

THE SPORTS FAN
"A Short Story"

This is a story of erotic fiction meant for adult readers over the age of eighteen years

Written by Jean-Christophe (Chris) August, 2009

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Marcus loves sport. He loves it not as a player, but as a very involved spectator. No, his special interest lies in watching other men participate in those strenuous sports he loves to watch.

He has always lacked the co-ordination and abilities to be an active player in any sport. Even as a boy he knew he was a disappointment to his sports-loving father. After all these years, he recalls the many occasions when his father - exasperated at his poor showing in any of his enforced sporting endeavours - rebuked him with the admonishment.

"It's better to be a poor player than a good spectator".

He wonders what his late father would think of him now.

What is it he likes about sport? It's essentially about looking on as virile, young men compete with one another to be winners. He appreciates the "winner-takes-all" approach to sport. He likes to watch as the players push their bodies to the limits of their physical endurance in an effort to be the very best that they can be.

Best of all, he is sexually aroused by the aggression, the sheer physicality, the testosterone and the sweating, straining bodies as they seek to dominate their opponents.

His favourite winter sport is the game of football known as Australian Football. He doesn't follow any one team - all the teams excite him. Although he regularly attends live games, he also spends many hours watching replays of all the team games on his large 52 inch, LED flat-screen television.

Here he can watch, in comfort, as these superbly fit, young athletes, clad only in the briefest and tightest of shorts and sleeveless tops, charge around the playing field. These players possess lithe, slender bodies that allow for the speed that the game demands. As they run around the field in pursuit of the ball, they remind him of graceful gazelles in nervous flight from a hungry predator. Marcus watches lasciviously as their corded thigh muscles flex in unison with the undulations of their barely concealed buttocks.

And of course, there are those exciting moments in the game when a player, with the poise and grace of a ballet dancer, flies high into the air to mark the ball.

Marcus particularly likes these moments - when the player with his arms stretched high above his head and soaring above his fellow players to catch the ball - displays his taut, muscular body to perfection.

Marcus loves the stress placed on the player's body as he catches a glimpse of the exposed, sweaty armpits. Marcus isn't sure what it is about an armpit that gets him so fired up. He only knows that it makes his rampantly erect cock throb that much harder. And then there are those delightful times when the bottom hem of the player's top "rides-up" to reveal his bare belly and its intriguing treasure-trail.

Such moments are just too much for Marcus!

Of course, football is a winter sport and once the weather warms up, Marcus switches his attention to his favourite summer sport-surf lifeguarding.

Now he prowls the beaches watching as the surf lifeguards patrol their patches. He lies on the warm sand, ostensibly working on his tan, but really his attention is surreptitiously focussed on the magnificent, almost naked, young lifeguards clad only in their scanty swimming briefs.

Marcus loves bikini briefs, particularly if they adorn a young, muscular, male body. He believes these briefs or -"budgie-smugglers" in the common vernacular - are truly a gift from the gods. He appreciates their brevity and how they focus the attention on the barely concealed front package and the shapely, well rounded arse cheeks.

Marcus loves to go to a surf boat racing carnival and watch as the teams from the different clubs prepare their boats for a race. For some reason, most of the rowers "wedge" their bathers into their arse-cracks thus exposing their buttocks to public view.

This seems to be an almost universal practice and he'd been told that, in the past, this was done to avoid a painful condition referred to by old-time lifeguards as "gunwale bum." He was told the constant rubbing of a wearer's bathers on the rowing bench, as he worked the oars, caused an extremely painful rash or friction burn to his arse and the inner thighs.

Whether or not this is true, he doesn't know. Despite his best efforts he has never been able to verify if this is correct. However, he is delighted that the habit still persists and that it gives him the chance to drool over so many young, muscular arses.

Marcus doesn't wear bikini briefs. Instead he wears loose, long legged shorts. This isn't

because he's ashamed of his thirty something body. Quite the contrary; he is proud of his head turning body and enjoys the fact that many men look at him admiringly.

In fact, Marcus is fastidious in that he eats only healthy foods and ensures his body is gym honed. No, his reason for wearing the shorts is to hide the almost perpetual erection he sports when on the beach. This tenting would be too hard to conceal in a pair of snug fitting bathers. After all, he doesn't want to appear too obvious or too eager.

Marcus, feigning an interest in the activities, usually places himself close to the boat crews as they work on preparing their boats for a race. As the crews ready the oars, he watches the play of their strong muscles under their sweat sheen and he is often rewarded with a tantalising glimpse of their rumps as they bend over to place the oars in the rowlocks.

The only discordant note in all this is the stark whiteness of their buttocks. They are in sharp contrast to the beautiful, deep golden tans of their bodies. Yes, Marcus does enjoy surf boat carnivals and will travel widely to attend as many as possible.

Today, as he lies on the warm sand working on his tan he has his eyes on two superbly fit and muscular young lifeguards. His interest in them isn't just academic; he is in fact, working.

You see, Marcus is a recruiter or, if you prefer, a facilitator. Working on commission, he seeks out likely candidates for enslavement. Once found, he "recruits" them and then "facilitates" their delivery to their new masters. In this he is very successful.

His standing is high in the world of slavery and his reputation is second to none. Yet, of necessity, he maintains a very discreet, almost secret presence. Both the sports he follows are high profile in that many of the athletes are well-known and stand tall in public opinion.

Therefore, he never recruits from the highest levels of the sports for fear of the public outcry should a popular sporting hero suddenly disappear. Subsequently, he recruits only from the lower levels of the sports, where the athletes are just as marketable but not as well known. And where possible, he selects only those candidates who won't be missed or will soon be forgotten.

When he is given a commission, Marcus spends considerable time seeking recruits with the requisite requirements. Once found, he then researches their backgrounds as to what families they have, their educations, where they work and if they have many friends. All these are important factors to consider in making a young man disappear.

It is also necessary to establish the recruit's pattern of behaviour as this assists in his

final pickup. When he is satisfied that he has chosen correctly, it is very easy to arrange to have his recruit apprehended and delivered to his client. Marcus has a number of questionable acquaintances who are only too willing, for a price, to do this without asking questions.

Marcus enjoys the thrill of the chase. From the time he receives a commission, to the actual delivery of the new slave to his client he feels vital and alive. Although he is cautious by nature, he does enjoy that slight element of uncertainty associated with his activities.

As he lies on the sand, he remembers two recent enslavements and the challenges they presented. He had received a special commission, through an intermediary, to recruit two young Australians for a Middle Eastern client.

The specifications for two were quite explicit. They were to possess strong, muscular physiques with long legs and good cardio-vascular systems. They were to be identical in height, weight and colouring. And they were to be handsome with golden blond hair.

These specifications presented Marcus with quite a challenge. Of course, there were many young Australian males who qualified. However, the reality was different in that it was harder to find two who could simply disappear without trace. Never-the-less, Marcus enthusiastically set about finding them and, quite by chance, he discovered two brothers.

One day, he was attending a minor league football match and spotted the brothers playing for their local team. They more than met his client's criteria and he knew immediately that these two were just what he was looking for.

For next few weeks, until season's end, he attended all their games and discreetly unearthed all the information he could about the two brothers. Liam, at twenty-one was the older brother and Patrick at nineteen was the younger. Liam had recently graduated from university as a geologist who was soon to commence a cadetship with one of the larger "Outback" mining companies. Patrick was a medical student.

Both brothers were very close to one another and participated in the same sporting activities. Marcus was delighted to learn that the brothers were also active members of their local, surf lifeguarding club. This involvement in both football and surf guarding meant that they met the physical requirements of his Middle Eastern client.

Now Marcus became a regular visitor to the beach when the brothers were on duty. Here, he was able to check them out more or less "in the flesh" as they stripped down to their club coloured swimming briefs. He was delighted with what he saw and now he knew for certain that they were just what the client ordered.

Both brothers were so much alike that they could easily pass as twins. They each possessed magnificent, deeply tanned physiques with broad shoulders, thick chests and narrow waists. As they moved, Marcus watched, entranced by the sensuous play of their powerful muscles under their coatings of suntan oil. Each of them had a head of thick blond curls with a matching light thatch on their muscular chests and well defined bellies.

Their arms and legs were similarly covered. For Marcus, the only fault in them was the ubiquitous whiteness of their concealed buttocks. However, he knew this situation would soon rectify itself. As slaves they would be kept naked and the colour of their arses would soon match that of the rest of their bodies. Marcus decided the two brothers were indeed ripe for enslavement. But how was he to achieve this?

Frustratingly for Marcus, the brothers belonged to a prominent family and they had loving, doting parents. They were part of a caring, extended family, moved in a wide circle of friends and were never alone. For weeks, Marcus secretly observed their every movement and, at no time, did they give him an opportunity of recruiting them.

Finally, with his Middle Eastern client growing impatient, Marcus decided to give in. Regrettably, it was just too hard to recruit the brothers. Then, when he was least expecting it, an opportunity presented itself.

Quite by chance, he learned that the brothers' football club was going on a weeklong "end-of-season" trip to Asia. Once he'd confirmed that the brothers were going, he couldn't contain his excitement.

Discreetly, he learned the team's flight details, the time of departure and the time of arrival. Quickly, he made contact with some Asian colleagues and supplied them with this information and photos of the two brothers. It was now a matter of sitting back and waiting for them to pick up the brothers for forward shipment to their new owner.

Once the brothers were on the plane, Marcus eagerly told his client that the goods were "in the air and on the way". He received an appreciative reply expressing the client's delight.

He learned later, that it had been a simple matter to pick up the two brothers for shipment to their new master somewhere in the Middle East. Of course, their "disappearance" from the streets of an Asian city had attracted much publicity and with persistent lobbying from the brothers' father it quickly assumed national prominence.

In vain, their father and his brother travelled to Asia to find his two missing sons. However, all their efforts proved fruitless; the search for them was painfully inadequate and no one in authority knew what had happened to the two brothers. After several weeks, the incident disappeared from prominence and the two brothers were quickly

forgotten. Their father returned home angry and frustrated, but still hopeful that his two sons will return home, one day soon.

Marcus was pleased that all the notoriety concerning the disappearances was centred in Asia and that there was nothing to connect him to the case. He had reason to feel pleased with the outcome.

Later, when the fuss had died down, Marcus made a point of enquiring about the brothers and how they had adjusted to their new lives as slaves. He was surprised to hear they had undergone rigorous training as ponies and they are now the current favourites of their owner, Prince Rashid at some obscure place in the Middle East called the Bezistan.

The prince had graciously sent a thank you message to Marcus expressing his absolute delight with the "goods" and with the promise of future business.

Erotically, Marcus often pictures himself in the driver's seat of the prince's pony trap applying a whip to the now deeply tanned buttocks of the two Australian ponies.

Returning to the present, Marcus watches as these latest, possible recruits indulge in a playful wrestling match. He watches the strain in their bodies as each strives to gain the upper hand over his opponent. The play of their muscles provides Marcus with a pleasant interlude as he pretends not to notice their youthful exuberance.

He is amused at the way that both of them, laughing boisterously, attempts to tug the bikini briefs down over his opponent's hips in an attempt to expose a well-rounded rump. Each, no doubt, hopes that the other will yield rather than have his bare arse exposed to public scrutiny.

As he watches, Marcus assesses them with a view to recruitment. He estimates their age at nineteen, perhaps twenty - an ideal age for enslavement.

This isn't the first time that Marcus has been commissioned by his sometime lover and close business associate, Sebastian, to find him young men suitable for enslavement.

Sebastian is the proprietor of a small but exclusive "boutique" business that turns out special slaves for a discreet clientele. He lives on a secluded rural property and there, he conducts a six months' training course that converts free, young men into highly desirable slaves.

His speciality lies in producing exquisite pleasure slaves. He usually has six recruits on each course – Sebastian is very much a hands-on trainer and finds this to be the ideal number- he knows that any more than six would lower the quality of the end product. After their graduation, Sebastian conducts an "invitation only" auction where the new

slaves are offered to a few, select, male clients - Sebastian only produces male slaves for the very discerning master.

These auctions are a must attend for those who regard themselves as connoisseurs of prime, male slaves and an invitation from Sebastian to attend these auctions is eagerly sought after.

Sebastian is a man of independent means; he is the sole beneficiary of a large family trust that provides him with every luxury and eliminates the need for him to work. The money he receives from the sale of his slaves is of no consequence to his living standards - in fact, after deducting his expenses; he usually donates the remainder to one of the many charities he supports.

Sebastian conducts these courses purely for his own gratification and pleasure. For Sebastian, it is a hobby born out of boredom; he finds training his students gives him a daily purpose - it relieves the tedium of his life.

Sebastian is nearing the end of such a course and he has six graduates almost ready for selling. He has scheduled their auction for next month and he is now currently recruiting for the next intake to begin immediately after the sale.

He has been in touch with his close friend Marcus and has asked him to scout around for suitable candidates. This is an area that Marcus excels in and Sebastian, as always, defers to his superior knowledge. He chuckles as he imagines Marcus' enthusiastic approach to this task. He knows that Marcus will, as always, recruit only the best.

As Marcus watches the two lifeguards wrestling in the sand, he decides that they will indeed make admirable subjects for Sebastian's training course. However, he'll need to delve into their backgrounds to determine whether or not they can be safely spirited away.

Marcus is very thorough in doing this and always takes care to cover his tracks. This usually means choosing only those men who have loose family ties - preferably without parents or siblings. Invariably, when their absences are noticed, it is usually assumed they have simply moved on without feeling the need to inform anyone of their movements.

Once Marcus has delivered a recruit into Sebastian's hands, he maintains a continuing interest in the new slave's training. To this end, he is a frequent visitor to Sebastian's property.

There, he is able to personally check out the recruit's progress into his new slavery. As old friends and sometime lovers, Sebastian welcomes Marcus's interest and help in breaking-in the new trainees. Sebastian, as owner, has first right to a new slave's cherry.

He exercises this right most enthusiastically, but he generously allows Marcus to share in the pleasure of introducing the new slaves into this important aspect of their slavery. The two have spent many enjoyable hours training the tight, virgin holes of the new recruits.

Marcus watches as the young lifeguards try to wrestle one another to the sand; they are perspiring profusely from the heat and their sweat makes their strong, young bodies gleam in the strong sunlight. Marcus thinks they make a sensuous picture.

As he watches, he is looking for any signs of gayness in their behaviour. Marcus knows that these two virile, masculine young men would vehemently reject any suggestion that they are homosexual; rather they would loudly and proudly proclaim their heterosexuality. But Marcus knows differently.

Experience has taught him that deep in the psyches of most young males, there is a suppressed attraction to other males. He imagines this to be the case in a sporting environment, where communal nudity in the dressing-rooms makes for a highly charged atmosphere. And he instinctively knows these two aren't any different; of that he is certain. Now, he looks for signs from the two lifeguards to confirm this.

Watching them closely, Marcus is pleased to notice the sly lingering of a hand on a chest or belly, an "accidental" tweak of a nipple, the grabbing of a buttock - ostensibly to give a greater hold on the opponent's body - and the sensual bodily contact as their sweaty torsos slide over each other.

And of course, there's the occasional glimpse of their massively hard cocks clearly outlined through the thin fabric of their bikini - Fuck it! But Marcus really does LOVE bikini swimming briefs.

Marcus is pleased. This tendency on their part to respond positively to another male's body augurs well for them. Because of this, their transition into the roles of "pleasure slaves" will be that much easier; both for them and their trainer, Sebastian. Once they are over the initial shock of their enslavement, Marcus knows they will quickly respond to Sebastian's excellent training methods.

Suddenly, Marcus thoughts are interrupted by a loud shout from one of the lifeguards. He has successfully pinned his opponent to the sand and is whooping in victory.

As the beaten lifeguard struggles to regain the initiative, Marcus is treated to the sight of their almost naked bodies locked in a close embrace.

And as Marcus looks at the tangle of convulsing bodies and intertwined limbs, he is

rewarded with a glimpse of a naked arse - the victor has successfully disrobed his beaten friend. With a laugh, he holds up the bikini as a trophy and ignores the loser's pleas to return them. Marcus is delighted; his only regret is that the winner is still clothed.

There's no longer any doubt in Marcus' mind that he has chosen well and that these two are destined for slavery. He will now begin the enquiries into their backgrounds as the first necessary step to recruiting them for Sebastian.

Marcus vividly pictures their induction into slavery at Sebastian's training facility and, as usual, he'll be there to witness it and, where necessary, to participate in their training.

Marcus is pleased! Today has turned into a profitable day at the workplace.

End