

Total Rebuild - 3 - Further Training

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Sam had hoped his dog tags would win him some sympathy but it turned out they were a fashion statement these days and people were distrustful of homeless people anyway. Not that he was homeless quite yet but it did no harm to scout out some spots he could sleep at night. He was debating whether to stay local or to keep on the move and travel. There were barracks but he had overstayed his welcome at all of them. Thank you for your service now shove off.

His parents had said much the same thing before he had been deployed. Knowing he might not come back home he had taken the chance to be honest and come out to them. They had been honest in return and called him a disgrace and informed his commanding officer of his status. The sergeant didn't care but the looks followed him around wherever he was deployed and there was more than one sexual advancement on him by other officers. He may have spent his time in the army out anyway but he had wanted to do it on his own terms and he was not about to file a complaint when heterosexual women's complaints were barely taken seriously.

He was a magnet for guys wanting to fuck—not effeminate but cute looking, with just enough baby fat to make his face look a little round and bright blonde hair which, as per the army standard, was buzzed short from its long locks. But the boyish look had followed him and even though he had lost the weight and put on some muscle though his training he still attracted the looks. To a platoon of horny men he was the next best thing to a woman and being gay everyone took it for granted he would put out for them. He didn't and got a lot of grief for it.

Other than that he had enjoyed his tour but had been discharged by his superiors for what he suspected was his unwillingness to put out for the troops. If he had he was sure they would have run a train on his ass and he was not a slut. Or at least he hadn't been then but now he was getting desperate and knew selling himself might be his best bet, getting sucked off by a straight soldier would surely make him a hit and get him some beds for the night. It would be worth the filth on his soul.

That's what he had thought before his first proposition: a blowjob for £10. He had gritted his teeth (and tucked them behind his tongue) and given it his best. He needed the money more than this fucker needed a blowjob. The guy came after fifteen minutes of hard work and Sam suppressed his gag reflex to endure the last few minutes of face fucking and then his dignity to swallowed the load. He was let off the cock and gasped in a lungful of air and forced himself not to cough, if he could keep up the image of a professional then he might have a repeat customer. But the youth tucked himself back into his pants, zipped up, and turned to leave.

“Hold up, what about my money?”

“After that cheap ass blowjob? You're not getting a penny, mate!”

Sam was a trained soldier and made a confident grab for the kid but he lacked something important for a fight: a full stomach. He hadn't eaten in over a day and a single well aimed punch to the stomach had him on his knees again. He was suddenly back in the warzone and taking a beating and tried fighting back blindly against his attacker.

"Faggot, you want some more of this?"

Yes, Sam thought, I want to forget I have a life outside pain.

"Hey!"

Sam looked up and saw his saviour: a walking wet dream. The guy was huge and looked like he ate gravel for breakfast. Despite the late hour and cooling weather for the time of year he was wearing a workout vest and shorts and had a gym bag slung over one shoulder. He looked like he lived at a gym and Sam knew he would gladly thank this man with a free blowjob—if he wasn't about to get his ass kicked for being gay or making such an offer.

The kid he had blown looked uncertain, knowing he was no match for the behemoth stood before him. "Hey yourself, if you want him he's not worth the money. Fag barely got me hard."

The man strode forward and grabbed the kid by the shoulder and effortlessly threw him out of the alley. "Get lost, and don't let me catch you making any trouble again."

The kid was barely able to land on his feet and left at a jog, wisely not making a scene or looking for a fight as men his age were prone to do.

The man offered a hand and helped Sam to his feet. Sam was quite fit—he had been in the army, after all—but knew he was in the presence of a master of muscle. "Thank you," he said, not letting go of his hand. "But I'm sure I could have handled him." He couldn't help the comment, it felt necessary to lighten the mood.

The man smiled, not making any effort to let his hand go either. "Not a problem, I couldn't stand by for those who didn't stand by themselves. Least I can do to thank you for your service."

They were making some serious eye contact and the man's smile was warm and friendly. Sam was already at ease and had forgotten about the pain in his stomach. "You're welcome. I'm Sam."

"Gruff." He gave the hand he was still holding a shake before letting go and Sam had to force his hand back down to his sides rather than reach for his again. Gruff broke eye contact to give him a once over, taking in his dirt clothes and dishevelled appearance. "You got anywhere to stay tonight?"

Sam automatically looked at his feet in shame. "I have a few more nights at the Barracks."

"But nowhere after then, I'm guessing."

Sam didn't answer.

“Look,” said Gruff, “My... housemate, he... could be persuaded to put you up for the night. And if he likes you I’m sure he could let you stay with us.”

The offer sounded almost too good to be true and Sam was instantly sceptical. “This ‘housemate’ want anything in return for my stay?” Before Gruff could do more than open his mouth Sam interrupted “Not that I won't, I mean... I am desperate. So long as I have a place to sleep.”

Gruff, who he still wasn't looking at, sounded sympathetic. “Are you gay?” Sam hesitated before admitting it and Gruff looked pleased at his admission. “My housemate would appreciate your... services, but I think I can persuade him to help you out long term and maybe you'll find you enjoy it.”

“Is he your sugar daddy?” Sam asked, instantly regretting it. This man was twice his size and could kill him, a trained killer, with ease if he wanted to.

But Gruff laughed and clapped him on the shoulder, steering him out of the alley. “I suppose he is, yeah. We have a unique relationship. I run his gym and keep him satisfied and he gives me a place and purpose. I think you would benefit from that too.”

Gruff had a landrover and Sam sank into the seat with a sigh, a comfy seat was a joy compared to buses and benches. They made smalltalk on the way and Sam explained his story and how he came to be homeless. Gruff listened with genuine interest and Sam was quickly at ease. After a fifteen minute drive they pulled up at a beautiful detached house not too far from Rotherham centre. It looked expensive and Sam felt dirty in his unwashed clothes and unshaven face. Sure Gruff had a beard but he was not well kept these days.

If the house looked nice on the outside it was even more so on the inside and Sam felt like he was dirtying the very atmosphere by standing there but Gruff ushered him in and into what seemed to be a study.

There, at a desk working away on a laptop, was a man who Sam had not expected. Gruff was such a big and imposing man it seemed impossible that he would be second to anyone but he seemed to hunker down on himself around this man. He was smaller, more Sam's size, but of a lean build and had little in the way of musculature. He had neat hair and was in a shirt and tie, loosened as if from a hard day's work. He looked up when Gruff cleared his throat and looked from him to Sam with clear confusion. “Gruff, who is this? What makes you think you can bring strangers into my home?”

“Forgive me, Master,” said Gruff, bowing his head and it was not lost on Sam the way he addressed the man and his confusion increased. “I found this soldier on the street not too far from the gym. He was about to be beaten up by a man he had blown in exchange for money which he wasn't paid. He is almost homeless, disowned by his family and discharged for being gay. I thought you would appreciate his skill and he could benefit from your... skill.”

Sam made to speak in his own defence but a small gesture from Gruff silenced him. Master would make up his own mind.

Master leaned back in his chair and took in Sam. Sam couldn't repress a shiver, like he was a piece of meat being eyed up. After a long pause he spoke, "Well, you could be tonight's entertainment if nothing else. You can stay for the night if you are willing to do as I say."

"Yes," said Sam, before adding "Mas—"

"I am not your Master," he said, sharply, before smirking. "Yet. Get him washed up and prepared."

"Yes, Master," said Gruff and he guided Sam upstairs.

'Washed up' was a mild way of putting it. Gruff began by sitting him on the toilet (lid down) and lathering up his face for shaving. He refused to let him do it himself as he 'would not do it to Master's standards' and was meticulous in his work. It was one of the more erotic things Sam had ever done and was hard the whole time—not that Gruff seemed to be aware of anything other than his face as he knelt between his legs and carefully dragged the blade over his face and neck. When he was done he was as smooth as a baby's bottom and without a single cut from the razorblade.

Then came the actual wash. He was ordered to strip naked—something he didn't have to be told to do twice by the muscle bound god—and pushed into the shower by an equally naked Gruff. Sam was gobsmacked at the muscle the man was packing, feeling ashamed at his barely visible six pack in the face of the man's chiselled eight pack, but Gruff was single minded and slapped his hand away when it strayed to his crotch or even so much as to reciprocate the wash.

It was only after the first attempt at taking hold of his cock that Sam noticed that Gruff was locked in a chastity cage. It was metal and judging by its size Gruff's cock was as big as his muscles and the balls beneath were large and drawn up and no doubt full from frustration. Sam wondered if it was on to keep him from straying or to keep him focused at the gym. If it was the latter it was definitely working! He stared at it unashamedly. Gruff seemed oblivious to everything but his task and soaped up every inch of him from face to toe and crotch to ass crack, scrubbing hard to get the grime off. He even peeled back the foreskin of Sam's rock hard cock and gently cleaned it of an embarrassing amount of built up cheese. Sam went red with embarrassment and mumbled about how he daren't use the communal showers with the other soldiers and Gruff nodded absent minded.

By the time it was over and Sam stood, naked and towelled down in the master bedroom, he felt like a layer of skin had been scraped off but he had also never felt so clean and was glad of it. He felt more human now, however his night had been or was going.

Gruff guided him to the middle of the room and told him to stand to attention for the Master's inspection before leaving to inform him of their readiness. Sam stood, shivering slightly but content. He was barely even apprehensive; if Master was going to fuck him he was sure he could handle it.

After several minutes of standing still in silence the Master finally entered the room. "He does scrub up well," he said and proceeded to walk around him several times, taking him in from all angles. "As you can probably tell from Gruff here, I like my men big and masculine." He

took hold of Sam's chin and turned his head to see it from all angles. "Your body can be improved but your looks... just about meet my standards."

Sam tried not to be insulted but he had to admit Gruff was hot, even by straight man standards.

Master inspected him for a few ore minutes before seeming satisfied. "If you are going to stay the night you will earn your keep. Up on the bed on all fours, facing the headboard, feet just off the edge."

Sam obeyed. He had wondered if his compulsion to join the army was motivated by a submissive streak accompanying his attraction to men. When he was in position his ass was exposed to the two men.

"Loosen him up, Gruff"

Before he could wonder what this meant Sam's cheeks were parted by strong hands and he jumped at the touch of something wet at his hole followed by a rough scraping against his cheeks. Gruff was rimming him! He gasped at the realisation and kept on gasping at the feeling. Gruff knew what he was doing and attacked his hole as if it was his lover's mouth, trying to get his tongue in and around. Looking back he saw Master sitting on a chair in the corner, rubbing his crotch and with his eyes wide at the sight of the muscle hunk eating another man's ass.

The assault on his ass continued, Gruff seemingly never to get tired and insatiable. He never once paused or slowed. Sam was sure his ass would be raw from the scratching of his beard.

It went on for what felt like hours until Master spoke again with a simple "Enough," and Gruff retreated from his ass with a wet smacking of the lips. Sam was both loose and tense from the treatment but his arms had given out early on and he was now with his wet ass high in the air and exposed. "You know what to do now."

Again Gruff acted quickly to please his master. With his obvious strength he flipped Sam over onto his back and Sam was treated to a beautiful view of a large, swollen chest and deeply cut abs with a healthy tan under a layer of fur. He realised what this view meant just before it happened. Master wasn't interested in fucking him, he wanted to watch Gruff do it.

Before Sam could protest Gruff plunged into his loose hole. It wasn't loose for long as it immediately tightened at the intrusion but he was already in to the hilt and while Sam cried out at the unexpected stretching Gruff growled in pleasure as his cock was massaged by his ass. He hadn't seen Gruff's cock unlocked or what it was like but it felt like it was as large as an average man's forearm complete with fist on the end!

Master looked on and smiled.

Sam had no time to get his breath as Gruff was already pounding into him, drawing out to the tip and sinking back in with perfect precision. He was like a machine; he just did not tire and for the next hour Sam moaned and writhed as the initial pain became pleasure and then slowly became pain again as his hole, once well lubed with saliva, was now raw and the friction was mounting unpleasantly. How Gruff was standing this he didn't know as the man was lost in the rut, his face covered in the animal lust that consumed him.

Sam had little choice but to lie there and take it. It had stopped being fun after his first orgasm, it had shot out of him against his wishes and without his cock being touched. It had coated his stomach with three strong spurts and then his naval with the final dribbles as he went flaccid. Gruff didn't show the slightest sign of stopping or any acknowledgement of his orgasm. He continued to plough on until a second orgasm, of course less than the first, left him, even less welcome than the first—and still he kept going. Sweat was dripping off him like rain and it would have been the hottest thing if it were in a porn film but to be on the receiving end was less than fun after a time.

“I think that will do for now.”

Sam had completely forgotten that they were being watched by the Master. Gruff stopped his fucking abruptly and all but collapsed on top of him, crushing him under his huge body and squashing the cum and sweat between them.

Sam looked over as the Master approached. His cock was out, fully hard and dripping, and he was lazily stroking it with no intention of cumming. “A perfect performance, Gruff, as always.” He petted him on the head and the muscle man practically purred! “And you,” he looked to Sam, “Took it like a champ. You’ve earned the spare bed for the night.”

Gruff, on Master's orders, carefully picked Sam's limb body up despite being exhausted himself, and carried him to a smaller bedroom along the hall. He was lain on the bed like a new born and tucked in by the hairy beast and he idly thought, and wasn't this the sign of being fucked senseless, of his as a daddy bear and of himself as Goldilocks. What did that make Master?

The spare bed was heaven after military bunks and against the prospect of the outdoor ground. Not to mention Sam's body was sore all over from the treatment Gruff had given him. Gruff himself returned to the Master's bedroom and, judging by the sounds from said room, he was earning his own keep.

Sam lay awake for a while, still as he could, and thought over the arrangement Gruff had. Gruff was clearly well taken care of and if he didn't like it here he would leave, it wasn't like Master could stop him! But Sam thought back to the look on Gruff's face while he had fucked him and the way he had done it. It was as if he wasn't all there for it. Still he seemed nice enough, not everyone would interfere in a street fight and he had offered him a place to stay—even if it had cost him. He had said the Master might offer him a place there if he liked him. If he was made such an offer would he take it if it meant being like Gruff?

Sam drifted off wondering about life under Master and beside Gruff.

“Why did you bring him here?” The question was punctuated by a smack with the cane to his ass.

Gruff was on the bed on all fours just as Sam had been two hours earlier but he was not having his ass pleased. He remained rigid and unmoving as he was punished for bringing home a stray but not because he was unmoved; he had been ordered to remain still. He could still cry though, and he was in buckets at the caning he was given. His cock had been locked up

again without cumming but right now that was the farthest thing from his mind and was as flaccid as it could possibly be. “He had... nowhere... to go... Master. It didn’t... feel right... to leave him... alone.”

Smack. “You have many other responsibilities, why add another to them?” Smack.

“Because I... can be... responsible... for others... I feel I... should... Master.”

Smack. “Do you want me to add him to my harem?” Smack. “He does not fit my requirements.” Smack.

“I have asked... you for help... in running... Total Rebuild... Master... He could do that... He does not have... to be part of the harem... just a normal worker.”

Smack. “You’re soft on him.” Smack. “Do you like him, straight boy?” Smack.

“I... I want... to do good... Master... Your gym... your skills... they can do good... help people...”

Smack. “You still feel guilty.” Smack. “Good.” Smack. “He will be your responsibility.” Smack. “That means you programme him.” Smack. “Keep him in line as a worker.” Smack. “Do not make me do it for you.” Smack.

“What programming... do I give him... Master?”

Smack. “For the time being just make him obey me and you.” Smack. “We’ll see what happens.” Smack. “He will not be part of the harem—yet.” Smack. “But the two of you may put on a show sometime.” Smack. “You would make a popular pair: the Soldier and the Bodybuilder.” Smack. “That will rake in a lot of money.” Smack.

Gruff screwed up his eyes. He was doing it again, he was leading another innocent into a life of slavery to Master—only this time he was doing it of his own free will. It was the only way he could keep Sam safe from a life on the streets and abuse from homophobes. For some reason this guy he barely knew was under his skin already and now he would have to take care of him. That was easy, it was what he did for a living and one of the few parts of his life he enjoyed. Sam needed someone looking out for him and he was in the perfect position to be that someone (he tried not to think about his current position being on all fours for a man less than half his size and crying like a little girl).

Master seemed to have had enough and shoved him off the bed. He didn’t care that he had caned Gruff’s ass fifty-three times and that it was raw and bleeding. Leaving his Master’s presence as he climbed into bed he went to his own room—a place he barely used, only when Master did not want him around in his own bed—but stopped outside the room Sam was in. there was a moaning coming from inside. Not the good kind of moaning but the scared kind. He eased open the door and saw, in the dim light of the moon through the window, Sam writhing on the bed under the sheets.

Gruff mentally slapped himself, the kid probably had PTSD from whatever hell he was stationed at.

Gruff headed for the bathroom where there were medical supplies and took care of his ass. It was something he was practised at and he applied the disinfectant without a sound, just a soundless howl of pain. He put on sticky pads and waddled out and back to Sam's room.

The nightmare had subsided. Gruff slid into the room and closed the door behind him. He gently lifted the sheets and got under them and, with the most gentle movements he could manage, like a father handling his infant child, he pulled Sam onto his chest and held him tight.

The kid had no more nightmares that night.

Sam liked Total Rebuild. It helped that there were a lot of hot guys working out there but he could feel an atmosphere here he liked. He wasn't sure what it was but it made him want to stand straight and puff out his chest. Gruff was warm and friendly as ever, as if he hadn't almost torn him in half the night before. He was given the tour and told the names of the members who were there but none of them stopped their workout to acknowledge him. Gruff said they came here to work out rather than chat, that was for before and after, not during.

In the office Sam sat down and Gruff sat on the desk in front of him (there was a noticeable wince as he sat but his smile seemed forced), legs spread in a manly fashion... Gruff's kindness was almost heartbreaking; sure it came with catches but the mere willingness to help was something Sam appreciated and saw too little of these days. He had woken up curled up on the snoring man's chest and would have woken him with a blowjob but the cage had been put back on him and so he had made do with tonguing his balls around it. The wake up had been appreciated and he had lapped up the dribble of precum from the tip of the cage. After a while Gruff had pulled him back up to his chest for a make out session. Sam had never had a better morning.

"So," Gruff was saying, "After last night Master has decided to turn you over to me. What happens to you now is up to us."

"You're talking like I'm already yours."

"As far as the Master is concerned you are. But it's not too late to pull out. I'm going to explain a few things to you and you can decide. To begin with, all of the guys here answer to the Master, if you accept a job here so will you, though you will be working under me. Also, for the time being, you will stay with us until you want your own place and if Master allows it."

"What do I have to do in exchange?"

"Master is undecided; it may be nothing, it may be sessions with me sometimes. To be honest, anything could happen, life under Master can be unpredictable and sometimes be trying."

Sam was uneasy but the thought of the cold nights on the street were enough to keep him considering the offer. "I don't have much choice, but what would you do in my place, knowing everything you know about the Master and this 'unpredictable life'?"

Gruff looked at him for a long time. He then reached into a cooler beneath his desk and took out a shake. "I would drink this and come with me."

Sam was somewhat confused but thought he understood what Gruff was telling him. He took the shake and downed it in one without another thought. He might not get another chance at stability of any kind. He knew he didn't really know what he was letting himself into but he placed his trust in Gruff.

"Just need to let that go down," said Gruff as he got out another, "and another one can't hurt. Keep them going."

Sam kept drinking and felt increasingly relaxed. Maybe it was this that loosened his tongue "I never thanked you for last night."

Gruff rubbed the back of his neck. "You didn't need to, you needed someone so I was there for you."

"What?" Sam stared at him then realised he meant sleeping together. Waking up wrapped in the giant's arms and on his furry chest had been the best way to wake up (even if his ass was killing him) and he felt himself go red at the memory. "No, not that. I meant the fucking. I needed that."

"You like it rough?" Gruff looked like he didn't understand, like the brutal fucking last night had been the way he was taught sex should be done and it was meant to be painful.

Sam swallowed another shake and felt it all coming out, months of repressed feelings were trying to make themselves heard. "I need it rough. I need to feel... I did things over there... saw things... sometimes that kind of treatment is just what I need to..."

Gruff stood and took hold of his shoulders hard and stared into his eyes. "If you need it again you come to me and I'll give you what you want." After a moment he let go and pulled Sam into a bone-crushing hug. "Then I will give you what you need."

Sam felt like he could have cried with relief. He didn't care what happened to him now, even as he was led downstairs and into 'intensive care' and strapped down on the table. So long as Gruff was guiding him he would go anywhere. He lay there, stupefied on the shakes, and the bombarding subliminals began training him for his new job. It was much like his old one, he would be following orders, with all the perks of his sexual preferences and none of the pain of war.