

Dani R.R. Hermit

Tinman

Love Has No
Boundaries 2013



TINMAN

After years of being sold one night at a time by his mother, the boy is drugged and auctioned off for good. Taken away by the man he's only ever know as Master, the boy must earn his place upstairs where he is expected to function as a pleasure slave for Master's warped tastes. But the road to being allowed out of the basement isn't easy and even when he finally earns a chance at the upstairs, the boy is taught the most brutal of lessons and asked to make the hardest choice of his life.

Taking the domination game into a realm of more than just a game, Master forces the boy to learn to be an object. The boy must learn to be used if he is to survive the life he has been forced into. Master will push his body to its limits and humiliate him as deeply as he is able in pursuit of creating the perfect slave. But can he do it before time runs out? Will he be able to shape the boy into what he desires or will the boy resist Master's training and slip through the older man's fingers?

Content warnings: dub-con sex, extreme humiliation and abuse, mentions of long term child sexual abuse and rape, somewhat dubious HFN ending

Contents

Love Has No Boundaries	4
TINMAN	7
PROLOGUE.....	9
CHAPTER ONE.....	17
CHAPTER TWO.....	22
CHAPTER THREE	25
CHAPTER FOUR	29
CHAPTER FIVE	32
CHAPTER SIX.....	35
CHAPTER SEVEN	39
EPILOGUE.....	41
Author Bio.....	46

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

TINMAN

By Dani R.R. Hermit

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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TINMAN

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Photo Description

A young man, chained to an old bed frame, is crying out. He is collared and secured in what appears to be a basement.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

His name is Master, I have no name, just names he calls me like boy, fuck toy, dog, pet—depending on his mood. Sometimes he calls me with a snap of his fingers. I don't get to talk, unless I am asked a question by him, which is rarely since nothing I say really matters to him.

He bought me a month ago from my "mother". She put an ad in the local paper seeking a strong, dominant man to raise her son and teach me how to behave and act properly, since I have no father. Apparently I got into too much trouble for her liking and she needed money for bills. So she sold me to the highest bidder without even asking him his intentions.

I get caged, cut, smacked, sense-deprived, chained, caned and many more horrors.

This is my life now, and it ends any trace of the person I used to be, as if I am a rag doll—no brain, heart, senses, or feelings.

I like dark stories, mind numbing and that disturb the reader.

Please include BDSM, punishment, humiliation, anything twisted. Non-con

I want to know what his first few months were like and show how he changed within the first year of captivity. And anything else you want to add.

The captive needs to be very pale, black longish hair, blue eyes; Master—tanned, cut body.

Sincerely,

Erica

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: BDSM, dubious consent, non-consent, abuse, dark, slave, underage

Content warnings: **dub-con sex, extreme humiliation and abuse, mentions of long term child sexual abuse and rape, somewhat dubious HFN ending**

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TINMAN

By **Dani R.R. Hermit**

PROLOGUE

It had been the same track playing on the alarm radio every morning since the boy had first come to live upstairs with his Master. The obscure AM gold song made very little sense to him at first, but after untold months he had come to see how much meaning was behind the song. The references to the *Wizard of Oz* and having everything you needed from the start of the journey had made him think too much about his own inner feelings in those first days. He wished he knew where the song came from but it was older than he was and Master had never talked about it.

Some days, like today, the boy thought Master had chosen the song on purpose. Or maybe it was just the need to find meaning in even the smallest things Master did. Maybe it was his little trick to keep sane.

But the philosophical implications of Master's musical choices were not the important thing right now. The track was four minutes and seventeen seconds long. That was all the time Master gave him to get up and prepare the house for their morning routine.

The boy had it down now. Forty seconds to rouse himself from his blanket on the floor and fold it up neatly. It was to be stashed away in the bottom of the closet, out of sight. The bedroom, or wherever the boy was allowed to sleep, had to be cleared of any evidence of him sleeping there. Normally, this was quite easy, as it was a rare occasion that Master allowed him a blanket.

Another minute to get downstairs to the front hallway where he was to fetch the morning paper that was stuffed through the old-fashioned mail slot. He brought it into the kitchen, where he could linger for a full minute and ten seconds. He had to turn on the coffee maker and lay out the paper on the table just how Master liked it, with the sports section on top so Master could read

while he sipped his strong, black coffee without being bothered by the real news right away.

The boy's routine then took him back upstairs to the Master's bedroom. Every morning, if he did his routine correctly, he had a few bars left of the song to get himself arranged into the position Master most preferred. Entering the bedroom, the boy was no longer surprised to see that Master was lying awake in bed. He was always awake within the first couple notes, but he liked to linger for a few minutes. He spent the time listening, judging if what the boy was getting this morning would be a reward or punishment.

It had been a while since Master had been forced to punish him. There were mornings the boy had been tempted to misbehave, to run late in his routine or forget some detail, to draw out Master's wrath. But then, as if he were able to read the boy's thoughts, Master dished out a reward as vicious as any punishment he could crave.

The boy hoped this morning was one of those times.

As the song's final notes faded, the Master swung his legs around to the floor. He stood slowly, not saying a word to the boy. Not even looking at him for more than a moment to check his posture as he passed him on his way to the bathroom. The boy was to remain there, in the waiting position. He was on his knees, hands locked behind his head with eyes downcast. He wasn't to move at all while Master dealt with his own morning routine.

The boy listened to the familiar sounds of water running and the toilet flushing. Master had no use for a slave in the shower, helping him shave or anything else he did in the privacy of his bathroom. He spoke with derision about the people he'd known who acquired slaves and suddenly turned into invalids, expecting their slaves to perform even the most basic of tasks for them.

"I wiped my own ass before you came to me," Master said haughtily on more than one occasion. "I can still wipe it now." Master believed that a slave was to perform some of the household chores, take care of a handful of his

basic needs, but mainly existed for a different purpose, one the boy had learned to fulfill.

He'd craved to ask about those other slaves and the people who owned them but Master did not like questions. The boy had learned that lesson early on. In the time he'd been here with Master, he had not laid eyes on another person. When Master had company, which was quite the rare occasion, he stayed upstairs and silent. No one was to know he was living here with Master. Even more than "no questions", that was the most important rule. Master had made it quite clear that if he were to break that one commandment, he would be sent off to someplace much worse posthaste.

Master walked through the room, naked and still damp from his shower. The boy watched his movements through lowered lashes, still struck by his Master's lovely body. He was nothing like what he was expecting when he first realized he'd been sold to pay for his mother's debts.

It was funny how he never thought about that anymore. It had consumed his mind during those first days, but his life with Master was all he knew, all he cared about now. Everything that came before he was owned was like a nightmare that had stopped being important once it was over. His reality, his waking life, was serving Master. All else was just that other time, that other life, and the boy found it best not to dwell on it.

The boy was drawn out of his thoughts by a snap of Master's fingers. He went down on hands and knees, crawling behind Master down the hall to what used to be the second bedroom. It had been converted to a playroom long before the boy had come to live with Master.

He stopped two paces back from Master's heels and sat up in the waiting position. Master had taught him very well exactly how to behave every moment.

The boy took the opportunity to get a long look at his beloved Master. He was tall, every inch of his lean body a golden color that the boy had once only believed existed in movies. For not the first time, he wondered if Master were

a model or an actor. He actually had no idea what Master did for a living. It was information that had never been offered and the boy had never asked.

Master took down the key ring hanging over the door. It held three very different keys. One was to the playroom. It was brass and well worn. The large silver key went to the basement door. The boy hadn't been back down to the training room in the basement in quite a while. It was a space reserved for the worst of punishments. It was also where he'd spent the first weeks after Master bought him, not even realizing he was in a house until Master had deemed him fit to come upstairs.

The third key, the smallest and obviously least used, went to the small silver padlock on the collar the boy wore. The thick leather band could be loosened and tightened, but never removed. Not without the key on Master's ring. At first, he had been tempted to steal the key during the long hours Master left him alone in the house, but somehow, it had never happened.

Master hung the keys back up on the hook above the door and made a signal, beckoning the boy to enter the room ahead of him. On hands and knees, he crawled into the playroom. Almost immediately, the lightweight cane came down across his shoulder blades. Master never gave halfhearted beatings, even as a reward. The cane hit hard and square. The boy didn't stop crawling. He knew he had to get to the raised platform in the center of the room. Each lash with the cane jolted his body and the boy could already feel the red welts rising on his pale skin. That was what Master wanted. He enjoyed seeing the fruits of his labor on the boy's body.

Pulling himself up onto the whipping block, the boy resumed the position Master favored most. It was the hardest to keep up while being beaten. He had perfected maintaining his posture, spine straight and hands cupped at the back of his neck. His arms were held up and not allowed to sag even a little bit. Knees held apart, square with his shoulders, keeping him in a straight line from shoulders to knees. He was not allowed to sink back to rest his ass on his heels, nor to even hint he might bend his knees at anything other than a ninety degree angle. Master had trained him to take all sorts of abuse without breaking this all-important posture.

The boy suddenly realized there was something wrong. The strokes of the cane were no less accurate than any other day. The force and rhythm were the same as always. That was maybe the problem. Master pushed. He challenged. Nothing the boy learned stayed at the same level once he was satisfactory. This beating was asking nothing of him. It set him on edge, making the posture nearly impossible to hold.

Master stopped, returning the cane to its hook by the door. He stood there, staring at the boy's back. Something was happening. Change was in the air.

"Come, boy." Master's voice was warm and smooth. The boy could detect the vaguely British lilt to his words now that he'd been listening to him for so long. But today, there was something else beneath Master's usual tone of seeming to be somewhat amused by all of life.

The boy hurried to fall in on hands and knees to follow Master down to the kitchen table. Master made himself a cup of coffee, another daily ritual he had no interest in giving up into the hands of a slave. He sat down, but instead of opening his paper, he stared at the boy.

The boy had to bite back the barrage of questions rising in his mind. There were so many flooding in, he very nearly lost hold on all his training and began asking them.

Master tapped lightly on the edge of the table with his finger, signaling for the boy to come closer and kneel. "Do you know what today's date is?" Master asked.

The boy shook his head, answering silently like he'd been trained. There was no need for him to vocalize if he could make a silent response.

He was very confused by the odd question and Master's actions so far today. Something was happening and the boy worried it was something he'd done to displease his Master. Maybe the older man was bored with him after so long. There didn't seem to be anything left for him to learn. Master might be considering sending him off to one of the other people he occasionally spoke of, the other masters who had slaves. The thought both intrigued and terrified the boy.

“Tomorrow will be one year since I bought you from your mother,” Master informed him.

The boy was surprised. He wasn't sure how it could have been that long since Master brought him here, away from the rest of the world. But the days had melted together. Master kept the exact same schedule every day. The only way the boy knew it was the weekend was that Master put on khakis and a polo shirt instead of a suit. It wasn't until much into his training that the idea of counting the khaki days occurred to him, but it had been so long since he'd been bought that the idea of counting the days and weeks as they slipped by seemed pointless.

“In the morning, you'll need to make a choice with the knowledge that you cannot change your mind once you've decided.” Master's words took a long time to sink in. The boy didn't understand what he meant. He wasn't allowed a choice about anything in his life. Master always knew best. “I don't imagine this will be easy for you.” But the boy had the feeling that Master didn't believe his own words. “The arrangement I made with your mother was... unusual, even for this sort of purchase.”

The boy nodded. Master hadn't spoken of how he'd acquired the boy since those first brutal days in the basement. The boy found that it made him horribly uncomfortable to hear about it. He still wasn't sure what to make of the circumstances that brought him into Master's hands. But what person was able to really grasp how to deal with being sold to a stranger by his own mother? The boy had finally taken comfort in it being enough that he could please Master.

“I only paid a portion of the price she was trying to get out of your sweet ass,” Master continued. The boy wanted desperately to cover his ears, to block out the details. “We came to this because my conditions of your purchase eased her guilt, soothed her conscience. I agreed to take you off her hands, use you as I saw fit, but most importantly, to train you. After a year, you were to be allowed to decide if you wanted to go home to her or stay with me.” Master paused, sipping his coffee as he looked down at the boy. He silently gauged how his words were affecting the boy. After a second long sip, he nodded.

“You may speak if you wish. Ask your questions now. I will not permit them later.”

There was really only one thing the boy wanted to know. “Why wait until now to tell me this?”

Master didn't have to think about his answer. “Your training would have been ruined if you knew you could leave after a year.”

The boy immediately knew he was right. He would have stubbornly resisted everything Master tried to do to him, for him, if he'd known there was an expiration date on his torment. He lowered his eyes, feeling shame at the person he'd been.

“Master,” he tentatively spoke, unsure how long his permission to speak was going to be in effect. “I want—”

Master's hand struck his face hard. The boy could feel the trickle of blood from his split lip. “I don't care what you want. I am not telling you this so I can counsel you on what to do. I'm telling you because you have to decide what you want your next year to be like.” Master rose and put his coffee cup next to the sink. “You will wake up tomorrow morning, the same as you always do. You will either put on the clothes left out for you, unlock your collar and leave; or, you will be waiting for me to rise, having completed your routine, and your training will continue for another year.” Master crossed the room to stand in front of the boy, his thick cock the only thing the boy could see from where he was kneeling. “There will be no more discussions about this. Is that clear?”

The boy nodded silently.

“Good. Your mind will doubtlessly be distracted, so I won't hold you to your usual duties today.” Master grabbed the boy by his collar and dragged him towards the door to the basement. He rattled the keys he was still holding in his hand and opened the door. Even after all this time, the boy felt the terror rising up in him as he was dragged down the stairs to the torture room where he'd lived out his first days with Master. “You will be left with your thoughts

and when I get home, you will resume your usual duties as if it were any other day.”

Master pulled him across the dimly lit room and stopped in front of the cage he'd used for the boy before he deemed him worthy of coming upstairs. The boy landed inside, his back to Master as the door was shut and locked. He didn't move until he heard Master's footfalls going up the stairs. The boy rolled over and looked around the room, remembering the beginning of this new life and wondering what it was he should do now that he had the choice to leave.

CHAPTER ONE

He really should have known better than to trust his mother.

He'd known since he was eight, or maybe even younger, that she hated him. He didn't know why it ran so deep, but it had something to do with how much he looked like his father. The boy had never met the man. According to his mother, he'd disappeared the night his son was born. She'd come back from the hospital, already heartbroken over the voice mail breakup that had occurred while she was in labor to find he'd taken everything out of their apartment. Her clothes, the baby things, literally everything that wasn't nailed down.

The boy could not fathom why it was she hadn't given him up, abandoned him, done something to remove the last link to the man she hated more than anything. Maybe she loved him at one point. Maybe she hoped he would be the magnet to draw his father back to her.

But whatever the reason, he knew it had evaporated by the time he was old enough to start looking like something other than a toddler, which all looked the same to him. He was growing up to look so much like his father that sometimes his mother would burst into tears just from looking at him. Even that hadn't lasted. She became cold and calculating as time went on. She started seeing men as bank accounts and her own beauty as a blank check. She dated, not for love or companionship, but for comfort.

She finally settled down with Darryl. He had a nice house, owned his own business and was the first man who was halfway decent to her son. Not that he imagined that was part of her reason to move in with Darryl. It wasn't until that first night Darryl slept over at their tiny apartment that the boy understood why he had always been so nice to him, always eager to spend time with him as well as his mother. In the middle of the night, Darryl had slipped under the blankets with the boy. He hadn't really understood what was happening, but he did know that it made him feel weird.

The boy told his mother first thing in the morning, only to be told that he was the reason Darryl was willing to stay with her. She'd somehow run across

Darryl's secret stash of underage porn. Rather than be disgusted, she turned into a shrewd businesswoman and bartered her son's body for her own comfort. Darryl was willing to take them in, maybe even marry her, in exchange for unrestricted access to her ten-year-old son.

For Darryl, it had been a dream come true. But for the boy, it was the start of his own personal nightmare. The horrible truth was, after the first few times, it wasn't so bad with Darryl. He was awkward but gentle. He genuinely liked the boy and the boy found that, despite himself, he came to like Darryl as well. They had an unusual but happy family life when his mother moved them into Darryl's house.

But once they were settled, his mother began to take advantage of the long hours Darryl had to put into the garage and the constant stream of men began. They all came to the back door, cutting across the yard from the parking lot of the church behind the house. At first, they were all his mother's callers. But then she began to come home with men who wanted to "meet" her son. These ones always handed her the largest wads of cash. He had been sworn to never say a word to anyone, especially Darryl.

It was months before Darryl found out, but when he did, he was furious. The boy was never sure if he was jealous of the other men who were allowed to use him, or offended that he was being treated as no better than the strangers his mother found online or at shady bars. Either way, Darryl's house was the one place they had lived that he missed the most.

They were homeless again, and his mother's dreams of a nice wedding were gone. She became colder than ever, angry at him for ruining her life yet again.

Things were no different once they were in the new apartment. But this time, the boy was a little older and began to make himself scarce. He found places to be until late in the evening, making it impossible for his mother to make appointments with men who wanted to fondle and fuck him. As they were repeatedly forced out of one place after another, it became worse and worse.

When all of their history was taken into account, the boy should have known better than to trust the food left out for him when he came in well after midnight.

One minute, he was eating the reheated dinner, and the next he was waking up in what he could only guess by the musty smell was a basement.

Sweaty hands were squeezing his thighs and a gruff voice was speaking. The boy's head was still too fuzzy to comprehend the words. He struggled to move away from the unpleasant touch, only to find he was securely tied in place. There was something stuffed in his mouth and his eyes were bound tightly. He struggled but the bonds were too tight on his wrists and ankles. Thin metal strips pressed into his chest and legs as he was held in place for the sweaty hands to feel his ass cheeks through the cotton of his boxers.

A few more roughly spoken words and there was the chill of scissors cutting away the remnants of his clothes. He recoiled from the touch of the cold metal, trying to make it clear that the probing fingers that followed were not welcome. When the hands moved away from his body, he expected much worse. But it never came. He was left alone, though it wasn't for long. More hands, more voices came and went.

He was able to pick out his mother's voice in between those of random men. He listened as she negotiated prices. A few of the men obviously met her demands and were allowed to fondle or fuck him. "Sampling the merchandise," she called it.

It was in this madness that he heard Master's voice for the first time. Soft, warm and not at all nervous. That was the quality that set him apart from the others his mother had brought. Master didn't lower his voice into conspiratorial whispers. He didn't use vague euphemisms or weighted silences when discussing his intentions. The boy could clearly hear how uncomfortable it made his mother. She had always seemed to prefer pretending she didn't know what the "nice men" wanted when they paid to "spend time" with her young son.

“I can leave you to inspect the merchandise, if you like,” she said, pandering to the man who must have been dripping money. At least, the boy had assumed he was, based on the way she was talking to him.

“No, that won’t be necessary.” Master’s voice sounded so loud in what had been a deep silence just a moment before. “I can see your son has been handled more than enough for one day.” It was the first time anyone had said anything that counted as recognizing the boy as human. It was certainly the first time anyone had reminded her that she was selling her own child.

“You’re right,” she hastily agreed, though her voice was quite strained.

“Has he ever been beaten?”

“Not more than he’s needed,” Mother replied. “Probably not as much as he needed.”

“Your ad would imply the latter,” Master replied. “Where is his father?”

“Dead, if the Lord has mercy.”

Master made a sound like he was choking back an ironic laugh. “And when did you begin pimping out your son?” Master might have been asking about the weather for all the emotion he put behind his words.

“He had his first when he was old enough.” His mother was getting defensive now, probably remembering how she’d sold him off for her own comfort while he was still in grade school.

“He’s barely old enough now,” Master observed.

“He’s sixteen now. That’s plenty old enough for what you want.” The righteous anger sounded utterly ridiculous coming from her, as she lied to this stranger just like she had to every other man who’d asked. The boy had been every age today from twelve to twenty-two, but he didn’t think she’d once told anyone his actual age of eighteen.

“I suppose you’re right.” The man sounded like he didn’t believe her, but he didn’t push the issue. “Would you say he definitely prefers cock over pussy?”

Now she was really stumbling over her words. “He’s never told me otherwise. But I wouldn’t know what he’s up to. He’s never home during normal hours for a kid his age.”

“Well, if he’s old enough to be sold for sex, he’s old enough to keep his own hours.” Master was starting to sound a touch annoyed. “Let’s step out for a drink and discuss the terms of his sale.”

And then they were gone.

CHAPTER TWO

The boy was drugged again. This time with some juice his mother pressed against his parched lips after roughly pulling out the makeshift gag. If she apologized or said goodbye, he never heard it.

He woke up some time later in a dimly lit room. He was no longer blindfolded or gagged. But the bonds were still in place and he could see now that he was chained to an old bed frame. A new piece had been added to his bondage—a collar. It was tight, and a pair of black cords held his head in place near the frame. For a moment, he panicked, thinking he was being strangled. But as uncomfortable as the collar was, it was not meant to deprive him of air.

Turning his head as far as he was able in either direction, all he could see was the brown wall extending out into darkness and a bare floor made of faded gray concrete.

His hair felt damp and he wanted to brush back the dark locks sticking to his forehead. The air was cool against his naked skin. He thought maybe he'd been bathed while he was unconscious. That didn't seem like something his mother would do. Maybe it was the man she'd been talking to.

At least, he hoped it was that last one who had taken him away. The others she had brought around had been real creeps. Not that a man who'd buy a boy was an outstanding example of humanity, but he'd at least seemed the least horrible of the lot.

It was so quiet. The boy's ragged breathing seemed to echo in the large, empty space. He couldn't find a way to hold himself against the metal frame that was even remotely comfortable. He'd been shifted up the frame just enough to keep his feet off the floor. He wasn't sure how he'd stayed in place while he was unconscious, other than leaning into the bare metal of the crossbars. That would take the pressure off his feet and ease the tenseness in his arms. But he just couldn't do it. He had to keep the tension, to fight. If he didn't, he would be sucked down into the darkness, swallowed up by the despair and surrender his mother demanded of him.

He was so caught up in his struggle, the boy didn't hear the footsteps coming across the room behind him. It wasn't until he felt the crack of the leather strap across his ass that he realized he was no longer alone.

“What the hell?” The leather stung his tender skin. The blow forced him to fall against the metal mesh of the frame.

The strap hit him again, a little lower, catching the lowest curve of his ass. While the pressure being taken off his calves and ankles was a release, the strap was rattling his body and banging him against the bed frame.

“Seriously, man! Knock that shit off!” He tried to turn his head to see who was wielding the strap, but whoever it was stood outside of his line of sight. The strap responded to him by coming down across the back of one thigh and then the other. The supple leather wrapped around to sting his inner thigh, closer to his genitals than he liked. “I said stop!”

He was surprised to not feel another blow. Just as his body was starting to relax, a cool hand reached between his spread thighs to cup his balls. He let out a surprised hiss as the chilly fingers ran over his sac then up and down the length of his cock.

“You shave your balls.” The observation was made by the voice he'd last heard speaking to his mother, but now the boy was far less relieved by the reality than he had been by the idea of it being him. Master's hands slipped up his back to rub under the boy's arms. “Your armpits and legs as well?”

“My customers like their fucks smooth like little boys.” He felt his voice crack. Puberty was running a little late and he was just starting to feel the effects of his voice changing. “And I don't shave, I wax.”

“You won't pass for a little boy much longer. I'm surprised you can now.”

“I can find new customers when that happens,” the boy retorted. “There are always horny men willing to pay.”

“You are correct.” The appraising fingers stroked over the boy's black hair. “Is this from a bottle?”

“You can’t tell?” The boy was feeling more brazen now that there was no strap hitting him. He’d met this kind before. They were just dirty old men who liked to spank mouthy little boys.

“I wouldn’t ask if I could. But, we’ll see soon enough.” Master came into sight. He wasn’t old at all. He looked to be in his late twenties, though it was hard to say exactly. The fine blond hair and golden tan might have skewed him a good ten years younger than he was. “I have bought you to fulfill a specific purpose. If you fail to perform adequately, I will have no use for you and—” He stopped suddenly. “Well, there’s no good to be served by levying threats, is there? Let’s just see what happens and deal with the consequences as we need to.” He stopped talking long enough to step back out of the boy’s view. “And on the subject of consequences, you’ve earned five lashes for every time you’ve mouthed off to me.”

The first few lashes were met with protests and angry jibes. But the boy soon learned that every act of defiance added five more lashes to his punishment. After a while, he lost count of how many he was given. Unlike the men who’d wanted to play spanking games with him before fucking, this man was relentless in his beating. He wasn’t playing a game.

Each stroke landed in steady succession, moving from his thighs to his back and down again. He didn’t stop to check if the boy liked it. He didn’t pause to catch his breath. He just administered the punishment without treating it like a game or a way to incite either of them to sex.

Every inch of the boy’s body burned and ached by the time his new owner finished beating him. The wire mesh of the bed frame was biting into his skin and the leather strap had left his back, ass and legs feeling swollen and raw. There wasn’t another word said, even when Master was done beating him. He was left hanging on the bed frame and the lights were turned off.

CHAPTER THREE

It was hard to say how long he was left hanging in the darkness. The boy drifted in and out of sleep, or something like it. Whatever it was, it wasn't truly restful. He was left utterly alone during those dark hours, with only his own thoughts and the burning pain of his back. The feelings of rage and betrayal faded as time wore on. Every moment, he could feel how utterly useless those feelings were. He was where he was. No amount of rage was going to change that. What he needed was to be clever. But it was hard to be clever when his stomach was empty and cramping from his need to use the toilet.

By the time the lights came on again, only one of those issues was still a problem.

The soft footfalls came right after the lights blasted to life. They stopped and Master made a disgusted noise. The next thing the boy knew, he was being hit by a harsh stream of ice cold water. It beat on his bruised skin, moving slowly from the back of his neck all the way down to his soiled legs.

The boy whimpered and cried out as the icy water hit the most tender spots. He let out an embarrassing squeal as the stream was narrowed nearly to a laser point and ran down his ass crack, pausing at his hole for an excessively long time. The pressure was turned up even more or Master was stepping closer. Either way, the freezing water was forcing its way into his ass.

He felt like his dry throat was tearing open as he screamed. It was too much, and the worst thing, the most horrible part was the pressurized water was pushing against that special spot in his ass that made his cock ache for attention. The only relief he had was that his tormenter was behind him and couldn't see his embarrassment.

The pressure from the stream grew even more, the man now obviously stepping closer. The boy could hear his feet slapping in the rivulets of water on the concrete floor. When he was close enough to touch the boy, one hand roughly took hold of his ass cheek. He was held firmly as the nozzle of the

hose was brought to his hole, then pushed inside of him. The metal was hideously cold and the stream of water didn't stop.

The boy was crying out, his entire body shaking with cold and shame. He could feel the heat of tears coming from his eyes, a stark contrast to the water.

After what felt like forever, the water was turned off and the nozzle removed from his sore ass. He hung limply in his bonds, silently sobbing and praying it was over. Master's steps grew quieter as he walked away.

The boy had just relaxed when he heard the steps returning, accompanied by the jingle of keys. He dared to hope that this was the end of the sick game and now he would be set free.

"I was under the impression you were already housebroken." Master's voice hit him as hard as the cold water. "Well, if you're going to act like a bad dog, I guess I'll have to start treating you like one."

The tanned hands moved deftly to unlock the padlock holding the chains securing his ankles and wrists to the bed frame. He unhooked the cords keeping the boy's head in place from the sides of the frame. The boy felt like he was melting. Without the restraints to hold him in place, his body refused to support itself. Master let him crumple to the floor, stepping back to give him space to do it properly.

Master reached down and grabbed the thick metal hoop on the side of the boy's collar. He drew him up high enough to clip a heavy leash to it. He dropped the boy back to the floor and tugged on the collar using the leash.

"Heel, boy." When his command wasn't immediately followed, Master yanked hard on the leash. The already dazed boy was dragged forward a good foot, losing what little balance he had regained. "When I give an order, you are to follow it immediately."

"Why should I?" The boy pulled back on the leash, trying to find good purchase on the wet floor with either hands or feet.

Master turned and yanked the leash again, pulling the boy to the left. As he fell, Master kicked him, planting the heel of his dress shoe in the boy's side. "You will obey because I own you. I am your master now."

The boy moaned, wanting to fight back, to do something more than lay there. But there was no strength left in him. He had no idea when he'd last eaten and what little sleep he had was the result of drugs or utter exhaustion.

"You will have to do better remembering that." Master took his foot off him and tugged on the leash again. "Heel."

Again, the boy didn't respond quickly enough. The leash was tugged, then yanked. The boy was dragged, protesting and struggling, across the room.

Master stopped, winding the leash around his fist as he drew the boy closer. He hooked the loop on his collar with two fingers, but he let go almost immediately. Master instead took hold of his hair and used that to draw him up. When the boy tried to get his feet under him, to ease the pressure on his scalp, Master kicked his shin, making the boy fall. His hair felt like it might be pulled from his head as Master's grip became the only thing keeping him from crashing to the ground.

"You are my pet, a stray dog I've taken in. There's no reason for you to rise up off all fours unless you're doing a trick." Master unhooked the leash. He turned his body, stepping to the side and out of the boy's line of sight. Now he could see the three-foot-square cage, the kind designed to hold an animal. Master reached down and pushed the partially open door all the way open. "In you go."

"Fuck you!" The boy struggled to get away from Master's strong grip. "I've had enough of this! Enough of you! Let me go. Give me my clothes back. I'll call the fucking cops, you goddamn pervert!"

He started swinging his fists and flailing his legs in a desperate bid to get away. Master gave him a shake by his hair and brought the leash in a wide arc to slap on his side.

The boy let out a gasp but didn't stop his struggling. Master brought the leash hard across his face then on his side again. Master swung his arm over

and over, the leash cracking against the boy's skin. Even after the boy went limp, Master kept beating him. The leash left uneven welts on his arms and legs and long, ugly slashes across his sore, bruised back.

Finally, it stopped. Master was breathing heavily, a thin sheen of sweat on his face. He used the still tight grip on the boy's hair to throw him into the cage. The boy fell, a tangle of limbs, against the bars. He was softly sobbing, every movement a shock of pain so overwhelming, he stopped moving altogether. He didn't look up as the door to the cage fell into place and he heard a padlock click closed.

CHAPTER FOUR

The food Master brought to him was cold and there wasn't much of it. But the boy didn't care. He ate it with relish out of the bowl, not caring how it looked. He gulped down the cool water, trying to ignore how it numbed his tongue. He was also ignoring the way Master stood there, watching him eat and drink. For a moment, after he had all there was to have, the boy paused to wonder if he was supposed to be putting on a show. Master hadn't ordered him to lap up the water like an animal but maybe he was supposed to just assume he should. When Master said nothing about it, he let the thought pass.

The boy settled back down in the cage, trying to find a position that didn't put too much pressure on the welts and bruises from his beatings. He waited for Master to say or do something but nothing came of his visit. He was left alone in the dark for what felt like several hours.

When Master finally returned, he was carrying a long black tube and the thick leash. He turned on the bright lights over the boy's cage. In the glare, the boy could see several pieces of equipment around the room. He had no idea what the shiny leather and metal contraptions could be used for, but he was certain he probably didn't want to find out.

"I'm glad to see you were better behaved this time." Master beckoned the boy to the door of the cage. He opened the door and waited with false patience to be obeyed. When the boy didn't listen, he reached in and grabbed him roughly by the leg. "Don't be a bad dog."

"I'm not a dog!" The boy found his voice. "I'm a person and I have a name! It's—"

Master slapped his face with all the force he could manage from his awkward position. "I'm quite aware of which species you are. Genetically, at least. But if you insist on behaving like an ill-trained animal, then I will have to treat you as such." He snapped the leash into place. "Now, be a good dog and heel."

The boy moved to obey, not willing to be dragged around by the leash as he had been earlier. Master gave a little nod and began crossing the room. As

he crawled behind Master, the boy was able to identify the object he carried as a flashlight. It was one of those big, long ones carried by security guards and rent-a-cops on TV. He instantly worried about what it might be used for. He was quickly learning that Master was willing to use just about anything as a tool for his torture.

The boy was led over to the farthest corner of the room to a door. While Master dug the key out of his pocket, he turned to look at the boy. He frowned down at him. “You do look like a dog. We’ll have to work hard to correct that.”

He didn’t say anything else about the matter. Master turned to open up the door and led the boy up a set of stairs, out to a lush patch of grass. It was nearly completely dark outside. He wondered for a moment if they were outside at all. He stayed next to Master for a long time, until he was nudged by the toe of Master’s shiny black dress shoe.

“Well? Go on, dog. You surely need to relieve yourself by now.” Master’s voice was more amused than usual. “I won’t have you going in the house again.”

The boy was shocked, but the pressure in his abdomen told him he should take advantage of this opportunity. He certainly didn’t want another punishment with the hose. He began to push himself to his feet. The flashlight hit him on the shoulder. Master’s condescending voice was clear, reminding him that he was Master’s dog and dogs were meant to stay on all fours. Hearing it said aloud stung more than the thwack of the flashlight.

He crawled forward into the darkness to the limit of the leash. It was the height of humiliation, but at least it was dark. From where he was, the boy could barely make out Master’s silhouette so he felt it safe to assume he was nearly invisible as well. The same moment the boy thought that and had resigned himself to the act, the flashlight came on. Bathed in the harsh beam, the boy felt his face burning with shame. Hot tears filled his eyes. He wanted to scream for the light to be turned off, but all he could do was whine softly and finish what he’d started.

He was turning carefully, doing all he could to avoid the mess so he could crawl back to Master when a long pole landed in the grass in front of him. “Clean up after yourself, dog.”

The boy stared at the pole with the scoop and baggie on the end. He was beyond appalled, pushed right to the edge of his tolerance. He started to shake his head, to open his mouth to defy Master.

“Hurry up.”

The tug on the leash warned him to obey or suffer the consequences. At the moment, if Master tugged on the leash, he would be dragged through his own filth and certainly face the hose again. With shaking hands, the boy cleaned up his mess and disposed of the soiled baggie where Master indicated. He couldn't look up as he was lead back through the door and into the basement. He very nearly tumbled down the stairs several times as he tried to figure out how to crawl down them.

The boy barely registered the ice cold hose-down before he was put back in his cage and left alone in the darkness again.

CHAPTER FIVE

One day blurred into the next with Master appearing only to feed him and take the boy outside to use the bathroom. It was always dark when he went outside. It didn't become easier to do what Master asked of him. There were more beatings and ice cold hose-downs. The only reprieve from sleeping in the cage was when Master left him tied to one of the various contraptions in the basement.

The boy found he could still be shocked when Master appeared with only the leash. There was no flashlight or food in his other hand. The boy waited with a touch of fear in his stomach for Master to tell him what was expected now.

“I think it's time for you to begin to serve your purpose. It's a waste of money to keep you down in this hole where you are not available for use.”

The boy looked up at Master with wide eyes, wondering what he had in mind now. Maybe he was bored with the sick games and was going to be rid of him. Or it might be he intended to fuck him. The boy had seen Master grow hard during some of the punishments, but he had yet to fuck him. Actually, the boy hadn't even seen more of Master than the occasional short-sleeved polo shirt revealed. This was the first moment he wondered why that was.

Master opened the cage, attached the leash and led the boy towards the door to the outside. At the top of the stairs, instead of going through the heavy white door to the yard, Master turned to the left and opened another door. It was painted the same shade as the wall. The boy had never even noticed it there before now.

The door had opened only a crack to reveal glistening white linoleum when Master paused. He looked down at the boy and spoke softly.

“Upstairs is no place for a misbehaving dog. If you continue to behave as one, you will be sent back to your cage permanently. I know a few people who would love to have a naughty puppy to break in. None of them are as kind as I am.” Master stopped for a moment, giving the boy a long look. Seemingly

satisfied that his words had the desired effect, he pushed the door open the rest of the way.

The boy followed him into the room, eyes wide as he looked around. He could hardly believe how normal it all looked. It was like something out of the magazines his mother had always sighed over. His wide-eyed reaction seemed to amuse Master.

“Did you expect the entire house to be a Gothic torture basement? How would that look to my Auntie Lucille when she visits?”

The boy blushed brightly and looked down at the floor. He wanted to speak, to snipe back at the man who tormented him. But he couldn't think of anything to say that would be worth the beating he'd surely get.

“Now, our first order of business is making you presentable for upstairs.” Master pulled on the leash, leading him into a small bathroom. There was barely room for the two men between the sink and the wall. It also held a pristine toilet and a narrow shower stall. “This will be your bathroom. You will never set foot into mine unless you are specifically ordered. You are expected to keep yourself and this space clean and orderly.” Master pointed to the various objects in the room as he spoke. “Shave that pathetic excuse for facial hair. You will keep your face smooth and clean. The rest of your body hair will be kept clean and neat but you will not shave it. You're not a child anymore and I will not have you looking like one.”

He continued on, very specifically outlining the boy's daily regimen of cleaning and grooming himself. From the acceptable length of his hair to explaining how to use the attachment for the shower hose in order to keep his asshole clean inside and out.

“Every night, or when I've had enough of you, I'll put you back in your cage. If you're well-behaved, I may let you sleep upstairs. But I don't expect that to happen anytime soon.” Master reached down and unclipped the leash. “Normally, you'll have only twenty minutes but today, you have forty-five. Make good use of your extra time. You have quite a few days of crud on you. When you're done, present yourself to me in the kitchen.”

With that, Master left the room. The boy could hear him on the other side of the door, opening and closing what sounded like cabinet doors in the kitchen. He just stood there, shaken to the core. The sudden assault of a normal bathroom and the normal sounds of Master making coffee hit the boy at the center of his tightly controlled emotions. He crumpled to the floor, wrapping his arms around himself and wept.

He curled up on the floor, letting the misery of his situation overwhelm him. The boy wasn't sure when the last time was that he cried, let alone when he let himself be so utterly destroyed by mere sobbing. He had no idea how long he was laying there, body trembling with so many emotions he would never be able to catalog them all. But the allotted time must have passed because the next thing he knew, the door swung open and Master was glaring down at him.

CHAPTER SIX

The beating was the same sort of brutal, unfeeling whipping Master had given him on the first day. His body was sore, covered in welts and left dangling on the X-shaped wooden frame. He was still crying through the whole ordeal.

Master had left him, openly disgusted by the boy's tears and wailing. Every word of pleading, every cry for mercy only brought a harder beating. The boy finally let go of the notion that he'd be shown kindness or even be given the chance to try again. He was past the point of being allowed to prove he could do what was asked of him.

It was some time later that Master returned, the leash in his hand. He clipped it to the boy's collar before freeing him from the wooden frame. He snapped his fingers and pointed to the spot just behind his feet. He didn't slow his steps, but instead walked at a much quicker pace than usual across the basement and up the stairs into the yard.

It was the middle of the afternoon. The warm, bright sunlight burned the boy's eyes. His vision came into focus on the large metal tub placed in the grass. The boy didn't understand what was going on. Besides being out in the daytime, the metal tub was quite a mystery.

"Since you're not capable of performing the most simple tasks of basic self-care, we have to do this the hard way. Pay attention because I will not do this for you again."

Master grabbed him under his arms and lifted him up. The boy was surprised to find that Master was more than strong enough to carry him across the yard to the tub and drop him into the hot water. It was just short of burning his skin, but the boy didn't dare object.

He wasn't in the water long enough to get used to the heat before Master was pushing his head beneath the water. The water tasted slightly salty and as it hit the cuts on his skin, it burned. He wasn't held under for more than a couple of seconds but it felt like an eternity.

Letting go of the boy, Master reached down beside the tub to grab a bar of soap and a scrub brush. "Hold still," he ordered, slipping both items into the water. He set to work, scrubbing the boy's body. The bristles on the brush were hard and dug into his skin.

The boy winced as Master raked the scrub brush across the tender skin of his back. Between the stinging salt water and rough bristles, he was not able to escape the pain. To make it even worse, every time he moved even a little, the boy was freshly reminded of the heat of the water.

The lather of the soap smelled strongly of lemon. It made the boy's eyes tear up. He trembled under Master's harsh, silent treatment. He thought he could push the man away and make a run for it. He so very much wanted to get away. Everything about this forced bath was painful, humiliating; and when the boy saw the tool that Master had shown him in the bathroom, the one intended for cleaning his ass, lying out on a towel on the grass, he knew he had to run.

They were outside. There was nothing stopping him from bolting from the tub to the fence around the yard. Once he was over it and in the neighbor's yard, he could beg for help. Or maybe there was a gate around the corner of the house that would let him escape onto the street. He'd have the element of surprise on his side and Master was in the awkward position of kneeling in the grass with his entire focus on scrubbing the boy's body raw.

He should go now, while his body was still aching and covered in welts. He'd make sure both this horrible man, and the mother who'd sold him, went to jail. He'd go to the police and tell them everything. He'd have to go into the foster care system or an orphanage or something. But could that possibly be worse than what he'd been through so far?

Master took his hands off the boy to lather up the brush again. The boy took that as his chance. He pushed out of the tub, moving in the opposite direction of Master. He was heading for the fence and what looked to be a nice two story house on the other side. The people who lived there would surely help him. He hoped so, at least. It was possible that Master's neighbors knew what kind of man he was and what he had in his basement.

The boy was about halfway to the fence and drawing breath to scream for help when Master caught him. He grabbed the boy by his hair and drew him roughly back. The boy lurched and would have fallen had Master not caught him in his arms. He was furious, glaring down at the boy.

“Let me go,” the boy begged softly. “I don’t want to be here. I didn’t ask for this.”

“That’s life,” Master replied.

He threw the boy over his shoulder and stalked towards the house. The boy struggled until Master threatened to throw him down the stairs. He expected to be immediately thrown back in his cage, or to be tied down to be beaten senseless. But instead, he was dropped onto the top of a cushioned square. It was raised up a couple of feet off the floor, creating a sort of platform. Master turned away, moving to the wall nearest to them and began to grab several mysterious objects off pegs embedded in it.

“It’s past time you learned that you are mine. I own you and expect you to perform for me.”

The boy thought of running again. The cold rage in Master’s voice scared him. He dreaded what might be in store for him now more than anything else so far. Master threw a pile of straps and buckles down in front of the boy.

He took out one piece at a time, beginning by tying the boy’s hands behind his back with a pair of leather cuffs connected by links of chain. Then he pushed the boy down onto his back and secured more leather bands to his ankles. Between the bands was a stiff, leather wrapped pole. It forced the boy to keep his legs spread apart.

The final piece was the most terrifying. He was pulled up into a sitting position, not easy to maintain in his current state. In his hand, Master held what at first glance looked like just a tangle of black leather and buckles. Then, as he unzipped it, the boy realized it was a mask. It went over his face, completely blocking his sight. A thick rubber piece was forced into his mouth, gagging him as the leather was pulled tight. The thick pads settled over his eyes, then another set covered his ears.

Everything was gone. The zipper being pulled down the back of his head was the last thing the boy heard before being plunged into a terrifying world of nothing. No light, no sound. Nothing at all. He had no way of objecting to whatever Master wanted to do to him, but worse was having no way to anticipate what that might be.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The boy had smacked his face on the side of the raised platform when he was flipped over roughly. He had to assume that Master used the bar between his ankles to do it because he didn't feel him touch any part of his body. It was only the padding in the oppressive hood that kept him from splitting his lip or getting a bloody nose. There had to be some kind of holes for him to breathe but they didn't let in any light or sound.

His legs were pulled up, forcing him to bend his knees or be pushed off the other end of the platform, face first onto the cement floor. He was manipulated into place, thrown this way and that, until he was exactly the way Master wanted him. His ass was exposed in a way he had never experienced, making him feel even more vulnerable than ever.

A finger rubbed over his asshole, teasing and applying a thin coat of lube. The boy felt his entire body tense. He was struggling, but there was no way to stop what was happening. It was hardly the first time his ass had been penetrated, but it was so much more terrifying than any time before. Maybe it was the lack of sight and hearing or his inability to vocalize anything at all.

Being trapped inside of his own head made everything happening to his body seem completely impersonal, as if he were just a thing without needs or feelings of his own. He had no control as one finger, then a second, slipped into his ass. They pushed him wide, testing his limits. Then they were gone and he was left untouched and wondering what was to come next.

Hands were on his thighs, holding him firmly in place. His ass, though teased and lubed, was not ready for the sudden plunging thrust of Master's cock. Or, he thought it was his cock. It was slick and smooth, slightly cool as it first slid into his warm hole. He assumed that was from Master wearing a rubber.

The boy's entire slim body shook as he was fucked. There was no pretense, no consideration for anything but Master's own need to get off. He thrust deep, over and over. His hands gripped the boy's thighs then moved up to his

hips. The fingers digging into his flesh were strong, unrelenting. The boy could feel the bruises forming already.

It took forever, but then Master pushed deep and gave a little shudder as he came. He stayed like that for a few lingering seconds, before pulling away.

The boy relaxed as best he could. It was over. Master had done what he needed to do and, unlike the porno novels his mother had left out for him to read, his cock wasn't going to magically reinflate with need. He'd need some time to recover before he wanted to fuck again. Only, that didn't seem to be true. Moments after he pulled out, Master pushed into him again, his cock chilled from a fresh rubber.

He was being fucked for a few horrifying seconds before the boy realized it wasn't Master's cock but rather a thick butt plug being inserted into him. Somehow, that wasn't any better. He squirmed but there was no making the large plug comfortable. Once it was in place, there was nothing else. Master just left him like that.

The boy had no idea how long he was left waiting for Master's return. He stayed on his knees because he couldn't think of a more comfortable position to move into with the butt plug in place and the awkward bondage holding his hands and feet. When he next felt the touch of Master's hands, his entire body was stiff and cramping.

What he discovered was that Master had not returned to offer him relief, nor comfort. He pulled out the butt plug roughly and began to fuck the boy again. This time, it was slower, more relaxed, but still the boy felt disconnected. The different pace did nothing to make him feel less like a lifeless toy, something for Master to use and discard.

Over and over this happened. The boy lost all track of time. He lost count of how many times Master fucked him. He even lost the ability to tell if it was Master's cock in his ass, the butt plug or maybe some other toy. All that he knew was it was becoming more and more obvious he was only made for fucking. He only existed to satisfy his Master and nothing else.

EPILOGUE

The day in the cage dragged on and on. The boy should have been upstairs, doing his usual duties. He was expected to perform light housekeeping, take care of Master's laundry, and, as it drew closer to time for Master to come home, he would engage in his daily ritual of cleaning himself. Having to skip that because of his time in the cage made the boy feel grubby. He longed for his tiny bathroom, still mostly the same as when he had first been taken to it.

What had really changed over the last year was the boy himself. The naive child who'd broken down, crushed by the pain of betrayal, had been replaced by a careful, well-trained slave. He no longer indulged in the selfish beliefs of adolescence. He'd learned that they were useless, frivolous thoughts. He had no reason to stay wrapped up in the illusion of safety they represented. What he now had was true safety.

Even if he didn't love the boy, Master was fond of him. He kept him protected from the uncertainty of the outside world. The boy knew just what to expect from every day of his life. Even when Master varied from their routine, it wasn't a scary event. It was a part of pleasing his Master. It was still safe.

But not today. Today, Master had presented him with a true uncertainty. The boy had no idea what choice he was to make. If he left, would he go back to his mother, a woman he did not love and could never trust? Would he have to take to the streets, hustling for survival? And what if he stayed? Was he going to be in training forever? How long would Master keep him? Did he intend to sell him off, now that he was trained and had chosen to stay a slave?

The myriad of potential futures spun in the boy's head. It was too much to think about. But one question still rose to the top of his mind over and over. What did Master want him to choose? He wished he could answer that with absolute certainty. That one answer would decide his fate. If Master was tired of him or displeased in any way, the boy would take his chances with the outside world. But if Master wanted him to stay, he would never leave.

The boy was no less confused at the end of the day, when he could vaguely hear the clock in the kitchen chime six o'clock. Master would be back any

moment. He should be upstairs, kneeling by the table where Master would have left him if not for the unusual circumstances of the day. He was Master's toy and at the end of every day, no matter what he did while Master was gone, he was expected to be waiting where Master had left him.

It was quite a while later, well after the chime for eight o'clock, when he heard Master coming in the front door. He wanted to run to the front door and greet him like an eager puppy, but he could only wait in the cage for Master to come down and let him out. Master didn't stop anywhere in the house on his way to the basement door and down the stairs. He appeared and the boy did his best to not call out a relieved greeting.

Master took him upstairs, into the kitchen. The boy was following him without the need for the leash. It had been hanging unused on the wall for quite some time now. On one of the kitchen chairs, a bag from the mall was sitting. Master didn't say a word about it, but the boy guessed that those were the clothes he was to wear if he decided to leave tomorrow. Somehow, looking at the bag made the boy a little sad.

But it also jolted him into an acute awareness of what his life was with Master. All the things he was missing, all the experiences of the world outside came rushing into his mind. He felt the heat of tears building in his eyes. The boy tried to blink them away. It wouldn't do for Master to see him this upset.

He should want to go out, to experience what there was for him on the outside. The world was happening without him. People were falling in love, having fun, living and dying while he stayed here and suffered under Master's cane. The pain of being so separate from the normal world of malls, clothes, people, hit him much harder than he thought could be possible.

But there wasn't time for him to think about anything more. Master was waiting in the doorway of the kitchen and snapped his fingers to get the boy to hurry up. The boy followed him down the hall into the living room. Master had apparently already eaten while he was out shopping. It was now time for the boy to do what he was here for. Once in the living room, the boy was bound in the familiar way Master preferred to fuck him. Hands behind his

back and ankles tied to a spreader bar. But instead of the usual comfort of the black-out hood, he was merely gagged.

Master positioned him on the floor, bent over his ottoman. He used the boy's ass as a foot stool, leaving his socked feet in place long after it became uncomfortable for the boy. By the sounds, he was reading his paper. This was not unusual. During the cold weather, Master had used his body to warm his icy feet.

It was the bondage that had the boy confused. This position was used almost exclusively for fucking. Master had made the pattern. He had taught the boy this was how things worked. Why would he break the carefully structured pattern? The boy did his best to hold still, to not let his agitation show. His patience, or what passed for it, was rewarded with Master's cock pounding into his ass. The boy wasn't sure what he'd expected when it happened without the insulation of the hood, but this wasn't it.

There was nothing from Master but the sounds a man couldn't help but make while he was fucking. No words of mocking or approval. No endearments or insults. Nothing but a man fucking for the sole purpose of getting off.

The boy had never felt more like an object. He'd never come so hard either.

He was left on the ottoman as Master went on about his night. He watched the news, worked on something at his laptop and returned to fuck the boy once more. But not once did he give any indication that the boy was anything other than another piece of furniture, no more important than the ottoman he was lying across. This was what he never saw while he was hidden under the hood, caught up in the sensations of his own body.

Master had revealed to him what really happened during those hours between dinner and bedtime, while he was bound and hooded. This was how things would be forever if he stayed. If he left, this last night would haunt him and Master would always own a part of him.

Finally, as the night wound down, Master untied his arms and legs. He left the gag in place. He put the implements back inside the ottoman and began to turn off the lights. This was the signal that it was time to go upstairs, time for bed. Once Master left the room, the boy had a few minutes to clean himself before going upstairs to the bedroom. He was expected to be in place before Master was done with his evening ritual.

The boy settled in the kneeling position Master liked most, on the spot on the carpet that to his eyes was worn from his knees. He had only moments to prepare himself before Master appeared from the bathroom. This was the time when Master would decide where his behavior would allow him to sleep. Master pointed to the floor at the foot of the bed, the same spot the boy had slept the night before. He reached down and took off the gag, throwing it to the floor for the boy to clean in the morning.

Master then made his way to the bed, where he sat on the edge. He stared at the boy for a long time before snapping for him to come over. When the boy was close enough, Master grabbed his hair and drew his mouth to his cock. He leaned back, propped up by his other hand while the boy's tongue began its work. Like nearly every other night, the boy sucked Master's cock, getting him off one last time before bed. Then he was released to go to his spot on the floor. Master turned off the bedside light and went to sleep.

The boy was certain, as he settled into his place, that he wouldn't be able to get to sleep with as fast as his mind was running. He quickly found that habit took over and he was asleep in minutes.

The alarm was playing the familiar song before he knew it. The first rays of sunlight were coming in from the window. The boy rose and began his day like he always did, putting away his blanket and heading downstairs to start the coffee.

It was only when he saw the bag from the mall and the small silver key on the table that he remembered how important this morning was.

He kept going, turning on the coffee pot, arranging the morning paper. Every few seconds, he glanced over at the bag. He dared a peek inside. There

wasn't anything special. A pair of jeans, black T-shirt and some socks. A shoe box was jammed down the side of the bag next to a wrapped package of underwear. The boy could only assume everything would be a perfect fit. Master knew his body better than he ever dreamed anyone could. He would not allow his boy to wear ill-fitting clothes. It would be an embarrassment.

Everything was so clear to him then. The entire journey from the drugged food his mother had given him to the bag of clothes Master had bought him. Every step meant something. Every humiliation, every pain, had burned him, but it had also forged him into something new. The boy closed his eyes and listened to the music as the song from Master's alarm was just loud enough to reach him.

He took a deep breath, feeling all the tension leave his body and knowing in that moment that his decision was made.

THE END

Author Bio

After having the earth shattering realization at twelve years old that SOMEONE had to write all these books in the library, Dani R.R. Hermit began the long and arduous journey to becoming one of those people. Along the way, she discovered that she was much better at writing dark, twisted sex stories than anything else. Having to put aside the dream of appearing in the “local authors” section of her local library, Dani found that she still wanted to write. Her love affair with telling stories about sexy people sexing was put into fan fiction and all of the original worlds she had crafted were put aside. But after many, many unfavorable reviews deriding her ability to keep her fics contained to the world that had been laid out for her, Dani put aside her fan fictions to do what it was she always wanted and began to work on her original stories again. This time, she had the support and aid of her life and writing partner, Nevi.

In January 2013, they self-published Monster #1, the first novel in the Parliament of Twilight world they crafted together. In March, Ghost House #1 was released and Inertia #1 will be out in June of this year. The second books of all three storylines are currently being prepared for release.

Dani is more than happy to interact with her fans, answering questions about her writing process, upcoming releases, and her cat!

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