

# Stage of Shame

A fag's degradation



Naughty Bard



© Naughty Bard

To get in touch with me here's my email address:  
[naughtybard@gmail.com](mailto:naughtybard@gmail.com)

# 1

“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?”

# 2

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.”



## 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.