

Total Rebuild - 5 - A Bro's Life

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Hal had been going to Total Rebuild for a week before he saw that Gruff, a beast though he may be, was not the biggest guy in the gym. When he happened to be at the gym at the same time as Bro he stopped and stared at him. The guy was huge, as big as a full time bodybuilder and lifting weights at their heaviest settings with minimal to no difficulty. He wore clothes that would hang off him but were snug against his muscles. He attracted attention not just by his size but by how his body was almost freakishly built, though Hal could tell that, in reality, it was perfect for competitions.

“That’s Bro,” said a voice and Hal turned to see Gruff standing behind him. Despite having only talked a few times, Hal liked him a lot and hoped to be taken under his wing—he saw Gruff as everything he wanted to be. “As you can probably guess, he’s the biggest guy here. The only reason he ever leaves this place is that he needs to sleep, but I’m sure he would sleep here if he was allowed.”

Hal wondered why Gruff didn’t allow him to sleep there but instead asked, “What does he do for a living, looking like that?”

Gruff laughed. “Nothing, he competes in competitions full time and lives off his winnings. Does he look like he ever comes second?”

Before Hal could answer he was ushered away to the locker room to change. He didn’t know it yet but his programming was compelling him to come to the gym whenever he could and begin his workout immediately. Once he was in his gym gear the trance would kick in and the workout would not stop until he had completed a full body workout that could be tailor made for him. It was only when the workout was done and he came out of the trance that he would be able to socialise with the other members.

His workouts were never as long as Bro’s, no ones were.

Bro left his trance and blinked with confusion. He ached all over and was covered in sweat but that was so normal it was comforting and he dismissed any worry he had had. He raised his pit and sniffed at his ripe and rank man smell. It was a turn on and he took long sniffs.

“Yo, Bro.” He looked up to see one of his bros. “You know not to do that in the open, at least go to the shower.”

Bro looked down to see he was tenting his shorts between his wide legs and remembered that he was not allowed to arouse himself here. “Sorry, bro,” he said and clapped him on the shoulder. He almost fell over. “Keep forgetting that. ‘s good I got you bros to remind me when I forget.”

“Well there’s a new kid here and we don’t want to freak him out... that’ll come later.”

At the word come Bro automatically leaked as a pavlovian response. A wet patch appeared on his shorts and he poked at it, everything else forgotten.

The bro swore and tried to get away but Bro grabbed him easily and carried him under one arm to the changing rooms. He knew he wasn’t allowed to do stuff in the gym but in there it was fine. The bro was kicking and trying to break free but Bro was too strong for anyone to get away from him. Once in the changing rooms he threw his bro down onto the benches and pulled down his shorts along with his own as he straddled his ass.

The guy knew better than to resist at this point; Bro didn’t quite know his own strength and could easily hurt someone. He plunged in with his long and fat cock and the bro screamed in pain but Bro only registered pleasure as he began to rut into him. No man under Master’s control could cum without permission but that wouldn’t stop Bro from fucking him until he was done. After an unfortunate incident where Bro had fucked a previous member for five hours straight before being found Master had put a limit on how long Bro went while fucking of his own free will. Bro would go unsatisfied but would have no choice but to stop.

The members of the gym wished they could just endure the fucking but the programming had them feeling and focusing on the sex and the current victim of the behemoth scrabbled at the bench for something to grip as he was pounded against it with powerful thrusts. Bro was big, in every way, and was notorious for leaving bruises. As he was rutted he saw several other members of Total Rebuild enter the locker room, coming and going and giving them a wide berth, not wanting to be pulled in and get fucked too when Bro was done with his current ass. He should have known better than to help Bro, it never went well and always ended with fucking. The guy couldn’t help himself, he was practically an animal with a one track mind.

When he was done Bro pulled out to a mercifully empty changing room. The poor bro beneath him fell to the floor and pulled himself away, not feeling strong enough to walk and with a sore ass and bruises on his hips. Bro barely noticed. He pulled his sweat soaked clothes back on and, without showering, left the gym for his home.

Bro lived in a small room with next to nothing in it but a fridge, cooker, and bed. He could just about cook food so long as it wasn’t complicated and that, and sleeping, was all he did there. The rest of the time was at the gym, Master’s house, or on tour for competitions. It was all a blur to him, he was living the dream of being a big bro and fucking all the time!

The only time he felt slightly out of place and uncertain with life was when he went to bed and had a fleeting moment of dread that he would quash. It didn’t make him feel good and to over think it made his head hurt. He would go to sleep like a rock and wake fully refreshed but for a slight headache each and every morning. He would never remember dreaming.

Sometimes he was taken away from these familiar places to scary new ones but he always felt better when Master dressed him in his uniform: a small pouch for his cock and balls and covered in a paint that made his muscles look nice and swole! Then he would go onstage in front of a lot of people and show them just how big he was. This was always fun and worth the

scare of a new place. They made wonderful noises of appreciation and gasped on the occasions he accidentally got excited and slipped out of his pouch. These times were followed by a session on the table with the headphones and blindfold but not before he had more sex. Fanboys, judges, and other contestants always wanted a piece of him before or after the show. He always left with a trophy and Master was happy with his green paper pieces and he would get to cum! Those were good days!

This was his life and, as far as he knew, he was happy.

Hal had been aware of his slavery for a week now and it was time for his initiation.

Gruff and Sam, being trained in fighting, were usually the ones to subdue the newbie and had done so many times before. Every guy that had ever passed through the gym—but for Sam—had been through it and the hazing was a tradition honoured by them all. It had been started when Bro had fucked Gruff. No one had seen it at the time but Master but he had recorded Gruff losing his virginity and played it every now and then on gatherings along with posting it on the Total Rebuild slavery site (not to show off Gruff, no one fucked him without Master's say-so, but to showcase their resident fucking machine Bro). Gruff had, in his impotent rage, had had it done to the new guys as they came until it had become their hazing ritual. Bro was merciless in his fucks, once you took him, you were ready for anything the clients could throw at you.

Well, almost anything.

Hal had finished his workout and was out of his trance, heading dejectedly to the shower to scrub himself down again and try and clean the dirt from his soul, when Gruff summoned him. Gruff had almost called it off then and there, the kid looked like a kicked puppy, but the others had been baying for it. He wondered if seeing a new guy suffer somehow made them feel better about their suffering.

When Hal stood before him, unable to look him in the eye, Gruff pulled him into a tight hug. "You've held it together well," he whispered in his ear. "Better than most. Barry says you took it like a man." He was sure it was a lie, no one took it well, but the kid had to hear it. He felt him lean into the hug and if he tightened his grip then who would know but them.

Fuck, why did the kid have to go through this? Why did anyone? Why had he started this? Had he really been so petty back then?

He felt like an executioner as he led the unsuspecting boy into one of the function rooms to find a bizarre piece of apparatus in the middle of the room and all the members of Total Rebuild, those Hal knew and didn't, assembled around it. It looked like something women would be examined on by doctors, with their legs raised and spread while being padded at the back. Being new to slavery and still thinking of himself as straight he didn't realise what it was for until he was being dragged over to it by Gruff and Sam and buckled in. It was at the right height to make his asshole level with a man's crotch.

By this time he had been fucked once by his coach and had been fortunate enough to dodge another fucking but tonight was the end of what would probably be the driest spell for a long time. It was at least a fuck a day from here on out.

“Guys please, no, don’t do this...” Hal begged as they closed in around him. Out came several pairs of scissors and in seconds his clothes were in rags on the floor and he was naked and with his ass and crotch completely exposed to the room. The men are all topless and some were fully naked, there was a manly feel to the room, this was a place for men to fuck and that was what Hal was sure was going to happen.

“Sorry, kid,” said Gruff. “It’s tradition here for the newbies to be bred by Bro.”

Right on cue the door opened and Bro came in. Hal had rarely seen him and never talked to him, hearing that he was a very simple guy and usually away at bodybuilding competitions. He was struck by how he moved, like a wild animal. He spotted Hal almost instantly—or rather spotted his hole—and came lumbering at him.

Hal looked to Gruff who had the decency to look back and look ashamed. It was the second time in a week that a father figure had betrayed him.

Bro had to be herded into the room like a wild animal. Get him naked too soon and he would go as hard as a rock and grab the nearest hole—the ass if you were lucky. Give him any indication that he was about to fuck and he would charge around for it like a bull. He had to be lured into the room by a few careful men and presented with the boy-hole clearly ready and waiting; then he would get the picture.

Despite having done this dozens of times before he never clocked onto what was happening. He was lucky if he remembered what he had had for breakfast. If his internal cock counter was working he would know he had taken 49 men, 626 loads, up his ass and fucked 183 men 1,097 times (including 705 orgasms). But it was not working because he was too stupid to count that high.

When he was led to the room he found a lot of his bros in there but his attention, such as it was, was instantly grabbed by the presented asshole. Everything else was forgotten as he could smell the scent of the boy from twenty yards and his nostrils flared and cock went hard instantly. He only remembered to take off his shorts because he needed too to get his cock out. His bros would cut off the rest of the clothes to showcase his bulging body. He was already covered in sweat; it overpowered the room and would only get stronger.

Bro didn’t realise the bro he was fucking was not very happy about it. He was fucking and that was all that mattered. He would fuck until he stopped and hope it took the edge off for a bit. It was a mindless task which he enjoyed very much and had never tired out his muscles before he tired of the pleasure—he could not conceive of such a thing.

When he was done only the bros who enjoyed getting fucked or were programmed to get fucked at every opportunity were there and he left the used hole for a new one, forgetting about the bro he had just used and caring even less. He was never satisfied; his sexual appetite was endless and made him the centrepiece of many bottom parties. So long as he was fucking

he didn't care about anything else. He was never happier than when he was thrusting in and out of a moist hole.

Hal was a mess. Tears were running down his face but no one cared. The monster of a man that had been fucking him had lost interest, it seemed, and had moved onto the next guy who seemed to be far more willing and, unlike him, begging for it to go on rather than stop.

After a while of lying in his restraints, in too much pain to move, the door opened and Sam peeked inside to check the beast was occupied with someone else before crossing to him to release him without fear of getting fucked. Hal was motionless and silent as he was lifted out, bridal style, and carried out of the room. Outside all the men who had just watched him get fucked were still there. Hal had thought it was bad getting fucked in private by his coach but being watched was worse. How could they look at him without seeing him cry and beg for it to be over? They had all been cheering, both for Bro and for him, some stroking themselves and each other. Now they cheered for him again, clapping him on the shoulder and welcoming him to the brotherhood.

"I was screaming in half that time!"

"I pissed myself at the sight of his cock, remember?"

"Kid barely even cried, got a tough one here."

Once Hal actually heard what they were saying he did feel slightly better. He was set on shaky feet but surrounded by a crowd of strong men who, he knew, would catch him if he fell. Gruff slung an arm around him and kissed him on the forehead.

"Welcome to the family, Hal. You're gonna hate it, but you've got us beside ya."

Hal looked at him, wanting to hate him but also glad of the contact. He felt better hearing their compliments and stories of how they had taken their hazing but still wanted to be alone. As if knowing this the whole group spent the next few hours hanging around the gym, chatting about their worst experiences at the hands of the clients and their Master. It wasn't lost on Hal that they emphasised how they had cried and screamed and knew this was both preparation and reassurance. He was in for hell but now he got it. He was not alone at Total Rebuild.

By the time he went to bed that night Bro had fucked six guys and was just about satisfied as a man can be without cumming. He fell into bed without showering, having been dressed before going home—he couldn't see what the big deal was, he was supposed to be looked at, that was why he was big!

He went straight to sleep and straight into a dream.

He was playing with another boy; they were both boys, young and carefree. They both had names but he didn't know either of them. They must not be important.

Playing was a loose term. He was having fun but the other was crying a lot like an overgrown baby. He called him that a lot, maybe that was his name. Cry-baby. The instant he

thought that he felt a stab of pain in his dream and in reality his sleeping form moaned in pain and curled up on the bed.

Later they were grown up and he was friends with another boy. He recognised him as the man who ran the gym he went to. He was much younger but the two enjoyed playing with each other and the other boy-who-wasn't-a-cry-baby. He still cried a lot and shouted at them for the games they played with him.

Older still and the story was basically the same. The three played different games though, getting more complicated as they got older and the-boy-who-cried cried less but his pain was now on the inside.

Then the tables turned and he was the one crying. The boy-who-didn't-cry-anymore tricked him into drinking something that had hurt his head and then made him listen to music. It had hurt and he had been scared and the-boy-who-wouldn't-cry-anymore wasn't pleased but carried on doing whatever it was he was doing and the pain went on but he cared less and less. He worked out more and that made the pain less important as he pleased the-boy-he-didn't-torment-anymore and got big for him.

The third boy was back and they were happy together for the briefest time, maybe a few hours. Then he helped the-boy-who-was-in-charge to trick his friend into drinking the stuff too but this one was different, better and the-boy-who-wasn't-scared-anymore was very pleased with it. Now they worked out together to please the-man-who-controlled-them.

And all the while things got less and less complicated. He was brought men who told him to do things and he did them. It was so much easier to let them do the thinking, that was what nerds were good at. He did as they told him and had a lot of sex. Sex was good and fun and easy. They were always pleased by him and that pleased him. He had so much sex now, and so much working out. It was fun.

Wasn't it?

Bro woke up and for a second he remembered everything.

He was not in a flat, it was a basement, he lived in his brother's basement who now owned him and controlled everything he did! He was a freak who was so big he had trouble wiping his own ass but barely realised it! He was fucking men and getting fucked by them, not all of them were happy about it—and nether was he! He had been going to Total Rebuild since it was founded, even before Gruff had been taken by Master. Although Gruff had always been the primary target he could hardly be the test subject as well, not if he was to suffer. That test subject might have had their mind destroyed and that would make them too stupid to understand that they were now a slave and had no free will of their own.

He had to do... something...

The panic trigger kicked in and he was under again and mentally repeating his brother's conditioning. For a moment less than a blink he felt the despair of a man with no hope. Even if he was freed from Master his brain was too fucked up from drugs and conditioning that he could not remember who he was for longer than a few minutes at best before deciding it wasn't worth the trouble and going back to the dumb brute he was.

He left the trance and smiled. It was a new day, a whole day of working out and fucking ahead of him. He stretched out on the bed. What could be better?