

Master's House
First Night, Last Night
By Tredain

I was sold. That's not really what the corps holding your debt want you to call it, mind you, they prefer 'your contract was picked up by a buyer'. But it meant the same thing. They put your contract up for auction listing all kinds of facts and details about you, from physical appearance to your background, education, etc. You were a piece of meat and they had to sell your pedigree to find someone willing to take you on. The buyer paid a reduced amount on your debt, you 'worked' for them for so many years and then you were released, no debt, work experience and whatever they had done to you in the mean time. Indentured servitude in the new century. But no one cared. That was just the way things were and has been for a century or two. That's how the corps wanted it and they made it easy to fall into massive debt if you weren't born into the right class.

So, my contract was picked up. I never saw the auction. That sort of thing is all run behind the scenes. You just submit all the forms and try to set up what you can since you're moving at any time. I didn't have much, a little cracker box of an apartment I had been renting and a few things. I put some in storage, sold the rest in a yard sale, the lease was allowed to be broken in the event you were sold.

I recieved a notice over text I was sold and that was that. A transport came to pick me up and I said goodbye to what I had called a life. I won't get into details, let's say I was just a low level functionary that mostly kept to myself so I didn't have all that many people that were going to miss me.

I was taken to a processing depot for confirmation of my identity and to turn in any belongings I wanted to for holding (with little guarantee of their return). Most of what I had brought were my phone and the clothes on my back. They let me keep the clothes, though reminded me that my owner would likely have a dress code and I'd be required to adjust. On my expense, of course. Personal expenses could be added ot the contract time, so you could be 'owned' indefinitely. That's how the corps liked it. Cheap, indebted labor.

A car picked up me from the depot. It was automated, hover capability, a pretty nice ride all told. I had expected to be shipped to some mining camp on some gods forsaken moon or stuck in a brothel, something they let you know was a distinct possibility. The drive took longer than I expected but the car was fairly quick so I passed the time watching the landscape pass by at a near blur. Wherever it was, it was out in the country away from any of the big cities.

After a couple of bored hours the car came out to a big estate. The countryside took to rolling hills and lots and lots of grass with a few trees and the occasional big house surrounded by fencing and foliage. Everything was perfectly trimmed and groomed and the roads looked freshly paved. I could only imagine the net value of the folks living in the area. It pulled up to one particular gate, paused for it to open, then pulled in.

The estate had an immense lawn with several topiaries and stone walkways. Every bush was trimmed in the shape of athletes. One was a canine discus thrower, another a feline sprinter. There were more in the distance and what looked like a fountain or stone statue. It all whipped by as the car pulled up to the front of the manor and the door opened with a soft hiss.

I stepped out and glanced around. Nobody. The great wooden doors opened up for me though, lots and lots of automated devices around it looked like. The car slapped shut and pulled away without so much as a message, not that I had any way to recieve one. My tail twitched, a little nervous. Classy place. Big money. What had I gotten myself into?

I walked into the entrance hall. Hall was almost an inadequate word for it. The room stretched on, two stories, with massive stairways twining off up to the top. A few more statues lined the walls, all naked males in tasteful poses, with a rich, red carpet lining what looked like marble flooring. In between the stairs, almost looking cradled, was a small table with a very large book that sat beneath a very large painting. I paused in the doorway as the doors closed automatically behind me and stared at that painting. It was a mouse, if the muzzle and tail were any indication, the top of

his head out of frame leaving just a smirk. He was naked, a lithe, athletic body with some definition. And the back of someone's head covering his groin just at the base of the frame. It was not subtle. A small sign above the book read "New Slaves, Sign Here". It was not subtle at all. I walked the length of the hall to the book. It was a great big leather bound tome already open to a fresh page with what looked like a terms of service. Also not unusual, owners like to wrap you up in any way they could.

I started to read. I the undersigned agree to... Clothing chosen by Master... will act appropriately for my station and follow all orders... will clean up after myself and maintain a regime as agreed to by Master.. will not run away... I scanned further down. A fair number of rules but largely what you might expect. Not a contractor, not a servant, but a slave. Lock, stock, and barrel. The end included a section saying that if one did not agree to the rules they could walk away and a car would take them back to the depot.

I glanced up at that painting. Not subtle. But not that threatening. It wasn't a brothel, I thought. Or a mine. I took the bushy quill pen from the old fashioned ink well and signed my name to the bottom. I assumed the other pages were full of the same contracts. The book was about two thirds filled then. I set the quill back in its well.

"I do love watching someone sign my rules," a voice came from above. Ears perked, I looked up. The mouse in the painting was walking carefully down the right set of stairs. A shock of blond fur topped his head and he wore that same smirk. A nearly transparent silk robe hung off his frame that hid little. It was tied at the waist for... well, not modesty, I could see just about everything, if not clearly. He was as trim and fit as the painting indicated, handsome in his own way. Green eyes stared into me.

I bowed my head and started the introduction I'd been trained to give.

"Hello Sir, thank you for purchasing my contract, my name is..." He snapped his fingers twice to cut me short but kept smiling.

"No need for that drivel. I *know* your name. I know your height, your weight, where you went to school, your favorite foods, your inseam, how you racked up such an exquisitely high debt and your skills and talents. I know everything your contract supplied about you." I kept quiet and listened, giving only a slight nod at the end. He smiled wider then nodded his head to the book.

"That is the last time you will use your name in this household. From this moment on, you are my slave. In time I may give you a name, but until then, you are just a slave. Understood?"

Right to the chase. I could respect that, in a way. I nodded again. He waited.

"Yes.. Sir."

He smiled and nodded. "Perfectly right slave. You will refer to me as Master, but you may use Sir sparingly. I have you for at least five years, I will train you in the etiquette I desire. I am going to train you in quite a few things, in fact." He began to step past me and I fell in line, just a couple steps behind him. His tail swayed back and forth and he glanced over his shoulder to see I was following.

"I do enjoy you foxes. You're already half obedient," he teased and kept walking. We stepped into an adjoining hallway, a few windows opening to the outside. I spotted a few other slaves right away, some of them doing yard work, a couple playing in a nearby fountain. They were all male, slim, though several different species. Master had a type, it seemed. Every one of them was naked, though the ones gardening had gloves or smocks on for protection. No collars but several had gleaming golden cages around their cocks. I couldn't help but stare, though they clearly didn't mind them in the slightest.

"In your time here you will learn several tasks around the house. As you can see, it's a big estate, I need people to clean, cook, maintain the grounds." He paused and looked out like I was. "But most of all, I need my needs to be met. And eye candy. Lots and lots of eye candy." He grinned widely. He could see what I was looking at, the cages, but ignored it for the time being.

"I will control every aspect of your life," he said as he continued walking, in the tone of voice one uses to describe the weather. I followed. "Meals will be on a general schedule, we have a couple dining halls, but you may be permitted to eat in your room. You will get your own room.

You will learn several different jobs on a rotating schedule. One week you may be on cleaning duty, dusting the rooms, the halls, or you may be in the kitchen for a week, or other odd jobs. Nothing here is too strenuous, though tedious. We have a gym for working out and you will be spending some time in it as I dictate, sometimes with me, sometimes with the other slaves, though you have the choice to spend time in your off hours. Unless directly ordered or you are following your set schedule for duty, you are free to roam the grounds, stay in your room, use the library, or whatever else you might find."

We stepped into a large room that looked like a common area, it had plushed chairs and a few tables scattered around, a fire place to one side and a couple televisions set up. No one was around.

"You are under no circumstances to self pleasure," he said bluntly, suddenly turning on his heel to stare directly at me, the casual smirk replaced with a deadly serious look. My ears went up and my heart skipped a beat. I nodded.

"Y-yes Sir. Er.. as in...?"

The smirk came back. "You won't be touching yourself, slave. It is the golden rule. I control -everything- in this household. But most of all, I control you. Your pleasure is my pleasure. And only I may grant you my pleasure. You will understand. Your name is not the only thing you will use for the last time today," he said, a little ominously, then turned on his heel again and walked down another side corridor. This one was lined with rooms, all of them with gleaming golden name plates. Most had numbers. The occasional name seemed to be pet names. I spotted 'Fido', 'Pet', 'Kitten', even 'Bitch'.

"I hope this isn't too much. Your profile indicated you were homosexual, with a propensity for obedience. Do I have that right?" he paused to glance at me over his shoulder again.

"I.. er, y-yes Si.. Master." Now I wondered a little exactly what the profile said, but it wasn't wrong. He smiled and reached a paw out to cup the side of my face. His fingers had a sweet, soapy scent to them, clean I would say. He traced his thumb around my lips and my face lit up and glowed with heat.

"I *try* to pick someone to my tastes and me to theirs." He thumb rubbed around my lips and I opened slowly. He pressed down against my tongue so I closed my lips around the digit and suckled gently. He smiled even wider.

"I have pretty good luck picking the right ones," he said before he pulled his wet thumb free. He beeped my nose and turned toward the door we had stopped in front of. The plate read 423. He opened the door and ushered me inside. It would be my new home, where I would live for the next several years.

I stepped inside. It was a good size, fairly plain in decor, a four poster bed against one wall, a set of drawers, a table and a couple chairs against the others, with a couple doorways that looked to be a walk in closet and a bathroom. It was more than I had imagined I'd get but that summed up the whole experience so far. Beside the bed was a tray with a steaming bowl of soup, a biscuit, and a cup full of vegetables. A glass of water and some utensils had been provided. My stomach grumbled. My only meal a couple snacks at lunch provided by the depot and it was getting late in the day.

"Since it is already getting on in the day, I had dinner brought for you. As this is your first week, you will be allowed to dine here every day. I want you to get adjusted to your new home. When you finish your food, use the shower. You will not put your clothes back on afterward, understood?"

My cheeks reddened a little but I gave a nod, flicking my tail.

"Yes Master. Thank you."

He turned around and stepped past me.

"I will be back. I have a few things to attend to. Until then, slave," he stepped out the door, but not before giving my ass a swat. I jumped, said 'th-thank you' and he closed the door, smiling at me.

I stood in that room for a long moment and stared. Mine. But not mine. His. Me, but not me.

His. Everything I saw was his, granted to be 'mine'. My room. My bed. It was more than I expected I suppose, and in a way less. I'd heard tale of some owners that took the contract system to its limits. But we were warned ahead of time that sexual favors for employers were not out of the question. You signed away a -lot- of rights when you became indebted. It was a twisted system. This one didn't seem so bad. But it was likely a very poor sample of a very abusive system. I sighed a little and sat on the bed.

I should have been happier, I suppose. A gay master, good looking body, basically part of a harem. But it was still quite a lot to take in. I picked up a spoon and stirred at the soup a little. Vegetable soup. No, chicken noodle. I took a little sip. Not bad at least. My stomach growled and I tossed aside my existential considerations for more practical considerations. I needed to eat. It was all simple, but seasoned and filling. Nothing too heavy. Given what I'd seen, I expected Master controlled our diets fairly strictly. Goodbye junk food. But it wouldn't be bad to lose a few more pounds. Work out more. I set the tray and the empty bowl off to one side. I did need a shower.

I took a moment to sprawl out on the bed. The comforter over it was plush and the mattress let me sink in. My body melted against it. More comfortable than the one I had in that rinky dink apartment at the least. I stretched out until my back popped and lay prone for a few minutes, just staring up at the ceiling. I'd adjust to this. I was adaptable. I thought I was, anyhow.

I sat up from the bed and stripped out of my clothes. Shirt, slacks, underwear, all folded and set in a pile, until I noticed the hamper just inside the bathroom and dropped them in. I wasn't even sure I'd see them again, not that I was very attached, but I thought back to the mostly naked slaves I had seen working outside. Clothes were a privilege and clearly most didn't earn that privilege. Or rather, Master didn't see a need to grant the privilege, excepting when it was needed for safety.

I flipped the light on in the bathroom. Plain white tile greeted me. A toilet, a towel rack, a marble counter and gleaming brass sink and basin. The shower was one large glass door and it looekd big enough to fit more than one person inside it. I couldn't help but notice the hooks set into the walls inside the stall, just about the right width for outspread arms and legs. They got used, I imagined. I turned on the water and let it warm up as I inspected the rest of the room.

A toothbrush and several combs and brushes were just beneath the counter in several drawers. All 'mine'. I was sure we were expected to use them. He had a type. Clean, trim, fit. I looked at the slight paunch I had developed. Desk work didn't really lend itself well to staying thin. I brushed my paws over my body a little. I would have to get used to being naked more often. I had occasionally gone nude in my apartment but otherwise I kept at least a t-shirt and boxers on. I took the time to brush my teeth and rinse my mouth before I stepped into the shower.

It was nice. Strong, hot, I let the water wash over my body, turning and twisting so the spray got all over me. I loved a good shower. I leaned forward so it sprayed against the nape of my neck and just held there as the warmth flowed over me. I could spend a lot of time in a shower.

But Master was going to come back, so I figured I needed to be ready. I stroked across my body and used the soap set on one of the shelves, along with the bottles of shampoo and cream rinse. It was quick, clinic. I did, however, pause to look at the small hose attached to the hose for the shower head. The end of it was a small, tapered steel tip. There was little question what it was for. Given what I had seen, I had little expectation of needing this little tool often.

I cleaned myself with it. It felt rather nice, actually, when you have the right tool for it. I'll spare you the details, to say the least. I finished up cleaning, lingering to sit under the stream a few minutes more to enjoy the warmth before I stepped out and began to towel myself off. I dumped the towel into the hamper with my clothes and stepped into my room.

No clock. I had no real idea what time it was only that it was getting later into the evening. The sun was low when he had walked me through the house, it had to have set by now. I wondered how strictly our bed times were. It felt a bit like being at a boarding school, now that I had given it a bit of thought. A kinky boarding school. No that was probably a bad analogy.

I took the time to check the drawers, under the bed, just seeing what was 'mine'. The drawers were empty, as I expected. I wondered a little what I'd need them for if we didn't wear clothes around the place. Perhaps belongings. He had mentioend a library, so I could probably borrow a

book or two.

The room was fairly bare outside of the amenities I'd found. A servant's quarters, came the thought. I looked to the door to consider exploring but with Master returning that was likely a poor prospect. He hadn't mentioned any punishments specifically, although that contract has mentioned 'I will accept any discipline caused by my actions'.

I climbed onto the bed and looked around idly. Little to do. No idea what time it was. I laid back against the pillows and at least smiled to myself how soft and nice they felt. I stretched out again and let myself sink in against the bed. Nice bed, nice shower. Certainly something to be said about this arrangement. I glanced at the door again, which was opposite the bed. In between was my soft cock. I hadn't thought much about sex. I knew that would change. I thought about those golden cages though. And then I thought about Master's words. Under no circumstances to self pleasure. He seemed quite strict on that point. My dick stirred a little at the thought. I was no stranger to rubbing one out. Really I had a habit of at least once before bed if not a couple times throughout the day. That was going to change. I wondered if the cages were punishment for not following that rule. If so, then a lot of them had broken that rule. It didn't seem worth the risk. Not that anyone but the slaves here would see it.

I'm not sure when I fell asleep. I just drifted off a bit laying against those lovely covers and pillows and the next thing I knew I was waking up to a candle being lit beside the bed.

"A little tired slave?" Master asked. I blinked and rubbed at my eyes.

"Er, I suppose I was.. Master," I stretched out, no idea the time. He was shaking out the match he had used to light the candle on the table. The overhead light had been turned off. He turned to me, the light at his back, his body cast half in shadow, and smiled down to me.

"That's alright. A lot has happened today. But the best is yet to cum," he said. He was naked now, no robe, no anything. He stepped past the tray, which had been cleaned off, only now it held one of those shiny, golden cock cages. My heart skipped a beat but I didn't dare to ask. I just nodded quietly.

He slid into the bed beside me. He sidled up to me and one paw stroked across my chest. My heart beat a little faster.

"I did say I liked foxes," he said as he traced his fingers through my fur. "I always like to spend a slave's first night with them."

I relaxed a little as he stroked and brushed across my chest. His fingers wandered lower from time to time but only to circle my navel then draw back up. I nodded.

"You're going to get very used to being touched, slave. You're going to know every inch of my body. Just like I know every inch of yours," he continued, leaning closer to stroke his muzzle against my ear. I shivered a little when he playfully bit at it. One of his feet came up to stroke at my shin.

"Y-yes. Master." I leaned against him a little. He was firm. Warm. Soft. Something hot pressed into my thigh and I didn't need to look down to know it was his cock. He was completely in control. He owned me. I let out a little moan and my own cock stiffened up.

"Good boy. I think you'll fit in nicely here," he rubbed down toward my belly, fanning his fingers out to stroke in a broad circle, before he teased lower.

"And you didn't touch yourself. I'm very proud. Some males get here, the moment they're out of sight they're rubbing one off, either in shower or in bed." I didn't ask how he knew. Probably a camera set up somewhere. It wasn't unexpected. I nodded.

"As I said earlier. I have a rule. It is my.. golden rule, shall we say. Your days of jacking off like some monkey are over. You're mine. Your dick is mine. Everything about you is *mine*," he ran his fingers through my pubes and I let out a shuddering moan when his fingers brushed up my dick. "And every one of you is inferior to me. Only real males can pleasure themselves as they please. Do you understand, slave? You have no right to your cock or its pleasures."

I listened with my ears burning and I couldn't help but stare down at his fingers as he very carefully touched me, not grabbing, or gripping, or rubbing. Just very soft brushes, enough for me to feel. I nodded a little.

"I think of you as boys, really. I mean, look at this." He closed his fingers around my cock. "Only four inches. Not very big at all, is it?" I blushed deeply. I thought back and wondered about how detailed that file was. I mean, it was obvious I wasn't very big to begin with, just by looking. But to know the measurement...He squeezed and I moaned again.

"Not that I don't have slaves with bigger ones. They're inferior to me too. Some of them I let free, as I said, I do like my eye candy. But you, you're small. So many of you are smaller than me. And we can't let boys do bad things with their little things, can we?"

I gulped. I thought I knew where this was leading. It was all a little game. He could do what he wanted, but he wanted to toy with me, to put me in the mind set he wanted. He wanted to condition me. I nodded in agreement, as if I had any choice in this. His lips stroked against my cheek and nuzzled into my neck.

"That's right slave. This little dick is inferior. You are inferior. You have no rights. Most of all, no rights to use this little thing." He gave it a few slow strokes and I had to curl my toes. I want to pump my hips but I dare not move. I did whimper a little though and I bit my lip.

"That's why you're going to be locked up. Every slave gets locked up. If you're good, you might be unlocked, for a time. If I like the look of your cock. But I don't like the look of yours." He gave it another squeeze. "Little ones like this, they don't deserve to cum like a man." Another squeeze. I whimpered again. My heart was beating faster. He leaned over onto me more and pressed his lips to mine. We kissed. He was hungry, determined, in control. He squeezed me again and again as he pressed his tongue into my mouth. I gripped at the covers and moaned into kiss as he frenched me.

He pulled back and smiled at me as he looked me in the eyes.

"I'm going to show you how slaves like you get to cum. Eventually. I'm going to train you. I'm going to use your body in ways you may not have imagined. All for my pleasure." he squeezed again, working my cock like he was checking my blood pressure. I was rock hard. He kissed me again, but broke it quickly as he ground himself against me.

"Tonight though. Tonight will be the last time you get to use it like a proper male," he said and he let go of my dick. I stared down at it, watching it throb, while his pressed up to my thigh and grinded up and down. He was bigger than me. Not that that was hard, but like -clearly- bigger than me. He knew it. He reveled in it. His fingers traced down over my balls and gave them a squeeze.

"You're going to get to stroke this little thing and cum one last time, slave," he said into my ear, rubbing my nuts round and round in his palm. "So, I would savor it. After tonight, you'll be trained never to use it. You'll see how males like you get to cum. It doesn't involve this little weenie, I can tell you that. It doesn't even have to involve coming out of its cage. Do you understand?"

I kept staring down. I whimpered a little but I nodded. I had never had much interest in chastity. As I said, I liked to stroke off frequently. I'd always been fairly vanilla with lovers. Blow job, hand job, I did have a thing for rimming. But I've never been one for leather or bondage or the like. It didn't bother me, but I had never bothered to explore that sort of thing.

"Y-yes. Yes Master," I stammered out. He kissed me again. He was really working at my sac, like he could squeeze the cum right out of me.

"Good slave. I know you're going to be an obedient one. I expect a lot of things of you." He took his paw of my groin entirely. He kept his face pressed to mine but looked down at my groin, my little cock throbbing straight up from my groin. He closed his fingers around it and slowly began to pump it. He wasn't rough, but not too gentle either. I was dribbling a little pre, excited as I was, and he used it to lube me up. We watched as he strokes me, my hips pushing up a little.

"Have you even entered someone with this thing?" he asked in a very nonchalant way.

"You've never had a boyfriend, so I was curious." That damn profile. I did nod my head though.

"A.. a couple times," I admitted. No sense not being honest. I was always a bottom in any of my flings. On my knees, sucking or stroking them. It was honestly a little alien feeling someone else's paw on me. He kept stroking. He gave a little chuckle.

"Is that all? Really? As old as you are? I've had twelve, today, every which way," he admitted and kept stroking. "But it was a light day." I swallowed. He was probably bragging. Just

trying to keep me in this humiliated mind set. But I couldn't deny it was working. He slowed a little.

"Y-yes Sir," I admitted. He stroked his muzzle along my ear.

"Well, you won't have to worry about that. That's not what this is for," he said into my ear and nibbled at it again before he brushed his tongue up the edge. "You're not that kind of male, you never will be,"

I closed my eyes and let out a little sigh of a moan. I was getting close. He was really into this sort of thing. And his hand was so soft. He dipped down to caress my balls again and left my shaft to throb in the open air.

"I'm going to make you squirm, slave. There will be days you beg for release. There will be days you feel like you're going to explode. And when you finally get some relief, you're going to realize you have to go through those feelings building up all over again," he said as he closed his fingers over me again and started to stroke. "I like my boys needy. You're going to do anything you can for relief. The work will take your mind off of it. But there will be times when you have nothing but time, nothing but to think about the last time you got off, the last time you had an erection." He started to stroke faster. "You're going to come to me and beg me, beg me for anything that helps give you relief. But only good boys that do as they're told get that kind of reward."

I was close, so close. He stroked me faster, adding a little spit, his whole hand covering my cock until just the tip poked out from the ring of his fingers.

"Do you want it?" he asked "Do you want to cum?"

I wasn't sure if the questions were one and the same, but I was getting so close I could feel the edge rising up inside me, so close. I nodded.

"Say it."

"I want it, Master," I said quickly. He seemed appeased and kissed me again, stroking me faster. Closer, closer, so fucking close. Then he took his hand away. I let out a little yelp and clutched at him, at the covers, my hips pumping.

"Then cum slave, show me how a boy strokes himself for the last time," he growled in my ear. I didn't need any order beyond that. I grabbed myself and tugged myself good and fast. I didn't even really think about his words even as my ears burned from them. I didn't last very long at all, the edge rose up and I crested it with a loud yelp, curling up against him as I started to spurt all over my fist. My face was red and my heart was beating fast and it felt so, so good. I shuddered as the last strand shot out of me, a mess across my belly now, and I laid back, feeling him rubbing against me, nuzzling my ear.

"What a good boy," he said "I hope you savored it."

That was when his words really struck home. I kept a grip on my still hard cock then slowly opened it up. I was rock hard. Harder than diamond even. It stood up from my white furry groin, a little angry and redder in the candle light. Possibly the last erection I was allowed to have, certainly the last one I was allowed as a 'free' male. I began to soften and I couldn't help but stare at it. It seemed even smaller now. We both looked down at it.

"Say bye-bye, slave," he said, carefully taking my hand away. He produced a little wet nap from where I don't know, and wiped me down. It was cold, clinical, and he tossed the wadded up cloth into the darkness casual before he rolled back over. He grabbed the golden cage off the tray and showed it to me. It sparkled in the candlelight. It seemed simple enough. A ring that went around the base of my cock and balls, then the cage itself that slipped around my cock. I stared at it too. It was topped by a little golden padlock with the key sticking out of it. He slipped that out, undid the cage and began to pull it onto me. Again, quick, simple, clinical, something he had practiced many times before I guessed. I shivered a little as I felt that cool metal slip around me, the very thing that made me male, the ring around me, then my soft cock slipping into the cage. It fit a little snug, no room to grow. He took his time to slip the lock into place, then left it.

"This is it," he said, face close to mine again. "This is where I truly own you, slave."

The lock clicked shut. I shuddered a little, unable to look away, the tightness around my groin, the finality of it. He took the key, a small loop attached to it, and spun it around his finger.

"I have *dozens* of these, all unique. You will not see this key for a long, long time, just like

you won't see your naked cock or feel an erection for a long, long time." He set the key onto the table, then rolled back over and kissed me, lightly.

"Do you understand, slave?"

I kept staring at the cage. The feel of it. The feel of his body against mine. His breath in my ear. The stare of those green eyes. His smooth hands all over me. The feeling of my sticky jizz cooling on my belly, the last load I would ever get to spurt like that, for the time being. I nodded, a little stunned and numb. What had I gotten into, I wondered not for the last time.

"Yes, Master."

(The end, for now! Hope you enjoyed.)

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I also maintain accounts on Twitter and Tumblr where I post and advertise a few odds and ends

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Every little bit helps support me and my work! Thank you!