

To help him keep track of them, Jack designated each of them a name based on age and hair colour – blonde dad, black son etc. He dubbed the fourth dad 'ginger dad' even though his head was shaved.

“Stand up!” black dad barked at Jack and Felix, waking the younger of the two from his musings.

As they stood, the eight men walked closer, beginning to circle them. They had formed into their two teams, the members of each quietly conferring.

“We want this one!” blonde dad said, grabbing Felix's arm.

“Fair enough, we're happy with this one!” blonde son replied dismissively.

“Okay,” black dad said firmly. “Here's the deal. We're paying by the hour for you so I'm only covering this once. You don't do anything unless we tell you, you don't speak unless directed to. As of now, you are opponents. You're not only playing for the victory of your masters, you're also competing for your tips. We chip in \$100 each, but ONLY to the winner, so if you want your money, you gotta win it!”

Jack and Felix stared at each other. The blossoming friendship, the rapport they had built while waiting to begin was gone in a fraction of a second. Jack had his game face on, staring down Felix like the opposing team Captain, the knot in his stomach as he remembered he was no longer Captain adding to his determination not to lose something else today. Aside from that, he wanted the money!

“Right. Round One. Our choice,” brunette dad said. He glanced briefly at his his time but without any need to confer, called out, “Blow job! First to cum wins!”

“Ah no fair. We know you're just gonna pick Mr Premature over there and win in seconds!” brunette son said, pointing to ginger dad.

“Hey, fuck you!” ginger dad called out.

“Maybe if you win!” brunette son replied, winking to the older man. “Fine, who we gonna choose?”

The son team quickly huddled, then spread back out. "I'm up!" ginger son said.

"Yeah, we can see that!" blonde dad said with a smirk, nodding to ginger son's prominent erection.

Jack followed the man's gaze to the cock he knew he would soon be sucking. The young man's gingeriness reminded Jack of Ben, but physically he couldn't have been more different. He was tall, well built with a fine matt or orangish hair across his chest, a narrow trail of it running down his firm but unmuscled stomach. The cock itself was quite average, poking skywards just six inches, the head already glistening with precum.

"Fine, everyone in place," black dad directed.

Felix and Jack were forced down onto their knees, the two chosen suckees positioned in front of them.

"You better win this for us, kid!" brunette son growled in Jack's ear.

Jack looked at him briefly and nodded. He paused for a second, frowning but was given no more time to think as the competition began, ginger son's cock thrusting into his mouth. Jack got right into it. He still could not bring himself to enjoy sucking cock, but he was at least getting used to it and, at least in his own opinion, getting better at it! Knowing this was no time for finesse, he reached round and buried his fingers into the young man's buttocks, pulling him forward to thrust his cock in all the way.

Jack almost gagged. While his skills were improving, deepthroating was not a skill he had yet mastered, of ever wanted to. He kept ramming the man's cock in and out of his own mouth while the tongue lashed around the head, taking in the slightly sweet flavour of precum as he did so.

"Fuck!" ginger son grunted as his cock was assaulted by their apparently-eager slave. He placed his hands on Jack's shoulders to keep himself steady, occasionally glancing over at the other slave sucking away on the representative for the opposing team.

Jack found himself quite glad to be getting lost in the surrealness of the situation – here he was, naked, an almost-willing slave to a group of guys, sucking a man's cock while his rival was sucking on the man's father. It helped distract him from everything else going on.

"We've got a winner!" blonde dad suddenly called out.

The yell prompted Jack to stop sucking. He turned to see Felix looking at him, grinning, his face covered in spunk. It attracted a torrent of abuse from the sons team who complained that their nickname for the man of 'Mr Premature' was entirely accurate.

"Fine, whatever!" ginger son said unhappily, looking a little frustrated. Jack had the feeling he had been quite close to cumming too. "Round two then. And we choose... spanking!"

"Good call!" blonde dad said happily. He grabbed Felix's hair and started walking away, making the young man quickly jump to his feet and follow to avoid being dragged.

The sons team seemed a little less rough, just guiding Jack across the room. As the two slaves were

positioned, black son and ginger dad went over to the wall and unhooked a chain each from the wall, letting it slip up through their hands. Two sets of shackles lowered down from the ceiling above Jack and Felix. The men quickly attached them around the wrists of their slaves then gestured for the two men by the wall to pull them back up.

Once again the dad team seemed a little rougher, ginger dad pulling the chain up so hard Jack was amazed Felix's shoulders didn't pop out of their sockets. His own hands were raised as high as he could reach before the chain was secured to the hook on the wall.

Black dad approached one of the display cases and pulled out a couple of small wooden paddles. Jack was slightly relieved to see he hadn't picked out any of the particularly nasty looking ones. It was also somewhat reassuring to think that he had the sons and not the dads. Based on the treatment Felix had already received, Jack had a feeling he had got lucky with his team of sons.

"Here's the deal, slaveboys!" blonde dad with a smirk, taking one of the paddles from his teammate. He puffed out his chest. He was already quite muscular, so the gesture made him look even larger and more intimidating, the leather harness forming an X across his torso, fair hair neatly trimmed behind it. Like most of the guys, he was now hard, occasionally reaching down to casually squeeze his thick tool. "Every time you take a spank, you will either nod to indicate you can take another, or shake your head to indicate you quit. First to quit, loses for his team."

Once again Jack was happy to be with the sons. They seemed like they would be less harsh, which made sense, after all, why would they try particularly hard to make their own team fail... then Jack realised his mistake. The sons gathered round Felix, while the dads moved towards him. The teams had to make their opponent's boy quit, not their own.

SMACK! Without warning, the paddle connected with Jack's rear, prompting him to yell out in pain and shock. It was the hardest his ass had ever been hit. Despite the surprise, Jack nodded as the dads looked at him.

SMACK! Black son beat Felix's ass. With a little more warning than Jack had been given, Felix only let out a little grunt rather than a loud yell. He immediately nodded. SMACK! The paddle fell again on Felix. Another grunt, another nod.

Then it was back to Jack who quickly realised that each turn, the order reversed, so he was now due for two in a row. SMACK! He gritted his teeth, breathing through the pain, then nodded ready for his next one. SMACK. Nod.

It continued, back and forth. The sons occasionally passing the paddle round the group to each have a turn, while blonde dad kept hold of his team's one for beating Jack. As the stinging grew in intensity, Jack closed his eyes, clenching them tightly, fists balled, toes curled. He lost count of the strikes, just willing himself to keep nodding after each one.

Eventually, Jack heard someone speak. "We have a quitter. Take this one to equalise and your next one for the win!" ginger dad announced, prompting the boy to open his eyes.

Felix's face was bright red, his cheeks wet, looking thoroughly defeated.

SMACK! It felt like the hardest one yet. Jack screamed.

“Another one, boy?” blonde dad hissed in his ear.

Jack wanted to shake his head. The thought of anything else ever touching his throbbing ass was almost more than he could bear... then he caught sight of the mirror. It wasn't what he saw that changed his mind, it was thinking about who was behind it. 'I won't let them see me quit!' he thought angrily about his four young tormentors on the other side of the glass. He nodded.

SMACK! He was glad he didn't have to face another. It felt like his ass had been stabbed with a shard of ice, but it was over now and he had won. That equalised it, one point for each team. His own cheeks were as wet as Felix's, but his mask had absorbed his tears making it significantly less obvious. He glanced up, wondering if his hands might be released now that the round was over, but they showed no signs of letting him down as the paddles were (thankfully) put back in the case.

“LOSERS choice for Round Three!” blonde son said with a snigger, aiming at his father.

The dads grouped together, whispering for a few second before black dad looked at the opposing team and said, “Round Three is double orgasm!”

“Awesome!” brunette son said excitedly.

Jack observed the excited young man. Of all the sons, he was the most similar to his father. Both of them were well muscled, moderately hairy with almost identical cocks, a thick seven inches, nestled in a neatly-trimmed patch of hair with quite low-hanging balls. Aside from the slight signs of aging, the odd line here or there, the dad and son could have passed for brothers, even twins.

“Come on, get 'em ready!” ginger dad urged the two teams.

Immediately the teams gathered round their slaves, hands immediately touching them. Jack's cock had shrivelled in response to the savage spanking, but it was quickly coming back to life as he felt eight hands exploring his body. One tugged gently at his balls, another stroked his cock, two played with the bumps and ridges of his abs, one on his back, two on his chest and then, quite surprisingly, one hand very delicately caressing his buttocks, almost soothing them aching flesh.

Involuntarily Jack mewed, the sensation was a lot more pleasant than anything he had ever expected to feel in that room. As the hands on his chest found his nipples, the happy noise turned into delighted groans.

“Oh, he likes the nipples!” ginger son said happily.

Jack could feel an orgasm building, far more rapidly than he had ever expected. Over the past couple of weeks, he had been made to orgasm by guys quite a few times, sometimes without even touching his cock. Each time it happened, he cursed his own body for reacting to such stimulation. As much as he tried to hold it back, it was something he simply couldn't control.

“I think our one's close!” blonde son announced.

“Yeah, same here!” brunette dad replied.

Jack looked across to see a look of pure exhilaration on Felix's face. He was clearly loving every moment.

Despite their pleasure, both slaves seemed a little confused. They had not been advised of the 'rules' for this round. To begin with, he figured maybe it was first to cum would win, but then his team had slowed down when he got close, seemingly waiting for their opponents to catch up. Then he remembered the name of the round, 'double orgasm'. They couldn't possibly mean....

“Go!” brunette dad called out.

Both teams burst into a flurry of activity. Jack's nipples were squeezed so hard that they alone might have pushed him over the edge, but at the same time, the hands on his cock and balls got to work, while the hand caressing his ass found its way into his crack, teasing his hole. With a loud and reluctantly-pleasured yelp, Jack shot his load all over the chest of blonde son, the thick goo sticking heavily to the young man's smooth chest.

The stimulation continued on right through the orgasm making it all the more intense. Gradually Jack's cock became more and more sensitive but they didn't stop. It was exactly what he had briefly suspected, they weren't going to stop. 'Double orgasm' it had been called, he figured the winner would be the team to make their slave reach his second orgasm the quickest.

The 'no speaking rule' was quickly being put to the test. Both Jack and Felix wanted to shout out, to beg them to stop but their competitiveness held them both back, neither of them wanting to disobey the order had been given in case it cost them the win. They found, almost simultaneously, that while talking wasn't allowed, screaming most certainly was. They quickly made their feelings known with their assortment of pained and tortured noises.

Jack's nipples were being squeezed, his balls tugged on, his cock stroked rapidly, lubed by the remnants of his first load. Brunette son who had been soothing Jack's rear at first had now retrieved some of the spunk from blonde son's chest and used it to lube his own fingers, immediately pushing two of them inside Jack. He eagerly hunted out the teen's sensitive prostate and started pounding at it.

Jack could feel it building, the second orgasm, the thing that would both earn him the win and end this torment. It was there, remaining tantalisingly out of his reach despite enduring the most intense stimulation he had ever felt.

Felix seemed to be feeling much the same, the expression on his face paired with the desperate yelps conveying both his delightful and agony.

Jack's eyes rolled back in his head, the confusing merging of pleasure and pain almost too much for his sense to handle. The room became a blur, the hands playing with him all melding into one torturous force playing with him. So detached from his own consciousness, he barely noticed it had all stopped until he felt the final few moments of his orgasm subsiding. As his sense began to return, he could hear cheering from his team.

The chains on the wall were released and both boys slumped to the ground, sweating, exhausted and panting. The wrist restraints were removed and the two slaves allowed just a few moments to

recover.

“Fuck me!” blonde son said, running his fingers through his hair. It had turned a darker shade as it had wettened from his sweating. “It's hot in here,” he grinned and added, “In both ways!”

“Yeah it is!” black dad agreed pulling his mask away from his face slightly and wiping off a little sweat. “Oh fuck this, grab a couple of blindfolds!”

Inside the observation room, all four teens had taken seats on the sofas immediately by the window as soon as the show had started. Hard dicks had been unleashed during the sucking, clothes shed during the spanking round and then the third round had begun.

“Fuck, they're gonna make the cum and just keep going!” Elliott said in shock, figuring out what the Doms had in mind for Jack and his new friend.

“It's not that bad... is it?” Lincoln asked, frowning, casually stroking his own cock.

“You ever tried carrying on after you've cum?” Bryce asked with a slight snigger.

Lincoln shrugged. “No, normally I just fall asleep!” he replied with a chuckle.

“He gonna be okay in there?” Ben asked, leaning against Elliott, whose arm was around his shoulders. “They seem like they're only just getting started!”

“Hey, you heard Isaac, he warned him, Jack knew what he was in for!” Lincoln said dismissively.

The other three looked substantially more concerned, each for their own reasons. They didn't have long to think before the show really got started. Felix and Jack both ejaculated and the post-orgasm stimulation began. Despite their concern for Jack, all four of them couldn't help finding it ridiculously exciting. Bryce and Lincoln both sped up their masturbation, while Elliott and Ben's hands found their way to each other's crotches, jerking each other off as they watched.

By the time Jack achieved his second orgasm, all four of the spectators had shot their own loads.

“Holy fuck that was hot!” Lincoln said, panting and looking down at his cum-covered chest.

Bryce and Elliott exchanged looks, each getting the same idea at the same time. Sitting either side of Lincoln, they shuffled slightly onto him, each holding down an arm and a leg.

“What are you doing?” Lincoln asked, panicking.

“Hey Ben, why don't you show him how bad it is!” Elliott quickly instructed.

Ben excitedly jumped out of his seat and dropped to his knees between Lincoln's legs. He reached out and gave the teen's softening cock a few quick strokes before taking it into his mouth.

Lincoln went wild, attempting to yell out but finding himself stopped by Bryce's hand over his

mouth. They only subjected him to the torture for a few seconds before letting him go.

“Okay, point taken!” Lincoln gasped as he was released.

“Yeah, now imagine that being done til you cum again!” Elliott explained.

Ben stood up and turned to watch what was happening on the other side of the glass as the other three kept talking.

“Fair enough, I suppose I can see how bad it might be,” Lincoln conceded.

“Fuck, I'm already exhausted,” Bryce panted, flopping back into his seat.

“I know the feeling. I could...” Elliott started before getting cut off.

“OH SHIT!” Ben called out, staring.

“What? What is it?” Lincoln asked, looking ahead.

The eight men had blindfolded Jack and Felix. Now unseen, to the best of their knowledge anyway, they began to pull off their masks, wiping their faces and sweating brows.

“That!” Ben said, pointing at the older brunette, shaking.

“What about him?” Lincoln asked.

“Oh shit!” Elliott said, in agreement with Ben, standing as he watched the younger brunette unmask. “That's Mr Hamilton... and Davis. That's Jack's Dad and brother!”

Chapter 17

THEN

"You asked to see me?" Jack said nervously, looking up the bleachers, hand raised to shield his eyes from the Sun. With the blinding light behind him, it was hard to make out what expression was on the older student's face, so his nerves remained frayed following his summoning.

"Yeah, sit down," Craig said, gesturing to his side.

Jack stepped up a couple of rows and sat beside the varsity Captain. It was the last day of freshman year for Jack, which meant last day of senior year for the current King of the school. Ever since he had been selected for the team and then advised by Craig and Coach Sanders that he was being groomed to take Craig's place, it had been his only goal, his sole purpose in life to impress them both. "Wh... what's up?" he asked nervously.

"You're a faggot!" Craig said coldly.

Jack's eyes widened in panic. "What? Why would you.... No, no I'm not!"

Craig started laughing, confusing Jack even more.

"That's how it feels!" Craig said with a snigger. "That's the power I'm giving you. That mortal dread you felt in that split second, that thought of 'he's gonna destroy me!' that's what you're gonna be able to do!"

Jack's shoulders relaxed as he slumped back down in his seat, not even realising how much he had tensed up. "Wow, that's... erm..."

"It's awesome!" Craig said with a wicked grin. "And come next semester, Coach Sanders will bump you up to varsity team and name you the new Captain. I hope you're prepared for that."

"Yeah, I can't wait!" Jack said excitedly.

"No, I mean I hope you're prepared for the crap you'll get for it. The juniors and seniors aren't gonna be happy having a sophomore in charge, they'll do everything they can to take you down. It was hard enough when I took over and I was only a junior. Think you can handle it?" Craig asked.

Jack was surprised that the older teen looked genuinely concerned. In the year Jack had known him, he had never seen him show any kind of concern for the well-being of anybody off of the football field.

"Because I've worked too fucking hard to build up this team to let you go and fuck it up!" Craig added.

There it was. Now it made sense, his concern wasn't for Jack, it was for his legacy. "I won't fuck up!" Jack said firmly.

“Good, you'd better not because I'll be watching and if I see you slip up, if I see you show even the slightest hint of weakness, I'll know about it. The things we do to faggots round here, that'll seem like heaven compared to what I'll do if you fuck up my team. Got it?” Craig said menacingly.

Jack gulped. He had always been intimidated by Craig, but this was the first time he had felt genuinely scared of him. He nodded, unable to speak.

“Great,” Craig said, standing up and turning round to face Jack. He held out his hand. “Welcome to the club, Captain!”

Jack stood and took his hand, shaking it, wincing slightly at Craig squeezed.

NOW

“Where are you going?” Elliott asked as Bryce ran for the door.

“Where d'you think? To stop this!” Bryce said, gesturing to the scene playing out on the opposite side of the mirror.

“You can't!” Elliott said, running up to him, holding the door closed.

Bryce raised his hands questioningly. “Why the fuck not? Are you gonna stand here and let Jack do all that shit with his on fucking family?”

“Yes!” Elliott snapped in response.

“Dude, that's fucked up!” Lincoln said, approaching them.

Elliott's jaw clenched as he looked angrily at the two younger teens. “I don't mean I WANT that stuff to happen, I just mean we can't stop it!”

“He's right,” Ben agreed approaching the irate group. “We let them know we were in here and they'll know we broke the rules, we'll be out of here for good!”

“That's your concern right now?” Elliott demanded, possibly more annoyed at Ben than at the other two's responses.

“Yeah, it is!” Ben replied, folding his arms moodily. “This may be a fun place for you to hang out and humiliate Jack, but I need this place. It saved my life, literally, so yeah, that IS my fucking concern right now!”

It was the boy's anger and passion that caught the others by surprise more than his actual words. It seemed to calm them a little, making them all stop and think.

Elliott took a deep breath and stepped towards his young lover, gently reaching over his shoulder to place his hand on the back of his neck, pulling him into a quick hug, delivering a kiss to his forehead in the process. “I'm sorry, I didn't think. That just wasn't the problem I was seeing.”

“Then what was?” Bryce asked, still waiting to be convinced why he shouldn't just march out there and tell Jack to stop.

Elliott released Ben from the hug, but remained at his side with his arm round the boy's shoulders. “If we go out there now, Jack gets revealed and all hell will break loose. You'll have customers knowing this place is employing someone underage, you'll have Jack's Dad and brother wanting to know exactly why he's doing this, you'll have a bunch of guys who presumably wore masks for a reason pissed that someone has seen them and then we'll probably all be going to jail for what we've done to Jack!”

“Oh!” Bryce said, really beginning to consider the ramifications now. “Well I've at least gotta do this!” he said, retrieving his phone from his pocket and holding it up to the mirrored window into the room.

“What are you doing?” Elliott asked in confusion as Bryce zoomed in and took a couple of pictures.

“Well I'll need some kind of proof to show Jack, you really think he'd believe us if we just told him?” Bryce asked.

“Wait, what, why would we tell him?” Elliott asked, flabbergasted at the suggestion.

“Cos... cos... he deserves to know!” Bryce insisted.

Lincoln and Ben made their way back to the sofa, listening in on the other two discussing what they should do.

Elliott raised his hands to his head, rubbed his forehead for a moment then ran his fingers through his hair, trying desperately not to yell at the younger teen. “No, he can't know! Think about...” he paused, giving Bryce a knowing look, eyes narrowing in response, “all the stuff he's been through today. You imagine going up to him and saying, by the way, your dad and brother secretly attend a gay sex club and today we watched while they fucked you. How d'you think he'd react?”

“Technically, his brother has only fingered him so far!” Ben interrupted. The withering stare he got back from Bryce and Elliott made him shrink back into his seat as Lincoln sniggered.

“Fine,” Bryce conceded. “But... I can't lie to him, not after all the fuss I've made about him lying to me!”

“That's okay, that's not a problem. If he just happens to come up to you and ask 'seen any of my family members at a secret gay club', then feel free to be as honest as you like. Just don't bring it up yourself and you won't be lying.”

“Technically that's what they call a lie of omission!” Ben interjected.

“I swear, Ben, I WILL come over there!” Elliott snarled.

The younger boy retreated back a little cuddling up to Lincoln for protection as the two sniggered at the whole thing.

Bryce sighed, nodding reluctantly. "You're right, we can't tell him." He sighed again.

"Just come and sit down. May as well enjoy the rest of the show!" Lincoln said, moving further along the sofa, arm still casually around Ben.

They sat down to see what was happening now. After watching for a few minutes, Ben broke the silence as he looked up at Lincoln. "Is it wrong that I'm totally imagined getting spit-roasted by Jack's Dad and brother?"

Lincoln almost choked before bursting into laughter. "Oh my God, you little perv," he replied, shaking his head. After just a moment he added, "But Mr Hamilton really does have an amazing ass."

Ben laughed back.

Elliott looked to Bryce. "Those two are so wrong!" he said with mock disgust.

"Yeah," Bryce agreed. "The older blonde guy clearly has a much nicer ass!" All four burst into laughter this time.

It was halfway through Round Four and Jack was determined to keep the lead he had gotten from his spectacularly uncomfortable orgasm in Round Three. The fourth round was quite simple and involved everyone in the room.

The two slaves had been positioned on short benches about waist high, laying on their backs, asses hanging over one end, heads over the other, hands out to the sides. The four members of the Dom team had then chosen a side for Jack to either jerk them off, suck them or get fucked by them. Whichever team had completed all four orgasms first would win.

Felix had blonde dad's cock in his mouth, ginger and black dads' cocks in either hand and brunette dad fucking him. Jack had black son's cock in his mouth, brunette and ginger son's cocks in his hands and blonde son fucking him.

Jack thought that the dads team might be at a disadvantage. Of the eight Doms in the room, only one of them had ejaculated so far, ginger dad, so in theory he could take the longest to cum. However, if his nickname, Mr Premature, turned out to be accurate once again, there went his potential advantage in this round. He had no idea how many rounds would be involved in this contest, but being two points up was definitely very desirable.

As he lay there, hands pumping away on the two cocks, head between block son's legs, Jack did his best to think of anything else. Anything had to be better than concentrating on the feeling of the cock impaling his ass, the feeling of another young man's balls on his chin as he sucked. Then he realised he had literally nowhere good for his mind to go. Prior to falling victim to Elliott and the others, Jack could always occupy his mind with plays for the team, possible sexual conquests or even new ways to terrorise the faggots at school. Now though, his captaincy was gone, he didn't even dare to think about how any attempts to ask a girl out would go and the 'faggots' at school

were probably not afraid of him any more. His school life was ruined, his sports career probably irreparably damaged, his sex life doomed and his social life... well his closest friend was currently on the other side of the mirror, watching him suffer and enjoying every second. His family life had been largely untouched by all the madness, aside from his embarrassing orgasm the previous day at church, although Jack had mostly damaged those relationships himself by avoiding his parents and siblings whenever possible, always having 'better things' to do. Suddenly, concentrating on the four cocks he had been tasked with pleasuring became the most appealing option!

Had Jack not been blindfolded all he could really have seen was black son's ass, so he kept them tightly closed. At the same time, the young man's legs covered his ears, muffling all the sounds into an indistinct murmur. He wished he could stop his other senses too, all he could taste was a steady flow of precum from the cock in his mouth and all he could smell was the musty scent of the man's crotch.

The low humming of noise in the room suddenly grew a little louder, seemingly from the opposite team. 'If they'd won, we'd have stopped!' Jack thought. 'Maybe just one of them had cum, probably Mr Premature!' he sniggered to himself. Suddenly he felt warm wetness on his hand. 'I guess it's hereditary!' he thought to himself. He had guessed who was in what position largely based on cock size, although it alarmed him that he was beginning to get a sense of cock size based on how it felt in his hand, mouth or ass.

The race was really on now. To the best of Jack's knowledge that was one per team. He could do little to speed up or help along the guy fucking him, but he sped up his hand on brunette son's cock while lashing at blonde son's with his tongue.

There were murmurs of sound from above Jack for a moment, then suddenly his mouth was filling with spunk. Black son's sock was not that impressive, but he could really cum. It felt like the biggest load Jack had swallowed so far. He had not been instructed to swallow, but by now it was just becoming second nature to him. In a way it was better. With cum pumping straight down his throat it could be swallowed quickly. Had he spat it out, it would have had to pass over his tongue and he would have tasted it more.

As black son stepped away, Jack regained his senses, taking down deep breaths of air. It was warm in the room and smelled of sex, but compared to the crotch-air he had just been breathing, it felt amazing. He could also hear again.

"Come on, they're ahead!" one of the dads called out, the blonde one, Jack thought.

"Not for... ah, long!" brunette dad growled, thrusting hard into Felix, filling his condom.

Once again it was tied and again that quickly changed as blonde dad filled Felix's mouth with his spunk.

"Come on, jerk him off!" the dads urged Felix who was desperately pumping away on the final cock.

The score equalised moments later as Jack felt blonde son collapse on top of him, his cock spasming in Jack's ass.

This was it, the next orgasm would win the point. Coincidentally it was the cock in both Felix and Jack's left hand that were still to blow, not the ones they primarily used on themselves! Jack's hand worked brunette son, Felix's worked black dad's.

"FUUUUCK!" black dad yelled out as he shot a heavy load over the naked man before him.

"Damn it!" brunette son snapped, punching Jack's hand away. His hand connected hard, much harder than he had intended so he immediately grabbed it and said, "Sorry, didn't mean to do that!"

Jack was mostly oblivious to the stroke anyway, so much of his body was aching now that one more small part made very little difference.

"Okay, Round Five!" blonde son said.

They had stated when they arrived that they were paying by the hour, but the pace of these games was amazing both slaves. They weren't being given so much as a moment to recover between rounds.

"We choose Double-ender!" blonde son announced after a quick team huddle.

Jack and Felix were moved onto the floor, kneeling on all fours, but not restrained in any way. Blindfolded, Jack had no idea of where Felix had been positioned, but based on what he could hear and where the other team seemed to be gathered, he guessed he was right behind him, the two kneeling almost ass-to-ass. Both boys shuddered as they heard a sudden cheer.

"Here," one of the sons said, dropping something onto Jack's hand.

He grabbed what had been dropped. Sadly, another thing he was beginning to know by touch was a dildo. The phallic silicone was immediately apparent to him. He was pleased to note that it wasn't particularly thick, but he shuddered once he began to feel its length. It seemed endless! It was quickly snatched off of him before being given to Felix to give him a similar preview of what was to come.

"That, boys, is twenty-four inches of double-ended silicone and your new worst nightmare," brunette dad announced to them. "In just a moment, an end will be inserted into each of you and the contest will begin. Your goal is to force twelve inches of it into your opponent before he can do the same to you!" Not that either slave could see it, but there was a thick black line round the middle of the dildo, the point it would have to reach for one of them to win.

Jack's breathing deepened as he began to panic. So far, the longest he thing he had ever taken was Elliott's cock. That was just under ten inches and it was as much as he could handle. He needed to win this round, not only to take back the lead, but because he was genuinely scared of losing! He felt fingers on his ass, roughly applying more lube. He didn't feel he needed it, he still felt fully slicked from his fucking minutes earlier, but he figured it was done with the intention of making the task harder.

One end of the dildo was inserted into Felix, just the first couple of inches, then Jack was moved into place and a similar length was inserted into him. With twenty inches of dildo hanging between

them, ginger dad knelt beside it, holding up the middle to ensure it didn't just drop and pull out of both slaves.

“Ready to push?” ginger dad asked. Getting a slight grunt from them both, he called out, “Go!”

Jack clenched, but just a little slower than Felix had acted. The toy suddenly pushed another couple of inches into him before his sphincter gripped onto it. Satisfied he could stop it sliding any further in for now, Jack began to push back. The grunt he heard from Felix suggested it had been successful.

Both teams were yelling support for their slave and hurling abuse at the opponents as the two kneeling boys pushed back and forth, never of them allowing any more of the huge phallus to enter them for now.

Clenching as tightly as he could, Felix started pushing back hard.

Whimpering in protest but unable to stop it, the slippery silicone gradually started sliding further and further into him. He soon had a length inside him equivalent to Lincoln's cock. Knowing that simply clenching wasn't going to let him win, Jack decided on a quick strategy. For just a moment, he stopped resisting. As expected, Felix's firm pushing thrust it in further, taking it up to the equivalent of Bryce's cock (length only, thankfully, not girth). The sudden movement caught Felix a little by surprise, making him stagger slightly. Jack was quick to jump on the momentary weakness, clamping his sphincter hard on the toy and thrusting himself backwards.

Felix let out a sudden yelp as around six inches of dildo shot inside him. Thankfully, Jack had to pause to shuffle backwards a bit before he could push any further. Another inch slid inside him before he managed to stop it again.

Felix currently had around nine inches inside him, while Jack was slightly over seven. Once again they returned to a stalemate. With only eight inches of the toy still exposed, ginger dad was able to release it and move away, joining his team in heckling their slaves. Unable to risk any more 'tricks', it was now a straightforward trial of strength and resistance.

Both began losing ground, Jack slightly more than his opponent. The two teams went quiet, crowding around as millimetre after millimetre slid into the slaves, their asses now almost touching.

Jack was groaning with pleasure in amongst his whimpers of pain. He had just passed the equivalent length of Elliott's colossal tool. He started wondering is it was even possible to take something so big, convinced it was going to break something inside him. Thankfully, the toy was providing virtually no sexual stimulation so his cock hung down limply. When they started, he had dreaded the prospect of looking like he was enjoying it.

Jack suddenly felt warmth on his ass. Felix's butt cheeks made contact with his own, slowly pressing harder and harder, but with no indication of a success yet from either team, he had no idea whether he was pushing onto Felix or vice versa.

“Well fuck it!” blonde dad declared in bemused annoyance. “Looks like a tie to me!”

His son leaned in to verify it for the younger team. "Yup, looks that way!" he agreed.

"Two and a half points to each team then!" brunette son declared.

In the observation room, despite his protestations that it all needed to be stopped, Bryce was watching just as intently as the other three. "Fuck, how does that even fit inside someone?" he asked, absent-mindedly fondling his cock.

"No idea, I can only just take this!" Ben said, reaching into Elliott's lap and wrapping his fingers around the semi-hard cock laying along his leg.

"Yeah, I don't even know how you do that!" Bryce said, shaking his head.

"You ever even had anything up your ass?" Elliott asked, looking to the muscular teen beside him.

Bryce began blushing. It seemed strange. He had been naked in front of the other three multiple times. He had fucked in front of them, jerked off, been sucked and cum so many times yet actually talking to them about such things still seemed a little awkward. "Only... a finger!" he confessed shyly.

"How about you?" Elliott asked, looking to Lincoln.

"Nope, nothing!" Lincoln said casually, less bothered about the subject than Bryce.

In all of this, Bryce and Lincoln had been two of the biggest surprises. Neither of them had given any prior indication of bisexuality or even bi-curiousness, yet here they were as much into all the sexual antics just as much as the two gays sat between them. They had never been anti-gay, unlike Jack, Elliott just figured it was something that had simply never crossed their mind until the opportunity presented itself. There was also the other, exceedingly simple, possible explanation... they were sixteen and horny as fuck, that was always something that could result in questionable sexual choices!

"You should try it!" Ben said, grinning at Lincoln, then leaned forward to look across at Bryce, "And you should definitely try something a bit bigger... and deeper!"

"How about you?" Lincoln returned Elliott's question. "I mean, a cock like that is made for fucking, but you guys ever switch it up? I think it'd be pretty hot to see cute lil Benny here fucking you!"

Ben giggled, leaning into Lincoln a bit firmer. "You think I'm cute?"

"Don't ruin it!" Lincoln said with a smirk, then turned his attention back to Elliott, awaiting an answer.

"I love playing with my ass, but Ben..." Elliott started, pausing to look at his boyfriend, "he's really not a top!"

"He can act like one!" Bryce said, leaning forward and giving the boy a quick wink.

“Ah!” Elliott said. “Common mistake, he can act like a Dom, not all Doms are tops!”

“Oh,” Lincoln replied, not completely sure he understood. All these terms and concepts were still quite new to him.

“So does that mean you sometimes let him Dom you?” Bryce asked, trying to embarrass Elliott.

Instead of blushing, Elliott grinned. “Fuck yeah, and it's hot!” he said happily, thinking back to the times Ben had taken charge of him.

“Okay, I kinda wanna see that,” Bryce said, cheeks burning red.

Sexual tension seeming to be growing amongst the whole quartet, awkward silence fell, over them so they turned their attention back to the room where it appeared Jack had been prepared for Round Six.

Jack and Felix were stood once again, their wrists once again in the overheard restraints, but this time they were back to back. After the game with the dildo, they had been forced to stand without taking it out and now stood with it still inside them. Ropes had also been tied around their necks, not enough to choke them, just enough to keep them pressed up against each other.

Both of them had been put in ankle spreaders, a long wooden bar between their feet, spreading their legs wide, then again attached to each other. It seemed the only point at which the two slaves were not directly held together was around their hips. In front of each of them, a small stand had been erected, topped with a well-lubricated fleshlight.

Much to Jack's embarrassment, being moved into place, feeling the dildo moving inside him and having his team occasionally touching as they positioned him, his cock had sprung back to life. He wondered if he had been drugged again. He had been given viagra before, perhaps they had managed to slip him the drug more often than he realised. That would explain his reaction to all of these things. It was surely a more believable reason than the possibility that he was actually enjoying it on some level.

The fleshlights were moved into position, with the heads of the two slaves' cocks just inside the tight opening. That alone was enough to get grunts of pleasure from them both.

“Here's an easy one for you,” ginger dad told the two boys. “Fuck the fleshlights. First to cum, wins!”

Jack groaned. It had not been that long since his last two orgasms, they couldn't expect him to have another, his cock had barely recovered. This time he felt that it was the dad's team who had the advantage. While there was no doubt Felix's cock was also still sensitive from his post-orgasm torture, he had not reached the point of a second climax, so he should still have another 'in the tank'. The lack of any unhappy noises from his opponent suggested that he may feel the same.

“And go!” ginger dad said, not wanting to waste any time.

Jack thrust his hips forward and simultaneously felt two things. His cock slid into the fleshlight, sending a surge of electricity from his cock right through his whole body, while he felt a similar stimulation in his ass as the huge dildo pulled out a few inches. With a groan he pulled back and found yet another unpleasant surprise. He had known he would likely face the return of the dildo to his insides, but what he hadn't expected was the extra couple of inches he received from Felix.

The dads team slave had obviously caught on quicker than Jack and clamped down on the toy before pushing back from his first thrust into the fleshlight.

Jacks guts felt like they were on fire. Somehow, inexplicably, he had somewhere in the region of thirteen inches of silicone cock inside him. He hung there limply, legs going weak, wrists supporting most of his weight, sending a jolt of pain through his shoulders.

"Keep going!" one of the sons yelled, a flogger connecting sharply with Jack's chest.

"Hmmm!" Jack moaned, only just holding himself back from shouting at them. He thrust forward again, his cock sliding into the toy. This time he clenched his ass for the backwards movement although with Felix doing the same, all he managed to do was take the same amount into him again rather than pushing any of it back.

The flogger struck him again. Terror suddenly surged through Jack. It wasn't fear of the flogger or the dildo or his possible third orgasm, it was the terror of realisation... he felt aroused. The feelings surging through him... were actually mildly enjoyable. All of it, the pain, the pleasure, the total lack of control, all merged together into an ensemble of exhilaration.

'Fuck!' Jack thought to himself, groaning happily as his cock slid in and out the fleshlight quite rapidly.

Seeing that their flogging was indeed spurring their slave on, the sons continued to do it, moving up and down Jack's body, reddening the skin with its gentle stings.

Jack got faster and faster with his fucking. As an unfortunate side-effect, he rapid movements were fucking Felix with the dildo quite pleasantly. With less of it in him and more in Jack, it was now pressing more against his prostate.

Enjoyment and achieving orgasm were quite different things for Jack. He was definitely achieving the first, but the second seemed to remain elusive. Instead, a cheer went up from the dads as Felix grunted loudly, cock twitching inside the toy.

With the dads team in the lead, the sons team chose the next round based on what they were beginning to find was one of Jack's strengths, pain resistance.

The rope around Jack and Felix's necks was released and then, comedically, both boys were grabbed by the feet and pulled. Dangling from their wrist restraints, their asses began to part and the toy started to slide out. It fell out of Felix first before the final few inches emerged from Jack, the huge dildo dropping the ground with a heavy thud.

When the two slaves were lowered back down, they were turned so they now faced each other,

their bodies pressing together. Jack had seen Felix naked and knew he was well muscled, but actually feeling the firmness of it against his body was yet another sensation he found reluctantly arousing. Having missed out on orgasming in the previous round, he was already hard again, his cock pressed between their two bodies.

Despite the obvious competitiveness between the two, there was also a sense of camaraderie between them, some kind of bond over their shared suffering. At almost the same time, they allowed their heads to rest on each other's shoulders in a kind of armless hug.

“Round Seven, we'll keep going until one of you says stop!” blonde dad called out.

Both boys suspected what was coming. As they felt simultaneous lashes across their backs their suspicions were proven correct. It went on and on, canes, floggers, paddles, hands, anything the two teams could use, working everywhere from neck down to ankles. Jack wondered why they didn't focus on a single spot, particularly his ass which still had to be bright red from the earlier spanking, it would have made him quite much quicker, but he soon noticed no two strikes were in the same place consecutively. Maybe it was a rule of theirs, spread the pain round, not only to avoid permanent damage (which was understandably banned by Isaac) but also to prolong the suffering.

Jack occasionally found himself tempted to quit, not only to end his own pain, but to get relief for Felix who was whimpering in his ear, but refused to allow himself to quit. His stubbornness soon kicked in. Orgasms were often out of his control and some of the other tasks he was unable win at, but this was a matter of sheer will, something he could control. That wasn't all though, other thoughts floated through Jack's mind, strengthening his resolve.

'You hurt Aaron, you deserve this. Don't let those fuckers in there see you quit. You actually enjoyed some of that shit before, let them beat it out of you, you deserve pain for it.' The thoughts kept rolling round his mind, looping over and over as the strikes on his rear continued.

“Stop!” he finally heard in a quiet moan from Felix.

Jack felt sorry for his rival, subconsciously nuzzling him sympathetically, but felt quite relieved to have won and once again equalised the score. The cheers from the sons revealed they too were quite happy with the result.

“Fuck it, it's tied again!” brunette dad groaned.

“Fine. One last round to decide, then we get our prize!” blonde dad said confidently.

“Okay, what we doing?” black son asked.

'Nothing with orgasms!' Jack thought desperately to himself.

“How about a good old fashioned wrestling match!” ginger dad suggested.

The idea seemed as good as any other, so they went with it. Figuring it would probably be a crap match if they did it blindfolded, the eight men put their masks back on and removed the two slaves' blindfolds.

Blinking several times to get used to the lights, Jack looked round to see Felix, who looked exhausted. A quick look into the mirror revealed Jack looked equally dishevelled. Felix gave him a slight smile and got one back in return.

There were a couple of mats stood up in one of the corners, so they were dragged to the middle of the room and dropped down.

“Let's get them ready!” blonde son said with a snigger, gesturing to the supply cabinet.

Jack and Felix were forced to stand in place as they were 'prepared' for their fight. Every inch of them was smothered in baby oil. Had the sensation of being touched all over not already stiffened Jack's cock once more, the sight of the oiled-up Felix would have done the job. The sheen on his skin accentuated every muscle and curve. Just for good measure, each of them had a vibrating putt plug shoved inside their asses and a clamp attached to each nipple. Putting on the clamps had almost floored Jack with his overly-sensitive nipples. They all knew they would soon be knocked off, but the momentary sting of their removal could add a fun dimension to the fight.

“Okay, first to pin their opponent for a three count wins!” black dad said quite simply.

Flex and Jack faced each other across the mat, lunging at each other as soon as they were signalled to begin. Their bodies pressed together, pushing hard against each other, but only for a moment before the baby oil got the better of them and they slipped, simultaneously losing their footing and dropping down heavily, limbs tangled.

It was less a wrestling match and more like aggressive foreplay as the two naked young men rolled around with, or on, each other. Cocks pressed together and slid apart, nipple clamps were knocked off, or in the case of one, ripped off deliberately by Felix who flashed Jack a cheeky grin as he did it.

Jack managed to get Felix onto his back, hooking a leg to pin him. Felix slipped free, thankful for the oil assisting him. He turned it around, getting Jack into the position he had just been in. Back and forth the tide of battle turned. Suddenly, it was over. Felix had pinned Jack and the three count was given. It was so quick it caught them both by surprise.

Ginger dad raised Felix's hand in victory, but it dropped to the mat as soon as he released it, both slaves spent.

“Time to pay up, boys!” brunette dad called out.

“Nice try,” blonde son said, helping Jack to his feet. “You two can go now, your part's done!”

Jack nodded his understanding, then reached down to help Felix up, who had already been forgotten by the dads.

As soon as Felix was on his feet, he gestured for Jack to follow him. They grabbed their neatly folded piles of clothes from where they had left them, then exited the room. Felix led them down the hall into a shower room. They placed down their clothing and walked towards the showers.

It had only just dawned on them that they were allowed to talk. “Holy fuck,” Felix said, shaking his

head as he turned on one of the showers. "That was intense!"

"Yeah," Jack croaked, his throat dry. He coughed to clear it as he turned on the shower beside Felix's. He could have gone on the opposite side of the room, but he had just followed. "I ache... everywhere!"

They both let out satisfied moans as the warm water washed over their bodies.

"Are you really gonna shower with that thing on?" Felix asked, gesturing to Jack's mask.

"Oh... erm..." Jack hesitated.

Felix sniggered. "Hey you can trust me, but if you still don't feel right I can move across there," he said, gesturing to the showers across the other side.

"No, it's okay!" Jack said. He reached up and pulled it off, tossing it across to his clothes.

Felix stared at him. "Oh my God, you're him... you're THAT Jack! Jack Hamilton!"

Panic spread over the teen's face. Felix knew him?

"Wow, I'm a huge fan," Felix said, looking genuinely amazed.

"Of... of what?" Jack asked, still a little scared.

Felix laughed. "Your pictures. You popped up on my tumblr feed a few days ago, been following your blog since!"

"Oh!" Jack said, blushing and looking increasingly uncomfortable.

"Sorry, that was meant to be a good thing," Felix said, seeing the expression on his face. "Your pictures are so fucking hot. You've got some serious balls!"

'Yeah, and just about everyone has seen them!' Jack thought, but remained silent.

"This is totally embarrassing but I may have... jerked off... to your pics!" Felix confessed as he washed himself down.

Jack's cock twitched. 'What the fuck?' Jack thought, feeling his own arousal. "You... you did?"

"Yeah," Felix replied with a coy smile. "I kept hoping for the uncensored pics of your cam show to pop up. I had no idea I was gonna get a live performance!"

Jack actually chuckled. Felix really was gushing now, it was like he had met a celebrity or something. The older slaveboy blushed a little as he glanced down at his own now-rigid cock.

"Geez, I don't know how you've still got in ya!" Jack sniggered.

"Oh really?" Felix replied, nodding to Jack's quickly-stiffening tool.

“Oh, that's... erm...” Jack stuttered, completely at a loss to explain it.

Felix shrugged. “Hey, no biggie,” he said softly, sensing Jack's hesitation. “Let's just get clean. I think I'll need about six showers!”

“Yeah, me too,” Jack agreed shyly, glad that Felix hadn't pushed.

Jack finished showering first, grabbing a towel from the pile near the door to dry off. When he finished dressing, Felix was only just leaving the shower.

“Hey, could I... get your number,” Felix requested.

Jack blushed, unsure if there was some deeper meaning behind the request.

“For... for work,” Felix said with a sly grin. “Maybe plan some shows together! Guess I'll need the work if I'm not getting tipped for tonight. Well done on the win btw.”

“Oh, yeah, thanks. Erm...sure, we can plan something!” Jack said happily. Happily? Coming here was torture, literally, his 'friends' were using it to torture him yet here he was making friends and plans. He reached out and took Felix's phone, typed in his number and handed it back with a smile.

“Thanks. Guess I'll see you around then,” Felix said as Jack backed towards the door.

Jack turned and walked out, then paused. He did a one-eighty and walked back in, surprising Felix. Without a word, he walked up to him, pushed him against the wall and kissed him firmly on the lips.

“Wh... what was that for?” Felix asked, staring wide-eyed.

Jack was shaking. “I... genuinely have absolutely no idea! See you around!” He turned and walked out again, heading downstairs into the staff area where he could hear his 'friends' talking.

Silence fell over them as Jack appeared. They had expected him angry, moody, maybe exhausted. Instead, the look on his face was... almost serene.

“You okay?” Bryce asked.

Realising he was almost smiling, Jack forced a scowl onto his face and shrugged non-committally.

Isaac appeared from the office, a large wad of cash in hand. “Congrats. I heard you won. Here.” he held out his hand with the money.

Jack took it and started counting.

“It's all there!” Isaac said sharply.

“Oh, no, I wasn't...” Jack started, then handed back half of the money. “Here, give this to Felix, he earned it!”

Isaac nodded, impressed by the boy's generosity. The other four, on the other hand, were totally floored by the gesture.

"Shut up!" Jack said sharply before any of the others could say anything, then headed for the parking lot.

The drive back was bizarrely sombre. Jack had expected them all to have a lot to say about the show but they barely spoke. Was it the kind act they had witnessed as they left? Had it softened them? Or were they perhaps simply getting bored of these games? He desperately hoped for the latter. If they were finally tiring of harassing him, perhaps freedom was imminent. He had to hope so, he really had nothing else they could take from him, he realised, the memories of his awful day creeping back into his mind.

After the last show he had put on at the club, he had been so exhausted that he fell asleep on Bryce for the journey home. Today, despite his exhaustion, he remained alert and awake. They had been driving, in silence for about ten minutes, before Jack moved. Cautiously, he grabbed Bryce's arm and raised it, leaned into him, then pulled the arm down around him. Bryce made no move to resist it, squeezing him gently as his arm was lowered.

As Elliott glanced in the rear-view mirror, he stretched up slightly to get a view of the passengers in the back and realised Jack was staring right at him. He drooped back down into his seat and continued driving.

Jack had been dropped off at home first for a change, jumping out of the car without a word. He had gone into the house and headed straight to his room. He changed into looser clothes and lay on his bed, initially on his back until he realised how much his entire rear half stung. Laying on his front wasn't much better, his cock was still sensitive and any pressure on it felt quite intense.

Jack's phone beeped after he had been laying there for a few minutes. He sighed as he reached for it, figuring it was just some orders from one of the others as none had been given when he got out of the car. Instead he was surprised to see a message from an unknown number.

[Hey Jack, it's Felix. Just wanted to give you my number and say thanks. You didn't have to do that with the money!]

Jack felt a fluttering in his chest. [No big deal. I get a feeling you'd have done the same if you'd won!]

[You kissed me!] Felix replied. Moments later it was followed by a second message. [Sorry, that wasn't meant to be so blunt! :-S]

[Sorry about that, I don't know what that was] Jack replied honestly.

[Maybe you like me hehe] Felix said playfully.

Jack looked at the last message, reading it over and over, the fluttering in his chest intensifying.

[I'm not gay!] Jack replied, regretting it the moment he sent it.

[Ah cool, let's just put it down to relief from finishing the job or something then] Felix sent back.

Jack felt awful. It seemed like Felix was interested and he could entirely understand how he might have had the impression the feeling was mutual, so it felt awful to let him down like that. [Yeah, probably just that. Anyway, I think I need another shower!]

[Same here. Take care, chat soon x]

Jack didn't send any more messages back, worried he might somehow make things even worse. He got up off the bed, figuring that a shower might relieve some of the stinging. He headed for the bathroom, tossing his clothes on the chair as he went.

He stood in the shower much longer than he needed to, just enjoying the feeling of the cool water down his back. He figured it was probably time to get out when he started shivering! As he walked back into his room, towel wrapped around his waist, he let out a quiet yelp as he saw someone sitting on his bed.

"Hey bro," Davis said with a smile. "Just got back and saw the light on, figured I'd come check in on ya but you didn't answer, so I let myself in."

Being partially naked in front of a family member still seemed uncomfortable to Jack. He wanted to turn away, but knew that doing so would reveal the lines and welts on his back from his earlier beating. "Check in on me?" he asked nervously.

"Yeah, you know... see how you're doing!" Davis said, frowning.

"Why? I'm... I'm fine!" Jack insisted.

"You've been acting weird all week, you orgasmed in front of us at the church and then last night I found you asleep in your shower!" Davis said bluntly.

Jack froze. "That was you?" he asked in shock. "And I didn't..."

"Save it. Mum and Father Bernard might have bought that you peed yourself, but I know an orgasm when I see one!" Davis said sharply. "Are you okay?"

"Well I think I'd be better if this conversation was already over!" Jack said pointedly. He sighed, knowing his big brother meant well. "Look, thanks for your concern and... and the towels last night, but really, I'm fine!"

"You sure? You know you can talk to me!" Davis insisted.

Jack paused for a moment. Could he tell him? Could he be trusted with the secret or was he yet another of Elliott and Ben's accomplices? It wasn't worth the risk. If the others were getting bored of torturing him, his ordeal could be close to being over. "I do. Thanks." Jack said. His shyness got the better of him, he took a few sideward steps towards his discarded t-shirt on the chair hoping to cover up.

Suddenly Davis' eyes widened. As Jack moved, his back had become visible in the mirror behind him. "Jack, what happened to your back?" he demanded.

"What, erm, nothing!" Jack insisted, quickly attempting to pull on the t-shirt.

Davis virtually jumped across the room, yanked the t-shirt out of Jack's hand and span him round. He looked in horror at the bright red lines, marks and bruises already forming down his little brother's entire back.

"What the hell did he do to you?" Davis asked in shock.

"Nothing, it's just..." Jack started, then paused. "He? He who?"

Now it was Davis' turn to look nervous but it lasted just a second before a strange expression covered his face. "No," he whispered to himself. "Jack, show me your left arm!"

"What? Why?" Jack asked, raising his arm.

It was faint but it was there, a small bruise forming exactly where Davis had hoped not to see it. "You were at the club!" he said accusingly, taking a step back.

"You know about the club? Jack asked, thoroughly confused.

"Jack, I was there... you... you were on MY team!" Davis said. He looked just about ready to throw up.

Jack heard what his brother said, but couldn't take it in. It wasn't possible. This had to be some twisted trick, some horrific prank at his expense.

"He said he was only messing around with you at school, but... he's making you go there, isn't he?" Davis asked, shaking his head.

"Who?" Jack asked, beginning to tremble.

"Elliott, he's making you do all of it, isn't he?"

"You... you know?" Jack asked, eyes wide. "Tell me everything!"

Ben giggled as Elliott's fingers tickled at his side. They were laying together on the older teen's bed, cuddling.

"Stop it!" Ben said, playfully pushing Elliott's hand away as he squirmed.

"Make me!" Elliott said back, tickling his lover again.

"Okay!" Ben said, happily accepting the challenge. He scrambled on top of Elliott, straddled his

hips then leant down, bringing their lips together.

Elliott growled happily into Ben's mouth as their tongues wrestled. He wrapped his arms around his young lover and rolled over. Ben ended up on his back, with Elliott on top, still kissing.

Ben felt Elliott pull his arms up, pinning them down onto the bed above his head. The older teen pulled out of the kiss, immediately burying his face into Ben's neck, kissing and licking at it, gradually working up towards his earlobe, making Ben giggle playfully once again.

"Elliott," Ben whispered.

"Yeah?" Elliott asked, lifting his head and staring down into the boy's beautiful green eyes.

"I... love you!" Ben said nervously.

Elliott stared. They had said it to each other plenty of times before, but after today he wasn't quite sure how to respond. Mostly to avoid having to say anything, Elliott leant down again, kissing the boy. Keeping his lips on his young lover, Elliott began to work his way downwards, kissing his jaw, neck, shoulder, chest and stomach before pulling off and grinning up at him.

Ben's cock throbbed. He knew what was about to happen. Cumming while getting fucked by Elliott was most definitely his favourite way to reach climax, but feeling his boyfriend's lips around his boner was easily a close second. "Go on, do it," he whispered hungrily.

"I dunno," Elliott said, pausing to slide his tongue along the teen's solid shaft just once, "I'm not sure you want it enough!"

"Oh God, I do. Please, please Elliott, please I need it. I've gotta cum!" Ben begged. His desire wasn't quite as strong as he made out, but he knew it always turned Elliott on to hear him beg.

"Well... okay then!" Elliott said, taking the straining tool between his lips slowly.

Suddenly the door slammed open. "You!" Jack snarled, pointing at Elliott.

"What the hell, Jack?" Elliott asked, jumping off the bed.

Jack saw his car keys laying on Elliott's desk. He snatched them up and said angrily, "To the car, now! We need to talk!"

Chapter 18

THEN

Jack emerged from his bathroom and rolled his eyes. Elliott had made his bed again. "I know you only do that to suck up to my Mom!" he said with a reluctant smile.

"No, I do it cos you're a slob!" Elliott said back with a grin. "So whadda you wanna do today?"

Jack's eyes glanced round at his desk. He had sat there the previous night, typing a message out on his phone but every time he got a few sentences in, he just chickened out and deleted it. He tried again on his computer, typing an email but again he kept deleting his progress, frustrated with his own lack of resolve. Finally, he started writing on paper, scribbling away with pen in hand. He could screw the paper up, but the words would still be there, so there was no deleting it this time. It had taken him half the night, which was why he was still in bed when Elliott had arrived.

Now though, he looked. The letter was neatly folded, ready to be handed over, ready to say the things he had spent most of sophomore year trying to say. He approached it, picked it up, his heart pounding in his chest. These were the things he could never say, but the things Elliott had to know. He stared down at it for what felt like an eternity.

"Jack?" Elliott asked after his friend's prolonged silence.

Quickly he threw the letter back down onto the desk and turned around grinning. "Let's go hang out at the mall!" he said cheerfully.

Elliott seemed okay with the idea so they headed out. As they left, Jack looked back at his desk. 'Maybe tomorrow!' he thought with a sigh.

NOW

The car finally stopped. Jack had not been driving anywhere in particular, he just had to drive, to get himself and Elliott as far away from people as possible. The things he had to say weren't going to be quiet and he didn't want anyone else overhearing. Several times on the ride Elliott had tried to talk, but each time Jack had raised a hand, not as a threat, merely as a signal to remain silent. Elliott had complied.

Now though, the sound of the engine died and the quiet crept over them. They were well outside the town limits now, the sound of the nearby highway a quiet drone, a single street light several yards away and a near-full moon their only illumination.

"Can I talk now?" Elliott asked cautiously.

"No!" Jack snapped. "You can listen! Let me make one thing clear. As of now, it doesn't work! Your threats, your... your promises to destroy me, it doesn't work any more. Anything you might do to me now would actually be an improvement on shit-heap that is my life so you have NO power over

me. You got that?"

Elliott disagreed. Jack was obviously angry, not thinking clearly and probably thought what he said was true, but Elliott still knew he had a lot more to lose. Not wanting that to become the point of their imminent discussion, he nodded.

"Good. Now one little question, Elliott.... what the fuck? Like, seriously, what the actual fuck?!" Jack growled furiously.

Elliott frowned although in the low light the expression was barely visible. "I... don't think that's an actual question," he said timidly.

"My Dad and my brother. You actually made me do things with my own fucking family!" Jack said, head shaking.

'That's still not a question!' Elliott thought, but decided against verbalising it. "Look, when we took you there tonight, we had no idea that was going to happen, I swear!"

"Oh, okay then," Jack replied with a clearly sarcastic smile which quickly dropped into a scowl. "No, wait, it's still seriously fucked up! You... you sat in that room and you watched it happen. He told me. Davis told me they took off their masks. You saw them, you know them, but you still let it go on!"

"What was I supposed to do?" Elliott snapped back, beginning to sound as angry as Jack. "March in and go 'Hey Mr H, sorry to interrupt your secret gay sex life, just thought you should know that's your son over there before you accidentally fuck him!', sure, that would have gone down great!"

Jack gritted his teeth. He could see the point Elliott was making, but that didn't make the situation any less disturbing. "You still... shoulda done something!" he insisted firmly.

"You're right!" Elliott snarled back. He realised what he was saying and forced himself to relax a little. He nodded gently, took a deep breath and repeated more lightly, "You're right. I should. And I'm sorry."

Seeing the other teen apparently back down caught Jack a little off guard, almost stunning him out of his anger. "Okay," he said, a little stunned, completely thrown off his argument.

Once again the hum of the highway filled the air between them.

"I guess... we've got a few other things we should... talk about," Elliott said, then sighed.

Jack just stared at his former best friend for a moment before opening the door of the car and stepping out. He walked round to the front and leaned on the hood, staring up at the moon, arms folded.

Elliott watched him for several seconds before doing the same, standing beside him.

Jack took a deep breath and looked to his side. "I... honestly don't know whether you love me or hate me!"

Elliott returned his gaze and shrugged. "Honestly, neither do I!"

"Based on.... you know, everything... I'm gonna guess it's hate!" Jack said. He felt like he should be angry. It seemed like he should be shouting at the other boy, but the pain in his chest was sapping his strength, leaving only weakness and sorrow for him. "Elliott, what are you doing? What's this all about?"

Elliott stepped away from the car, turned back and raised his leg, letting it rest beside Jack, then pointed to it. "It's about that!"

"It's about your knee?" Jack asked with an incredulous smirk.

"No, fucktard. That!" Elliott snapped, pointing to a two inch scar just below his knee. He saw Jack look at it for a moment before looking back at him. "You remember how I got that?" he asked gently.

Jack looked like he had just been punched in the stomach, the wind entirely knocked out of him. "The day we met..." he mumbled.

Elliott nodded, dropping his leg back down and leaning on the hood once more. "Yeah, you saved me from a bunch of homophobic thugs. Take a minute, think about that. YOU saved someone from a bunch of bullies."

Jack remained silent for several seconds, letting it run through his mind before he shrugged and replied, "What, so for helping you out I deserve to be punished?"

Elliott shook his head. He couldn't believe Jack could either miss the point or wilfully ignore it so easily. "Oh for fuck's sake. You're impossible!" he said dejectedly.

"SHUT UP!" Jack snarled, suddenly reaching round and grabbing the front of Elliott's t-shirt. "SHUT THE FUCK UP. STOP FUCKING SAYING THAT!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Elliott immediately said back, eyes wide with shock, hands raised submissively.

Shaking and breathing heavily, Jack gradually let go, turning away again. "People keep saying that to me. They... they tell me I'm doing things wrong but don't tell me what it is and then, when I don't know what they're talking about, they say I'm impossible!" He turned back, jaw trembling. "Had you ever thought that maybe I just DON'T KNOW what I'm doing wrong?"

"I'm sorry," Elliott said again. "You're right. We probably should explain more, but... Jack, I've tried talking to you before. Hell, I spent years doing nothing BUT trying to talk to you but you just don't listen!"

"I listen!" Jack snapped, knowing it was mostly a lie.

"And don't try playing innocent now. Sure, maybe you don't know some of the stuff you've done, but you KNOW most of the things you do are wrong. That scar reminds me of that every time I see

it!" Elliott insisted. "You... you used to be nice. You used to be... I dunno, good. I've seen you stand up to bullies, protect your friends, doing the right thing. I've SEEN that side of you but then I've seen the side of you that's... nasty and... and vindictive and homophobic. Don't you DARE stand there and tell me you didn't know what you were doing was wrong!"

"I did what I had to!" Jack snapped angrily. "You... you have no idea what it's like.... being me, being at the top. You don't know what they expect from me!"

"Then stop fucking doing it!" Elliott replied, shaking his head. "If doing what you do means acting like the biggest cunt I've met in my life, then it's not worth doing!"

Jack's fists were tightly clenched, lips squeezed together, deep breaths hissing in and out through his nose. "For fuck's sake, El," he snapped, kicking a loose stone on the ground, "You just don't get it. I... I had to be at the top. I'm the best, it's what I do. I stop doing that and what am I? Nothing, absolutely fucking nothing and that's all I've got left now thanks to you and your... your faggoty friends!"

Elliott stared open-mouthed for a moment, then sighed, his head drooping.

"Ugh, I'm sorry. I didn't..." Jack started, then stopped himself, his face screwing up angrily. "No, you know what, I'm NOT sorry. Fuck, what the hell's wrong with me? I've spent the last ten days being tortured by you and the others, what the fuck should I be sorry for? Aww, so I called you a faggot once or twice? Oh, then by all means, DESTROY MY FUCKING LIFE!" By the end of his rant, Jack was right up against Elliott, yelling in his face and jabbing a finger into his chest.

Elliott swung his fist, attempting to hit Jack in the face, but the other teen was too quick. He raised a hand to block it and returned the punch with his other hand moments later. Elliott was not quite so quick to block, Jack's knuckles connecting squarely with his jaw. Elliott staggered sideways, then looked back at Jack, clutching his face for a moment before he lunged.

Jack felt himself hit the ground, hard, Elliott on top of him. He tried to throw him off, rolling over on top of him as he was pushed aside. The two struggled, neither of them managing to land another hit, instead just rolling around gaining and losing the advantage in a seemingly endless cycle. Several minutes passed as they struggled, gaining nothing other than tired muscles. They eventually came to a stop, Elliott on his back, Jack on top of him, pinning the prone boy's hands to the ground either side of his head.

Elliott stared up at his former friend, eyes watery. "I may have destroyed your life, but you nearly cost me mine!" he said, barely louder than a whisper.

"What?" Jack asked, letting go of his hands, sitting up, still straddling him. He paused for a moment, looking down at him before climbing off. He sat on the ground beside him, offering a hand to pull Elliott up into a sitting position.

Elliott pulled his knees up to his chest, staring down at the tarmac, rocking gently.

"El, what did you mean?" Jack asked quietly.

"It doesn't matter," Elliott said, shaking his head. He had no desire to relive the tale and he had no

doubt that Jack probably wouldn't care anyway. He felt a hand on his own and looked up to see Jack staring.

"Please," Jack requested. Part of him didn't care, the angry part that just wanted to get back in the car and drive away, but his curiosity and what remained of their friendship forced him to stay and probe further.

"Fine," Elliott said, then looked across at the car. "But I want a better seat." He stood up, walked across and jumped into the back seat of the car, moments later followed by Jack who sat on the other side.

"Jack, that day we met, when you... when you came along and saved me, you were like a... I dunno, a knight in shining armour. You were so strong and... and brave and cool and I just got the biggest crush in you in, like, seconds!"

"You.... you did?" Jack asked. Hearing himself described that way and then finding out someone he cared about liked him that much, it gave him a warm sensation inside, almost enough to make him smile.

Elliott nodded. "I did. I mean, I didn't know it was a crush at the time. We were like, what, nine years old, but I liked you a lot. So as we grew up and I started to realise what crushes were I... kinda began to realise I wasn't like the other boys. I didn't care about girls, I only had eyes for you. The problem was, I was too scared to ever tell you because you were my best friend and if it scared you off, I wouldn't just have a broken heart, I'd have lost my best friend too and I couldn't bear the thought of that so I just kinda kept it all inside."

Jack looked like he wanted to say something, but kept quiet.

"There were so many times where I was this close," Elliott said, raising his hand, thumb and forefinger millimetres apart, "to telling you how I felt, but I always chickened out or something would get in the way. Then we started high school and I thought 'yes, this is it, I'm becoming a grown up now, I just need to be honest' and I was going to tell you, but then we got onto the football team and you started saying things like faggot, queer, disgusting fag and... and I knew I could never tell you. Ever! If you hated gays that much, telling you would just end everything. You'd hate me and we'd never speak again, so I just shut up and did my best to ignore it."

Jack was gently nodding along with Elliott's tale, surprisingly looking genuinely remorseful.

"But I couldn't ignore it," Elliott continued. "I came to realise it wasn't just a crush, I was in love. Like, head-over-heels, heart-pounding, sweaty palms, can't get you out of my head, totally in love with you. Now think about that for a moment, could you? Imagine being in love with someone and then having them hurt you constantly without realising. I mean, every other word out of your mouth was 'faggot' or something just as nasty. The longer it went on, the more it got into my head. Logically I knew nothing would ever happen with you, I knew you'd never love me back, not the way I loved you but still the feelings wouldn't go away. I could see you gradually turning into the sort of bully you used to stand up to. You were becoming nastier and nastier every day and somehow, even though I tried not to, I still loved you and I started thinking 'It's me, it's gotta be me, I'm broken. No sane person could feel like this about someone who hates them that much'. I tried to force myself to stop thinking about you. I dropped out of the football team after

sophomore year because I couldn't stand the thought of being around you if I made it into the varsity team, but still it was there.”

Elliott paused. Everything he had said so far had been tough to admit to Jack, but he knew the worst was still to come. It was taking every bit of strength he had to hold back the tears as he continued.

“So there I was, convinced I was broken or... warped... or just twisted and I began to believe the things you said about how disgusting and wrong it was to be gay. I looked up to you so much that I actually let you make me believe that stuff and I started hating myself. I mean, really, absolutely loathing everything about myself. Then... one day, the idea was just there! The perfect solution for someone so broken. You know the railroad crossing near the mall. Well there's a bench near that. One day, I went and sat there and started looking at train timetables!”

“Elliott...” Jack croaked, his mouth dry, hands shaking, terrified of what he thought he was about to hear.

“I couldn't do it any more. I couldn't spend another day loving you and hating myself that much. I saw the lights come on at the crossing and I just... started walking towards it...”

“Elliott don't...” Jack pleaded, tears trickling down his cheeks.

Eyes glazed over, his voice calm, detached almost, Elliott went on. “I stood there, waiting. I was thinking about you, about what would happen if you were there. I imagined standing there and telling you how I felt and you know what I saw?” He paused to look straight at Jack who sobbed, shaking his head. “I saw you... pushing me onto the tracks! I wanted you to pull me back, to hold me, to tell me it was okay and you'd always be my friend but I couldn't even imagine it. It was like that was all gone! For just a moment, I wanted it to happen, I was going to let it happen, but then... it was like something snapped. Suddenly it hit me that maybe I wasn't broken. Maybe it was you. You'd been so good once and now you were so awful. Something had to have broken in you and I had to put it right. That's what I kept telling myself, that I had to make you right again, because if that wasn't what was wrong, then it really was me and I deserved to be back at that crossing waiting to jump!”

It was more than Jack could take. His face dropped into his hands, sobbing. A few days earlier, he had been given a taste of how he had made Ben feel sometimes and it had felt truly horrific. Knowing he had made someone feel that way was beyond painful, but this? He felt like he might never stop crying. To have made someone feel that bad, to have driven someone to that point... that was what Jack had done, that was how he had made his best friend feel.

Fifteen minutes later, both boys had calmed down. Elliott had broken down moments after Jack. Reliving the worst day of his life had been almost as bad as going through it the first time. He had gotten through that day, found ways to deal with his feelings and every day since then had been better than the last, but it was amazing how easy it could all come flooding back.

“El, I...” Jack started, still sniffing. “I can't... ever... make up for making you feel that way. I'll apologise. Honestly, I'll probably never stop apologising now, but...”

“But what?” Elliott asked, wondering what possible response Jack could have.

"But that doesn't excuse the things you've done!" Jack was surprisingly calm now. He had been through this moment in his mind so many times in the last week, imagining finally being able to confront Elliott about it. In just about every scenario that had played out in his mind, he had been shouting, furious, violent even. Now, he just felt numb. "You... and Ben... and the others. What you've done... I don't know if you think it's justice.... or karma... or just what I deserve but it's not, it was revenge."

Elliott stared for a moment, then nodded slightly.

"You get that, don't you?" Jack asked, sounding almost like he was scolding a naughty child. "You blackmailed me, you... raped me, abused me, humiliated me and sure, I get it. I mean, I was a total dick to the others, Ben more than the rest and I see now how I hurt you... but that doesn't make it okay."

"If it's any consolation," Elliott said, attempting poorly to lighten the mood, "It looked like you enjoyed a lot of it, you know, physically!"

Jack could tell Elliott was trying to be funny, but wasn't impressed. "Yeah, well I'm guessing you kept me dosed up with viagra for most of it!" he said back accusingly.

"Ah, yeah..." Elliott said, unsure whether his next comment would be a good thing or bad. "About the viagra..."

"What about it?" Jack demanded, expecting some horrific news. Was he still on it? Were the effects permanent? Was it causing him harm?

"They were just... sugar pills dipped in blue food dye!" Elliott revealed.

"What!?" Jack said, eyes widening. "You're... you're kidding, right?"

Elliott shook his head.

"So, all those times, I was.... that was just... I..." Jack stuttered, jaw dropping open slightly.

"See, I said you enjoyed it!" Elliott said with a slight grin.

It wasn't possible. Ever since finding out he had been drugged, Jack had been able to tell himself that his reactions to many of the things being done to him were out of his control, that it was a chemical thing. If that wasn't the case, then what did it mean? Earlier that night he had felt strange things during his torture, strange sensations he had been unable to justify in his own mind. He had also willingly done things with Bryce that he couldn't explain. He had kissed Felix! It was all too much.

"I... I think I need to get some sleep!" Jack said, almost seeming to shrink into himself.

"Good idea," Elliott said with a nod.

Jack gestured to the drivers seat, intending for Elliott to take it.

“You sure?” he asked, a little shocked.

“Guess I kinda got used to it this week!” Jack said with a shrug as he jumped forward into the passenger seat.

They began the drive home, which went a lot smoother after Elliott figured out where they actually were. Silence hung between them again as it had when driving out there, but it didn't feel quite as oppressive this time.

When they pulled up at Jack's house, he got out but turned back to say something. As his eyes fell on Elliott, the words just vanished. Sharing a look at each other for a few moments, he turned and went inside.

Sleeping had definitely been Jack's intention when he got in but it was hard to make his brain shut down as easily as his exhausted body had. He couldn't shake the image of Elliott sat alone on that bench, looking at the crossing, contemplating the unspeakable.

It tore at his mind. He knew Elliott had been responsible for all the terrible things he had endured recently, so he should be furious at him, but somehow knowing how much he had suffered actually made him feel sorry for his friend.

He reached across and clicked on his lamp, but immediately turned it back off again. A moment later he turned it back on, glancing at his desk before plunging the room into darkness once more. A few moments passed and he let out a hearty sigh. The light came on and he sat up, then stood, then paced slowly across the room. Opening the drawer, he moved a few things aside then pulled out the neatly folded piece of paper.

“Tomorrow!” he said quietly to himself. He suddenly felt self-conscious, having spoken to himself right in front of his camera, but as he looked down he noticed that for the first time in a week, the light on his webcam was off!

He walked back to the bed, placing the paper under his phone on the cabinet to ensure he remembered it, not that he felt it was something he could easily forget, then gently lowered himself back onto the bed. This time, sleep came quickly.

“Hey, wake up!” Jack heard a voice say, a finger poking into his ribs.

Jack let his eyes open just a crack, enough to glance at the clock. It was ridiculously early, school wasn't for ages yet. “Fuck off!” Jack groaned, rolling over to turn his back to whoever it was.

Jack felt movement behind him. Whoever was there had climbed into his bed, laying alongside him.

“What are you doing?” Jack groaned. His back half was still sore and while the person behind him

wasn't touching it, he didn't want to risk any accidental painful contact. He rolled back over on the spot, opening his eyes just enough to see a flash of ginger and freckles. "Ben, what are you doing?" he croaked, his mouth dry.

"Laying down, duh!" Ben said casually.

"Why?" Jack demanded, clearing his throat.

"Cos if you're not getting up yet, and we're your ride, we have to wait for you, so I wanna be comfortable!" Ben explained.

The logic was sound, but it didn't irritate Jack any less. As much as he wanted to go back to sleep, he knew it was unlikely now. He had mistakenly engaged in conversation and it had kicked his brain into gear. Sadly, that brought with it the weight of the previous day's events. Although his mind was mostly on Elliott, the acceptance of his own wrongdoing had opened a floodgate of other guilt for the embattled teen.

"I'm sorry," Jack said, almost whispering. He didn't know if they were alone or if it even mattered if anyone else overheard but he whispered nonetheless.

"What for?" Ben asked, slightly confused. Elliott had filled him in on (most of) the details from his talk with Jack, advising him that their games were effectively ended, that he felt they had taken things too far and that Jack was beyond pissed. As such, an apology was the last thing he expected.

Jack scoffed. "Take your pick. Name a day and I probably did something to you that I should apologise for!" At the time, it had been fun. He had justified it in his mind as 'just something the Captain does' or it being the 'natural order of things' in the school. It was hard to shake those feelings, but he was trying.

"Wow, I never thought I'd see this day!" Ben said, his surprise genuine although slightly hammed up for comedic effect.

"Don't ruin it!" Jack said, opening one eye to look at the boy.

"Okay," Ben said sheepishly. "I'm... sorry too!"

Jack nodded, the two laying facing each other.

Ben eventually grinned. "What's it like having a fag in your bed?"

Jack rolled his eyes, head shaking. "Look, if I promise to stop using those words, you've gotta promise to stop throwing them in my face. Deal?"

Ben nodded. "That's fair!" he said with a hint of a shrug. "But... be honest here Jack, do you really think there's something wrong with being gay?"

Jack had never seen the boy look so serious. Playful, masterful, even aggressive at times, but never quite like this. It was a tough question. "Is there any chance," he started, "You could wait until tomorrow to ask me that?"

Ben frowned questioningly, but shrugged again. "Yeah, whatever!" he replied casually. A few moments later, he asked, "What's gonna happen with you and Elliott?"

"I don't know," Jack replied honestly. His eyes quickly darted onto the letter folded up under his phone.

"He loves you, ya know," Ben said softly.

"Yeah, he told me how he used to feel," Jack said, the conversation still painfully fresh in his mind.

"No, I mean, he STILL loves you, even now!" Ben clarified.

Jack stared at the boy. Considering he was Elliott's boyfriend, it must have been a horrifically painful thing to admit.

"He thinks I don't know," Ben said, sniffing. "He thinks I believe he did all this just to.... to make you see the error of your ways, but that's not true. He loves you!"

Seeing Ben cry was virtually a daily thing for Jack. He was usually the cause and really had no problem with that. Today felt different though. He started to reach out but almost as soon as he moved, Ben was on him, face buried in his chest.

"I know you're right and I know that must be hard to accept, but you seem to be forgetting something quite important," Jack whispered. He heard a low, inquisitive grunt from Ben and went on. "He loves you too. I didn't know it at the time because he hid that you were together, but I've never seen him as happy as he is with you."

"Really?" Ben asked, looking up, large puppy-dog eyes watery and suddenly glimmering with hope once more.

Jack felt like his heart was melting, the boy was just so painfully adorable. Regardless of their genders, Jack couldn't help but feel happy knowing that he and Elliott had each other. "Really!" Jack replied, smiling warmly.

Ben let his head rest on Jack's chest again. A few moments later, he pulled back, looked up and asked, "Why are you such a dick?"

Jack felt a surge of anger. Despite everything that had gone on, despite the unexpected rapport building between the two, Jack still wasn't used to being outright insulted to his face. He scowled momentarily but remained silent.

"I mean, you have these... these moments, where it's like 'oh, he's a real person, he can actually treat me with a basic bit of human decency' and then there's the rest of the time when you're just... horrific!" Ben explained.

Jack was still fighting the reflex to lash out in response, but the more he thought about it, the more he began to agree with it. The comment was much like the things Elliott had said to him, about how he had been before and what he had become. So many things raced through his mind – Craig,

Coach Sanders, the letter, everything he could think of to explain himself, but even with all of that, it was impossible to put into words.

"Sorry," Ben said quietly, seeing the obvious confusion on Jack's face. "I know a lot of this can't be easy for you!"

Jack sighed, there were the sad puppy-dog eyes again. "It's okay, I guess I brought this on myself." he conceded.

Ben suddenly sat up, pulling away from Jack. "No you didn't!" he insisted. "Sure, being the world's biggest douche, that was you, but everything that's happened recently..." he paused, trembling. "It was me, it was all me. Sure, Elliott's played a big hand in it, but it all comes back to me. It was my idea and... and... things just... got carried away and... people got hurt and... I started it."

Jack laughed, surprising both himself and Ben.

"Oh this is funny to you?" Ben asked angrily, wiping a tear from his cheek.

"Oh, no... I didn't..." Jack started, reaching out but pulling his hand back just before he touched Ben, "It's just... all of this, it's so fucked up and what I was laughing at was the... I dunno how to explain it. It's like, this started and you all figured you were the good guys, doing the noble task of taking down the tyrant, Jack Hamilton and I was thinking I was the brave and powerful King of the school taken hostage by the evil gays but... the more you look at it, the more you realise there WERE no good guys in it. We're just... a bunch of bad people doing bad things to each other!"

"Yeah," Ben said, nodding his understanding.

"There is... something I want you to know though," Jack began. He sighed, deliberating whether or not to continue with what he was about to share. Would it just sound like an excuse for his actions, or would it give the boy a better understanding. Either way, he felt he had to say it. "The way I acted, the things I've done... I think... you would have been suffering regardless of who was team Captain."

"What?" Ben asked, leaning back, looking confused. "You saying I was, like, destined to be bullied?"

"It's not destiny!" Jack said, face screwing up angrily. "It's Coach Sanders! He... he trained me, to... to... I dunno, be a bully, to... exert my dominance over the school with insults and violence and... and I think he's been doing it for years. You never met Craig, he was Captain before me and he was exactly the same. I think it's just what the Coach does. I know... I know how crazy that sounds, but... he..." Jack shook his head, unable to express himself.

Ben reached out and touched Jack's arm. "Is that...true?" he asked gently. When he got a teary-eyed nod back, he closed his eyes for a moment. He opened them, eyes almost as watery as Jack's. "They made you into a monster."

Jack nodded. "I guess they did.... well... no. They did things that pushed me that way, but it was me that let them!" He sighed. He had spent so much time blaming the Coach, or the gays or Elliott that it actually felt slightly liberating to accept his own culpability for his actions. Allowing the thought

to sink in for a few moments, Jack glanced at the clock. It was still quite early, but he figured they may as well get up. Playfully he nudged Ben but misjudged the strength and caught the boy off guard. The push and knocked him right off the bed.

“Sorry!” Jack immediately called out, leaning over to look down at the boy.

Ben looked back up, shaking his head but grinning. “You so did that on purpose!” he said, climbing up as Jack swung his legs off the bed and sat up.

“I really didn't!” Jack insisted. “I'm sorry!”

Now it was Ben's turn to laugh. “You've said that a few times this morning. I never even thought you knew that word!”

Jack's eyes narrowed, feigning annoyance. It only lasted a second before he smiled and shook his head. “Shut up,” he said casually.

“Fine, I'll just go pick today's outfit,” Ben said, heading for Jack's closet. As he saw the look on Jack's face, he laughed once more. “Just kidding.”

Jack felt a twitch in his cock. It should have been a nice feeling, but it suddenly brought with it a tide of other thoughts that had been held back so far that morning. “I'm gonna go get ready,” he said, dashing into the bathroom.

Quickly jumping into the shower, he closed his eyes and leaned on the wall. “Okay, here goes...” he said quietly to himself. He took a deep breath and started going through some of the tasks he had been forced to endure at the hands of Elliott, Ben and the others. Crawling round on the floor, giving his first blow job. His cock began to swell. Being restrained, having his first nipple-induced orgasm. Harder. Fingers invading his ass for the first time. His cock throbbed. Riding Bryce's cock, his exquisite penis teasing Jack's prostate, their kiss, the fucking, Bryce, the fucking. “Holy shit!” Jack yelped, his cock felt like it was going to burst.

Standing back up and turning the temperature of the shower down slightly, he took some deep breaths, shaking as much from his own thoughts as from the cool water. No viagra this time, no master forcing him to do, think or say anything, just his own mind, his own... fantasies! He felt tears welling up, but shook his head, steeling his resolve. 'You're not crying over this, you pussy!' he admonished himself.

He turned off the shower and stepped out. As he grabbed a towel, he found himself thinking about Davis, about the way his older brother had wrapped him in towels after finding him passed out in the shower. He felt a surge of embarrassment but realised one thing immediately that relieved him. Thinking about Davis had, inevitably, brought on the memory that he had done things with his sibling at the club the previous night. The sense of relief came when he realised his cock had shrunk, any remaining firmness from his earlier train of thoughts completely obliterated by the accidental near-incest. That was some consolation at least.

As Jack started walking into his room, he saw that Ben had actually chosen an outfit for him, although he had chosen some of Jack's 'normal' clothing, not the embarrassing tight and revealing clothing he had been subjected to so often in recent days. However, sitting at his desk he didn't

find Ben as he expected, Elliott was now there, the younger boy apparently gone.

“Oh, hey,” Jack said awkwardly.

“Hey, you okay?” Elliott asked. He knew it was a stupid question really, but it just came out.

Jack shrugged. “I guess so,” he said calmly. He pulled the towel from around his waist and began drying his torso. It suddenly hit him how freely he had just exposed himself to his friend. A couple of weeks earlier, he would have taken his clothes into the bathroom with him, not returning from his shower until he was fully covered again. Yet here he was now, naked and (relatively speaking) carefree about his nudity.

“Where's Ben?” Jack asked, not sure what else to say.

“Davis wanted a word with him too,” Elliott explained.

“Oh,” Jack said, frowning as he pulled on his boxers. “Wait, too? He spoke to you?”

Elliott raised his eyebrows. “Threatened, rather than spoke!”

Davis had been the biggest surprise for Jack in everything that happened the previous night. His big brother had confessed to him that he was aware of what the others were doing to him... to an extent. Davis had worried about Jack all of the previous week, but figured he should stay out of his younger brother's business. Any time he had interfered in his life previously, Jack had basically told him to fuck off, but call it brotherly instinct, he just knew this time Jack needed help.

Davis had confronted Elliott, demanding to know what was happening. Elliott had been sly and revealed part of their plot to Davis, just enough to explain Jack's behaviour and justifying it as 'setting him back on the right path' but carefully omitted the more incriminating details. As far as Davis knew, they were just teasing Jack a lot, embarrassing him a little at school with his outfits. He hadn't mentioned the sex, the stripping or any of the more sordid things they had forced upon Jack. Davis hadn't been happy about it, having seen the harm it was doing to Jack and had insisted that they bring it to an end sooner rather than later.

Needless to say, when Jack revealed to him the depths of the depravity he had endured, the elder Hamilton brother was furious. Had Jack not stormed out to confront Elliott himself, Davis probably would have gone instead and while Jack had admonished Elliott verbally, Davis would have gone in fists swinging.

The sheepish look now on Elliott's face made it quite apparent that Davis had been extremely clear in his determination that the entire thing needed to stop. Jack felt bad for just a moment as he thought about Ben who was probably being yelled at down the hall in Davis' room.

Jack had finished dressing in silence, the awkwardness between the two friends increasing by the moment. They both breathed a sigh of relief as the door opened and Ben walked in, Davis close behind him. The younger boy looked like he had been crying. Hopefully Davis hadn't been too hard on him. Inexplicably, Jack was actually starting to like the boy and he didn't want to see him upset (any more).

"Morning," Davis said as he saw Jack, scowling as his eyes fell on Elliott once more.

"Hey," Jack said back with a weak smile.

Davis looked his brother up and down, happy to see him back in his regular clothing. "We all good here?" he asked

"Yeah, we are," Jack said, looking between the other two teens. His eyes momentarily fell on the letter still laying under his phone. "Hey, erm... could you do me a favour? Could you take Ben to school?"

They all looked at him for a moment, but nobody questioned it. It was not unexpected that he would want to be alone with Elliott.

"Sure," Davis said with a nod. "Come on, kid. Let's go!"

Ben nodded and shot Elliott and Jack a quick smile before disappearing out of the room.

"Davis!" Jack suddenly called out, his older brother stepping back into the room inquisitively. Jack moved towards him and pulled the young man into a tight hug. The two hadn't hugged for the best part of a decade so it felt a little strange but also pleasant to reconnect. "Thank you!" he whispered.

"You're welcome," Davis said, squeezing him back.

"And tonight you can tell me more about you and Dad!" Jack added before letting go.

Davis pulled away, frowned but nodded gently before heading back out to follow Ben.

"Just us then..." Elliott said, taking a deep breath as Jack turned to face him.

Jack just nodded. He finished getting ready for school, surreptitiously slipping the letter into his pocket along with his phone. His heart was pounding so hard he worried it might burst right through his chest at any moment.

As the two teens got out to the car, Elliott stopped. He had been getting into the habit of going straight to the driver's seat, but today he looked at Jack who smirked at the hesitation, then got in, gesturing for Elliott to get in the passenger seat. They pulled out onto the street and Jack sighed.

'Tomorrow,' he thought about the letter, 'It was always tomorrow, never today.' He reached into his pocket, pulled it out and passed it over to Elliott.

"What's this?" Elliott asked, frowning.

"I wrote that... for you... ages back in sophomore year," Jack explained, glad he had to keep his eyes on the road as it gave him an excuse not to make eye contact. "I tried to give it to you, like, a million times."

"What does it say?" Elliott asked nervously.

“Just... just read it!” Jack said, his resolve wavering. He was tempted to snatch it back, pretend it never existed.

They continued driving as Elliott unfolded the letter and started reading. It was like they had fallen into a time warp. Every second felt like a minute, each minute an hour as Jack waited for Elliott to finish reading.

“Pull over,” Elliott said firmly, eyes fixed on the paper.

“Wh... why?” Jack asked anxiously.

“Just do it!” Elliott snapped.

Jack found a suitable spot and pulled over. The second the car came to a complete halt, he felt a punch in his arm. “Ow!” he yelled out.

Elliott swung again, not actually trying to inflict pain, just venting his feelings. “You idiot. You absolute fucking idiot.”

“What?” Jack asked, confused by the reaction.

“This!” Elliott insisted, waving the letter. “You... how could you... why didn't you...” he was completely unable to even string a full sentence together, it was all just too much for him.

Shaking his head, he looked down at it again.

Elliott

I don't know how to say this. I've tried to just talk to you, but you know I'm not good at talking, at least not off of the field. You're my best friend, I can barely remember what life was like before you came along. But for the last couple of years I've been thinking about you a lot and I don't just mean as a friend, I mean in other ways!

I'm not gay! I'll never be gay. You know how much I love pussy, but I keep thinking about you and it's tearing me up inside. Don't worry, I'm not declaring my undying love for you, I know you're straight too, I just needed to tell someone about this and you're the only person I trust. I know you won't tell anyone, cos if you did, I'd lose everything. You know how the team feels about fags, they'd never accept one in charge of it.

I'm no fag, but if they found out I was even thinking this stuff they'd kick my ass. Besides, if I fucked this up, Craig would probably kill me. I'm not even kidding. Before he left he pretty much threatened me. He said if I fuck up the team, he'd know and he'd make me suffer. Coach Sanders too, he's threatened me with what he'd do if I screwed things up for him. So I gotta put the team first. I'm the Captain, it's my life, it's everything to me so I've gotta do what it takes to keep it going.

I just pray you don't hate me for this, whatever it is. If I ever lost you, I don't think I could take it. I

know whatever it is I'm feeling will pass but I just had to get it out. I don't like guys, that's how I know I'm not gay, I just like you and it's confusing and scary and I'm sorry.

Please don't hate me

Jack

Chapter 19

THEN

Jack's cock felt huge in his hand. He had been ridiculously horny all day. His bedtime jerkoff couldn't come soon enough. As soon as he jumped into bed, he was hard. He let his hand slide down into his shorts and was pumping away instantly.

He had been going a couple of minutes when he began to fantasise. He thought about Annabeth from the grade above him. Her tits seemed to be getting bigger every day. He imagined ripping off her shirt, pawing at the perfect mounds of flesh. His breathing got deeper, faster, the amazing sensations in his cock growing.

He sat up, pulled off his t-shirt, raised his hips to remove his shorts, feeling a slight thrill from the nudity, mortally terrified someone might come into his room any second and discover his nudity. Ever since that day he had seen Elliott stripped half naked by the bullies in the park he had been terrified of ever experiencing anything like it. It did still give him a thrill to do it himself in private though. He lay back down and closed his eyes again.

Elliott. Suddenly there he was. Annabeth and her magnificent rack was gone. In her place, there was Elliott, walking out of the bathroom, towel slung low, perfect, smooth flesh from neck down to the slight hint of pubes. 'Drop it!' Jack desperately thought. 'Drop the towel!' he pleaded at the image in his mind.

His hand was pumping away again, sliding quickly, lubricated by the near-constant flow of pre-cum that had begun the moment the image appeared in his mind. "Ah, oh... oh God!" Jack mumbled to himself, eyes closed tightly, reaching out to touch Elliott in his mind. Closer, closer, his fingertips mere inches away from the smooth, firm chest. Closer, closer, a spark shot through him as he felt the warmth in the tip of his finger as he made contact.

"FUCK!" Jack gasped as his cock erupted, spunk flying high into the air, landing heavily with audible splats as his hand continued pumping out spurt after spurt. Breathing heavily, his hand dropped to his side as reality began to creep back.

"Shit," he muttered to himself, realising it had happened again. More and more often, Elliott had made his way into Jack's wank fantasies and he hated how aroused it made him. He jumped off the bed, grabbing some tissues to wipe himself down with, a few drops of cum dripping to the carpet.

Cleaned off, he quickly pulled his clothing back on, the fear of discovery even more debilitating in his post-orgasmic state. He jumped back into bed, curling up, eyes closed, willing himself not to think about anything at all.

For the longest time, he lay there, tossing and turning, completely unable to get comfortable. He eventually found a position he liked. He had pulled a pillow down beside him, laying on his side and leaning onto it. Closing his eyes again he tried to sleep. Beginning to doze slightly, Elliott returned, not naked this time, just laying there beside him. The pillow was his chest, Jack dreamily resting against it, imagining his friend's arm around him as he lay there.

Trembling, he could feel wetness streaming down his cheeks. Imagining Elliott like that made him so happy but he knew it could never happen. Jack Hamilton was not gay, he never could be, he knew that much as a completely immutable fact. It was only Elliott, no other guy ever appeared in his mind. Nobody could ever know that he had these thoughts, not even Elliott himself.

“Why the fuck didn't you tell me?” Elliott demanded furiously, Jack's letter clenched tightly in his hand. “How could you just sit there going through all of that on your own without telling your best friend?”

Jack looked back at him, eyebrows raised. Just hours earlier, Elliott had revealed his own secret, that he had lusted after Jack for years, allowed his issues to mess with his head to the point where he had actually considered taking his own life.

“Okay, fair point,” Elliott conceded, knowing what his friend meant from his expression alone. “So you liked me and I liked you!” he said, shaking his head in disbelief.

“Like!” Jack corrected him. He got a puzzled look back, so he elaborated. “Present tense, not past. Like, not liked. The feeling... didn't pass!”

“What!” Elliott said in shock. Jack really still felt that way about him? “So... we could...” he started, leaning in towards Jack.

“No!” Jack said firmly, raising a hand to Elliott's chest and pushing him back. He felt a tightening in his own chest as he made contact but pushed past it. The confused and hurt look he got back was painful and Jack really was tempted to just let go and see what happened, but there was too much in the way now. “Elliott, you tortured me. You humiliated me and hurt me and made me do things...” Jack wanted to say 'things I didn't want to do', but his earlier reaction had further cemented the possibility in his mind that it wasn't entirely accurate.

“What are you saying, Jack?” Elliott asked. He suspected he knew, but had to hear it.

“Anything like that, anything that might have happened... that went away the day you decided to destroy my life!” Jack explained.

“So... that's it? We're done?” Elliott asked, looking distraught.

Jack sighed, let his eyes wander around the area as he contemplated his response. “No,” he said with a slight head shake. “We probably should be after what you've done, but I meant what I said in that letter, El. I don't think I could take it if I lost you, so maybe we could eventually be friends again, but anything more than that... I'm sorry.”

Elliott swallowed hard. It was tough to hear, but it was fair. If anything, it was exponentially more than he expected. When he started all of this with Ben, he knew that regardless of what version of Jack came out the other side, their friendship would effectively be over but still he had done it. To know now that there might be something salvageable, it was probably the best result he could hope for.

"I get it," Elliott said gently. He looked at the road and said, "We should be getting to school."

"Yeah," Jack agreed, re-starting the car. He grabbed the wheel, but the car remained stationary.

"Jack?" Elliott asked, placing a hand on Jack's arm.

Jack's hands dropped into his lap. "How can I go back there?" he asked dejectedly. "You made me humiliate myself, you turned everyone against me, you made it impossible for me to walk down the halls without being laughed at but all of that I can take. Fuck it, I'm actually getting used to it, but how can I walk back in there with everyone knowing I'm not the Captain any more. That's who I am... or was, without it I'm just... nobody!"

"Jack, do you remember back in freshman year, I think it was when you told me about how Coach Sanders was gonna make you varsity Captain, you promised me that once you were at the top, you'd make things better?" Elliott asked.

"Fuck' sake El, I get it, I fucked it all up. You don't have to keep rubbing it in my face!" Jack replied angrily.

"No, now, that's not what I meant!" Elliott said apologetically. "What I'm trying to ask is... if you made that promise to me again, do you think you could keep it this time?"

Jack stared blankly at his friend for several seconds, deliberating. "I'd... do my best, but it's too late for that!"

"Okay, let's make a deal then. If I can find a way to undo some of the damage we've done, you promise to do your best. How does that sound?" Elliott offered, holding his hand out to seal the deal.

"I think you sound delusional, but... what the hell!" Jack replied, taking Elliott's hand and shaking it.

Coach Sanders leaned back in his chair, staring over the desk at Bryce eyes narrowing. "You missed practice yesterday!" he said accusingly.

"Sorry Coach," Bryce replied apologetically, then added, "But from what I hear, it never actually happened anyway."

"I guess not," the Coach said with a shrug. "Anyway, you're probably wondering why you're here."

"Yes Sir," Bryce said politely.

"Well if you heard about last night, then I'm guessing you know I've removed Jack as team Captain," Coach Sanders started. "Shame really, he was a good Captain."

"Yes Sir, he was!" Bryce replied sharply.

The Coach sniggered, shaking his head, "I'm quite surprised to hear you say that. I was always under the impression the two of you weren't exactly on the best of terms."

"We weren't," Bryce replied honestly, "But I care more about what happens on the field than off so regardless of how much of a dick I thought Jack was, he was an excellent team Captain. All credit to you, Coach, but most of our victories have come down to his leadership." Bryce felt conflicted. While he felt good for offering such vocal praise of Jack, he also knew that his decision to let Trent and Evan off of their metaphorical leashes had been what led to Jack's removal in the first place.

"You're not wrong about his skill, but what happens off the field is just as important as what happens on it. You're gonna have to learn that pretty quickly if you're going to be anywhere near the Captain that Jack was!" Coach Sanders said bluntly.

"Me?" Bryce asked in shock. Had he given it any forethought, he would have been expecting this. He was without a doubt one of the best players on the team, the other members all respected and/or feared him and he certainly had the presence to hold a position of power. He had been so caught up in what was happening to Jack that he hadn't thought about it.

"Yes, you. You've still got most of your junior year and all of senior year to make your mark. I think you could do well." the Coach explained.

"I think Jack should still be Captain," Bryce said bluntly.

The Coach stood from his chair and walked round the desk, shaking his head. "Well he's not and I'm offering it to you!" he said, stopping to lean on the front of desk, staring down at Bryce.

Bryce began to object again, "But he should still..."

"HE'S GONE!" Coach Sanders snapped furiously. "He failed, he's weak, he let the team down and now he's gone and if you say even a single word more about it, you will be too, got it?"

"Yes Sir," Bryce said, falling in line immediately, unwilling to risk his own place on the team for what was obviously a futile argument. "Can I go?"

"Yes, and think about it. Someone has to take his place. If it's not you, I'll just find someone else!" Coach said as Bryce headed for the door. "I made Jack and I can just as easily make someone else to take his place!"

Jack looked across at the school from the parking lot. He was outright terrified to approach, sitting in the car motionless. Oblivious to everything happening around him, he didn't even register the conversation mere feet away. Suddenly shaken from his fear by the door being pulled open, Jack looked round to see Elliott, now joined by Ben, Lincoln and Danny.

"Ready to go?" Ben asked with a smile.

Every day for the last week, Jack had walked in alone, the others perhaps a short distance behind to monitor him or to be ready to issue more humiliating commands, but still alone nonetheless. It

looked like today that would be different. He walked alone, Elliott and Ben together on one side, Lincoln and Danny on the other.

As soon as they started nearing the other students, the comments started.

“What, no hot pants today?” a sophomore guy called, seeing Jack dressed in his old clothing, albeit sans letterman jacket.

Before Jack could respond, Ben called out, “Sorry, guess you'll have to jerk off to something else tonight!”

The quick retort attracted the laughs of the other nearby students, the sophomore scowling and turning away. Jack and the others laughed too, looking round at the youngest of their group who simply gave a casual shrug, smirking to himself.

Just inside the main entrance, a group of senior girls were huddled, squealing at each other over nothing particularly interesting. “Bored of the whore look already?” one of them called out.

“No, he's just leaving it to the professionals!” Ben replied, nodding to the girls with a snigger.

The girls started screaming abuse back at them, but the group was already down the hallway, laughing at Ben's second surprisingly quick response.

“Damn, you're on fire today!” Lincoln chuckled, moving behind Ben to place a hand on his shoulder.

“Hey, I do what I can,” Ben replied with a grin. These were the sorts of things Ben always thought. All the times he had been insulted or abused by Jack or any of the other petty thugs in the school, the perfect responses had always run through his mind but he had never had the nerve to say them aloud. Now though, with the support of the others, he finally found it in himself to let it out. The fact that it was defending Jack at the same time was just the cherry on top.

“Thanks,” Jack said as they neared his locker. He paused momentarily, nervous that perhaps all of this was just an elaborate ruse, that something horrendous was about to burst from his locker and start the mockery all over again.

“Relax, it's not trapped!” Lincoln said, getting a chuckle from the others.

Jack opened the locker and retrieved his books before bidding Lincoln and Ben goodbye for now, the two younger boys heading off to their own homerooms as Jack walked along with Elliott and Danny.

“Hey, erm... how's Aaron today?” Jack asked, actually feeling bold enough to hold an actual conversation. The comments and calls from other students were still being thrown around, but they were much easier to ignore flanked by the other two.

“Pretty good, actually,” Danny said cheerfully. “They think he might actually be out by the end of the week.”

"D'you think... it might be okay if I came to see him again?" Jack asked nervously.

"Sure," Danny said with a shrug. "Can't say he'll be happy to see you, but I guess you can try."

"Great, let's go after school," Elliott said, inviting himself. He felt bad for not visiting their friend more often, but it had been a crazy weekend. It was time to make up for that now.

"Jack!" a voice called from behind them. The three students turned to see Mr Wendell running after them.

"Morning Sir," Jack said timidly. Regardless of how, or why, Mr Wendell was in league with Ben and Elliott, he had still witnessed one of Jack's most humiliating moments. When the dildo had popped out of his shorts right in front of Mr Wendell, Jack had wanted to die on the spot. He felt a hint of that embarrassment creep back in just from seeing the man.

"Could you come with me, please, the Principal wants to see you," Mr Wendell requested. He looked first at Danny, then at Elliott. "You two can go," he directed to Elliott, his tone more than a little pointed.

The two teens looked at Jack and shrugged, heading on towards homeroom.

"Don't worry, you're not in trouble," Mr Wendell said as they started walking.

"What's your deal?" Jack asked, slightly emboldened by his slightly more tolerable start to the day than usual. "If you're in on it with Ben and others, then you know what they're doing, but you let it carry on!"

"Yeah, turns out I didn't exactly know everything they were doing!" Mr Wendell said with a sigh.

"You... didn't?" Jack asked, frowning.

"Okay, come here," Mr Wendell said, opening the door to a classroom they were passing. It wouldn't be occupied until first period started so they had privacy for now, closing the door behind them.

"I'm sorry, Jack. I swear, if I'd known everything they were doing, I'd have stopped it all right then," Mr Wendell explained.

"So... what DID you know?" Jack asked, slightly confused. "And how are you even..." he stopped, raising his hands in a shrug. There was just so much he didn't know.

"I've been close with Ben for some time now. He saw me without a mask in the parking lot when he first started going to the club, back when he... wasn't doing so well," the teacher said.

The comment should have been the beginning of an explanation, but if anything it just brought up more questions. Jack just stared in amazement. Mr Wendell knew about the club. He went to the club. He and Ben had been friends. When Ben wasn't doing so well?

"Look, Jack, I AM Ben." Mr Wendell started. "Not literally, obviously, but what he's been put

through here, that was pretty much my life back in High School, so when we met and he started opening up to me about it all, we bonded quickly and I felt sorry for him. I knew what it was like to go through all of that. So when he started talking to me about getting even with you, I'm ashamed to admit, I was okay with it. I never got to stand up to my bullies at school, but I figured I'd get at least some sense of satisfaction from seeing Ben do it, so I let him. I mean, I was never going to get involved. If it all came out, I could simply plead ignorance. That's a lot harder if you actually get involved!

The man took a few moments to let Jack take it in before he continued. "As far as I knew, they were just playing with you a bit, embarrassing you, knocking you down a peg or two. I mean, the dildo, I figured that was just... harmless fun or something. I had no idea they were making you..." Mr Wendell stopped, not wanting to actually verbalise it. "But then Davis called me and told me everything."

"Wait, Davis... you... you know my brother?" Jack asked. It was all a lot to take in.

"Yeah I do, we hang out sometimes... at the club... like last night..." Mr Wendell said cautiously, waiting for Jack to catch on.

Goosebumps popped up all over Jack's body as he connected the dots. "Y... you..." Jack said shakily, pointing at the teacher and backing away. He was the right build, right colour hair, right age... he was blonde son!

"I swear, Jack, I didn't know it was you!" Mr Wendell said. "And I didn't know they were making you do that stuff. Anything I can do to help make this right..."

"There's no need!" Jack interrupted. "It's over," he said with a sigh, "But... thanks for offering." Jack felt his cock twitch. It was quite different from finding out he had been fingered by his brother. The realisation he had been fucked by his teacher was alarmingly arousing. Yet another feeling to add to the increasing pile of confusion.

"Come on, I need to get you to the Principal's office," Mr Wendell said, heading for the door.

"Wait, he really wants to see me?" Jack asked in shock. "I thought that was just a lie to get me alone!"

"Afraid not, but don't worry, you're not in trouble!" Mr Wendell reassured him as they stepped back into the hallway, just in time for the bell to ring.

They walked along against the flow of students, some still giving Jack mocking smirks, though their comments were muted by the presence of a teacher. As they reached the office, Mr Wendell knocked then opened the door immediately.

"Ah Mr Wendell, thank you," the Principal said warmly to the other teacher, then looked to Jack. "Mr Hamilton, two visits in the last week, this is becoming a habit!" he joked, but his smile didn't returned.

"You can go," the Principal said to Mr Wendell.

“Wait, could he... stay?” Jack requested nervously. He still had no idea what was happening, and it was strange that the teacher who had been the cause of such doubt and confusion suddenly seemed like a potential ally for him, but it was how Jack felt.

The two adults exchanged glances, both nodding. The door was closed and all three of them took seats.

The Principal took a deep breath, looking Jack up and down for a moment. “Mr Hamilton... Jack...firstly, don't worry, you're not in trouble,” he said, just as the other teacher had minutes earlier. “I just wanted to have a quiet word with you because we're a little concerned. Coach Sanders informed me you've been removed as Captain of the football team. That alone would be enough to worry us, it's not exactly a secret how important that is to you, your teachers often tell me that keeping your grades high enough to stay on the team is your main motivation for trying in class.”

Jack felt a strange warmth. He had never really given the faculty much thought. He figured they were all there, just doing their jobs, getting by, doing what they had to. Did they really discuss him? Was it just him? Did they do it with all students? He realised it was a strange thing to fixate on but after feeling so unwanted, so outcast and rejected for the last week, finding out people actually gave a crap about him was quite encouraging.

“But on top of that,” the Principal went on, “There was the incident with young Mr Carson last week as well as your unusual behaviour, in particular, the... unusual clothing choices you've made.”

Mr Wendell looked at Jack. He knew that the clothing and all of the embarrassment that came with it had been the handiwork of Elliott, Ben and their friends.

“Yeah, the... football thing sucks,” Jack said with a sigh. “And Aaron... that was... that was horrible. The other stuff...” he stopped. This was it. He could turn them in. Thanks to Davis and Mr Wendell, he now had witnesses, people who could corroborate his story, discredit the incriminating footage the others had. He took a deep breath and looked the Principal in the eye. “I lost a bet and that was me paying up. I'm really sorry if it's caused any problems Sir!”

The man in charge looked just a little suspicious, but nodded his understanding. “Okay then. If that's all it was, then that's fine but yes, please avoid doing it any more. The dress code in the school is already hard enough to monitor without throwing in young men in hot-pants!” he said with a slight smirk.

Jack blushed but knew the man was only joking harmlessly.

“I'm sure you've already been advised, but if you need to speak to the school counsellor about anything, his door is always open,” the Principal advised. “But unless there's anything else, feel free to get back to class. Hand this to your teacher if they say anything about being late.” he handed Jack a small slip of paper.

Jack and Mr Wendell stood and left the office. As soon as they were clear, Mr Wendell looked to the teen. “You could have snitched on them so easily then. Hell, if I was you I'd have told him everything!”

"I guess that's the difference between us then," Jack said, not meaning to sound as harsh as he did. "I don't wanna still be looking for revenge in twenty years time. I'd rather forgive and forget."

Mr Wendell blushed, completely humbled by the boy he had been so ready to dismiss as a brainless bully. "You're right," he said with a gentle nod. "You're a good kid, Jack!"

"And you're a good fuck!" Jack said playfully, with a wink, watching in amusement as the teacher frantically looked round to see if they had been overheard. "See ya later!" Jack said, almost laughing as he ran off to first period.

Jack had almost expected to be taken to the store room at lunchtime so it was a little surprising when Elliott and Danny just walked with him towards the cafeteria. As they got near, Ben and Lincoln caught up to them.

Jack wasn't sure whether the mocking jibes had lessened or if he was just able to ignore them easier while engaged in conversation with the others, either way, he was glad to be able to walk down a hallway without being made to feel worthless. Once again, Ben was on duty as insult-deflector.

They had all sat together again, which was attracting attention in itself. Three seniors sitting with a junior and a sophomore. Two football players sitting with a former player and former Captain. Four straight guys sitting with the known gay. It seemed no matter what the other students saw each of them as, seeing them grouped in that way was unusual to them.

None of them cared though, least of all Jack. They had done this one day last week and he remembered how much he had liked it, actually feeling like he was amongst friends. Of course, that day he had been living with the knowledge that it wouldn't last, that he was likely to be given some humiliating or degrading task at any moment. Today was different, today it was just... normal. No imminent embarrassment, no anxious wait for the other shoe to drop, just lunch, with friends.

Sure, depending on how you wanted to look at it, it was lunch with his captors and tormentors. On the flip side of that though, it was a bully having lunch with four of his victims. As Jack had explained it to Ben earlier, each of them was the good guy in their own story and the bad guy in the others'. Ultimately it made little difference, this was just the first step towards actually being happy again.

Jack felt that just one thing was missing but fortunately, that was about to change... Bryce had arrived. Their eyes met despite the crowds. The corners of Jack's mouth began to twitch, gradually creeping up into a broad smile as he beheld the sixteen-year-old. It was strange, they had been together less than twenty-four hours ago, cuddling in the back of the car on the way home from the club, but so much had happened since that it felt like a lifetime had passed.

Jack stood up from the table as Bryce got closer. "Hey guys," he said as got close.

Suddenly Jack was on him. He threw his arms around the younger teen, pulling him into a tight hug.

“Jack, everyone's looking!” Bryce whispered as he raised his hands to squeeze Jack back.

“Don't care!” Jack insisted, holding on.

By the time they parted, everyone else had returned to their own conversations, the two football players sudden and very public embrace clearly not juicy enough to inspire any real attention.

“What was that for?” Bryce asked, blushing slightly as he took a seat beside the others who were just watching in amused silence.

“Look, I barely know what's happening today. Don't ask me to explain, just go with it!” Jack said, feeling a little light-headed.

Bryce smiled. He wanted to reach across the table and take Jack's hand, but felt that might be pushing things a bit too far, too soon. He looked at Jack, then to Lincoln and Danny. “Hey, erm... so Coach Sanders asked to see me this morning,” he started, getting curious looks back from the other players. “He said he wants me take over as Captain!”

“What did you say?” Danny asked, looking somewhat shocked.

“I said Jack should be Captain!” Bryce said, as if no other option was even worth considering.

“You did?” Jack asked in surprise. Even with their increasing closeness, Jack was shocked. It was never a secret that Bryce wanted the position for himself, he had said so publicly on numerous occasions. To think that he would actually turn it down now in favour of Jack, it was incredible.

“Yeah,” Bryce said, smiling warmly, but it quickly faded, “Although Coach didn't like it. Pretty much threatened to throw me off the team.”

“Yeah, sounds about right,” Jack said, shaking his head.

“We need to find a way to change his mind!” Elliott said firmly.

Jack was already appreciating the efforts being made by Elliott and the others to start making things better for him, but his Captaincy was one area he didn't expect them to be able to do anything. He knew Coach Sanders, probably better than anyone in the school. He had seen the side of him he kept hidden from the world and deep down inside, Jack knew nothing would ever convince him to take Jack back.

“That'll never happen!” Danny said, shaking his head. “He's stubborn as fuck and doesn't do second chances!”

“That's an understatement!” Jack agreed.

“Well maybe we should try another approach,” Bryce said, looking thoughtful.

Aaron was looking forward to his visitors. It had been an excruciatingly dull day so the thought of company was quite appealing. He was beginning to get frustrated with being in the hospital. He had regained almost complete movement now and couldn't understand why they were still reluctant to let him go. They kept saying they still had to monitor him, but he just saw it as a waste of his time.

Danny was first in, as always. Lincoln and Bryce were close behind, eagerly greeting him with fist bumps. Elliott and Ben walked in next, hand-in-hand. Jack sneaked in at the back, almost trying to hide.

The atmosphere was lively, cheerful almost, something that Aaron really appreciated. It had all been so tense since the accident, parents arguing about long term care plans if Aaron was disabled, Doctors discussing worst case scenarios and while Danny had done his best to keep his friend positive, there had been tears. Now though, it was just a group of school friends hanging out and having fun.

The subject of what they had been doing to Jack was avoided. Aaron had been made aware of everything that had happened and was smart enough not to probe about it. The highlight of the conversation was Lincoln and Ben re-enacting some of the younger boy's most vicious zingers from throughout the day. Ben just kept surprising them all, showing whole new sides to him each day as he slowly blossomed from a silent victim into a cheerful, witty and all-round entertaining young man.

Watching Ben entertain the others only made Jack feel worse. It seemed everywhere he looked was a reminder of the harm he had done – looking at Elliott, seeing him sitting on the bench waiting to end it all, watching Ben and realising he had suppressed this wonderful boy for so long with his bullying, sitting in Aaron's hospital room and knowing the physical pain he had inflicted. It was tough for Jack to stay there, torn between his anger at the others for what they had done to him, but equally furious at himself for his own actions that had led them there.

"I did it on purpose!" Jack suddenly blurted out loudly, stopping the excitable chatter from the others.

As one they all turned to look at him. Some in the room already knew what he was talking about, Danny and Aaron seemed more than a little lost.

"Jack, don't!" Lincoln said, shaking his head.

"What? What's he talking about?" Danny asked, frowning.

"The... the tackle," Jack said nervously. Rather than backing away from Danny as he probably knew was sensible, he stood from his seat in the corner and moved closer. "It wasn't an accident. I aimed for Aaron on purpose and I made it a hard hit on purpose!"

Thankfully Jack's confession had given the others enough warning to get into place and hold Danny back.

"YOU FUCKING PRICK, YOU COULD HAVE FUCKING KILLED HIM!" Danny snarled. "GET OFF OF ME, I'M GONNA FUCK HIM UP!" He struggled against Bryce, Lincoln and Elliott trying to get at Jack,

who remained motionless.

“Danny,” Aaron said, reaching out to grab his friend's arm. “DANNY!” he snapped loudly when he got no response.

Danny, still struggling against the others turned to look at Aaron, who was shaking his head.

“Stop it!” Aaron requested. “Please!”

His face still screwed up with anger, but he stopped struggling against his friends and backed off a little.

Aaron sighed, looking thoughtfully at Jack. “I know!” he said bluntly. “I know it was on purpose. Well, I didn't KNOW, but I was fairly certain. I felt you grab me while I was in the air and pull me down.”

“What? Why haven't you turned me in?” Jack asked, eyes wide. “What I did... that was assault!”

“Yeah, it was,” Aaron nodded, the others gradually relaxing as Danny slowly sat back down into a chair. “And what we did to you... that was rape!”

The room was painfully silent as nervous looks were exchanged.

“No, I wouldn't say...” Elliott started.

“Dress it up any way you like, but that's what it was. You guys may be all... I dunno, friendly and all okay now, but we're all rapists and he's a victim!” Aaron said, pointing to Jack. He got nothing but silence back. “Look, I had a lot of time to think in here. For that first day I couldn't even move, all I could do was lay there and think and I started thinking about why I was there. Sure, I knew what Jack had done, but... but I knew what I'd done too. We did awful things and... and maybe... what happened to me... maybe it was God's way of punishing me for it.”

“What the fuck? No!” Danny complained. “God didn't put you here, that asshole did!” he said sharply, pointing to Jack.

“Yeah, because he was pissed at us for humiliating him, which we did because we were pissed at him for hurting and humiliating us, which he did because... fuck it, who knows. What I'm saying is, we keep just getting pissed and hurting each other, next time it might be worse!” Aaron explained, sitting up and looking round the group one at a time.

“I don't wanna hurt anyone any more,” Jack said weakly.

“About fucking time, you prick!” Aaron said sharply, then gave a cheeky grin.

Jack smiled back but remained silent.

“Geez, and I thought I was the gay one. Get a room!” Ben said with a smirk.

“Shh, you fucked it up, I reckon they were about to kiss,” Bryce said, joining in with the younger

boy's teasing.

"Fuck you!" Jack snapped back angrily, but with a slight hint of amusement.

"Maybe later!" Bryce replied, looking at Jack hungrily while biting his bottom lip.

There it was again, the twitch in Jack's pants. Thankfully the moment passed quickly as everyone else jumped in, throwing playful jibes and remarks at each other. Once they started getting too loud, a nurse came along to usher some of them out. Aaron insisted they should all go off and enjoy their evening so they all piled out of the room, but Jack remained behind.

"Whassup Jack?" Aaron asked as he saw the older teen hanging back.

Jack reached into his bag and then held out his hand to Aaron, offering a wad of money. "Here,"

"What's this?" Aaron asked, frowning as he took it.

"I... I earned it... at the club. I remember you saying once that you thought a football scholarship was your... your best chance, you know, for college. I know it's not enough, but I'm gonna earn more. You shouldn't..." Jack paused, struggling to find the words. "What I did shouldn't ruin your future."

Aaron stared for a few moments, completely in shock. "Jack, that is simultaneously both the sweetest... and most stupid thing I've ever heard! Do you have any idea how much college actually costs?"

Jack thought for a moment, then shook his head.

"Honestly, neither do I, but I know it's a hell of a lot more than this!" Aaron replied with a smirk.

"I can earn more. I'll do it. I'll get what you need!" Jack insisted.

"Jack, you don't have to," Aaron said, tossing the cash back. "I meant what I said before, we need to stop getting back at each other. That means forgiving. I'm not quite there yet, but I don't need you to make it up to me. Keep your cash, from what Lincoln told me, you fucking earned it! Or I suppose... you earned it fucking!" He chuckled at his own pun, getting a reluctant laugh back from Jack. "Don't worry. God works in mysterious ways. He put me here, he'll give me a way out too."

"Okay," Jack conceded. He still disagreed but was respectful enough not to outright say it. "Guess I'll... see you around then."

"Yeah, see ya, Cap," Aaron said.

After leaving the hospital, the guys were slightly at a loss for what to do. It hadn't been long, but they had quickly gotten used to spending their evenings teasing and torturing Jack. Without that, they weren't sure what else they wanted to do. They eventually settled on heading to the park.

As they pulled up in the parking lot, there was a strange feeling hanging in the air. This was where it all started, just eleven days earlier. Eleven days and it felt like Jack's entire world had changed.

They neared the basketball court and Bryce nudged Jack's arm, grinning. "Strip basketball?" he asked playfully.

Jack chuckled, more at Bryce's boyish enthusiasm than the comment itself. He shook his head and waved his hand, "Nah, I'm still pretty achey from last night. I may as well just strip!"

"I wouldn't complain!" Bryce said, winking before running ahead to catch up with Lincoln.

Once they reached the court, Elliott, Bryce, Lincoln and Danny started a game of 2-on-2 while Ben and Jack sat on the sidelines watching.

After a few minutes, Jack felt Ben lean on his arm, sighing. "What's up?" he asked, eyes still fixed on the court.

"I'm gonna miss this!" Ben said softly, letting out another sigh.

"Miss what?" Jack asked, frowning as he looked round at the younger teen.

"This. Us guys all hanging out," Ben explained.

"Why? Is it... stopping?" Jack asked, getting more and more confused.

Ben sat up, raising his eyebrows like Jack had just asked something really obvious. "Duh, of course!" Ben said sharply. "The only reason we all hung out was to get back at you. Now that it's over, you and Elliott will make up and start hanging out together, Aaron'll get out of hospital and he'll be hanging out with Danny and Bryce and Lincoln. I'll just go back to being Elliott's secret boyfriend."

"You're pretty smart Ben, you know that?" Jack said back.

Ben shrugged. "Yup. Brains AND beauty, it really is a terrible curse, but I live with it!" he said with an impish smile.

Jack rolled his eyes, shaking his head. "So if you're so smart, how can you be this stupid?" Ben looked back, curious about his point rather than offended by the possible insult. Jack shook his head again. "You really think they'll all just forget about you?"

"I dunno, it's what normally happens," Ben said. He didn't sound like he was pitying himself, his tone was simply one of calm acceptance.

"Oh my God, they love you!" Jack said bluntly. "Seriously, even I can tell how awesome they think you are!"

"How awesome THEY think I am. Them? Not you?" Ben asked, with a one-sided smile.

Jack didn't know what to say. Despite the things the boy had inflicted upon him, Jack was also

beginning to like him as much as the others were, but every time he looked at him, he saw a constant reminder of the years he had spent acting the way Craig and the Coach had trained him to act.

"I... well... erm..." Jack stuttered. There was no way he could explain everything he was feeling. He simply didn't have the words.

"Or does it still bother you that I'm gay? I know how 'wrong' you think it is!" Ben said, putting airquotes round 'wrong'. "Which I think is kinda weird, what with you being gay!"

Jack jumped away from Ben. "I'm not gay!" he said sharply.

"You've done gay things with guys and enjoyed them," Ben said with a smirk. "Look, relax, you know none of us are gonna judge you for it!"

"I'm not gay!" Jack insisted through gritted teeth.

"Jack it's okay..." Ben insisted, confused about why Jack was getting so uptight.

"Fuck you. I'm not gay!" Jack snapped, standing up and running off.

"Jack?" Elliott called out. Having seen the two teens on the sidelines beginning to argue, he had stopped playing and approached them, just in time to see Jack running off. He looked down at Ben. "What happened?"

"I... I dunno," Ben said with a shrug. "I was just talking about him being gay and..."

"Ugh, Ben," Elliott said shaking his head.

"What? I didn't..." Ben started, but stopped, looking upset.

Elliott squatted at his boyfriend's side, brushing his cheek gently with the back of his fingers, allowing his hand to slide round onto the back of his neck. "I'm sorry, it's ok, you didn't do anything wrong, that's just... a touchy subject!" He planted a gentle kiss on the boy's forehead. "I'll be right back, just gonna go and see if I can find him."

Elliott ran off in the direction Jack had run. As it was in the direction of the parking lot, he guessed that might be where he was going. He was correct. He got there and saw Jack sitting in his car, staring blankly ahead.

"Not going anywhere without these!" Elliott said, dangling Jack's car keys in front of him. He had obviously forgotten that he had allowed Elliott to drive his car from the hospital as he wanted to ride with Bryce and Lincoln.

Jack reached out for the keys, but they were immediately snatched away. "Gimme my keys!" he demanded.

"Come and get 'em, gayboy!" Elliott said. His strategy was risky, but he knew Jack. He dashed around to the back of the car as Jack launched himself out of the car, jumping over the door.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP!” Jack snarled furiously.

“Ooh, is the scary gay man all angry?” Elliott asked, smirking.

“ELLIOTT, SHUT THE FUCK UP OR I'LL MAKE YOU!” Jack yelled, poised and ready to dash around the car depending on which way Elliott moved.

“MAKE ME, YOU LITTLE FAG!” Elliott shouted back, not angry, just matching Jack's volume. He took off back into the park.

Jack was straight after him, fists clenched, ready to strike.

“Come on you big queer!” Elliott called back. He had no trouble keeping ahead of Jack. When they both used to play football, Elliott always had the edge when it came to speed. Since Elliott had quit playing, he had maintained his levels of fitness, but had lost a little bulk so he was now even faster. He kept a safe distance ahead of Jack, repeatedly calling back taunts and insults.

They dashed past the basketball court, getting strange looks from the other four who simply shrugged and left them to it.

“GET BACK HERE!” Jack yelled angrily.

“Why? You gonna fuck me up... or just fuck me?” Elliott called back.

“SHUT UP!” Jack snarled, pushing himself as hard as he could, getting more and more frustrated that the gap wasn't closing.

“Hey, you're the one in the park chasing guys!” Elliott said with a laugh, beginning to get a little breathless from the mix of running and shouting. Figuring he had gone far enough, he stopped near the edge of the lake. He turned, expecting Jack to come to a halt and confront him. His eyes widened as he realised Jack wasn't stopping.

Charging at full force, Jack lowered his shoulder, burying it into Elliott's stomach, arms grabbing him around his waist. They both flew back several feet, carried at first by Jack's momentum but then by gravity as Elliott's footing slipped on the wet lake bank.

The water was shallow, but falling in backwards, head-first, it was enough for Elliott to go under. His head popped up moments later, coughing and spluttering, Jack still on top of him.

“TAKE IT BACK!” Jack shouted, grabbing at Elliott's shirt with both hands.

“No!” Elliott said in between coughs.

“TAKE IT BACK. YOU'RE WRONG!” Jack snarled, shaking Elliott.

The prone teen bucked Jack off of him, rolling him to the side and mounting him. “I'd take it back if I was wrong, but I'm not!” Elliott said, grabbing Jack in the same way he was currently being held.

Jack rolled again, putting Elliott onto his back in the mud again, staring down at him. "You are, I'm not gay!" Jack said, quietening a little.

Elliott didn't attempt to throw Jack off, instead he just looked up at him and said, "Okay, then answer one question..."

"What?" Jack demanded pointedly.

"Why are you hard?" Elliott asked with a smirk.

Jack's eyes widened. He looked down, their crotches pressed together. Drenched in lake water and covered in mud, furious from the chase, Jack had barely even felt it, but there it was, a very prominent erection, nestled alongside Elliott's.

Jack opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out. Shaking his head, confused by the conflict between his body and mind, he just stared down at his friend. "I'm not gay," he said weakly.

Elliott raised his hand, wiping a blob of mud from Jack's cheek. "You said... in the car... after the letter... you still like me!" Elliott replied softly. He got a reluctant nod. "Well I'm a guy..." he added, eyebrows raising.

"That's different, you're... you!" Jack said, attempting to justify himself.

"What about Bryce?" Elliott asked, still staring up at Jack sitting atop him.

Jack's stomach lurched at the mention of the name. Suddenly, what he was doing felt wrong, having his boner pressed against Elliott's. He frowned. How could he feel like he was cheating on someone he wasn't even dating, especially if they were both guys!

"Yeah, that's what I thought!" Elliott said, seeing the look on Jack's face. "Look, Jack, don't like, drown me or anything for this, but have you ever considered the possibility that you might just be... bisexual?" Elliott ventured, flinching very slightly, expecting some kind of violent reaction. Instead, all he saw was a thoughtful frown spreading across his face.

"How... how would I... know?" Jack asked, looking a little lost.

Elliott attempted to shrug, but laying back in the lake water it was hard to convey it. "I don't know, but I can do my best to help you figure it out." he offered with a smile.

Jack's eyes widened. "Okay!" he said, then lunged down towards Elliott, their lips pressing together.

The movement was so sudden and forceful that both their faces disappeared beneath the surface of the lake. They popped back up moments later, coughing.

"That... wasn't quite... what I meant," Elliott said coughing up water.

"Sorry," Jack said, finally climbing off. He moved up the bank slightly, sitting on the grass.

Elliott climbed onto his feet too, but remained standing in the water. Looking down at himself, he was covered in mud. He reached down to his waist and started pulling his shirt upwards, Jack's eyes fixed on him.

"What are you doing?" Jack asked, looking round nervously.

"Not much I can do about being wet, but I can at least clean off!" Elliott said, peeling the wet fabric up and off of his torso. Once he had it completely off, he leant over, dropping it into the water, attempting to wash the worst of the mud off. Peeking back, he saw Jack was still transfixed. "You're dirty!"

"What? No!" Jack said, blushing so profusely it was amazing the mud caking him didn't bake solid. "I wasn't..."

Elliott smirked. "I meant the mud!"

"Oh, erm... yeah." Jack mumbled. He hadn't got quite as caked in it as Elliott, but he still had thick blobs of it all over him.

"Come on," Elliott encouraged him.

Nervously, Jack stood back up and waded back into the lake. Giving another nervous glance round, he peeled his t-shirt off and started rinsing it. As he stood up, wringing it out, he almost choked. Elliott had removed his jeans and was now washing them off too. Leaning over in his wet briefs, his ass was the first thing Jack saw.

Elliott glanced back and sniggered as he realised what Jack was looking at. He stood up, saying "If you think that's bad, you should see the front!" He turned, revealing his still-erect cock. A massive hard cock in very small, wet briefs left absolutely nothing to the imagination.

"Gay yet?" Elliott asked playfully, grabbing the bulge.

"Ben!" Jack suddenly blurted out.

"What? Where?" Elliott asked, looking round them.

Jack shook his head. "No, I mean... you're with Ben... so we shouldn't..."

"But you want to?" Elliott asked, taking a step towards Jack.

Jack was trembling. He let his eyes wander down his friend's almost naked body and back up again. He nodded.

"So do I!" Elliott said. "But... you're right. I have Ben... you and Bryce might... ya know...so we can't!"

The two stood staring at each other, knee deep in water. They were only shaken from the moment by the noise of a dog barking in the distance, a middle-aged couple appearing moments later. They waded back out of the water where Elliott put back on his jeans and sneakers, carrying his shirt.

Jack would usually have put his t-shirt back on, terrified of being seen, but seeing Elliott start walking, casually shirtless, he felt more comfortable doing the same.

They didn't speak on the way back to the basketball court, but it was a pleasant silence, not an uncomfortable one. Elliott had been tempted to push the subject of Jack's possible bisexuality, but he had several thoughts about it, keeping them to himself for now.

"What the hell happened to you two?" Ben asked, seeing the two soggy teens approaching.

They looked at each other. They truly did look a mess.

"We, erm..." Elliott said, grinning, "We just had... a discussion!"

"Geez, you two really do deserve each other, don't you!" Ben joked.

Elliott and Jack laughed, but exchanged slightly nervous looks.

"Glad you're back to save us from this monster!" Bryce said, walking up behind Ben and draping an arm around his shoulder.

"Yeah," Lincoln agreed, coming up on his other side. "Kicked our asses all over the court!"

Ben rolled his eyes, shaking his head. "They think I don't know they let me win!" he said with a reluctant grin.

"What d'you guys wanna do now?" Elliott asked, looking round the group.

Jack shrugged. "I dunno, this would normally be point where you stripped me and made me walk home with a butt plug up my ass. Anyone in the mood for that?" Jack asked glibly.

The comment was meant to be a joke. Instead, Aaron's words from earlier seemed to linger in the air. It had seemed fun to them at the time and Jack himself was now casually joking about it, but their injured friend had been correct in what he had called it.

"Geez, tough crowd!" Jack said, taking a deep breath. Grabbing his bag, he pulled out his phone and checked the time. "Okay, it's still early, I'm hungry. Let's go get food, then figure out what to do after that."

The whole group was somewhat downbeat as they ate. Jack's joke, along with Aaron's comment, had really struck a nerve amongst them. That was when the idea occurred to Jack – Truth or Dare. It was perfect. The truths would give the opportunity to share or confess the things troubling them while the dares would give Jack the chance to get his own revenge against the others.

The group was initially reluctant, particularly Danny, who made an excuse about wanting to check in on Aaron, leaving to see him again. The rest reluctantly agreed, simply for a lack of better options. Elliott had suggested going back down by the lake to do it. While the park itself was not that busy in the evenings, that far in there were very few people at all. It wasn't that they were

particularly seeking privacy, they could have gone to Lincoln's place for that, they simply didn't want to disturb anyone as it would inevitably get quite loud.

It was starting to get dark by the time they were back down by the lake. Ben had wanted to make a camp fire, but they figured it probably wasn't allowed (quickly verified by a google search) and none of them knew how to build a fire anyway. Instead, most of their cell phones were piled together, lights turned on, providing enough light to see the essentials. A 'twenty-first century campfire', Elliott had called it.

Using Jack's fake ID, they had gone and bought some beers on the way too. Jack felt he had gone far too long without a drink and figured it might help the others relax a little too. Bryce had offered to be the designated driver and wouldn't partake, allowing the others to do so instead. Ben had also declined, mostly because he had never actually drunk before. They eventually settled, gathered around their makeshift campfire, first of the beers cracked open.

"Okay, this was Jack's idea, so he can go first!" Ben insisted. "Whadda you want?"

"Truth of course. Who ever starts with a dare?" Jack said, taking a swig of his beer.

"I've got one!" Lincoln said quickly. "Which bit of the club do you prefer, the stage or the dungeon?"

"Link!" Bryce snapped immediately.

"Ha!" Jack laughed aloud. "It's fine. This is supposed to clear the air, he can ask what he likes! And I definitely prefer the stage. Less spanking!"

The comment got raucous laughter from the others. It felt strange for Jack to joke about, but talking about it really did seem to be helping the worry wash away.

"Okay, Lincoln, truth or dare?" Jack asked.

"Truth!" Lincoln replied, slightly nervous about what might be asked of him.

Ben immediately whispered something in Elliott's ear. Getting a nod back, he cleared his throat and asked, "If you had to choose one of us to fuck you, who would it be?"

"Erm... well..." Lincoln stuttered.

Based on the conversation in the observation room, they knew Lincoln had never been fucked, or had anything up his ass at all, so in a way they were asking who he wanted to take his virginity.

"Well Elliott's too long and Bryce is too thick," Lincoln said slightly nervously. His eyes darted between Jack and Ben. "And you said Ben's a total bottom, so it'd be a crap fuck.... so... I guess I'd have to say Jack!" He was thankful for the twilight hiding his blushes.

"Oh I can't wait for you to pick a dare!" Bryce teased, getting more laughs.

"I guess I'm next," Ben said as he had asked the question. "Go on then, gimme a dare!"

“Okay,” Bryce said, grinning. “I dare you to drink this!” he said, holding out a beer, popping the cap.

Ben looked a little shocked. He had expected something like stripping or some other kind of sexual act. He approached Bryce and took the bottle, eyeing it nervously. “I’m not so sure about this,” he said quietly. “I don’t wanna get drunk!”

“Ben,” Jack said firmly. “You’re about to have your first beer with your mates. This is, like, a milestone or something. It’s one drink, we promise we won’t make you have any more!”

Ben smiled shyly. Jack was right, this was the sort of thing he had spent years fantasising about doing. All those years on his own, now seemingly over. “Okay then!” Raising the bottle, he tipped his head back and chugged the whole bottle down. When he finished, he wiped his mouth with his arm and tossed the empty back to Bryce. There was a moment of silence before he let out the loudest belch of his life, getting a mixture of cheering and laughter from the others.

“Woah, that’s cool!” Ben said, his head spinning slightly. He stumbled and virtually fell on top of Bryce.

“Ben,” Elliott called out, seeing him fall.

“I’m fine!” he insisted. “Sorry ‘bout that,” he said to Bryce. After shifting round a bit, he came to a rest, leaning against the muscular teen’s side. “Okay, I’m good here!” he insisted, gradually beginning to feel the effects of his first taste of alcohol. “You’re next,” he said to Bryce, grinning.

“Truth,” Bryce requested, letting an arm rest around Ben’s shoulders.

“Do you wanna fuck me?” Ben blurted out. He looked round the group, shrugging. “What, it’s a question. I’m not offering!”

Bryce, Lincoln and Jack all looked to Elliott, who smirked and shrugged too.

“Yes!” Bryce said bluntly at the grinning teen beside him.

Ben’s eyes widened with shock. He had been expecting to embarrass the older teen but had clearly failed.

“My turn then,” Elliott said, quickly moving them on. He was okay with Ben’s playful flirting, but didn’t want to let them linger on it. “I’ll take... a dare!”

Ben was on it in seconds again. “Kiss Jack!” he yelled out. “Wooooo!”

“What?” Jack and Elliott asked in unison.

“You heard me, kiss him!” Ben said, sniggering.

Jack wondered what Ben was doing. Could the beer have kicked in that quickly and he was just slightly drunk, or was he doing something else? He himself had stated earlier that he knew about Elliott’s feelings for Jack. Maybe this was a test, maybe he wanted to see how Elliott would react

given the opportunity to act on his desire with no obvious consequences. The two teens stood, facing each other, several feet apart.

“Come on, we don't have all night!” Ben insisted.

Jack took a few steps forward, mirrored by Elliott. They leaned in, attempting to minimise their physical contact. The others watched as they inched closer and closer together. Finally their lips met, eyes closed.

The kiss had been going several seconds when Elliott felt wetness on his cheek. Were they his tears or Jack's? Both maybe? It was everything they had ever hoped for, every daydream, every jerkoff fantasy, every thrilling dream. The years flooded through them, the wasted the years, the time they should have spent together like that, being honest, being in love. It was confusing as it ended, like eternity had passed in a few fleeting seconds. Their eyes met for a scant moment, both grateful that the dim light hid the tears, the longing and the pain from the others. They turned away and returned to their previous positions.

“What, that's it?” Ben demanded, his voice ever-so-slightly slurred. “Ugh, I think I need another!” He reached across to grab another beer from beside Bryce.

Immediately, the older teen grabbed the bottle, holding it up out of Ben's reach. “I think one was enough for you!” he said with a snigger.

“Fuck off,” Ben argued back, climbing to his feet to try and grab it.

Bryce moved with him, easily keeping the bottle away from his flailing hands.

“You're not the boss of me!” Ben insisted, smacking his hands against Bryce's chest. “Just cos you're bigger than me...” he smacked Bryce's chest again, this time letting his hand linger for a few seconds, “And all muscley...” another hit, a longer touch. He looked up at Bryce's face. “And really, really cute... Wait, what was I saying?”

Everyone burst into laughter at the tipsy boy, making him look round in confusion. He had genuinely lost his train of thought in his embarrassingly open admiration of Bryce. He scowled, remembering the beer. “Stop treating me like a kid!” he demanded. “I turn sixteen soon, I'm not much younger than some of you!” he insisted.

“Aww, sorry Ben,” Bryce said, still chuckling. He handed him the beer and put an arm around him, pulling him into a playful hug.

By now, the bulge in Ben's pants was unmissable.

“Hey, it's not Ben's turn, but I think I got a dare for him!” Jack called out. “Ben, I dare you to kiss Bryce!”

“What? No!” Ben said, looking suddenly panic-stricken. “If I give back the beer, can I have another dare?” he asked nervously.

The boy's request attracted more laughs from the others, particularly Bryce who grabbed Ben,

picking him up so they face-to-face, the smaller teen's legs either side of him. He looked round nervously at his boyfriend, who was standing with Lincoln and Jack, laughing hysterically.

“Fine!” Ben snapped, and lunged forward, kissing Bryce straight on the lips. He wasn't delicate about it either, forcing Bryce's lips apart, forcing in his tongue, his free hand grasping at the hair on the back of Bryce's head. He eventually pulled away and looked to the other three who were now just staring in stunned silence. “Now THAT is how you do a kiss on a dare!” he said triumphantly.

The silence continued for a moment before the others started cheering. Bryce lifted the boy higher in celebration, laughing along with him. As he finally went to put him down, he moved right up to Ben's ear and whispered, “That was fucking hot!”

The comment only made Ben more excited. As he was put down, he took a casual swig of his beer while grabbing at his bulge with his other hand. “Who's next?” he asked, lowering the bottle.

“Anyone you like!” Lincoln insisted. It seemed Jack's impromptu dare had shaken the awkward formality of the game and made it into what it was always meant to be – fun!

The game went on, circling round and round, most of the ideas coming from the increasingly drunk Ben, but plenty still coming from the others too. There was a lot more kissing, which was clearly most awkward for Lincoln who had never actually kissed another guy before. Realising that, he was subject to four consecutive dares, making him work through the whole group.

What followed was fairly inevitable. “Hey Lincoln, got a truth for you!” Ben said with a slight slur and a giggle, “Who's the best kisser?”

Lincoln, who was already bright red from his four sudden embraces, managed to actually look an even brighter red in the low light. A grin suddenly spread across his face. “Obviously... it's me!” he answered smugly.

“Boooo!” the others chorused.

Clothes had been gradually coming off too, until all five were sat around in just their underwear. Even though they were confident of their privacy, none of them dared to stay completely naked, pulling the underwear back on after the (many) naked dares. Even Jack seemed strangely at ease with being on show, a massive change from just a couple of weeks earlier.

Ben gradually began to get sleepy, unused to the effects of the alcohol. He had continued to sit with Bryce, claiming at one point that he was the 'most comfortable'. Eventually, getting towards time to head home, the others began to quiet down too. All sitting round happily, finishing off the last of the beers a strange calm washed over them.

“Any more then?” Lincoln asked, almost disappointed not to be subjected to any more fun challenges.

“I've got one for you guys!” Ben said, grinning giddily. “You... and you,” he said, pointing first to Lincoln, then to Bryce, “You said you've never been fucked. I say we change it right now. I dare Bryce to fuck Lincoln and I dare Elliott to fuck Bryce while he's doing it!”

“Whoa, no way!” Lincoln said insistently, waving his hands dismissively.

“Yeah, too far!” Bryce agreed.

Ben looked upset that they weren't going to do it, but said nothing.

“What, so you'll quite happily see me get fucked for the first time, but you guys are... what, too good for it?” Jack demanded angrily.

“No, it's not that. I just...” Bryce started.

“You just what?” Jack asked sharply. “Come on, Ben gave you a dare. You gonna do it or not?”

The tension in the air was palpable. There it was, lingering between them, the fact they had forced Jack into sexual acts, ones they were now unwilling to engage in themselves. Guilt shot through the whole group as Jack kept looking round them all.

Eventually, giving in to the shame and guilt they felt, Lincoln and Bryce started moving together, gesturing for Elliott to come and join them, to complete the dare as it had been given.

Moments later, underwear removed and condoms applied, Bryce was beginning to prepare Lincoln for entry. Although most carried at least one condom (Lincoln was always supplied with many), they had no lubricant so Bryce was reliant on his own spit as he started fingering his friend's hole.

“You sure about this?” Bryce whispered, his body leaning up against Lincoln's.

“Yeah, we gotta do this!” Lincoln sound, his voice shaking slightly.

Bryce nodded and pushed the head of his cock into Lincoln's ass. The other teen grunted at the slow intrusion, but clenched his fists and let Bryce continue pushing into him. Moments later, fully inserted, Bryce held still as Elliott repeated the same actions on him.

Both Lincoln and Bryce knelt there in the fuck-chain, a cock inside them for the first time, Bryce's girth stretching Lincoln's hole and Elliott's impressive length pushed further into Bryce than the younger teen ever thought possible.

“Hey, I don't wanna miss out on this!” Ben said, seeing the action he had instigated. As he stood and removed his underwear, everyone expected him to move to the front, to get fucked by Lincoln. Instead, he moved behind his boyfriend and, after applying a little of his own spit-lube, pushed his rigid cock into Elliott's hole.

They began to move, the four-way fuck slowly speeding up. Jack sat and stared, not looking like he was enjoying it in the slightest. Nor was he looking angry as he beheld his friend-turned-tormentors-turned-friends-again. Instead he just looked sad.

“Guess this kinda makes us even!” Ben joked, looking round at Jack, who just stared blankly back.

The fucking didn't last long. The alcohol, the kissing, the various other dares and new sensations of first fucks had quickly pushed them to climax, both Elliott and Bryce filling their condoms while

Ben shot his load inside his lover, the two unconcerned about protection thanks to their carefulness with others and relative monogamy.

Before the other four had even begun to move apart, Jack looked across at his friends, eyes watery. "Okay, I've got one, for Elliott. It's a truth!"

Beginning to recover from the fuck and starting to pull on underwear, the others looked, mildly concerned.

"How could you?" Jack asked sorrowfully, his tone quiet, pleading almost. "How could you do it all to me?"

"Jack, I..." Elliott stuttered.

"No, don't!" Jack said, face screwing up angrily. "I've been awful, to a lot of people for a long time. That's... that's just something I'm gonna have to deal with, but you... you actually wanted to hurt me. You're one of the nicest guys I've ever met and you... you humiliated me and... and degraded me..." he said, standing up, fists clenched, "And raped me! You put me on a stage for your own entertainment, you put me in a room full of strangers and watched them rape me and beat me. You watched my life fall apart and you just.... let it happen!" He had begun advancing on Elliott.

Lincoln quickly backed away as Bryce moved towards Ben. If things were about to get physical, he wanted to be in a position to protect the smallest of the group.

"I was... I was trying to... to help you!" Elliott stuttered shakily.

"DON'T!" Jack snarled. "Even if that was what you were doing.... YOU DON'T HELP SOMEONE BY RAPING THEM!"

Elliott jumped to his feet, backing away from Jack slowly. "I get that we took things... a bit far..."

"A BIT FAR?" Jack yelled.

"And I get that the things we made you do might seem a bit harsh, but... you enjoyed some of it!" Elliott argued back weakly.

Jack lunged forward, grabbing Elliott round the throat. "GETTING A BONER DOESN'T MAKE RAPE OKAY YOU FUCKING MONSTER!"

The two fell to the ground, Jack choking Elliott as he struggled to get free. Bryce and Lincoln were immediately on them, trying to pull the furious teen away.

Ben looked across at the skirmish, trembling.

By the time Jack and Elliott were pulled apart, both were sobbing, overwhelmed by a confusing mix of anger, betrayal and lust. Bryce, kneeling at Jack's side as he pulled him away, attempted to hold him.

"Get off!" Jack demanded weakly, pulling away. "You're worse than Elliott!"

Bryce stared, shaking.

“He set out to hurt me and he did it. You did this for revenge but all you did was make me...” Jack stopped, taking a sharp intake of breath. He shook his head, lips pressed tightly together. He didn't want to say it but he knew he had to. “You made me fall in love with you. You made me think you were my saviour, but you still let all this happen to me!” Jack explained, sniffing heavily.

“Jack, I didn't... I mean... I was...” Bryce mumbled, staring at him, tears welling.

“I'm done, with all of you!” Jack said, walking across to the middle of their makeshift camp. He grabbed his clothes and his phone and started walking away. He stopped momentarily and walked back, looking down at a slightly scared and confused Ben. He took a deep breath and said, “Ben, I'm sorry for all the times I hurt you. You didn't deserve it!”

With that, Jack walked away. Nobody followed, they simply sat in silence, shaken by the words Jack had said. They were true, every single one of them.

Chapter 20

SIX MONTHS LATER

Jack sat in the same chair he always chose. As was often the case, he was reluctant to start talking as Dr Stanton looked at him expectantly.

Getting no response from the eighteen-year-old, Dr Stanton relaxed back in his seat and smiled warmly. "Well why don't we start off easily, Jack. Why don't you tell me how you're feeling today."

Jack sighed. His eyes were fixed downward, concentrating intently on his own thumbs as they moved around each other. He never knew why he always found this so hard. Every week his sessions started like this, a reluctance, avoidance even, but always he opened up to the man and every week felt a little better for it. "Okay I s'pose," he replied with a shrug, eyes still down.

"Go on," Dr Stanton urged him.

Jack let his eyes flick up for just a moment at the Doctor, before going straight back down. He shrugged again. "Nothing... bad has happened. I guess that's a good thing."

"It is," Dr Stanton replied with a nod. "So tell me something good that's happened this week," he requested.

"I... erm..." Jack started, then froze. Squeezing his eyes closed for a moment, he took a deep breath and looked straight at the Doctor. "I spoke to my Dad, properly, about... the things he does... you know, for fun."

"Tell me more," the Doctor urged gently.

Jack let his eyes wander round the room. He was getting used to Dr Stanton's office. It was specifically designed to be comforting, he thought. It felt like a nice place, completely different from the sterile white blankness that made up most of the medical centre's rooms. What he liked the most was the range of seats available. He had sometimes wondered whether there was a reason for it, perhaps some psychological test by the therapist where he could gain an insight into a patient's mind simply by the seat they chose. Or perhaps not, perhaps the Doctor simply had eclectic taste and liked variety on his décor.

"I didn't tell him how I knew, or that I was in there with him that time, that didn't feel like something that would make him feel at ease talking to me about it," Jack said, wondering if the Doctor could tell it was more to avoid his own embarrassment. "But I said I knew him and Davis used the club. I mean, Davis explained some of it to me before, that Dad went because he enjoyed doing things with men, but wanted to remain happily married, but I kinda wanted to hear Dad explain it himself."

The Doctor was nodding along, giving occasional sounds of approval or understanding.

"Apparently he had known he was bisexual since him and Mom met. He'd always been honest about it with her about it and as they went along, they decided to let him explore that side of

himself, but with her knowledge. Apparently Mom said she'd rather let him do those things and be happy than suppress them and end up in a miserable marriage. Turns out Mom's into some stuff too, but I think that's a conversation for another day. Davis started going with him not long after he turned eighteen, after he told Dad that he was bi-curious too. I was quite relieved to find out they don't do stuff actually WITH each other, it's like one of the rules of their group."

Jack paused, realising how much he had been talking. He smiled. Dr Stanton just had a knack of bringing it all out of him. Their rapport had taken some time to build, but now that the trust was there, Jack truly appreciated it.

"And did you tell you Dad about your own sexuality?" Dr Stanton asked gently. He knew it was a tense question. It had taken Jack quite some time to come to terms with it himself, initially truly despising himself for even thinking about it. Now though, he had finally begun to be able to refer to himself as bisexual, even if it was only inside that room and maybe to a few others he truly trusted.

Jack nodded. "Dad laughed," he said with a grin. "He said it's gotta be hereditary. We joked about whether or not Willis was gonna be bi too! It was nice though, he did the usual stuff you hear about with these things, told me he loved me anyway, said I'd always be his son, hugged me. It was... honestly, it was mostly a relief."

"I'm glad you've taken that step and I'm especially glad it went so well for you. Does it put you a little more at ease with yourself?" the Doctor asked.

Jack shrugged, looking thoroughly remorseful. "In a way, yes, you know, it's a weight off my shoulders to have told him, but in another way... it's worse!"

Dr Stanton, shifted slightly in his seat, eyes narrowing slightly. "How so?"

"Well being..." Jack paused, sighed then steeled himself to go on. "Being bisexual and... and knowing it's okay, that it's not wrong or disgusting or unacceptable... it just makes me feel worse that I spent so long hurting other people for it. I think... maybe the reason I let myself become that way, why I let myself so willingly accept the role of... of... school bully...I think it was because I could see part of myself in them and... and..." Jack's voice cracked and the words stuck in his throat.

"It's okay Jack, you're doing well. Don't force yourself to go on if you're not ready," the Doctor said empathetically.

Jack cleared his throat, nodded and insisted, "No, I'm okay!" He say up in his seat and took a few deep breaths, calming himself.

"I could see that side of me in them and I was so scared of it that I just let myself lash out at them. I... I hurt people because it was easier than dealing with what was inside!" Jack said. He knew that if he had reached this conclusion, then Doctor Stanton was likely already aware of it too, he was the professional after all, but he had always been encouraged to say the things he was thinking in their sessions. Simply saying the words was often a step in the healing process.

The Doctor remained silent a little longer, allowing Jack to calm himself once more. He had quickly

learned that pushing Jack too hard when he was making progress like this often undid the good work. In fact, he rarely had to do much of anything at all, once Jack began opening up in a session, he would generally just keep talking himself through his issues. He finally broke the silence. "So with that in mind, Jack, I was wondering if we could touch on something you mentioned several weeks back. You've done really well so far and I think you've got a good understanding of your own actions by now, but you did mention before that you thought, at least on some level, that you deserved the things that were done to you? Could you maybe think about if those feelings have changed?"

Jack folded his arms and stared down at the ground, letting his mind run back over the things Elliott, Ben and the others had done to him. "They were right!" he said in barely more than a whisper.

The Doctor looked concerned at the comment but remained silent, letting the young man continue to process his thoughts.

"In a way, at least," Jack added. Arms still folded defensively, he forced himself to look up at the older man. "I mean, they were right to stop me. I was out of control, I was hurting other people as much as I was hurting myself. But... how they did it... that was wrong!"

Doctor Stanton nodded his understanding, prompting Jack to go on.

"I mean, I gotta admit that in a lot of ways, I've come out this side of things... I dunno, not happier, but at least... more myself and in the long run I'll likely be stronger for it, but they were still wrong. They shouldn't have done what they did!"

By the time the session finished, Jack felt emotionally drained. He wandered out of the medical centre almost in a daze. So distracted by his own exhaustion, he barely heard someone call out his name from behind him. He looked round and his face lit up.

"Wait for me!" Felix called after him, running up behind him.

"What are you doing here?" Jack asked, grinning broadly.

"Thought I'd surprise you. You always say how you can feel a bit weird after you've seen the doc, so I figured I'd come and see you. I thought you might wanna do something, but even if you just wanna go home, some company could be nice!" Felix explained with a sweet smile.

Jack leant towards him, kissed him on the cheek with a quick "Thank you," then wrapped his arms around him. Since his ordeal ended, Felix had been a rock for him. He had been there when nobody else was, listened when there was nobody else to talk to and probably seen Jack cry more times than he would ever care to admit. Jack had eventually shared with Felix the details of what had been done to him. Doing so had been almost as helpful as talking to Dr Stanton about it. That meant that aside from a medical professional, he was the only person who knew everything that hadn't been directly involved in it. It helped cement the growing bond between the two young men.

Despite the circumstances that had taken Jack to the club in the first place, he had actually continued going there willingly, but almost exclusively with Felix. Their shows together on the

stage always drew a large crowd, mostly as they quickly progressed past simply stripping and put on a much more erotic show than most of the other dancers were willing to. Jack had been a little more cautious about his activities in the 'other' areas of the club. He had taken part a few times, again normally paired with Felix, but they were much less often.

“So whadda you wanna do?” Felix asked, strolling down the street with his arm casually around Jack's shoulders.

Jack had been initially uncomfortable with Felix's tendency towards physical contact, especially when they were in public, but by now he had gotten used to it and found the twenty-one-year-old's touches strangely calming. “Can we just go grab a drink. I don't think I'm up to much else!” Jack said, smiling but clearly tired.

“Sure thing,” Felix said happily.

There was a coffee shop just a few minutes walk from the medical centre, so the two young men slowly made their way there. Jack had been ordered to take a seat as soon as they arrived. Before he could even say what he wanted, Felix had already said it. Jack just smiled and relaxed... for a few minutes at least. As he let his gaze wander around the room, his eyes fell on an unpleasantly familiar figure.

“There ya go,” Felix said cheerfully as he placed Jack's drink down on the table. He frowned as he saw Jack's expression. “Hey, you okay?” he asked quietly as he sat down.

Silently, Jack raised his hand and pointed. Felix looked where Jack was pointing, seeing a somewhat bulky young man, sitting with his back to them. “That's Bryce!” Jack said, visibly shaken.

“Come on,” Felix said, standing up, “We should go!”

Jack refused his head, remaining in his seat. “No. I...” he started, pausing to take a deep breath. “I don't wanna spend the rest of my life scared I'll run into one of them again!”

Felix glanced round at Bryce, barely concealing his anger. After he had found out everything that had happened, he had first wanted to go and kick their asses and after that, insisted Jack report them to the police. Jack had somehow managed to convince him to do neither.

“They're not worth the trouble you'd get into if you hurt them,” Jack had told Felix at the time. “And I don't think they're a danger to anyone else, so reporting them to the police won't do anything other than bring it all back up!”

Felix had accepted Jack's argument at the time, but that little seed of anger had remained inside him and he could feel it growing now that one of the culprits was nearby. He couldn't believe anyone would ever want to hurt Jack. It didn't matter that his new friend had explained what a vile person he had been in the years leading up to it, and Jack had been most emphatic in expressing his own guilt. To Felix, the 'punishment' had been infinitely worse than the alleged crime.

Sitting reluctantly down, Felix looked at Jack and asked, “So is this the first time you've seen him?”

Jack nodded. “Yeah. That night in the park I just walked away, blocked their numbers, unfriended

them on facebook and moved on. After my brother told them to stay away, they did!"

There was a sudden laugh from across the room, one that both delighted and terrified Jack at once. He recognised it as Ben instantly. He leaned to the side and just about made out a slight flash of ginger on the opposite side of Bryce.

"Ben's there too!" Jack said, now beginning to shake.

"You sure you don't want to go?" Felix asked, tilting his head sympathetically.

Jack shifted forward in his seat as if to stand up. "I'm gonna go talk to them," he said nervously.

"Want me to come with you?" Felix asked with a concerned frown.

Jack smiled. Felix really cared for him. Sometimes he felt like he didn't deserve it. He was past the point where he believed that the things that had been done to him had been deserved, but it was much harder to come to terms with the things he had done to others over the years. He still felt at times like having someone as wonderful as Felix in his life was entirely unfair considering all the nasty things he had done. Other times, like this, he simply allowed himself to be glad to have him there. "Thanks, but... I need to do this on my own."

"Well I'm always here if you need me!" Felix said, gently grabbing Jack's hand as he stood.

Jack looked down at the hand holding his own, then at Felix and chuckled. "Yeah... you are, aren't you!" He moved away, heading towards Bryce and Ben. "Hi guys," he said quietly as he got near to them.

Ben stared, open-mouthed at Jack's sudden appearance while Bryce shifted in his seat, replying with a nervous, "Hey Jack."

"Mind if I..." Jack said, gesturing to an empty seat at their table.

"Sure," Bryce said, pushing the chair out with his foot.

Ben continued to stare silently.

Jack sat down and looked back and forth between the two teens. "So how've you been?" he asked. It was strange talking to them again. The things they had done to him had been the most traumatic things he had ever been through, but at the same time they had changed his life, mostly for the better.

"We're... we're good," Bryce replied shakily. "How... how are you?"

"I dunno, ask my therapist!" Jack said with a snigger. It was definitely meant to be a joke, but he knew it had not come across that way as he saw the troubled expressions on the faces of the other two.

"Jack, we're... we're really sorry..." Bryce started.

“Save it,” Jack said, surprisingly warmly. He actually felt himself smiling. “I know you're sorry, you all are. Same as I know you're aware that what you did was wrong, so I don't need to hear that.”

“Then...” Bryce started, unsure how to ask his question without sounding rude, “What do you want?”

“I dunno, I just...” Jack started, but found himself slightly distracted by the ongoing open-mouthed stare from Ben. “I was...” again he felt Ben's eyes burning into him. “Oh for fuck's sake Ben, you look fucking ridiculous!”

Ben was shaken from his shock by the comment, closing his mouth and sitting back in his seat as Jack and Bryce both burst into laughter. The younger boy soon joined them.

“Seriously, Jack, how are you doing?” Bryce asked as the laughter died down.

Jack pouted for a moment, tilting his head to one side then the other as he contemplated the question. “I suppose... all in all... not too bad really. So how about you guys, what are you doing here?”

Bryce and Ben looked suddenly awkward. “We're just hanging out. We... erm... well after you... we just started spending more time together.”

“Wait, is this a date?” Jack asked, shocked.

“Erm... I mean I'm single now so it could be...” Ben said nervously, glancing at Bryce.

“It's just... we're just hanging out!” Bryce added.

Jack smirked, sensing the awkwardness. “Wait, what about Elliott?” Jack felt a little concerned as he saw the downcast expressions that washed over the other two teens.

“We broke up,” Ben said quietly. “Well... he dumped me. Things have been... tough between us. He just got... I dunno, he got so down and nothing we did helped and eventually he just stopped seeing any of us, even me. Then the other day, he just dumped me, by text message!”

Jack felt a momentary pang of guilt, followed by a surge of annoyance at himself for feeling that way. Although he took no pleasure in Elliott's misery, he found no joy in it either.

“None of us have even seen him for more than a month!” Bryce added.

“Oh,” Jack said, not sure how else to respond. “How are the others?” he asked, trying to avoid thinking about Elliott. He had often thought about the injury he had caused to Aaron, but his estrangement from the group meant he couldn't really look into it.

Bryce smiled, immediately recognising the question for what Jack really meant. “Aaron's good. Great actually! He totally recovered from the injury, you'd never even know he was hurt... aside from not being on the team any more!”

“Oh!” Ben said suddenly, grinning, “But he did get a scholarship for college. I dunno what it was,

some award about coping with diversity or some crap like that.”

“Some crap like that?” Jack asked, smirking. “Clearly paying attention to all the details then!”

“Hey, all I know is he's going to college, do I need any more than that?” Ben asked with a playful shrug.

“Danny's good, but totally over-protective of Aaron now. It's kinda sweet really!” Bryce explained. “Lincoln's... still just Lincoln. Don't think he's been with a guy since... you know... it all ended, but I reckon if he ran out of girls he'd no trouble hitting on all the guys at school too!”

Jack smiled as he listened. He had dreaded this moment, seeing the others, he had built it up in his mind to be some horrific ordeal that would plunge him right back down into the darkest depths of his most depressed days. Instead, he felt wonderfully unburdened by the conversation. “So did you end up taking my place as Captain?” Jack asked. Once again, it was meant to be casual, but came out sounding a little more pointed.

“Erm... well, since it looked like you weren't coming back, I was considering it, but then...” Bryce started, but paused, looking at Ben.

Jack turned to face the boy, who grinned. “Well, you know what you told me about the Coach, about him wanting his Captain be the guy in charge of the whole school... I kinda warned Bryce about it.”

“So you didn't do it?” Jack asked, looking round at Bryce in anticipation.

“Actually... I did!” Bryce said with a smirk. When he got a puzzled from from Jack, he elaborated. “Ben came up with an idea. Basically... he bugged me!”

“You what?” Jack asked, looking at the boy in shock.

Ben shrugged casually. “It's no big deal. We just managed to record the Coach basically telling Bryce he needed to bully the gays and keep the minorities in their place!”

“You blackmailed him too?” Jack asked, staring in amazement.

Bryce chuckled and stared at Jack, a slight hint of sorrow in his eyes. “No, we... learned our lesson with that one. We took it straight to the Principal.”

“He got fired!” Ben said happily. “Then arrested! Child endangerment, abuse of power, they got him on all sorts of crap!”

“All sorts of crap?” Jack mocked the boy again. “You really have an eye for detail!”

“Hey!” Ben snapped, feigning annoyance. “We took the dick down, isn't that enough?”

Jack smirked and nodded. “I guess it is,” he said, standing up. “Look, I'm here with a friend and I should let you two get back to your date, but it was...” he paused, realising what he was about to say felt entirely true. “It was nice to see you!”

"Yeah, you too," Bryce said happily.

"See ya guys," Jack said, giving a small wave as he headed back towards Felix.

"See ya Jack!" Ben called after him.

Jack paused for a moment, staring at Felix who was playing with his phone while sipping his latte. He smiled. Six months ago, this guy had been a stranger, an auditioning stripper in a club he had been forced to attend. Now here he was, Jack's best best, his confidante... his world. He took another few moments to watch him before returning to his seat.

"You okay?" Felix asked as Jack settled back down.

"Yeah," Jack replied, looking thoughtful.

The insightful young man could see something else in Jack's eyes too. Their friendship hadn't been long, but it had been intense and he had gotten to know Jack pretty well by now. His eyes widened slightly as he reached a possible conclusion. He quickly glanced round at the table Jack had just visited, then back to Jack.

"What?" Jack asked with a frown as Felix grinned.

"Nothing," he replied elusively.

Back at the other table, the mood seemed more than a little downbeat. "He seemed like he's doing okay," Ben said with a weak smile.

"Yeah," Bryce said, looking pensive.

"Still feel bad about it?" Ben asked quietly, leaning across to sneak a look at Jack for just a moment.

"Of course I do," Bryce insisted. "He was right, ya know, that night in the park. I kept making out I was helping him, but I was still part of it, I still did those things to him!"

"You gotta stop beating yourself up over it. Sure, you didn't take it far enough, but you really did try to help him. That's more than any of us did. Besides, it looks like Jack's getting past it, why can't you?" Ben asked, frowning.

Bryce shrugged. "I dunno. I guess... I just feel like if I'd done things differently... perhaps me and Jack..."

"But you didn't!" Ben interrupted sharply. "You didn't do things differently. You did what you did and you gotta live with it, same as we all do. Now you gonna wallow in self pity, or get on with your life?"

"When you put it like that, I guess I gotta move on. Speaking of which... Jack's question before, is this... a date?" Bryce asked nervously.

Ben leaned to the side and glanced at Jack again, then looked Bryce up and down. He let out a gentle sigh and replied, "I guess not!"

Jack knew Dr Stanton would have a lot to say about what he was about to do. He could almost hear the older man's words echoing round his head in their next session, but he had to do this anyway. Ever since bumping into Bryce and Ben, he had been distracted by the knowledge of what he had to do.

He waited a few seconds after pressing the doorbell and watched through the frosted glass as a figure approached. The door swung open. "Oh my, hello Jack!" Mrs Farnsworth, surprised to see th youngster on her doorstep.

"Hi Mrs F. Is Elliott home?" Jack asked nervously.

The woman looked concerned at the mention of her son's name. "Yeah he is. But he may not want to see you. He's... I don't know... he's shutting everyone out," she explained.

"I might... be able to help!" Jack said. "Do you mind?" he asked, gesturing to the stairs behind her.

"Of course," she said, stepping aside.

Jack walked past her and headed up the stairs. As he got to Elliott's room and considered knocking, but as he had never done it before he just opened the door and stepped inside. The room was dark, curtains blocking out the daylight.

"Elliott?" Jack asked. He thought he could see a body on the bed but without turning on the light it was hard to make out if it was definitely a person.

"Go away!" a voice snapped angrily from the bed.

"Elliott, it's me... it's Jack!" Jack said, taking a step closer.

The body shot up in the bed, clicking on the lamp. Elliott blinked, eyes adjusting to the light. "Jack, is it... is it really you?"

Jack looked round the room. It was an absolute mess, something he had never seen before from the ultra-neat and organised Elliott. The young man himself looked dreadful. Being blonde, he didn't get the same heavy stubble that Jack or some of the other guys at school had, but he was visibly unshaven, his hair a greasy mess, dark circles under his eyes, dressed only in boxer shorts.

"Elliott, what are you doing?" Jack asked, shaking his head.

"I hurt you!" Elliott said weakly, sniffing back the beginning of tears.

"And I hurt you too!" Jack replied, sitting on the side of the bed. Seeing the state his former best friend was in, hearing the obvious pain in his voice, it almost overwhelmed Jack who felt tears of

his own forming.

“Jack, I... I deleted all of it, it's all gone. I'm... I'm so sorry!” Elliott said, bursting into helpless sobs.

“So am I!” Jack said, leaning into Elliott, holding him tightly.

When they parted, Elliott leaned back and Jack stared at him for a moment, then his eyes dropped. He placed his hand on Elliott's lower leg, getting a slight gasp from him. Jack slid his fingers slowly upwards until they came to rest on the scar just below his knee. Looking up again, Jack looked thoroughly remorseful. “I wish I was still that guy for you!” he said, his voice cracking. “But I'm not.”

“I know,” Elliott said, sniffing as he nodded. “But do you think there's a chance... we could try to be friends again?”

“I'd like that!” Jack said with a warm smile, taking his hand from the scar and placing it onto Elliott's.

Felix was sitting in the dressing room of the club. He had been chatting with a couple of the other dancers, but his attention had been fixed on the clock. Jack was late, which was very much unlike him. Punctuality had always been one of his young friend's better characteristics. When he saw the door open and Jack appear, he breathed a quiet sigh of relief. Excusing himself from his conversation, he dashed across to greet Jack.

“You're late. Are you okay?” he asked gently.

“I need a hug!” Jack said, leaning forward to rest his head on Felix's shoulder.

Felix wrapped his arms around Jack and squeezed. “What's up?”

Jack sighed, feeling some of the stress melting away as he felt Felix's arms around him. It was amazing how he could do that. Just being near him made everything better. “I went to see Elliott!” he said, barely louder than a whisper.

“Oh my God!” Felix said, suddenly pulling away, eyes wide with shock. “What happened?”

Jack shrugged as he headed over to put down his bag and start getting ready for their show, his friend tagging along close behind. “We talked, we cried, we hugged, more talking, more crying,” he said casually.

Felix stroked Jack's bare arm as he pulled off his shirt, getting a warm smile in response. “Everything sorted now?”

“Fuck no!” Jack said, shaking his head. “Gonna take a lot more than one conversation to put things right, but... well it's a step in the right direction as Doc Stanton would say!”

Felix looked towards the stage door, where the act due to go on before them had just headed out.

“You don't have to go on if you're not feeling up to it. I can go solo!” Felix offered.

“Nah,” Jack said, placing his hand on Felix's hip and staring him in the eye. “I need this!” Their eyes remained fixed for several seconds before Jack turned away to finish preparing. Even though he had been eighteen, and officially legal to work there, for a few months now, Jack had continued wearing his mask. He still liked the anonymity of it. It seemed strange to him that he could still feel terrified of being exposed, yet love stripping on stage. Something seemed different today though. He stared at the mask in his hand, but placed it down before heading towards Felix.

“Aren't you forgetting something?” Felix asked, nodding to the mask.

Jack shook his head. “Nope. Fuck it. Let them see me!” he said with a grin. It suddenly seemed silly that he should even be bothered about hiding. So much of the last six months had been spent obsessing over what had happened and why. Quite often his mind went back to that very first night, the way he had gotten naked and ended up in servitude to the others simply because he was scared to be seen. That had been their weapon against him, it was how they had made him their slave. They had the power, but it was power he had given them.

That was power he would never allow anyone else to have. Seeing Ben and how upset he was over his breakup with Elliott, remembering the pain he had caused Aaron, thinking back to the hurtful things he had said to Bryce that last night in the park. So much pain and suffering all because he had allowed his nudity to be used against him. Never again!

As Isaac announced their show, the club erupted into loud cheers, excited to see one of the most popular shows. Jack and Felix always managed to put on a show that was overflowing with pure sexual excitement, although they rarely did anything directly to each other, mostly they just played off of each other, almost flirting.

Tonight though, something felt different. As they danced around the stage, gradually removing more and more of their clothing, Jack's touches lingered just a few beats longer, his movements targeted more at Felix than the crowd.

Once they were down to just a thong, they moved together in the centre of the stage. As Felix stood there, back to the crowd, hands behind his head, Jack moved in front of him. The audience could see Jack's hands on either side of the other man's body, gradually sliding down his sides until they reached the two tearaway parts of Felix's last remaining item of clothing. Peering over the other stripper's shoulder at the crowd, Jack shot them a cheeky smile and yanked the thong off, tossing it aside.

As the crowd cheered, Jack let his hands slide round, cupping Felix's buttocks. He let their bodies press together, much more firmly than usual, rigid cocks touching.

“Jack, what are you doing?” Felix whispered in his ear.

“Something I should have done a long time ago!” Jack said with a grin. He stepped out from behind Felix and moved in front of him.

In perfect synchronisation, the two men span round, coming face to face again, but this time with Jack's back to the crowd. Felix repeated the actions Jack had just taken, teasing his hands down his

sides before ripping away the thong.

Both men were now naked, but remained partially concealed. This was where Jack went totally off script. They were supposed to separate, move opposite directions across the stage, teasing the crowd with their rear nudity a little longer before revealing the front. Instead, Jack span on the spot, revealing his erection to the entire club, much to their delight. As he did so, he leant back against Felix, letting the back of his head on the other man's shoulder.

Reaching back with one hand, he turned Felix's head towards his own, then pressed their lips together.

"Jack..." Felix gasped as their lips parted.

"Felix.. I love you!" Jack said, completely ignoring the crowd of men cheering for his naked, exposed body.

Felix smiled and laughed. "No you don't!" he said, kissing Jack again. He danced around him, showing his ass off to the crowd, then leaned again and whispered in Jack's ear, "You get like this with me every time you're trying to avoid something else!"

They moved apart for a moment, kneeling by the side of the stage and allowing the baying men at the front to grab a quick feel of their naked bodies.

"I'm not trying to avoid anything!" Jack insisted as they moved together once more.

"Yes you are. Now finish the routine, have a think then go do something about it!" Felix insisted. He pushed Jack away, the younger man having missed his cue in the music.

Jack kept thinking about Felix's words. Even as their performance grew increasingly erotic, hands on bodies, lips on cocks, orgasms building, Jack's mind raced. What could Felix mean?

The show built to its final end with both men allowed themselves to be stroked to climax by the eager hands of their spectators and Jack was still none-the-wiser. Sweaty, breathless and covered in the remnants of cum that their audience hadn't managed to catch, the two retreated to their post-show shower.

"Okay, what am I trying to avoid?" Jack demanded after a few minutes of awkward silence.

Felix chuckled. He had truly hoped that his young friend would have figured it out on his own, but one thing he knew all too well about Jack was that if you wanted him to figure something out, you had to literally spell it out for him.

Jack's hands were shaking. He hated Felix. Why did he have to tell him about it? He could have quite happily never realised and gone the rest of his life without out... or so he thought. The more he considered it now though, the more sense it made. He had healed a lot in the past few months, but one gap remained, one hole in his life that he hadn't even realised needed to be filled until Felix forced him to.

For the second time that day, he was standing on a doorstep, waiting for an answer that part of him hoped would never come. Had his heart beaten any faster, he worried it might have exploded when he saw the door opening.

“Don't say anything!” Jack insisted as soon as the door opened. “I just need to say this and I'll go away. I made your life hell, you destroyed mine, you tried to help me and I just threw it back in your face. I know it makes no sense and I know I should hate you too much to ever even consider feeling like this, but I don't hate you, I love you. I think... I knew it then too, but I just couldn't bring myself to accept it. But now I can and I love you and I know I've probably left it too long so I've probably ruined it but...”

Bryce lunged forward and placed a finger to Jack's lips silencing him. “Stop talking!” he said gently, then grinned. “I never thought I'd say this, but... I love you, Jack Hamilton!”