

Sensitivity Training (MM+, MC)

Summary – A bigoted white-collar worker is trained to be more tolerant of others.

Note – This is a work of fiction, make-believe and sexual fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be 18 or over to read these stories. The author does not condone unprotected sex in real life. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't fuck with other people's lives!

“So, do you know why you are here, David?” asked William Smith, the Human Resources Manager of the Shaftman International Company. The two men were sitting in the HR manager’s office on the 11th floor of the corporate headquarters. David Tyler looked at the luxurious furnishings, plush carpet and the magnificent view of downtown. He wondered if he was going to lose his job today.

David hung his head down, not looking William in the eyes. “Yes, sir, I know why I’m here. I yelled at Stanley Kowalski. I guess I lost my temper a little,” said David.

“More than a little, David,” Mr. Smith said. “Not only did you shout loud enough that others heard you, you insulted him horribly. That qualifies as harassment, you know, David.”

“Well, I did call him a bad name,” David admitted. “But...,”

“But nothing, David.” Mr. Smith said sternly. “Do you even remember what you called him? You can repeat it, here in the safety of my office. You called him a what?” William prodded.

“I called him..., I called him a ‘faggot.’” David said resignedly.

Mr. Smith looked at the papers lying on the desk in front of him. “Hmm, your exact words were, ‘A cock-sucking-faggot son-of-a-bitch,’ if this report is correct.” He frowned. “You know that harassing people - whether they are man, woman, or trans. Black, white or green. Gay, straight, or bi. Or, in any way different than you, is not tolerated here at Shaftman’s.”

“I’m really sorry about it,” said David quickly, trying to save his job. “It’s just that when he came to my desk to ask about my project and why it was over budget, I got stressed out. He saw that I was nervous and then he looked at my crotch and licked his lips...” David paused. “He..., he said he felt sorry for me and offered to ‘relieve my stress.’” I knew what he meant and..., and..., I guess I lost it. I’m sorry.”

“Hmmm.” Mr. Smith considered David’s statement. After a moment, he spoke again. “Stanley shouldn’t have said that to you, it’s against protocol. You’re only a what?” He looked at his papers once again, “A Band-18, and still with a Red/Restricted ID card and assigned to the lower-floors? Tsk, tsk.

“I will have to speak to Mr. Kowalski, but that is a separate matter. But still, you said what you said and a passing Corporate-Executive heard your outburst. We can’t pretend this didn’t happen, David.”

“What is going to happen to me?” asked David, wringing his hands. He knew he would likely be fired. The Shaftman Corporation had very strict HR policies on workplace tolerance.

“Well, normally - depending on the infraction - either a written reprimand or suspension, but in this case...,” Mr. Smith paused. “David, are you aware that the owners of this company are gay? This type of behavior is not tolerated by them or any other Executive in the building. Even with a reprimand, a negative mark like this on your permanent record? Your career, and any hope you may have had for advancement will likely be over. No Shaftman-Executive will want you on their staff after what you’ve done.”

David sunk in his chair. His dream of working in the famous ‘Executive Levels’ of the building vanished. He had imagined himself arriving at work in a fancy suit, taking the special elevators to the top floors, working in a fantastic office and having his own secretary. Gone, all gone! He had wanted this so badly!

David tried not to cry. He choked, his voice cracking, “Is there any chance for me, sir? Any chance at all?”

“Well...,” William stood up walked around to the front of the desk, running his manicured fingers along the smooth mahogany top. He sat on the edge of the desk and leaned back, his imposing figure framed by the large window behind him. His groin was at eye level with David. Mr. Smith nonchalantly rubbed his bulging crotch and adjusted his balls. “There is one chance...” he smiled mischievously.

David’s mind raced as he looked at the lump in Mr. Smith’s expensive slacks. ‘Was he offering to forget all this if I give him a blowjob?’ he thought. ‘Can I..., will I do it - to save my job?’ He licked his lips nervously. ‘How bad can it be to suck a cock?’ he wondered. ‘No! I can claim sexual harassment! Wait, no one will believe me after what I’ve done. I’ll be fired for sure! What should I do?’ He made up his mind! He took a deep breath and licked his lips one last time! “I...” David started to get up from his chair.

Mr. Smith continued, as if he was oblivious to David’s predicament. “We have an experimental ‘Employee Sensitivity Training’ behavior modification class available, David. If you’re willing; and if you qualify, you will be allowed to take the classes. Then, if you exhibit exemplary behavior and the examiner agrees you have sufficiently - and permanently - modified your erroneous behavior, you’re employee record will be cleansed of this infraction. If not, well..., we don’t have any other option but the immediate termination of your employment.”

“Yes! I’ll do it!” said David quickly, relief washing over him. He didn’t have to suck Mr. Smith’s cock and his career may be saved anyway!

“Not so fast, David.” said Mr. Smith. “This is not simple slide show full of politically correct ‘mumbo-jumbo.’ This is an intense physiological reconditioning program. Not everyone qualifies for the training and not every class is totally successful.

“It works like this; you will first be given medications to help you relax and be more open-minded to modifying any entrenched mental biases. You will then chat with a psychologist who will gauge your psychological readiness for reconditioning. If he or she feels that you are emotionally ready, mentally

compliant, and if your profile matches..., shall we say, certain physiological factors that indicate likely success, your training will continue. You will then be further subjected to physiological re-conditioning and then finally some intense audio and visual stimulation to complete the training. At the end of the session, you will once again be evaluated. If everything goes well, your attitude towards, 'faggots', as you call them, will certainly be changed for the better.

"Are you still willing to try it, David?" Mr. Smith walked to the window and stared at the skyline, giving David time to consider the offer.

David thought about it for only for a moment. He wanted this job! He wanted to become an executive at the Shaftman Company so badly, even if it meant being nice to disgusting cock-sucking faggots like Stanley Kowalski! Hell, he had actually considered sucking a cock only a moment ago! His mind was open for anything! "Yes, I want it. Please, sir?"

Mr. Smith looked him over slowly, from head to toe and back again before looking into his eyes. "Very well, I'll approve your application. Go outside and fill this out this waiver form. When you are finished, give it to my secretary. You will be given some materials to study while we prepare the room. I noticed you were recently divorced with no children? Excellent. This may be a late night, depending on how your training goes."

"We start now, sir? What...?"

Mr. Smith waved off his protests. "No time like the present! And David..." He looked at his employee sternly. "I hope you don't let us down, this is your only chance..."

"I won't Mr. Smith, you can depend on me!" This was all too much for David. He was almost giddy with the prospect of saving his job.

"You can call me William," Mr. Smith said warmly.

"Thank you..., William." David smiled brightly, shaking William's offered hand. Things were getting better already - he was on a first name basis with an Executive!

David left the HR manager's office feeling relieved. He sat down in the waiting room and filled out the complex form. 'What a bunch of legal nonsense!' he thought, glancing at the multi-page document. 'Party of the first part..., relieve the Shaftman Company of any and all liabilities, now and for perpetuity..., experimental re-conditioning..., blah, blah, blah.' He quickly signed and gave the form to Mr. Smith's male secretary. He wondered why William didn't have a hot, female secretary with big tits. The secretary was good looking though, David noticed. He wondered if William was also gay.

"Everything is in order, Mr. Tyler..., you don't mind if I call you David?" asked the secretary as he looked over the form. He signed and then stamped the document and then looked at David. "Good. Follow me, please, David."

David followed the secretary into another room. He watched the secretary's firm butt wiggle as he walked in front of him. He suddenly wondered if everyone in the company was gay besides him.

Inside the large, dimly lit room was a desk, a couch, a side table, a chair, a large TV with headphones, and a glass cabinet filled with medical supplies.

"My name is Bruce and I'll get you ready for the session," the secretary said. He then walked to the cabinet, opened it, and expertly loaded a syringe with an opaque pink fluid. Then, he prepared a drink by measuring an amount of clear liquid and poured it into a glass. Then he added ice and some soda. "Lemon-lime soda ok with you?"

David nodded dumbly.

"There are some clothes in the wardrobe for you to change into. It is important that you are relaxed for the training. No ties, belts, shoes, etc..., OK?" He set the drink next to the couch. "I can wait here while you change, or leave the room for a moment, if it makes you uncomfortable.

Was this another test? David thought. "Uh, you can stay, I don't mind." He turned his back on Dr. Smith's secretary and took off his shoes and dropped his pants.

Great." Bruce said.

David changed into the loose medical pants and gown, but kept his socks, underwear, and t-shirt on.

"If you'll just bend over the desk for me," Bruce said.

"Huh?" David replied, turning around. He saw the syringe in Bruce's hand. "Oh."

David bent over the desk. Bruce opened the gown pulled down his David's underwear (a little too far, David thought). Then, Bruce cleaned a spot with an alcohol swap and quickly administered the injection. David felt a sharp prick, then a mild burning sensation.

"Nice," Bruce said.

'Is he talking about my ass, or the shot?' David wondered. He got up and watched Bruce drop the syringe into a container and then pick up some literature. He walked back and handed David some pamphlets, their fingers touched and lingered for a moment longer than necessary.

David was startled. 'Is this a test? Are they trying to get me to react to this homo touching me? It won't work!' He cleared his throat and said politely, "Thank you Bruce. Thank you very much."

"You are welcome, David." Bruce winked at him. "Finish your drink and lay down. Look over the materials while you wait. The doctor will be in a little a while." Bruce lowered his voice and said, "You know, I had this same training last year. I think you will get a lot out of it. I know I did!" The secretary smiled at him.

David smiled back weakly. Bruce wasn't gay after all! He must be a homophobe like David; at least he must have been once, to have needed the training. Wow, he really is misjudging people. Maybe Stanley wasn't offering to suck his cock this morning! He remembered how he thought Mr. Smith was trying to blackmail him into sucking his cock. Now, he was imagining that other straight men, like him, were gay! Maybe he *DID* have a problem. He then quickly downed his drink, ready to get it over with.

Bruce nodded. David didn't know what to say, so he mumbled another 'thank you', and watched Bruce wiggle his ass out of the room.

David laid on the couch and began to read the material he was given. It was typical 'sensitivity' bullshit information. 'Everyone deserves to be treated with fairness', 'Everyone has feelings', 'Everyone needs to be loved for who they are.' While he understood the message in the pamphlets, he didn't know if he could ever change. He just didn't care for homosexuals. He felt they were disgusting, perverted, and somehow beneath him.

Before long, the medicine began to take effect. He felt very relaxed and at peace. His belly was warm from the drink and whatever was in the shot made him feel so alive! He felt his cock twitch. He was so comfortable and relaxed, he was actually starting to feel a little horny. Must be the loose clothes, soft furniture and the darkened room, he assumed. It would not do for him to have an erection, so he focused on reading the pamphlets. Before long, he struggled to keep his eyes opened.

Suddenly, he heard three raps on the door. Startled, he realized he must have fallen asleep! The door swung open. It was Mr. Smith!

"Mr. Smith!"

"Doctor Smith, actually, but I told you to call me William."

"Yes, Doctor. Mr. Smith. I mean, William." He was babbling, he realized. He almost felt drunk, almost giddy. It must be the medication.

"Are you relaxed, David, ready to start?"

"Yes, I'm very relaxed." He felt GOOD! Happy, content, and very comfortable!

"In addition to the sedative, there is was a truth serum, neural pathway and synapses enhancers, and few other ingredients to help you with the training. It was all in the papers you signed.

"Now, on very important item before we start; there must be no lying to me, David. If we are to be successful, you need to tell the truth.

"Ok?"

"OK!"

I'll evaluate you after a short discussion and decide if you are suitable to receive the rest of the training. Let's begin."

“OK!”

“Let’s get right to it, David. Why did you lash out at Stanley today?”

“I thought he was trying to suck my dick.” David said truthfully. He was surprised at his openness. It must be the drugs, he decided.

“What does it matter if he was? Do you not like sex? Not to be crass, but don’t you like to get your dick sucked?”

“Well, yes, but he is a man!”

“Still, he was offering to help you, David. He saw you were stressed out and offered to help - and you lashed out at him.”

“Uh, I guess. I didn’t look at it that way.”

“Why do you think he offered to do that for you David?”

“Because he likes cock. Faggots like Stanley like to suck cock.” David felt himself getting more relaxed. He had absolutely no problem speaking freely right now. Besides, William asked him to, after all.

“Let’s get something straight, David. We are basically all built the same way, being men. You have a cock. I have a cock. Stanley has a cock. Even faggots, as you like to call them, have cocks. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes...” David agreed.

Dr. Smith paused to allow David to fully comprehend his statement. He continued. “Let me ask you a question, David.” He paused again. “Do you like your cock, or was there some trauma in your life that made you not like cock?”

David was sure this was a trick question. “Well, yes, I like *my* cock,” he clarified. David was not going to be tricked, no way!

“Close your eyes and relax, David. Take a deep breath and exhale.”

David closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

“Again.”

“Hmmm... David exhaled.

“One more time.”

“Ahhhhh...”

“Good. Now, let yourself go. You are totally relaxed now and I think you are ready for some personal enlightenment.”

“Uh huh,” David sighed.

“Now, I want you to imagine your penis in your mind. Do you see it?”

David concentrated and took a deep breath. He exhaled slowly. “Yes...”

“Let your mind focus on your cock. Look at it. Examine it. Make it real. It is right in front of you now, isn't it? Can you picture it?”

“Yes...” David could see his cock in his mind. He knew every vein, bump and ridge. It seemed so real!

“Tell me, what do you like about your cock?”

“Well, I like how it feels when I'm horny.”

“What do you like the most about your cock when you are horny? Tell me whatever thoughts come into your mind when you think about your cock.”

“Well, I like how it feels when it is hard. I like how it swells and stiffens. I like how it throbs when I pump blood into it.” David smiled seeing his throbbing cock in his mind, pulsing between his legs. The drug made him lose all of his inhibitions and his thoughts now easily blended into spoken words. He liked talking about his cock!

He continued, speaking quickly and enthusiastically. “I like how it feels when I'm hard and it rubs up against something. I like to stroke it and get it all slippery.” He was able to focus all of his thoughts on how much he enjoyed his cock. He happily felt himself falling deeper into his fantasy world.

“Is your cock hard in your mind, David? Describe it to me, leave nothing out. Tell me what you like about it.”

David concentrated until his cock was detailed and vivid in his mind. “I like the way the head flares out and how the veins stand out when it is hard. I like the feeling I get when my hand slides over the head and down the shaft.” David now saw his cock large and up close. He smiled. “I think I have a really nice cock,” he added.

He inspected it in his mind. “It's not too big and not too small. It is nice and thick. I like the way it bends upwards a little. I like the fat, purple head, and the way my slit looks.” He grinned. “When I grip it just right and point it to my face, it looks like a blind porpoise smiling up at me!” He giggled like a schoolgirl.

David continued unbidden, feeling the blood begin to engorge his shaft. “I like to admire my leaking pre-cum and slide it all over the head. I like to tickle the underside of my cock-head with my finger as the pre-cum oozes out.” He whispered, “Sometimes, I even taste my pre-cum!” He giggled again. “I like to thrust my hips and feel my cum-filled balls swinging back and forth and my hard cock bouncing up and down! I like to tickle my nut sack and give them a gentle squeeze!”

“Hmmm. It sounds like you *love* your cock and balls, David.”

“I do,” he realized. “Yes, I love my cock and balls.” Images of his hard, throbbing cock and swollen nuts filled his mind. His cock was hard in his pants.

“Faggots, as you call them, love cock too, right David?” Dr. Smith paused. “Do you think you can understand, perhaps a little, why faggots love cock?”

David considered his statement. The image in his head suddenly changed. He imagined other men, even faggots, with hard cocks too. It made sense. “Yes, faggots must love other men’s cocks the same way I love my cock, maybe even more.” David had a revelation. He knew intimately the desire that faggots had for cock. He understood it now. He could actually empathize with a faggot’s desire and longing for a hard, swollen cock. It was the same feelings he had for his own cock! He imagined hard, fat, pre-cum dripping, throbbing, and swollen cocks! His own cock strained against his pants. He didn’t care if William saw that he was hard or not!

“I think you need to lay bare your feelings even more, David. You say you love only your cock? You know how it feels to be hard and excited. Is it possible there might be more to this? Maybe deep down, you simply love and admire a hard, throbbing cock in general? I’m sure you can admit that you can look at another man’s strong, hard, throbbing, penis – perhaps in a porn video – and notice how nice it is? How it feels to him? He probably loves his cock and you love your own cock. And, after all, other men’s cocks are just like yours, right? Perhaps you are misguidedly limiting your admiration of cock to only your own penis? You can admit that you are able to admire another man’s hard cock, can’t you David? Are you – perhaps - denying your true feelings, just a little? It is quite common, after all. I’ve seen it time and time again..., perfectly normal...”

“I..., I don’t know.” David sighed. He thought about it some more, trying to stall for time, he didn’t want to mess this up. “Maybe..., I’m a little confused,” he admitted. He couldn’t think straight, he could only focus on his hard cock. It felt so good straining against his clothing. Other hard cocks entered his consciousness, like the ones he saw (and secretly admired?) in porn movies; they were so large, swollen and yearning with desire. Those men had the same feelings for their cocks, after all. He could relate to the love they must have felt for their own cocks. He knew he loved his cock, and he admired the overly-large, erect penises he saw in porn movies, but, did he actually like other cocks? Was it possible? Dr. Smith is the expert in these matters, he thought. Is there a chance he is right? He decided to be honest with William.

“Doctor, I mean, William..., just a little while ago, I was picturing my cock in my mind - hard and throbbing – but then, it wasn’t my cock any longer. I was thinking about other men’s cock and even faggot’s hard cocks, knowing they loved their cocks like I loved my own. And, I just let myself admire their cocks - for just a bit - like I admire my own. Do you really think that means it isn’t just *my* cock that I love?”

“Exactly! There is no shame in admitting you can admire another man’s hard penis! Did you ever see another man’s cock, David?”

Long pause.

“Yes.”

David remembered being a young boy in the locker room at school and stealing glances at the other boy’s cocks and balls as they changed their clothes. But, he was just a curious boy then. It didn’t mean anything, he was sure.

“Tell me about how you look at other men’s cocks, David,” Dr. Smith said.

“Well, it’s not that I *look* at other men’s cocks....”

“How did you see other men’s cocks if you didn’t look at them?” the doctor chastised. “Don’t act ignorant with me, David,” he snapped.

“Yes, I’m sorry, William.” The doctor was right again! He was always right, his words made so much sense! Of course, he looked at other men’s cocks. He had to, if he had seen another man’s cock! How stupid he was being! He had to look at other cocks to see them, it made complete sense. He was being so stupid! “Yes, I’ve looked,” he admitted.

“Again, tell me about how you look at other men’s cocks, David.”

“Well, I can remember seeing..., I mean looking..., at other boys in the locker room in school. I was young and curious, you know. It was amazing to see..., to look at..., all of the different sizes and shapes of penises.”

“Go on.”

David remembered it like it was only yesterday. The memory was so vivid! “Some boys had hair, some didn’t. There were so many different penises!” He smiled. “Most were small, though a couple of the boys were bigger – much bigger! Sometimes, we even got boners! We couldn’t help it! The other boy’s cocks were so cute, the way they bounced and swayed. I liked looking at their tiny balls too. Oh! I just remembered! Kevin Thompson - his penis was uncircumcised; it looked so different than mine. I always wondered what it felt like, I mean how he felt, when he, you know...”

“When he touched his cock? Stroked it? Maybe jacked off?”

“Yes.” He watched Kevin jerking off in his mind, his foreskin slick with pre-cum, his cock hard and erect.

“Go on.”

“Wow, I can see them all in my mind! Naked boys running around the locker room! Kevin stroking his stiff cock!” He stopped suddenly. “I.., I probably shouldn’t be talking about this, it feels weird.”

“Nonsense David, it is perfectly natural and healthy. You have to get over the guilt and your aversion to the truth! Open up! Let your feelings out! Now, let’s continue. Are there any other cocks you’ve looked at that you should mention to me?”

“Well, my father had a nice cock. I remember how low his balls hung! And, I was at a bar once and happened to notice another man’s dick. It was huge! He had it tucked down the inside of his pant leg!”

“Hmm,” Dr. Smith said, “Very interesting. Maybe we will discuss your father’s cock later. For now, please describe the incident at the bar and tell me what your thoughts were when you stared at this stranger’s huge cock.”

“Huh? Well, I *glanced* down and couldn’t help but notice his bulge. It was enormous, compared to mine anyway. His cock was outlined against his pants. I could see it. It was so long and thick! And it stuffed down his pant leg, I swear, it must have been half-way to his knee! His ball sack was huge too. I can see it like it was right in front of me! I remember wondering just how big his cock would get when it was hard. You know? Just wondering? And, I wondered how it would look when he was all hard and naked.

“I imagined what it would be like to have a cock that big that hanging down between my legs. Stroking it.” David began to fantasize that he was stroking that very cock, jutting out from his groin. It was hard, thick, long and throbbing.

“I remember wondering if his bigger cock and ball-sack made more cum than my mine. I wondered if it would shoot harder and farther than my own cock.” David imagined both of his hands wrapped around it. His balls were heavy with cum and swung back and forth with each stroke. He then imagined himself up close to it, admiring it’s every detail. But, how could he be this close to it when it was firmly attached to his crotch? He looked at the large, swollen head before his eyes and saw the pre-cum began to drip...

“So big!” he murmured, “So full of cum...”

“David, stop fantasizing about his huge cock for a moment and listen to me closely! It’s time to review what we have learned so far;

“One, you love your cock.

“Two, faggots love cock.

“Three, you have an intimate understanding of why faggots love cocks. It is the same love you have for your own cock.

“Four, you enjoy looking at other men’s cocks, and have been looking at them since you were a little boy. You stare at them in locker rooms and in bars, you have admitted it. You can’t deny it!”

“But...”

“Five, you admit to fantasizing about other men’s cocks while you stare at them. You love to imagine how big a man’s cock will get when they are hard and naked. You wonder how much cum their balls can produce and how far they can shoot their sperm.

“You have all but admitted it, David. It is clear to both of us, isn’t it? It is not only your own cock that you love, you just love cock! Isn’t that right? Can you finally admit it to yourself? You love cock, all cocks! There is nothing wrong with it! Deep down, you’ve always loved cock! Doesn’t it make sense now?”

David’s mind raced. Had he been in denial all these years? He tried to deny his thoughts, to rationalize them away. He struggled internally for only a short while and then gave in. The Doctor was right. He was always right. Why else would he have looked longingly at other cocks? He did love his own cock; he loved it deeply, after all. And, he *did* fantasize about other men’s cocks; he admitted it. He could still see the little boys in gym class running around naked. He could see his father’s heavy cock and balls. He imagined that huge, thick, cock at the bar. He was now hard and thick in his mind. It was dripping pre-cum. David came to a realization - it *had* to be true!

“Yes, it makes sense now. You are right, William. I do love my own cock and I do look at other men’s cocks – I remember now. And, yes, I’ve fantasized about them, so..., I must like cocks. I..., I guess, I mean..., Yes, I like cock,” he admitted it to the doctor and more importantly, to himself.

“Do you like cock, or *love* cock, David? You love your own cock, after all. Why can’t you admit you just love cock? Look deep inside. Imagine your cock. Now imagine other men’s and boy’s cocks. Do you just like cock, or do you really love, cock? Think carefully about your answer...”

David wanted to please the doctor. He was so wise and so knowledgeable! Besides, he wanted to keep his job. He was confused, but it wasn’t so hard to say it, even if it was only *partly* true. He stared intently at all of the imaginary, hard, straining, dripping penises. They were so mesmerizing..., so pretty..., so arousing. His own cock lurched and throbbed. “Yes., I..., I..., I think I love cock, William...”

“Excellent start!” said William. “So, maybe faggots aren’t so much different then you? Maybe you will remember that from now on. You both love cock. Yes, it’s true, isn’t it? Say it again, with conviction this time, please. Do you love cocks, David?”

“Yes, I love cock, William.” David said robotically. Trying to shake the cobwebs and cocks from his mind.

“Hmm, not very convincing. Maybe I was wrong about you, David.” Dr. Williams frowned.

“No! You were right!” David said quickly, “I like cock a lot! I mean, I love cock!” He looked at the doctor expectantly, meeting only silence.

“So, you love cock, David?” the doctor asked. “Do you really love cock, or are you just saying it to keep your job? No, don’t answer just yet. I want you to concentrate on that time in the boy’s locker room when you stared at each and every penis and fantasized about them. I want you to remember how you stared longingly at the huge cock in the bar and wondered how big and thick it would be – how hard it would shoot its cum..., so much cum. I want you to think about all the cock you have seen; your school mates, your father, all of the penises in the porn you jacked off to. You did, didn’t you? You’ve jacked off to a lot of cocks in porn. Big, hard cocks shooting big wads of cum?”

David closed his eyes and imagined. Images of hard, dripping penises and cum filled ball sacks danced around in David's brain. They were so hard. He was so hard. He loved feeling this way. He remembered jacking off to porn movies..., to pussies and tits.., but yes, he also jacked off to hard, throbbing, ejaculating cocks!

"So, are you just saying you love cock, or do you really love cock?" the doctor asked one more time.

"No! I mean yes, I love cock!" he didn't hesitate this time. "I see it now. I love cock! Yes, I LOVE COCK!" He had almost yelled it.

"Perfect," the doctor replied. "And what about a man's balls, David? Is it possible you love balls, too?"

Of course! All of the hard penises in his mind were attached to balls! He could picture hard cocks attached to swollen, cum filled balls! Thinking of balls, he suddenly remembered being in the men's locker room after a workout. He recalled another man dropping his wet workout shorts and underwear, and seeing the man's huge, sweaty balls. He smiled. The image was stuck in his mind. He loved his own balls, after all, so he must love balls too! It made sense! Of course it did! The doctor was so perceptive!

"Yes, I love balls," David replied, then realized he did not sound convincing. He tried again, "I LOVE BALLS, William! I LOVE HARD COCKS AND BIG, SWEATY, BALLS!" He smiled again, imagining them. Balls were so soft, cute and bouncy. Cocks were so hard and pretty!

"Congratulations David, I think we've had a breakthrough. You are doing so well. After this revelation, I think we can continue with your training, congratulations!"

The doctor pause, watching David lying on the couch, his eyes closed, a large grin on his face, his penis stiff and leaking, staining his gown with fluids.

After a moment Dr. Smith said, "Let's take a short break." He pressed a button on the desk and spoke into a microphone, "Bruce, we are ready now."

Bruce came in and quickly prepared another drink and another injection. "We've had a breakthrough, Bruce!" Dr. Smith said, "David realizes that he loves cock, just like the faggots that he has been insulting. Now that he realizes that he has something in common with faggots! He is on his way to enlightenment!"

"Oh, I remember when I learned that I loved cocks too, and balls!" said Bruce. "I had always thought it was only *my* cock and balls that I loved!"

"Yeah, me too! Weird, isn't it!" said David. The two former homophobes smiled at each other, sharing a special moment together.

"Here, drink this David, it is the same medicine you had earlier, only a bit stronger. Oh, and Bruce will need to take pictures of your penis, for a later session, since your penis is at the heart of your current conditioning. You don't mind do you?"

“No, I don’t mind, not at all.” He really *wanted* to show off his hard cock! David drank the medicine down in one gulp. He felt the warmth spread into his belly and down to his toes. He giggled, feeling so good. The medicine *was* stronger than before! He felt it working on his body already. And, he confirmed to himself that he didn’t mind showing off his hard cock to these men. He thrust out his groin, feeling his cock rub against the thin material. He was proud of his cock. And, after all, these men had cocks too! Pretty cocks and bouncy balls! They know how it feels to be horny, and how good it feels to be erect. God, his cock was the hardest it had been in years! It must be because he was thinking about cocks - his cock and other men’s cocks. He felt almost jubilant, and free, like a weight was lifted off of him. He felt his penis straining against his pants.

“All right, let’s get the injection over with, and then some pictures of your pretty cock!” Bruce helped David up. He was a little unsteady. After seeing David gain his balance, Bruce squatted down and pulled down David’s pants and underwear, much to David’s relief. His hard cock pulsed and bobbed up and down. Bruce noticed the large pre-cum stain on David’s pants and smiled. Bruce looked at David’s hard cock.

“Oh, what a nice cock you have, David!” said Bruce honestly.

“Thank you,” said David, feeling very proud of his erection. He wished that Bruce would put it in his mouth right now! ‘OMG! What was he thinking?’

“Here, let me help you with your shirt and socks.” Soon, David was naked. “Bend over please.”

David spread his legs and bent over. It felt so good to be naked! His cock was so hard! His balls were so full of cum!

“You have a nice ass,” Bruce said, and plunged the needle in.

“Thank you,” David said. He remembered Bruce’s wiggling, firm butt. He replied automatically. “You too!”

David stood erect, his shiny cock hard and pointing upwards. Bruce led him to a bare wall where he pulled down a green screen and had David stand in front of it. He flipped on a switch and some overhead lights shone down on them.

“Ok, let’s take a few pictures, David. Pose for me!”

“How?” David asked.

“Push out your cock for me, strut your stuff! Pose for me like the stud you are!” David pushed out his hips, his cock thrusting! Flash went the camera! This was fun! He turned to the side. Flash! Flash!

“Let me get a close-up!”

David stood still, so proud of his hard cock as Bruce came in close. Flash! Flash!

“Hold still; let me get a picture of the pre-cum dripping off your cock-head!” Flash!

“Ooohh, it looks so good!” Flash!

“It tastes good too,” said David. He gathered up some pre-cum and put it in his mouth. Flash! Flash!

“Grab your cock, but no stroking!” Flash!

“From the side again!” Flash!

“Show me your balls!” David squatted, pulled his cock out of the way and showed off his swollen balls! Flash!

“You have a beautiful ass! Show me your ass!” Flash!

“Bend over!” Flash!

“Spread your cheeks!” Flash!

“Wider!” Flash! Flash! “What a nice, pink hole you have, David!”

“Oh, thank you!” David said. He didn’t care. He was flattered and aroused.

“Now, show me how your girlfriend looks when she is ready to suck your cock!”

David opened his mouth, licked his lips and closed his eyes. Flash! Flash! Flash!

They continued for a few more moments. David was enjoying himself, acting like a diva in front of the camera. Pinching his nipples, sticking out his tongue and groping his hard shaft and balls. Finally, Dr. Smith said “Ok, That is enough pictures; I think we are ready for the next session.”

Bruce helped David lie down and Dr. Smith asked “Do you want to get dressed first David?”

“No, I’m ok being naked. I like to be naked with my hard cock sticking out!” David was as giddy as a horny school-girl. “Is that OK?” The room was warm and he felt very, very warm, and horny!

“OK, but no playing with your penis. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Doctor.” David was a little disappointed. He really wanted to play with his hard cock.

“Bruce, you may go.” Bruce left the room reluctantly.

“So, let’s continue,” said Dr. Smith. “Close your eyes and relax. You were saying that you love other men’s cock and balls the same way faggots like cock and balls. Tell me again what you like about other men’s cocks. Picture them in your mind... Earlier, you were saying something about how you like fat, purple, heads on other men’s cocks?”

David closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to shake away the cob-webs.

“Huh? Well, yes..., I uh..., I like how my fat, purple, cock-head flares out.” He saw images of fat, purple cock-heads. “Yes, I like a fat purple head, like I have on my cock,” he added. “I don’t think I said I like other men’s purple cock-heads, William.”

“Nonsense! You love cocks and balls, David. Cocks and balls are attached to men, right? Let’s not nick-pic here. It is obvious you love other men’s purple-headed cocks and their balls, isn’t it?”

David knew he loved cocks and balls. And, cocks and balls are attached to men. It was obvious. The doctor was right. Besides, it didn’t matter any longer; he was so horny and the medicine was making him even more confused.

“So, what else do you like about other men’s cocks, besides the fat, purple head?” the doctor queried.

“I, uh, I also like how the slit on a hard cock looks.”

“Like a blind porpoise, you said?”

David giggled. “Yes, like a blind porpoise smiling at me, if you hold it right!”

“And the balls? Tell me what you like about other men’s balls again.”

He did remember saying he liked other men’s balls, so it must be true. And, of course, balls are attached to men! He pictured them in his mind; big, bouncy, sweaty, ball. He loved big, bouncy, sweaty balls! He didn’t have big balls himself – his were small and tight. So it had to be other men’s big, bouncy, sweaty balls he liked. He remembered the ones in the locker room. And, if the doctor said so, it must be true. Besides, he *did* love balls. He had already admitted it. It didn’t matter *whose* balls they were, right?

“I like big, bouncy, sweaty balls, and how they hang low and swing back and forth. I like the hairy nut sack and I like tickling my balls with my fingers, just underneath, you know the spot I’m talking about right? It feels so good when you tickle that spot.”

“Yes, David, I know the spot. Can you see it? Can you imagine that sensitive spot at the base of another man’s balls?”

“Uhhh, no, not really,” David replied.

“No? Then change your perspective!” the doctor suggested. “Imagine yourself kneeling down in front of it and looking upwards. Now, can you see the spot you mentioned? Just behind his big, sweaty, balls? Can you see it?”

“Yes...,” David replied, looking up and inspecting another man’s balls.

“Tickle it, like you mentioned you love to do. Reach up and tickle his balls. You know how good it feels. Can you feel it?”

David reached up his hand. He could actually feel the raspy pubic hair brush up against his fingers.

“Yes, I can feel it!”

“Go ahead, tickle it..., tickle that spot,” the doctor encouraged, “How does it feel?”

“It feels great,” David said. “Soft and warm.”

“Now, look at the penis. The man’s penis is very hard, isn’t it David?”

“Yes...,” David said, “Very hard. I’m hard. We are both hard.”

“Hard penises drip pre-cum, don’t they? And you said you like pre-cum, didn’t you David? I remember you saying that,” the doctor added. “You said something about eating pre-cum and how you liked the taste of another man’s pre-cum.”

“Uh, yes. I like the taste of pre-cum.” He had said it. It was true. No sense in denying it. It didn’t matter whose pre-cum. He trusted the doctor.

“Tell me more. What do you like best about a man’s pre-cum, and then describe how it tastes.”

David’s head was swimming and his cock was throbbing. He could feel his own pre-cum oozing out of his cock-head. Images of his cock and the imaginary cock before him blurred together.

“Err..., I like how the pre-cum is so slippery. I like to take my finger and slide it up around and all over the head. I love that feeling. Then, I like to taste the pre-cum. It tastes a little salty, but sweet too.” He could see himself sliding his fingers over another man’s cock-head. He could see his fingers wet and slick. He could see his fingers go into his mouth. He could taste it!

“Yes, go on, then what?” The doctor watched as David hands went to his cock. He slid his finger under his cock-head, gathering up the copious amounts of the slippery discharge. He rubbed it over his cock-head.

“Then I take my finger and lick the pre-cum off of it.” David brought his cum slicked finger up to his mouth and sucked it clean. “Mmmm! I love the salty taste and I love the slippery feeling. I like how it makes his cock-head, I mean, my cock-head, nice and slippery, so I can...”

“So you can what? Say it! What do you do to him next?”

“It is so slippery! I can slide my hand back and forth on it, making it feel so good..., jacking him off, back and forth..., I mean, jacking *myself* off! I like the head to be all slippery so I can jerk off!” His hands went back to his throbbing cock.

“David, I warned you about touching your penis...”

“Sorry!” David’s cock was so hard! He wanted more pre-cum! He wanted to jerk his cock, he needed to masturbate something, anything! Maybe even the hard shaft in front of him?

“It is OK, David, just do not touch your cock again. Now, please continue, you were telling me about jerking off cocks. How you liked them slippery with pre-cum.”

David struggling with his thoughts, he imagined his hand touching another man’s cock, slippery with pre-cum. “Uh, mmm, Yes..., slippery co..., cocks...” he stuttered. His thoughts were seamlessly changing from his cock, to other men’s cocks! He watched his hand slide up and down another man’s cock, it was so slippery...

“How does his cock feel, David? How does it smell?” the doctor asked.

“Oh! Yes! I can feel it! Well, it is slippery..., and hard...,” David felt the other man’s cock with his mind and hands. “It is firm and spongy.” He leaned in and sniffed. “It smells fine. Good. It smells good. Very manly.”

“So, you like the feel and smell of a man’s cock, David? The spongy firmness, the manly smell of his sweaty balls?”

“Yes.” It did smell good. The sweaty balls smelled very manly.

“David, you were just telling me how you like to jerk-off men’s cocks? I assume you do it until they cum, it’s only fair, after all. You love to jerk men off and watch them cum, don’t you? Tell me more, I find it fascinating. You are doing so well.”

“I like to jerk cocks until they.., I mean, until / cum! I love the tingling feeling before the orgasm starts. I love the way the cum shoots out! Blast after blast of hot cum spurting from a hard co..., I mean *MY* cock!”

“Faggots like to jerk off cocks too, just like you do, don’t they?”

“Yes.” A deeper understanding and conviction began to grow inside of him. “Faggot’s love cocks like I do, and faggots like to jerk off cocks like..., like I..., like I do...”

‘Wait, a moment’, he thought, ‘was it *HIS* cock he was picturing jerking off, or was it someone else’s hard, throbbing cock in his hand, slippery with pre-cum. His hand sliding up and down...’

“David, you make it sound so exciting when you talk about men’s cocks! I can tell that talking about men’s cocks make you so happy. You must be so proud. I’m sure you must think about cocks and balls all the time, since it makes you so happy. You are very skilled when it comes to cocks aren’t you?”

David was so please with Williams compliment. He puffed up his chest and began to brag, eager for more compliments. “Yes, I am very skilled when it comes..., to..., cocks.” Was he really skilled with cocks? He was confused again. The doctor came to his rescue. What a relief!

“Yes, you must be skilled,” the doctor agreed. “For example, how many times do you think you have jerked off in your life?”

“Oh, hundreds of times. Probably thousands of times.” David said, remembered jacking off two or three times a day when he was growing up. It continued all through college and even after he was married.

“So, you’ve jacked off hundreds, even thousands of cocks. Yes, you must be skilled when it comes to cock. Jacking-off so many of them, and after all, you love other men’s cocks.”

“Yes..., well, I do love cock, William. “I’ve jacked off so many..., Yes, I am very skilled... with my.., with ..., with cocks...” His cock, other cocks, it just didn’t seem important. He could not argue with the doctor. The doctor was always right, he knew that now. David’s own arguments were weak and nonsensical. The doctor was confident, logical and persuasive. He wanted to please him and make him happy. He needed to be liked and praised by him!

“I like to hear you express your love for real men’s cocks David. I think it is very healthy for you to do so, it doesn’t make you less of a man..., not much anyway..., now please, go on.” William smiled.

“Yes, I love men’s cocks...,” David agreed so easily now. And, maybe he was slightly less than a real man. His cock wasn’t that big, after all. Not big like the other men’s cocks in his mind. They were very big!

“Let’s change the subject,” Dr. Smith said. “Do you like blowjobs, David?”

“Yes, I love blowjobs!” David replied.

“Hmm,” Dr. Smith replied. “Faggots love blowjobs too. So, tell me what you like about giving blowjobs.”

David was sure the doctor meant *getting* blowjobs...“Well, I like how the lips wrap around my cock-head. I like the warm, wet feeling as my cock slides in, the gentle sucking, and the licking...”

“You like sucking and licking cocks?”

“Yes, I like sucking and licking..., my..., other men’s... cocks. Sucking it gently. Licking it up and down the shaft.” He could see it! He could taste it!

“And that special spot behind the balls, David?”

“Yes! I like to tickle that spot behind the balls. I like to jack-off and suck, and lick...” In his mind, David was still kneeling before the hard, swollen, leaking, cock in front of him. It looked so manly. It smelled so manly. It was dripping sweet, salty, pre-cum. “I love to suck., I mean, I love it when *they* suck my fat, flared cock-head into their mouth! I love how it feels, rolling around the hard, spongy head and tasting the pre-cum on my tongue. I love licking all around the head, then sucking it up and down, up and down until they..., I mean *until I...*”

“Until, what David? What happens when you suck a hard cock like you were describing? It’s OK, you can tell me. What happens next? You suck them, you lick them, you tickle the spot behind the balls and then...?”

“They cum. They shoot cum into my” What was he saying? “I mean that *I* cum, *I* spurt my hot cum into some dirty fucking slut’s mouth!” David was lashing out again in desperation. He wasn’t imagining

some dirty whore sucking his cock; it was himself he was imagining! Down on his knees, naked! His own cock and balls swinging back and forth as he sucked the long, fat, cock of a nameless stranger. He could almost feel the hot, thick cum blasting into his eager, cock-loving mouth! He loved cock, didn't he?

"Careful, David!" William cautioned. "If someone gives such pleasure to another man, why would you call them a 'dirty slut'? Someone like that should be revered and honored! They should be proud of their ability to please real men. Like the faggots you mention. They are more like a weak woman than a real man. And, it is the ultimate act of a kind and selfless human being! It is good, and noble of them to give such pleasure and ask so little in return."

"I..., I..." David's mind raced. 'Faggots should be honored?' "Well, I guess they have, err, certain 'skills' they should be proud of."

"You are damn right they should be proud. You should be proud too, David, you should be proud of your love of cocks!"

"Me? I should be proud that I love cocks?" David asked.

"Yes, of course! You must never feel bad about your love of cock. Listen to me now, and you have to listen to me very carefully and understand what I'm saying to the core of your being."

Silence.

"I'm listening William." David was empty and ready to hear William's spoken truth.

"David," the doctor whispered into his ear. "It is so simple - Faggots love to please real manly men and they deserve praise, not scorn! You deserve praise too. You love cocks and balls and pre-cum! Faggots love cocks and balls and pre-cum too! Faggots deserve praise for the services they provide, and you should desire to receive such praise too! You know what it is like to love real men's cocks and balls just like faggots like real men's cocks and balls. Faggots love to make men feel good. And, since you like to feel good, you secretly want other men to feel good too! Isn't that right? You want other men to know the same pleasure that you yearn for. Remember, there is nothing to be ashamed of. You should be proud of your love of cock, and you should be praised for wanted other men to feel good! It is so noble and selfless of you!"

"Yes!" He grasped the idea like a drowning man clings to a life preserver. He shouldn't be ashamed that he loves cocks! He should be proud! He was noble. He was selfless! "Yes, I should be proud I love cocks, just like faggots!"

"I think you know it is more than that, David. Faggots perform a valuable service to other men, services that only a man with a hard cock can so deeply and truly understand! Only a faggot would pleasure another man's cock anyplace and anytime. They work so hard to please other men, to relieve their stress and keep them sexually satisfied. This allows real men to focus on more important tasks! Don't you agree?"

“Yes, it’s true!” David nodded his head vigorously. William was a real man, so wise and forceful! David suddenly thought of Stanley offering to suck his cock that very morning when he saw how stressed he was.

William knew what he was thinking. “Did Stanley Kowalski deserve your scorn this morning, David?”

“No, no he didn’t. I have to apologize to him. He was only trying to help me and relieve my stress.”

“Do you think that Stanley is a better man than you are, right now anyway?”

“Yes.”

“And, there is nothing wrong with being a faggot! Faggots are great! Everyone should be so lucky as to be a cock loving, pre-cum licking, dick sucking, ball-tickling faggot right?”

“Right!”

“Good, excellent. Let that sink in David.

David thought about it. His dick was hard. He thought about loving cock, licking pre-cum, sucking dick and tickling balls until... He stopped.

Silence.

“Let’s change the subject now David.” William paused. “Have you ever tasted cum?”

More silence. David was a little uncomfortable.

“David...”

“Well..., my own cum, yes...” He had never admitted it to anyone before

“Tell me about it.”

David paused, and was compelled to tell his dirty little secret. “When I was a boy, yes, I tasted my own cum.”

“Perfectly normal,” Dr. Smith said. “Describe it for me, David.”

“Well, it was a long time ago. I don’t... I remembered that I tasted it, and..., that’s all, really.”

“You only tasted it the one time, David?”

“I., I think. Yes, just the one time...”

“I don’t think you are being honest, David. Perhaps we should end this now, if you are going to play games and lie to me...”

“No, William!” he blurted. “I remember now... there was another time!”

“I thought so, David. Please, don’t hold anything back, or we will be finished here. Understand?”

“Yes, William. I understand.” He would be completely honest. He had to. “Well, it is kind of embarrassing, William,” David said softly.

“Nonsense. You have nothing to be embarrassed about, David. Close your eyes again and picture it. Tell me about it. “

“Well, once, when I was a boy, I had just jacked off and I heard my mother coming down the hallway. She was about to come into my room. I had it in my hand, I..., I had to hide it. I ate it. I ate my own cum so my mother wouldn’t find out.”

“So, you had a big mouthful of warm cum? You swallowed it before your mother came into your room? You talked to her with the taste of cum in your mouth?”

“Yes...”

“Describe the taste of cum for me, please David. What did it taste like? What did it feel like?”

“It was kind of..., it was salty. It was warm and... thick...I remember how it slid down my throat.”

“You like salty things, don’t you David. Salty things like potato chips? Oh, and salty pre-cum! And you like thick things, like a milk shake, and warm milk before going to bed, like your mother would sometimes give you, when you had trouble sleeping?”

“Yes, I like those things...” David saw no reason to lie about it.

“So, you like salty, warm, thick, things?”

“Yes...”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, I like salty, warm, thick...”

“So then, you liked the taste of your thick, warm, salty cum? Didn’t you, David. Be honest now!” he warned.

“Well, I didn’t mind it, I guess..., I..., I guess I kind of liked it..., sure, I like salty, warm, thick, things, so, yeah, I must have liked the taste of my own cum.” He looked to William for approval. William smiled at him!

“Excellent! The bigger the load, the better, I’m sure! Now, tell me more about your mother. You wore her panties and you ate cum all the time to hide the fact that you were masturbating. Would she not approve of your panty-wearing masturbation sessions?”

“No. My mother would not have approved. She was a little strict about that kind of stuff.” He remembered trying on a pair of his mother’s panties once or twice. How did William know that?

“So, you tried to hide your love of cocks from your mother by jacking off by eating your cum. Hmm, what would she have said if she knew you were wearing her panties and eating cum all the time. Knowing her boy was more like a woman than a real man.”

“She would have said that I was a faggot, that I was a panty-wearing, cum-eating, faggot. She hated faggots...” He imagined himself tasting a big load of cum, holding it in his hand, wearing his mother’s panties. ‘What if his mother saw him doing that?’ His cock twitched. He wanted her approval. He wanted William’s approval. But if he wasn’t a real man, what was he?

“But you were not a faggot then, were you? Not yet anyway. Just a little sissy boy masturbating in his mother’s panties and doing what is only natural to a cum eating, sissy-boy like yourself. But you were afraid of being called a faggot by your mother, right? Maybe we can trace your unnatural homophobic reactions to your mother, yes? Maybe it was her influence that drove you to love cocks in secret, by condemning the very thing you loved so much! After all, just because you love cocks, jacking off, giving blowjobs and eating cum, doesn’t mean that you are a faggot, right? You just like to pleasure other men, right?”

“Right, I’m not a faggot, just someone who loves cocks, jacking off, giving blow...; I mean *getting* blowjobs and eating cum. Oh, and giving pleasure!” He imagined a cock with a nice, flared purple head sliding into a warm, wet mouth. It was not his cock, but it *was* his mouth. He was giving it pleasure; it was thrusting in and out of his mouth! “So much pleasure...mmm...”

“Tell me more about your fascination with sperm and how you eat cum all the time, David.”

David was eager to drive the disturbing, erotic image from his mind. He paused, reminiscing. “Yes, I *sometimes* used to eat my own cum...” He remembered another time and how he licked the warm cum from his fingers and squeeze his firm cock to milk out the last drops of cum and eat it, not wanting to get out of bed to clean up. He described it to William, hoping for more praise.

“I appreciate your honesty, David. You are doing so very well. I feel we are really getting somewhere now! It is great that you have admitted to yourself how you would always eat your own cum after you jacked-off. Let’s see, a teenage boy will jack off and cum multiple time a day. Maybe two or three hot cum loads for you? One in the morning, and a couple more warm, salty loads at night? That’s about right for a teenage boy. Yes, you ate a lot of cum David! Real men don’t eat cum like you do, but, tell me more about it, David, be completely honest and go in to details! Tell me more about how you love to eat cum.”

David thought the doctor was confused again; this was a long time ago, not recently, and, he didn’t *love* to eat his cum, it, he sometimes *had* to eat it. He remembered how he would jack off every day, before his parents came home. Maybe he did eat a lot of cum? Somehow, he could still taste the warm cum on his tongue. “Well, there is not much to say - I would jack off when I was a boy and eat my cum, like you said. I did it a lot, maybe all the time, I guess. Yes, it was like you said!” It was weird how he had almost forgotten! He remembered watching his cock spurt, lying on his bed in his room, eating load after load of warm, thick, salty cum! “I would lick cum from my fingers and from my belly when I jacked off. Yes,

sometimes two or three times a day!” He could picture it! It had to be true! The doctor wouldn’t lie to him!

“And, you said you liked big loads of cum. Remember how you would jack off into a small glass, say three times, so you could swallow a big load of cum and feel it slide down your throat? That must have been great!”

David could picture it. Jacking off into a small glass and spurting once, twice, three times!

“Yes, it must have been like you said, I jacked off into a small glass three times in a row to get a big mouthful of cum. I don’t know why I did that.” He relived the experience. A huge mouthful of cum sliding down his throat. It was so real. William knew everything!

“You wanted a big load of salty sperm because you love cum, you love it more than life itself! But, didn’t the cum get cold, David?” the doctor asked. “Isn’t warm cum better?”

David remembered how the cum had gotten cold, sitting in the glass and how he swallowed a huge load, like William said. He added, “Yes, it got cold. I remember that cum tastes better when it is warm though. I love cum.”

“Yes, we know you like warm cum, David. Tell me, how you would shoot off into your own face to get warm cum. I bet you look pretty with cum dripping down your face. So sexy! So proud!”

David smiled, remembering... “Yes, sometimes, I would put my legs over my head and jack off onto my face!” He giggled. His imagination and reality merged. “I would look in the mirror afterwards and think of how pretty I looked with hot cum dripping down my face. I was so proud of myself!”

“Remember how you even tried to suck your own cock. You really, really wanted to suck cock as a boy, didn’t you?”

“Yes, I tried to suck my own cock. I’d put my legs over my head and strain to get my hard dick into my mouth! I never could, but I really, really, tried to suck my own cock. I would end up just shooting on my face, though, and then eating it.” He sighed. Images of his younger self, bent over, his cock spurting onto his face filled his mind. He saw his mouth open and saw the cum land on his tongue, his lips, his cheeks. It did happen, it must have happened! He remembered everything so vividly!

“So, can we truthfully say you love the taste of cum? You love big loads of thick cum. You like the salty taste, the texture, and the aroma as well. And you said you like cum better when it is warm, right from the source, correct?”

“Well, I used to..., No, you are right, as always. I can almost taste it now. Yes, I love the salty taste of cum. I love the texture. The aroma.” He took a deep sniff, smelling the cum. “Yes, I had forgotten that about me..., right from the source..., warm, salty, thick, cum...”

The image in his mind changed. It was no longer his younger self, and he was no longer bent over, spurting boy-cum onto his face. He was now an adult and on his knees! His mouth was open and eager!

He wanted some fresh, warm, salty sperm! He could see the thick cock in front of him. He saw it spurt! He could feel huge loads of cum blasting onto his tongue. More cum than he ever had in his mouth before! He could taste it! He rolled it around before he swallowed it, savoring it! Another blast landed on his cheek, he could feel it! He could smell it! He wanted more cum!

“Say it, please. Admit it to yourself. You crave cum, you love cum, right, David? We could say you are addicted to warm, thick, salty cum. You have to have it all the time, don’t you?”

“Oh yes! I love cum. I know that now. I can’t wait to get some more! I LOVE CUM! I LOVE CUM! I can’t get enough of it! I’m addicted to cum! Wow, it feels so good to say it out loud, finally!” David was so horny, his mind was so full of cocks, balls and cum. He felt like he would explode!

“Another breakthrough, David. Now, it is time to review what we have learned. We have established that you have an intimate love for cock? Yes?”

“Yes. Absolute.”

“If you mean it, say it!”

“I love cock, William. I really, really, love cocks!” He meant it.

“What kind of cocks did you say you loved, David?”

“I love hard, fat throbbing cocks with big purple heads! But, I love all cocks.” He smiled so himself, visualizing so many cocks!

“You love to jack-off cocks, yes?”

“Yes, I love to jack off cocks. I love to tickle balls. I love to watch the cum spurt out, spurt after spurt!” He saw the cock shoot, in his mind. The cum landed on his face, his naked chest, and dripped down his hand, still stroking the spurting cock. He smelled it! He felt it! He wanted to taste it! He loved it!

“And, this was all repressed because of your mother right? Because she wouldn’t let you be the faggot you were born to be? An honorable, respectable, pleasure giving, panty wearing, sissy faggot?”

“Huh?” David was caught by surprise. “Well, I don’t remember it that way, William...I never wanted to be...”

“Be honest with yourself, David, or we are through here!” the doctor snapped. “I’m tired of the lies! Admit it! Your mother is the reason you have suppressed your love of cock and your love of cum until this very moment! Isn’t that right? Of course it is!”

“I’m sorry, you are right! I’m so sorry!” cried David. It was so hard for him to admit it! He knew the doctor was right. The doctor was always right. He somehow knew what William was going to say next...

“Listen carefully, David. You have admitted that you love cocks, and we have confirmed that faggots love cocks! You love jacking off cocks – faggots love to jack off cock. You love to watch cum spurt – your own

words, David! Faggots love to watch cum spurt! You love to give blow-jobs too. Not your lie about 'getting' blowjobs, but you love to *give* blowjobs! You like to suck hard, throbbing cocks, right? Face it; faggots love to suck hard, throbbing cocks too! Haven't you been imagining jacking and sucking off stiff, fat cocks today? Haven't you imagined getting a big load of hot, fresh of cum in your mouth? Not from the cock that you yearned to suck as a boy but couldn't, but from a real man's hard, thick shaft, with the big, flared purple head that you love so much! Haven't you been imagining that very cock plunging into your mouth over and over until it spurts into your mouth and all over your face, to give you a huge, hot load of cum that you yearn for, so you can savor it and then swallow it? Tell me David, isn't that why your dick has been hard and oozing pre-cum this whole session? I watched you eat your pre-cum twice now, David! You would be licking it up like a faggot right now, if I let you! FACE IT DAVID, YOU ARE A COCK LOVING, CUM EATING FAGGOT, AREN'T YOU?"

David began to cry. The doctor was right! It was all true! He has been fantasizing about spurting cocks and eating cum all afternoon! He has seen images of bouncing cocks, fat purple heads, and swinging balls! He had touched them! Smelled them! He has been staring at, and fantasizing about cocks since he was young! He loved eating cum and pleasing men! David knew it was the truth! He had denied it for too long! He cried out, almost yelling, "YES, YES! OH GOD, I'M A FAGGOT, I'M A COCK-LOVING FAGGOT!"

William let David cry for a while, listening to him moan and sob while expressing his deep love for cocks and cum.

"I love cocks, faggots love cocks. Faggots love to jerk cocks, I love to jerk cocks! Faggots love to suck cock, I love to suck cock! Faggots love cum. I've eaten so much cum, hundreds..., thousands of loads, and I love it. I'm addicted to cum! I love cum! I love the texture and the aroma of hot cum! The smell of a man's balls..., I'm a faggot! I love fat cock-heads and swinging balls and spurting cocks and eating cum and giving pleasuring to real men! I'm a cock-loving faggot!"

"Now, now, David," he began, "It is not so bad to be a faggot. Haven't we already discussed how faggots should be respected and honored?"

"Yes..." SNIFF!

"Here is a tissue."

"Thank you!" HONK!

"Remember, David! There is nothing wrong with being a faggot! Faggots are great! Everyone should be so lucky as to be a cock loving, dick sucking, panty-wearing, cum eating faggot right?"

"I guess..., yes, you are right!" SNIFF! "It is OK to be a faggot! Right, doctor? You are always right! It's *great* to be a cock loving faggot! Isn't it?"

"Yes, David."

"Oh, I'm so happy!" David wiggled with excitement, his hard cock dripped down to his balls.

Silence filled the room. David was beaming with pride, reveling in his new-found knowledge.

“David, are you going to treat Stanley Kowalski any differently, from now on?”

“Yes, yes I will!” He knew it was true. “I will let him suck my cock anytime he wants to! I’ll even suck *his* cock anytime he wants too!”

“Fantastic, David! So, let’s review one final time! This time, I want you to be proud to say you are a faggot! Say it like you like mean it! Faggots deserve respect and should be honored! David, did you know that faggots are especially honored in this company?”

“Really?”

“Yes, they can give such exquisite pleasures to all the hard working men of Shaftman’s. Men who occasionally need the cum drained from their balls so they can focus on more important matters! How can our important Corporate Executives focus on improving the company’s profits with the distraction of a hot, salty, thick, load of delicious cum churning in their heavy, bloated balls? Perhaps you can help them, David.”

“YOU ARE RIGHT! YES, OH YES! I CAN HELP THEM!” David was overjoyed. Maybe his career was saved!

“Now, David, tell me, one last time. Do you love cock?”

“Yes, I love cock!” David held up his head proudly! “I love *ALL* cocks, big ones, small ones, *ALL OF THEM!*”

“Good David! Do you love to jack-off men’s cocks?”

“I love to jack off men’s cocks! I like to tickle men’s balls and I *LOVE* to watch their cum spurt!”

“And, do you love to give blow-jobs, David?”

“Yes, I love to *give* blow-jobs. I *LOVE TO SUCK COCK!* My favorite cocks have big, flared, purple, heads that I love to wrap my lips around! I like to tongue the piss-slit and lick around the head! I love to suck cocks up and down! *SUCK THEM UP AND DOWN UNTIL THEY SHOOT WARM, SALTY, THICK, CUM!*”

“Excellent! And, do you love cum, David?”

“I *LOVE WARM, THICK, CUM!* Right from the source! I like to watch cum fly from spurting cocks! I love to know how much pleasure I am giving! I love to suck the cum up the hard shaft from heavy set of sweaty, swinging, balls! I love the smell of cum! I love the texture of cum! I love to eat blast after blast of thick cum into my slutty mouth! I love to roll the cum around on my tongue, savoring it, and then swallowing it down! I’m such a cock-sucking, cum-loving, slut!”

“Hmmm, I guess it’s OK if you want to act slutty sometimes. Some of our Corporate Executives like homophobes-turned-faggots who act like cock-hungry, sluts.”

“Oh, I want to act like a slut for them! Like a cock-sucking, cum-loving, slut, and OH! HOW I LOVE CUM! I like cum on my face because it makes me look pretty! I like to suck cocks until they come in my mouth! Such pleasure! Such honor! Such respect! And, so much fresh, warm, salty, delicious, cum sliding down my throat!”

“Yes, I understand that you like cum, but, tell me David, do you believe hard working men deserve to be regularly serviced by respectable faggots, like yourself? What do you think about that statement?”

“Yes, all hard working men should have a respectable faggot like me service them. All the time! Real men need to have the cum drained from their balls, so they can concentrate on more important things! It is perfect! Since I’m not a real man - I’m a faggot and I like to eat cum – and real men need to empty their heavy, cum-filled, balls! I LOVE TO SERVICE REAL, HARD WORKING MEN AND EAT THEIR CUM! I can perform a valuable service and I can be honored and respected for my cock pleasuring skills!”

“Yes, yes! You finally have it figured out, David! There is nothing wrong with being a faggot! Faggots are great! Everyone should be so lucky as to be a cock loving, cock sucking, cum eating faggot right?”

“Right!”

David grinned. He was so happy and so aroused thinking about pleasuring all kinds of cocks! Down on his knees, jacking, licking and sucking hard, fat cocks! His own cock felt almost painful, he was so aroused. He wanted ask William if he could jack off, or at least eat all the pre-cum soaking his cock and balls.

“David, one last question.” He looked down at the quivering mound of twisted, sexual flesh that used to be a man and spoke. “David, do you love to get fucked?”

“I...I...” David hadn’t considered getting fucked. He imagined himself on his hands and knees again, a hard cock preparing to enter him from behind...

“David, answer me! Do you want a hard, fat, throbbing cock pounding your ass-hole? Men like to fuck, and faggots like to get fucked, right? You are a faggot, after all. And, men like to feel their hard cocks driving into a tight hole, and faggots love the feeling of having their ass-hole stretched and pounded by thick, hard cocks - knowing they are giving and receiving such pleasure - all at the same time!”

“I..., I..., I want... I love... I...thick cocks...hot spurting cum...my asshole...?” David looked confused and exhausted. “Cocks fucking my..., getting pounded by thick, hard cocks..? Stretching...? My... my asshole..? Doctor...? William...? I... I...don’t...”

“Ok, that’s enough for now, David. Clear your head. I’m putting too much on you all at once, but you are doing so well! I’m so proud of you! Let’s take a break and have something to eat.” Dr. Smith pushed the intercom button again. “Bruce, we are ready for the next session, but we could use something to eat first.”

David realized how hungry he was! He wasn't aware of how much time had passed! His cock was still hard, and he still felt so good, but exhausted. As Bruce came in with a tray of food, he turned and noticed how dark it was outside. How long have they been at this? It seemed like forever.

"One more drink while we eat, and then an injection to prepare you for the next session. We are almost finished. Feeling OK?"

"Yes. I'm fine. I feel good, very good..., just a little tired."

"And, you are doing great! Just a little resistance there at the end, but I know you will pull thru, it has been a long day after all, and you are tired."

"Now, the shot will help reinforce your breakthroughs and prepare you for the next session, though you will not remember anything afterwards." David gulped down his drink while Bruce prepared the injection.

"We have had some real success today, Bruce! Haven't we David? Tell Bruce what you learned!"

"Well, I learned that I was afraid that my mother might have called me a faggot because I like to eat cum!" David said, excitedly. "I learned that I love cocks, jacking and sucking cocks! And, I learned that my mother tried to repress my true identity of being a cock loving faggot!" He said it proudly.

"Wow! That is excellent David!" Bruce looked at him jealously. "I remember learning that I was a faggot too! It was so wonderful and such a relief to realize the truth! You have so much to look forward too!"

David nodded eagerly in agreement. He hoped they could be friends!

Bruce gave him the injection and David didn't even flinch. He noticed that Bruce had an erection too and yearned to help him out.

They sat down together to eat. Thick, hot sausages, creamy milkshakes and chocolate covered bananas for desert! For some reason, each bite reminded David of how much he loved cocks! Maybe it was the drugs, or maybe it was his own hard, throbbing cock, begging for release! He did not see any silverware, so he sucked the juicy sausage into his mouth and slurped and gulped it like a starving man. He chugged the vanilla milkshake, licking the sweat cream from his lips, belching and feeling satisfied. For desert, he engulfed the banana, up and down, pushing it down his throat, but not before he gathered up some of the pre-cum that was still dripping down his hard shaft. He wiped his man juices on the banana and stroked it up and down, making it salty and sweet, hoping the doctor didn't notice!

David's head began to swim and his full belly made him sleepy. The medicine and the injection took effect as he fell deeper and deeper into a swirling vortex of erotic images, made from his own imagination.

"Now, David, we are ready for the most intensive part of your training. Bruce, do you have everything ready?"

“Yes, doctor.”

“Prepare the patient.”

Bruce had David lie down on the couch and placed headphones on his ears. He positioned the TV in front of him, and then paused to look longingly at David’s hard, throbbing cock. He inserted media into the player and handed the remote control to Dr. Smith. “The patient is ready, doctor,” he said.

“Excellent. David, this is your final session before the examination. Are you ready?”

“Yes, William, I’m ready.”

The doctor put on his own set of headphones, adjusted his microphone and then pressed the play button.

David heard soft music playing in his ears as he watched pretty colors appear on the TV screen. After awhile, his own hard, throbbing dick appeared on the screen. His mind began to spin. He barely remembered Bruce taking these photos!

“David, you now realize that your love for your own dick is actually a misplaced desire for any man’s cock.”

“Yes...” The image morphed from a close up picture of his own cock, dripping pre-cum, to the image of another man’s hard cock, thick and swollen – pulsating, and mesmerizing him...

He heard his own voice coming thru the headphones, echoing into his brain, like only your own voice can do... “I love cocks... I love cocks...I love a big, flared purple head.” The images changed from his cock to dozens of images of other men’s cocks. They were beautiful, they were hard, and they were full of cum! He thought he saw an image of Bruce with his hard, swollen cock sticking out obscenely. It must have been from *his* training! And probably Stanley’s too! He loved them! He loved cocks, after all!

He heard Williams voice, “You love cock?”

He heard his own voice answer, “Yes, I love cocks! I love ALL cock, big ones, small ones, ALL OF THEM!”

The images changed. He saw his hand on his own, hard, swollen shaft. The image somehow blurred into an image of his own hand holding a thick, fat, cock!

William turned off the microphone and said, “Excellent work as always, Bruce. I look forward to seeing the rest of it!” He turned the microphone back on.

“Now, David, you said you like to jack off other men’s cocks, is that right?” The images changed into a video of a masculine hand, similar to his, jacking off a hard cock, sliding up and down, over the head, and down to the balls. He heard his own voice again. “I love to jack off men’s cocks! I like to tickle men’s balls and I LOVE to watch the cum spurt!” He knew he was also saying it out loud, along with the recording. The cocks on the screen began to erupt, hot cum shooting everywhere as the hand continued to jack them off. David moaned. “Ohhh, so much cum! Look at it fly!”

The image changed to David's open mouth, begging for cock, licking his lips, opening wide!

"David, you love to suck cock. You like to eat cum, correct?" William asked. An image of a hard, fat cock appeared next to the image of David's face. It looked so real and ready to slide down David's throat!

"YES! I LOVE TO SUCK COCK AND EAT CUM!" He yelled it out loud!

"You couldn't suck your own cock, so now you love to give blow jobs to strangers, constantly craving to feel the emptiness inside. And, you love to give other men pleasure, right? You do whatever it takes to make a real man happy, like sucking his cock, licking his sweaty, manly balls, tickling that special spot, or even kissing and licking his ass, if he asked you to, right? You will do whatever he asks. Whatever gives him pleasure It is your duty, your place in life. You are most happy when you are pleasing real men."

More images filled the screen. He saw his own face, his mouth open and eager for the hard cock in front of him. He saw his tongue stretching out to lick up a fat drop of pre-cum. He made love to a manly ass. He heard his own voice again. "Yes, I love to give blowjobs. I LOVE TO SUCK COCK! My favorite cocks have big, flared purple heads that I love to wrap my lips around! I like to tongue the piss-slit, and lick around the head! I love to suck cocks up and down! SUCK THEM UP AND DOWN UNTIL THEY SHOOT HOT, THICK CUM!"

Images of men that looked exactly like him, sucking cock after cock, filled his vision. He didn't remember sucking so many cocks, but he must have! It was right in front of him! He heard the men moaning, telling him what a good faggot slut he was! "Mmmmm!" He watched himself licking swollen glans, licking piss-slits, and sucking hard cocks up and down! David wanted a cock in his mouth right now! He watched video clip after video clip of his own image sucking cock like an expert – pleasuring all kinds of men! He was tickling their balls, wrapping his lips around big, flared purple heads. Bobbing and sucking them up and down. Sucking balls, licking assholes... They all looked like him! It must be him!

"Ohhhh, I want it so bad!" David moaned. Every nerve in his body was tingling. He could feel a set of hairy balls in his hand, he could feel a fat, juicy cock in his mouth. He could feel his tongue probing deeply into another man's asshole, tasting his funk. His cock felt enormous, his balls were full of cum he was in sexual ecstasy!

Another question, "Do you love cum, David?"

"I LOVE HOT, THICK CUM! I like to watch cum fly from spurting cocks! I love to know how much pleasure I am giving to another man! I love to suck the cum up a hard shaft from a set of heavy, swinging balls as I'm given blast after blast of thick cum into my slutty faggot mouth! I love to roll the cum around on my tongue, savoring it and then swallowing it down! I'm such a cum-loving slut! "

Images of spurting cocks covering his face and dripping down onto his hungry lips filled his vision. He moaned and heard other men moan with the pleasure he was giving them! He could feel the hot cum blasting on his tongue and could taste it as he swirled it around on his tongue. He watched men fucking his face, forcefully feeding him their hard cocks, and spurting load after load of hot cum down his

throat! He watched the cum dribble out of the sides of his mouth and he tasted it and watched himself lick it all up.

The voices continued. "Oh, I love to act like a slut, and OH, HOW I LOVE CUM! I like cum on my face because it makes me look pretty! I like to suck cocks until they come in my mouth, fresh, hot and thick cum sliding down my throat!"

"Do hard working men need to be regularly serviced by respectable faggots, like you, David?"

"Yes, all hard working men should have a respectable faggot like me service them. Often! Real men need to have the cum drained from their balls! I like to eat cum and real men need empty their heavy, cum filled balls into my mouth!" He imagined himself on his knees, sucking the strange cocks of factory workers, postal employees, and his co-workers!

"David, are you willing to become a valued and respected faggot-employee, spending your days pleasuring men? No more insults directed at cock-loving, cum eating faggots like yourself?"

"Oh, no, I mean yes! I mean, yes I want become a valued and respected faggot-employee pleasuring men! And, no! No more insults to cock-loving, cum eating faggots like myself, no, never!"

"Are you willing to come to work in my department, in the Executive Levels?"

"YES! OH YES! I WANT IT MORE THAN ANYTHING!" Think of the cocks he could have! Think of the cum!

"David, do you want a promotion and better pay?"

"YES!"

"Are you willing to become a 'Shaftman Corporate Faggot' and pleasure our Executives whenever they desire it?"

He saw himself on his knees, sucking the hard cocks of Executives in fancy suits. He saw himself falling to his knees in front of William! He watched the video and saw well dressed, handsome men erupting into his mouth over and over! They told him what a great job he was doing and how proud they were of him! He watched another scene unfold; "Same time tomorrow, David! Oh, and Vice President Arnold told me that he needed his balls drained too! I recommended you!" Vice President Arnold! He could pleasure Vice President Arnold? OMG! What an honor! David realized what an important service he could give to all the company executives! He could become a valued employee and work in the executive offices! He could be the faggot he always wanted to be! He saw an image of the Vice President's cock. It filled the screen. It was huge, with a large, fat, flared purple head, oozing pre-cum! Oh, he couldn't wait! "YES, OH YES!" he cried. "I want to become a Shaftman Corporate Faggot and pleasure Executives! I want to suck their cocks, drain their balls and eat their cum. They need me, so they can work on important stuff! Yes, please, oh please?"

"Perhaps... But, there is one final question before I can agree to this, David."

“YES, I’LL DO ANYTHING!”

“David, do you like to get fucked?”

“I..,” he paused.

“You weren’t ready the last time I asked you David. But, I think you are ready to answer truthfully now.”

David saw a picture of himself bent over, as if he was waiting to get fucked in the ass.

“David, listen, this is important! Remember, men like to fuck. Our Corporate Executives like to fuck. Faggots like to get fucked. You are a faggot! You know this! All faggots like you love cock and all faggots like you love cocks in their hands, filling up their mouths, spurting hot, juicy cum anywhere and everywhere! Faggots like you love, love, love cock! So, it is only logical that a faggot like you *MUST* love a hard cock in their ass too, right?”

“Yes...” It was true. It was only logical. Why couldn’t he see it before? He is a faggot and faggots liked cocks in their ass. He knew it. He saw the picture of himself spreading his ass-cheeks! His hole looked so inviting and ready for a cock! He then saw videos of stiff cocks sliding into tight asses and heard the moans of pleasure coming from the faggots. They looked like him. “Fuck me!” they said, “fuck me harder!” He saw his own ass being spread wider by his own hands! “Fuck me, fuck me, fuck my ass-hole!” Was that him yelling that, or was it the video? He saw fat cocks pounding tight ass-holes! He saw balls swinging and faggot cocks bouncing with every thrust! He heard moans of pleasure over and over in his ears, “Oh, fuck me, fuck my ass! Ohh!, Mmmmm! Yes! Yes! Yes! I love it!” It looked so hot! He could almost feel a hard cock stretching him, filling him completely, and sliding in and out of his slutty little hole!

He heard his voice again, echoing into the deepest parts of his brain. “I LOVE COCK!”

“David, answer me! Do you like to be fucked? Do you love having a hard, fat, throbbing cock pounding your ass-hole?”

“I LOVE TO JACK OFF COCKS!”

“David, remember, you are a panty wearing, cock-loving, cum eating faggot, and all faggots love the feeling of having their ass-hole stretched and pounded by thick, hard cocks!”

“I LOVE TO SUCK AND EAT CUM!”

“David, you are avoiding the question! A cock-loving faggot like you has surely been fucked, probably a lot. It is your favorite thing, next to sucking a hard cock, am I right? I’m sure you have been fucked many times, probably every day. Isn’t that right?”

David began to babble. “I love cocks, I love cum, I love to jack off cocks and watch the cum fly! I love to suck cock and tickle balls! I love cum on my face! I love cum in my mouth. I love heavy balls full of cum! I

want to empty a hard-working man's balls to he can do important work! I am a respected, skilled and honored COCK LOVING FAGGOT!"

"David, just admit that you love to be bent over, your cock and balls swinging free, while a man pounds your boi-pussy! In and out! In and out! Driving his fat, flared purple cock-head inside of you, stretching your tight little ring with his fat head, driving it deep into your bowels, knowing what exquisite pleasure you are honoring him with. Feeling your ass-hole squeeze him, trying to coax the cum out of his nut sack, thrusting your cute ass back at him, riding his cock and acting like the faggot slut you know you are! Admit it, David!"

"YES! YES! I ADMIT IT! I LIKE TO GET FUCKED! I LIKE COCKS FUCKING MY ASS-HOLE!" He could feel it! He wanted it! He loved it! He remembered now! He loved getting fucked in the ass!

"Go on. Tell me more. I need to believe you."

All of the sounds and images he had seen flooded his mind, filling all of the dark recesses of his memories, making him forgot his past. Pleasuring cock was all that was left inside of him now.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes! I love to get fucked by hard cocks! I like to get them hard and slippery and ready to fuck my ass! I like to act like a slut and lick the pre-cum! I love to suck cocks until they are throbbing and hard! I love to lick behind the glans! I love to wrap my lips around the cock-head! I love to suck up and down the shaft! I love to tickle the balls and suck them, knowing they are full of hot cum! I like to lick men's assholes, pushing my tongue as deep as I can! When their cocks are rock hard and throbbing, with the veins pulsing and their head leaking, I love to bend over and wiggle my ass like a faggot slut! I love to show men my tight, little hole! I love to beg them to fuck me! I love the feeling of their cock against my ass-hole! I love the feeling of the fat, flared, purple cock-head as it stretches my boi-pussy wide open! I love the feeling of a hard, thick cock filling me up and sliding in and out of my bowels! I love to use my ass to make men cum, squeezing them, thrusting back against them, while I beg them to fuck me! Fuck me harder! Pound my ass with your hard cock! FUUUUCCCKKK MEEEEEEEE!"

David's' cock began to spurt; untouched, putting the final touch on his conditioning. "Ahhh, I'm coming," he cried! It felt so good! At the same instant he was cumming, cock after cock erupted on the screen.

"Oh, so much cum!" he moaned. "So much yummy cum!" His cock erupted time and time again! He could feel the hot cum blasting up from his balls, hitting his lips, his chin, his chest, and then his stomach! It continued to dribble out, spurt after spurt, running down his shaft and drenching his already pre-cum soaked balls. He was spent, both mentally and physically. "So much pleasure..., So proud..., So happy..."

"Bruce! Get in here, please, clean-up detail!"

Bruce ran in and began to clean David up, using his tongue and lips, dropping the wash cloth he had brought in with him.

"Remember to share, Bruce!" the doctor warned. "David loves cum just as much as you do..."

Bruce began to kiss David, smearing the cum between them and then slurping up the still warm cum from his chin and letting drip into David's mouth. They both moaned in ecstasy. They searched for any remaining cum and gathered the cum from his chest and stomach with their fingers and then fed the sweet nectar to each other. Finally, Bruce began to lick and suck the mess from David's balls, then sucked his still firm cock gently and pushed a greasy finger into his ass, massaging him and sucking him until he was fully hard again.

"Focus on the screen again now, David. That is enough, Bruce!"

David laid back, adjusted his headphones and focused on the screen. His cock was hard and throbbing again.

"Now David, here are the rules you must follow if you want to be a Shaftman Corporate Faggot. You must memorize them before you service any Executives, especially before you pleasure Vice President Arnold!" He heard Williams voice again;

"Rule one, if you are accepted as one of Shaftman's corporate faggots, you will have to wear your uniform every day. Soft, pink, panties only! There is a small elastic hole in front to squeeze your tiny balls and dicklet through, and another, larger one in the rear. You will report to work directly to this floor, where you will change into your uniform and then go up the private elevators to the Executive Levels where you will report to your assigned station! You are only allowed to wear your uniform on the Executive levels. If you have to visit the lower levels, you will dress appropriately, understand?"

"Yes sir!"

"Two, before you can service an Executive, you have to wait for him give you the signal. He will rub his cock and adjust his balls. At that time, you may ask him if he 'needs to be serviced', or 'have his stress relieved', or even to 'have the cum drained from his balls' - some executive like dirty talk. You will have to figure it on your own, or ask some of the other corporate faggots for advice. Remember, this is a signal that you cannot ignore, ever! If you want to keep your job and even be rewarded sometimes, that is... "

David listened to William's voice as images filled the screen. He watched someone in pink panties standing in front of a man in a nice office. David watched as the Executive gave the signal, the voice he heard answering was Bruce's! "Can I relieve your stress, sir?" He licked his lips and continued. "Do you need your balls drained again?" The man nodded and Bruce dropped to his knees in front of him! It was the exact same words that Stanley had said that very morning, but David never let him finish before insulting him! What a jerk he had been! He now remembered having to adjust his nuts after Stanley asked him about the budget! He had given him the 'secret signal' without realizing it! Stanley was only trying to help him! What an idiot he had been!

"Finally, rule number three, Corporate Faggots are only allowed to cum once a day and only after normal working hours. The weekends are your own, and you are allowed to enjoy your single orgasm allotment whenever you wish, but don't overdo it! The Executives like to see hard, dripping cocks when

they are being serviced. There are exceptions to the one-cum-a-day rule, of course. For example, an executive might take a liking to you or some of the other faggots and may decide to give you 'special honors'. Maybe for an evening, or an entire weekend, or more, if you are lucky. If that happens, you should be very, very grateful, and make sure you are on your best behavior!"

"Yes sir!" David said out loud, as he saw images of handsome Executives and 'corporate faggots' making out! What an honor!

William's voice continued, "And, If you cum accidentally and repeatedly, you will be placed into chastity while at work. And, we have camera's everywhere, so don't think you can jack off and slurp up your cum, or suck of one of the other faggots off without anyone noticing! Violations will be punished!" David thought he saw an image of a man yelling in pain and having his balls squeeze as he watched a video, over and over again! What was it called? Aversion therapy? David shuddered.

"However," William continued, "I don't think you will have that kind of problem. You have shown remarkable restraint so far. Now, back to the cum-allotment!

"Typically, after work, you and the other corporate faggots will pleasure each other in the 'spunking room'. You will have five to fifteen minutes to pleasure yourselves and each other, but only until the bell sounds, then everyone must stop! If you still haven't cum, you have one more minute to jack off, but, you have to leave the cum where it falls! No slurping it up! I know you are disappointed, but it is all for a good cause; all faggots take turns being on the 'spunk clean-up detail'! You and three other faggots get all the leftover cum wherever it is! Yes, wherever it is! It could be dripping from a cock, on the floor, or leaking from a freshly fucked ass-hole! And, sometimes, you can be 'rewarded' with an extra turn on the clean-up detail for 'outstanding services rendered'! If you are lucky, and very special, you may be chosen for the quarterly 'spunk party' clean-up detail. At the 'spunk party', half of the corporate faggots are placed in chastity for a week! They really build up loads of hot, thick sperm, so you really want to work hard for this honor! It is all filmed and shown on Executive television, channel one, so you won't miss anything if you are, uh, 'busy', shall we say? Oh, and most of our Executives go the 'spunking room' to be entertained. They have special viewing sections to watch the action or get their balls drained a final time before heading home. And they sometimes use the opportunity to pick out their next 'personal assistant'. David relished the sounds and images he was experiencing! So many spurting cocks, fresh cum and happy faggots! He couldn't wait!

"Besides the obvious benefits of better pay, the privilege of working in the Executive levels and of course, all of the cocks and cum, there are other benefits as well."

"There's more?" David asked, incredulously.

"Yes, of course, David. There is the corporate health plan, 100% covered. We want our faggots healthy and happy! Mandatory monthly check ups as well, where your mouth, cock, balls and asshole will be checked out. You will like the doctor, I'm sure. And, you will have to take care of your health and appearance at all times if you want to keep working here!

“Female hormone therapy is available too, if you want to grow a nice set of tits. Some executive like that and, you get to wear pretty bras as well as your pretty panties! It is up to you.”

David saw the image of a hard cock plowing in and out of a large set of boobs, with the faggot licking and trying to suck the head with every stroke! “Mmmm.”

Trumpet music began to play and he saw corporate faggots lined up waiting to serve. Faggots in pink panties, and some with some wearing matching bras, all with stiff, dripping cocks! An announcer’s voice began speaking, deep and rich! “The life of a Corporate Faggot is filled with hard work and great rewards! Our faggots take great pride in their ability to service men!” The images showed a montage of smiling, panty wearing faggots. They were all happily sucking cock, being fucked in ecstasy and a proudly watching a spurting cock blast out come as they jacked, licked and sucked it to orgasm. “Do you have what it takes to be a Shaftman Corporate Faggot? Do you?” The camera panned to show close-up images of smiling faggots faces, covered in cum. The camera stopped on the last faggot. As the cum dripped from his upper lip, he darted out his tongue and gathered it up, then, he winked at the camera. The scene froze, and then went to back.

“So, David, is this something you want? Do you still want to become a Shaftman Corporate Faggot?”

“Oh Yes! Please William?”

William said nothing. He looked at David. William spread his legs, showing the bulge in his pants and rubbed his cock. Then, he adjusted his balls.

“Oh!” said David, recognizing the sign. “Do you need relief William? Do you need your balls drained, sir?”

“Yes, faggot.”

David ripped off the headphones and dropped to his knees. He unzipped Williams’s pants and went to work on his cock. Licking it, sucking it, loving it, smelling it, loving it. “Sir?” David asked, “Can I take off your pants so I can service your balls too?”

“Yes, fag. But, don’t get them wrinkled.”

“No Sir! And, if you want your ass-hole sucked and licked too, just let me know, OK? You can maybe bend over the desk so I could really pleasure you?”

“Thank you fag. We will see.”

“No need to thank me William!” David began to lick Williams’s balls, sucking each one gently into his mouth. He tasted stale sweat and ball funk. He eagerly licked the fat, flared purple head and sucked it deeply into his mouth, tickling his balls with his fingers. He jacked it, licked it and sucked it like a professional. “Oh, I love cock!” he said, staring at William’s hard cock with love and lust.

“Ah, Bruce, the first one is always the best.” He felt the newest Corporate Faggot sucking and making exquisite love to his cock. It wouldn’t be long now. “Lick my ass faggot, lick my ass-hole and then make me cum!”

William bent over the desk and David licked and plunged his long tongue into his ass! He licked, sucked and slurped, all the while jacking William’s beautiful cock! “I’m ready faggot, I’m ready to cum.”

William turned around and David plunged the hard cock back into his hot mouth. He continued to suck, lick and slurp the hard cock, up and down, up and down!

“Ah, I’m coming faggot, suck it! Suck my fucking cock, eat my cum!” William grunted.

David felt sweet relief as he felt the first tasty, tangy cream splatter into his mouth. He craved it like a drug addict getting his first fix of the day. He rolled the cum around in his mouth, sliding his tongue over and around William’s still spurting cock. He tightened his lips around the shaft so none of William’s essence could escape. David didn’t stop sucking, licking or jacking William’s magnificent cock until he felt the spurts lessen. Then, he became more and more gentle, prolonging William’s orgasm as long as he could, without causing him discomfort. What a mouthful of cum he had received! He held it all in his mouth. He slurped his lips off of William’s cock head and smiled in ecstasy. He leaned his head back, opened his mouth and danced his tongue in the warm, salty, goo before swallowing the huge load in one perfect gulp. “Aaaaaahhh!” How hot, thick and delicious it was! Oh, how he loved cocks and cum! Oh, what a faggot-slut he was! He was so proud!

“Ah, I needed that David. Nice work!” William remembered to praise the faggot.

“Just doing my job, sir! Well,” he said proudly, and then added sheepishly, “I mean, I hope it is my job from now on, anyway.”

“Yes David, you have a job. Welcome aboard, you have passed the final exam. You are officially a Shaftman Corporate Faggot I think you will be a great SCF!”

“Thank you sir! Oh, thank you!” David was so happy! Not only can he keep his job, he received a promotion and is allowed to work in the private Executive Levels! Even better, he gets to suck and fuck cocks, pleasure real men, and get load of warm, sticky, delicious cum! All of his dreams have come true!

“Bruce, take David to your apartment for the night. Have fun, if you know what I mean. I’ll wave your cum-allotment for tonight. But, let me know if you think David needs a refresher treatment. He is your responsibility until we get him properly assigned and fully indoctrinated. Fill him in on all the details, and report back to me in the morning. Got it?”

Both faggots shouted, “Yes Sir!” Bruce grabbed David’s hand and they raced from the room squealing like little girls!

William sighed contentedly, tucking his cock back into his pants. He had successfully converted yet another bigoted homophobe into a cock-loving, sissy, faggot. One more, and he would be qualified for

his special bonus. He smiled contentedly and zipped his pants.

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