

Stage of Shame

A fag's degradation



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“You’re really serious about this, huh?” Young Josh smirked, leaning back against the wall of the green room. His arms were crossed, and his eyes glinted with amusement as he looked down at the thirty-something man on his knees in front of him, nervously fidgeting with the pulled up sleeve of his expensive-looking monogrammed shirt.

The man’s voice trembled as he spoke, but there was a desperate earnestness in his words. “Yes, I’m dead serious. I-I’ll give you two thousand dollars to humiliate me. Please. In the worst ways you can think of. Make me your joke, your punching bag—whatever you want. Just... do it on stage. I need it.”

His plea hung in the air, raw and unapologetic, as he remained on his knees, his face flushed with shame and longing.

Josh let out a low whistle, shaking his head in disbelief. “Damn, man. You’ve got some... well, actually, no, doesn’t sound like you’ve got balls at all.”

He chuckled, his voice dripping with mockery as he looked down at him. “Why? Why would you even want that?”

His tone was laced with amusement. He clearly relished the moment, dragging it out as he waited for the man’s response. The air between them crackled with tension.

The man’s face flushed a deep red, his hands clenched tightly in his lap. “Because I’m an inferior *faggot*. And you... you’re a straight god. I worship guys like you. I just want to be humiliated by you. Please.”

Josh let out a loud, derisive laugh, the kind that echoed through the green room and made the man’s face burn even hotter. He leaned down slightly, his smirk turning into a cruel grin as he looked at the man kneeling before him. “So what’s your name, faggot?” he asked.

“I’m... Greg...” the older man replied.

Josh chuckled before speaking again “Two grand, you said? You’re really that much of a hopeless loser, huh?” he sneered, shaking his head in mock disbelief. “Alright, fine. I’ll do it. But don’t come crying to me when the crowd tears you apart.” Josh straightened up, still chuckling to himself as he scratched his balls.

Greg’s face lit up with a mix of excitement and disbelief. The thrill of Josh’s agreement was making his

heart race. “For real?” he squeaked, his voice trembling with eagerness as he looked up at the young comedian. “Oh, thank you! Thank you so much! I’m so grateful!”

Josh let out a low chuckle, clearly amused as he pulled out his beat up phone. “Fuck yeah, you bet!” he said. He opened the Venmo app and held it out to Greg, his smirk widening. “Send me the cash first, though. Let’s make this official.”

“Of course!” Greg whispered, his heart now pounding in his chest as he remained on his knees, obedient and humiliated. With trembling hands, he pulled out his phone and quickly sent the payment to Josh. “There, I... uhm... I took the liberty of sending you \$2,500,” he added, his voice barely audible but laced with urgency. “The extra \$500 is a... a thank you for doing this for me.”

Josh glanced at his phone, a wicked grin spreading across his face as he confirmed the payment. “Damn, you really are one desperate *faggot*,” he sneered, shaking his head in mock disbelief. “Tipping me on top of paying me for roasting your ass? Shit, man, you just keep getting weirder.”

Greg’s face burned even hotter, his eyes downcast as he muttered, “I just... I want to show my appreciation.”

Josh let out a sharp laugh. “Appreciation? Nah, man, this is pathetic. But hey, your money’s good. Now get ready, *fag*, ‘cause I’m about to make you the star of the

show—just not in the way normal people like. This is gonna be lit.”

Earlier that evening, Greg Nox had been lingering backstage, as he often did. He wasn't a comedian or even a performer. He was just... there. A wealthy man in his late thirties, with no need for a job, dressed in a crisp suit that cost more than most people's monthly rent, volunteering at a small Comedy Central venue in Miami. Well, volunteering is not really appropriate in this case. Not only was he not getting paid, but he had insisted on paying the venue a hefty sum to let him be there. To let him clean up, run errands, and hover awkwardly in the shadows, watching the young, confident comedians who took the stage night after night. It was a great way to spend time around straight gods, the object of his worship.

It was Josh Zayne who caught his attention that particular night. Eighteen years old, cocky as hell, and already oozing raw talent. Greg had seen him perform a couple of times before, and the submissive man simply couldn't get him out of his head. Josh was lean, handsome, with messy dark hair and a wicked grin that could charm anyone. His jokes were sharp, heavily laced with *homophobia*, and his delivery was flawless, hitting harder because of it. Every punchline felt like a jab, every smirk a reminder of his dominance. He was everything Greg wasn't, everything Greg venerated.

This time, though, the man wasn't just going to settle for a few *deferential* and servile phrases to get a demeaning reaction out of this boy, like he had done a million times before with the straight gods who had crossed his path. No, this was something he had been thinking about for a long, long time. Dreaming was actually a better word for it. Josh was simply perfect to turn his fantasy into reality and the thought of doing it for real was completely *electrifying*.

So when Josh walked backstage half an hour before his set began that night, Greg approached him hesitantly. "Hey, uh... I saw you a couple of weeks ago. You're phenomenal. Do you need anything? Water? A towel?"

Josh glanced at him, clearly not recognizing him. "Nah, I'm good, man. Thanks."

But Greg didn't walk away. He stood there, shifting his weight from foot to foot, until Josh finally looked at him again. "Uh... you okay?"

"I... I was wondering if you could do something for me," Greg blurted out, his voice barely above a whisper.

Josh raised an eyebrow. "Like what?"

"When you go on stage next... could you humiliate me? In front of everyone? I'll pay you. Two thousand."

Josh's eyes narrowed with amusement and puzzlement. "Man, what the fuck you talking about?" he sneered.

Greg knelt before the young man and said, "I'll send it to you right now. Please!"

Josh sauntered up to the mic, the spotlight catching his messy dark hair as he flashed a cocky grin at the rowdy crowd. "Yo, what's good, my guys?" he started, his voice dripping with that laid-back, young swagger. "Name's Josh, I'm 18, and honestly? My biggest flex is probably how much I love absolutely *wrecking* some chick's throat with this fire-ass schlong I'm packin'. Like, it's my main personality trait. Anyone else relate or nah?"

The audience erupted into cheers and laughter. It was the perfect opening considering the crowd. It was Spring Break and the only people there were a bunch of college boys at different stages of inebriation, hollering, guffawing and egging him on. Josh smirked, clearly basking in the chaos he was about to unleash. "Oh, and I guess I'm a comedian too," he added with a smirk, "From the one and only... uh, let's keep it real, my hometown is lowkey a dump. It's basically a gas station with a Walmart attached—you do NOT wanna visit that place, trust me. But hey, I glowed up and made it out, so here I am, ready to make you laugh—or piss you off. Either way, I win."

The crowd chuckled and whistled, fully hyped by Josh's unapologetic bravado, with a couple of drunk frat bros shouting, "*That's facts!*" Josh grinned his cocky demeanor perfectly in sync with the rowdy vibe in the room. He waited for the noise to die down, his smirk growing wider as he leaned into the mic.

"Alright, alright," Josh said, strutting across the stage like he owned it. "So, uh... yo, this is *legit* wild, here's what just happened backstage." He paused, letting the anticipation build as he scanned the crowd with a sly grin. "Some dude—like, full-on CEO vibes, suit, looks like he's flexing a yacht or some bougie shit—comes up to me and is like, 'Yo, I'll Venmo you two racks if you roast me on stage.' Two. Thousand. Dollars. Like, what the *actual* fuck? Can y'all even?"

The audience cracked up as the college boys cackled in disbelief. Josh smirked, soaking up the energy like it was his personal fuel. "Bro, I know. Dude's got more money than sense—or dignity." Everyone roared with laughter, and Josh felt a rush of adrenaline. This was the perfect crowd to pull this off. "Turns out," he continued, pacing the stage with exaggerated nonchalance, "this guy's got... what's the word? A kink? Yeah, he's got a kink for being humiliated. He literally paid me to call him an inferior faggot in front of all you fine folks."

The crowd howled with laughter again, cheering Josh on. He glanced offstage and saw Greg standing there, his face bright red but his eyes wide with excitement.

“Get him up here!” someone shouted from the crowd.

“Yeah, bring him out!” another voice joined in.

Josh grinned, his eyes gleaming with mischief as he gestured dramatically toward Greg. “Alright, ladies and –well, let’s keep it a buck, it’s just the boys in here tonight, right?” Josh said. He scanned the hundred or so college dudes, who were already hyped and hollering back at him. “No cap, this is the straightest vibe I’ve ever seen, *fuck yeah!* Like, where’s the diversity? Oh wait, that’s coming in hot in a second, trust me.” He chuckled, then leaned into the mic, his voice full of mock formality. “But I digress. Allow me to introduce you all to a very special guest. Let’s give it up for the biggest simp in Miami, guys! Greg the Inferior Faggot!”

The room exploded into cheers, laughter, and whoops of excitement, clearly loving Josh’s brazen delivery. Greg hesitated for a moment offstage, his face beet red but his heart pounding with a mix of fear and exhilaration. Josh waved him forward impatiently. “Come on, Greg, don’t keep your adoring fans waiting! Get your fag ass out here and take your place center stage!”

The crowd went wild as soon as he walked onstage, shouting and laughing as they took in the sight of this well-dressed thirty-something man standing awkwardly under the spotlight.

“Alright,” Josh said, turning to Greg. “So, uh... tell us again why you’re here?”

Greg cleared his throat, his voice shaky but loud enough for the mic to pick up. “Because... because I’m an inferior faggot. And I worship straight gods like you.”

The college dudes lost it and Josh couldn’t help but laugh too. “Yo, y’all hear that?” he said with sarcastic disbelief as he gestured dramatically toward Greg. “This dude—this fancy-ass suit-wearing fag—just said he worships me! Like, me! An 18-year-old kid who’d probably be out there skullfucking his daughter right now if this loser even had one. Bro, what kind of pathetic loser energy is that?!”

The audience roared even louder, some of them doubling over in hysterics while others shouted insults at Greg. Josh shook his head, his grin widening as he milked the moment for all it was worth. “Yo, bros, I’m still tripping off this! Like, this dude—this actual faggot—paid me two grand to roast his ass on stage! Two stacks! Bro, for something I normally do to guys like him for *free*! Am I right?” He paused, letting the crowd react, and they erupted into cheers and laughter. “Pathetic,” the boy repeated.

“I mean, for real, Greg? You could’ve just rolled up to me and been like, ‘Yo Josh, pretty please, call me a faggot,’ and I would’ve done it on the spot—shit, I would’ve slapped you around a little while I was at it. But nah, bro, you had to fucking pay me for it.” The crowd was losing it, howling with laughter as Josh strutted across the stage, his voice filled to the brim with that brash, I-can’t-believe-this-shit energy. “You’re legit setting the bar for fags everywhere so fucking low, it’s *basically underground* at this point.” He shook his head, smirking as he turned back to Greg, his tone mockingly pitiful.

Greg stood there, his face burning with humiliation but his heart racing with euphoria. The laughter, the jeers, the way Josh looked at him like he was nothing—it was exactly what he’d paid for—and this butch, rowdy, clearly fag-hating crowd couldn’t get enough of it. Everything was absolutely perfect.

“Alright,” Josh said, turning back to the crowd. “let’s get this fag show on the road, what do you guys say?”

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Josh leaned back against the mic stand, his smirk widening as he looked Greg up and down. The crowd was still buzzing from the fag's confession, their laughter echoing through the venue. Josh tapped the mic, the sound sharp and commanding. "So, Greg here thinks he's inferior to us. And honestly? Dude's not wrong." Josh paused, his grin practically dripping with cocky charm as the crowd snickered. "I mean, let's be real, all faggots are just naturally inferior, right? Like, science says it or some shit. You can't argue with facts." The laughter got rowdier and Josh soaked it in like the spotlight was his birthright. "But yo, let's test how inferior! I'm dying to see just how much of a pathetic little loser this freak really is, you feel me?"

Greg smiled adoringly at Josh, his face flushed with a mix of humiliation and twisted pleasure as the audience roared their approval. "Yes, please," he whispered, his voice trembling with eager submission.

Josh whipped his head around, his smirk twisting into an evil grin as he shot Greg a dismissive look. "I wasn't talking to you, faggot, I was talking to the actual

men in here.” He paused, letting the crowd eat it up, then added with a sharp laugh, “But hey, love the energy, loser! Keep that desperation coming, it’s fuckin’ hilarious.”

The audience erupted into chaos, fists pounding tables and voices shouting their approval. Someone yelled, “He’s actually loving it!” while another laughed so hard they nearly fell out of their chair.

Josh shook his head amused. He turned to them, grinning. “Well, boys, first things first! Should we strip this loser down and see what he’s hiding under that fancy suit?”

The roar of approval was unanimous, voices shouting things like “Do it!” and “Take it off!”

Greg’s knees nearly gave out as the weight of Josh’s suggestion hit him like a sledgehammer. *Did he really just say that?* It was a fantasy Greg had replayed in his mind countless times—shameful, humiliating, and perfect. His heart hammered in his chest, a chaotic mix of disbelief, excitement, and a jolt of raw, electric arousal. He felt dizzy, the room spinning as he stood there, trembling. *This is actually happening. This has always been my dream.* The thought alone sent a shiver down his spine, his body betraying him with a rush of heat that made his face burn. He was terrified, yes, but mostly he was desperate—desperate for Josh to follow through, to strip him bare, to make his fantasy a reality right there in front of that kind of merciless crowd.

Josh leaned in closer to Greg, his voice full of teenage swagger. "Alright, fag, let's make this fun," he said, his smirk practically splitting his face. "Here's how it's gonna go: every time you strip off a piece of that expensive-ass suit, you're gonna tell these kings one reason why straight guys like us are gods to you. And if your reason sucks—" he paused for effect, leaning in even closer, "—I get to slap that faggy face of yours into next week. Sound good?"

Josh raised his hand, fingers twitching as if he were already itching to smack the humiliation even deeper into Greg's soul. The audience erupted into cheers, fists pounding tables and voices shouting their approval. "Do it!" "Hell yeah!" "Let's see him squirm!"

Greg swallowed hard, his throat dry as he nodded frantically. "Yes, Josh," he said, his voice barely audible over the roaring audience.

Josh's tone was commanding. "First up, the tie. Take it off, Greg, and give us your first reason."

Greg's trembling fingers fumbled with the silk tie, the material slipping between them as he struggled to undo the knot. Finally, he pulled it free and held it limply in his hand. "Because... because straight boys are... stronger," he stammered, his voice shaky.

Josh arched an eyebrow, feigning thoughtfulness. "Hmm. Stronger, huh? Weak-ass answer, Greg." Before

the fag could react, Josh's hand snapped out, delivering a sharp slap across his cheek. The sound was loud and crisp, drawing cheers and cackles from the college boys. Greg winced, his face reddening from the sting, but instead of cowering, he looked up at Josh with wide eyes and a trembling voice.

"Thank you, Josh" Greg whispered, his tone dripping with eager submission.

The room exploded into chaos, everybody lost control. "That's what he gets!" someone shouted, while another yelled, "Slap him again!"

"Looks like the fag's *loving* it," Josh said, cackling like a hyena. "Can you believe this shit?" he managed to choke out between fits of laughter, turning to the college boys who roared back in response. He straightened up, still grinning like a madman, and looked at Greg "You're welcome, faggot! Next," Josh said "The shirt. Let's hear a better reason this time."

Greg's hands shook as he unbuttoned his dress shirt, each button feeling like a Herculean task under the weight of the boys' jeers. Finally, he slipped the shirt off his shoulders, his pale chest now exposed to the raucous audience. He took a shuddering breath and stammered, "Because... because straight boys are more confident."

Josh tapped his chin, pretending to consider this. "Confident, huh? I mean, *duh*," he said with a smirk,

before delivering another sharp slap across Greg's face. The sound echoed through the venue, and the room, predictably, went wild again. "Still fucking lame. Try again after the pants."

Greg's cheek burned from the slap, but instead of cowering, he turned to Josh with an expression that bordered on reverence. His voice quivered as he spoke, even more submissive than before.

"Thank you, sir," Greg said loudly, his eyes wide and pleading. "Thank you for putting me in my place."

The room lost it once again, their voices shouting in frenzied approval. Josh couldn't help himself—he doubled over, laughing so hard he thought he might collapse. When he finally straightened up his cheeks were flushed with amusement. His cocky voice crackled through the speakers. "Yo, did y'all just hear that? This old-ass faggot called me 'sir'! *What the actual fuck?!*"

Everyone went absolutely wild. Josh grinned like he'd just won the lottery, pointing at Greg with that signature smirk plastered across his face. "But hey, I totally get it. When you're a straight god like me—his words, not mine—what's a faggot like him supposed to do? Worship the ground I walk on, right? What else is he good for?"

The audience roared even louder. Josh stood there, basking in the chaos, looking every bit the arrogant

king of the stage he knew he was. He looked at Greg like he was the punchline of the world's funniest joke. "Isn't that right, Greg?" he teased, condescending as hell.

Greg nodded weakly, his face flushed but his eyes glistening with gratitude. "Yes, sir," he whispered, trembling. "Thank you, sir."

"You're welcome, faggot," Josh said, leaning back with a smirk. "Now get those pants off and make it good."

Greg's humiliation deepened as he unbuckled his belt and slid his trousers down awkwardly, stepping out of them with shaky legs. He stood there in his boxers and socks, his body trembling under the crowd's piercing gaze. "Because... because straight boys are more... more desirable," he stammered, his voice amplified by the mic.

Josh burst out laughing, his shoulders shaking as he pointed at Greg with mock disbelief. "Desirable? That's not even a reason, Greg!" He delivered another slap, this one so hard Greg staggered slightly, his face turning crimson. The audience roared with delight, some chanting, "Again! Again!"

Josh turned to the audience, still chuckling. "Yo, you guys see this shit? I don't even think this fag's trying to give a decent reason at this point. Pretty sure he's just

soaking it up 'cause a straight boy is slapping the shit out of him!”

The room exploded again, the college boys cackling like wild hyenas. A few shouted, “He’s loving it!” and “Slap him harder!” while others doubled over, clutching their sides. Josh grinned, clearly enjoying the moment, and looked back at Greg with a raised eyebrow.

“What do you say, faggot?” Josh sneered, leaning in closer so the mic amplified every word. The College dudes held their breath, waiting for Greg’s response.

“Thank you, sir,” Greg shouted, his voice trembling but laced with complete submission. “Thank you for putting me in my place, sir.”

“That’s a good faggot!” Josh shook his head, chuckling almost in disbelief. “Yo, this dude’s got the masochistic gene hardwired into him or some shit—like, it’s embedded in his DNA! Pathetic much?” he shouted to his straight peers, who roared back in unison, some of them standing up as they cheered and jeered.

Josh’s grin was wild, almost unhinged, as he turned to Greg and pointed with exaggerated authority. “My pleasure, faggot,” he sneered, his amused voice echoing through the venue. The room erupted into a fresh wave of chaos.

Shaking his head in disbelief, Josh laughed. “You know what, folks? I just got a fire idea! This fag right here? He should be teaching a damn class. Let’s call it... *Faggot 101: How to Know Your Place and Serve Straight Boys Properly.*”

The laughter was deafening. Josh grinned, soaking it all in before continuing. “Nah, for real though, think about it, bros. Wouldn’t it save us so much time if these fags learned this kinda shit in, like, junior high? Walk in, bow down, and get to work—doin’ our chores, our homework, whatever. That’s literally all they’re good for anyway, right?”

The audience roared again, voices blending into a cacophony of approval. Josh’s unfaltering grin widened as he turned back to Greg, who stood there trembling in his boxers, his face flushed with humiliation but clearly loving every second of it.

“So there you go, faggot,” Josh sneered, his teenage bravado on full display as he pointed at Greg like he was some kind of prized zoo animal. “Now you’ve got your next mission. Go show these losers how to actually be useful for once in their sad little lives.”

Greg nodded enthusiastically, his voice shaking like a leaf as he stammered, “Y-yes, sir. Th-thank you, sir.”

Josh let out a loud, obnoxious laugh, shaking his head like he couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “Dude, you’re on another level. Like, seriously, you’re

practically the poster boy for your kind. Maybe you should even start a podcast or something—call it something like *Straight Worship Weekly*! Anything goes as long as it's spreading the message. Letting every faggot out there know their place. It's, like, a public service, y'know? You'd be teaching 'em the rules of the world: straight boys are *gods*, and faggots? They're just here to worship us and do whatever the hell we say. Simple as that."

Greg nodded so fast it looked like his head might fall off, his voice, heavy with loving submission barely audible over the rowdy college boys. "Y-yes, sir," he stammered "I-I'll do whatever you say, sir."

"Oh, I'll definitely keep you to that, fag, believe that shit!" Josh sneered, drawing out the words like he was savoring every syllable.

The chaos went absolutely feral, their jeering and cheers bouncing off the walls. Josh held up a hand, trying to calm them down but failing spectacularly. "Alright, alright, shut up for a sec!" he shouted over the chaos "Let's keep this show moving. Don't know 'bout you, but I wanna hear one more reason why we're superior to faggots."

As the audience laughed again, a young guy from the organization hurried onto the stage and leaned in close to Josh, whispering something in his ear. Josh's smirk widened as he listened, and he turned back to his audience.

“Yo, yo, yo!” Josh hollered, his voice crackling with that brash energy that had the crowd hanging on his every word. “Bros, you’re not gonna believe this shit—” He paused for effect, letting the tension build like he was teasing the punchline of a joke. “The next act just bailed. Got stuck in traffic or some weak excuse like that. So guess what that means?” He spread his arms wide, grinning like he’d just scored the winning touchdown. “We got 20 more minutes to roast this faggot into oblivion! Let’s go!”

Everyone went wild, like they’d just been handed front-row tickets to the Super Bowl. Some of the college boys jumped out of their seats, chanting, "Keep going! Keep going!" The energy in the room was electric. Josh’s smirk was practically glowing under the stage lights.

“Greg, you lucky motherfucker—you get to be my personal punching bag for the next 20 minutes. How’s that sound?” he taunted.

Greg’s face turned beet red, but he still managed to stammer out, “T-thank you, sir. I-I’m honored to serve,” his voice trembling like a leaf in a hurricane.

Josh chuckled, his voice low and mocking but laced with pure giddiness. “Alright, faggot,” he said, sneering. “Let’s make these next 20 minutes unfucking-forgettable. You ready to get destroyed?”

Greg nodded weakly, his whole body trembling but his eyes wide with this weird mix of humiliation and adoration. "Y-yes, sir!"

"Good! Go on then! You're up! Drop another reason why straight boys are gods, and then it's time to lose the boxers." He mocked "And listen up, fag—this time, make it good. Like, actually put some effort into it. You're already a walking joke, so at least try to do one thing right in your pathetic-ass life, yeah?"

The room exploded again, their cheers and jeers blending into a chaotic symphony of delight as they eagerly awaited Greg's next humiliation. But no one was as giddy as Greg. He stood there trembling in his boxers, his face flushed, but he swallowed hard and mustered the most humiliating admission he could think of. "Be... because straight boys are the real men," he stammered, his voice quivering. "And I'm just a worthless faggot who deserves to be laughed at and slapped around by them."

More and more laughter thundering through the venue. "That's what I'm talking about!" Josh shouted into the mic. "You hear that, folks? This guy knows he's just a waste of space compared to us!" Everyone roared even louder, their fists slamming on tables.

But then Josh's smirk widened as he looked back at Greg. "You know what? That was almost a decent reason. But guess what? I'mma slap this fag anyway—just 'cause it's fucking hilarious. Y'all cool with that?"

He raised his hand dramatically, letting the anticipation build.

The college boys lost it completely, chanting "Slap him! Slap him!" as Josh delivered another sharp, stinging slap across Greg's cheek. The sound echoed through the speakers, and Greg stumbled slightly, his face so red now he looked like a strawberry. But once again, he looked up at Josh with wide, adoring eyes and repeated, "Thank you, sir. Thank you for putting me in my place."

Josh chuckled again. "This fucking fag's unreal!" The crowd was in hysterics, some of them wiping tears from their eyes as they howled with delight.

"Alright, alright," Josh said once he caught his breath, pointing at Greg with mock authority. "Time to lose the boxers, faggot. Let's see what you got."

Finally, Greg thought, his heart racing with a twisted mix of anticipation and excitement. This was the moment he had been waiting for since Josh first declared he'd have to strip—the ultimate humiliation. His hands trembled as he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his boxers, achingly aware of how hard he was right now. He had never felt this insanely horny in his entire life.

Josh, however, wasn't about to let him draw it out. "Now!" Josh barked, his voice cutting through the tension like a whip. Greg didn't even think—he just

yanked the boxers down, stepping out of them awkwardly, his face burning but his body betraying just how much he was loving every second of this.

The room fell silent for a split second as Greg's tiny, shamefully small dick was revealed to the audience. Then the silence shattered as everyone lost it. "Look at that thing!" someone shouted, while another guy yelled, "Is that even a dick?" Greg? He couldn't have been happier.

Josh was laughing so hard he could barely stand, clutching the mic stand for support as he tried to speak but could only manage choked gasps of laughter. Finally, he leaned into the mic, barely able to get the words out. "Oh my fucking God, Greg! I thought you were a loser before, but this? This is fucking beyond!"

The whole room was in absolute chaos, some standing up and pointing at Greg as they cackled. Greg stood there, completely naked except for his socks, his face burning with humiliation but his eyes still filled with that twisted sense of happy, blissful submission. He was living his fantasy. It felt so insanely good it was dangerously addictive.

Josh, still cracking up, shook his head at Greg like he was the saddest thing he'd ever seen. "Bro, I don't even know where to start with you. Like, what is this? You're on a whole new level of pathetic." His smirk stretched wider "Yo, folks, I think we've officially found the world's smallest dick! I mean—is that thing

even real? Or did you just glue a Tic Tac down there for fun or somethin’?” Uncontrollable laughter filled the room, some of them pointing and hollering and guffawing.

“Wait, wait—I got one!” Josh said, pretending to stroke his chin like he was coming up with some genius-level joke. “What do you call a dick that small? A clit!” The room went wild, voices shouting so loud it felt like the walls were shaking. “Seriously, Greg, I’m surprised you can even find that thing to piss! Do you need, like, a magnifying glass or what? Maybe a GPS?”

Someone in the back hollered, “Maybe it’s just shy!” and everyone lost it all over again. Josh nodded with that smug-ass grin plastered on his face. “Yeah, shy—or maybe it’s just ashamed to be attached to a faggot like this!” He pointed at Greg like he was some kind of science experiment gone wrong, and the audience howled like it was the funniest thing they’d ever seen.

Greg’s face burned with humiliation, but he didn’t dare look away from Josh. The straight boy’s cruelty only seemed to deepen his twisted sense of submission. “Thank you, sir,” he whispered, his voice trembling. “And the thing is that I am so hard right now! I’ve never been this hard in my life, Sir!”

Josh’s eyes widened for a second before he doubled over. “Holy shit, faggot! Are you serious? You’re telling me that thing is actually hard right now?!” He pointed at Greg’s barely-there erection, his voice dripping with

disbelief and mockery. “Wait, wait—how big is that thing, Greg? Like, give us the digits. Don’t be shy, faggot. We’re all dying to know.”

The boys started pounding the tables with their fists as they chanted, “Measure it! Measure it!”

Greg’s face burned even hotter, but he stammered out, “T-two inches, sir. No, actually, almost... almost two inches when I’m hard.” His voice wavered, but there was a perverse pride in his admission, like he was finally revealing his deepest shame and loving every second of it.

The room exploded. Someone shouted, “That’s just fucking sad!” while another guy doubled over, cackling so hard he could barely breathe.

Josh shook his head in disbelief, his grin practically eating up the stage. “Less than two fucking inches? Bro, that’s not a dick—that’s a thumb! A fucking stub!” He paused for effect, letting the laughter build before adding, “Like, seriously, bitch, I was bigger than that when I was, like, five and I couldn’t even get hard yet! Talk about pathetic!”

The chaos was abnormal, everybody cackling as they pointed and jeered at the pathetic fag. “Greg, how do you even jerk off? You need tweezers or somethin’? A microscope? Or do you just sit there and pray it grows, like a faggot version of Pinocchio?”

Greg stood there, his face beet red, but his tiny dick stayed stubbornly hard, betraying just how much he was loving every second of this.

Josh's smirk practically ate up the stage as he looked down at Greg's pathetic excuse for an erection. "Yo, Greg, real talk—what the fuck is even going on right now? Are you seriously hard because I'm up here roasting your sad little dick to shreds? Or are you just that fucking desperate for attention from a straight guy like me?" He paused, letting everyone howl with laughter before leaning in closer. "Either way, bro, it's so cringe. Like, seriously. You're out here with a two-inch boner... oops, sorry, almost two-inch boner and I'm just chilling, having the best night of my life. And you fucking paid me for it! This shit's gold."

The audience cracked up, shouting their approval. Greg just stood there, trembling and exposed, his tiny dick betraying just how much he was living for every second of this humiliation.

"Thank you, sir," Greg whispered, his voice barely audible over the chaos.

Josh shook his head, chuckling. "Oh, you're welcome, faggot. Always happy to put your kind in your place."

Someone suddenly shouted, "He's not just a fag, he's a micro-fag!" and the room exploded again.

Josh nodded, pretending to consider it. "Micro-fag... I like it. That's officially what we're calling you from now on, Greg." He turned to the sea of college boys, his smirk widening. "Let's give it up for Greg, the micro-fag!"

The boys went crazy, as they chanted, "Mi-cro! Mi-cro!" Greg stood there, completely naked except for his socks, his face burning with humiliation but his eyes wide with adoration.

"Thank you, sir," he whispered, his voice trembling with gratitude. "Thank you for pointing out how pathetic my tiny dick is."

Josh laughed again and stepped closer. His hand snapped out with a sharp, stinging slap that echoed through the venue, leaving Greg's cheek red and throbbing. The crowd obviously went with it "No fucking problem, bitch," Josh sneered. "But don't worry, loser, we're just getting started."

Greg stumbled slightly from the force of the slap, but his face lit up with a mix of gratitude and twisted pleasure. "Thank you, sir," he whispered, his voice trembling. He looked up at Josh with wide, adoring eyes, his tiny dick still embarrassingly hard. "I-I can't wait for more."

3

Josh paused, a sly grin spreading across his face as if he'd just remembered something. "Oh, fuck, I almost forgot to tell you guys the best part," he said, leaning into the mic, his voice dripping with amusement. "So I told you that before we even got out here, Micro-fag here—oh, let me do it justice—got on his knees backstage and starts talking in this whiny, desperate little voice. Like..." He shifted his tone into a high-pitched, trembling imitation. "P-please, Josh, I'll pay you 2k! Humiliate me in front of everyone! Make me the punchline of the show! I'm just an inferior faggot who worships straight gods like you!"

The crowd howled with delight, the noise echoing through the room. Josh smirked, dropping the imitation and settling back into his cocky demeanor. "Like, full-on groveling, right? But then, get this—the second I say 'yes,' he throws in an extra \$500 just for good measure. Talk about a fucking bonus."

He leaned back, arms crossed, letting the rowdy drunken boys soak it all in. "But hey, like I said, who am I to turn down free cash? If he wants to pay me to

humiliate him, I'm not about to say no. Honestly, I should've charged more. Next time, maybe I'll set up a bidding war—see who's willing to shell out the most to get roasted by yours truly.”

The audience was in stitches, tears streaming down faces as they tried to catch their breath. Josh just stood there, basking in the chaos he'd created, that same cocky grin plastered across his face. Suddenly, his phone buzzed in his pocket, cutting through the fading laughter. He frowned slightly as he pulled it out, glancing at the screen, and his eyes widened in disbelief.

Josh glanced over at Greg, who was still standing a few feet away, completely naked, his pathetic 2-inch erection on full display and his phone clutched in his trembling hand. The sight was so absurd that Josh couldn't help but burst out laughing, the sound ricocheting through the mic and into the crowd.

“Oh, you've got to be fucking kidding me,” he said, holding up his own phone like it was some kind of trophy. He turned to the audience, his grin widening impossibly further. “This fucking loser just sent me another grand! Like, what the fuck? I thought we were done here!”

Everyone guffawed, their eyes darting between Josh and Greg, who stood there, red-faced and trembling, as if he couldn't believe he was really doing this. Josh

shook his head in mock disbelief, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "I mean, is this for real?" Josh paused, glancing down at his phone with a raised brow before smirking at the crowd. "Alright, faggot, since you're so eager to throw your money at me, why don't you explain yourself? Tell these fine people why you just sent me another 1000 bucks. I'm sure they'd love to hear it."

The crowd cheered, egging him on, as Greg didn't even try to cover his pathetic junk. He looked like a deer in headlights, his face burning crimson as he nervously approached the mic. Josh handed it to him with a mocking flourish, stepping back to let the spotlight do its work.

Greg cleared his throat, his voice trembling and barely audible as he clutched the mic like a lifeline. "Um... I just... I wanted to say thank you, Josh. For... for everything. Like I said you're perfection, to me... The perfect straight god, and I'm just... nothing. Just an inferior faggot who doesn't deserve to even breathe the same air as you. So... I sent the money because... because I wanted to show how much I worship you. Like, I'd do anything for you. Anything. I swear! And... and I also want to thank you for humiliating me so perfectly tonight. You're just so good at it—the way you make me feel so small and worthless, like I don't even matter. It's... it's exactly what I need. Please! Please keep doing it..."

The room exploded into jeers and laughter, some yelling things like "What a freak!" and "Fucking homo!" Greg winced but stayed put, his eyes flicking to Josh for approval, desperate for even a scrap of acknowledgment.

Josh smirked, his eyes gleaming with amusement as he shook his head. "Damn, Greg," Josh said, his voice oozing with that signature cocky confidence, "you're seriously on another level, dude. I mean, I've seen some desperate fags before, but you? Shit, you're not just a loser—you're fucking beyond. If being a pathetic fag was some kind of Olympic sport, bro, you'd be out here taking home the gold. Like, no contest. You're in a league of your own, man."

Josh paused for effect, letting the words hang in the air as the crowd cheered and laughed. He smirked, clearly enjoying every second of Greg's humiliation, and leaned back like he was on top of the world.

"Alright, Greg, lemme spell it out for ya," Josh said, with that shit-eating grin plastered across his face. "You're fucking welcome, faggot. Hear me? I'm not just doing this for the cash—though, yeah, that's a sweet bonus. Nah, I'm doing it 'cause this shit is fucking hilarious. Like, I'm having the time of my life up here, and so are they, am I right?" Everybody shouted their approval. "See, we're all laughing our balls at you, faggot, and trust me, I'm nowhere near done. You think this is bad? Oh, you haven't seen shit yet. By the

time I'm finished with you, you'll be ready to explode—if your little clitty can even manage that.” The young comedian was on a roll “Seriously, though, does that thing even function? Like, does it actually squirt cum, or is it just... what... a pathetic little pussy juice dribble? Bet it's about as disappointing as your existence, huh?. You probably have to jack it for, like, hours just to get one tear drop of whatever-the-fuck comes out of it. I mean, let's be honest, it's probably not even enough to fill a thimble. Hell, I'd be surprised if it could even wet the tip of my pinky. Fuck man, it's probably just pre-cum with no payoff—like your entire life.” Josh paused his tirade, smirking as the audience howled with laughter, their jeers drowning out any possible dignity Greg might've had left. "You're literally the human version of a participation trophy: no one asks for you, no one wants you, and no one's ever gonna take you seriously. Not even your own pathetic dick."

The crowd was totally losing their shit. Josh stood there, confident and unbothered, soaking in the attention like he was born for it. "So yeah, Greg, keep the cash coming. Because as long as you're willing to pay, I'm willing to make your life a living fucking nightmare. Deal?"

Greg nodded eagerly, his voice trembling as he added, "I'll send more, Josh. Anything you want. Just... please keep letting me be part of your life. Even if it's just like this. Please."

Josh shook his head, grinning wider than ever. "Alright, Greg," he said, addressing the backstage area with mock solemnity, "you officially win the title of 'Biggest loser on the fucking planet.' Congrats, faggot."

The audience howled with laughter, some even stomping their feet in delight. Josh held up a hand, silencing the room with that signature cocky smirk of his. "Alright, lemme ask y'all something," he drawled, leaning into the mic like he was about to drop the most important question of the night. "So this micro-dick fag over here says he wants to be, like, part of my life or some shit. Should I keep him around as my personal cash cow? I mean, yeah, he's a total loser and all that, but I totally need the fucking cash. What do you think? Keep milking this pathetic fucker dry? Let me hear it!"

The crowd erupted, with guys shouting, "Hell yeah!" and others just laughing their asses off. Josh grinned, nodding like he was actually weighing their opinions. "I'm legit thinking about it, though," he added, scratching his chin like he was deep in thought. "Been sleeping in my car for the last two months—yeah, tough life, I know. But hey, this time I might finally get my shit together."

Josh held up his cracked phone, showing it off to the audience like it was some kind of artifact. "Check this out," he said, shaking it like it was on its last leg. "This piece of garbage's been hanging on for dear life for

weeks now. But guess what? If Greg keeps it up, I'm upgrading to the iPhone 16 Pro Max, baby! Top-tier shit!"

The crowd went wild, some guys yelling stuff like "Go for the gold one!" or "Make him pay for AppleCare too!" Josh smirked, tossing the phone in the air and catching it with one hand like he was some kind of cool-ass magician. "Oh, don't worry, I'm planning on milking this dumbass for everything he's got. Greg's basically my ATM now, aren't you, faggot?"

He shot a glance over at Greg, who was still standing there. The audience howled as the fag nodded furiously, his face beet red. "Y-yes, Josh! Whatever you want!"

Josh chuckled, shaking his head in mock disbelief. "Fucking love this shit. Alright, Greg, since you're such a good little piggy bank, I'll make sure to keep you around, happy?"

Greg nodded eagerly, his face flushed and his hands trembling as he shouted "Thank you, Josh!" his voice cracking with manic gratitude. "Thank you for letting me be your personal ATM! I'll send more—anything you want! Please, just keep me around!" The crowd cracked up, their laughter, jeers and mockery only fueling Greg's desperate enthusiasm as he stood there, naked and humiliated, basking in Josh's cruel approval.

Josh pocketed his shitty phone, still shaking his head in amused disbelief. "This is too fucking easy, guys!" he said to the audience then "Alright, alright," he said, waving a hand as the laughter started to die down. "Listen, I know you're all loving this queer's pathetic little show, but let's not forget who's the real star here. I don't let faggots upstage me—ever. In fact, I make them part of the act."

The crowd leaned in, intrigued, as Josh smirked. "Speaking of, you wanna hear something pretty fucking sick? When I was in high school, there was this fag—total loser—who was so fucking obsessed with me. Like, he'd follow me around like a lost puppy, always trying to do shit for me. Homework, chores, you name it—he was my personal bitch. And honestly, why not? That's what fags are for, right? So I just let him. Free labor, free attention, free everything."

The audience lost it again, some guys already leaning forward, hanging on his every word.

"But here's the kicker," Josh continued, his grin widening. "One day, I'm getting ready to do a set at this little talent show, and this fag's backstage, practically drooling over me like usual. So, I look at him and say, 'Hey, you wanna be part of the act?' And of course, he's nodding like a fucking bobblehead, begging me to let him. So I tell him, as a joke, 'Get on all fours and let me stand on you while I do my set.' And you know what this pathetic fuck does? He does it."

Without hesitation. Just drops down on all fours like a good little fag and lets me use his back as a fucking stool. Literally stood on him while I roasted the entire audience.”

The room cracked up, some guys howling so hard they nearly fell out of their seats. Josh shrugged casually, basking in the chaos. “And the best part? He didn’t complain, didn’t whine—just stayed there, taking it like the inferior little faggot he was. Honestly, it was one of my best sets ever. Guess I should’ve charged him for that too, huh?”

The laughter roared on, louder than before, as Josh shook his head, still smirking. “But hey, that’s just Josh being Josh. Fags are like bonus material—extra laughs, extra cash, extra fun. Speaking of which,” he added with a mischievous glint in his eye, “if anyone here has a fag cousin or some pathetic classmate who’s dying to get humiliated for the right price, hit me up after the show. I take Venmo. Seriously, I’m not picky—long as the cash clears, I’ll turn your little fag into tonight’s entertainment.” He paused, grinning as the crowd erupted into fresh waves of laughter and jeers. “Alright, enough about that. Let’s get back to the real comedy.”

4

Josh leaned back on the mic stand, his smirk widening as the audience's laughter began to fade. His eyes swept across the crowd, taking in the sea of eager, straight college boys who were still buzzing from his last joke. He turned slightly toward Greg, who stood awkwardly beside him, shifting his weight nervously, hands fidgeting at his sides, stark naked, his pitiful, subhuman dicklet for everyone to mock. Greg's face was flushed, his eyes darting between Josh and the audience, a mix of anticipation and nervous energy radiating off him.

Josh took a step closer to Greg, his smirk twisting into a mischievous grin. "You know what," he said, his voice full of playful malice, "I think I just got a sick idea for a fun little game." The room erupted into cheers. Greg's face lit up, his submissive eagerness practically palpable as he straightened up slightly, trying to appear presentable under Josh's gaze.

The audience leaned forward, captivated by Josh's words, their anticipation crackling in the air. "You're

gonna love this, faggot,” Josh taunted, his voice slick with mockery. “And so will everybody else.”

“Thank you, sir!” Greg gushed, his voice trembling with gratitude. Josh chuckled. “Oh, don’t thank me yet, faggot. You’re about to get exactly what you asked for—and then some.” The audience roared with cheers, fists pumping in the air like they were at a championship game.

“Let’s call it First Fag, First Tale,” Josh announced. “A game where real men step up and share their most savage stories of how they owned their first faggot. And this sad sack right here?” He jerked a thumb at Greg, smirking. “He’s gonna be our living, breathing example of what happens when you’re born a total sissy. He’s gonna take every word, every laugh, and every bit of humiliation like the desperate little bitch he is. And he’s gonna love it. Meanwhile, we’re all gonna laugh our asses off and have the time of our lives. What do you guys say?”

The audience exploded into raucous laughter, fists pounding tables and howls of approval filling the room. Greg’s knees wobbled slightly, but he stayed upright, his submissive smile plastered on his face as he braced himself for the onslaught.

“I’ll take that as a yes! Alright, listen up, bros,” Josh said, his eighteen-year-old swagger in full display. “Here’s how this is gonna go down. Micro-fag, here, is

gonna lie down on his back, spread his legs wide like the desperate little bitch he is, and show off his useless stub for all of us to laugh at. Then, we're gonna bring up five of you... let's call you uhm... Uuuuh, got it: straight legends," the crowd went wild again with approval. "Yeah, I'm talking straight-up alphas, the kind of guys who make faggots like Greg piss themselves just by walking into a room." Everyone roared, fists pumping in the air like they were at a frat party.

Josh's grin widened. "So anyways, the straight legends are gonna come up here, one by one, and stomp all over this piece of shit. We're starting with his balls because, let's be real, faggots don't need 'em anyway, right?" The audience howled, some doubling over in their seats. "Crush those nuts into paste, boys! And then, keep stepping—right onto his chest like he's your personal fucking doormat."

Greg stood there, his nerves jangling like a fire alarm as Josh laid out the humiliating rules of the game. His heart pounded in his chest, a chaotic mix of terror and exhilaration coursing through him. The idea of having his balls crushed by five strapping, alpha college boys sent shivers down his spine. He could already feel the phantom weight of their shoes pressing down on his most sensitive area, the pain mingling with the sick thrill of submission. His pathetic dicklet was trembling with anticipation.

This is what I live for, Greg thought, his hands trembling at his sides. His submissive smile still stretched across his face, but his eyes betrayed a flicker of genuine fear.

The audience was still cheering when Josh continued. "And then, when you're up there, first thing you're gonna do is wipe your feet—let's say, ten times—on this loser's chest. Make sure you really grind it in, ya know?" He paused, letting the boys roar in approval before continuing, his smirk practically splitting his face. "Then, you're gonna tell everyone exactly why faggots like Greg are subhuman trash. No holding back—be brutal."

Josh stepped back, pacing the stage like he owned it. "And then as the name suggests, bros," he said, pointing dramatically at Greg, who was trembling but still grinning like an idiot. "You're gonna tell us about the first time you ever owned a faggot. I wanna hear all the juicy details—how you broke them, how you made them crawl, how you showed 'em their place in the world. And don't fucking skimp on the deets—make it extra graphic, so we can all picture it like we were there."

The audience roared with laughter and excitement, fists pounding tables as they cheered for the added humiliation. Josh's tone was laced with mockery as he spoke into the mic. "I'll go first to show you how it's done," he said, his voice thick with arrogance.

Josh turned to Greg, his smirk twisting into a cruel grin as he snapped his fingers sharply and pointed to the floor. “Fag,” he barked, the single word filled to the brim with contempt. Instantly, Greg dropped to the floor, his legs spreading wide as he assumed the exact position Josh had described earlier. The crowd’s cackles echoed through the venue as they watched Greg’s eager obedience.

“Damn, faggot,” Josh drawled “You’re like a fucking Pavlovian dog. One snap and you’re already on your back with your clit out. That’s gotta be some kind of world record for pathetic.” The audience howled with laughter, fists pounding tables as they soaked up every humiliating moment.

Greg’s face burned with shame, but his submissive smile never wavered. “Thank you, sir!” he gushed, his voice trembling with gratitude. “I just want to be useful!”

Josh snorted “Useful? Nah, faggot, you’re not useful. You’re fucking entertainment. And trust me, by the time we’re done with you, everyone here’s gonna have an awesome story to tell their homies.”

The audience exploded as Josh stepped back, soaking in the chaos he’d created. Greg lay there, trembling with eagerness, his entire existence now

reduced to a punchline for the amusement of the people in front of him.

"Alright let's start," Josh paused for a moment, his sneakers hovering just inches above Greg's crotch. "First his balls," he said, bringing his foot down slowly, pressing his heel into Greg's balls with deliberate precision. Greg gasped, his face contorting in pain, but he didn't dare make a sound.

"You know what?" Josh quipped "I think I just found the world's tiniest speed bump." The crowd exploded into hysterical laughter, some of the college boys cheering so hard they nearly fell out of their seats. Josh chuckled, his eyes glittering with cruel amusement as he increased the pressure, just enough to make Greg whimper.

"Stay still, faggot," Josh taunted "You're supposed to be enjoying this, remember?" Greg nodded frantically, his hands clenched into fists at his sides as he tried to endure the pain.

With one final, cruel twist of his heel, Josh lifted his foot and stepped forward, crushing Greg's pelvis under his weight as he walked up the length of his body. The audience howled as Josh made his way to Greg's chest, finally stopping with both feet planted firmly on the faggot's ribcage.

“And now,” Josh said, grinning down at Greg, who was struggling to breathe under his weight, “I’m standing on the world’s most pathetic doormat. How’s that feel, faggot?”

“It feels so good, sir!” Greg gasped, his voice strained but filled with gratitude.

Josh’s smirk twisted into a predatory grin as he wiped the bottom of his sneakers roughly across Greg’s chest. The rubber soles scraped against the faggot’s skin, leaving faint streaks of dirt and humiliation in their wake. The crowd clearly loved it, their cheers deafening as Josh paused to inspect his handiwork.

“Damn,” Josh sneered, his voice slick with mockery. “Fag’s skin’s perfect for wiping the bottom of your shoes. It’s like you losers were made for it—just another one of nature’s little mistakes, huh?” The college boys went into hysterics as they ate up every word.

Greg’s chest heaved, his breath hitching as he tried to muster the words through his humiliation. “Thank you, sir! Thank you for letting me be your doormat!” he gushed, his voice trembling with gratitude. His hands clutched at the edge of the stage, his body shaking with submissive excitement as Josh continued to wipe his sneakers back and forth across his chest. The audience laughed loudly, their energy crackling like a live wire as they reveled in the spectacle.

“Alright, here’s the tea. My first faggot? Bro, there were so many,” Josh said, grinning like he’s about to drop the juiciest gossip. “Like, I started calling them fags back in junior high—standard issue, right? And yeah, I lumped up a few of ’em, but who hasn’t? It’s basically a rite of passage. Anyway, so I was, like, 14, and this absolute loser in my class kept giving me these creepy-ass stares. So one day, I’m chilling in the quad with the homies, and one of my boys dares me to take the fag’s lunch money. Easiest. Dare. Ever. So I stroll up to him, all casual, and I’m like, ‘Yo, fag, gimme your lunch money, now.’ And this little bitch? He doesn’t even try to fight back or negotiate—nah, he just hands it over and runs away. But here’s the kicker: the next morning, bro, he literally comes looking for me to give me more cash. Like, no cap, he sought me out to fork over his money. No questions, no nothing. Wild, right?”

The room erupted into wild cheers, some doubling over with laughter as Josh continued, his grin growing even more wicked.

“So, like, obviously that became a thing, bro,” Josh said. “Every single day, without fail, this little faggot would hunt me down just to hand over his lunch money. Like, no cap, he was obsessed. So I’m sittin’ there, thinking, ‘Damn, I gotta name this shit,’ and boom—fagtax. Pure genius, right? I’m just a freshman in high school, but I’m already out here playing CEO,

taxing losers just for breathing the same air as me. Straight up, I was running the fag economy.”

The room exploded again as Josh soaked up the attention. His grin widened, his eyes glittering with that cocky, teenage arrogance as he continued.

“Like, imagine being so pathetic you pay someone just to exist? That’s peak faggot behavior right there,” he added, his tone dripping with mockery. The audience howled, fists pounding tables as they reveled in Josh’s ruthless storytelling.

“So anyway, since it was the sickest name ever I told the fag to start calling it fagtax too. And bro, this loser? He actually does it. No joke. He’d come up to me every day, all timid and shit, and be like, ‘Here’s today’s fagtax, Josh,’ sounding like the biggest sissy you’ve ever heard. Like, bro, it was gold.” Josh mimicked the voice again, high-pitched and whiny, sending the crowd into hysterics.

“So obviously, I’m like, ‘Fuck it, let’s make this even funnier.’ I started jacking up the fagtax, bro. At first, it was just lunch money, but then I’m like, nah, let’s take this bitch to the next level. It went from a few bucks to, like, \$150 a week, easy. And this dumbass? He literally got a job cleaning toilets just to keep up. Can you imagine? Dude’s scrubbing shit stains just to pay me. Fucking wild.”

Josh paused, letting the audience howl with laughter before dropping the next bomb. “But here’s the kicker –after a year or so, this loser starts handing over his whole paycheck, bro. Like, every single fucking dime. No joke, I’d be chilling outside the bank every month while he was cashing his check, and he’d roll up and just give it to me. Didn’t even ask questions. Straight up acted like I owned him or some shit. Hilarious.”

He leaned back, smirking as he added, “Sometimes I’d make him count it out loud just to humiliate him even more. ‘One hundred dollars, Josh... two hundred dollars, Josh...’ Bro, it was the most pathetic thing I’ve ever seen. Peak loser vibes.” The boys roared as Josh soaked up the admiration, his cocky grin never wavering.

Greg’s face donned the same idiotic, adoring smile as he looked up at the 18 year-old boy who was making his wildest dream a cruel, humiliating and awesome reality. His whole body was trembling as he listened to Josh recount the story of his dominance. “

“Thank you, sir,” he mumbled, his voice muffled but full of gratitude. “Thank you for sharing the power you have over inferiors like me.”

Josh grinned “Yeah, well, that’s what happens when you’re born a faggot—you’re basically someone’s personal ATM. That loser? He totally deserved every second of it. Like I said, peak faggot behavior, no cap.”

“But don’t sweat it, fag,” Josh sneered “You’re my new ATM now. Like, talk about fag luck, right? You hit the jackpot—congrats!” He threw his hands up mockingly, earning another round of laughter from the audience.

“Yes, Sir! Thank you, Sir! I’ll be the best ATM ever, Sir!” Greg shouted, his voice trembling with desperate enthusiasm. The audience lost it as they soaked up every humiliating word.

Josh shook his head, chuckling again. “You better be, fag, or I’m just gonna replace you with another loser. Like, don’t think you’re special or anything.” The teasing, joking tone in his voice was clear but the fag took his words verbatim.

“I will, Sir! I’ll be the best, I swear!” Greg squealed, his voice desperate.

“That’s the spirit, fag!” Josh cackled, with that cocky, teenage arrogance.

The audience was laughing so hard, now. “Oh, and after you’re done using this bitch, you’re gonna spit right in his face—because, like, why the hell not?”, With the practiced ease of someone who’d done it a thousand times before, he gathered a thick glob of saliva in his mouth and let it drop, the spit landing with a wet splatter right across Greg’s faggot face. The

audience's cheers were deafening as Greg flinched but didn't dare wipe it away.

"There you go, fag," Josh sneered "A little something to remind you of your place." Greg's trembling lips parted slightly, his tongue darting out to taste the humiliation as the saliva dripped down his cheeks.

"Mmm... thank you, sir!" Greg gushed, his voice quivering with gratitude "Thank you for marking me!". He tilted his head back further, his eyes glistening with submissive adoration as he savored every degrading second. The college boys chanted and jeered as they reveled in the spectacle.

Josh chuckled, shaking his head in mock disbelief. "You're one sick little bitch, you know that?" he said, his tone thick with mockery. He wiped the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand while walking off the fag's body.

The audience roared with approval, their laughter and jeers echoing through the venue like a tidal wave of mockery. Greg couldn't contain the joy in his chest anymore. He suddenly turned over, now trembling on all fours. With a deliberate flourish, he lowered himself into a full prostration, his face pressed against the cold stage floor in front of Josh's sneakers. His tongue darted out, licking the worn Converse with desperate eagerness, sending the crowd into hysterics.

“Thank you, sir! Thank you for thinking up this amazing game!” Greg gushed, his voice muffled against the shoe. His eyes flicked up to Josh, gleaming with submissive adoration as he continued to lick fervently, his hands clutching at the edge of Josh’s sneaker as if it were a sacred relic.

Josh threw his head back, cackling so hard his chest shook. “Jesus fucking Christ, fag,” he said, his voice cracking with amusement. “How the fuck do my kicks taste? Like your place in the world?”

Greg paused for a moment, his tongue resting on the shoe, and replied with a tremor in his voice, “They taste... like power, sir. Like dominance. Like the kind of power every straight god deserves to have.”

The rowdy college boys clapped and howled in approval. Josh shook his head, grinning from ear to ear.

“Yeah, lick that shit, you stupid homo!” Josh barked as he tapped Greg’s head with the toe of his sneaker. Greg didn’t miss a beat, his tongue sliding over the worn fabric with a desperate eagerness that only fueled the audience’s glee. His crazed smile never wavered, his wet tongue dutifully lapping all the grime he could, as though Josh’s sneakers were the only thing that mattered in the world.

"Doormat, ATM, spit lick, shoeshine—this bitch's got potential, guys!" Josh said, making the crowd laugh again. Then, as though remembering something, he added, "Oh, and by the way, the straight legend who tells the most savage, brutal story? Dude's gonna win. So bring the heat, bros."

Predictably everyone approved, very loudly.

"Aight, enough, faggot," Josh sneered, delivering a sharp kick to Greg's head for emphasis. The fag's face hit the stage floor with a dull thud, and the crowd laughed and laughed, their drunken voices ringing out like a chorus of applause. Josh stepped back, his wicked grin spreading as he gestured toward the ground with a mocking flourish. "Now, back into position. And spread those legs nice and wide—let everyone see what a pathetic little bitch you are."

Greg scrambled to comply, his movements frantic and submissive as he laid himself down on his back again. His legs parted wide, his face flushed with humiliation but glowing with eagerness as he prepared to display his vulnerability to the roaring straight boys.

As on cue, the whole room erupted into a frenzy, every college boy in the venue on his feet, chanting and jeering, their voices blending into a deafening roar as they clamored to be part of the game. Hands shot up, fists pumped in the air, and some even shoved

their way toward the stage, desperate for a chance to step up and humiliate Greg. The venue vibrated with anticipation, the boys feeding off each other's excitement.

Josh stood at the center of it all, his smirk widening. He raised a hand to quiet the crowd, though the noise barely dimmed, and spoke into the mic. "Alright, alright, calm the fuck down," he drawled. "We've got plenty of faggot to go around, don't worry. But there can only be five straight legends up here, and I'm picking."

The boys went wild again, hands shooting up higher, voices overlapping as they screamed for a chance to step on stage. Josh grinned, his eyes scanning the sea of eager faces, soaking in the frenzy he'd unleashed. Greg's entire body seemed to vibrate with eagerness, his chest rising and falling rapidly, his excitement barely contained.

"Pick me!" one boy shouted, stepping forward with a cocky grin.

"No, me!" another yelled, shoving his way to the front.

The room was in full chaos as the boys leaned forward, ready to witness—and participate in—every humiliating moment. Greg lay there, his world reduced

to a punchline, his body trembling with anticipation as he braced himself for the onslaught.

Josh chuckled, leaning into the mic with a wicked grin. “This is gonna be fucking savage.”

5

Josh scanned the crowd with his trademark smirk, his eyes landing on a guy sitting front and center—strawberry blond hair, tousled, and grinning like he already knew what was coming. “Oh, look who we’ve got here,” Josh said, leaning into the mic, his voice dripping with mischief. “Ginger in the front row—yeah, you! You look like the poster boy for ‘I-don’t-know-what-I’m-doing-but-I’ll-do-it-anyway.’”

The audience erupted in laughter, and the boy’s grin widened as he stood up, his lanky frame unfolding like he’d been waiting for this moment. “Come on up, man,” Josh said, gesturing dramatically.

The guy hopped onto the stage with effortless grace, sneakers squeaking against the polished floor. He gave Josh a playful punch on the arm, his boyish charm radiating as the crowd’s chanting grew louder. “Alright, gentlemen, let’s give a warm welcome to our first straight legend! What’s your name, buddy?” Josh asked, his tone smooth and inviting.

He flashed that boyish grin as he leaned into the mic. “CJ, man. I’m 19, from Texas.”

The crowd erupted into cheers, and Josh nodded approvingly. “Texas, huh? Home of the real alphas. Ready to show this crowd what a true straight king looks like?”

CJ chuckled, his voice light and playful. “Hell yeah, bro. It’s always fun to remind these losers”—he gestured down to Greg, who was sprawled on the floor—“what it means to be a real man. Nothing like this pathetic shit!”

Greg stayed still, stark naked, his legs spread wide, presenting his hard clit, his face buried in humiliation, but there was a faint, twisted smile on his lips—like this was precisely what he’d paid for.

Josh slapped CJ on the back, his eyes gleaming with mischief. “Well, gentlemen, you heard it here first. CJ’s about to bring that Texas-sized alpha energy to the stage. Let’s see what he’s got!”

The room roared in approval, their excitement palpable as CJ took center stage. The 19-year-old glanced down at Greg and shook his head, laughing

softly. “Man, you really are a piece of work, aren’t you? Like, how does someone even end up like this?”

Greg stammered, his face flushed crimson. “I-I’m just an inferior faggot, sir. I deserve this.”

CJ raised an eyebrow, his grin widening. “Yeah, you totally fucking do, bitch. Alright, let’s get this started.” He stepped forward, placing one foot on Greg’s thigh, his black sneaker pressing into the soft flesh. The crowd’s energy surged as CJ shifted his weight, stepping higher until the sole of his shoe rested squarely on Greg’s limp cock and balls. He lingered there for a moment, applying just enough pressure to cause pain.

The college boys cheered as CJ moved his foot up Greg’s body. He dragged his sneakers slowly across Greg’s stomach before finally planting them firmly on his chest. Greg gasped, his body trembling beneath the weight of CJ’s feet.

“You like that, huh?” CJ asked, leaning down slightly to taunt Greg. “You like being under my fucking shoes, you worthless piece of shit?”

Greg nodded eagerly, his voice barely audible over the crowd’s cheers. “Y-yes, sir! Thank you, sir!”

Josh stepped forward "Well, well, well, CJ," he began, his voice smooth and dripping with sarcasm. "Who knew Texas wasn't just about brisket and cowboy boots? Straight outta the Lone Star State, crushing fag dreams one sneaker at a time." The crowd erupted into laughter and cheers, their energy feeding off Josh's quick wit. Josh gave CJ an exaggerated nod of approval, his tone playful but unmistakably admiring.

The ginger-haired teenager flashed his boyish grin, giving Josh a mock salute as the crowd continued to cheer. Then he started rubbing his feet over Greg's chest, grinding his sneakers into the soft flesh as if wiping something foul off the sole. The crowd began chanting, "One! Two! Three!" their voices growing louder and their excitement reaching a fever pitch.

When the count reached ten, CJ hoisted the mic to his lips. "Alright, so here's why this guy's subhuman trash," he began, his tone casual but laced with venom. "This bitch, right here? He's not just your everyday faggot—nah, he's a paying faggot. Like, straight-up, he paid to be here tonight just so we could all sit back and laugh at his sorry ass. That's some next-level pathetic shit right there. Most losers? They get humiliated. This guy? He asks for it. He begs for it. And you know what that makes him? Worse than trash. At least trash has,

like, some dignity. This dude? He's just... nothing. Absolute fucking zero."

The crowd roared with laughter, their energy feeding off CJ's brazen delivery. He smirked, clearly enjoying himself. Josh grabbed the mic, his eyes gleaming with mischief as he stepped forward. "Amen to that, brother!" he declared, his voice dripping with sarcastic reverence. "Nothing like a little Southern hospitality to remind these fags where they belong." He clapped CJ on the shoulder, his grin widening as he turned back to the audience.

CJ laughed, raising his fist in victory. Still keeping his sneakers firmly planted on Greg's chest, the pressure made the faggot squirm beneath him. He held the mic casually in one hand, a mischievous glint in his eye. He glanced over at Josh, his boyish grin widening. "Hey, man, now's where I share my first fag story, yeah?"

Josh smirked, leaning back against the edge of the stage with his arms crossed. "Yep," he said, his tone dripping with amusement. "Let's hear it, Texas. Don't hold back."

The crowd roared in anticipation, their energy electric. "Alright, alright," CJ began, his voice smooth and confident, that mischievous glint in his eye sparkling

under the stage lights. “So, I think I was, like, 13, and my girlfriend had this older brother—this total weirdo named Randy. Dude used to follow me around all the fucking time. It was like having some creepy stalker puppy, you know? Anyway, one day, I’m out front mowing the lawn for the neighbor, trying to hustle some cash. It’s, like, a million degrees, and guess who shows up? Dude’s rocking an apron like he’s about to bake cookies or some shit. He’s all like, ‘Hey, CJ, can I help?’ And I’m thinking, ‘Help? Sure, buddy, if by help you mean making this even more awkward.’ So I toss him the rake and tell him to clean up the leaves. Like, ‘Here, make yourself useful, loser.’”

The crowd exploded with laughter, CJ’s cocky smirk widening as he delivered the punchline. Josh leaned back, arms crossed, clearly enjoying the show. “Classic,” Josh chimed in, his tone dripping with sarcasm. “Nothing like a little manual labor to put a fag in his place, we’ve all done it.” CJ laughed, nodding as he continued. The audience was eating it up, their cheers echoing through the venue.

CJ paused, grinning as the crowd leaned in, hooked on every word. “So, yeah, he starts doing it, right?” he said, his voice casual but dripping with that cocky charm. “I just throw myself on one of the chairs and start chilling, you know, totally kicking back and

watching him sweat his ass off. It's fucking hilarious—this dude's out there busting his hump doing the job I was gonna get paid for, while I'm sipping on an ice-cold soda, lounging in the shade like a boss. Total king shit." He smirked, his boyish grin widening as the crowd laughed. "After about ten minutes, I'm like, nah, he's not doing enough. So I call him over and go, 'Hey, Randy, grab me another soda.' And the little faggot runs inside to get it, still clutching that rake like it's his damn security blanket. It's just sad, man." He shook his head, laughing. "Anyway, he finishes up, I get paid, and I'm like, 'Later, loser.' But here's the kicker—two hours later, his mom shows up at my place and hands me \$20, thanking me for letting her fag kid 'help out.' Like, what the hell? Dude does my job for me, I pocket the cash, and his mom throws me an extra \$20. Now that's next-level pathetic, bro."

The crowd erupted into laughter, their cheers echoing through the venue as CJ smirked, clearly savoring the moment. He shifted his weight on Greg's chest again, grinding his sneaker in deeper as if to emphasize the absurdity of the story. "But wait, that's not even the best part," CJ said, pausing for dramatic effect, his boyish grin widening under the stage lights. The audience leaned in, hooked on every word, their energy electric. "That evening," he continued, his tone casual but laced with that cocky Texan charm, "I got

my very first blowjob in my dad's garage. Turns out the little fag had told his sister how nice I'd been to him."

The crowd erupted into hysterical laughter, with some guys doubling over and others slapping their knees in disbelief. CJ raised an eyebrow, clearly enjoying the reaction. "Yeah, bro, you heard that right. The little bitch was so grateful for me letting him rake my leaves and fetch my soda, he went straight to his sis and told her all about what a 'great guy' I was. Next thing I know, she's sneaking into the garage, dropping to her knees, and—bam!—first BJ at 13. All thanks to a fag doing my manual labor."

Josh stepped forward, his smirk lighting up the stage as he leaned into the mic. "Damn, CJ," he said, his voice dripping with sarcasm, "You hit the jackpot. Most guys have to work for their first blowjob. You? You just had to sit back, relax, and let a faggot do your dirty work. That's what I call playing the long game." CJ cackled and nodded. The crowd roared with approval, some guys whistling and chanting CJ's name like he was some mythical alpha god.

CJ flashed that boyish grin one last time, leaning into the mic as the crowd's cheers began to die down. "Well, anyway," he said, his voice smooth and confident, "that's the story of my first fag." He shook

his head, chuckling, his tone dripping with cocky amusement.

Josh turned to the audience, raising the mic. “What do you think, gentlemen? Is CJ’s story straight legend material or what?” The crowd roared in agreement, their cheers echoing through the venue as CJ basked in the adoration. “Hell yeah!” Josh continued, his grin widening.

Greg whimpered softly but stayed perfectly still, his face flushed with humiliation and arousal. CJ was basking in the audience's adoration like a true alpha. “You guys are awesome!” he shouted, raising a hand to acknowledge the roaring crowd. Then, without missing a beat, he leaned down and hocked a thick wad of spit directly onto Greg’s trembling face.

Greg didn’t flinch. Instead, he eagerly opened his mouth, letting the saliva drip down his cheeks as he whispered, “Thank you, sir.” The crowd went wild.

CJ smirked, shaking his head in mock disbelief. “Pathetic,” he muttered, stepping off Greg’s chest with a final, deliberate grind of his sneaker. He sauntered casually to the right side of the stage, the first one of the straight legends. As he turned to face the crowd once more, he gave a little wave, his blond hair tousled

and his grin wide. “Thanks for the love, bros!” he called out, his voice effortlessly charming.

The crowd roared their approval. “Alright, gentlemen, let’s give it up one more time for CJ!” Josh shouted, and the room exploded into applause. CJ stood tall, arms crossed, looking every bit the alpha he was.

Greg lay crumpled on the floor, his face still damp with CJ’s spit, but his mind was racing. He couldn’t stop picturing CJ at 13—cocky, confident, and already radiating that alpha energy that made fags like him weak in the knees. His breath hitched as he imagined young CJ lounging in the shade, sipping soda while some pathetic faggot did his dirty work.

He knew precisely how Randy felt. Greg remembered his own junior high and high school days, when he’d eagerly fetched sodas, carried backpacks, and even done homework for his straight classmates. He’d been desperate for their attention, craving even the smallest scraps of acknowledgment, just like that lucky little faggot Randy, who had been blessed with such a golden opportunity so young.

His mind lingered on the details of CJ’s story—the way CJ had played Randy, the money, the extra tip, and the blowjob. Of course, Greg thought, CJ didn’t even have

to lift a finger. He was just that much of a legend—so effortlessly alpha that fags and their families couldn't help but worship him.

Greg's trembling body flushed with heat, his humiliation mingling with arousal. He glanced up at CJ, now standing tall on stage, basking in the crowd's adoration. The ginger-haired teen was everything Greg wanted to be—everything he could never be. And as Greg lay there, naked and exposed, he couldn't help but smile. This, he thought, is exactly where I belong. At the feet of straight gods like CJ, humiliated and grateful for every second of it.

Josh stepped forward, his eyes scanning the crowd once more. "Alright, who's our second straight legend?" he called out, his voice dripping with glee. The room buzzed with anticipation as hands shot up, each young man eager to bask in the glory and admiration of their peers.

His gaze landed on a towering figure near the back. The guy was built like a linebacker, his broad shoulders commandeering an entire row of seats. His buzz-cut brown hair and confident, don't-fuck-with-me energy made the crowd instinctively part around him. "Oh

hell yeah,” Josh said into the mic, his voice brimming with excitement. “Big man in the back—yeah, you! Get your ass up here and show these bros what a real alpha looks like.”

The crowd erupted into cheers as the guy stood, his towering frame casting a shadow over the room. He moved with a deliberate swagger, as if he owned the place, and when he stepped onto the stage, the floor seemed to tremble under his weight. “What’s your name, champ?” Josh asked, holding the mic out to him.

“Tyler, I’m 20, from LA,” the handsome brunette replied. Josh raised an eyebrow, his trademark smirk spreading across his face as he leaned into the mic. “LA, huh? Let me guess—you’re one of those West Coast alphas who’s been sleeping on fag bashing because everyone out there’s too busy sipping kale smoothies and talking about feelings.”

The crowd exploded into laughter, their energy feeding off Josh’s razor-sharp wit. Tyler chuckled, shaking his head, his muscular frame radiating confidence. “Bro, fucking seriously!” he shot back, his deep voice carrying effortlessly over the noise. “Out there it’s so fucked up! It’s all woke bullshit, man. Like, everyone’s so soft, it’s disgusting. Straight-up

embarrassing. But here in Florida? This is the shit I've been missing. Real straight men putting these losers in their place—this is how it's supposed to be. This is what the world needs more of, bro. No fucking cap.”

The crowd roared in agreement, their energy feeding off Tyler's unfiltered alpha confidence. He stood tall, arms crossed, his muscular frame radiating dominance as he soaked in the adoration of the room.

“Gentlemen,” Josh began, his voice smooth and dripping with sarcasm, “what we have here is a rare specimen—Tyler, the LA alpha who's been starving in the land of soy lattes and safe spaces. He had to fly across the damn country just to find a crowd of real men who know how to put fags in their place. Now that's what I call commitment to the craft.”

The crowd cackled again, some shouting Tyler's name as if he were a conquering hero. The muscular athlete stood tall, basking in it all.

Josh smirked and said, “Let's see what you've got, Ty.”

Without hesitation, Tyler stepped forward, his black sneakers squeaking against the stage floor. He deliberately ground the sole of his shoe into Greg's pathetic little clit, which was so hard it looked like it

was about to burst. Greg let out a whimper, but Tyler just laughed, shaking his head. “Am I hurting you, faggot?” The crowd cheered at the domineering tone of this imposing figure.

“Yes, sir...” Greg whimpered.

“Good!” Tyler replied with a smirk, lingering on Greg’s cock with all 200 pounds of his lean, ripped muscles. Finally, he moved his feet up Greg’s body, pausing to press down hard on his stomach before planting them firmly on his chest.

Tyler began wiping his feet on Greg’s chest, rough and deliberate. The sole of his shoe dug into Greg’s soft flesh, grinding dirt into his reddening skin as the crowd erupted into cheers. Greg whimpered again, but Tyler didn’t let up. He leaned down, staring into Greg’s tear-filled eyes, his voice dripping with disgust. “You know why you’re trash, faggot?” he asked, grinding his foot harder.

“Because you’re just inherently less,” Tyler sneered, his voice laced with contempt. “Like, that’s not even up for debate—it’s just facts. You’re fucking worthless, and you clearly know it better than anyone!” He paused, grinding his sneaker harder into Greg’s chest. “And all those losers who tell you otherwise? They’re

totally full of shit. Probably lying to themselves to feel better or some weak-ass crap like that! The truth is, the only reason God put you on this fucking planet is to be our entertainment.” He leaned in closer, his tone venomous. “And that’s all you’ll ever be, you hear? A faggot who pays guys like me to laugh at him while he grovels under our shoes. That’s your whole fucking existence right there.”

Greg nodded eagerly, whispering, “Y-yes, sir. Thank you, sir,” as Tyler continued to rub his foot cruelly over the faggot’s chest, the humiliation only deepening with every grind.

“Damn, bro! That was brutal! I fucking love it!” Josh laughed, and the crowd went wild again. Tyler flexed his biceps playfully in response. Then, leaning down, he hocked a thick wad of spit directly into Greg’s open mouth. The crowd roared with laughter and disgust as Greg swallowed it without hesitation, his trembling lips curling into a pathetic smile.

Tyler straightened up but kept his gym shoes firmly planted on Greg’s chest, grinding deeper as he began speaking. His deep voice boomed over the laughter. “Alright,” he said, a sly grin spreading across his face. “My first time using a faggot? Let’s see!” The crowd leaned in, hooked on every word.

“Got it! I was like 15, working at a gas station in South LA for the summer,” Tyler began, his tone dripping with casual arrogance. “So every damn night, like clockwork, this faggot would show up. Total stereotype, right? Rainbow tattoo on his fucking arm, walks in all swishy and shit, like he’s auditioning for some fag pride parade. Always bought the same thing: a pack of smokes and a Mountain Dew. Every. Single. Night. One night, this bitch rolls in, grabs his usual, and then—bam—realizes he doesn’t have his wallet.” Tyler smirked, shaking his head as if the memory still amused him.

“So he starts panicking,” Tyler continued, leaning into the mic. “Begging me to let him slide, like, ‘Please, man, I’m good for it!’ I’m just standing there, arms crossed, like, ‘Nah, bro, rules are rules. You don’t have the cash, you don’t get the goods.’ But then this faggot hits me with, ‘What if I do something for you?’”

The crowd erupted into laughter as Tyler leaned into the mic. “So I’m just standing there like, ‘What the fuck are you on about, bro?’” he started, his tone dripping with that cocky alpha vibe. “But before I can even process it, this dude drops to his knees right there in the store and starts wiping my sneakers with his shirt. Like, full-on polishing them like they’re some

kind of sacred shit or something.” He paused, shaking his head with a smirk. “I’m dying laughing, but I let him finish. Watching those faggy little hands go to work on my kicks was too damn funny. When he’s done, I toss him the smokes and tell him to get the fuck outta my sight.”

Tyler shifted his weight on Greg’s chest, grinding his sneaker in deeper for emphasis as the crowd hung on every word.

“But get this,” he continued, his grin widening. “The next night, this dude comes back. Not just to buy his usual shit—nah, it’s even better. He pays for everything he got the day before, slips me a crisp \$20 bill, and goes, ‘Would it be okay if I cleaned your shoes again?’ in that squeaky little fag voice of his. I pocket the cash and just go, ‘Yeah, sure thing, fag,’ and he gets right back to it. Knees on the floor, shirt in hand, those pathetic little hands working away like I’m some kind of god or some shit.”

The crowd roared with laughter as Tyler basked in their adoration, his story cementing his status as a straight legend.

“At first, I was like, ‘Alright, this is some one-time weird shit,’” Tyler said, his voice dripping with that

cocky, carefree vibe that made the crowd hang on his every word. “But nah, this dude? He kept coming back. Every damn night, the exact same routine. Rolls in, makes sure the store’s empty, grabs his smokes and Dew, slaps me a \$20, and—bam—he’s right back on his knees, polishing my kicks like it’s his fucking calling in life. After like a week, I started greeting him with, ‘Welcome back, faggot!’ and you know what? The little freak just smiled at me, handed over the cash, and got to work like it was clocking in for his shift.”

He paused, glancing down at Greg squirming beneath his sneaker, a smirk playing on his lips. “Then I started fucking with him, bro,” Tyler admitted, his tone laced with that alpha amusement. “Like, I’d wear my dirtiest sneakers just to see how far this guy would go. One time, I stepped in mud on purpose before my shift just to test him. That fag spent 20 fucking minutes scrubbing them clean, man. Like, full-on elbow grease, sweating his ass off. He even licked the damn hem of his nasty-ass shirt to wet it. What the fuck? But you know what’s even crazier? He looked happy doing it. Straight-up beaming when he handed me that \$20, like I’d done him some huge fucking favor just by letting him touch my shoes. Total fucking loser.”

The crowd erupted into wild laughter again, their energy feeding off Tyler’s cocky delivery. He smirked,

shaking his head like he couldn't even believe the story himself. "So, right, at one point, I'm like, 'Why the fuck are you paying me to clean my sneakers, fag?'" The room fell silent for a moment, everyone leaning in, waiting for the punchline. Tyler leaned into the mic, his tone dropping to mocking disbelief. "And this loser looks up at me, all pathetic and shit, and goes, 'I noticed how dirty your shoes were the first time I walked in, and it just felt so right to clean them for you.'"

The room exploded into hysterics, some guys slapping their knees or straight-up wheezing. Tyler shook his head, his grin widening like he was reliving the moment. "Bro, this dude was so far gone, he thought it was his fucking job to keep my kicks spotless. And he was paying me for the honor. Like, what the actual fuck? That's some next-level pathetic shit right there."

"And get this—he fucking kept coming back every single day for the whole summer! I straight-up used his cash for the down payment on my first car!" The crowd howled, their energy electric as Tyler soaked it all in, his alpha demeanor on full display. He turned back to Greg, who was trembling under his weight, and smirked. "Sound familiar, huh? You fags are all the same. You'd do anything for a chance to serve real men. Fucking pathetic!"

The crowd cheered, their approval echoing through the venue as Tyler savored the moment, his foot grinding deeper into Greg's chest.

Tyler took a theatrical bow, soaking in their adoration like a true alpha. "Thanks, bros!" he called out, his deep voice resonating through the venue. Josh stepped in, mic in hand, a mischievous glint in his eye. "Well, Ty, guess that's a productive way to keep your kicks spotless—just find the nearest faggot with a shirt and a desperate need to be your bitch." The crowd exploded, some guys slapping their knees while others doubled over, their energy feeding off Josh's razor-sharp wit.

Greg lay trembling under Tyler's sneaker, his mind racing as he envisioned himself in place of the faggot from the story. He would've outshone that loser—no question. Greg wouldn't have bothered with a shirt. No, he'd have dropped to his knees and licked Tyler's shoes clean with his tongue right away, proving just how obedient and desperate he was. Every speck of dirt, every scuff, every crevice of the sole—he'd have polished it all to perfection, even if it meant spending hours on his knees, his face pressed into the rubber and leather. And when Tyler finally stepped on his face, grinding that freshly cleaned sole into Greg's

mouth, Greg would've thanked him profusely, over and over, for the privilege.

The thought sent a sharp pang of arousal through Greg's pathetic clit, his humiliation and desperation merging into a twisted euphoria as Tyler's sneaker pressed harder into his chest. He imagined the taste of Tyler's shoes—the grit of dirt, the faint bitterness of rubber—and craved it more than anything. He wanted to disappear into that moment, to become nothing more than Tyler's personal shoe cleaner, his entire existence defined by how well he could serve. He knew he'd be better than that other fag. He'd be perfect.

Tyler smirked, flexing his biceps before stepping off Greg's chest. He sauntered over to the side of the stage where CJ stood, the two alphas exchanging a knowing look before fist-bumping. Their camaraderie was effortless, their dominance radiating as they loomed over Greg's crumpled form. "You're not bad for a Texan," Tyler teased, earning a playful shove from CJ.

"Hell, at least in my neck of the woods, faggots don't have rights!" CJ shot back with a cocky grin, leaning into the mic as the crowd erupted into wild cheers. His tone dripped with that same casual arrogance, his voice cutting through the roar of the audience like a

true alpha. Tyler laughed, deep and infectious, shaking his head in mock admiration.

6

Josh's trademark smirk spread across his handsome face as he looked down at Greg, who was frozen in the humiliating position he'd been forced to hold. The college guys on spring break that were filling the venue were leaning forward in their seats, eager for the next round of torment. Josh tilted his head, pretending to think for a moment, then bent down slightly, his voice dripping with mockery. "Hey, micro-fag," he said, nudging Greg's cheek with his shoe. "You enjoying the game so far?"

Greg's eyes snapped open, wide and desperate, his voice breaking into a shaky, gleeful scream. "Yes, sir! Oh God, yes, sir!" he gasped, trembling with humiliation and pure euphoria. The crowd burst into laughter, their jeers and taunts rising like a tidal wave.

Josh threw his head back, cackling as if he'd just heard the funniest thing ever, his free hand slapping his thigh for emphasis. "Fuck, Greg," he drawled, shaking his head, "you're living your best pathetic little life right now, aren't you? Like, this is literally your peak, fag."

The words oozed with teenage arrogance, with his voice radiating the kind of unapologetic confidence typical of an 18-year-old. The audience responded with louder laughter as Josh embraced the moment, visibly relishing the man's humiliation.

Greg let out a desperate whimper, his voice trembling with a blend of shame and excitement. "Yes, Sir! Thank you so much! This game is making me so hard it hurts!" he squealed, his eagerness clearly evident and somewhat amusing.

The spectators burst into laughter again, their jeers and taunts rising to a deafening roar. Josh smirked, leaning down slightly for a better look at Greg's pathetic state. He tilted his head, pretending to be confused as he glanced at the audience. "Yo, Greg," he said, "you keep sayin' you're hard, but like... bro, no one can even see it. Your lil' fag-clit's too tiny to even count."

Laughter, jeers, and shouts once more. Greg let out another whimper, squirming in place as Josh straightened up, shaking his head as if he was dealing with the dumbest thing he'd ever seen.

“Seriously, though,” Josh continued, pretending to be genuinely curious, “how do you even know you’re hard, faggot? Like, does it, I dunno, tingle or something? Or do you just close your eyes and imagine you actually have a dick or whatever?” The college boys were doubling over as Josh stood there. Greg could only whimper again, his face flushed with humiliation, as everyone hung on every word.

“Oh, man, I gotta say, I haven’t had this much fun in a while!” mused the handsome eighteen-year-old as he stepped closer to Greg, casually placing his foot on the man’s face as if it were the most natural thing—barely glancing down, as if Greg’s head were a ball he’d kicked aside. “I guess, probably last year, at Thanksgiving, when my sissy cousin came out to the whole family,” he snorted. “My brother, my other cousin, and I took him out to the backyard, and... Well, let’s just say we explained in detail what we thought of him... by pissing on him...” The rowdy boys burst into laughter instantly. “And then we threw him in the pool...” Josh added, shifting his stance, his weight pressing into Greg’s nose and mouth.

“Anyways, how ‘bout you guys? Enjoying yourselves? How am I doing up here?” Josh asked, his tone confident and cocky. He clearly knew the answer; it was obvious, and the cheer that followed was loud and

unanimous. Greg's muffled squeal under Josh's shoe only added to the intensity.

"Yeah, man, you're incredible!" someone hollered. "You're awesome, dude!" another shouted, "This is the best show ever!" someone else yelled out.

"Nah, YOU guys are awesome! You totally get this shit, and that's fucking lit, bro! It's not a given, I'm telling ya!" Josh replied, leaning down, pressing his weight into Greg's face as he continued, the mic amplifying his voice to a deafening level. "This is the dopest show I've ever had, hands down!" Suddenly, Josh frowned as he realized something. His cocky smirk widened as he glanced down at Greg. "Wait, wait, wait—hold up! Are you for real right now? Are you actually licking the bottom of my shoe, faggot?!"

The room burst into laughter as Josh slightly raised his foot, revealing Greg's tongue licking the sole of his sneaker. The slurping sounds blended with the audience's jeers and cheers. Josh shook his head and said, "Dude, you're such a pathetic little bitch," teasing until the crowd sensed the utter worthlessness of the scene. Then he added, "But go ahead, keep going. Someone's gotta clean the Cheeto dust and grime off these kicks, right? And honestly, you're the most qualified for the job here. No cap."

Everybody cheered even louder, their approval resonating throughout the venue as Greg's embarrassment intensified. Josh looked down at him with a smirk and remarked, "Bet that tastes reeeeeeal good, huh, fag?"

"Yes, Sir! It's so heavenly, Sir!" Greg whined, without pause, his tongue flicking faster as he closed his eyes in both shame and ecstasy. The coarse feel of the rubber sole against his tongue sent electric shivers through his body, each stroke a reminder of his position under Josh's foot, which felt just perfect. Josh was cackling uncontrollably while they all chanted, "Lick it! Lick it!" Their voices created a loud, overwhelming chorus.

Josh pressed his foot down harder, grinding Greg's face into the floor while adjusting the mic in his hand. "Yeah, lick that shit! Show me how good a shoe licker you are, Greg! It's evaluation time!" The audience loved it, especially when they noticed Greg's tongue now working frantically, making him look like a starving beast that had never tasted anything more sacred. His pitiable face was now slick with spit and sweat. It was hilarious to watch, no doubt, which fueled the fag's arousal. Josh glanced down, shaking his head in exaggerated disbelief. "Jesus Christ, this guy's committed, bro! I gotta hand it to you, Greg—you

really are the king of faggots." Josh raised the mic again, savoring the moment as the crowd started a new chant, "King of Faggots!"

Josh was on top of the world. He paused, glancing down at his shoe with playful surprise. He slightly lifted his foot, showing the sole to the audience—now spotless, shining with a perfect layer of spit. "Well, fuck me sideways," Josh said casually, tilting his shoe for emphasis. "Check this out! My sneaker's cleaner than a nun's conscience. Who knew this faggot had a tongue that could polish like a rotary buffer? Gotta say I'm impressed!" The audience responded with loud laughter, mixing into a wave of approval.

Josh turned the shoe again, holding it up like a trophy, the spotlight highlighting the shiny spit. "Y'all see this? This is, like, professional work right here. I should start a side hustle—call it 'Fag-Greg's Tongue Shine.' Extra slobber-polished soles in under five minutes—guaranteed, or your money back!" The crowd cheered loudly, pounding tables, loving the absurdity.

Josh turned to Tyler, one of the two straight legends hanging out on the side of the stage. "Yo, Ty," he called out, "You're the expert on shoe-shine faggots around here. Think I can make bank off this?"

The audience cracked up, their jeers bouncing off the walls as Tyler stepped forward. His broad shoulders cast a shadow over Greg's trembling form. He crossed his arms, tilting his head as if seriously considering the question, before breaking into a wide, shit-eating grin. "Totally, bro! That little bitch's a keeper!" he boomed into the mic Josh tossed his way.

The room exploded into laughter, the sound so loud it felt like the walls might collapse.

"And that, my dudes," Josh said, his voice cutting through the chaos, "is why fags like Greg exist—to keep us straight guys entertained as fuck!" He punctuated his words by tapping the sole of his shoe against Greg's face, each tap making a gross squelching sound as it mashed into the spit-slick skin.

Greg's eyes fluttered shut, his lips trembling as Josh's shoe smeared his own spit across his cheeks. The crowd broke into a loud, "Fag! Fag! Fag!" their voices rising like some kind of messed-up anthem.

"Yo, for real though," Josh said, his tone dripping with that cocky edge, "what would we even do without guys like Greg? These homos are out here doing God's work, man!" The audience howled, having the best time of

their young lives. “You keep doing you, fag, cause we’re all having a blast here!”

Josh straightened up, finally lifting his foot, and stepped back to address the college boys once more. “Alright, alright,” he called out, his voice resonating above the noise. “Let’s get back to the game! We need three more straight legends—who’s next?” The audience buzzed with excitement, eyes fixed on the stage, eager to see who would step up to extend Greg’s public humiliation. Josh’s gaze swept across the room, settling on a young man near the front. He had bronze skin, slicked-back black hair, Latino features, and a confident swagger emphasized by his sleeveless shirt and cargo shorts. This guy looks promising, Josh thought with a smirk. “Let’s go with Mexico over there!” he announced, pointing directly at him. The crowd erupted with cheers as the young man stood up, flashing a cocky grin, ready to join in.

“What’s your name, man?” Josh asked as the guy confidently strode onto the stage.

“Leo,” he replied smoothly.

Josh tilted his head, raising an eyebrow. “And how old are you, Leo?”

“Eighteen,” Leo responded quickly.

“Alright, Leo, where are you from?”

“Miami, bro,” he answered, his Southern drawl charming.

“Hell yeah, Florida!” Josh exclaimed with that cocky swagger. “You gotta love it—sounds like they’ve got that whole ‘don’t say gay, don’t be gay, don’t even think gay’ law locked down, right? Honestly, that’s the kind of law we should spread everywhere. Am I wrong?” He said into the mic as the audience burst into laughter.

Leo’s grin widened as the energy in the room surged. “Hell yeah, bro! That’s the vibe,” he drawled, his Florida accent smooth and unwavering. “Keeps the fags where they belong, y’know? Like this dude right here.”

He turned his attention to Greg, who was still trembling on the floor. “Next up? Let’s make fag slavery a thing, like—official shit!” The rowdy college boys cheered and laughed as Leo pumped his fist in the air like he was launching a revolution. “Think about it, man—fags would love that! Finally, they’d have a legit reason to do what they’re meant to do:

serve real men. No confusion, no wasted time—just letting fags be fags, 24/7. It's genius.”

Everyone went wild, their laughter and applause feeding Leo's confidence. Josh grabbed the mic, his smirk unmissable. “Yo, Leo! You're onto something, man!” he declared, his voice booming over the noise. “If these sick faggots are already volunteerin' to be slaves, might as well make it official, right?”

“Damn straight, bro,” Leo drawled, his gaze dropping to Greg with a mocking smirk. “Like, look at this dude—total fuckin' loser, right? You think he wouldn't jump at the chance to sign up for that? Shit, he'd probably throw more cash at it just to feel extra owned!”

The audience exploded again, some shouting, “He'd sell his soul!” while others clapped and hollered like it was the funniest thing they'd ever heard. Leo shook his head, his grin sharp and unapologetic. “Facts, though, bro—these fag types, they're born to be slaves. They don't even need us to tell 'em; they just know where they stand. So why not just write it down on a fucking piece of paper? Let's call it the Fag Rights Amendment: the right to get owned, the right to get used, and the right to stay broke as hell while they're at it.”

The crowd ate it up, their energy electric as Leo basked in the chaos he'd created. Josh laughed, clearly impressed. "Bro, you're a damn political genius! Leo for president!"

CJ and Tyler, standing off to the side, were in stitches. "Yo, Leo!" CJ shouted over the noise, giving him a thumbs-up. "I'd totally vote for you, bro!"

"Yeah, no shit, bro!" Tyler chimed in, laughing as he high-fived CJ.

Josh laughed, clapping Leo on the back as the room roared with approval. He then turned his attention to Greg, who was still sprawled on the floor, trembling and humiliated. "Yo, Micro Fag!" Josh called out, his voice booming through the venue. The room quieted, their eyes shifting to Greg as Josh smirked. "You've been real quiet down there. What do you think about Leo's idea? You on board with the whole 'fag slavery' thing?"

Greg hesitated, his face flushing with embarrassment, but then he nodded eagerly. "It's... it's an amazing idea, sir," he stammered, his voice barely audible over the silence. They went wild, their jeers and cheers blending together as Greg swallowed hard and added, "I think... I think it's what we deserve." Even talking

about it was almost enough to make him climax. He had never been happier in his life.

The room exploded with hoots and applause, some guys shouting, "Hell yeah!" while others howled with laughter. Josh doubled over, clutching his stomach. "Bro!" he shouted through tears of laughter, pointing at Greg like he'd just delivered the punchline of the century. "This guy's all in! He's ready to sign up for faggot slavery on day one!"

Leo grinned, clearly loving the chaos. "See? I told you fags love this shit," he drawled, his Southern accent thick and lazy. "That's when you know it's a solid plan."

Josh wiped tears from his eyes, still laughing as he turned back to the crowd. "Alright, alright—let's give it up for Micro Fag for being the most self-aware faggot on the fucking planet!" Everybody cheered again, as Greg squirmed on the floor, his humiliation on full display. "Alright, bro, you're up!" Josh said to the third contestant.

Leo stepped closer, looking down at Greg with a mix of disdain and amusement. Without warning, he began hopping on one foot, his sneaker landing directly on Greg's dick with a thump that made him whimper

loudly. The audience roared with approval as Leo hopped three more times on the same spot, each impact met with a sharp gasp from Greg. Then he moved to his stomach and chest, each hop drawing more tremors and whimpers from the submissive man beneath him.

By the time Leo's foot crashed down onto Greg's chest, Greg was trembling, his face flushed with humiliation, hands clenched at his sides, but a twisted happiness was clear on his face. The crowd's laughter and cheers filled the room as Leo grinned, reveling in the spectacle.

Leo stopped hopping, now standing firmly on Greg's chest. He shifted his weight slightly and began wiping his sneakers clean on Greg's chest, grinding the rubber sole as hard as he could. Greg winced but remained silent, his eyes wide with a mix of pain and pleasure. Leo chuckled, "You like that, don't you? You sick little fag."

Greg nodded weakly, his voice barely a whisper. "Y-yes, sir... thank you, sir..."

The college boys roared with laughter as Leo continued to grind his shoe into Greg's chest. When he reached ten, he began giving his reason.

“Let me break it down for y’all,” Leo said, his Southern drawl thick and his voice full of that arrogant Florida swagger. “We all know faggots like this bitch ain’t just trash—they’re straight-up subhuman. Like, think about it, bro—these freaks were born broken, their brains all jacked up from day one. They got no shame, no pride, nothing but this weird-ass need to get used and abused by real men. And honestly? That’s exactly what we gotta do.”

He paused, smirking down at Greg, who was still trembling under his sneaker. “It’s basically our duty to put these sick fags in their place—use ‘em, abuse ‘em, and make sure they know where they stand. ‘Cause deep down? They love it. They’re straight-up begging to be treated like the worthless scum they are. So why not give ‘em what they want, right? That’s why I’m sayin’ we should make this shit official, y’all!”

The boys cracked up again. Leo leaned down closer to Greg, his voice low and dripping with mockery. “You clearly love this, don’t you, fag? Admit it—you’re nothing without us.”

Greg nodded frantically, his voice barely audible. “Y-yes, sir... thank you, sir...”

Leo straightened up, his grin spreading wide as he addressed the audience. “Ya see that shit? That’s what I’m talking about, bro,” he said, casually gesturing down at Greg like he was pointing out a stray dog. “Like Josh said, these sick-ass fags are here for one reason: to entertain us real men. And it’s a damn good show, bro!”

Josh stepped forward, clapping Leo on the back with a grin that could cut glass. “Damn, Leo, you just rewrote the faggot handbook—brutal edition.” The room erupted in laughter and cheers, its sounds echoing through the venue. Josh wasn’t finished, though. “Now, Florida’s finest, I gotta know—what was your first time like? I bet you got a story for us!”

Leo nodded, his smirk stretching wide. “Oh, I’ve got one, bro,” he drawled, radiating that Florida-boy confidence. His eyes sparkled with pride. “Back in eighth grade, there was this sissy fag who’d do anything to be around me. So, I figured, fuck it, why not put the freak to work, y’know? One day, chillin’ in the quad with the boys, I’m like, ‘Yo, watch this.’ I walk up to the fag and just hit him with, ‘I need you to do my chores today ‘cause I’m too busy playing Call of Duty.’ And bro, you ain’t gonna believe this—that little faggot didn’t even hesitate. He’s all like, ‘Of course,

Leo.' I swear, me and the boys couldn't stop laughing—it was gold."

Everyone cackled, feeding Leo's energy. He leaned back, his grin sharp as a knife.

"So this fag rolls up to my crib, right? My room's a straight-up war zone—clothes and trash everywhere, soda cans piled up, just a total disaster. And me? I'm chillin' on my bed, Call of Duty on blast, snacks lined up, livin' my best life. I don't even look up, just hit him with, 'Yo, clean my room. Throw the clothes in the hamper, then hit the bathroom.' Straight-up giving orders like I'm the boss. And bro, you gotta see this—this little fag doesn't even hesitate. No questions, no backtalk, just starts cleaning like it's his damn job. Knew his place right off the bat."

The audience roared with laughter, their approval thick in the air as Leo smirked, clearly enjoying himself. Josh clapped him on the shoulder, grinning like a shark. "Damn, Leo! You're a straight-up natural. Florida's finest for real, bro!"

Leo laughed, that cocky grin plastered across his face as he slapped Josh on the shoulder. "Thanks, bro!" he said, "So anyway, after the fag finishes up, he's all like, 'Leo, I'm done cleaning...' And I'm just sittin' there,

didn't even look up from my game, and I go, 'Good, you pass. Starting next week, you're comin' Monday, Wednesday, and Friday when my mom is out. You're cleaning my room, the bathroom, sometimes laundry or mowin' the lawn—basically all the shit my mom's payin' me to do. Got it? Now get the fuck out.' And bro, this lil' fag? He just stands there for a second, then he's like, 'Uhm... ok, Leo, sure... three times a week... got it...' And guess what? He actually showed up. Three times a week, like clock-fuckin'-work, he'd be at my door, ready to bust his ass for whatever I wanted. Me? I'd be laid out on my bed, headphones on, kicking ass with my homies online while he's down there dustin', vacuumin', and scrubbin' my piss off the toilet floor—like it was his goddamn life mission. Hell, it probably was! That's how you know these fags are born all kinds of twisted—they ain't right in the head, y'know? Certifiably broken."

The crowd hollered its approval as Leo grinned evilly.

"Then one day, I come back from practice and this lil' fag is already there, cleaning my room," Leo continued like he owned the place. "I was bored as hell, y'know? Decided it'd be straight-up hilarious to see how far this freak would go. So I flop down on the bed he just made, look at him all casual, like, 'Yo, you should totally thank me for even lettin' you be here, touch my

shit, and clean up after me. Let's be real—nobody at school even looks at you, and most dudes would've beat your ass by now for being a total fag. But me? I've been way too nice to you. Just sayin'.” He paused, his grin sharp as broken glass. “And guess what? This pathetic little bitch goes, ‘Oh, yes, Leo! You're right! Thank you, Leo.’”

Everybody obviously laughed again, roaring through the venue as Leo's eyes gleamed.

“But I wasn't done,” Leo continued, “My cousin had told me about this fag he made kiss his feet in the locker room in front of the whole team. He even showed me a video, and bro, it was hilarious. So, I'm like, ‘Nah, buddy, you can do way better than that. I think you should kiss my feet this time and thank me again while you're at it.’”

Leo let the tension build, the college boys in the room practically vibrating with anticipation. “And the bitch goes, ‘K...kiss your feet?’ And I'm like, ‘Yeah, you heard me. That's the proper way to thank me, ain't it, fag? You agree, right?’”

He paused, his grin sharp as a knife, watching the crowd eat it up. “And y'know what this sick fag did? He didn't even flinch. He's all like, ‘Uhm... yeah, Leo...

okay...' and then—bro—he did it. Straight up dropped to his knees and kissed my stinky-ass feet. I'm talkin' full-on lips-to-toe action, like I was some kinda god he was worshippin'. Ain't that somethin'?"

The spectators were clutching their sides, laughing as Leo shook his head in mock disbelief. "Like, who even does that?" he drawled, gesturing down at Greg. "Oh, wait—faggots do." The audience roared with approval, fueling Leo's confidence as he pointed at Greg, who squirmed under the spotlight. "Bro, I'm tellin' you, these sick freaks live for that shit. They need to feel like the worthless trash they are. It's straight-up pathetic... but yo, lemme be real—it's also hilarious for us!"

The audience howled, some shouting, "What a loser!" Leo shrugged, grinning at their reaction. "And get this—that little fag's still doin' it. Five freakin' years later. Every time he rolls up to clean my room, I'm just chillin' on my bed, livin' my best life, y'know? He busts his sad little ass, does all the nasty shit I tell him to, and before he bounces? He's right back on his knees, kissin' my feet, thanking me for lettin' him touch my stuff. Every. Damn. Time."

Among the laughter and jeers echoing through the venue like a tidal wave, Leo's smirk was practically glowing in the spotlight. "But yo, bro, y'all gotta hear

this part–shit’s straight-up wild,” he drawled. “Wanna know what this little freak did after high school? Bonkers levels of fag shit.”

The crowd was hanging on his every word. Leo’s grin widened as he continued, his tone dripping with amused disdain.

“On graduation day, right? The homo rolls up to me, all nervous and shit, and he’s like, ‘Leo... uhh... so I was thinkin’... maybe I could transfer to the same college as you?’” Leo paused, letting the absurdity sink in as the audience started losing it. “And then–yo, this is the kicker–he goes, ‘Cause I think I should keep cleanin’ your room... ya know, you’re gonna be busy with sports and everything, so... can I please keep doin’ it? I really want to.’”

Leo shook his head slowly, while the crowd roared with laughter. “Bro, y’all hearin’ this? This pathetic-ass fag was so obsessed with me, he wanted to follow my ass to college just to keep scrubbin’ my skid marks, washin’ my jockstrap, and throwin’ away my used rubbers. Didn’t even have to ask him–he straight-up volunteered! Like, what kinda sick, twisted shit is that?”

Some guys in the audience literally doubled over, as Leo shook his head like he couldn't believe it himself. "I mean, talk about dedication, right? Most people graduate high school, and they're all like, 'What's next? My dream college? A fancy internship? Some big-shot job?' Not this fag. Nah, bro, his whole damn plan was, 'Let's go wherever Leo goes and scrub his filth.' That ain't just commitment—that's next-level obsession."

Everyone roared louder, eating up every word. "So I'm like, 'Yeah, faggot! You can follow me to college!' And this lil' freak? Bro, he's so damn stoked, he's practically bouncing off the walls. So I figure, hey, it's graduation day—why not throw him a little bone?"

The audience leaned in further as Leo's grin stretched wide. "I look him dead in the eye and I'm like, 'Yo, since we're on the topic, tomorrow night my parents are dippin' outta town, so my boys and I are throwin' down. We're gonna be drinkin', smokin' weed, just chillaxin', all that. And I want you there—not as one of us, obviously—fuck no. You're comin' as the maid. You can serve us drinks, grab snacks, cook for us, do whatever we tell ya, and when the place is trashed and we're all tapped out and crashin'? You clean it all up. And bro, trust me, it's gonna be a mess.'"

The crowd howled with laughter, some doubling over as Leo mimicked the fag's reaction. "This lil' bitch doesn't even blink. He's all like, 'Yes, Leo! Thank you, Leo!' Like, bro, he was living for it. Straight-up pathetic!"

"So now we're both freshmen at Northwestern, right?" Leo started, his Florida drawl thick and in full display. "Three times a freakin' week, this lil' fag's out here walkin' his broke-ass self for half an hour just to get to my dorm. Like, bro, he's stuck livin' off campus like some damn peasant while I'm sittin' pretty in the dorms." He smirked, leaning into the mic, his grin sharp as hell. "Had to explain the whole deal to my roommate, and yo, y'know what? Dude was straight-up dyin' when I told him about this freak. Started usin' the lil' bitch for everything too—first time he met him, bro! I mean, who wouldn't? This fag's so damn pathetic it's practically a masterpiece."

The boys cracked up again. Josh slapped Leo on the back, guffawing. "Leo, you're a legend! I mean, who else turns their high school punching bag into a lifetime maid?"

Leo smirked, adjusting his hair, "It's all about consistency, man. You break 'em in early, and they'll stick with it for life."

Everyone cheered louder, some shouting out, “What’s his name?!” and “Bring him out!”

Leo held up a hand, his smirk sharp enough to cut glass. “Nah, nah, chill out, y’all,” he drawled. “Ain’t no need to see that mess. Trust me, you ain’t missin’ shit. That fuckin’ faggot ain’t even here. Told his sorry ass to stay put on campus for spring break, cleanin’ up after my boys. The whole fucking floor! Twelve rooms of pure straight testosterone! Bet he’s down there right now, scrubbin’ their floors, cleanin’ their shoes one by one, probably even licking ‘em clean. How fuckin’ pathetic is that?”

Josh laughed, slapping Leo on the back with a grin that radiated pure teenage cockiness. “Yo, that’s sick, bro!” he exclaimed, shaking his head in amused disbelief. Then he turned back to the audience. “Aight, my brothers—let’s hear it for Leo, the man who’s already got fag ownership on lock and probably gonna be president one day, right?”

The room went wild with cheers and whistles, as Leo raised a hand in mock salute. Then he smirked as he turned back toward Greg. “Almost forgot,” he said with disdain. He stepped closer to Greg, sprawled on the floor, and hawked up a thick glob of spit. Laughter

roared through the venue as it landed dead center on Greg's face.

Leo chuckled as Greg stuck his tongue out and reached for his spit. "There ya go," he said mockingly before turning back to bask in the crowd's adoration once more.

As the rowdy college boys roared their approval, Greg lay there on the floor, his mind wandering while tasting Leo's precious gift. He couldn't help but think about Leo's faggot— whatever his name was. The thought of that lucky bastard cleaning up after Leo since middle school sent a shiver of envy through him. God, what a privilege, Greg thought, his chest aching with longing. To serve a real man like Leo, to be trusted with something as personal as cleaning his room, even back then—it was almost too much to imagine.

And now, with Leo in college and living with a roommate, that fag's life must have reached a whole new level of bliss. Greg could almost picture it: the faggot walking into that dorm room, head down, ready to scrub floors, wash jockstraps, and pick up after two real men instead of just one. The thought made Greg's stomach flutter with a strange mix of jealousy and awe. How lucky can one faggot be? he wondered, his eyes

glassy with admiration. To have not just Leo but now his roommate using him, too—it was like winning the lottery for worthless freaks. Greg wished he could be in that position, begging for even a fraction of that attention.

Josh clapped Leo on the back again, laughing hard before gesturing toward CJ and Tyler, saying, "Take your place next to them. You've totally earned it!"

A massive round of applause filled the room as Leo smirked and sauntered over to where CJ and Tyler stood. He exchanged fist bumps with them, his Southern swagger on full display as he leaned against the stage wall, clearly enjoying the spotlight.

7

"Alright, alright—let's keep this train rolling! Who's next? Two more to go!" Josh shouted, his voice cutting through the chaos like a whip. The crowd roared in response. The young comedian, ever the ringmaster, scanned the room with his sharp, cocky gaze. His eyes landed on a figure at the back—a skinny kid dressed in black, standing out like a shadow amidst the sea of rowdy college boys. Josh's smirk widened as he pointed at him like a predator spotting its next meal.

"Yo, you! Kid in the black!" Josh barked, his voice commanding attention. "Get your ass up here!"

The kid scratched his cheek, his short brown hair peeking out from under a slightly tilted cap. A thin steel necklace hung over his plain t-shirt, catching the light as he moved. With a quiet confidence that somehow didn't match his unassuming appearance, he began to make his way forward. The guys in the audience parted for him, their jeers and laughter trailing in his wake.

Josh leaned into the mic. “What’s your name, buddy?”

The kid stepped into the spotlight, his presence magnetic despite his slender frame. “Jake,” he replied, his voice calm but tinged with an edge of defiance.

Josh raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued. “Alright, Jake. Let’s see what you’re made of. You got anything to add to this little faggot fiesta?”

Jake glanced down at Greg, still sprawled on the floor, then back at Josh with a sly grin. “Yeah,” he said, his voice calm and steady. “I’ve got plenty.”

Josh clapped his hands together, his excitement palpable. “Oh, this is gonna be good,” he cackled, then added, “Alright, what’s your angle? You don’t exactly look like the type to stomp on faggots.”

Jake tilted his head slightly, his cool demeanor betraying the sharp edge in his voice. “Stomp on faggots? Nah, never done that,” he said, his smirk widening, “But I’ve got three of these losers working for me.”

The crowd erupted in a wild mix of gasps and laughter, their energy surging as they leaned in, captivated by

Jake's effortless cool. Josh's eyebrow shot up, his grin spreading across his face as if he'd just struck gold.

"Holy shit! Three faggots at the same time?" Josh boomed. "We've got stompers, we've got maid owners, and now... this guy's running a whole faggot franchise! Respect, bro!" The crowd cracked up again. Josh held up a hand, "Yo, wait, wait—hold up," he said, catching his breath. "You said they're working for you, right? What the hell does that even mean? Like, what do they do for you? Spill it, man!"

Jake shrugged, his voice flat, like he was discussing the weather. "Eh, it's nothing special. I just make them whore themselves out and take the cash. Whatever." The room exploded into shocked laughter. Jake just smiled and shrugged, like he was talking about something as ordinary as grabbing a cup of coffee. "Hey, it's just how it is," he said, his voice casual but laced with a quiet confidence that made the crowd lean in even more.

Josh was grinning ear to ear. "Damn, man, you make it sound like ordering takeout. 'Hey, go suck some dick for me, I'll take 80%.' Fair deal," he quipped, earning another round of howls from the audience.

Jake just tilted his head, chuckling. "Yeah, pretty much. I take 100 percent, though," he added with a sly grin. The crowd's cheers blended with the sound of Josh doubling over in disbelief.

"Wait, wait," Josh managed to choke out between laughs, "You're telling me you don't even let these faggots keep a single penny?!"

Jake shrugged, adjusting his cap with that same cool indifference. "Why would I? They're not doing it for the money—they're doing it because they're faggots. They don't need cash, they need purpose. And I give it to them."

The college boys roared again, some shouting, "Cold-blooded!" while others howled with laughter. Josh shook his head, his grin stretching ear to ear.

"Bro, you ain't just some fag manager—you're a damn emperor!" Josh hollered, his trademark cocky swagger filling his voice. "You're out here buildin' a whole-ass empire on free labor! That's next-level savage, man!" Everyone was laughing their balls off.

Jake's tone was dripping with effortless arrogance. "It's not free labor if they're getting what they really want—humiliation. All they live for is pleasing me in any way

they can, and let me tell ya, it's pretty fucking convenient," Jake continued. The crowd erupted into new laughter.

Josh smirked, clearly loving the twisted logic. "Convenient? Yo, that's smooth as hell," he said, shaking his head in mock disbelief. "Alright, Jake, I gotta ask. How the fuck did you end up running your little faggot operation? This doesn't just happen overnight."

Jake adjusted his cap with a casual flick of his wrist.. "Well," he began, "it started back in high school. I was a sophomore, and there was this one faggot in my year—desperate type, you know?" He paused, letting the image sink in as the boys in the room chuckled. "One day, he corners me in the hallway and straight-up asks if he can suck me off."

The audience erupted into laughter, their jeers filling the room as Jake paused for effect. Josh's grin widened. "What the fuck? And what'd you say, bro?"

Jake shrugged, his smirk growing. "Yeah, I said no," he said, his voice cutting. "Actually, scratch that—my exact words were, 'Go fucking kill yourself, faggot.'"

The crowd was clearly captivated by Jake's brutal honesty. "I mean, come on—do I look like I'd let a faggot put his mouth on me? No. So I walked away and didn't think much of it. But then I got to thinking. This little fag was so desperate, so eager to suck cock. Why not put that energy to good use, right?"

The audience's cheers were egging Jake on as he continued. "So, the morning after at recess, I'm like, 'Alright, faggot, listen up. You're not sucking my dick, but I'll find someone else for you to suck off—for 20 bucks.' And this little fucker? He jumps at the offer. Hands me the cash right then and there."

Jake smirked, his tone laid-back but laced with quiet arrogance. "That night, I went home, got on Craigslist, and found some guy looking for a blowjob. Set it all up—time, place, everything. The best part? I charged him \$50. And the fag? He had no idea what I was doing."

The crowd erupted with laughter, some yelling, "That's genius!" while others shook their heads, clearly entertained. Jake shrugged, like it was no big deal.

"After it was done," he continued, "I showed up to grab the cash. The fag was still on his knees, wiping his mouth like he'd just finished eating or something. I walked in, glanced around, and the guy handed me the

\$50 without a word. No drama, no questions—just handed it over like it was nothing. So I pocketed the money, looked down at the fag, and said, ‘Good job, bitch.’”

The drunk crowd howled again, feeding off Jake’s effortless cool. He leaned back, clearly enjoying the reaction but acting like it was just another day for him.

Josh chuckled. “Damn, bro! That’s fucking awesome!”

Jake smirked, his voice still cool and steady, like he was recounting something mundane. “So, we’re walking out of the apartment,” he said, “and this fag looks at me like he’s waiting for me to say something. Like, ‘Hey, what’s the deal with the \$50? I already gave you 20.’ I just stopped, gave him a really long look without saying anything until he dropped his gaze. And that was it. No shouting, no violence. Nothing.” He paused for a beat, letting the weight of it sink in, then shrugged like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “He knew his place after that. Didn’t need to spell it out.”

The whole room burst into laughter, hanging on Jake’s every word. He leaned into the mic, his smirk razor-sharp. “Then I’m like, ‘From now on, I’ll find more guys for you to suck off, and I’ll keep the money.

Clear?’ And wouldn’t you know it, that little fag nodded like it was the most natural thing in the world.”

The audience howled, their cheers blending with Josh’s cackling laughter. Jake shrugged, his voice full of mockery. “And that’s how it started. Simple as that.”

Josh doubled over. “That’s fucking priceless!” he managed to choke out between laughs. “You’re telling me this fag didn’t even question it? Just... accepted his fate?”

Jake shrugged, his smirk easy and unbothered. “Why would he?” he said, his voice smooth but cutting. “He’s a faggot. Like Leo said, they’re born broken. All they want is to be told what to do—to be used—it makes them fucking happy. And I have no problem with that.” He paused, letting the tension build, his eyes scanning the crowd with that same icy calm. “I’m happy to oblige.”

"That's what I'm talking about, bro!" hollered Leo from the side of the stage.

More cheers and laughter filled the room, their energy feeding off Jake’s effortless confidence. His cool delivery, paired with the twisted logic, had them hanging on every word.

Josh chuckled, shaking his head and grinning from ear to ear. "Man, you're not just a pimp—you're a damn philosopher! You've got these faggots figured out!" The crowd was going wild. "So what happened next?"

Jake smirked, leaning into the mic with that same icy calm. "After a couple of months or so," he began, "I got bored of hustlin' for him myself. Not 'cause I didn't have time—I just had better shit to do than play pimp for some faggot, you know?" The audience chuckled, "So, I flipped the script. Told him to start finding his own dicks. Gave him a weekly quota and everything—five guys minimum, no excuses." He paused, letting the weight of it sink in, his smirk sharp as glass. "You should've seen how proud the fag was! He simply nodded and started recruiting."

Josh chuckled, his grin cutting across his face like a knife. "A quota? No fucking way," he said, his voice dripping with disbelief. "What's the deal if he doesn't hit that number? You just kick his ass or what?"

The crowd roared with laughter, feeding off Josh's blunt curiosity. Jake smirked, his calm demeanor unshaken as he adjusted his cap.

“Nah,” Jake replied, icy as fuck. “Don’t need to, man. Like I said, his only purpose in life is making me happy, so if he fails, he punishes himself. It’s hilarious, really. One time, he only found three guys by the end of the week. Guess what he did?”

Josh was having the time of his life. “C’mon, man, don’t leave us hanging!”

“He locked himself in his bathroom for two hours and slapped his own face till it was bright red,” Jake said, his tone casual but filled to the brim with disdain. “When he came out, he looked like a damn tomato. I didn’t even tell him to do it—he just knew he’d let me down.” He paused, leaning into the mic with a sly smirk. “Sent me a photo of his face and everything. Apologized, like, a million times. Then he gave me a hundred bucks out of his own pocket to make up for the two guys he hadn’t sucked off.” Jake shook his head slowly, his smirk sharp and unbothered.

The audience roared with laughter, some shouting, “What a loser!” while others howled in disbelief. Jake shrugged, clearly enjoying the attention. Josh clapped him on the back again, his voice booming with admiration. “Man, you’ve got these freaks trained like dogs! What the fuck!”

Jake smirked. "It's not like I'm training them or anything," he said, shrugging it off like it was no big deal. "They're just born that way—totally broken, subservient, whatever you wanna call it. I just use them. Sometimes I remind them of their place, but that's pretty much it."

The crowd erupted again as Jake's gaze shifted to Greg, still trembling on the floor. "Some faggots don't even need reminding—they just know."

Josh burst out laughing, his voice echoing through the venue. "Oh, this one for fucking sure!" He then raised an eyebrow, his grin widening with intrigue. "Alright, so, Jake, I'm curious, bro! Does your fag only suck dick or..."

Jake leaned into the mic, his voice effortless and cool. "Nah, man," he said, "Anything goes. No limits. That's the deal. Fifty for a blowjob, a hundred if he takes it up the ass. But the real money? That's in the weird stuff—feet, piss, spit, collars, leashes, whips. Whatever the guy's into. But for that kinda shit, I charge double."

The crowd roared with laughter and cheers, some yelling, "That's sick!" while others howled with approval. Josh whistled, clearly impressed. "Damn,

Jake! You've got this down to a science. How much are we talking per month?"

Jake shrugged, unfazed. "The first faggot pulls in about \$2,000 a month. The other two? Around \$500 each. They're not as efficient yet, but they're learning."

"Right, right," Josh said, nodding like he was piecing it together. "You mentioned you've got three of these freaks. How the hell did you get the other two?"

Jake adjusted his cap, his smirk widening as he spoke, his tone cool and unbothered. "I recruited them."

Josh raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued. "Recruited? Like you were building a faggot army or something?"

Jake smirked, leaning back like it was all too obvious. "Nah, it wasn't hard," he replied. "Junior summer break, I wanted to take my girlfriend to Mexico, but I wasn't about to stay in some crappy motel. So, I told the first fag to find me two more whores I could rip off cause I needed more cash. He came back with his brother and one of his cousins. Of course he did." The crowd erupted into laughter, their jeers filling the room as Josh doubled over, clearly loving the twisted logic. Jake continued, his voice smooth and mocking. "You think he'd say no, right? But nah. Didn't even

hesitate. I gave him three days, and he showed up on time with two more subhumans ready to go.”

The audience howled with approval. Josh looked incredulous and shouted, "What? Are you for fucking real?"

"Yeah, man. When they show up," Jake began, his voice smooth, "the cousin—older than me, by the way—looks at me and goes, 'Drew said he whores himself out for you and gives you all the money.' I just nod and say, 'Yeah.' He keeps going, 'And he says he does it because doing whatever you tell him feels the best.' Again, I'm like, 'Yeah.'"

Jake paused, smirking, his icy demeanor untouched by the chaos around him. "Then he asks, real casual, 'He mentioned maybe we could do the same for you. Can we?' And that was it. I didn't even have to explain the deal—they were fucking happy to do it."

The crowd exploded into laughter again. Jake's smirk widened as he shrugged, like it was the most natural thing in the world. Josh laughed, slapping his knee. "Yo, wait, wait—hold the fuck up!" he hollered. "Did I hear you right? You just said this faggot went out and recruited his own brother and cousin for you to pimp out?!"

Jake shrugged, his smirk growing. “Yup. Guess it runs in the family.”

"Jesus fucking Christ!" Josh's grin stretched across his face like a predator. “Did they know what they were signing up for? Or were they just... clueless?”

Jake leaned into the mic again. “Oh, they didn't think it was gonna be hard at all at first,” he said. “But, like, neither of them had ever taken it up the ass before, and the first guy who used them? He totally wrecked them. The first fag told me the two newbies were so sore they couldn't sit for days—walking like someone had gone at them with a crowbar and a gallon of lube.” The crowd erupted into laughter, some howling as Jake shook his head in mock disbelief. “But when they showed up with the \$200 they'd collected from the guy, you know what? They looked super fucking eager to hand it over. Like they'd just accomplished something meaningful in their pathetic little lives.”

Josh doubled over, clutching his stomach as tears streamed down his face. “Holy shit, man!” he managed to choke out between laughs. “These freaks are something else.”

“No shit, man,” said Jake with a shrug, his tone as cool and unbothered as ever. “But it totally works for me. Now I’ve got three faggots bringing in cash every month. And the best part? They’re handling all the logistics themselves. Finding clients, setting up deals, even marketing—they do it all. All I have to do is sit back and collect the money.” The audience burst into cheers again.

Josh raised an eyebrow, leaning into the mic with a grin. “So what are these fags’ names, Jake?”

Jake chuckled, pulling out his phone from his pocket with a lazy smirk. “The first one’s called Drew,” he said, his voice as chill as ever, “but I don’t even call him that. The other two? No idea. Never really bothered to ask.” He adjusted his cap with a flick of his wrist, like the question was beneath him. “They’re not worth remembering, anyway. Names are for humans. They’re faggots—so I just call them Fag 1, Fag 2, and Fag 3,” he held up his phone for Josh to see. The screen glowed faintly under the stage lights.

The crowd erupted into laughter as Josh was checking Jake's phone to see if he was telling the truth. He was grinning like he'd just heard the funniest thing in the world. “Fucking awesome, bro!!” he hollered, shaking his head in mock disbelief.

Jake just shrugged, his smirk never wavering, his tone calm and dismissive. “Why bother with names when they’re not even people to me? They’re just tools. And tools don’t need names. Besides, it’s way easier to keep track of them this way. No confusion, no mess.”

Josh clapped Jake on the back. “This guy’s not just a pimp—he’s a faggot scientist!” the comedian shouted, his voice booming with admiration. “Let’s hear it for Jake—the CEO of subhuman exploitation!”

Before the applause could die down, a young guy from the event’s organization sprinted onto the stage. He leaned in close to Josh, whispering urgently into his ear, his words barely audible over the still-roaring crowd. Josh’s eyes widened as he listened, his smirk growing wider until it looked like it might split his face. He nodded, his expression shifting from surprise to pure triumph. The audience buzzed with curiosity, their voices rising in anticipation as they tried to guess what might be happening.

“Yo, yo, yo!” Josh shouted into the mic, cutting through the noise like a knife. The room fell silent almost instantly, everyone leaning forward, hanging on his every word. “You all hear that?” he asked, his voice super excited. “This guy just hit me with some mind-

blowing news!” He gestured toward the young organizer, who flashed a quick thumbs-up before scurrying offstage. The crowd erupted into murmurs and laughter, electricity running in the air as they waited for the big reveal.

Josh paused for effect, letting the suspense build until it was almost unbearable. Then, with a grin that could light up a stadium, he dropped the bomb. “Turns out, this show is the most successful they’ve ever had here! I’m talking record-breaking, legendary, off-the-charts kind of success!” The rowdy crowd roared, their cheers shaking the walls as Josh basked in the chaos. Some jumped to their feet, pumping their fists in the air, while others clapped so hard their hands must’ve been sore.

“And you know what that means?” Josh continued, his voice booming with excitement. “It means the next sets are cancelled—because they want us to keep this party going as long as we want! That’s right, folks—you’re stuck with us for the long haul!” The crowd exploded into cheers again, their energy reaching a fever pitch. Some guys started chanting Josh’s name, while others turned to high-five their friends, clearly stoked about the unexpected turn of events.

Josh's grin widened as he turned back to the mic, his voice dripping with unshakable confidence. "Yo, Jake, you're good, my man—no need to stomp on this loser. You're already a straight-up legend in my book. Go stand with the boys."

The crowd howled their approval, and Jake gave a quick nod, his smirk telling Greg everything he needed to know as he walked over to join Leo, Tyler, and CJ. Greg, still sprawled on the floor, let out a shaky whimper, his body trembling like a leaf. Josh glanced down at him, his grin turning positively wicked. He casually placed his foot in front of the older man's face. "How's it going, Micro Fag?" he asked, his tone oozing mockery.

Greg didn't hesitate. He leaned forward and began licking the rubbery sole of Josh's beat-up sneaker, his voice trembling but filled with bliss as he replied, "It's great, Sir!"

"Are you bummed that Jake didn't crush your balls and spit on your face?" Josh asked, clearly amused.

Greg's lips quivered as he replied, his voice shaky but brimming with desperate enthusiasm, "Oh, Sir, I would've been honored to have Jake crush my balls and spit on my face. But I'm just a pathetic tool,

nothing more, as Jake so perfectly said. My feelings don't matter, Sir. All that matters is the enjoyment of the straight gods in this room. Their pleasure is my only purpose." His eyes flicked up to Josh, filled with desperate adoration, as he continued licking the sole of his sneaker, his entire being consumed by submission.

Josh threw his head back and let out a loud laugh, his eyes scanning the audience with a wicked grin. "Well, folks, you heard him!" he shouted into the mic, his voice booming through the venue. "Are we having fun?"

The rowdy college boys erupted into a deafening roar, their voices blending in a chorus of jeers, hoots, and slurs directed at Greg. "Fucking homo!" one voice shouted. "Loser fag!" another screamed. The energy in the room was electric, the audience feeding off Greg's humiliation and Josh's cocky charisma.

"There you have it, folks," Josh said. "This little fag's got his priorities straight—our entertainment comes first." He paused for effect, then added, "And don't worry, loser, we've got another straight legend coming up to wreck your pathetic existence. Sound good?"

Greg nodded eagerly, his tongue still working against the shoe. “Yes, Sir! I’m so happy, Sir!”

Josh grinned wickedly, shifting his foot from Greg’s face to his throat, pressing down just enough to make him gasp. The crowd leaned in, intrigued by the sudden movement. “You know what’s hilarious?” Josh said, entertained as hell as he pushed his foot down.

“If I press my foot like this,” Josh continued, his tone low and teasing, “this loser’s mouth opens up like a trash can. Watch this!”

Everybody cackled as Josh pressed his foot down hard on Greg’s throat, causing the older man’s mouth to pop open instinctively. Without hesitation, Josh leaned over and spat directly into Greg’s gaping mouth. Greg swallowed eagerly, his trembling lips closing briefly before popping open again as Josh’s foot shifted slightly.

“Boom! Trash can mode activated!” Josh shouted, laughing along with the crowd. He repeated the act a few more times, each spit landing perfectly in Greg’s waiting mouth. The audience went wild, their cheers and jeers growing louder with every demonstration.

Josh put his foot back on Greg's mouth, and the fag eagerly started licking the sole of his sneaker again. "Yo, faggot," Josh said, "tell me something—does straight man's spit taste good to you?"

Greg's eyes widened, and he nodded furiously, his voice trembling as he replied, "Yes, Sir! It's delicious, Sir!"

The audience cracked up, and Josh's grin widened as he leaned into the mic again. "Yeah, I bet it's super yummy to your nasty little faggot taste buds, huh?" he sneered, his eyes locking onto Greg's trembling form.

Everyone roared with laughter once more, their voices blending in a chorus of jeers and hoots. Greg, still licking the sole of Josh's sneaker, nodded eagerly, his voice shaking but filled with desperate enthusiasm. "Yes, Sir! It's so yummy, Sir!"

Josh's grin widened. "Alright, trash can, let's see if you can keep it up for the next guy." He scanned the crowd, his eyes landing on a figure who stood out like a demigod among mortals. There, leaning casually against the wall, was a surfer dude radiating effortless beach-boy charm—long blond hair, ridiculously gorgeous features, a t-shirt hugging his lean frame,

board shorts, and flip-flops. This guy, Josh thought, is perfect.

“Yo, yo, yo!” Josh shouted into the mic, his voice cutting through the laughter. The crowd turned their attention to him, their curiosity piqued. “Hold up, hold up. I see someone who’s perfect to bring this little show home.” He pointed directly at the surfer dude, his smirk widening. “You! Yeah, you, blondie! Get your fine ass up here!”

The audience erupted into cheers as the new guy pushed off the wall and strutted toward the stage. His flip-flops slapped against the floor, and his board shorts swayed with every confident step. He radiated that carefree, untouchable vibe that only a beach boy could pull off.

Before Josh could even ask his name, he walked straight to Greg, his blue eyes gleaming with amusement. “Whoa, dude, this trashcan thing is legit?” he asked, his voice carefree but curious, pure surfer bro through and through.

“Oh, it’s legit,” Josh assured him, stepping aside with a smirk. “Give it a try.”

The blond boy didn't hesitate. He pressed his foot against Greg's throat, just like Josh had, and laughed when Greg's mouth popped open like a trapdoor. "Rad!" he exclaimed before spitting into Greg's mouth. He repeated the process three times, each spit hitting its mark perfectly. After the third time, he grinned up at Josh. "Fucking dope, man."

Josh chuckled, clearly amused by the enthusiasm. "No shit! So, what's your name and how old are you?" he asked, handing him the mic with a grin.

"Bodhi, I'm 20," the dude answered, his voice smooth and dripping with that laid-back Californian accent. The crowd whistled and hollered, clearly impressed by his looks.

"Bodhi, huh?" Josh repeated, stepping back and giving him a once-over with a cocky smirk. "Damn, dude, you look like you fucking belong on a billboard or some shit. Like, what the hell? You sure you're not, like, a model or something? That face is straight-up unreal, man."

Bodhi flashed a grin that could've melted the sun. He ran a hand through his blond hair, the picture of casual confidence. "Thanks, bruh," he said with a

laugh, his surfer drawl smooth as ever. “I get that a lot.”

Josh leaned on the mic stand, clearly enjoying the banter. “I bet! So, Bodhi, tell us a little about yourself. What’s your deal?”

Bodhi shrugged casually, “Eh, you know how it is, bro,” he drawled, “Just keeping it real—catching waves, vibin’ at the beach, and yeah, chicks are lining up to get a taste of this.” He gestured to himself with a cocky grin. “Got a couple of cash pigs back home keeping me stacked with boards, brews, and whatever else I need. But this? This is some next-level fun. I mean, I could totally get used to this whole vibe. You feel me?”

The audience erupted in cheers, loving the casual way Bodhi owned the moment, his chill swagger making it even funnier. Josh chuckled into the mic, clearly impressed. “Cash pigs, huh? Daaaamn, bro, you’re straight-up living the dream!” he said, his voice crazy with admiration and a hint of playful envy. “You’re out here living the kind of life we all wish we had—surfing, chilling, fucking, and getting paid for just being your badass self. That’s legend status right there. No cap, man, you’re killing it.”

Bodhi chuckled, “Yeah, it’s pretty good, bro! I won’t lie!”

Josh nodded along, clearly impressed. “Well, pretty boy, feel free to keep the vibes going. Show this fag what you think of him.”

"Sure thing, bro," Bodhi said, still oozing that laid-back surfer charm. He kicked off his flip-flops with a casual flick of his foot. The audience erupted in cheers as he stepped hard onto Greg’s cock, his bare sole pressing down without mercy.

Greg let out a sharp whimper, his body trembling, but his face was plastered with a twisted expression of bliss. "Thank you, Sir!" he squeaked, his voice shaking but filled with desperate gratitude. Bodhi chuckled as he slowly moved forward, each step deliberate and crushing, until he stood triumphantly on Greg's chest.

The crowd was loving every second, their jeers and laughter filling the room. Bodhi turned to Josh, his blue eyes gleaming with mischief. “Yo, bro,” he called out to Josh, “how ‘bout I slap this fag’s face with my foot instead of using him as a doormat? Feels kinda lame without kicks on, you feel me? Plus, I’m kinda vibin’ on the idea of kickin’ his face in—just sayin’.”

His grin was pure cocky charm as he waited for Josh's response, the audience already buzzing with anticipation. Josh burst out laughing, leaning into the mic. "Hell yeah, dude! Let's make it a show!" He turned to the crowd, raising his arms like a conductor. "Alright, folks, let's count it out—one loud and clear for each slap!"

The audience roared in approval, their voices already rising in unison. Bodhi grinned down at Greg, his foot hovering just above the trembling man's face. "Ready, trashcan?" he taunted.

"Yes, Sir!" Greg gasped, his eyes wide with anticipation.

Whap! The first slap echoed through the venue as Bodhi's bare foot connected with Greg's cheek. The audience shouted, "ONE!"

Whap! "TWO!"

Whap! "THREE!"

By the time they reached ten, Greg's cheeks were red and swollen, but his expression was one of pure ecstasy. Bodhi pressed his foot on the fag's face, chuckling as Greg immediately started kissing it.

“Dude, that was so fun,” Bodhi said, turning to Josh. “This loser’s got a face made for kicking.”

Josh laughed. “Bro, you’re a natural. This fag’s never gonna forget tonight.”

Greg whimpered beneath him, his body trembling as Bodhi’s words sank in. The crowd hollered wildly, loving every second of Bodhi’s casual cruelty. Bodhi chuckled, rubbing his foot on the fag’s face and feeling his tongue starting to work.

“So, yeah, bro,” Bodhi drawled, chill as the Pacific breeze, “like, fags like this one? They’re nothin’ compared to us straight dudes, ya feel me? We’re out here livin’ life—top of the fucking food chain, y’know? Respect, dignity, all that. But these guys?” He glanced down at Greg, the older man’s tongue eagerly working between his toes. “They’re not even fucking human, y’know? Like my bro Jake said!” he gestured at the other straight legends standing a few feet from him. “They’re like...mistakes in evolution, tryin’ to fake it like they’re on our level. But let’s be real—they’ll always be beneath us. That’s why one way or another, they always end up where they belong: down there, like this fucking loser. And it’s hilarious watching them grovel like this. Like, bro, look at him.” Bodhi smirked

down at Greg and asked, “How does my toejam taste, faggot?”

Greg whimpered and said, "It's so good, Sir! I love it! Thank you, Sir!"

Bodhi grinned, “See? This fag gets it. And honestly, bro? The world would be better off if all fags were like him.”

The crowd applauded the surfer dude, loving the way Bodhi’s laid-back tone made the cutting remarks hit even harder. Josh leaned in, a sly grin spreading across his face. “Totally with you on that one, bro!” He gestured down at Greg. “Fags are literally made for this shit.”

Bodhi chuckled, nodding in agreement. “Facts, bro,” he said, smooth as ever. “They’re like little puppets—ya just pull the strings, and they do whatever ya want. It’s fucking rad, bro.” He turned to the straight legends, his grin widening. “Oh, and by the way, I’m totally down with that slavery thing my bro Leo pitched! Shit would make everything so much easier, y’know?”

Everyone was loving Bodhi’s chill yet cutting commentary. Leo took an exaggerated bow, smirking widely.

Josh chuckled, his eyes gleaming with amusement. “Hell yeah, bro. No fucking doubt.” The crowd was having a blast, clapping, cheering, shouting their approval. Josh lifted a hand to calm them slightly. “Alright, dude, let’s hear it. You’ve gotta have some story about the first time you put a fag in his place like this. C’mon, man—spill.”

Bodhi paused, a nostalgic grin spreading across his face. “Oh, damn, bro, I totally got a story for ya,” he chuckled, running a hand through his blond hair. “So, back in my freshman year, right? There was this kid who was just sooo obviously a fag, ya feel me? Like, the vibes were off the charts with this dude. Anyway, one day after a game, we’re all in the locker room, and we’re fucking dripping with sweat, bro. Like, my pits were straight-up rank-ripe with that post-game funk. And this kid? He’s just staring at me like I’m some kind of god or something. So, I’m like, ‘Yo, dude, you wanna make yourself useful?’”

He paused for effect, “‘Why don’t you get your ass over here and lick my armpit clean?’ I was totally kidding, bro. Just messing around, y’know? Like, no way anyone would actually do that, right?” He chuckled, shaking his head, the crowd already buzzing with anticipation. “But this lil’ faggot? Nah, bro. He looks at

me all wide-eyed, like I'd just handed him a golden ticket, and goes, 'Uhm... okay... sure...' And then, bro, he just fucking did it! No hesitation. None. Just dove right in there, lapping up my sweaty armpit like it was the best thing he'd ever tasted."

The crowd went wild. Josh shook his head, his smirk turning into mock disgust. "Yo, that's fucking gross, man," he said into the mic, his voice filled with sarcastic disbelief.

"Totally gnarly, bro, but holy shit, it was a riot to watch! We were all laughing our balls off!" Bodhi laughed and paused, letting the absurdity sink in. "And the thing is, bro," he continued, running a hand through his hair again, "we all thought he'd stop after a second or two—like, maybe he'd realize how ridiculous it was and bail. But nah. This dude? He was committed. Licking so hard you'd think his life depended on it. And then, bro, get this—he pulls back for a second, looks up at me with those wide-ass eyes, and says, 'Should I do the other one too?'"

The crowd lost it again, their laughter crashing like a wave as Bodhi mimicked the kid's trembling voice. "Bro," he said with a wicked grin, "I was like, 'What the fuck?' But hey, I wasn't gonna stop him, so I just go, 'Sure, dude, knock yourself out.' And this lil' fag?

He goes right back to town on my other pit. Man, it was hilarious.”

“Then, bro, shit just escalated,” Bodhi continued, “All the guys are egging him on, and next thing you know, this lil’ fag’s going full Pitlicker 3000, smashing through everyone’s armpits like he’s starving or some shit. We’re all there, recording it on our phones, losing our minds. It was comedy gold, bro.”

"Jesus fucking Christ, bro!" commented Josh, laughing.

The crowd was in stitches as Bodhi added the final touch. “Then, bro, after like five minutes of this, one of the guys—I think it was Kyle—starts calling him ‘Pitlicker Prime,’ and it stuck.”

He paused, a wicked grin spreading across his face. “And then! Oh man, bro, here’s the kicker—when he’s done licking every pit in the locker room, we’re like, ‘Yo, Pitlicker, rate ‘em. Which one’s the MVP?’ And this dude, no joke, he’s standing there all sheepish, like he’s judging a baking contest or something, and goes, ‘Uhh... I think Bodhi’s was the best.’ I mean, come on, bro! How fucking pathetic is that?”

As the room was getting louder and louder, Bodhi concluded with his signature chill. “And then,” he said

with a grin as wide as the Pacific, “one of the bros is like, ‘Yo Pitlicker, how ‘bout mine? Was it gnarly enough for ya?’” He paused for effect. “And this lil’ fag just nods, all shaky and nervous, and goes, ‘Yeah, it was pretty rank.’” His imitation of the little fag’s trembling voice sent the crowd over the edge. “Bro,” he added with a chuckle, shaking his head. “I always knew faggots were fuckin’ weirdos, but that’s when it really hit me. Total freaks, bro!”

The audience was in hysterics, completely engrossed in Bodhi’s carefree storytelling. Josh leaned into the mic, barely holding back his laughter. “No way,” he managed to choke out between chuckles. “He seriously rated them?”

“Oh, bro, he totally did,” Bodhi replied, “Like, we had this lil’ fag giving everyone’s pits a score, one to ten. And dude, by the end, he’s handing out an 8.5 to some guy for ‘that gnarly salty kick.’” Bodhi shook his head with a grin that could’ve lit up a beach bonfire. “Bro, I’m telling you, it was the funniest shit I’ve ever seen.”

The crowd lost it again. Josh shook his head, laughing into the mic. “Un-fucking-believable!”

"Dude, no joke," Bodhi said, running a hand through his sun-bleached hair. "And of course we totally blasted

that shit everywhere, bro. Like, within an hour, every single kid at school had seen it! And after that? Boom—his name was Pitlicker, no takebacks."

Josh finally caught his breath, grinning ear to ear. "That's fucking gold," he said. "I can't believe that actually happened."

Bodhi flashed his signature surfer grin, making the whole thing sound like he was recounting catching the perfect wave. "Bro, I'm tellin' ya, it was straight wildfire," Bodhi went on. "After that day, you couldn't even hit the hallway without someone yellin', 'Yo, Pitlicker!' For real, every damn time I'd see him strollin' by, all shy and twitchy, me and the homies would lose it. Like, we'd just be vibin', mindin' our own business, and then bam—there he is, shufflin' past. And one of us would just holler, 'Yo, Pitlicker! Rate this pit!' and bro, it was instant comedy gold. Every. Damn. Time. Swear to God, I've never laughed so hard in my life. Straight-up epic."

The crowd howled with laughter, eating up every word of Bodhi's savage story. Josh shook his head, chuckling into the mic. "Bro, that's next-level savage. You and your boys bullied that kid into comedy legend status. That's some serious alpha energy right there."

“Hey, bro,” Bodhi said casually, shrugging. “It’s his own fault for being born a faggot, ya feel me? Like, you and me? We’d never lick a sweaty armpit—no way, no how. That’s just some next-level fag shit. But this Pitlicker dude? He chose that life, bro, right there and then in that locker room. He just dove in headfirst, licking pits like it was his damn destiny or something.” Bodhi paused for effect, letting the absurdity sink in. “And think about it, bro—we straight-up did him a favor! Before that day, he was just some nobody. But after? Boom! The popular kids actually noticed he existed! Like, for real, he went from being invisible to having everyone hollering ‘Pitlicker’ wherever he went. That’s more attention than he’d ever gotten in his pathetic little life. So yeah, bro, he fucking deserved every bit of it and should’ve thanked us, ‘cause let’s be real—he fucking loved it.”

Josh shook his head, chuckling into the mic. “You’re not wrong, bro—fags like that? They live for that kind of shit. So what happened to the kid?”

“Bro, let’s just say pit sweat wasn’t the only thing we made him lick and rate.”

Josh’s eyebrows shot up, clearly intrigued. “Oh yeah? Don’t leave us hanging, man. What else did you make him do?”

Bodhi leaned back, arms crossed behind his head, his surfer vibe as chill as the ocean on a perfect summer day. “Alright, bros, so like, this was a few weeks after the whole Pitlicker thing went viral, right? We were in the locker room after practice, just vibin’ and shootin’ the breeze. Then one of the homies was like, ‘Yo, let’s see if Pitlicker can level up his game.’” The crowd was now totally hooked, their energy buzzing like a wave about to crest.

“So, bro,” Bodhi began, “five of us lined up at the urinals—just taking a casual leak, nothing crazy, ya feel me? But none of us flushed, and then we called the little fag over and were like, ‘Yo, Pitlicker, time to bring that rating system to the next level.’ The fag looks at us like he didn’t understand. So I’m like, ‘C’mon dude, lap up our piss and rate it!’ And he’s all horrified, just staring at me. I grabbed his head, shoved it into the first urinal, and said, ‘Fucking lick that piss, faggot!’ The boys totally cracked up, but bro, no joke—the fag actually started lapping it up like a damn dog. Full beast mode, bro. It was gnarly.”

“You gotta be fucking kidding me, bro!” Josh exclaimed between laughs.

Bodhi paused, letting the absurdity sink in. His surfer vibe kept the tone chill, even as the story got wilder. “Swear to God, bro,” he said, “and here’s the kicker—after he finished the first one, he’s all shaky and wide-eyed, crying and shit. I’m like, ‘Yo, Pitlicker, how’s it taste? Rate it for us!’ And this dude, bro, he’s dead serious, like he’s judging some craft beer at a brewfest or something, and goes, ‘Uhh... I’d give it a solid 7.’ I mean, come on, bro! You couldn’t even make this shit up if you tried.”

The crowd lost it, their laughter crashing like a tidal wave. Josh chuckled into the mic, shaking his head. “Bro, that’s next-level savage.”

“Hell yeah, bro,” Bodhi smirked. “But the lil’ fag was totally into it! We even had him pick his favorite piss at the end. He went with mine, of course!”

The venue was so full of cackles and jeers it was crazy, given the absurdity of the story.

“And then, bro,” Bodhi continued, his voice dripping with that effortless California chill, “we made him say it straight up on camera: ‘Straight boys’ piss is the best.’ And he did it, man! No hesitation. Just looked right into the phone and said it all serious-like, like he

was auditioning for some fucked-up commercial or something.” The laughter in the room was deafening.

Bodhi shook his head, chuckling. “Needless to say, his name went from Pitlicker to Pisslicker overnight, and it stayed like that till we graduated high school, bro! We had this lil’ fag drinking so much of our piss through high school, I’m surprised the dude didn’t turn straight-up yellow, bro. Like, he was practically glowing by the time we were done with him!”

The room was pure chaos. Bodhi grinned. “And let’s be real, bro, it wasn’t just us—everyone was in on it. The jocks, I mean. Like, anytime someone needed a laugh or whatever, they’d just wave him over to the toilets and be like, ‘Yo, Pisslicker, show us that magic tongue!’ And the dude? He’d just dive in, no questions asked. It was like... his thing, ya know? His superpower.”

While Bodhi regaled the crowd with his hilarious stories, Greg was in pure ecstasy beneath him. The fag’s tongue worked furiously between Bodhi’s toes, savoring every trace of salty sweat and grime like it was a gift from the gods. And in Greg’s mind, it was. Straight boys were all gods to faggots like him, and Bodhi? He was indeed a deity in his eyes—effortlessly cool, impossibly hot, and brutally dominant. Greg’s

entire body trembled as he licked, his dick pulsating with an intensity he'd never felt before.

Every word of Bodhi's story sent shivers down Greg's spine. Another faggot, blessed with the power of straight boys at such a young age. Pitlicker Prime—or Pisslicker, as the legend went—was a super lucky fag in Greg's mind. How could he not be? He'd spent years basking in the glory of straight boys' dominance, drinking their piss, licking their pits, and living his true purpose: to serve. Greg's heart raced as he imagined himself in that role, a willing slave to the alphas around him, forever grateful for their attention, no matter how humiliating or degrading. The joys of faggot life.

“Yo, bro,” Josh said into the mic, grinning wide, “you're fucking hilarious, man. For real, you're killing it up here!” He turned to the crowd, pumping a fist in the air. “Come on, y'all! Let's show this legend some love—give it up for Bodhi!”

They went absolutely wild. The college boys were beyond entertained, laughing and cheering so hard the noise was deafening. Bodhi chuckled and waved at them. “Thanks, bros! Keep it real!!” he hollered, receiving another round of screams and jeers.

8

The hall buzzed with the raucous energy of two hundred young men, hanging on Josh's every word. The 18-year-old comedian, basking in the electric atmosphere, paused before returning to the microphone, his signature cocky grin firmly in place. Behind him, the five "straight legends"—CJ, Tyler, Leo, Jake, and Bodhi—stood like imposing figures, their smug confidence radiating. With a raised hand, Josh effortlessly quelled the boisterous crowd.

“Alright, gentlemen,” he began, his voice dripping with that swagger he wore so well. “We just witnessed some next-level fag humiliation, right? Like, these guys?” He jerked a thumb toward the legends behind him. “Straight-up gods. And here’s the deal—if there’s one lesson to take from tonight, it’s this.” He leaned into the mic, his eyes scanning the audience with a mischievous glint. “Bullying faggots like Greg isn’t just for laughs. Nah, it’s about keeping these losers in their lane. ‘Cause if we don’t put ‘em in their place early, they might start thinking they’re worth something. And fuck no, we can’t let that happen.”

The audience erupted in a cacophony of cheers, whistles, and pumped fists, their roars of approval echoing through the space. Greg, still splayed on the floor, legs spread wide, trembled beneath the weight of their collective stare. His face burned, slick with sweat, his dick aching but painfully erect. Josh's words crashed over him, a tidal wave of humiliation, yet he couldn't suppress the sickening thrill of being the focal point of their ridicule.

“Now,” Josh continued, stepping aside to let the five legends take the spotlight, “it’s time to crown the ultimate straight God. Let’s recap their epic contributions, shall we?”

First up was CJ, the tall, lanky ginger with a boyish grin. Josh gestured to him, and CJ stepped forward, hands casually in his pockets like he didn’t have a care in the world. “Yo, this dude right here,” Josh said, slapping CJ on the back, “absolutely owned some kid named... what was his name again?” Josh asked, but before CJ could answer, he interjected, “Ah, who cares? ‘Fag’ works just fine!” Everyone cheered, “Anyways, he made him his personal little bitch. The fag’s out there busting his ass doing the job CJ was supposed to get paid for, while my bro here’s just

chilling like a goddamn king—and obviously pocketing the cash. Meanwhile, the fag’s mom tips CJ for letting the fag ‘help out’. And if that’s not enough, the fag’s sister? She straight-up sucked this guy off for being so ‘nice’ to her fag brother. Like, bro, you can’t make this shit up. Fucking legendary, am I right?”

The crowd cracked up, fists pumping in the air as CJ smirked, soaking up the adoration like it was his birthright.

Next was Tyler, the massive lacrosse player with a body sculpted straight out of a gym ad. He stepped forward, his huge arms crossed like he owned the stage. Josh gave him a nod, his smirk widening. “And who could forget this dude,” Josh began, gesturing at the ripped athlete. “Tyler’s the kinda guy who doesn’t just dominate on the field—he brings that energy to life, bro. At fifteen, some sad sack literally begged to clean his sneakers every night at a gas station. For a whole fucking summer. Paid him \$20 a pop for it, too. Called him ‘sir’ like some pathetic little simp. That’s not just dominance—that’s straight-up owning someone’s soul.”

Everyone went wild, whistling and cheering like they’d just witnessed the highlight reel of the century. Tyler gave a mock bow, his grin smug as hell.

Leo was next, his Southern charm and cocky smirk making him instantly recognizable. “Yo, Leo, my man!” Josh said, shaking his head like he couldn’t even believe it. “This guy? Absolute legend. Since eighth grade, he’s had some faggot cleaning his room and doing his chores, like, three times a week, no questions asked. And after months of this, Leo tells the dude he should be kissing his stinky feet as a thank you for the ‘privilege,’ and the little bitch actually does it! Like, full-on worshipping him like some kinda god. Fucking insane, right?”

The room lost it, howling with laughter as Leo tipped an imaginary hat, his grin spreading even wider. “And now,” Josh added, milking the moment, “the fag followed him all the way to college just to keep cleaning up after him. That’s not dedication—that’s straight-up pathetic!”

Jake, the unassuming guy in all black with his cap and that sharp smirk, stepped forward next. “And then there’s Jake,” Josh said, “This dude? Oh, he’s not bullying faggots, no sir—he’s fucking running a damn franchise. Like, bro, he’s got three of these losers out there whoring themselves out for him, day in, day out. Takes every single dollar they make and has them so well-trained that if they don’t meet his quota, they punish themselves and even reimburse him for the

money they didn't make. That, my friends, is next-level entrepreneurship."

The crowd erupted into applause, fists pumping and whistles echoing through the room. Jake, ever the king of cool, gave a curt nod, his smirk saying it all—he didn't need words to prove he was the fucking man.

Finally, there was Bodhi, the sun-kissed, perfect-featured surfer dude with the laid-back yet strikingly dominant vibe. "And last but definitely not least," Josh said, clapping Bodhi on the back, "we got this hero right here. Bro, this fucking genius literally made some kid lick and rate sweaty pits and piss. He recorded every second of it and posted it every-fucking-where, making the fag the joke of the entire school and turning that loser's stomach into, like, the most popular public piss tank for the jocks all through high school. I mean, come on. How wild is that?" Bodhi shrugged nonchalantly, his easy, confident grin lighting up as the college boys went absolutely ballistic, cheering like they'd just witnessed the pinnacle of dominance.

Josh stepped back to the mic, his gaze sweeping across the audience. "Now, boys," he declared, his voice brimming with excitement, "Time to crown the ultimate straight god. Let's hear it—who's taking the

throne?" He paused for effect, his grin widening. "Come on, don't hold back. Who's got that king energy? Let's make this shit loud, bros!"

The room erupted into mayhem, the crowd roaring as they shouted their favorites' names at the top of their lungs. Some chanted for Bodhi, others for Jake, while a few die-hard fans screamed for Leo. Electricity ran through the venue, the college boys feeding off each other's enthusiasm as they passionately debated who deserved the title. It was pure, unmitigated chaos.

Josh raised his hands, calling for order with that effortless swagger. "Alright, alright, alright," he said, "this ain't getting us nowhere!". He paused for a second, thinking, his smirk never faltering. "Ok, got it! There's only one way to decide. Let's make this official. Each of these legends is gonna drop one final act of fag dominance—right here, right now—to prove they're the ultimate god. And Greg?" He glanced down at Greg, who was still trembling on the floor like a leaf in a storm, happier than he had ever been. "You're the lucky little faggot who gets to take it all firsthand. Congrats, bitch." Then he turned to the five legends, "You guys up for it?"

The answers he received were on the lines of 'You bet', 'Fuck yeah!', and 'You know it'.

More fists pumping in the air and voices echoing through the venue as Josh leaned back, soaking in the chaos like it was his own personal playground. It was hard to end that show. The power trip was too strong. And it wasn't over yet.

Greg's heart raced wildly as Josh gestured for CJ to take the lead. With a swagger that screamed superiority, CJ sauntered over, his predatory grin growing wider as he lifted one leg and grabbed his sneaker. He spat directly onto the sole, the glob of saliva glistening under the stage lights, before thrusting it toward Greg. "Beg me to lick it off, fag!" CJ barked, his voice sharp and commanding.

"Oh god, please, CJ, sir!" Greg whimpered, his voice trembling but desperate. "Let me lick your shoe clean! Please! I'll do anything to taste your spit again, sir! Please, I'm begging you—let me lick it off! Please, CJ!"

The crowd roared with laughter, clearly loving the spectacle. CJ's smirk deepened as he pressed his sneaker closer. "Go ahead, faggot! Enjoy it!" he said, and Greg, without hesitation, leaned forward. His tongue met the salty mix of spit and grime, the act at once degrading and electrifying. The room erupted

into cheers and whistles, leaving Greg both humiliated and helplessly elated.

Next was Tyler. His towering presence alone made Greg squirm. Looming over the trembling man sprawled on the floor, Tyler barked, “Sit up, fag—on your haunches, hands up like front paws. That’s it, be a good little bitch.” Greg scrambled to obey, his trembling hands raised like a desperate dog begging for scraps. His face burned with humiliation, but his eager anticipation was impossible to miss. “Open up,” Tyler commanded, his voice full of disdain. Greg’s lips parted obediently, a submissive moan barely escaping as the room’s noise grew louder. “You want a faggy treat, don’t you?” Tyler taunted, a cocky smirk spreading across his face. “Woof for it, bitch.” Without hesitation, Greg let out a pathetic “woof” that sent the audience into hysterics. Tyler hocked up a thick glob of snot and spit, leaning down to let it dangle perilously close to Greg’s waiting mouth. The warm, slimy mixture landed on his tongue, and he swallowed it eagerly, his moans of humiliation mingling with the wild cheers and laughter of the rowdy boys in the crowd. The fag even barked twice more to show everyone how much he enjoyed it. Of course, the combination of Tyler’s flawless display of dominance and the fag’s pathetic reaction had everyone on their

feet, fists pumping and voices echoing through the room as they reveled in the spectacle.

Leo was up next. Without missing a beat, he planted one foot firmly on Greg's face, pressing down with his full weight. "Y'all 'bout to learn your place, bitch," Leo drawled, his thick Southern accent dripping with authority. "Now, you stay right where you are, hear? 'Cause I'm fixin' to start hoppin' on this ugly mug of yours. And every damn time I hop, you best be screamin' 'Fag slavery's dope!' Got it?"

The crowd went wild, totally stoked by Leo's intense vibe and the sheer guts of what was happening. Leo didn't even flinch, just started bouncing on Greg's face, enjoying each purposeful jump and snickering at each impact. After every hit, Greg would yell, "Fag slavery's dope!" his voice all shaky with a mix of desperation, giving in, and pure bliss. Everyone watching was completely hooked on the totally humiliating show. On the tenth hop, Leo didn't just stop. He got this cocky grin and explosively kicked off Greg's face, launching into a perfect backflip. It was super easy, totally flashy, and spot on. When Leo landed smoothly, arms up in victory, the audience absolutely lost it, their cheers and whistles deafening.

Jake stepped forward next, his cap tilted low and that sly grin spreading across his face as he pulled a permanent marker from his pocket. He uncapped it with a dramatic flick, the sound sharp and deliberate. “Get up, fag,” he commanded, his voice cold and cutting. Greg scrambled to his feet, trembling uncontrollably, his body now a blank canvas for Jake’s creativity. Without hesitation, Jake pressed the marker to Greg’s forehead and scrawled “FAG” in bold, unmistakable letters. The college boys erupted into laughter as Jake moved down to Greg’s chest, writing “Fags are cash pigs for straight guys” in the same glaring script. He paused for effect, then added “Fags ain’t human” across Greg’s stomach. Then, glancing at Leo with a smirk, he quipped, “And let’s not forget ‘Fag slavery’s dope!’, right?” The room exploded with cheers, the college boys eating up every second of it. Finally, Jake crouched down, scribbling “Fag clit” on Greg’s pubic area, complete with an arrow pointing to his pathetic dick.

Turning to Josh, Jake’s tone was dripping with mock curiosity. “So, this loser’s yours now, right? You’re keeping him, yeah?”

Josh chuckled, his grin widening as he shot back, “What do you think, man?”

“Yeah, figured,” Jake replied with a smirk, spinning Greg around to write “Property of Josh” across his back in bold, unmissable strokes. The audience went absolutely wild, their cheers echoing through the venue as Josh fist-bumped Jake. The two straight gods basked in their dominance over the trembling fag who stood there, marked and humiliated, a living testament to their unshakable supremacy.

Finally, it was Bodhi’s turn. With his signature laid-back swagger, he approached Greg, flipping his blond hair out of his eyes. He pointed to the ground and drawled, “Floor, fag. Now.” Greg dropped instantly, trembling but unmistakably eager. “Yo, you remember what I made that other queer do, right?” Bodhi asked, his grin deceptively casual but razor-sharp. Greg nodded weakly, his breath catching in anticipation. “Rad,” Bodhi said, his voice filled to the brim with casual cruelty. “’Cause you’re about to seriously one-up him. Watch this.”

Without hesitation, Bodhi yanked down his board shorts, his large, limp cock swinging free as the crowd cheered and whistled. He turned around with the confidence of a surfer who’d just caught the perfect wave and planted his bare ass—dead center—onto Greg’s face, completely smothering him. “Lick, faggot,” Bodhi commanded, his voice smooth yet unyielding.

Greg obeyed without hesitation, his tongue working frantically as the audience howled with laughter. "Oh, fuck yeah! I needed that, bro!" Bodhi added, leaning back slightly with a wicked smirk. "Just so ya know," he continued, his tone teasing, "I totally just dropped a gnarly deuce in that nasty-ass restroom—like, I smashed a ton of burritos earlier, so what you're tastin' is straight-up my shit. You're welcome!" The audience exploded, their cheers and whistles deafening as Bodhi leaned back even further, making a show of groaning in relief. "Uuuuhhh! Incoming!" he announced with theatrical glee before letting out a loud, exaggerated fart directly into Greg's mouth.

"Dude," Bodhi declared, pulling up his board shorts and standing with a stretch, "nothing beats farting on a fag's face. It's, like, the ultimate move." He gave a laid-back shrug, his grin spreading wide as Greg trembled beneath him, the ultimate humiliation complete. The college boys in the audience, Josh and the other legends, all went wild, feeding off Bodhi's effortless dominance and the sheer audacity of the moment.

Josh stepped back up to the mic, his grin cocky as hell, and raised his hands to quiet the roaring crowd. "Alright, bros, let's settle this shit once and for all," he said. "We're gonna use the clap-o-meter to decide! But first," he added, throwing a glance at the legends

behind him, "let's show these dudes some fucking love, yeah? I mean, come on!"

The five legends—CJ, Tyler, Leo, Jake, and Bodhi—stepped forward in a line, their smirks sharper than ever, their confidence practically oozing as they faced the hyped-up audience.

Josh pointed to CJ first. "Give it up for CJ!" Everyone started clapping and cheering, their enthusiasm palpable.

Next was Tyler. "Your favorite lacrosse god—Tyler!" The audience roared again, their energy rising but still not peaking.

"Now let's hear it for Leo!" The crowd's claps and shouts grew even louder, though they hadn't yet reached their zenith.

"Do we have any entrepreneurs in the house? Put your hands together for Jake!" The audience erupted into thunderous applause, their excitement electric.

"And finally, our pretty boy, Bodhi!" This time, the crowd went absolutely wild, their cheers and claps reaching a deafening crescendo. Hands shot into the

air, fists pumped, and whistles pierced through the noise as they chanted Bodhi's name.

Josh chuckled, shaking his head. "Yo, game fucking over, bro. We got our winner. Bodhi, get your ass up here, man!" The surfer dude strolled forward, all laid-back and chill, his grin wide as everyone went apeshit. "Looks like you're the ultimate straight god. Congrats, bro!" Josh shouted over the roar of the crowd, clapping Bodhi on the back like he'd just won the fucking lottery.

The deafening chants of "Bodhi! Bodhi!" started. It was wild how united those boys were, fully immersed in the sheer thrill of humiliating the submissive, pathetic creatures they'd tormented and dominated since they were kids. This wasn't just a show—it was a bonding moment, raw and unfiltered, fueled by jeers, dominance, and the undeniable and inherent confidence of straight supremacy.

Bodhi gave a casual wave to the audience, his laid-back grin never faltering as he soaked in their adoration like the king he was. "Yo, thanks, bros," he drawled, his voice smooth and totally chill. "But, like, obviously we gotta give it up for the dude who made this whole epic shitshow happen—Josh, the mic legend. Straight-up MVP right there. Handlin' business like a boss! So,

yeah, let's hear it for the bro with the flow!" He gestured toward Josh with a lazy hand flip, his smirk widening. The crowd erupted into a frenzy, their energy crackling through the air as they clapped, whistled, and chanted Josh's name. Josh, standing at the edge of the stage, wore a grin that stretched from ear to ear, basking in the moment as Bodhi gave him a nod of respect. With a dramatic bow, Josh soaked it all in, loving every second of that love. It was the perfect endcap to an already legendary night.

After a straight-up standing ovation that shook the walls, Josh stepped back to the mic, his grin widening even further. He raised a hand, effortlessly silencing the roaring crowd with that cocky, self-assured swagger he was known for. The guys were all his now, hanging on his every word, ready for whatever came next.

"Alright, boys," Josh began, his voice oozing with that signature cocky confidence he wore like a second skin. "I've got one final treat for y'all tonight. My new little bitch, Greg, is about to show some serious appreciation for our straight legends—in the most fuckin' epic way possible." The crowd leaned forward, hanging on his every word like he was about to drop the mic. "Each of these kings—CJ, Tyler, Leo, and Jake—is gonna pocket a cool grand straight from Micro-Fag's

pathetic-ass bank account. And since Bodhi just claimed the title of ultimate straight god? He's walking away with double—\$2,000! Boom."

He let the words hang in the air, his grin stretching wide as the room erupted into cheers, whistles, and fist pumps, the college boys bathing in the sheer dominance of the moment.

Greg, still trembling on the floor, could only nod meekly, his humiliation mingling with a twisted thrill. Josh turned to him, his smirk sharp as a blade. "So, Greg, are you happy?"

Greg's face burned, but his voice came out in a shaky whisper. "Yes, sir! So happy."

The crowd howled with laughter, their jeers fueling his submission like gasoline on a fire.

"Alright, fag," Josh said, gesturing to CJ. "You know what to do."

Greg scrambled to his knees, pulling his phone out of the pocket of his discarded pants with trembling hands. He wired \$1,000 to CJ first, bowing his head as he muttered, "Thank you, sir," before moving to Tyler. The lacrosse god smirked down at him as the payment

went through, whispering, "You're a good little bitch, aren't you?" Greg nodded frantically, his humiliation deepening as he shuffled over to Leo. The Southern charmer tipped an imaginary hat as the money transferred, drawling, "Glad you know your place, fag." Jake watched with a sly grin as Greg handed over the cash, adding, "Dumb faggot."

Finally, it was Bodhi's turn. Greg looked up at the surfer god, his heart pounding as he sent \$2,000 with shaky fingers. Bodhi leaned down, his voice low and teasing.

"Ayy, thanks for the cash, fag," he drawled, flipping his shaggy hair out of his face. "Maybe I'll grab some more burritos with this—just so I can shit directly into your fucking mouth later, bitch!"

Everyone exploded into hysterics, fists pumping as Bodhi shrugged like he was talking about catching waves instead of humiliating Greg.

The second Bodhi's words left his mouth, Greg couldn't hold back. His body tensed, a pitiful moan escaping his lips—and then it happened. A weak spurt of cum shot out of his pathetic clit, landing on the floor in front of everyone. The crowd completely lost their

shit, pointing and jeering at the ultimate display of abysmal humiliation.

"Oh, holy shit!" Josh barked, doubling over with uncontrollable laughter as his finger jabbed toward the tiny puddle on the floor. "Did y'all just witness that? This damn faggot just came, bro! And it's the saddest, most pitiful nut I've ever laid eyes on! Jesus Christ, this is next-level humiliation!"

Bodhi sauntered over, his surfer-boy calmness a sharp contrast to the chaos around him. He flashed his trademark grin, flipping his hair back like he was casually catching waves instead of reveling in Greg's degradation. "Yo, bro," he drawled, his tone as smooth as ever, "this dude must've really been into the taste of my shit. Fucking unreal, bro!" The crowd exploded into uproarious laughter, their cheers and jeers echoing through the venue as they soaked up every degrading detail.

Greg, meanwhile, lay trembling, his voice quivering with a mix of shame and ecstasy. "It feels so fucking good!" he cried out, barely audible over the chaos. "Thank you so much, Sir! It's the happiest moment of my life!" His words were choked with emotion, tears streaming down his flushed face as his body convulsed from the overwhelming intensity of the experience.

Josh cracked up, his laughter booming through the venue. "Yo, did y'all hear that? This fucking loser just said this is the happiest moment of his life!" The crowd erupted into wild cheers, their energy feeding off Greg's pitiful admission. Fists pumped in the air, and the room buzzed with the kind of electric excitement that only public humiliation could ignite.

Bodhi ran a hand through his blond hair, his easy grin spreading across his face. "Yo, bro, just so you know, this is literally the lowest bar ever. Congrats on being the most pathetic freak in the universe, bitch." The audience roared with approval, their laughter and jeers blending into a deafening chorus.

Josh straightened up, his voice cutting through the chaos like a blade. "Alright, fag," he barked, pointing at the mess on the stage. "You made that shit, now clean it the fuck up. Lick it off the stage like the subhuman trash you are."

Greg's face burned crimson, but his body moved almost instinctively. He dropped to his hands and knees, crawling toward the tiny puddle of his own shame. The crowd cheered him on, their voices a chaotic mix of taunts and encouragement. His tongue darted out, lapping up the pathetic mess with

trembling desperation as the room exploded into wild applause. The sight of him, broken and obedient, was the ultimate display of submission, and the boys loved every second of it.

9

Greg was still pitifully licking his own cum off the stage when Josh stepped away from the mic, the roar of the crowd thundering in his ears as he flashed a cocky grin. The energy in the room was electric, the kind of wild, untamed chaos only a spring break crowd of college boys could generate. He raised a hand to quiet them down—just enough to make sure they'd hear him.

"Alright, alright," Josh said, his voice dripping with that trademark swagger, "you guys have been fucking amazing. Seriously, this is the kinda crowd that makes me love doing this dumb shit. You're why I bother crawling up on stage to just... y'know, let it rip. No joke, best crowd ever. You're all fucking legends."

The room erupted again, cheers and whistles echoing off the walls as the guys pumped their fists in the air. Josh soaked it all in, his smirk widening as he leaned into the moment. He lifted the mic once more, his tone shifting to something almost conspiratorial.

"Alright, listen up, because this is crucial," Josh said, pointing a finger at the crowd like he was about to drop some life-changing wisdom. "Don't sleep on my

socials—@JoshComedyKing, you know where to find me. I'm just a broke-ass kid trying to make it big, so do me a solid and help a guy out. Tag me in your shit, share my stuff, and let's blow this thing up. Let's go viral together, yeah? Let's take this bitch global."

The crowd roared its approval, some already pulling out their phones to follow him. Josh chuckled, basking in the adoration. He scanned the room, locking eyes with a few of the louder guys in the front row. "You," he said, pointing at one particularly hyped-up dude, "you get it. You fucking get it. That's the energy I'm talking about right there."

He took a step back, letting the applause crash over him like a wave, soaking up every last bit before raising his hands to calm the room. "Aight, aight, I'll shut my trap before y'all lose your damn minds," he said with that cocky grin plastered across his face, earning another roar of laughter. "But for real, thanks. Y'all have been straight-up fire tonight. Keep livin' wild, keep drinkin' heavy, and always remind those faggots where they fuckin' belong! Peace!"

The crowd went absolutely wild, their cheers and whistles reverberating through the venue like a thunderstorm. Josh soaked it all in one last time, his chest swelling with pride as he gave them one final

wave before stepping offstage. He strutted with the confidence of a man who knew he'd just killed it, his sneakers scuffing against the floor in rhythm with the fading applause. The energy of the crowd lingered in the air, electric and raw, but Josh didn't look back. He didn't need to. He owned that stage tonight.

As he disappeared into the dimly lit backstage area, the adrenaline still pulsed through him like a drug. A couple of twenty-something guys from the venue stepped into his path on his way toward the greenroom, clapping him on the back with wide grins. "Dude, that set was fucking insane," one of them said, his voice filled with admiration. "I've never seen a crowd go that wild for anyone here before."

Josh smirked, shrugging like it was no big deal, but the compliment still sent a jolt of pride through him. "Just doing my thing," he replied, his tone casual but confident. "You know how it is."

"Yeah, but not like that," the other guy chimed in, shaking his head in disbelief. "The way they turned on that Greg bitch? Holy shit, that was next level. You've got some serious control over a room."

Josh chuckled, running a hand through his messy dark hair, not even trying to hide how much he loved the praise. Control over a room—he definitely liked the

sound of that. It wasn't just about the laughs or the applause; it was about the power he wielded, the way he could twist and manipulate the energy of the crowd with nothing but his words and his attitude. That was powerful shit.

"Thanks, bros," Josh said, flashing them his well-practiced cocky grin. "Stick around. This is just the beginning."

The young men nodded, their smiles widening as they stepped aside to let him pass. Josh strutted past them and disappeared into the empty greenroom. The place was a mess—cardboard boxes scattered across the floor, discarded water bottles cluttering the tables—but he didn't notice any of it. He grabbed a soda from the minifridge and let the cold liquid refresh him. His heart pounding in his chest, he looked at his reflection in the cracked mirror on the wall. A handsome teenager smirked back at him so wildly it was the ultimate portrait of conceited satisfaction. "Bro, that was fucking lit!" he muttered to himself. His mind frantically replayed the highlights of the night: the way the crowd had erupted when he'd called out Greg, the way they'd chanted his name, the way their laughter had filled the room like a tidal wave at every single joke. It was like being the conductor of the most hardcore fag-hating orchestra that dug the exact same

tunes as him. Amazing. They loved it. They fucking loved me. Like he had told those two guys, tonight was the fucking beginning, and Josh's mind was already racing with possibilities.

He leaned against the wall for a moment, catching his breath in silence. Suddenly, the initial rush of adrenaline started to fade as reality, the bitchiest buzzkiller ever, actually sank in. What the hell was he on about? As much as he wanted to believe that night was the start of something huge, a nagging thought clawed at the back of his mind: this shit would never fly anywhere else. That crowd—drunk, rowdy college boys on spring break—was a rare breed. He'd pushed the line with that pathetic faggot, and they'd eaten it up, but that didn't mean the rest of the world would be so forgiving.

He cursed under his breath. Fucking woke culture. One wrong joke, one video leaked online, and it's over before it even starts. Of course, he could get away with pretty much anything in front of a frat crowd, but how could he build a career on it? The truth was, tonight's material was radioactive. It was the kind of stuff that could blow up in his face faster than he could say "canceled."

Still, Josh couldn't shake the feeling that he was sitting on something special. The way they had responded—the energy, the chaos, the raw fucking power—it was addicting. Yeah, but he couldn't use that shit.. Sure, he had other material—jokes that were safer, more universal—but none of them had ever gotten a reaction like this. This was dark, edgy, and risky as hell. And yet it worked. And that's what pissed him off the most. He'd tapped into something real, something primal, and now he had to lock it away because the world was too much of a pussy to handle it.

“Fuck,” he muttered under his breath, shaking his head.

He took a deep breath, forcing himself to focus on the bigger picture. Tonight was a win, no doubt about it. It was awesome, but it was a one-time thing. Play the game, Josh, he told himself. It was frustrating as hell, but that's just how it was.

He ran a hand through his damp hair, a smirk tugging at his lips. At least the fag paid up, he thought, pulling out his phone to check the bank notifications. Two grand for the set, plus another five hundred as a thank you, and another grand just for the hell of it. Thirty-five hundred dollars. That was more than he'd made all fucking year. A flicker of excitement shot through him

as he realized what this could mean. “This useless faggot might actually be my meal ticket.” He snickered under his breath; it was high time to restore the “fag tax”.

But then his grin faltered slightly as new perplexities popped into his brain. What if even that was just a one-time thing? What if that stupid faggot wasn’t gonna follow through with the whole ‘please, sir, keep using me as your bitch’ shtick? Josh couldn’t afford to be naive here. He’d have to be smart about this—squeeze every last dime out of that cunt while he could.

‘Play it cool, Josh,’ he told himself. ‘Don’t let him think you need him.’ The power dynamic had to stay in his favor, or it was game over. The fag had to believe this was a privilege, not a transaction. And Josh? He’d make damn sure that fag kept paying up, one way or another.

His smirk returned, sharper this time. Yes, this could be his golden ticket—if he played his cards right.

And then, while he was deep in thought, he saw him—Greg, crawling toward him on all fours, stark naked. The man’s face and body were covered in sharpie scribbles, the most noticeable of which was ‘FAG’ on his pale forehead. Spit and sweat glistened on his flushed face, his eyes wide with desperate, dumb,

complete adoration. And all of a sudden, most of Josh's doubts started to disappear. The young man couldn't help but laugh, the sound sharp and mocking as he shook his head.

"Sooooo, Greg," Josh drawled, leaning down slightly with a smirk, "how'd I do?"

Greg immediately prostrated himself on the floor, his trembling tongue reaching out to touch Josh's sneakers, like a junkie reaching for their favorite drug. His voice trembled with a mix of raw adoration and desperation, his words tumbling out in a frantic rush. "Thank you, sir! Thank you so much!" he gushed, his eyes wide and wet with tears of pure faggot joy. "This... this is the day, sir. The happiest, most exciting day of my entire fag life! This was way beyond my wildest dream, Sir! Beyond anything I could've ever imagined. You're incredible, sir! Absolutely incredible!"

Josh cackled, running a hand through his hair again. "I'll take that as a good review, bitch!"

He moved closer, his body trembling as he looked up at Josh like he was staring at some kind of god. "Please, sir," Greg begged, now licking even more furiously at the rubber on Josh's Converse, his voice cracking with emotion, "let me be yours for real. Make me your property, Sir. Please. I'll do anything—anything you

want! Please, Sir! I don't want this to end... ever! I want to be yours... your slave, Sir! Like Master Leo said! I've never wanted anything so bad in my life.”

Josh chuckled as he leaned back against the wall, his smirk widening. He glanced down at Greg’s back, where Jake’s sharpie scrawl—“Property of Josh”—stood out in bold, permanent ink. How could he ever doubt this pathetic bitch’s needs? This sick little Micro-Fag was gonna be his cashpig forever after all. Although Josh felt he couldn’t let Greg see just how good a deal he’d just stumbled into. He had to play it cool, make the faggot beg for it even harder. He crossed his arms with a smirk that oozed indifference.

“Yeah? Well, I guess I could think about it,” Josh drawled, his tone dripping with mock reluctance. “But it’s gonna depend on how generous you feel like being, faggot. Like, how much you’re willing to prove you’re worth it.”

Greg’s eyes widened, his trembling hands clasping together like he was praying to some deranged god. “Yes, sir! Anything, sir!” he blurted out, his voice shaking with desperate eagerness. “I’ll give you everything! Please, sir, just let me belong to you!”

He resumed licking Josh’s sneaker with even more fervor. Smirking, Josh shifted his weight slightly,

planting his foot firmly on the back of Greg's head and forcing his face into the grimy greenroom floor. Greg's nose pressed against the dirty tiles, but instead of resisting, he leaned into it, as if the humiliation only fueled his pathetic devotion.

Josh leaned closer, pressing his foot down harder as he asked, "So, fag, what kinda money are we talking here? You rich or something?"

Greg's voice trembled with excitement, the words spilling out in a breathless rush. "Yes, sir! I'm very comfortable, sir. I come from money—I don't even need to work, sir!"

Josh's eyes lit up with pure greed—Jackpot, he thought, a wicked grin spreading across his face. Without hesitation, he threw out the first number that came to mind. "Alright, let's start with twenty-five hundred a week. Sound good?"

Greg practically moaned, his tongue working frantically over Josh's sneaker. "Yes, sir! Of course, sir! Thank you, sir!" he gushed, his voice cracking with desperate adoration. "I'm so hard right now, sir!"

Josh stared down at him, shaking his head in mock disbelief. "Damn, faggot, you really are beyond pathetic," he said. He was fucking ecstatic. This is too

good to be true, he thought, barely containing the grin that threatened to split his face in half. He'd hit the jackpot, and this clueless loser was begging for more.

"Sir!" Greg suddenly blurted out, his voice trembling with urgency. "Let me—let me do it now, sir! Please! I'll set up the transfer right now!" He fumbled with his phone, hands shaking like a junkie in withdrawal.

Josh raised an eyebrow, amused. "Lemme see you do it, fag," he said, leaning in slightly to watch.

Greg's fingers tapped furiously on the screen as he opened his banking app. His face was a mix of desperation and excitement, like he was about to perform the most important task of his life. With visible effort, he navigated to the recurring payments section and entered Josh's details.

"T-Twenty-five hundred dollars, sir," Greg stammered as he typed in the amount. Then, with a trembling finger, he clicked the non-cancellable box. His eyes flicked up to Josh, wide and pleading.

"Look, sir!" Greg held up the phone to show the confirmation screen: Non-cancellable recurring transfer of \$2500 weekly—successful. "I'll never stop paying you, sir! I swear!"

“That’s a good start, faggot,” Josh chuckled, his voice calm and smooth. But internally, he was floored. The idiot had actually done it—set up a non-cancellable bank transfer. Twenty-five hundred a week. Ten grand a month. It was unreal. This clueless loser was literally begging to be exploited. What the actual fuck!

Greg’s voice cut through Josh’s thoughts. “Sir! Please, sir!” he blurted out, words tumbling in a frantic rush. “Let me show my gratitude further! Let me buy you the best phone on the market, like you said before! Please, sir! Whatever you want!”

Josh raised an eyebrow, his smirk widening into a full-blown grin. “You bet, you stupid fuck,” he said, his tone laced with amusement.

Greg’s face lit up like he’d just been handed the keys to heaven. “Yes, sir! Thank you, sir!” he gushed, voice cracking with joy. “I’ll order it right now, sir! Which one do you want? The latest model, of course! Whatever you want!”

Josh leaned back, shaking his head in disbelief. This guy was a fucking goldmine. “Go ahead, fag,” he drawled, his tone casual but dripping with superiority. “But don’t think this is enough to prove you’re worth keeping around. You gotta do way better if you wanna become my slave.”

Greg nodded frantically, his trembling hands already reaching for his phone to place the order. “Yes, sir! Anything for you, sir! Thank you, sir!”

Josh watched with a smirk as Greg navigated the online store for the latest iPhone model. The faggot was practically vibrating with excitement as he selected the most expensive options—maximum storage, all the bells and whistles. When the total hit \$1700, Josh didn’t even blink. Of course, Greg would go all out.

“Done, sir!” Greg squealed, holding up his phone triumphantly. “The best of everything, just for you! It’ll be delivered tomorrow morning!”

Josh snickered. “Thanks, faggot,” he said. He paused for effect before adding, “Guess you earned yourself a little reward.”

Greg’s eyes lit up like sparklers, his entire body trembling with anticipation. “A reward, sir? Thank you, sir!” he gushed.

Without warning, Josh leaned down and spat directly into Greg’s gaping mouth. The pathetic little fag didn’t even flinch—if anything, he seemed to savor it, licking his lips like he’d been handed the finest delicacy.

“Mmm, thank you, sir!” Greg moaned, his voice trembling with ecstasy. “Your spit is such a precious gift!” Then he went right back to licking Josh’s sneaker. Unreal.

Josh straightened up, shaking his head in mock disbelief. “You’re one sick fuck,” he said, amused but cutting.

Just then, he heard someone shout, “Greenroom’s down the hall to the left!” His attention snapped up, and he saw a tall, lean guy with messy blond hair and a confident smirk striding toward him. The guy had that unmistakable frat boy swagger—shoulders back, chin up—and his fitted polo shirt with a Greek Letters crest caught Josh’s eye immediately.

“Hey, man,” the guy said, extending a hand. “Scott Ackerman. President of Pi Kappa Alpha at Florida International here in Miami. That set you just did? Fucking legendary, bro!”

Josh shook his hand, sizing him up. Scott’s grip was firm, his eyes sharp and assessing. “Thanks,” Josh replied casually but with clear interest. “Just doing what I do best.”

Scott laughed deeply. “What you do best? Shit, man, that wasn’t just a set—that was epic. You’ve got

something special. Ever thought about taking this on the road?”

Josh raised an eyebrow. “On the road?”

“Hell yeah,” Scott said, leaning in like he was sharing the juiciest secret. “I mean, obviously you can’t pull this shit in front of, like, regular crowds. But frats? Bro, they’d go nuts for this. I’ve got hookups everywhere—UCLA, Alabama, Michigan, LSU. Could easily set you up with gigs all over the place.” He glanced down at Greg, who was still going to town on Josh’s shoe, and let out a low, amused laugh. “And you gotta bring this thing along. Dude’s, like, the ultimate prop for this kind of shit. Honestly, man, you’ve already got the whole package. This freak show? It’s fucking gold.”

Josh smirked, his voice dripping with that cocky, self-assured swagger. “You serious right now, bro? Like, for real?” He tilted his head slightly, a flicker of excitement in his eyes. “You think you can actually pull this off? Like, frats would actually go wild for this shit?”

“Are you fucking joking, bro?” Scott shot back, his tone dripping with that insufferable frat-boy confidence. “Those dudes would eat this shit up. And frat money? It’s pretty much endless. You’d be cleaning up, no question.”

Josh nodded slowly, letting Scott's words sink in as the gears turned in his head. So this was gonna be his big break after all. Could this day get any better? He looked down at Greg, who was still diligently worshiping his shoe, utterly oblivious to the conversation happening above him. The pathetic little fag probably wouldn't even care if they took him across the country as long as he got to lick Josh's sole at the end of the night.

"So," Scott continued, "what do you say? Think you're up for it?"

Josh grinned, feeling the thrill of possibility coursing through him. "Fuck yeah, I'm up for it. Let's make it happen, man!"

Scott clapped him on the shoulder, his grin lazy but cocky, like he knew exactly how much of a big deal he was. "That's what I like to hear, bro! I'll get the ball rolling. We're gonna make you a fucking legend, and honestly? The higher-ups are gonna lose their shit when they find out that I pulled you in and once they see what you can do. They'll be so goddamn happy they'll grant my frat whatever the fuck I want." He paused, his smirk turning into full-blown self-satisfaction. "Actually, perfect timing—we've got this

massive party at the house right after spring break. My boys would go apeshit over this kinda show. You in?”

Josh’s mind raced. After spring break? That was, what, next week? His grin widened like the cat that got the cream. “Hell yeah, I’m in,” he said without missing a beat, his tone dripping with that cocky, self-assured swagger. “I mean, let’s be real—I’m broke as fuck. Or, well, fuck no, scratch taht, I was broke. This pathetic cash pig here just signed up to fund my shit for life.” He chuckled, but there was no hiding the raw hunger in his voice. “So, nah, I guess it’s not about needing the fucking cash anymore. It’s about wanting it. You feel me?”

Scott let out a low, lazy chuckle, the kind that said he was too cool to care but couldn’t help being impressed. “Bro,” he said, smacking Josh’s shoulder like they were already frat brothers, “you’re gonna wreck it. Seriously, my boys are already freakin’ hyped just a couple of vids I sent them tonight. We’ll make sure you get paid—and trust me, it’s gonna be fat. And yeah, I feel you on that power rush. Like, fuck, it’s addictive, right?”

“Oh, fuck yeah, bro!” Josh shot back, his eyes alight with that cocky, restless energy that made him who he was. “It’s like I’m fucking coked out or some shit. Like,

I can't even explain it—yeah, like you said, this shit's straight-up addictive, man!"

Scott chuckled, his grin spreading across his face like he was about to drop some frat-boy wisdom. "Oh, for sure, man. Trust me, I get it. Pi Kappa Alpha's been in the fag game since like, the sixties. It's basically our thing." His voice was low and casual but dripping with that swagger only a guy who thought he was top-tier could pull off. "We track 'em down—these little woke-ass faggots acting all proud or whatever—and then we just... break 'em in. Turn 'em into these perfect little house slaves. They clean, they cook, they suck dick—whatever we need. And once they graduate? They keep paying us. Monthly tributes, bro. For life."

He said it all like it was the most natural thing in the world, like he was explaining how to order a beer at a tailgate. Chill but cocky, like he didn't even need to try to sound cool because he just was.

Josh stared at him, his smirk slowly morphing into a look of pure disbelief mixed with awe. "No fucking way. You're serious?"

"Dead serious," Scott said, leaning back with a lazy grin, his arms casually crossing over his chest like he was talking about the weather instead of some twisted shit. "We've got, like, two hundred of these fags still

sending checks every month. No joke. Some of the ones from the sixties? Still kicking, still paying up. It's a legacy, man."

Josh let out a low whistle, running a hand through his hair. "That's... that's fucking insane. Like, next-level shit."

"Oh, yeah," Scott drawled, leaning back with that same cocky smirk, like he was too cool to care but couldn't help being impressed. "Trust me, bro, what you've got here? It's a fucking godsend." His voice was lazily confident, like he was stating the obvious, as he clapped Josh on the shoulder. "I'll make you the most requested act in the whole frat network, no question. We're talking dozens of houses, dude. You've got that raw edge, that it factor—shit these guys would go nuts for at parties."

Josh smirked, his chest swelling with pride at Scott's words. This was precisely what he needed to hear—validation that he wasn't just some hack but a legit force to be reckoned with. The idea of being the guy every frat wanted to book? It was intoxicating.

"God, you really think I can blow up like that?" Josh asked, his tone betraying his hunger for success.

"Think? Bro, I know," Scott shot back, his grin lazy but

cocky, like he was too chill to even care but couldn't help being smug about it. "I know we just men but trust me, I've been in this game long enough. Few calls, boom—your calendar's stacked. By the end of the year? You'll be drowning in cash and mad respect, no fucking cap."

Josh nodded, his mind racing. If this guy's word was good—and he seemed like the real deal—he could turn this little gig into a full-blown career. The key was to keep pushing, to keep taking risks.

"Sounds like a plan, dude," Josh said, his smirk turning into a cocky grin. "Let's fucking do this."

Scott laughed, shaking his head like he couldn't believe his own genius. "Bro, I fucking knew you were the one for this shit. You've got that hunger, man. That's what I'm talking about."

Josh couldn't help but feel like the universe had dropped a golden ticket right into his lap. Between his raw talent, Scott's connections, and Greg's downright pathetic devotion, he was sitting on top of the fucking world. This wasn't just another gig—it was a massive opportunity. And he wasn't about to let it slip away. Glancing down at Greg, who was still groveling at his feet, Josh smirked and nudged the faggot's head with

his sneaker. “Hear that, fag?” he said, his voice dripping with mockery. “We’re going on tour.”

Greg’s eyes widened, a mix of shock and sheer adoration flashing across his face. “On tour, sir?!” he stammered, trembling with excitement as if Josh had just announced they were headed to Disney World.

“Yup,” Josh confirmed, his grin widening. “You’re gonna be my little circus act. Think you can handle that?”

The pathetic faggot practically vibrated with joy, his tongue redoubling its efforts to lick Josh’s shoe. “Yes, sir! Thank you, sir! I’ll do anything for you, Sir!”

The frat prez chuckled under his breath. “Fucking pathetic. They’re all the same.”

Josh and Scott kept talking, their voices buzzing with energy as they mapped out ideas and plans. They discussed venues, budgets, logistics—everything needed to make this thing happen. All the while, Greg stayed on the floor, his tongue working tirelessly over Josh’s sneaker like it was the most critical job in the world. The guys didn’t even glance at him; he was just part of the scenery now, a living prop in Josh’s growing empire. And honestly, Greg couldn’t have imagined a better life.

At one point, Scott pulled out his phone, smirking as he glanced at Josh. “Yo, let me get your number. We’re gonna need to stay in touch for this.” Josh grinned, rattling off his digits as Scott typed them in.

“Sweet,” Scott said, slipping his phone back into his pocket. “You up for grabbing drinks and hashing this out? I’ve got some fire ideas, and I think you’re gonna wanna hear ‘em.”

Josh flashed a cocky grin, not missing a beat. “Fuck yeah, bro. And I also wanna hear, like, everything about that frat of yours. Let’s roll.” The two of them started heading toward the exit, their laughter echoing through the venue as they left Greg sprawled on the floor, naked and forgotten.

Just as they reached the door, Josh halted, glancing back with a sly grin like he’d just remembered something. “Hey, fag!” he called out, his voice laced with mockery. “You got a place in town?”

Greg’s head snapped up, eyes wide and brimming with desperate eagerness. “Yes, sir! I do, sir!”

Josh smirked, his tone casual but dripping with authority. “Gimme the address. I’m crashing there tonight.”

“Yes, sir! Right away, sir!” Greg stammered, his voice trembling as he blurted out the details: “1267 Palm Grove Lane, unit 8B, sir!”

Josh watched him with amusement, pulling out his phone with an effortless cool that contrasted sharply with Greg’s frantic energy. He tapped the screen, his thumbs moving quickly as he entered the address. “Fancy shit, bitch! Nice! I think I might stay for a few days after all.”

Josh and Scott exchanged a laugh. “Sleeping in my fucking car is getting real old, bro,” Josh commented as they stepped into the night.

Scott smirked, “Dude, like, that’s never gonna be your life again,” he drawled, brushing it off like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “Trust me, you’re good now. Fuck sleeping in cars—that’s rookie shit.” Scott said, slapping Josh on the back like they were already long-time buddies.

Josh chuckled, nodding in agreement.

As they started to walk away, Greg’s shaky voice called out from behind. “Sir! Sir! I’ll rush home right now,” he stammered, desperate yet blissfully eager. “I-I’ll make the place spotless for you, sir! I’ll be waiting on my knees at the door when you get there!”

Josh paused, glancing back over his shoulder with a wicked grin. He locked eyes with Scott, who was already smirking at the absurdity of it all. “Yeah, you fucking do that, faggot!” Josh shot back, his voice brimming with mockery. “And I’ll make sure to get a leash for you while I’m at it!”

Scott burst out laughing, shaking his head in disbelief. “That’s a solid idea, bro!” he said. “This guy’s a real keeper!!”

Josh chuckled, shrugging like it was no big deal. “What can I say? It was about time someone noticed how much of a fucking god I am,” he continued, his tone cocky yet playful.

As their laughter faded into the distance, Greg lingered on the floor for a moment longer, his heart pounding with exhilaration. He watched them walk away, an idiotic grin plastered across his face. This is it, he thought deliriously. The best night of my life. Scrambling to his feet, he grabbed his clothes and bolted for the exit, already planning how to make his apartment immaculate for Josh. He couldn’t wait to kneel at the door and prove just how devoted he could be. A lifetime as a slave to a straight boy-god. Priceless.

About the author

Born in Italy, raised in the US and equally fluent in both Italian and English, Naughty Bard holds a degree in Foreign Languages and Literatures. A lifelong reader, he has always been fascinated by the power of literature to seduce the mind and immerse readers so deeply they lose track of time.

His writing explores the darker edges of desire, weaving fantasies of domination, submission, and raw erotic power dynamics. Through vivid characters and unapologetic storytelling, he invites readers to step into worlds where pleasure and control collide, and where the boundaries between fantasy and reality blur. For him, erotic fiction is not just entertainment, but an exploration of freedom, imagination, and the hidden truths of longing.

