Summary

Four men take advantage of a pleasure slave (again).

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Kyrie was utterly disappointed in the boy.

Now, okay, that wasn't fair. The boy was nowhere enough important in her life, in her brothel, or in the grand scheme of things to be blamed for her foul mood. But he didn't improve things, either, at the end of a tiresome day of unfruitful negotiations, with how he just couldn't be induced to enjoy being taken.

He pretended it so painfully obviously that nobody would pay for his ass. And then, what good was he for her?

Well, he could always be used for personal entertainment.

Shame that Kyrie felt no desire when she looked at him.

Not for him, anyway. His pain, on the other hand...

He didn't want to like sex, did he? Well, she would give him reason not to.
She decided to leave the middleman out, this time, when she called back some of Sed's men. He was much too moderated for her taste, and he already came back to use the boy two more times since their group session. No, this time she wanted something raw, something elemental, so she asked for the four that were the most memorable that last time.

Erwan, appreciative in his condescension, and open to teamwork.

Amancio, lazy but commanding.

Kiko, whose cock rivaled Amancio's, who was rather pliant, but good to balance the rest of egos out.

And Rieme, cruel and brutal.

The boy was thrust into a room with only a table, and Kyrie stood behind the protection of the stained window, obscured from the eyes inside. He stood there so nervous, so fragile in his nudity, and she may have felt pity if it wasn't her foul mood -- but he had this coming.

Except for how he wasn't going to be coming anytime soon, and she had to smirk at her own little joke.

Then the four were let in, and the boy scrambled back.

"There, there, aren't you happy to see us?" Erwan asked.

"I think he needs a reminder," Amancio said.

The boy backed up to the wall, but there was nowhere to run.

"Come here and I will start with a finger," Erwan promised and crooked his finger invitingly.

"I... please," the boy said, but he reluctantly walked towards Erwan. Gamid's training did it's job, then, at least.

Erwan was true to his words, because he immediately pushed his dry finger inside the boy's hole, and the boy squirmed. Erwan circled the finger, crooked it too, by the way the boy rolled to his tiptoes, before pulling it out.

"Let's have some fun," he declared, and Kiko undid his belt.

"You know, you don't have to pretend with us," Amancio said. "We know you don't like it."

"And we don't care," Rieme added. "Scream, shout, cry... it will just be better for us."

"No, I can, I can take it, I want it," the boy protested weakly. "Please."

"Aww, look at him," Kiko laughed.

They all began throwing their clothes to the floor.

"Do you now?" Amancio asked.

"Yes, I do, I..." the boy gulped when the men began to jerk their cocks to full hardness.

"Up the table then, hands and knees," Amancio ordered.

The boy scrambled to obey. Then Amancio pushed the boy's head down, so that he was leaning on
his elbow, presenting his naked ass and small, pink hole to the room.

Well, this was going better than Kyrie hoped -- maybe the boy wasn't such a loss of a case, then.

"So you like being used by us," Amancio said, and stood in front of him. "Come on then."

He pushed his groin into the boy's face, and the boy flinched once before closing his eyes and opening his mouth.

"Oh, but you are making me do the work," Amancio chided, and pushed his cock down the boy's throat. In one go.

The boy gagged.

But by then Erwan's finger was back in his ass, and so he couldn't really move back, either.

"You breathe when I tell you to," Amancio warned when he pulled back, then pushed back in. He wasn't thrusting, not really, but held onto the boy's head for half a minute before he let him up for air. "You want my cock? Now you get it."

When the boy tried to get away, three sets of arms held him back in the very inviting position. Kyrie saw his profile, how tears began to run down his cheeks, how saliva tripped down his chin, how he grasped for air whenever Amancio let him, less and less frequently. The outline of Amancio's cock was clearly visible in his throat.

"I know you don't like to do all the work," Rieme said with a wicked grin, and knelt up the table behind the boy.

The boy whined, but Erwan held him from the left, Kiko from the right, and Rieme grabbed his hips so he couldn't move. Amancio let him up for a second that he foolishly used to utter a completely useless protest, and then pulled him down until his nose was buried in fine hairs.

Then Rieme pushed the head of his cock inside.

The boy wrigled and trashed as much as he could, which wasn't much. A high-pitched whine was more telling, however -- he couldn't escape, he couldn't breathe, and he had no lube other than the set of come already inside him from about an hour ago; the result of the encounter that led him here.

His throat spasmed around Amancio's cock, which made Amancio groan and shift slightly, too.

Rieme pushed in slowly, inch by inch, making the boy feel every single moment of his width and length -- a considerable amount. Although the boy was used to being filled up, he usually had some form of preparation, but the most he received now was only that he was, apparently, still a bit loose from his previous encounter.

"Aw, you could be tighter, you little slut," Rieme commented.

"He won't be, after you have your way," Kiko said, and they laughed.

It took a full minute for Rieme to push in fully. The boy spasmed constantly, his fingers clenched and unclenched, and so did his throat around Amancio's cock. Amancio groaned.

"Don't thrust yet," Amancio asked Rieme in a husky voice. "Just... ahh, yes!"

Rieme rolled his hips, just to shift his cock, and as a result the boy gagged on the cock in his mouth. Amancio pushed forward, too, and moaned as he spent himself on the boy's tongue.
"Swallow it down, or I'll make you lick it up," he warned, and the boy obediently did, although he almost choked on the seed.

When Amancio pulled out, the boy sobbed and grasped for air. "Nice little slut," Amancio laughed.

"You'll wish you still had him in your mouth," Rieme told the boys, then looked at Kiko and Erwan. "Leave him to me."

He grabbed the boy's hands and pinned them together at his back. Then he pulled out, only the tip inside, before ramming back in. The force of his thrust sent the boy forward, and his face and chest slapped to the table.

The boy shouted out in vain.

He wasn't able to get back up. Rieme held him firmly down, or more precisely: firmly in place, so his movements wouldn't send him flying away. Each of his thrust seemed more vigorous than the previous, and the boy wailed as he was pushed to the wooden surface over and over again.

Rieme chased his own pleasure, and his rhythm became more and more erratic as he was nearing the edge. He paid no mind to the boy's sobs; in fact he seemed to be inspired by them to go faster and harder. Then he slammed into the boy with so much force that the boy's knees gave up and he fell down flat onto his stomach.

Rieme thrusted two more as the boy laid on the table, then stilled as he reached his release. He emptied himself fully into the boy, and pulled out only when his cock was softening.

The boy whimpered.

Kiko took Rieme's place, and he flipped the boy over so that he was on his back. The boy tried to keep his legs together, but Kiko pushed them apart, and Kyrie got a nice view of a red, used hole -- certainly not the widest he's ever been, but the night was young.

Kiko pushed in swiftly.

"Next time, I go first," he said. "He's loose."

"That's what you get when you fuck a whore," Rieme shot back.

The boy didn't agree with Kiko: he wailed with each thrust, begging Kiko to stop.

Erwan stepped closer, his cock up and ready. "Mind if I shut him up?"

"Be my guest," Kiko said.

"No, no, don't-- HMPH!"

The boy's pleas were muffled by Erwan's cock. The boy trashed, tried to kick Kiko and fight Erwan off.

Kyrie found this intriguing: most of her pleasure slaves got more pliant the more they were fucked, not the opposite way around.

But it was at least entertaining to watch -- which gave her an idea to come back to, once the men were done with the boy.

In the room, Kiko pulled out, and Erwan stilled the boy by putting his hand around his neck in a
clear warning. Kiko pulled the belts out of their discarded trousers, and roped the boy's limbs to the legs of the table. Erwan helped him with the last one, then they looked at their handywork.

"Looks delicious," Erwan commented.

Now that both of the boy's holes were unguarded and inviting, they drove back in quickly. First Kiko, just to make the boy's screams audible, then Erwan. Kiko preferred long, deep thrusts with a little roll of his hips when he was fully seated, just to go as far as possible. Erwan's hips moved in a fast, shallow manner, barely pulling out before pushing back in again. His hands left red marks on the boy's neck as he prompted him to open his mouth wider.

The boy's wails were muffled by the cock in his mouth until Erwan spilled his seed down his throat. When he pulled out he forcefully closed the boy's mouth shut.

"Swallow it all, that's it, slut," he said, and the boy gagged as he tried to swallow and breathe at the same time.

Kiko picked up the pace again, and the boy didn't protest, only whimper -- probably afraid to get another cock in him. But he didn't, not for now, and Kiko came within a few minutes, all inside, only pulling out when he was softening.

"Now comes the fun," Rieme said.

When they untied the boy, he wanted to run away, but his legs couldn't hold him much. Rieme and Amancio dragged him back to the table and pushed him down to his knees, and Amancio stood above him.

"Suck me hard again," Amancio ordered. He was half-hard, and the only one who didn't stroke himself back into hardness.

The boy shook his head and began to crawl backwards, but Amancio grabbed him by the hair and slapped him with his other hand. "I'm not asking you again," he warned.

The boy reluctantly opened his mouth, and Amancio pulled him onto his cock. Whimpering and crying, but the boy managed to suck and lick at the cock enough to make it hard -- not a difficult task, given that the men had had their fill from Kyrie's aphrodisiac of a wine earlier.

Then Amancio laid down onto his back on the table, and Kiko and Erwan grabbed the boy and lifted him into Amancio's lap.

"Sink down," Amancio ordered.

A new set of tears flow down his face when the boy positioned himself, Kiko and Erwan still holding him, and took the tip of Amancio's cock into his abused hole.

"Down, all the way," Amancio said.

The boy's face was scrunched up, and he gasped and groaned, but the men only let go of him when he was fully sitting on Amancio. He panted with his mouth open -- Amancio was smaller than Kiko, but not by much, and the intrusion was made worse by how sensitive the other cocks made his hole.

"Now move," Amancio said, and the boy immediately raised up -- only to be pushed down again by strong hands.

The men laughed.
"Not away, you stupid whore," Amancio growled. "Back and forth, roll your hips, I know Gamid made you do this."

Gamid and a lot of other men, Kyrie agreed.

The boy moved his hips slowly, and he began to hiccup, but Amancio held onto his hands so he couldn't move away again. Nor could he hide his face, wet from the tears and sweat, hair sticking to his forehead. But he rolled his hips, unenthusiastically, but that was enough for Amancio.

"Look at you, acting like you've never taken cock before," he grinned.

"Remember our last time?" Rieme asked, and he ran his hands up the boy's back. The boy tried to shy away, but that just made Amancio's cock go deeper into him.

"I think he does," Kiko said.

"A reminder never hurt anybody," Erwan said.

After a while Amancio began rolling his hips, too, almost involuntarily, but the boy still had to do most of the work.

"Clench down, that's it," Amancio encouraged. "You know we'll be here until I come. It's up to you how fast you can get off."

That inspired the boy, and his reluctant movements turned half-hearted.

It still took a long, long time before Amancio spilled into him.

When he got up, he immediately falled back to his knees, and the men's seed was tripping out of his hole, now.

"Where are you going, we're not done," Erwan pulled him back, and entered him in one go.

"No, I can't-"

"Of course you can, there's plenty of room," Rieme said, and pushed a finger in, next to Erwan's cock.

The boy screamed.

Erwan sat half-up on top of the table, and he positioned the boy to face him in his lap. Rieme climbed up over them, and first only pushed one finger inside his already occupied hole. Erwan slowed his thrusts into languid rolls so he wouldn't dislodge Rieme, and the boy sobbed openly.

"Ahh, now he's tight," Erwan said.

"He'll only feel tighter," Rieme said when he pushed two fingers in.

A three fingers, the boy howled.

"Lay down," Kiko said at the head of the table, and Erwan clearly saw what he meant, because he laid down to his back and pulled the boy with him. Rieme had a full ass presented to him, this way, and he pushed the three fingers back inside.

When the boy opened his mouth in a helpless sob, Kiko drove into it.
Erwan had to hug the boy to pin himself down, he was thrashing so much.

By the time Kiko spilled down the boy's throat, Rieme was up to moving four fingers in and out and around Erwan's cock. Kiko pulled out, leaving his seed all over the boy's face and chin, and Rieme lined himself up to push in.

He went just as slowly as the first time, enjoying every whimper, every broken sob from the boy, but this time, when he was fully seated, he didn't wait. He pulled back and drove back in, and Erwan began to move as well.

They set a punishing pace, each in their own rhythm, and Rieme lifted his hand away from the boy's hole to show some blood on it.

"Told you he's tight," Erwan grinned.

When they came and then pulled out, first Erwan, then Rieme, red-tinted seed ran down on the boy's thigh.

From then on, the boy was taken by everybody a few more times. He never had less then two inside, but three was more common. His sobs quieted, his wails trailed off as he became nothing more than a hole to please others.

And the men were pleased indeed: after they spent their seeds multiple times they were relaxed and languid, and they used the boy until the effects of the wine lasted.

And Kyrie was pleased with this development, too: the boy could be useful as a display, if nothing else. She even had the idea now, as to where he could be used more...

End Notes

i've been meaning to do something with the ending, but i never got around to it, so here it is anyway. also i've rearranged the series to be more chronological

as always, i firmly condemn rape and sexual harassment in all forms. please stay safe and don't hesitate to ask for help!

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