

Training Hank

Emily Sinclair

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Hearing what sounded like someone messing around one of the barns, Hank pulled on a pair of shorts, slipped his shoes in and tiptoed out to see what was going on. Hearing a woman – his boss Abbie, talking to at least three men, he almost turned around and went back home, but then he heard something that piqued his interest.

“Alright guys, I want you to plug all of my holes at the same time. And don’t forget, I want your loads only in my pussy,” Abbie said.

“What about your husband?” a man names Greg asked.

“What about him?”

“He’s going to be pretty damn pissed when you wind up pregnant isn’t he?”

“Not to mention the fact that you won’t be able to hide the truth from him,” a man named Jake added.

“Who said anything about hiding it from him?”

“So, he knows you fuck around behind his back?”

“Maybe, maybe not. The only thing the three of you need to worry about right now is fucking me silly and filling me with semen.”

Hank snuck up to a window in the side of the barn and peeked in to see Abbie stripping out of her clothes as three black men slowly jerked their cocks. Letting his eyes momentarily drift to their dicks, he saw they were all well above average and he felt a little self-conscious. But it did not last long as he turned his attention back to his stripping boss. He knew she had a sexy body, but seeing her standing there naked, ready to be gang banged by three black men, had his dick extending to life. And when she turned, allowing him to see the barbells through her nipples he nearly came in his pants.

Feeling only a little creepy, Hank pulled his shorts down and began jerking off as Abbie straddled Greg’s hips and lowered herself onto his long cock. Jake lubed his dick and eased it up her ass as Lance – the last man in the barn, fucked his dick into her mouth.

Hank was not the only one the sound coming from the barn woke and Ryan could not believe his luck when he saw his coworker bent over peeking into the window with his pants down. Quickly hatching a plan, he wet his cock with spit as he quietly approached from behind. Unfortunately for Hank, the scene unfolding inside had his undivided attention and he did not hear Ryan until it was too late.

Clasping a hand over Hank’s mouth and ramming his dick up his ass in one swift maneuver, Ryan leaned in and whispered into the startled man’s ear. “Don’t make a noise unless you want her to know you’re spying on her. Bite your tongue, chew your lip. Do whatever you need to do to keep quiet, but I’m not pulling out of your ass until I’ve filled it with cum. Understood?”

“Uuhhnnnggg,” Hank grunted far too softly for those within the barn to hear. “A-Are you out of your f-fucking mind!? Get off of me!”

“No can do. I haven’t come yet. Now be a good little sissy and spread your legs so I can really get in there. How many men does she have this time?”

“You know?” Hank asked, spreading his legs despite himself.

“I do. Peeping can be a lot of fun around here unless you get caught.”

“You’re telling me,” Hank groaned as Ryan slowly fucked in and out of his ass.

“Be glad I’m the one that caught you. An ass pounding is a small price to pay for my silence. If she or Brian would have seen you though you would have been out of a job and home. You don’t want to end up on the streets again do you?”

“No.”

“Then be a good boy and do as you are told and I’ll keep this between us. Deal?”

“Uhn, deal.” Although he was not too fond of the surprise butt sex, Hank was even less fond of living on the streets again. After nearly three years bouncing from one homeless shelter to another when he was lucky, and begging for scraps to eat he thought he hit the gold mine when a lovely couple came up to him four months ago and offered him a job and place to live. It was hard work looking after the animals and taking care of any mechanical needs that arose on the nearly six-hundred acre farm, but he was beyond grateful and never complained, even when they showed him where he would be living – a barn that had been converted into a small guest house.

“Glad we understand each other. Follow me back to my place.”

“But Abbie...”

“Will be getting fucked silly as she does every Wednesday night. Now follow me or I’ll march in the house and tell Brian that you’ve been spying on his wife.”

“Fine. What are we going to do at your place?”

“Pick up where we left off.”

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Back at another small barn that was converted into a house, Ryan opened the door and motioned his guest inside. “Tell me, was that the first dick you’ve ever taken up the ass?” he asked closing the door behind him.

“Yes and I nearly bit through my god damn tongue trying not to yell.”

“I thought as much. Don’t worry, it’ll loosen up with use. I have to say, I’ve wanted to do that since the day they brought you to the farm. Tell me, how did you like it?”

“I didn’t!”

“You sure about that?”

“Yeah, pretty damn sure I didn’t like you ramming your dick up my ass!”

“Then why are you still hard? Nevermind, it doesn’t really matter. All that matters is that we understand each other. I’ve been here five years Hank and I’ve seen many a farmhand come and go because they slipped up and got caught. Hell, I may have alerted Abbie and Brian to a few of them myself, but I know how much this place means to you so I’m making you this one time deal. Allow me to fuck your ass anytime I want and I’ll let you in on all secrets this place has to offer.”

“And if I don’t?”

“Then you had better watch yourself. I have a lot more pull around here than you do and one word from me will send you packing.”

“I’m not gay.”

“Neither am I. I’m bisexual.”

“Well I’m not bisexual either.”

“Your hard dick is saying otherwise, Hank.” Sinking to his knees, Ryan took Hank’s cock into his hand and stroked it as he leaned forward and began sucking his balls.

“Uhn... aahhhh fuck!” Hank moaned in disbelief at the pleasure Ryan was bringing him.

“Get on your hands and knees and don’t move. I’ll be right back.”

“Where are you going?”

“To get a bottle of lube for your ass.” Now get in position or go home and pack.” Not leaving any room for debate, Ryan got to his feet, gave Hank’s stiff cock a few more strokes and then walked out of the living room towards the bedroom.

Knowing he was being blackmailed, and pissed about it, Hank nevertheless dropped down onto his hands and knees as commanded. *Better a sore ass than to be homeless*, he thought with a sigh. Hanging his head in shame, he only looked up when he heard Ryan’s return. “I thought you were only grabbing lube?” he said eyeing the cardboard box in Ryan’s hands.

“Changed my mind. Don’t worry though, you’ll be full of cum before we move on to the other toys.” Squeezing a trail of lube along his dick, Ryan rubbed it in and then applied some to his new lover’s asshole before pushing it back in. “Mmmm, I so love a nice tight ass,” he moaned, shoving in balls deep before pulling out and slamming back in again.

Hank tried to make himself hate it – telling himself it was the worst feeling in the world in an effort to make his boner go away, but the damn thing had a mind of its own and all it could think about was seeing Abbie getting fucked by three black men and the amazing feelings coursing through his loins. And when Ryan reached around and took hold of his cock, he blew his load after a few strokes.