

Adonis

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WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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[Ed: This is a one-parter, everything I have to say about this one is in here.]

Backroom

He was there in the club day after day, week after week. Everyone admired him. And he was a regular visitor to the backroom. He never spoke; even the bartenders did not know his name. Informally my friends and I took to calling him Adonis since so many of the men in the backroom grunted and squealed like primal animals shouting “oh god, oh god” as he fucked them.

“Ryu,” my friend shouted from across the room to catch my attention. Distracted to wave back at Adam, I turned back to see Adonis leading a middle aged black man into the backroom.

Adam joined me, “not Adonis again?”

“He’s so.”

“Mute? Infected with HIV for having barebacked hundreds of guys?”

“Shut up Adam.”

He dragged me out of the bar and for the evening I was distracted from my fixation on Adonis. Not that that would leave the young god without stalkers, simply down one admirer. Not that any of us ever scored.

Adam and I caught the late evening showing of the Two Towers and then went back to his place to crash.

We woke up curled against each other asexually. Adam was probably my best friend in the world. We had grown up together on the same street. Gone to school together. Learned about sex with each other. Even come out together in college. Dated for about two years and then separated.

Our relationship was a thing of the past. At twenty-two, each of us had graduated college and was making our way in the world. We also were best friends.

Study of the Adonis

I am not exactly sure when my obsession with Adonis started. But I was hooked. His outfit was tight fitting latex that hugged and emphasized the contours of his muscular body like a modern Batman-suit.

Impeccably chiseled, Adonis was a young white male with cropped blond hair and smoky-blue eyes. Around his neck he wore a distinctive solid metal necklace that seemed to encircle his neck and held a brilliant gemstone perfectly centered about his torso.

One night I had managed to stand next to where he ordered from the bar—without words. He downed five shots of Grey Goose vodka straight up before my eyes without even taking a hit. The time allowed me to study the unusual necklace.

It was rounded metal and the necklace did not appear to have a clasp. The gem stone appeared to be a relatively large diamond permanently mounted into the metal band of the necklace itself.

His latex body suit revealed a removable codpiece where he could whip out his donkey-sized dick. At over twelve-inches long his cock was massive. I had never had it in me, but I sometimes followed him to the backroom. The codpiece kept his balls concealed behind the “veil” of latex allowing only his massive throbbing cock to penetrate bottom after bottom. No oral sex. No talking. Adonis just fucked you.

Nobody had his number and just about everybody had his dick up their ass.

As a young Japanese-American, I felt intimidated. Mostly I found myself hit on by older men who prized my boyish looks. Adonis seemed timeless. We had been coming to the bar for almost a year and Adonis’ youthful body had not aged at all as far as I could tell.

On my way back from Adam’s, the subway car stopped for a bit and the emergency lighting came on. I snapped aware from my reverie and looked up and noticed that Adonis was sitting in the same subway car as me.

I was too shy to approach him but resolved to follow him out of the subway. It was early morning and I figured he was heading home. Adam lived within two blocks of the bar whereas I lived further away. The thought that Adonis rode the same train as me turned me on.

If he was bothered by my lustful gaze, Adonis did not let on. I pondered how he could be so calm in so much hot, tight latex, in an unair-conditioned New York City subway car in the middle of the summer, but could not muster my courage to ask.

He got off at the Kew Gardens exit and I followed him a respectful few paces behind him. Unphased by my stalking, he walked straight to the Park Lane apartments and headed up. I stopped myself at the door and got back on the subway to the end of the line and made my way to my parent’s modest home in Queens.

Stalking

My obsession with Adonis continued to grow. I took to showing up at the Park Lane apartments early to figure out which tower Adonis lived in. I would then follow him to the bar. He appeared not to notice my stalking and never acknowledged me verbally or otherwise.

There was something creepy, almost trance like about that I suppose, but in my hormone-obsessed state, details like that were lost on me.

After nearly a year of stalking, I had learned exactly which apartment he lived in and had figured out how to get another apartment that looked in on his. Directly across in the opposing tower, I could see right in.

My parents were proud that I was moving out but staying in the neighborhood. Plus the new location put me closer to the elementary school I was teaching in.

My first purchase after getting furniture was a telescope so I could see into Adonis' apartment.

Adonis, it appeared, did not use blinds or curtains. This meant that I could see into his apartment 24-by-7.

His apartment was a studio and through the telescope I could see a Bowflex-style gym and a strange bed.

The first night in my new apartment was a Saturday and exhausted from moving, I had not gone out to the clubs. Instead I had sat studying Adonis' apartment through the lens of my telescope.

When he came home around three am, I was watching. The room was lit by a diffuse reddish-light that left the scene devoid of color. He took off the codpiece first and let his massive donkey-cock hang out. Then he wiggled himself out of the latex suit through the neck. That revealed a strange contraption that still obscured his balls. Zooming in with the telescope, I could make out a metal and fabric device that kept his testicles firmly pulled away from his cock while in the suit. He removed that and placed it on the nightstand by the odd bed.

When he opened the closet I could see that that the closet housed a dozen or so identical latex suits and codpieces. Nothing else. He hung the used suit and codpiece to one side and then closed the closet.

He disappeared from view for a few minutes before reappearing with a towel. He dried off in the window and appeared to stare back at me, but I was too caught up in stalking him to be bothered. He threw the towel onto the ground and then lay down on the bed. I watched as restraints pinioned him to the bed and then latex slid up from his feet to his neck and then from above his head to his nose.

Covered in latex except for his mouth and nose he was restrained and ensconced. I found it extremely arousing and whacked off to the scene before falling asleep.

Sunday I was up around ten and found Adonis was still asleep. In the daylight, the odd latex-

sleep device seemed stranger. I watched him through the telescope. The bed opened itself at noon but waited a few minutes to release the restraints. Adonis' gorgeous, muscular body was extremely sexy restrained. He got up and picked the towel off the floor and disappeared to the bathroom.

Back in view, I watched him open his fridge—empty except for milk and remove the milk and then make some sort of shake in the blender with a powder from a canister.

After his “breakfast,” Adonis worked out on his Bowflex for four hours—naked. I soaked in every minute of it. It was an intense workout at the highest resistance settings and quite sexual to watch as well.

After the workout there was another shake and then he got ready to go out. It took him about twenty minutes to get himself into the suit. Half of that time was spent attaching the ball separators that prevented him from orgasm.

Just before he left to go out, he took a frozen meal from the freezer, nuked it, and ate.

That was Adonis' daily routine as I learned. Wake at noon. Release. Bathroom. Shake. Four hour work out. Shake. Ready to go. Dinner. Out. Back at three-to-eight am. Shower. Latex bed.

As a working stiff, and teacher, my schedule could not easily keep up with his 7-night a week sex romps. I focused on seeing Adonis in person—not that we talked or he even acknowledged me—the two nights a week I could go out: Friday and Saturday.

Anal Entry

If Adam had known the depths of my depravity he probably would have had me committed. Nonetheless, he was aware of my obsession with Adonis. He suggested I let Adonis fuck me. I suspect he figured that once I had had the donkey-dick, I would be over it.

He was wrong.

I inserted myself as sex partner number six that evening. Right after a mid-thirties gay couple had gotten banged by Adonis in the backroom. I approached Adonis and made the gesture for backroom. His strong arms gripped me and forced me to the room. Although I wanted to be fucked, something about Adonis' strength made this feel out of my control.

Adonis yanked my pants down and pushed me into a sling without a word. He then removed his cod piece, lubed up my ass and slid in without even offering to put on a condom.

The only thing I could manage to get out was a loud pleasurable monkey like sound. As he rammed twelve inches of man meat in and out of me, I groaned and howled like a monkey at the zoo.

Something about the way he fucked me stimulated my prostate intensely and kept me incredibly aroused. As I approached orgasm, I let out a familiar line in the backroom with Adonis around: “G O D!!!!”

As I finished my climax, he waited a few seconds before pulling out. I was drained and felt empty but he was ready for another go. He put the codpiece back on and left me in the sling.

Adam came back to get me and helped me out. "So Ryu," he asked.

"It was better than I ever could have imagined," I responded. "You should try."

Adam shook his head and dragged me out of the backroom and out of the club to his apartment.

Lock Picks

My dad was a locksmith and using some of the training he had given me and some of my Dad's tools, I resolved to break into Adonis' apartment while he was out.

It was a Tuesday and I came back from my class late. Through the telescope I could see the apartment was empty. I took the lockpicks and headed over to the other tower.

At Adonis' door, I casually knocked and then let myself in. I shut the door behind me.

The only light was the reddish one Adonis used. It took my eyes a bit to adjust to the apartment. I was tempted to steal one of the dirty latex suits. Thinking about it I realized that someone had to come clean them periodically and also bring his "groceries" such as they were: milk and some frozen entries.

I checked out the freezer. The meals were some sort of custom freeze-dried food, astronaut like. The Bowflex was standard. I kept a decent distance from the bed, but observed some interesting items.

There was a rod that would insert itself into where Adonis' ass lay as well as some sort of suction tube between the legs for his cock. The bed would keep its occupant in a state of high arousal. I could only wonder if it ever allowed Adonis to orgasm or kept him close to the brink.

Satisfied for the moment, I let myself back out before Adonis returned.

To Adam's dismay, I had taken to having Adonis fuck me every time I was in the club. Like many of the others I had become a regular. I also realized that Adam was still in love with me.

Finally I knew I had to come face-to-face with Adonis in a situation where he could not deny I was there.

I resolved to let myself into his apartment and lay on his bed. He would come home and find me there.

Latex Prison

Never having been into fetishes I had never really tried latex much. I was about to be intensely surrounded by it. With some trepidation, I let myself in to Adonis' apartment one Friday night instead of going to the club.

I was somewhat shorter than Adonis but I lay down on the bed and positioned my ass over the dildo. I then spread my legs and the leg restraints fastened. I then put my arms at my side and watched the metal restraints encircle my wrists. Trapped, I was terrified as the latex cover pulled itself over me tightly and trapped me like a cocoon.

It was hot under the latex and I was tightly confined. I found my breathing accelerate and then when the dildo inserted itself I almost jumped out of my skin. Then the suction started on my cock and my mind was blown by the intensity of the situation. Anal and penile stimulation of high intensity while bound and ensconced in latex.

I shot a load into the tube.

And another.

And another.

And another.

Five loads later the tube still relentlessly vacuumed my cock and I found myself drenched in sweat and trapped like a rat in a cage.

I am not sure how I fell asleep with all of that stimulation but I woke up with a raging hard on due to the continued vacuum suction on my cock and Adonis standing over my still restrained body.

He clucked his tongue and smiled at me.

He walked away without speaking and another man stepped into view. "Cat got your tongue Ryu?"

I tried to talk and realized I could not.

The man laughed. "We prefer our Adonis units to be the 'strong silent' types. You will be our first non-Caucasian Adonis."

I thrashed my head wildly in a vain attempt to escape, but could not make any sound come out of my mouth.

"The drugs," the man said, "have limited your free will and the tape that played as you slept helped program you to be unable to talk Adonis 39."

I noticed a large IV bag to my side and the man inserted the IV into me just above my restrained wrist.

"Let's see," he muttered as he began injecting me. "Growth hormones." "Vaccines." "Anti-aging compounds." He then corralled the IV tube up along my body with tape and re-activated the latex body curtain. The anal probe re-inserted and the suction started.

”Your cock size will get larger thanks to the penis enlargement techniques we use and the constant suction. Adonis 25 here is one of our better models. He has been at this for nearly five years and still looks twenty-one. Anyhow we will be transferring you to our training compound tonight, but till then let’s let these drugs get into you and give you some more obedience training.

The latex hood came over my eyes again and this time I could audibly here a training tape: “Your name is Adonis. You do not speak. You are a sex machine. You serve. Your name is Adonis. You do not speak...”

I blacked out from the drugs, the heat, the ramming fucking in my ass and the suction on my cock.

Training Center

I woke up again to artificial sunlight streaming through a window that looked out on a brick wall.

The man was standing over me again, “welcome to the training center Adonis 39. No need to talk.”

I tried to speak but nothing came out.

The man laughed. “Anyhow 39, we will keep you here until we are certain that the programming has taken and that you have adapted to the Adonis lifestyle.”

I badly wanted to run and scream for help. But I was tightly restrained to an Adonis bed and their programming had left me unable to talk or make any sounds apparently.

The man stroked my forehead tenderly, in an almost fatherly fashion. “Your necklace will be ready about when we are done with your basic body modifications and initial mind-shaping from the subliminal messaging.”

He plunged half-a-dozen syringes into the IV line and walked away as the curtain on the Adonis bed ensconced me.

Again, the training started audibly, this time the lecture was on loving latex.

That night, despite the suction and anal penetration, I fell asleep easily inside the Adonis bed. In the morning, I woke up with a raging hardon. I also realized at that moment that I really loved latex. A lot.

Despite the slightly oppressive, stickiness of it against my sweaty skin at that moment, there was no other material I wanted against my body at that moment other than latex.

The training tape became audible again, “Your name is Adonis. You do not speak. You are a sex machine. You serve.”

Oddly, I found myself trying to remember my name and the only thing I could think of was: Adonis.

The latex veil pulled away and the training room was empty. A few minutes passed before the restraints released me. I slowly got up, groggy and with an IV still in my arm and pulled the IV pole and myself to the bathroom.

Instinctively I knew what to do: Bathroom. Shake. Four hour work out. Shake. Ready to go. Dinner. Out. Back at three-to-eight am. Shower. Latex bed.

I was stopped though after my second shake and directed by the man back to the bed. “Good progress 39, but until all of the drugs have done their work I am not ready to have you wandering the streets.”

It was comforting to be back in the Adonis bed, restrained and ensconced. The suction and anal penetration were intense but soothing. After all, nothing but the machine is intense enough to bring me to an orgasm. And the machine is programmed to do so only once a week to ensure I remain at peak sexual efficiency.

First Night Out

I woke up in the Adonis bed and knew instinctively that I was not in the training center a brief note on the counter along with a map oriented me to my locale and my initial cruising destination.

I set about my routine.

In the evening, I first donned the ball separator device to make one-hundred percent positive no orgasms could occur and then my latex outfit and codpiece.

The outfit felt wonderful against my body and accentuated my lean muscular body.

I headed out and took the tube a few stops to the club I would now call my second home. There I managed to order a soda water despite being unable to talk and then stood against the back wall as the men entered the club.

It was odd; I felt no special attraction towards any of them. It was all quite clinical. I would readily fuck any of them in the ass and that would be that.

I took a moment to check out the downstairs and got a sense of the layout.

Back on the main floor, I became aware that I was very much the focus of attention from several guys. But I found it did not bother me one way or the other, as Adonis I was too cool and simply accepted all of their stares and radiated and exuded pure, raw masculine sexuality.

My first was a young man, just legal at sixteen and ready for my cock in his ass. I led him to the basement in silence and rammed my massive tool into him.

Something about hearing him call out “oh my god” and squealing like a pig validated my existence.

Ten other guys followed that night before last call and my return to the Adonis bed.

True Purpose

It was accidental that a few nights later I got a glimpse of our true purpose. On the TV in the bar, the BBC was on the tele and there was Adonis 25 in the picture accompanying a senior German politician.

I was helpless though to do anything but fuck ass after ass in the bar and work out. After all I am Adonis. I am a slave. I am a sex machine. I serve. The Japanese prime minister awaited me eventually.

Write the Author

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