



The boys had him stripped and stretched out, butt down, on a prep table. They called them 'preppies' because they did the shit work necessary for getting a guy ready to 'bite' it.

They worked stripped to the waist, which was acceptable attire in the Army if you did work that was likely to splatter your uniform with some guy's cum or blood or god knows what. This particular victim was a good-looking bastard, a tall, dark-haired corporal with thick, strong shoulders and arms and hard, smooth, blade-like pecs. They'd seen him strutting around the compound before and figured he was some kind of hot shit.

His chest was stretched taut because his wrists were lashed together at arm's length behind his head as he lay prone, but it was obvious that with his arms at his side, standing at attention, he would be one full-chested, powerfully built mother-fucker. His moderately hairy legs were also long, thick and nicely muscled, though no match in strength for the leather straps that bound his ankles to the table.

There was a muscular cleft that ran down his bifurcated belly from sternum to cock, which was an impressive piece of tube meat. His long, thick sausage hung deliciously over a couple of loose-hanging, furry balls that looked big enough to easily generate enough cum to shoot up the asses of each of the three preppies.

Perhaps thinking of just that possibility, one of the three boys grabbed the handsome soldier's cock and began jacking it. Part of their duties was to jab the fucker with a hypodermic in the butt once he had stripped or been stripped.

That put him into docile semi-consciousness, so unfortunately he was in no shape to fuck them before he died, which would be shortly. He was capable of getting hard, though, and this was another obligation of the preppies -- collecting a cum sample, or if possible more than one, for the semen repository. Might as well get as much out of the fucker as you can before you finish him off.

Another of the boys made a slit in the prisoner's arm and inserted a siphon tube for drawing blood for the blood bank. The young corporal groaned, rousing himself to wakefulness as he felt the tube inserted into his arm.

They hadn't bothered to use any antiseptic when jabbing him with their various instruments. This as much as anything was the tip-off that he was about to die. He wouldn't live long enough to develop any infections.

The kid drawing the blood was new at the task, having performed it on only a couple of condemned men prior to this one. He would slowly learn by doing, and in the meantime would make a mess of it.

Finally he had the blood flowing properly through the tube, and the handsome corporal tilted his head back to look behind him and resignedly watch his life force drain away as a liter bottle filled with the dark fluid.

At the same time the preppy working his dick had him nice and hard and was now lubing his sex-meat and slipping a sheath over it. He couldn't resist fondling and tickling the guy's big nuts while he went about his duties.

The boy, only eighteen, was mentally comparing his own equipment to that of this good-looking but unfortunate soldier, whom he judged to be about twenty-six. He knew he didn't have nearly as much between his own legs, and it made him envious. His only solace was knowing that the fucker was about to be terminated.

At eighteen, the preppy was typically oblivious to his own vulnerability and irrationally convinced of his own invincibility. He was oblivious to the possibility, indeed some would say the likelihood, that he too would one day end up on a prep table, stretched out like a piece of meat and gutted or otherwise snuffed out for no particular reason.

All it took was a slow day for one of the officers and a desire for a little sadistic diversion, maybe the need for a guinea pig in testing some new instrument of death. The guys who wound up getting sent to the prep room and terminated seldom knew what, if anything they had done wrong.

Usually the guys chosen to die were handsome and in especially good shape. The brass had a thing about producing good-looking corpses. A soldier's ass belongs to the Army and he should know he could be offed at any moment.

Somehow though, the younger, more stupid guys, like these fucking preppies, who were pressed into the Army after their school football team lost five games in a row, never thought it could happen to them.

Notoriously unsuccessful sports teams were quickly disbanded by the authorities as bad examples for the populace. Usually the coach and whoever had been elected team captain were quietly executed. The team members themselves were forced into the Army for indefinite periods of service.

That was what had happened to these three former teammates only a few weeks ago. Yet they took their fate in stride, and their brief history as losers seemed not to impress them, even though they were muscular and healthy young good-looking kids whose bodies would provide prime specimens for a practice execution, cannon fodder, or one of the Army's infamous medical experiments.

The condemned corporal would enjoy one last cum before oblivion. A plastic tube at the end of the cock-sheath would conduct the man's ejaculate into a vial, which would be sealed and taken to the cryonics lab.

The preppy manually rubbed the cock rather than attaching and activating the pneumatic pump, which was the standard method for bringing a prisoner to climax.

"Rub his nipples," the preppy said to the third boy.

That boy had merely stood watching, rubbing his stiffened cock through the trousers of his uniform.

"Let's see if we can get this guy off without turning on the machine. He looks pretty damn hot to me."

The third preppy obligingly massaged the smooth, handsome chest of the condemned man, giving particular attention to the sensitive nipples, which were brownish and stretched to unusual elongation due to the prisoner's uncomfortable bondage.

He responded nicely, moaning softly and half-opening his blue eyes to look at the young man giving him his final pleasure. Then he grunted suddenly, his chest arching up from the table as he shot a huge load of his man-seed into the drainage tube.

The preppy expertly used the hand-pump on the collection vial to draw the creamy fluid through the tube and into the receptacle. When the tube had stopped running white with the fucker's semen, the preppy continued to hand-pump, in the hope that this would stimulate the big cock even more.

He was right. The corporal moaned again, and his dick, still not ready to go flaccid, flinched upward into a second glorious hard-on. The second preppy paused briefly from

his massaging of the man's chest in order to remove his stiff cock from his uniform and let it bounce on the guy's chest, which stimulated his fuck-tool even more.

The preppy spat on his own dick and on the prisoner's pecs and rubbed the slobber all over the man's chest. The third preppy now unbuckled his trousers and let them drop to his ankles. He freed his stiff dick and rubbed his impressive young hard-on to a climax as he watched his former teammates bring the handsome corporal off.

Wincing as if in pain but actually in the throes of abject manly delight, the naked young athlete croaked,

"Damn, I'm gonna come!"

He shot long, hot drools of boy-cum onto the prisoner's muscular chest, which the second preppy rubbed in together with his own spit, and soon with his own jizz, which joined that of his buddy as he too grunted out a big load of virile ball-juice.

As he continued ministering to the prisoner's captive dick, the first boy said,

"Shoot off on his face!"

Both boys obligingly brought themselves to secondary climaxes, shooting off another, smaller load of cock-snot onto the man's handsome face. Splotches of semen fell onto the dark, manly stubble of his unshaven face and striped across his dark eyebrows and eyelashes.

A small pool of cum settled into the hollow of the prisoner's throat, nestled beneath his prodigious and sexy Adam's apple. The sight of it brought the first preppy close to coming in his pants.

The doomed corporal appeared to have finished shooting his seed. He moaned from the discomfort of the suction on his now tenderized and softening man-tool. Only a few drops of final cum were being pulled through the tube.

The preppy milking him removed the sheath and sealed the vial of hot cream. Then, eager to join in the fun his buddies were having, he stripped off his own boots and trousers, then quickly discarded his jockstrap to stand naked and hard at the ass of the drained prisoner.

Gently nursing his stiffened fuck-pole, he asked rhetorically,

"You think this bastard's been fucked before?"

"Why don't you poke his ass and see how it feels?" responded the second boy.

"Yeah, let us know how loose he is, man," chimed in the third.

They unlashed the soldier's ankles. The boy standing at the foot of the table, the one who'd milked the prisoner, inserted a couple of moistened fingers into the victim's ass-crack while his buddies each took firm hold of an ankle, pulling the man's legs up and apart so that he could be properly raped.

After loosening the fuck-chute a little with his fingers, the preppy spat on his own dick and invited his buddies to do the same. Three well-aimed gobs of spit hit the rapist on his crotch and lubed his mean-looking fuck-tool for better entry into the prisoner's rear. His dick may not be as big as the corporal's but it was sure as hell big enough to make the guy's butt sting.

The hapless corporal bucked slightly when he felt the boy's stiff prick penetrate him, and he groaned again, but he offered no resistance the young men couldn't handle.

An eighteen-year-old stud has an insatiable sexual appetite, and this one took his sweet time butt-ramming his victim, slowly bringing himself to climax inside the soldier's slick, warm shit-hole.

The muscular young man closed his eyes and let his jaw go slack as he neared his sexual peak. Then he threw his head back and let out a call like a rutting animal as he thrust deep inside his victim and pumped his hot load into the handsome fuck-meat.

There were manly curses all around, and his buddies clapped him on his bare shoulders, happy that he got his rocks off in such a pleasurable way, congratulating him for his dominance over the older, larger man who lay helpless before them, consigned to accept their cum into his hunky body before he died.

The boy's cock was still rock hard and ready for action, and after a moment he plunged into the soldier's ass again, feeling the lubrication of his own seminal deposit and eventually coming again, shooting off four or five more spurts of cum into the man's rectum.

"He may have been a virgin ass a minute ago," reported the rapist to his two stiff-dicked buddies, "but he sure ain't now!"

The door to the prep room slammed open and quick, heavy footsteps advanced across the cement floor. The preppy fucking the condemned man barely had time to withdraw his stiffened cock from the prisoner's ass before the master sergeant in charge of executions approached the prep table, demanding to know what the hell was going on.

The three athletes-turned-soldiers stood awkwardly at attention, their aroused cocks jutting up and out at forty-five degree angles. They dropped the prisoner's legs, which fell limply and hung at the knees over the sides of the prep table.

The corporal was rolling his head back and forth, occasionally shaking it as if trying to clear his mind and fully regain consciousness. The drug was wearing off.

"What the fuck is going on here!?" demanded the master sergeant. He was a tough-looking, ruggedly handsome man in his mid-thirties. The master sergeant had a stocky build and a bulge in his crotch that bespoke significant manliness. An outcropping of bristly chest hair protruded over the collar of his T-shirt.

"Has this prisoner been milked?" he demanded to know.

"Yes sir," responded the preppies in unison.

The first boy, the one who had actually pumped the soldier's cock, eagerly showed the sergeant the vial of cum.

"We pumped him dry, Sarge," he said. "He gave us two hundred forty milliliters!" As he observed their stiff cocks and the gobs of cum now caking on the prisoner's belly, chest, throat, and face, the sergeant replied,

"Looks like he pumped you dry.

Looking at him with the imponderable look only master sergeants can master, he asked the first preppy ominously,

"Is that shit on your dick, boy? Did you fuck this man?"

"Yes sir," came the more subdued response.

The boy's eyes now avoiding the master sergeant's penetrating glare.

Unauthorized penetration was forbidden. Only the ranks of sergeant and above seemed immune to the penalties. The day after the preppies' induction into the Army, for example, the master sergeant had ordered this very boy to give him a blow-job, after which he had taken him to the shower and 'initiated' him into the unit by rough-fucking his ass.

The kid now hoped that the sarge's fondness for his attractive, athletic body would save his hide after he had been caught committing such a serious infraction.

He raised his eyes once again, seeking the handsome sergeant's gaze, and he concentrated on keeping his young cock stiff and hard, even managing to bob it at the sergeant with a perverse waving motion. The sergeant failed to be impressed, however.

"You! Ass-wipe! Get this man's blood to the infirmary!"

He angrily ordered the third preppy,

"And you! Shit-face! Get his fuck-juice over to the lab!"

The two boys scurried to pull their trousers back on and hastily left the prep room carrying the life juices they had drained from the condemned corporal.

"You!"

He now addressed Preppy Number One, whose shit-smeared dick had betrayed his lust and lack of self-restraint,

"Drop and give me fifty!"

The naked boy, grateful for being spared a more severe sentence, obediently fell on his hands and began pumping his arms in a rapid-fire succession of push-ups. He was used to this punishment -- his football coach frequently resorted to it when he had caught the boys fucking off during practice.

The sarge placed a boot across the young soldier's smooth, melon-like ass-cheeks and pressed down, making the boy's punishment more difficult to complete. To maximize his chances for clemency, the preppy made sure his cock stayed hard as he counted off his push-ups.

Each time he lowered himself, he allowed his cock tip to touch the floor beneath him, after which he would undulate his hips slightly forward to create a very brief moment of friction against the sensitive underside of his glans.

As he completed his fifty push-ups his dick was more stiff than ever. With luck the sarge would get turned on by his show of virility and ask for another blow-job, use his hot young ass for fuck-meat, and forget all about the little incident with the corporal.

The other two young soldiers, still shirtless, returned from their deliveries and were joined a moment later by a lieutenant bearing a steel carrying case. It held the canister of experimental nerve gas they were going to use on their victim, who, it turns out, had been selected not just for his studly good looks, which was always an added pleasure when these lethal experiments were being conducted, but also because of his primo physical condition and his considerable lung capacity. They were going to make the fucker inhale the shit while they recorded his pulse to see what effect it had on him and how quickly it would finish him off.

The two preppies were ordered to assist in administering the gas. Preppy Number One, sweat streaking his body, and his biceps bulging after the exertion of his push-ups, moved toward his discarded clothing in order to dress himself, but the sergeant stopped him.

"Leave it!" he barked. "You won't need that any more."

The boy refused to accept the most likely interpretation of the order to remain in the nude. Still naively hoping his sexual infraction would be pardoned, he busied himself with routine and began assisting his buddies as best he could while they once again lashed the victim's ankles to the table.

He was acutely conscious of his soiled and sweaty nakedness. The only other naked man there was the meat on the table. Inside, he knew what was coming, and his gut was clenched in a tight knot.

One of the preppies held the doomed man's head up so that his chin practically touched his chest. The lieutenant held the face-mask over the now revived and scared corporal, tightly pressing it over the lower part of his face so that both nose and mouth were covered.

A flexible rubber gasket fitted neatly around the edges of the mask and pressed firmly into his face so that none of the gas would escape from around the mask. The lieutenant then nodded to the sergeant, who released a mechanism on the canister which allowed the pressurized gas to flow into the breathing tube.

The corporal held his lungs stationary for as long as he could, staving off the inevitable inhalation of the poison. His cum-caked chest was now moist with the anxious sweat of a man facing certain death.

They waited patiently for a couple of minutes, then the lieutenant grew impatient with the prisoner's stubbornness and brought his fist down hard on the corporal's taut chest.

"Breathe, goddam it!" he said angrily.

The blow forced the young corporal to exhale, after which he reluctantly took in some of the gas. He finally could do nothing but suck in a large quantity of the shit, his eyes wide with terror while the preppy forced his head firmly forward, against the lethal mask.

The naked man's chest immediately heaved erratically, and the mask stifled a hoarse, high-pitched scream of painful terror from its victim. He breathed in more of the gas, and though his eyes occasionally rolled back in his head, he didn't pass out or croak as everybody expected.

The sergeant pressed a stethoscope against the corporal's muscular chest.

"Heartbeat's erratic, but still real strong," he reported with disappointment.

The corporal tried vainly to thrash his head from side to side, but the strong young jock holding his head kept the prisoner firmly in place. The victim strained hopelessly against his bonds and exhibited all the behavior of a man in extreme agony, but not one being weakened to his death.

The experiment was clearly a failure.

Finally the sergeant turned off the gas. They let him breathe all the remaining fumes out of the tube, then removed the mask. The preppy released the corporal's head, letting it drop onto the table, whereupon the tormented young hunk began screaming hoarsely and pitifully as he writhed on the prep table.

Each breath he took was a tortuous agony as his ravaged lung tissue burned like an inextinguishable fire inside his massive, heaving torso. His throat and nasal passages were also on fire.

He knew he would never recover from this, that the only release from the pain would be death. For the first time in his sterling career as an Army man, the handsome corporal cursed his superiors vilely, then hysterically begged them to finish him off.

Obviously annoyed at the man's hysterics, the lieutenant ordered,

"Shut him the fuck up!"

The sergeant retrieved the jockstrap of the errant young preppy who had discarded it on the floor when he had stripped to fuck the prisoner's ass. The scummy jockstrap was stuffed it into the prisoner's gaping mouth, muffling his roars.

"Goddam it!" fumed the lieutenant. "The fucking stuff's supposed to snuff a man in less than a minute ... somebody in the lab fucked up and he's gonna pay for it...."

He regarded the naked, writhing victim before him.

"Use him as demonstration material, Sergeant. Put the bastard out of his misery." He patted the man's heaving, muscle-bound chest.

"Good work, soldier. It'll all be over soon," he said to the corporal.

Feeling the scummy residue of cock cream clinging to the prisoner's chest, the lieutenant queried his sergeant further.

"What the fuck's this shit all over his chest?" he demanded.

"The preppies jacked on him, sir," responded the sergeant. "There was also an unauthorized penetration."

He indicated the naked preppy waiting at the foot of the table.

Eyeing the young conscripts, the lieutenant mumbled disdainfully,

"Fucking loser jocks. "Can't keep their goddam dicks in their pants!"

The lieutenant, like most Army officers, hated the policy of sending loser jocks into the Army as punishment. He could never view these men as real soldiers and resented the implication that his outfit was repository for fuck-ups. He saw to it that few of these new arrivals lived very long. No one ever seemed to care about the low survival rate.

"They're eighteen, sir," the sergeant responded. "They're hard all the time."

"Young, dumb, and full of cum, huh?" the lieutenant said to the preppies.

Then he turned to his sergeant with a final order,

"Take care of it," was the lieutenant's response. "After you're finished with the guinea pig."

The sergeant saluted his compliance as the lieutenant turned on his heels and left the prep room. The angry lieutenant would find the lab tech who released this gas for use on human subjects before it was ready. He had a good mind to make the man -- whoever it was -- breathe in some of his own goddam shit.

The sergeant turned his attention to the three preppies,

"OK, listen up, men. I'm about to show you how to make the enemy talk if you need some information from a prisoner and don't have time to fuck around."

He retrieved a large pair of flat-bladed pliers from an instruments cart.

"A man will do just about anything to save his goddam balls," the sergeant assured them. "Typically, if a guy's worth his salt, he'll hold out while you smash one of them."

He reached between the corporal's meaty thighs and grabbed hold of the man's furry scrotum, yanking it up into clear view. He cupped the balls in his fist and squeezed, so

that one of the testicles popped neatly up out of the top of his grasp, ready for obliteration.

The bound man raised his head in wide-eyed terror as he saw what the sergeant was about to do. Then he threw his head back onto the table and screamed hoarsely through his gag as the torturer expertly crushed his testicle between the merciless steel pincers.

As the corporal moaned in agony even worse than what the gas had created inside his chest, the sergeant explained,

"Now you've got the guy's attention, do the other one after you've interrogated him further."

He demonstrated with the other ball. The corporal tried to scream anew as the sergeant's muscular arm flexed from the intense pressure he was using to clamp down on the man's other big nut.

"Then threaten to cut off his goddam dick. Hold your bayonet at the base of his fuck-pole, against the underside."

He demonstrated with his own bayonet, while with his other hand he stretched the corporal's big tool out away from his crotch.

"The underside is really sensitive, and the feel of a sharp knife blade against it will have a decidedly persuasive effect. Don't let it phase you if the guy gets a hard-on while you're holding his meat. It happens sometimes."

The corporal was blubbing unintelligibly around the jockstrap in his yap as he rocked his head back and forth and wheezed pitifully, the gas still eating his lungs out. He appeared to be begging to keep what remained of his manhood.

"If you're satisfied with his answers and you found out what you need to know, there's no need to amputate. The prisoner will lose a lot of blood, and it makes a goddam mess. Just pop the fucker and move on."

The sergeant released his ominous grasp on his prisoner's dick and returned the bayonet to its sheath.

He picked up the pliers again, however, and held them up for the boys to see.

"On occasion you may find it necessary to conduct a protracted interrogation.

Additional incentives for the prisoner to divulge information include removing his tits. They're real sensitive and hurt like hell if you clamp them. You do it like this."

The sergeant was nonchalant and matter-of-fact as he applied the hideous pliers to the young corporal's left pec, pressing them into the firm muscle, then closing them against his nipple. Once he had the tit clamped firmly in his vice, the sergeant twisted it slowly as the victim gasped in agony, then with a fierce jerk of his powerful arm, the sergeant yanked the man's nipple, ripping it off his chest.

The corporal was sobbing now between muffled screams, no longer making any effort to conceal his broken spirit. The sergeant looked around to make sure he had the continued full attention of his students.

The boys were watching intently, rapt with fascination. One of the two preppies who'd been allowed to get back into his trousers, now cautiously rubbed his stiff young cock when he thought the sarge wasn't looking.

The tormentor then applied the pliers to the prisoner's right pec, grasping the tender nipple and likewise tearing it from the man's muscular chest. Blood from the ragged wounds coursed down the sides of his hunky physique, making rivulets across his powerful lats.

"We're gonna finish this guy off with this...."

The sergeant drew a long slender blade from a sheath.

"It's called a stiletto, and it's easily concealed ... very useful in close combat, or if you've been sent behind the lines and need something effective but quiet."

He held the wicked-looking steel instrument up for the boys to examine. The bound corporal, his chest still heaving, also looked at the instrument of his death.

"You may not have much time to waste a guy, so be quick and deadly, then keep moving," the sergeant ordered Preppy Number Two, the one who'd been rubbing his hard-on,

"You, son ... untie his hands.

The young soldier quickly complied, releasing the prisoner's leather-bound wrists from their outstretched bondage. The bulge in his pants was readily obvious. The naked preppy who was awaiting his fate also had a stiff cock.

"Prop him up some, then hold his arms tight behind him," the sergeant continued his orders.

Two of the preppies pinned the corporal's arms behind his muscular back as they raised him to sit at about a forty-five degree angle. The naked preppy, the one who was going to catch shit, was given nothing to do except watch the execution. He couldn't help but wonder if he were witnessing the prelude to his own termination.

The sergeant placed the tip of the stiletto against the young corporal's sweaty midriff, right against his hardened abdominal muscles at the top of his belly and just below the lower edge of his rib-cage. Keeping the tip of the blade in place, he lowered his hand and the grip of the stiletto to a point just above the victim's cock, aiming the tip as if he were positioning a pool cue.

"Shove the tip in underneath his ribs, then up into the chest cavity," he directed.

The corporal was watching the stiletto in silent horror, only muffled pleas for mercy emanating from behind his jockstrap gag. His belly pumped up and down with the rhythm of his terrified respiration as he breathed hard and very painfully through his nose. His eyes were wide and brimming with tears, which mixed with the sweat of fear that beaded on his face and chest. He was very handsome.

The sergeant plunged the stiletto upward so that it entered the studly victim's body swiftly and cleanly, passing just underneath the bottom of the rib-cage and puncturing

its way up into the chest cavity, poking through the diaphragm and destroying it, then finally piercing the heart and stopping it.

Unable to breathe because of the destroyed diaphragm, the victim's last few seconds of life consisted of twitching and rapid convulsions as his body vainly tried to push the invading tool out of the deep wound it had cut. He uttered short, guttural grunts, until after half a minute or so, the strapping young soldier submitted to the inevitability of his death by relaxing his muscular frame.

The sergeant stuck the stiletto in even deeper as he watched the man's eyes roll back in his head and heard him exhale his final breath. The boys noticed with amazement that as he had been fucked by the stiletto, the corporal's big dick had once again stiffened into a defiant and desperate final hard-on. The piss-slit was beaded with clear drops of pre-cum.

The sergeant withdrew the bloody stiletto from the man's chest and placed its tip against the corporal's throat.

"You can also finish a man off by sticking him through the gullet," the sergeant explained.

He drove the entire length of the rapier into the dead corporal's throat, entering at the hollow, just below the Adam's apple and driving it through to the hilt. The pointed end of his weapon protruded grotesquely through the other side of the corporal's thick young neck, having exited just to the side of his spinal column.

"He'll die slower from a neck wound, but he'll be just as immobilized as if he were dead, because he'll be grabbing his throat and gasping for breath," the sergeant continued his explanation. "Any questions?"

The three young men, gawking in awe at the violated corpse in front of them, said nothing.

"Good," the sergeant responded. "Now take him out to the pit, boys. You can bury him later."

The preppies, scared shitless, their firm young bodies glistening with the sweat of nervous apprehension, jumped to obey. They began unlashng the limbs of the dead soldier.

The sergeant told the one preppy who had not been allowed to dress himself again,

"Not you, Shit-dick! You stay here!"

The other two quickly rolled the hunky corpse off the prep table and draped the corporal's muscular but now limp arms around their shoulders. They dragged the limp and naked body out of the prep room. He would go to his grave with the foul jock strap still in his mouth.

One scared preppy stayed behind, his naked body quivering from fear of the punishment that awaited him. He stood at attention and looked as manly as he could.

The last thing he needed to do now was wimp out -- it would only make his situation worse.

He jutted his chiseled young pecs out and pulled his firm belly taut as his prodigious dick bobbed conspicuously upward from his furry crotch. His one hope was that the sarge would want his ass -- he was young, good-looking, well-built, knew how to take it up his tight chute, and was completely submissive -- the best kind of fuck-meat, and thus much better alive than dead.

"Permission to get dressed, sir?" probed the young man with uncertain coyness.

"Permission denied, Ass-hole," was the growled response. "Get your goddam butt up on that prep table! Stretch your arms back over your head!"

The preppy fought back tears of fright as he heard the ominous order. He was to take the place of the dead corporal.

"Permission to suck cock, sir?" was the next desperate question.

The boy's voice on the verge of cracking.

"You don't deserve my dick in your mouth, you sorry son of a bitch. It's over. Now get your goddam butt up on that table and take it like a man. You know the rules around here. You fucked up. This is what happens to fuck-ups."

The preppy obeyed his sergeant, the inevitable outcome of his dilemma finally registering fully in his cocky young skull. He tried not to cry as he felt the cooling, sticky moistness of the corporal's blood against his back as he lay naked and prone on the torture table.

He extended his arms back behind his head as he had been ordered to do and waited for the sergeant to bind them together and lash his wrists to an eye bolt in the table. He wanted to retch, but fought back the nausea with deep hard breaths.

Would the sarge use that goddam lung-burning gas on him? He wondered if he too would get a skewer poked into his belly.

The sergeant did not lash his ankles together on top of the table, as had been done with the young corporal they had gassed. Instead, he had the boy spread his legs so that they bent at the knee and hung down against the side of the table, where his feet were secured in clasp-like stirrups.

The doomed young soldier was aware enough to know that his sarge was freeing up the groin area for some heavy duty cock and ball work.

As he immobilized the young athlete's feet in the stirrups alongside the table, the sergeant said,

"I'm not going to bother to get a semen sample from you, Sport. We don't want another generation of your kind around here. As far as I'm concerned, your seed dies with you, soldier."

He pulled the straps around the young man's ankles painfully tight, causing the lanky athlete to grunt and wince.

"You just couldn't keep your goddam pecker in your pants, could you boy?" Just then the other two preppies arrived and were taken aback to see their buddy stretched out on the very table where only minutes earlier a prisoner had been tortured and executed. It was not going to be easy to watch their friend's death. The three of them had been teammates and jerk-off buddies since puberty.

The sergeant had taken up a wicked-looking whip, long and black, which was curled around his right hand. With his other hand he grabbed hold of the prone young soldier's dog tags, and ripped them off his bare chest, breaking the chain around his neck.

He threw the metal tags to the floor, freeing the young man's chest of any obstruction that might interfere with his punishment. Then he offered the whip to one of the preppies returned from disposing of the dead corporal.

"Your ass-hole buddy here can't follow orders and has trouble keeping his goddam dick in his pants," the sergeant announced. "You two may have the same problem, I don't know."

The sergeant now had command of their fullest attention.

"I want you boys to help discipline this jerk-off."

He threw one of the boys the whip.

"If you do a good job, I'll let you two start with a clean slate."

The preppy who had been offered the whip took it and looked painfully at his outstretched pal.

"None of you boys has much hair on his chest," the sergeant continued, "but I see this preppy here has got it cropping up around his titties."

The sergeant tickled the bound preppy's nipples with his index finger. The soft brown nipples were ringed with chest hair.

"Take it off him," the sergeant said simply.

When the boy with the whip hesitated, the sarge screamed,

"Whip the goddam hair off his tit, Fucker, or I'll have your balls!"

The young athlete stifled his tears and stepped back, uncoiling the rope. He flung it fast and hard, causing the tip to land on his friend's muscular young chest. The boy screamed and arched his torso upward, just in time to catch another stinging blow from the bullwhip.

Neither lash had struck the nipple that was supposedly the target.

The whipping continued until the boy with the whip began to develop a bit more accuracy and eventually was able to obliterate the victim's left nipple, including the hair around it. He had reduced his friend to sobs and supplication. More than half his chest was a mess of bloody cut marks.

Handing him the warmed-up whip, the sergeant instructed the second preppy,

"You do the other one."

The other boy repeated his mate's performance, slowly lashing the young football player's right pec until the nipple and its hair ring had been reduced to a bloody pulp.

"He's still got shit on his cock," the sergeant announced. "You boys clean that shit off his dick with that whip. Take turns whacking his goddam cock till it's clean!" the sergeant growled.

The two preppies looked at each other in horror, neither willing to be the first to comply with the order.

"His dick is what got him trouble to begin with. Let's see how he gets along without one!"

After some additional threats, the preppies completed their task by bringing the bullwhip down hard between their young friend's thighs, obliterating his thick young sex-meat.

After twenty blows, the unfortunate preppy's pecker was nothing but a mangled, bloody piece of flesh, incapable of ever again rising to the occasion of a good fuck. His balls, however, were still intact. The condemned soldier-boy sobbed quietly, begging his friends to stop the abuse.

"All right, that's enough," the sergeant interrupted. "You've redeemed yourselves -- for now," he continued, taking back the bullwhip. "Remember that you are nothing but grunt scum. You do not, repeat, do not have fuck privileges. If I ever catch you fucking around, you will lose your dicks just like he did."

The obligatory,

"Yes, sir"

was mumbled with downcast eyes. The boys desperately feared what this maniac might make them do next. The sergeant, however, would take over from here and merely force the two preppies to stand stiffly at attention and watch him exercise his sadistic imagination on their hapless friend.

The sergeant began by stripping off his shirt and undershirt, revealing a powerfully muscled physique, hairy chest and belly, and a strong, broad back. He slowly, neatly folded his uniform and lay the bundle on a shelf of the instruments cart, out of spattering range of the victim's blood.

The tedium of the sergeant's slow preparation for the final procedure made his victim squirm even more in anticipation of his demise. He cried softly, still feeling the intense sting of his chest whipping and his decimated cock-meat.

His torturer/executioner took up a large scalpel from the instruments cart.

"You think you're hot shit, don't you boy?" he began.

Leaning forward so that his face was only inches from the handsome, scared face of the doomed athlete, he continued,

"...You're real proud of your goddam balls, aren't you boy? Maybe if you hadn't been fucking around so much when you were on the team you could have won once in a while."

He spoke in a low, menacing voice, his hot breath wafting over the kid's face. The victim could feel the metallic coolness of the sergeant's dog tags as they rested on the young man's ravaged pec-meat while the sarge leaned over him.

The sergeant showed his victim the scalpel.

"This is a ball-slicer, boy," he explained with a sadistic grin. "If your balls get you in trouble, they need to be neutralized."

The prisoner made a choking sound as his breath became labored. He was sweating profusely as he stared fixedly at the sharp instrument that would relieve him of his remaining genitalia. He gasped sharply when he felt his testicles suddenly clasped in the grip of the sergeant's free hand.

"Your death will come through your balls, boy," the sergeant told him.

The first incision to the young man's ample scrotum was longitudinal, along the left sphere. The sergeant cut him from the base of his ruined dick almost to the pucker hole of his ass. The ex-stud threw his chin back and half sobbed, half screamed his distress.

The two preppies being forced to watch the deballing of their buddy grew weak in the knees and could hardly maintain their stance at attention. They were virile young hunks in their late teens, at the peak of their sexual potency. They had been trained in the development of their studly masculinity, which had become their only self-image.

Their cocks and their balls were their lives. They could not imagine living without a dick or without their nuts. For them, whipping a man's cock into oblivion and slicing his balls was tantamount to killing him, except that it was more cruel.

Both preppies silently hoped the sergeant would see fit to kill their agonized buddy very soon.

The sergeant repeated the incision on the captive preppy's right nut, then abandoned the scalpel for a small pair of forceps, which he inserted into the sliced-open nut-sac in order to retrieve the testicles.

The preppy screamed bloody murder as he felt his nuts being extracted from the ball-sac and stretched, still attached to their gonad cords, so that they lay between his thighs on the surface of the prep table.

There was blood, of course, which the boy could feel seeping under his muscular thighs and up against his ass crack, but the bleeding was not profuse. The sergeant appeared to know what he was doing.

Freed from their confinement in the young man's scrotum, the knotty, cum-producing testicles would be meticulously tortured before the soldier was allowed to expire.

The first item on the agenda of the hairy-chested sergeant was electro-torture. A couple of standard lantern batteries provided the power source for bare copper wires that were extended to first one raw nut, then the other.

The sergeant touched two wires simultaneously to his prisoner's exposed left testicle, producing an audible crackle of electricity as the current coursed through the young man's sex. He yelled hoarsely, arching his beautifully-formed but recently marred chest up as far as his restraints would allow.

The procedure was repeated several times on the left nut, until the screams began to diminish somewhat. Sensing that the organ was becoming numb to the pain, the sergeant shifted his attention to the other ball, giving it a good long shock. The kid's screams once again resumed their initial ferocity.

The right ball was shocked repeatedly for the next several minutes, the sergeant touching the infernal wires to the boy at regular intervals, though he would vary the length of each application. The electro-torture also had the effect of slowing the blood flow from the kid's ripped-open balls.

Finally he let the lad rest a few minutes while he prepared the next round of suffering. The batteries and wires were put aside, and the sergeant opened a small case containing long steel spikes of varying diameters and lengths.

He began with one that was only slightly larger than a sewing needle. Even picking up one of the exposed testicles with his fingers created unspeakable agony for the young man, who writhed in abject agony on the table.

Holding the nut firmly between his fingers, the sergeant used his other hand to slowly jab his target with the thin spike and run it through. He impaled the kid's stud nut on first the needle-like skewer, then a second, somewhat larger one.

The young soldier's screams were just as forceful as ever, his bloodied, handsome chest heaving from the exertion of his cries. He was talking nonsense now, crazily exhorting his two buddies to intervene and 'kill the bastard.'

The sergeant paid no attention to the hysterics. He kept his back to the two bare-chested preppies standing at attention and secretly hoped the two jocks would try to stop him from killing their pal.

He would love an excuse to torture these studs to death. They were both excellent specimens, but one of them in particular was even slightly more handsome than the hunk he presently had strapped to the table and also had an especially inviting bulge in his pants.

But he knew they were too chicken-shit to lift a hand against him. He would have to find a pretext later for getting one or both of them in trouble and seeing them back here in the prep room.

The right ball was the next one to become a pin cushion. For some reason it was slightly larger than the left nut, and accordingly the sergeant fitted it with three spikes, rather than two, which pierced it at various angles.

He let the kid squirm for a few minutes and admired his handiwork, still ignoring the two grunts standing at attention only a few feet away. He decided to help the kid take his mind off the excruciating pain in his balls by breaking his toes.

The cart beside him held a variety of wicked clamps, which the sergeant deftly applied to four randomly-selected digits on the prisoner's feet. He twisted the clamps tight and was able to predict when the man's bones would crack by the intensity of his shrieks.

There was an audible crack when the toe bones gave way, causing severe pain to shoot up the young man's legs. The big toe on the right foot was the last to be abused. A large clamp was tightened onto it with devious slowness. It took a full five minutes of agonizing pressure before the bone finally crunched.

When the clamp was removed, he even worse. The sergeant took up a simple pair of pliers and opted to yank out the toenails on the unbroken digits, so that the young prisoner could experience a variety of different kinds of pain before he expired.

"Guess what," the sergeant taunted his victim. "Your coach and your fuck-assed little team captain died this way too. Before I finished with your quarterback's balls, the ass-hole was begging me to kill him. But I let him die real slow, just like you're going to do."

The news that both their team captain and their coach had been tortured on this very table hit the young athletes hard. They had been assured that both the banished trainer and the good-looking, well-liked quarterback had been treated as honorably as could be expected under the circumstances.

Everyone understood that it was necessary to liquidate the leadership of any unsuccessful organization, and part of the acceptance of this circumstance was the expectation that the men be allowed to die quickly and with dignity.

The team had been told that their coach and quarterback would be given a final breeding privilege, and that immediately after their fucks they would be quickly and cleanly executed by firing squad.

The news that they had been lied to by the authorities should not have come as much of a surprise. The sergeant wondered if the two preppies attending the torture session would become angry enough to stage a rebellion.

He was ready for them if they did. However, they appeared only more downtrodden by the news and looked hopelessly down at the floor. One kid even had tears in his eyes. The young quarterback had been his fuck-buddy.

A hammer was the next tool the sergeant would use on his victim. He moved to the other end of the table, and spread the young man's strong, thick fingers out from desperately clenched fists, firmly pressing them one by one onto the surface of the prep table so that he could smash them with the hammer.

He broke most of the kid's fingers, much to the prisoner's agony, before once again turning his attention to the genitals, which were the part of the male anatomy with which the sergeant had the most expertise as a torturer.

He jerked the skewers out of the kid's nuts, causing him to flinch and grunt with each abrupt extraction. Then he removed a single spike from his instruments case, this one approximately eight inches in length.

Squeezing both ravaged testicles together in one hand, the sergeant inserted the pointed spike into the right nut and forced it through both spheres, impaling the kid's balls like a shish-kebab. The ends of the skewer were propped up with a small frame, so that it resembled the horizontal bar atop a miniature kids' swing-set. The arrangement effectively lifted the impaled testicles off the surface of the table and also kept the electrified spike from touching the prisoner's thighs.

The victim thrashed his head back and forth, his screams having now given way to pathetic moans.

The sergeant fitted an electrode on each end of the ball skewer. Connecting wires ran from these electrodes to a transformer, which in turn was connected to the lantern batteries that had been used earlier. When the transformer was turned up, the electric current slowly heated the metal spike that was piercing the young man's nuts.

The sergeant turned it all the way up and waited for the show to start. He was pleased at the prospect of the new, even more excruciating pain he had designed for his victim. His solidly built chest betrayed the sergeant's excited breathing, and beads of sweat had formed on his forehead and shoulders.

A reservoir of man-sweat glistened in the hollow of his navel, accentuating the hunky sergeant's flat, firm belly. He intended slowly to cook the young jock's nuts, and he would enjoy every moment of the boy's agony.

It didn't take long for the pain to reach a level that elicited new expressions of panic and horror from the former stud. The sergeant grabbed a shock of the kid's hair and yanked his head up so he could look down at the sling his balls were in.

As the kid saw what was being done to him, the sergeant laughed,

"I like them well done!"

The young man screamed a new, animal-like roar, the sound of a man with not much longer to live. The heat grew steadily more intense, and the young jock's screams deteriorated to helpless sobs, his voice full of resignation to his own fate.

The sergeant left the heated skewer in the kid's nuts a full twenty minutes. He punctuated the cooking time by retrieving his rifle from its rack on the wall and using it to break the kid's kneecaps.

Grasping the weapon firmly by its muzzle, the sergeant brought the butt of the rifle down swiftly first on one leg, then on the other, each blow successfully destroying the moaning soldier's kneecap and blending the sharpness of that pain with the slow dullness of the burning heat inside his ruined nuts.

Finally he turned the transformer off, disconnected the electrical fittings, and extracted the spike from the kid's roasted testicles.

"Dinner's ready!" announced the sergeant.

Taking up his big scalpel once again, he taunted,
"I'll carve!"

He sliced around the outside of the young man's split scrotum, then cut more deeply. He deftly removed the entire scrotum, the dangling testicles included, and held them up to the kid's horrified face for him to look at.

"This is your last meal, kid," the sergeant told him matter-of-factly. "Eat it all." He stuffed the mutilated genitals into the mouth of their owner, causing the boy to gag and try vainly to expel them from his yap. The sergeant pressed firmly against the young man's jaw, preventing him from opening his mouth and forcing him to breathe through his nose.

Then he briefly pinched the victim's nose shut, inducing him to suck the obstruction down into his windpipe as he desperately fought to get some air into his lungs. The victim went bug-eyed after only a moment and began bucking his chest, sure signs that the amputated testicles had indeed lodged against his windpipe.

The sergeant released his hold on the soldier's jaw and once again took up his castration knife. This time he sliced off the ragged remains of the kid's once-proud man-meat. The thick piece of bloody pulp followed the victim's balls into his mouth, and he was forced to swallow it.

The sergeant massaged his victim's thick young throat, coaxing the hideous obstruction down into the boy's gullet as he continued choking on his nuts. His face was already turning deep red, which then gave way to purple as he asphyxiated.

Eating his own cock was not to be the last horror of his young life, though. The sergeant took the still hot ball skewer and poked it into each of the young man's eyes, plunging

him into painful, panic-stricken blindness, the last thing he experienced before he passed out and died.

Coming down off the high of his torture frenzy, the sergeant realized with sadness that there was nothing left to do to his victim. Next time he would have to try to extend the experience longer before the fucker kicked off. Now, however, it was time to get cleaned up.

He turned to the two preppies and discovered that they had broken from their stance at attention. Their arms were wrapped tightly around one another as they embraced in fear and horror. They pressed their naked, muscular chests against each other and fought back their tears.

One of them, the really pretty one, hadn't been able to keep from urping up as he watched his buddy get castrated. His puke ran down the shoulder and back of his fellow preppy as they hugged. They would need to get cleaned up too, the sergeant reasoned.

"OK, boys, it's over. You can carry this dickless wonder out to the pit later. Let's hit the showers."

He clapped the more attractive of the two young men on the shoulder, letting him know he wouldn't be punished -- this time -- for breaking from attention and for tossing his cookies. In fact, the reaction was a kind of tribute to the sergeant's masterful performance.

The sergeant lustfully watched the handsome soldier's fine-looking ass as he followed the stricken young men to the showers. His dick strained in his pants. He would have the nice-looking one kneel and lick his cock and balls clean while they showered.

The other kid, also not bad-looking, would clean the sergeant's ass with his tongue. A nude wrestling match between the two jocks would decide who would have the privilege of sucking the sergeant's dick. He would let the winner blow him, then he would fuck the loser's ass.

A sergeant's work is never done.